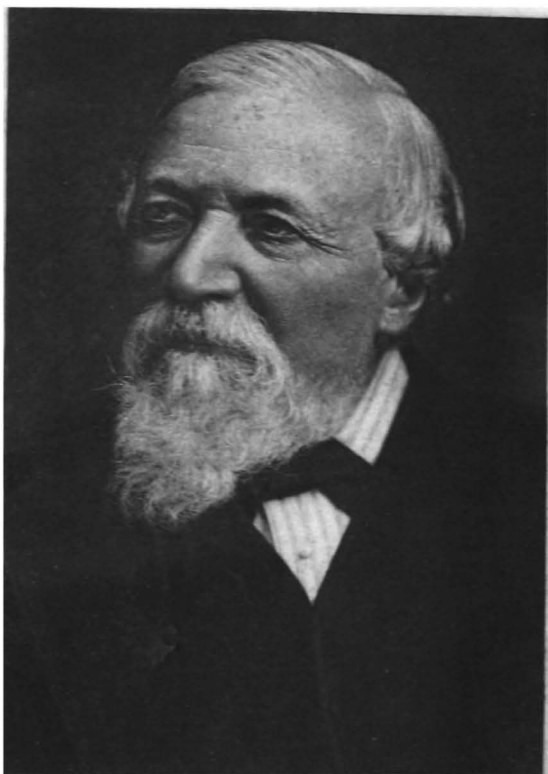


THE POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
ROBERT BROWNING  
VOLUME II.



Alfred Brown

THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
ROBERT BROWNING

*WITH PORTRAITS*

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME II

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PORTRAIT OF ROBERT BROWNING (1881) . . . . . *Frontispiece.*

## THE RING AND THE BOOK.

1868-9.

["The Ring and the Book" appeared at the end of 1868, after a four years' silence since the publication of "Dramatis Personæ." 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.

#### I.—THE RING AND THE BOOK.

Do you see this Ring?

'Tis Rome-work, made to match

(By Castellani's imitative craft)

Etrurian circlets found, some happy morn,

After a dropping April; found alive

Spark-like 'mid unearthed slope-side figtree-

roots

That roof old tombs at Chiusi: soft, you see,

VOL. II.

Yet crisp as jewel-cutting. There's one trick,

(Craftsmen instruct me) one approved device

And but one, fits such slivers of pure gold

As this was,—such mere oozeings from the mine,

Virgin as oval tawny pendent tear

At beehive-edge when ripened combs o'er-

flow,—

To bear the file's tooth and the hammer's tap:

Since hammer needs must widen out the

round,

15

And file emboss it fine with lily-flowers,

Ere the stuff grow a ring-thing right to wear.

A

That trick is, the artificer melts up wax  
 With honey, so to speak ; he mingles gold  
 With gold's alloy, and, duly tempering both, 30  
 Effects a manageable mass, then works :  
 But his work ended, once the thing a ring,  
 Oh, there's re-pristination !<sup>1</sup> Just a spirt  
 O' the proper fiery acid o'er its face,  
 And forth the alloy unfastened flies in fume ; 25  
 While, self-sufficient now, the shape remains,  
 The rondure brave, the liliated loveliness,  
 Gold as it was, is, shall be evermore :  
 Prime nature with an added artistry—  
 No carat lost, and you have gained a ring. 30  
 What of it ? 'Tis a figure, a symbol, say ;  
 A thing's sign : now for the thing signified.

Do you see this square old yellow Book, I toss  
 I' the air, and catch again, and twirl about  
 By the crumpled vellum covers,—pure crude  
 fact 35

Secreted from man's life when hearts beat hard,  
 And brains, high-blooded, ticked two cen-  
 turies since ?

Examine it yourselves ! I found this book,  
 Gave a *lira* for it, eightpence English just,  
 (Mark the predestination !) when a Hand, 40  
 Always above my shoulder, pushed me once,  
 One day still fierce 'mid many a day struck  
 calm,

Across a Square in Florence, crammed with  
 booths,

Buzzing and blaze, noontide and market-time,  
 Toward Baccio's marble,<sup>2</sup>—ay, the basement-  
 ledge 45

O' the pedestal where sits and menaces  
 John of the Black Bands with the upright spear,  
 'Twixt palace and church,—Riccardi where  
 they lived,

His race, and San Lorenzo where they lie.  
 This book,—precisely on that palace-step 50  
 Which, meant for lounging knaves o' the  
 Medici,

<sup>1</sup> *Re-pristination* : restoration to its earlier nature.

<sup>2</sup> *Baccio's marble* : the statue of Giovanni delle Bande Nere (father of Cosimo de' Medici), by Baccio Bandinelli, in the Piazza San Lorenzo, between the Palazzo Riccardi (the palace of the Medici) and the church of San Lorenzo.

Now serves re-venders to display their ware,—  
 'Mongst odds and ends of ravage, picture-  
 frames

White through the worn gilt, mirror-sconces  
 chipped,

Bronze angel-heads once knobs attached to  
 chests, 55

(Handled when ancient dames chose forth  
 brocade)

Modern chalk drawings, studies from the nude,  
 Samples of stone, jet, breccia, porphyry

Polished and rough, sundry amazing busts  
 In baked earth, (broken, Providence be  
 praised !)

A wreck of tapestry, proudly-purposed web  
 When reds and blues were indeed red and blue,  
 Now offered as a mat to save bare feet

(Since carpets constitute a cruel cost)  
 Treading the chill scagliola<sup>3</sup> bedward : then 65

A pile of brown-etched prints, two *crazie*<sup>4</sup> each,  
 Stopped by a conch a-top from fluttering forth  
 —Sowing the Square with works of one and  
 the same

Master, the imaginative Siense<sup>5</sup>  
 Great in the scenic backgrounds—(name and  
 fame 70

None of you know, nor does he fare the worse :)  
 From these . . . Oh, with a Lionard going  
 cheap

If it should prove, as promised, that Joconde<sup>6</sup>  
 Whereof a copy contents the Louvre !—these  
 I picked this book from. Five compeers in  
 flank 75

Stood left and right of it as tempting more—  
 A dogseared Spicilegium, the fond tale  
 O' the Frail One of the Flower,<sup>7</sup> by young  
 Dumas,

Vulgarized Horace for the use of schools,  
 The Life, Death, Miracles of Saint Somebody,  
 Saint Somebody Else, his Miracles, Death  
 and Life,— 81

<sup>3</sup> *Scagliola* : marble or stone flooring.

<sup>4</sup> *Two crazie* : about 1½d.

<sup>5</sup> *The imaginative Siense* : Ademollo (see  
 L. 369).

<sup>6</sup> *Joconde* : the portrait of Mona Lisa Gio-  
 conda, by Leonardo da Vinci, in the Louvre.

<sup>7</sup> *The Frail One of the Flower* : La Dame  
 aux Caméllias.

With this, one glance at the lettered back of  
which,  
And "Stall!" cried I: a *lira* 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 fact 86  
Secreted from man's life when hearts beat hard,  
And brains, high-blooded, ticked two cen-  
turies since.  
Give it me back! The thing's restorative  
I' the touch and sight. 90

That memorable day,  
(June was the month, Lorenzo named the  
Square)

I leaned a little and overlooked my prize  
By the low railing round the fountain-source  
Close to the statue, where a step descends: 85  
While clinked the cans of copper, as stooped  
and rose

Thick-ankled girls who brimmed them, and  
made place

For marketmen glad to pitch basket down,  
Dip a broad melon-leaf that holds the wet,  
And whisk their faded fresh. And on I read  
Presently, though my path grew perilous 101  
Between the outspread straw-work, piles of  
plait

Soon to be flapping, each o'er two black eyes  
And swathe of Tuscan hair, on festas fine:  
Through fire-irons, tribes of tongs, shovels in  
sheaves, 108

Skeleton bedsteads, wardrobe-drawers agape,  
Rows of tall slim brass lamps with dangling  
gear,—

And worse, cast clothes a-sweetening in the  
sun:

None of them took my eye from off my prize.  
Still read I on, from written title-page 110  
To written index, on, through street and street,  
At the Strozzi, at the Pillar, at the Bridge;  
Till, by the time I stood at home again  
In Casa Guidi by Felice Church,  
Under the doorway where the black begins 115  
With the first stone-slab of the staircase cold,  
I had mastered the contents, knew the whole  
truth

Gathered together, bound up in this book,  
Print three-fifths, written supplement the rest.  
"Romana Homicidiorum"—nay, 120  
Better translate—"A Roman murder-case:  
"Position of the entire criminal cause  
"Of Guido Franceschini, nobleman,  
"With certain Four the cutthroats in his pay,  
"Tried, all five, and found guilty and put to  
death 125  
"By heading or hanging as befitted ranks,  
"At Rome on February Twenty Two,  
"Since our salvation Sixteen Ninety Eight:  
"Wherein it is disputed if, and when,  
"Husbands may kill adulterous wives, yet  
'scape 130  
"The customary forfeit."

Word for word,

So ran the title-page: murder, or else  
Legitimate punishment of the other crime,  
Accounted murder by mistake,—just that 135  
And no more, in a Latin cramp enough  
When the law had her eloquence to launch,  
But interfilleted with Italian streaks  
When testimony stooped to mother-tongue,—  
That, was this old square yellow book  
about. 140

Now, as the ingot, ere the ring was forged,  
Lay gold, (beseech you, hold that figure fast!)  
So, in this book lay absolutely truth,  
Fanciless fact, the documents indeed,  
Primary lawyer-pleadings for, against, 145  
The aforesaid Five; real summed-up circum-  
stance

Adduced in proof of these on either side,  
Put forth and printed, as the practice was,  
At Rome, in the Apostolic Chamber's type,  
And so submitted to the eye o' the Court 150  
Presided over by His Reverence  
Rome's Governor and Criminal Judge,—the  
trial

Itself, to all intents, being then as now  
Here in the book and nowise out of it;  
Seeing, there properly was no judgment-bar,  
No bringing of accuser and accused, 155  
And whoso judged both parties, face to face  
Before some court, as we conceive of courts.

There was a Hall of Justice ; that came last :  
For Justice had a chamber by the hall 160  
Where she took evidence first, summed up  
the same,

Then sent accuser and accused alike,  
In person of the advocate of each,  
To weigh its worth, thereby arrange, array  
The battle. 'Twas the so-styled Fisc<sup>1</sup> began,  
Pleaded (and since he only spoke in print 166  
The printed voice of him lives now as then)  
The public Prosecutor—" Murder's proved ;  
" With five . . . what we call qualities of bad,  
" Worse, worst, and yet worse still, and still  
worse yet ; 170

" Crest over crest crowning the cockatrice,  
" That beggar hell's regalia to enrich  
" Count Guido Franceschini : punish him !"  
Thus was the paper put before the court  
In the next stage, (no noisy work at all,) 175  
To study at ease. In due time like reply  
Came from the so-styled Patron of the Poor,  
Official mouthpiece of the five accused  
Too poor to fee a better,—Guido's luck  
Or else his fellows',—which, I hardly know,—  
An outbreak as of wonder at the world, 181  
A fury-fit of outraged innocence,  
A passion of betrayed simplicity :  
" Punish Count Guido? For what crime,  
what hint

" O' the colour of a crime, inform us first ! 185  
" Reward him rather ! Recognize, we say,  
" In the deed done, a righteous judgment dealt !  
" All conscience and all courage,—there's  
our Count  
" Charactered in a word ; and, what's more  
strange,

" He had companionship in privilege, 190  
" Found four courageous conscientious friends :  
" Absolve, applaud all five, as props of law,  
" Sustainers of society !—perchance  
" A trifle over-hasty with the hand 194  
" To hold her tottering ark, had tumbled else ;  
" But that's a splendid fault whereat we wink,  
" Wishing your cold correctness sparkled so !"

Thus paper second followed paper first,  
Thus did the two join issue—nay, the four,

<sup>1</sup> *Fisc*: i.e., Counsel for the Treasury, or Public Prosecutor.

Each pleader having an adjunct. " True,  
he killed 200

"—So to speak—in a certain sort—his wife,  
" But laudably, since thus it happed !" quoth  
one :

Whereat, more witness and the case postponed.  
" Thus it happed not, since thus he did the deed,  
" And proved himself thereby portentousest  
" Of cutthroats and a prodigy of crime, 206  
" As the woman that he slaughtered was a saint,  
" Martyr and miracle !" quoth the other to  
match :

Again, more witness, and the case postponed.  
" A miracle, ay—of lust and impudence ; 210  
" Hear my new reasons !" interposed the first :  
"—Coupled with more of mine !" pursued his  
peer.

" Beside, the precedents, the authorities !"  
From both at once a cry with an echo, that !  
That was a firebrand at each fox's tail 215  
Unleashed in a cornfield : soon spread flare  
enough,

Ashurtled thither and there heaped themselves  
From earth's four corners, all authority  
And precedent for putting wives to death,  
Or letting wives live, sinful as they seem. 220  
How legislated, now, in this respect,  
Solon and his Athenians? Quote the code  
Of Romulus and Rome ! Justinian speak !  
Nor modern Baldo, Bartolo be dumb !  
The Roman voice was potent, plentiful ; 225  
*Cornelia de Sicariis*<sup>2</sup> hurried to help  
*Pompeia de Parricidiis* ; *Julia de*

Something-or-other jostled *Lex* this-and-that ;  
King Solomon confirmed Apostle Paul :  
That nice decision of Dolabella, eh? 230  
That pregnant instance of Theodorice, oh !  
Down to that choice example *Ælian*<sup>3</sup> gives  
(An instance I find much insisted on)  
Of the elephant who, brute-beast though he  
were,

Yet understood and punished on the spot 235  
His master's naughty spouse and faithless  
friend ;

<sup>2</sup> *Cornelia de Sicariis*, *Pompeia de Parricidiis*: the titles of Roman laws dealing with homicide.

<sup>3</sup> *Ælian*: *De Animalium Natura*, xi. 15.

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.  
 240

Thus wrangled, brangled, jangled they a  
 month,  
 —Only on paper, pleadings all in print,  
 Nor ever was, except i' the brains of men,  
 More noise by word of mouth than you hear  
 now—

Till the court cut all short with "Judged,  
 your cause."  
 245

"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—  
 250

"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,  
 255

"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  
 ink

Of the advocate, the ready at a pinch!—

"My client boasts the clerkly privilege,  
 260

"Has taken minor orders many enough,

"Shows still sufficient chrism upon his pate

"To neutralize a blood-stain: *presbyter*,<sup>1</sup>

"*Præm tonsura, subdiaconus,*

"*Sacerdos*, so he slips from underneath"  
 265

<sup>1</sup> *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.

"Your power, the temporal, slides inside  
 the robe

"Of mother Church: to her we make appeal

"By the Pope, the Church's head!"

A parlous plea,

Put in with noticeable effect, it seems; 270

"Since straight,"—resumes the zealous 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; 275

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, 280

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 285

To say on the subject; might not see, un-  
 moved,

Civility menaced throughout Christendom

By too harsh measure dealt her champion here.

Lastly, what made all safe, the Pope was kind,

From his youth up, reluctant to take life, 290

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 scatheless  
 yet. 294

But human promise, oh, how short of shine!

How topple down the piles of hope we rear!

How history provcs . . . nay, read Herodotus!<sup>2</sup>

Suddenly starting from a nap, as it were,

A dog-sleep with one shut, one open orb,

Cried the Pope's<sup>3</sup> great self,—Innocent by  
 name 300

<sup>2</sup> *Herodotus*: e.g., the stories of Cræsus or of Xerxes.

<sup>3</sup> *The Pope*: Innocent XII., pope 1691–1700.

And nature too, and eighty-six years old,  
 Antonio Pignatelli of Naples, Pope  
 Who had trod many lands, known many deeds,  
 Probed many hearts, beginning with his own,  
 And now was far in readiness for God,— 305  
 'Twas he who first bade leave those souls in  
 peace,  
 Those Jansenists, re-nicknamed Molinists,<sup>1</sup>  
 ('Gainst whom the cry went, like a frowsy tune,  
 Tickling men's ears—the sect for a quarter  
 of an hour  
 I' the teeth of the world which, clown-like,  
 loves to chew 310  
 Be it but a straw 'twixt work and whistling-  
 while,  
 Taste some vituperation, bite away,  
 Whether at marjoram-sprig or garlic-clove,  
 Aught it may sport with, spoil, and then spit  
 forth)  
 "Leave them alone," bade he, "those  
 Molinists ! 315  
 "Who may have other light than we perceive,  
 "Or why is it the whole world hates them  
 thus?"  
 Also he peeled off that last scandal-rag  
 Of Nepotism ; and so observed the poor  
 That men would merrily say, "Halt, deaf  
 and blind, 320  
 "Who feed on fat things, leave the master's  
 self  
 "To gather up the fragments of his feast,  
 "These be the nephews of Pope Innocent !—  
 "His own meal costs but five carlines<sup>2</sup> a day,  
 "Poor-priest's allowance, for he claims no  
 more." 325  
 —He cried of a sudden, this great good old  
 Pope,  
 When they appealed in last resort to him,

<sup>1</sup> *Molinists*: followers of Miguel Molinos, a Spaniard, who published at Rome in 1675 a work of mystical or "quietistic" theology, entitled the *Guida Spirituale* or *Spiritual Guide*, which attracted much attention, but was declared heretical by the heads of the Church. Allusions to the orthodox dislike or dread of Molinism at this time recur frequently in this poem.

<sup>2</sup> *Carlines*: a small silver coin, worth about twopence.

"I have mastered the whole matter: I no-  
 thing doubt.  
 "Though Guido stood forth priest from head  
 to heel,  
 "Instead of, as alleged, a piece of one,— 330  
 "And further, were he, from the tonsured  
 scalp  
 "To the sandaled sole of him, my son and  
 Christ's,  
 "Instead of touching us by finger-tip  
 "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. 335  
 "Am I not Pope, and presently to die,  
 "And busied how to render my account,  
 "And shall I wait a day ere I decide  
 "On doing or not doing justice here? 340  
 "Cut off his head to-morrow by this time,  
 "Hang up his four mates, two on either hand,  
 "And end one business more!"

So said, so done—  
 Rather so writ, for the old Pope bade this, 345  
 I find, with his particular chirograph,  
 His own no such infirm hand, Friday night ;  
 And next day, February Twenty Two,  
 Since our salvation Sixteen Ninety Eight,  
 —Not at the proper head-and-hanging-place  
 On bridge-foot close by Castle Angelo, 351  
 Where custom somewhat staled the spectacle,  
 ('Twas not so well i' the way of Rome, beside,  
 The noble Rome, the Rome of Guido's rank)  
 But at the city's newer gayer end,— 355  
 The cavalcading promenading place  
 Beside the gate and opposite the church  
 Under the Pincian gardens green with Spring,  
 'Neath the obelisk<sup>3</sup> 'twixt the fountains in the  
 Square,

Did Guido and his fellows find their fate, 360  
 All Rome for witness, and—my writer adds—  
 Remonstrant in its universal grief,  
 Since Guido had the suffrage of all Rome.

<sup>3</sup> *Obelisk*: the obelisk brought from Egypt by Augustus and placed in the Circus Maximus ; whence, having fallen down, it was removed by Pope Sixtus V. in 1589, and set up in the Piazza del Popolo, below the Monte Pincio.



This is the bookful ; thus far take the truth,  
 The untampered gold, the fact untampered  
 with, 365  
 The mere ring-metal ere the ring be made !  
 And what has hitherto come of it ? Who  
 preserves  
 The memory of this Guido, and his wife  
 Pompilia, more than Ademollo's name,  
 The etcher of those prints, two *crazie* each, 370  
 Saved by a stone from snowing broad the  
 Square  
 With scenic backgrounds ? Was this truth  
 of force ?  
 Able to take its own part as truth should,  
 Sufficient, self-sustaining ? Why, if so—  
 Yonder's a fire, into it goes my book, 375  
 As who shall say me nay, and what the loss ?  
 You know the tale already : I may ask,  
 Rather than think to tell you, more thereof,—  
 Ask you not merely who were he and she, 379  
 Husband and wife, what manner of mankind,  
 But how you hold concerning this and that  
 Other yet-unnamed actor in the piece.  
 The young frank handsome courtly Canon,  
 now,  
 The priest, declared the lover of the wife,  
 He who, no question, did elope with her, 385  
 For certain bring the tragedy about,  
 Giuseppe Caponsacchi ;—his strange course  
 I' the matter, was it right or wrong or both ?  
 Then the old couple, slaughtered with the wife  
 By the husband as accomplices in crime, 390  
 Those Comparini, Pietro and his spouse,—  
 What say you to the right or wrong of that,  
 When, at a known name whispered through  
 the door  
 Of a lone villa on a Christmas night,  
 It opened that the joyous hearts inside 395  
 Might welcome as it were an angel-guest  
 Come in Christ's name to knock and enter,  
 sup  
 And satisfy the loving ones he saved ;  
 And so did welcome devils and their death ?  
 I have been silent on that circumstance 400  
 Although the couple passed for close of kin  
 To wife and husband, were by some accounts  
 Pompilia's very parents : you know best.  
 Also that infant the great joy was for,

That Gaetano, the wife's two-weeks' babe, 405  
 The husband's first-born child, his son and  
 heir,  
 Whose birth and being turned his night to  
 day—  
 Why must the father kill the mother thus  
 Because she bore his son and saved himself ?  
 Well, British Public, ye who like me not, 410  
 (God love you !) and will have your proper  
 laugh  
 At the dark question, laugh it ! I laugh first.  
 Truth must prevail, the proverb vows ; and  
 truth  
 —Here is it all i' the book at last, as first  
 There it was all i' the heads and hearts of  
 Rome 415  
 Gentle and simple, never to fall nor fade  
 Nor be forgotten. Yet, a little while,  
 The passage of a century or so,  
 Decads thrice five, and here's time paid histax,  
 Oblivion gone home with her harvesting, 420  
 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 ?  
 "Is a tradition extant of such facts ? 425  
 "Your law-courts stand, your records frown  
 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 429  
 "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-rending nation ! And it tells  
 "Against the Church, no doubt,—another  
 gird 434  
 "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 for once."

"—The rarer and the happier! Allthesame,  
 "Content you with your treasure of a book, 440  
 "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 manned by Manning and new-  
 manned  
 "By Newman and, mayhap, wise-manned  
 to boot 445  
 "By Wiseman, 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, 440  
 "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?" 456

Yes and no!

From the book, yes; thence bit by bit I dug  
 The lingot<sup>1</sup> truth, that memorable day,  
 Assayed and knew my piecemeal gain was  
 gold,— 460  
 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; 464  
 To-wit, that fancy has informed, transpierced,  
 Thridded and so thrown fast the facts else free,  
 As right through ring and ring runs the  
 djereed<sup>2</sup>  
 And binds the loose, one bar without a break.  
 I fused my live soul and that inert stuff,  
 Before attempting smithcraft, on the night 470

After the day when,—truth thus grasped and  
 gained,—  
 The book was shut and done with and laid by  
 On the cream-coloured massive agate, broad  
 'Neath the twin cherubs in the tarnished frame  
 O' the mirror, tall thence to the ceiling-top. 475  
 And from the reading, and that slab I leant  
 My elbow on, the while I read and read,  
 I turned, to free myself and find the world,  
 And stepped out on the narrow terrace, built  
 Over the street and opposite the church, 480  
 And paced its lozenge-brickwork sprinkled  
 cool;  
 Because Felice-church-side stretched, a-glow  
 Through each square window fringed for  
 festival,  
 Whence came the clear voice of the cloistered  
 ones  
 Chanting a chant made for midsummer  
 nights— 485  
 I know not what particular praise of God,  
 It always came and went with June. Beneath  
 T' the street, quick shown by openings of the  
 sky  
 When flame fell silently from cloud to cloud,  
 Richer than that gold snow<sup>3</sup> Jove rained on  
 Rhodes, 490  
 The townsmen walked by twos and threes,  
 and talked,  
 Drinking the blackness in default of air—  
 A busy human sense beneath my feet:  
 While in and out the terrace-plants, and round  
 One branch of tall datura, waxed and waned  
 The lamp-fly lured there, wanting the white  
 flower. 496  
 Over the roof o' the lighted church I looked  
 A bowshot to the street's end, north away  
 Out of the Roman gate to the Roman road  
 By the river, till I felt the Apennine. 500  
 And there would lie Arezzo,<sup>4</sup> the man's town,  
 The woman's trap and cage and torture-place,  
 Also the stage where the priest played his part,  
 A spectacle for angels,—ay, indeed,  
 There lay Arezzo! Farther then I fared, 505

<sup>1</sup> *Lingot*: the same word as ingot; here= the solid mass of truth.

<sup>2</sup> *Djereed*: an Arab spear. The allusion is to a game analogous to tilting at a ring.

<sup>3</sup> *That gold snow*: the shower of gold in which Jove visited Danaë.

<sup>4</sup> *Arezzo*: in Tuscany, about 40 miles south-east of Florence.

Feeling my way on through the hot and dense,  
 Romeward, until I found the wayside inn  
 By Castelnuovo's few mean hut-like homes  
 Huddled together on the hill-foot bleak,  
 Bare, broken only by that tree or two 510  
 Against the sudden bloody splendour poured  
 Cursewise in day's departure by the sun  
 O'er the low house-roof of that squalid inn  
 Where they three, for the first time and the  
 last, 514

Husband and wife and priest, met face to face.  
 Whence I went on again, the end was near,  
 Step by step, missing none and marking all,  
 Till Rome itself, the ghastly goal, I reached.  
 Why, all the while,—how could it otherwise?—  
 The life in me abolished the death of things,  
 Deep calling unto deep: as then and there 521  
 Acted itself over again once more  
 The tragic piece. I saw with my own eyes  
 In Florence as I trod the terrace, breathed  
 The beauty and the fearfulness of night, 525  
 How it had run, this round from Rome to  
 Rome—

Because, you are to know, they lived at Rome,  
 Pompilia's parents, as they thought them-  
 selves,

Two poor ignoble hearts who did their best  
 Part God's way, part the other way than  
 God's, 530  
 To somehow make a shift and scramble through  
 The world's mud, careless if it splashed and  
 spoiled,

Provided they might so hold high, keep clean  
 Their child's soul, one soul white enough for  
 three,

And lift it to whatever star should stoop, 535  
 What possible sphere of purer life than theirs  
 Should come in aid of whiteness hard to save.  
 I saw the star stoop, that they strained to  
 touch,

And did touch and depose their treasure on,  
 As Guido Franceschini took away 540  
 Pompilia to be his for evermore,

While they sang "Now let us depart in peace,  
 "Having beheld thy glory, Guido's wife!"

I saw the star supposed, but fog o' the fen,  
 Gilded star-fashion by a glint from hell; 545  
 Having been heaved up, haled on its gross way,

By hands unguessed before, invisible help  
 From a dark brotherhood, and specially  
 Two obscure goblin creatures, fox-faced this,  
 Cat-clawed the other, called his next of kin 550  
 By Guido the main monster,—cloaked and  
 caped,  
 Making as they were priests, to mock God  
 more,—

Abate Paul, Canon Girolamo.  
 These who had rolled the starlike pest to Rome  
 And stationed it to suck up and absorb 555  
 The sweetness of Pompilia, rolled again  
 That bloated bubble, with her soul inside,  
 Back to Arezzo and a palace there—  
 Or say, a fissure in the honest earth  
 Whence long ago had curled the vapour first,  
 Blown big by nether fires to appal day: 561  
 It touched home, broke, and blasted far and  
 wide.

I saw the cheated couple find the cheat  
 And guess what foul rite they were captured  
 for,—

Too fain to follow over hill and dale 565  
 That child of theirs caught up thus in the cloud  
 And carried by the Prince o' the Power of  
 the Air

Whither he would, to wilderness or sea.  
 I saw them, in the potency of fear,  
 Break somehow through the satyr-family 570  
 (For a grey mother with a monkey-mien,  
 Mopping and mowing, was apparent too,  
 As, confident of capture, all took hands  
 And danced about the captives in a ring)  
 —Saw them break through, breathe safe, at  
 Rome again, 575

Saved by the selfish instinct, losing so  
 Their loved one left with haters. These I saw,  
 In recrudescency of baffled hate,

Prepare to wring the uttermost revenge  
 From body and soul thus left them: all was  
 sure, 580

Fire laid and cauldron set, the obscene ring  
 traced,

The victim stripped and prostrate: what of  
 God?

The cleaving of a cloud, a cry, a crash,  
 Quenched lay their cauldron, cowered i' the  
 dust the crew.

As, in a glory of armour like Saint George, 585  
 Out again sprang the young good beauteous  
 priest  
 Bearing away the lady in his arms,  
 Saved for a splendid minute and no more.  
 For, whom i' the path did that priest come  
 upon,  
 He and the poor lost lady borne so brave, 590  
 —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, 594  
 Whose care is lest 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 : 600  
 So took the lady, left the priest alone,  
 And once more canopied the world with  
 black.  
 But through the blackness I saw Rome again,  
 And where a solitary villa stood  
 In a lone garden-quarter : it was eve, 606  
 The second of the year, and oh so cold !  
 Ever and anon there flittered through the air  
 A snow-flake, and a scanty couch of snow  
 Crusted the grass-walk and the garden-mould.  
 All was grave, silent, sinister,—when, ha ? 610  
 Glimmeringly did a pack of were-wolves pad  
 The snow, those flames were Guido's eyes in  
 front,  
 And all five found and footed it, the track,  
 To where a threshold-streak of warmth and  
 light  
 Betrayed the villa-door with life inside, 615  
 While an inch outside were those blood-  
 bright eyes,  
 And black lips wrinkling o'er the flash of teeth,  
 And tongues that lolled—Oh God that madest  
 man !  
 They parleyed in their language. Then one  
 whined—

That was the policy and master-stroke— 620  
 Deep in his throat whispered what seemed a  
 name—  
 “Open to Caponsacchi !” Guido cried :  
 “Gabriel !” cried Lucifer at Eden-gate.  
 Wide as a heart, opened the door at once,  
 Showing the joyous couple, and their child 625  
 The two-weeks' mother, to the wolves, the  
 wolves  
 To them. Close eyes ! And when the  
 corpses lay  
 Stark-stretched, and those the wolves, their  
 wolf-work done,  
 Were safe-embosomed by the night again,  
 I knew a necessary change in things ; 630  
 As when the worst watch of the night gives way,  
 And there comes duly, to take cognizance,  
 The scrutinizing eye-point of some star—  
 And who despairs of a new daybreak now ?  
 Lo, the first ray protruded on those five ! 635  
 It reached them, and each felon writhed  
 transfixed  
 Awhile they palpitated on the spear  
 Motionless over Tophet : stand or fall ?  
 “I say, the spear should fall—should stand,  
 I say !”  
 Cried the world come to judgment, granting  
 grace 640  
 Or dealing doom according to world's wont,  
 Those world's-bystanders grouped on Rome's  
 cross-road  
 At prick and summons of the primal curse  
 Which bids man love as well as make a lie.  
 There prattled they, discoursed the right and  
 wrong, 645  
 Turned wrong to right, proved wolves sheep  
 and sheep wolves,  
 So that you scarce distinguished fell from  
 fleece ;  
 Till out spoke a great guardian of the fold,  
 Stood up, put forth his hand that held the crook,  
 And motioned that the arrested point de-  
 cline : 650  
 Horribly off, the wriggling dead-weight reeled,  
 Rushed to the bottom and lay ruined there.  
 Though still at the pit's mouth, despite the  
 smoke  
 O' the burning, tarriers turned again to talk

And trim the balance, and detect at least 653  
A touch of wolf in what showed whitest sheep,  
A cross of sheep redeeming the whole wolf,—  
Vex truth a little longer :—less and less,  
Because years came and went, and more and  
more

Brought new lies with them to be loved in  
turn. 660

Till all at once the memory of the thing,—  
The fact that, wolves or sheep, such creatures  
were,—

Which hitherto, however men supposed,  
Had somehow plain and pillar-like prevailed  
I' the midst of them, indisputably fact, 665  
Granite, time's tooth should grate against,  
not graze,—

Why, this proved sandstone, friable, fast to fly  
And give its grain away at wish o' the wind.

Ever and ever more diminutive,  
Base gone, shaft lost, only entablature, 670  
Dwindled into no bigger than a book,  
Lay of the column ; and that little, left  
By the roadside 'mid the ordure, shards and  
weeds.

Until I haply, wandering that lone way,  
Kicked it up, turned it over, and recognized,  
For all the crumblement, this abacus,<sup>1</sup> 676  
This square old yellow book,—could calculate  
By this the lost proportions of the style.

This was it from, my fancy with those facts,  
I used to tell the tale, turned gay to grave, 680  
But lacked a listener seldom ; such alloy,  
Such substance of me interfused the gold  
Which, wrought into a shapely ring therewith,  
Hammered and filed, fingered and favoured,  
last

Lay ready for the renovating wash 685  
O' the water. "How much of the tale was  
true?"

I disappeared ; the book grew all in all ;  
The lawyers' pleadings swelled back to their  
size,—

Doubled in two, the crease upon them yet,  
For more commodity of carriage, see !— 690

<sup>1</sup> *Abacus*: the upper part of the capital of a pillar, on which the architrave rests. In its earliest forms it is generally square in shape.

And these are letters, veritable sheets  
That brought posthaste the news to Flor-  
ence, 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  
book. 695

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

Good except truth : yet this, the something else,  
What's this then, which proves good yet  
seems untrue ? 700

This that I mixed with truth, motions of mine  
That quickened, made the inertness malleo-  
lable

O' the gold was not mine,—what's your  
name for this ?

Are means to the end, themselves in part the  
end ?

Is fiction which makes fact alive, fact too ? 705  
The somehow may be thishow.

I find first

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  
turn,

Yet forced to try and make, else fail to grow,—  
Formed to rise, reach at, if not grasp and  
gain 715

The good beyond him,—which attempt is  
growth,—

Repeats God's process in man's due degree,  
Attaining man's proportionate result,—  
Creates, no, but resuscitates, perhaps.

Inalienable, the arch-prerogative 720  
Which turns thought, act—conceives, ex-  
presses too !

No less, man, bounded, yearning to be free,  
May so project his surplusage of soul

In search of body, so add self to self  
By owning what lay ownerless before,— 725

So find, so fill full, so appropriate forms—  
That, although nothing which had never life  
Shall get life from him, be, not having been,  
Yet, something dead may get to live again,  
Something with too much life or not enough,  
Which, either way imperfect, ended once : 731  
An end whereat man's impulse intervenes,  
Makes new beginning, starts the dead alive,  
Completes the incomplete and saves the thing.  
Man's breath were vain to light a virgin  
wick,— 735

Half-burned-out, all but quite-quenched wicks  
o' the lamp

Stationed for temple-service on this earth,  
These indeed let him breathe on and relume !  
For such man's feat is, in the due degree,  
—Mimic creation, galvanism for life, 740  
But still a glory portioned in the scale.  
Why did the mage say,—feeling as we are  
wont

For truth, and stopping midway short of truth,  
And resting on a lie,—“ I raise a ghost ” ?  
“ Because,” he taught adepts, “ man makes  
not man. 745

“ Yet by a special gift, an art of arts,  
“ More insight and more outstare and much  
more

“ Will to use both of these than boast my  
mates,

“ I can detach from me, commission forth  
“ Half of my soul ; which in its pilgrimage 760  
“ O'er old unwandered waste ways of the  
world,

“ May chance upon some fragment of a whole,  
“ Rag of flesh, scrap of bone in dim disuse,  
“ Smoking flax that fed fire once : prompt  
therein 784

“ I enter, spark-like, put old powers to play,  
“ Push lines out to the limit, lead forth last

“ (By a moonrise through a ruin of a crypt)  
“ What shall be mistily seen, murmuringly  
heard,

“ Mistakenly felt : then write my name with  
Faust's ! ”

Oh, Faust, why Faust ? Was not Elisha  
once ?— 780

Who bade them lay his staff on a corpse-face.  
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 764

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 771  
With the right man and way.

Enough of me !

The Book ! I turn its medicinable leaves  
In London now till, as in Florence erst, 775  
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, 790  
Descended of an ancient house, though poor,  
A beak-nosed bushy-bearded black-haired  
lord,

Lean, pallid, low of stature yet robust,  
Fifty years old,—having four years ago  
Married Pompilia Comparini, young, 795

Good, beautiful, at Rome, where she was born,  
And brought her to Arezzo, where they lived  
Unhappy lives, whatever curse the cause,—  
This husband, taking four accomplices,  
Followed this wife to Rome, where she was fled  
From their Arezzo to find peace again, 791

In convoy, eight months earlier, of a priest,  
Aretine also, of still nobler birth,  
Giuseppe Caponsacchi,—caught her there  
Quiet in a villa on a Christmas night, 795

With only Pietro and Violante by,  
Both her putative parents ; killed the three,  
Aged, they, seventy each, and she, seventeen,  
And, two weeks since, the mother of his babe  
First-born and heir to what the style was  
worth 800

O' the Guido who determined, dared and did  
This deed just as he purposed point by point.  
Then, bent upon escape, but hotly pressed,  
And captured with his co-mates that same night,  
He, brought to trial, stood on this defence—

Injury to his honour caused the act ; 806  
 And since his wife was false, (as manifest  
 By flight from home in such companionship,)  
 Death, punishment deserved of the false wife  
 And faithless parents who abetted her 810  
 I' the flight aforesaid, wronged nor God nor  
 man.  
 "Nor false she, nor yet faithless they," replied  
 The accuser ; "cloaked and masked this  
 murder glooms ;  
 "True was Pompilia, loyal too the pair ; 814  
 "Out of the man's own heart a monster curled  
 "Which—crime coiled with connivancy at  
 crime—  
 "His victim's breast, he tells you, hatched  
 and reared ;  
 "Uncoil we and stretch stark the worm of hell!"  
 A month the trial swayed this way and that  
 Ere judgment settled down on Guido's  
 guilt ; 820  
 Then was the Pope, that good Twelfth  
 Innocent,  
 Appealed to : who 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, 826  
 Not by the very sense and sight indeed—  
 (Which take at best imperfect cognizance,  
 Since, how heart moves brain, and how both  
 move hand,  
 What mortal ever in entirety saw ?)  
 —No dose of purer truth than man digests, 830  
 But truth with falsehood, milk that feeds him  
 now,  
 Not strong meat he may get to bear some day—  
 To-wit, by voices we call evidence,  
 Uproar in the echo, live fact deadened down,  
 Talked over, bruited abroad, whispered away,  
 Yet helping us to all we seem to hear : 836  
 For how else know we save by worth of word ?

Here are the voices presently shall sound  
 In due succession. First, the world's outcry  
 Around the rush and ripple of any fact 840  
 Fallen stonewise, plumb on the smooth face  
 of things ;

The world's guess, as it crowds the bank o'  
 the pool,  
 At what were figure and substance, by their  
 splash :  
 Then, by vibrations in the general mind,  
 At depth of deed already out of reach. 845  
 This threefold murder of the day before,—  
 Say, Half-Rome's feel after the vanished  
 truth ;  
 Honest enough, as the way is : all the same,  
 Harbours in the centre of its sense  
 A hidden germ of failure, shy but sure, 850  
 To neutralize that honesty and leave  
 That feel for truth at fault, as the way is too.  
 Some prepossession such as starts amiss,  
 By but a hair's breadth at the shoulder-blade,  
 The arm o' the feeler, dip he ne'er so bold ;  
 So leads arm waveringly, lets fall wide 856  
 O' the mark its finger, sent to find and fix  
 Truth at the bottom, that deceptive speck.  
 With this Half-Rome,—the source of swerv-  
 ing, call  
 Over-belief in Guido's right and wrong 860  
 Rather than in Pompilia's wrong and right :  
 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. 865  
 Some worthy, with his previous hint to find  
 A husband's side the safer, and no whit  
 Aware he is not Æacus<sup>1</sup> the while,—  
 How such an one supposes and states fact  
 To whosoever of a multitude 870  
 Will listen, and perhaps prolong thereby  
 The not-unpleasant flutter at the breast,  
 Born of a certain spectacle shut in  
 By the church Lorenzo opposite. So, they  
 lounge  
 Midway the mouth o' the street, on Corso  
 side, 875  
 'Twixt palace Fiano and palace Ruspoli,  
 Linger and listen ; keeping clear o' the crowd,  
 Yet wishful one could lend that crowd one's  
 eyes,

<sup>1</sup> Æacus : the colleague of Minos and Rha-  
 damanthus as judge of the nether world ; hence  
 a type of impartiality.

(So universal is its plague of squint) And make hearts beat our time that flutter false : 890	Half-Rome aforesaid ; something bred of both :
—All for the truth's sake, mere truth, nothing else !	One and one breed the inevitable three. Such is the personage harangues you next ; 915
How Half-Rome found for Guido much excuse.	The elaborated product, <i>tertium quid</i> : Rome's first commotion in subsidence gives
Next, from Rome's other half, the opposite feel	The curd o' the cream, flower o' the wheat, as it were, And finer sense o' the city. Is this plain ? You get a reasoned statement of the case, 920
For truth with a like swerve, like unsuccess,— Or if success, by no skill but more luck 895 This time, through siding rather with the wife, Because a fancy-fit inclined that way, Than with the husband. One wears drab, one pink ;	Eventual verdict of the curious few Who care to sift a business to the bran Nor coarsely bolt it like the simpler sort. Here, after ignorance, instruction speaks ; Here, clarity of candour, history's soul, 925
Who wears pink, ask him "Which shall win the race, 899 "Of coupled runners like as egg and egg ?" "—Why, if I must choose, he with the pink scarf."	The critical mind, in short : no gossip-guess. What the superior social section thinks, In person of some man of quality Who,—breathing musk from lace-work and brocade,
Doubtless for some such reason choice fell here.	His solitaire amid the flow of frill, 930 Powdered peruke on nose, and bag at back, And cane dependent from the ruffled wrist,—
A piece of public talk to correspond At the next stage of the story ; just a day Let pass and new day brings the proper change. 895	Harangues in silvery and selectest phrase 'Neath waxlight in a glorified saloon Where mirrors multiply the girandole : <sup>1</sup> 935 Courting the approbation of no mob,
Another sample-speech i' the market-place O' the Barberini by the Capucins ; Where the old Triton, at his fountain-sport, Bernini's creature plated to the paps, Puffs up steel sleet which breaks to diamond dust, 900	But Eminence This and All-Illustrious That Who take snuff softly, range in well-bred ring, Card-table-quitters for observance' sake, Around the argument, the rational word—940 Still, spite its weight and worth, a sample- speech.
A spray of sparkles snorted from his conch, High over the caritellas, out o' the way O' the motley merchandizing multitude.	How Quality dissertated on the case.
Our murder has been done three days ago, The frost is over and gone, the south wind laughs, 905	So much for Rome and rumour ; smoke comes first :
And, to the very tiles of each red roof A-smoke i' the sunshine, Rome lies gold and glad :	Onte let smoke rise untroubled, we descry Clearier what tongues of flame may spire and spit 945
So, listen how, to the other half of Rome, Pompilia seemed a saint and martyr both !	To eye and ear, each with appropriate tinge According to its food, or pure or foul. The actors, no mere rumours of the act, Intervene. First you hear Count Guido's voice,
Then, yet another day let come and go, 910 With pause prelusive still of novelty, Hear a fresh speaker !—neither this nor that	In a small chamber that adjoins the court, 950

<sup>1</sup> *Girandole*: a branched candlestick.



Where Governor and Judges, summoned  
thence,  
Tommati, Venturini and the rest,  
Find the accused ripe for declaring truth.  
Soft-cushioned sits he; yet shifts seat, shirks  
touch,  
As, with a twitchy brow and wincing lip 955  
And cheek that changes to all kinds of white,  
He proffers his defence, in tones subdued  
Near to mock-mildness now, so mournful seems  
The obtuser sense truth fails to satisfy;  
Now, moved, from pathos at the wrong  
endured, 960  
To passion; for the natural man is roused  
At fools who first do wrong then pour the  
blame  
Of their wrong-doing, Satan-like, on Job.  
Also his tongue at times is hard to curb;  
Incisive, nigh satiric bites the phrase, 965  
Rough-raw, yet somehow claiming privilege  
—It is so hard for shrewdness to admit  
Folly means no harm when she calls black  
white!  
—Eruption momentary at the most,  
Modified forthwith by a fall o' the fire, 970  
Sage acquiescence; for the world's the world,  
And, what it errs in, Judges rectify:  
He feels he has a fist, then folds his arms  
Crosswise and makes his mind up to be meek.  
And never once does he detach his eye 975  
From those ranged there to slay him or to save,  
But does his best man's-service for himself,  
Despite,—what twitches brow and makes  
lip wince,—  
His limbs' late taste of what was called the Cord,  
Or Vigil-torture more facetiously. 980  
Even so; they were wont to tease the truth  
Out of loth witness (toying, trifling time)  
By torture: 'twas a trick, a vice of the age,  
Here, there and everywhere, what would you  
have?  
Religion used to tell Humanity 985  
She gave him warrant or denied him course.  
And since the course was much to his own mind,  
Of pinching flesh and pulling bone from bone  
To unhusk truth a-hiding in its hulls,  
Nor whisper of a warning stopped the way, 990  
He, in their joint behalf, the burly slave,  
Bestirred him, mauled and maimed all  
recusants,  
While, prim in place, Religion overlooked;  
And so had done till doomsday, never a sign  
Nor sound of interference from her mouth, 995  
But that at last the burly slave wiped brow,  
Let eye give notice as if soul were there,  
Muttered " 'Tis a vile trick, foolish more  
than vile,  
"Should have been counted sin; I make it so:  
"At any rate no more of it for me— 1000  
"Nay, for I break the torture-engine thus!"  
Then did Religion start up, stare amain,  
Look round for help and see none, smile  
and say  
"What, broken is the rack? Well done of thee!  
"Did I forget to abrogate its use? 1005  
"Be the mistake in common with us both!  
"—One more fault our blind age shall answer  
for,  
"Down in my book denounced though it  
must be  
"Somewhere. Henceforth find truth by  
milder means!"  
Ah but, Religion, did we wait for thee 1010  
To ope the book, that serves to sit upon,  
And pick such place out, we should wait  
indeed!  
That is all history: and what is not now,  
Was then, defendants found it to their cost.  
How Guido, after being tortured, spoke. 1015  
Also hear Caponsacchi who comes next,  
Man and priest—could you comprehend the  
coil!—  
In days when that was rife which now is rare.  
How, mingling each its multifarious wires,  
Now heaven, now earth, now heaven and  
earth at once, 1020  
Had plucked at and perplexed their puppet  
here,  
Played off the young frank personable priest;  
Sworn fast and tonsured plain heaven's celibate,  
And yet earth's clear-accepted servitor,  
A courtly spiritual Cupid, squire of dames 1025  
By law of love and mandate of the mode.  
The Church's own, or why parade her seal,  
Wherefore that chrism and consecrative work?

Yet verily the world's, or why go badged  
 A prince of sonneteers and lutanists,<sup>1</sup> 1030  
 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: 1035  
 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,— 1040  
 Whence he is summoned on a sudden now,  
 Informed that she, he thought to save, is lost,  
 And, in a breath, bidden re-tell his tale,  
 Since the first telling somehow missed effect,  
 And then advise in the matter. There stands  
 he, 1045  
 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  
 wall  
 Against which sets a sea of wickedness. 1050  
 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, 1055  
 Especially youth high-born; for youth means  
 love,  
 Vows can't change nature, priests are only men,  
 And love likes stratagem and subterfuge  
 Which age, that once was youth, should  
 recognize, 1059  
 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, 1063  
 While hesitating for an answer then,—

<sup>1</sup> *Lutanist*: player on the lute.

Now is grown judge himself, terrifies now  
 This, now the other culprit called a judge,  
 Whose turn it is to stammer and look strange,  
 As he speaks rapidly, angrily, speech that  
 smites: 1070  
 And they keep silence, bear blow after blow,  
 Because the seeming-solitary man,  
 Speaking for God, may have an audience too,  
 Invisible, no discreet judge provokes.  
 How the priest Caponsacchi said his say. 1075  
 Then a soul sighs its lowest and its last  
 After the loud ones,—so much breath remains  
 Unused by the four-days'-dying; for she lived  
 Thus long, miraculously long, 'twas thought,  
 Just that Pompilia might defend herself. 1080  
 How, while the hireling and the alien stoop,  
 Comfort, yet question,—since the time is brief,  
 And folk, allowably inquisitive,  
 Encircle the low pallet where she lies 1084  
 In the good house that helps the poor to die,—  
 Pompilia tells the story of her life.  
 For friend and lover,—leech and man of law  
 Do service; busy helpful ministrants  
 As varied in their calling as their mind, 1089  
 Temper and age: and yet from all of these,  
 About the white bed under the arched roof,  
 Is somehow, as it were, evolved a one,—  
 Small separate sympathies combined and large,  
 Nothings that were, grown something very  
 much:  
 As if the bystanders gave each his straw, 1095  
 All he had, though a trifle in itself,  
 Which, plaited all together, made a Cross  
 Fit to die looking on and praying with,  
 Just as well as if ivory or gold.  
 So, to the common kindness she speaks, 1100  
 There being scarce more privacy at the last  
 For mind than body: but she is used to bear,  
 And only unused to the brotherly look.  
 How she endeavoured to explain her life.  
 Then, since a Trial ensued, a touch o' the same  
 To sober us, flustered with frothy talk, 1106  
 And teach our common sense its helplessness.  
 For why deal simply with divining-rod,  
 Scrape where we fancy secret sources flow,  
 And ignore law, the recognized machine, 1110

Elaborate display of pipe and wheel  
 Framed to unchoke, pump up and pour apace  
 Truth till a flowery foam shall wash the world?  
 The patent truth-extracting process,—ha?  
 Let us make that grave mystery turn one wheel,  
 Give you a single grind of law at least! 1116  
 One orator, of two on either side,  
 Shall teach us the puissance of the tongue  
 —That is, o' the pen which simulated tongue  
 On paper and saved all except the sound 1120  
 Which never was. Law's speech beside law's  
 thought?

That were too stunning, too immense an odds:  
 That point of vantage law lets nobly pass.  
 One lawyer shall admit us to behold  
 The manner of the making out a case, 1125  
 First fashion of a speech; the chick in egg,  
 The masterpiece law's bosom incubates.  
 How Don Giacinto of the Arcangeli,  
 Called Procurator of the Poor at Rome,  
 Now advocate for Guido and his mates,— 1130  
 The jolly learned man of middle age,  
 Cheek and jowl all in laps with fat and law,  
 Mirthful as mighty, yet, as great hearts use,  
 Despite the name and fame that tempt our flesh,  
 Constant to that devotion of the hearth, 1135  
 Still captive in those dear domestic ties!—  
 How he,—having a cause to triumph with,  
 All kind of interests to keep intact,  
 More than one efficacious personage  
 To tranquilize, conciliate and secure, 1140  
 And above all, public anxiety  
 To quiet, show its Guido in good hands,—  
 Also, as if such burdens were too light,  
 A certain family-feast to claim his care,  
 The birthday-banquet for the only son— 1145  
 Paternity at smiling strife with law—  
 How he brings both to buckle in one bond;  
 And, thick at throat, with waterish under-  
 eye,  
 Turns to his task and settles in his seat 1149  
 And puts his utmost means in practice now:  
 Wheezes out law-phrase, whiffles Latin forth,  
 And, just as though roast lamb would never  
 be,  
 Makes logic levigate<sup>1</sup> the big crime small:

<sup>1</sup> *Levigate*: make light.

Rubs palm on palm, rakes foot with itchy  
 foot,  
 Conceives and inchoates the argument, 1155  
 Sprinkling each flower appropriate to the  
 time,  
 —Ovidian quip or Ciceronian crank,  
 A-bubble in the larynx while he laughs,  
 As he had fritters deep down frying there. 1160  
 How he turns, twists, and tries the oily thing  
 Shall be—first speech for Guido 'gainst the  
 Fisc.

Then with a skip as it were from heel to  
 head,  
 Leaving yourselves fill up the middle bulk  
 O' the Trial, reconstruct its shape august,  
 From such exordium clap we to the close; 1165  
 Give you, if we dare wing to such a height,  
 The absolute glory in some full-grown speech  
 On the other side, some finished butterfly,  
 Some breathing diamond-flake with leaf-gold  
 fans, 1169  
 That takes the air, no trace of worm it was,  
 Or cabbage-bed it had production from.  
 Giovambattista o' the Bottini, Fisc,  
 Pompilia's patron by the chance of the hour,  
 To-morrow her persecutor,—composite, he,  
 As becomes who must meet such various  
 calls— 1173  
 Odds of age joined in him with ends of youth.  
 A man of ready smile and facile tear,  
 Improvised hopes, despairs at nod and beck,  
 And language—ah, the gift of eloquence!  
 Language that goes, goes, easy as a glove, 1180  
 O'er good and evil, smoothens both to one.  
 Rashness helps caution with him, fires the  
 straw,  
 In free enthusiastic careless fit,  
 On the first proper pinnacle of rock  
 Which offers, as reward for all that zeal, 1185  
 To lure some bark to founder and bring gain:  
 While calm sits Caution, rapt with heaven-  
 ward eye,  
 A true confessor's gaze, amid the glare  
 Beaconing to the breaker, death and hell.  
 "Well done, thou good and faithful!" she  
 approves:  
 "Hadst thou let slip a faggot to the beach, 1191

"The crew might surely spy thy precipice  
 "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!" 1195  
 Just so compounded is the outside man,  
 Blue juvenile pure eye and pippin cheek,  
 And brow all prematurely soiled and seamed  
 With sudden age, bright devastated hair. 1199  
 Ah, but you miss the very tones o' the voice,  
 The scrannel pipe that screams in heights of head,  
 As, in his modest studio, all alone,  
 The tall wight stands a-tiptoe, strives and strains,  
 Both eyes shut, like the cockerel that would crow,  
 Tries to his own self amorously o'er 1205  
 What never will be uttered else than so—  
 Since to the four walls, Forum and Mars' Hill,  
 Speaks out the poesy which, penned, turns prose.  
 Clavecinist<sup>1</sup> debarred his instrument,  
 He yet thrums—shirking neither turn nor trill, 1210  
 With desperate finger on dumb table-edge—  
 The sovereign rondo, shall conclude his *Suite*,  
 Charm an imaginary audience there,  
 From old Corelli to young Haendel, both 1214  
 I' the flesh at Rome, ere he perforce go print  
 The cold black score, mere music for the mind—  
 The last speech against Guido and his gang,  
 With special end to prove Pompilia pure.  
 How the Fisc vindicates Pompilia's fame.  
 Then comes the all but end, the ultimate 1220  
 Judgment save yours. Pope Innocent the Twelfth,  
 Simple, sagacious, mild yet resolute,  
 With prudence, probity and—what beside  
 From the other world he feels impress at times,  
 Having attained to fourscore years and six,— 1225

<sup>1</sup> *Clavecinist*: player on the harpsichord.

How, when the court found Guido and the rest  
 Guilty, but law supplied a subterfuge  
 And passed the final sentence to the Pope,  
 He, bringing his intelligence to bear 1229  
 This last time on what ball behoves him drop  
 In the urn, or white or black, does drop a black,  
 Send five souls more to just precede his own,  
 Stand him in stead and witness, if need were,  
 How he is wont to do God's work on earth.  
 The manner of his sitting out the dim 1235  
 Droop of a sombre February day  
 In the plain closet where he does such work,  
 With, from all Peter's treasury, one stool,  
 One table and one lathen crucifix. 1239  
 There sits the Pope, his thoughts for company;  
 Grave but not sad,—nay, something like a cheer  
 Leaves the lips free to be benevolent,  
 Which, all day long, did duty firm and fast.  
 A cherishing there is of foot and knee,  
 A chafing loose-skinned large-veined hand  
 with hand,— 1245  
 What steward but knows when stewardship  
 earns its wage,  
 May levy praise, anticipate the lord?  
 He reads, notes, lays the papers down at last,  
 Muses, then takes a turn about the room;  
 Unclasps a huge tome<sup>2</sup> in an antique guise, 1250  
 Primitive print and tongue half obsolete,  
 That stands him in diurnal stead; opes page,  
 Finds place where falls the passage to be conned  
 According to an order long in use: 1254  
 And, as he comes upon the evening's chance,  
 Starts somewhat, solemnizes straight his smile,  
 Then reads aloud that portion first to last,  
 And at the end lets flow his own thoughts forth  
 Likewise aloud, for respite and relief,  
 Till by the dreary relics of the west 1260  
 Wan through the half-moon window, all his light,  
 He bows the head while the lips move in prayer,  
 Writes some three brief lines, signs and seals  
 the same,

<sup>2</sup> *A huge tome*: the history of the Popes; see the opening of Book X.

Tinkles a hand-bell, bids the obsequious Sir  
Who puts foot presently o' the closet-sill 1285  
He watched outside of, bear as superscribed  
That mandate to the Governor forthwith :  
Then heaves abroad his cares in one good sigh,  
Traverses corridor with no arm's help, 1289  
And so to sup as a clear conscience should.  
The manner of the judgment of the Pope.

Then must speak Guido yet a second time,  
Satan's old saw being apt here—skin for skin,  
All a man hath that will he give for life.  
While life was graspable and gainable, 1275  
And bird-like buzzed her wings round Guido's  
brow,

Not much truth stiffened out the web of words  
He wove to catch her : when away she flew  
And death came, death's breath rivelled up  
the lies,

Left bare the metal thread, the fibre fine 1280  
Of truth, i' the spinning : the true words  
shone last.

How Guido, to another purpose quite,  
Speaks and despairs, the last night of his life,  
In that New Prison by Castle Angelo  
At the bridge foot : the same man, another  
voice. 1285

On a stone bench in a close fetid cell,  
Where the hot vapour of an agony,  
Struck into drops on the cold wall, runs  
down—

Horrible worms made out of sweat and tears—  
There crouch, well nigh to the knees in dun-  
geon-straw, 1290

Lit by the sole lamp suffered for their sake,  
Two awe-struck figures, this a Cardinal,  
That an Abate, both of old styled friends  
O' the thing part man part monster in the  
midst,

So changed is Franceschini's gentle blood. 1285  
The tiger-cat screams now, that whined before,  
That pried and tried and trod so gingerly,  
Till in its silkiness the trap-teeth joined ;  
Then you know how the bristling fury foams.  
They listen, this wrapped in his folds of red,  
While his feet fumble for the filth below ; 1301  
The other, as beseems a stouter heart,  
Working his best with beads and cross to ban

The enemy that comes in like a flood  
Spite of the standard set up, verily 1305  
And in no trope at all, against him there :  
For at the prison-gate, just a few steps  
Outside, already, in the doubtful dawn,  
Thither, from this side and from that, slow  
sweep

And settle down in silence solidly, 1310  
Crow-wise, the frightful Brotherhood of Death.  
Black-hatted and black-hooded huddle they,  
Black rosaries a-dangling from each waist ;  
So take they their grim station at the door,  
Torches lit, skull-and-cross-bones-banner  
spread, 1315

And that gigantic Christ with open arms,  
Grounded. Nor lacks there aught but that  
the group

Break forth, intone the lamentable psalm,  
"Out of the deeps, Lord, have I cried to  
thee!"— 1319

When inside, from the true profound, a sign  
Shall bear intelligence that the foe is foiled,  
Count Guido Franceschini has confessed,  
And is absolved and reconciled with God.  
Then they, intoning, may begin their march,  
Make by the longest way for the People's  
Square, 1325

Carry the criminal to his crime's award :  
A mob to cleave, a scaffolding to reach,  
Two gallows and Mannaia<sup>1</sup> crowning all.  
How Guido made defence a second time.

Finally, even as thus by step and step 1330  
I led you from the level of to-day  
Up to the summit of so long ago,  
Here, whence I point you the wide prospect  
round—

Let me, by like steps, slope you back to  
smooth, 1334

Land you on mother-earth, no whit the worse,  
To feed o' the fat o' the furrow : free to dwell,  
Taste our time's better things profusely spread  
For all who love the level, corn and wine,  
Much cattle and the many-folded fleece. 1338  
Shall not my friends go feast again on sward,  
Though cognizant of country in the clouds

<sup>1</sup> *Mannaia* : a kind of guillotine.

Higher than wistful eagle's horny eye  
 Ever unclosed for, 'mid ancestral crags,  
 When morning broke and Spring was back  
 once more,  
 And he died, heaven, save by his heart, un-  
 reached? 1345  
 Yet heaven my fancy lifts to, ladder-like,—  
 As Jack reached, holpen of his beanstalk-  
 rungs!

A novel country: I might make it mine  
 By choosing which one aspect of the year  
 Suited mood best, and putting solely that 1350  
 On panel somewhere in the House of Fame,  
 Landscaping what I saved, not what I saw:  
 —Might fix you, whether frost in goblin-time  
 Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,  
 Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire, 1355  
 She fell, arms wide, face foremost on the world,  
 Swooned there and so singed out the strength  
 of things.

Thus were abolished Spring and Autumn both,  
 The land dwarfed to one likeness of the land,  
 Life cramped corpse-fashion. Rather learn  
 and love 1360

Each facet-flash of the revolving year!—  
 Red, green and blue that whirl into a white,  
 The variance now, the eventual unity,  
 Which make the miracle. See it for your-  
 selves, 1364

This man's act, changeable because alive!  
 Action now shrouds, nor shows the informing  
 thought;

Man, like a glass ball with a spark a-top,  
 Out of the magic fire that lurks inside,  
 Shows one tint at a time to take the eye:  
 Which, let a finger touch the silent sleep, 1370  
 Shifted a hair's-breadth shoots you dark for  
 bright,

Suffuses bright with dark, and baffles so  
 Your sentence absolute for shine or shade.  
 Once set such orbs,—white styled, black  
 stigmatized,—

A-rolling, see them once on the other side 1375  
 Your good men and your bad men every one  
 From Guido Franceschini to Guy Faux,  
 Oft would you rub your eyes and change  
 your names.

Such, British Public, ye who like me not,  
 (God love you!)—whom I yet have laboured  
 for, 1380

Perchance more careful whoso runs may read  
 Than erst when all, it seemed, could read  
 who ran,—

Perchance more careless whoso reads may  
 praise

Than late when he who praised and read and  
 wrote 1384

Was apt to find himself the self-same me,—  
 Such labour had such issue, so I wrought  
 This arc, by furtherance of such alloy,  
 And so, by one spirt, take away its trace  
 Till, justifiably golden, rounds my ring.

A ring without a posy,<sup>1</sup> and that ring mine? 1390

O lyric Love, half angel and half bird  
 And all a wonder and a wild desire,—  
 Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun,  
 Took sanctuary within the holier blue,  
 And sang a kindred soul out to his face,— 1395  
 Yet human at the red-ripe of the heart—  
 When the first summons from the darkling  
 earth

Reached thee amid thy chambers, blanched  
 their blue,

And bared them of the glory—to drop down,  
 To toil for man, to suffer or to die,— 1400  
 This is the same voice: can thy soul know  
 change?

Hail then, and hearken from the realms of  
 help!

Never may I commence my song, my due  
 To God who best taught song by gift of thee,  
 Except with bent head and beseeching  
 hand— 1405

That still, despite the distance and the dark,  
 What was, again may be; some interchange  
 Of grace, some splendour once thy very  
 thought,

Some benediction anciently thy smile: 1409  
 —Never conclude, but raising hand and head  
 Thither where eyes, that cannot reach, yet yearn  
 For all hope, all sustainment, all reward,

<sup>1</sup> *Posy*: a motto or rhyme, engraved inside  
 a ring.

Their utmost up and on,—so blessing back  
 In those thy realms of help, that heaven thy  
 home,  
 Some whiteness which, I judge, thy face  
 makes proud, 1415  
 Some wanness where, I think, thy foot may  
 fall !

II.—HALF-ROME.

WHAT, you, Sir, come too? (Just the man  
 I'd meet.)

Be ruled by me and have a care o' the crowd:  
 This way, while fresh folk go and get their  
 gaze :

I'll tell you like a book and save your shins.  
 Fie, what a roaring day we've had ! Whose  
 fault ? 5

Lorenzo in Lucina,—here's a church  
 To hold a crowd at need, accommodate  
 All comers from the Corso ! If this crush  
 Make not its priests ashamed of what they show  
 For temple-room, don't prick them to draw  
 purse 10

And down with bricks and mortar, eke us out  
 The beggarly transept with its bit of apse  
 Into a decent space for Christian ease,  
 Why, to-day's lucky pearl is cast to swine.  
 Listen and estimate the luck they've had ! 15  
 (The right man, and I hold him.)

Sir, do you see,

They laid both bodies in the church, this morn  
 The first thing, on the chancel two steps up,  
 Behind the little marble balustrade ; 20  
 Disposed them, Pietro the old murdered fool  
 To the right of the altar, and his wretched wife  
 On the other side. In trying to count stabs,  
 People supposed Violante showed the most,  
 Till somebody explained us that mistake ; 25  
 His wounds had been dealt out indifferent  
 where,

But she took all her stabbings in the face,  
 Since punished thus solely for honour's sake,  
*Honoris causâ*, that's the proper term.  
 A delicacy there is, our gallants hold, 30  
 When you avenge your honour and only then,  
 That you disfigure the subject, fray the face,

Not just take life and end, in clownish guise.  
 It was Violante gave the first offence,  
 Got therefore the conspicuous punishment : 35  
 While Pietro, who helped merely, his mere  
 death

Answered the purpose, so his face went free.  
 We fancied even, free as you please, that face  
 Showed itself still intolerably wronged ;  
 Was wrinkled over with resentment yet, 40  
 Nor calm at all, as murdered faces use,  
 Once the worst ended : an indignant air

O' the head there was—'tis said the body turned  
 Round and away, rolled from Violante's side  
 Where they had laid it loving-husband-like.

If so, if corpses can be sensitive, 46  
 Why did not he roll right down altar-step,  
 Roll on through nave, roll fairly out of church,  
 Deprive Lorenzo of the spectacle,

Pay back thus the succession of affronts 50  
 Whereto this church had served as theatre ?  
 For see : at that same altar where he lies,  
 To that same inch of step, was brought the  
 babe

For blessing after baptism, and there styled  
 Pompilia, and a string of names beside, 55

By his bad wife, some seventeen years ago,  
 Who purchased her simply to palm on him,  
 Flatter his dotage and defraud the heirs.

Wait awhile ! Also to this very step  
 Did this Violante, twelve years afterward, 60  
 Bring, the mock-mother, that child-cheat  
 full-grown,

Pompilia, in pursuance of her plot,  
 And there brave God and man a second time  
 By linking a new victim to the lie. 64

There, having made a match unknown to him,  
 She, still unknown to Pietro, tied the knot  
 Which nothing cuts except this kind of knife ;  
 Yes, made her daughter, as the girl was held,  
 Marry a man, and honest man beside,

And man of birth to boot,—clandestinely 70  
 Because of this, because of that, because  
 O' the devil's will to work his worst for once,—  
 Confident she could top her part at need

And, when her husband must be told in turn,  
 Ply the wife's trade, play off the sex's trick 75  
 And, alternating worry with quiet qualms,  
 Bravado with submissiveness, prettily fool

Her Pietro into patience : so it proved.  
 Ay, 'tis four years since man and wife they  
 grew,  
 This Guido Franceschini and this same 80  
 Pompilia, foolishly thought, falsely declared  
 A Comparini and the couple's child :  
 Just at this altar where, beneath the piece  
 Of Master Guido Reni, Christ on cross,  
 Second to nought observable in Rome, 85  
 That couple lie now, murdered yestereve.  
 Even the blind can see a providence here.

From dawn till now that it is growing dusk  
 A multitude has flocked and filled the church,  
 Coming and going, coming back again, 90  
 Till to count crazed one. Rome was at the  
 show.

People climbed up the columns, fought for  
 spikes

O' the chapel-rail to perch themselves upon,  
 Jumped over and so broke the wooden work  
 Painted like porphyry to deceive the eye ; 95  
 Serve the priests right ! The organ-loft was  
 crammed,

Women were fainting, no few fights ensued,  
 In short, it was a show repaid your pains :  
 For, though their room was scant undoubtedly,  
 Yet they did manage matters, to be just, 100  
 A little at this Lorenzo. Body o' me !

I saw a body exposed once . . . never mind !  
 Enough that here the bodies had their due.  
 No stinginess in wax, a row all round,  
 And one big taper at each head and foot. 105

So, people pushed their way, and took their  
 turn,

Saw, threw their eyes up, crossed themselves,  
 gave place

To pressure from behind, since all the world  
 Knew the old pair, could talk the tragedy  
 Over from first to last : Pompilia too, 110  
 Those who had known her—what 'twas worth  
 to them !

Guido's acquaintance was in less request ;  
 The Count had lounged somewhat too long  
 in Rome,  
 Made himself cheap ; with him were hand  
 and glove

Barbers and blear-eyed, as the ancient<sup>1</sup> sings.  
 Also he is alive and like to be : 116

Had he considerably died,—aha !  
 I jostled Luca Cini on his staff,  
 Mute in the midst, the whole man one  
 amaze, 119

Staring amain and crossing brow and breast.  
 "How now?" asked I. "'Tis seventy  
 years," quoth he,

"Since I first saw, holding my father's hand,  
 "Bodies set forth : a many have I seen,  
 "Yet all was poor to this I live and see. 124

"Here the world's wickedness seals up the sum:  
 "What with Molinos' doctrine and this deed,  
 "Antichrist surely comes and doomsday's near.

"May I depart in peace, I have seen my see."  
 "Depart then," I advised, "nor block the road  
 "For youngsters still behindhand with such  
 sights !" 130

"Why no," rejoins the venerable sire,  
 "I know it's horrid, hideous past belief,

"Burdensome far beyond what eye can bear ;  
 "But they do promise, when Pompilia dies  
 "I' the course o' the day,—and she can't  
 outlive night,— 135

"They'll bring her body also to expose  
 "Beside the parents, one, two, three a-breast ;  
 "That were indeed a sight, which might I see,  
 "I trust I should not last to see the like !"

Whereat I bade the senior spare his shanks, 140  
 Since doctors give her till to-night to live,  
 And tell us how the butchery happened. "Ah,  
 "But you can't know !" sighs he, "I'll not  
 despair :

"Beside I'm useful at explaining things—  
 "As, how the dagger laid there at the feet, 145  
 "Caused the peculiar cuts ; I mind its make,  
 "Triangular i' the blade, a Genoese,  
 "Armed with those little hook-teeth on the  
 edge

"To open in the flesh nor shut again :  
 "I like to teach a novice : I shall stay !" 150  
 And stay he did, and stay be sure he will.

A personage came by the private door  
 At noon to have his look : I name no names :

<sup>1</sup> *The ancient*: Horace (*Sat.* i. 7. 3, "Omnibus et lippis notum et tonsoribus").



Well then, His Eminence the Cardinal,  
 Whose servitor in honourable sort 153  
 Guido was once, the same who made the  
 match,  
 (Will you have the truth?) whereof we see  
 effect.  
 No sooner whisper ran he was arrived  
 Than up pops Curate Carlo, a brisk lad,  
 Who never lets a good occasion slip, 160  
 And volunteers improving the event.  
 We looked he'd give the history's self some  
 help,  
 Treat us to how the wife's confession went  
 (This morning she confessed her crime, we  
 know)  
 And, may-be, throw in something of the  
 Priest— 165  
 If he's not ordered back, punished anew,  
 The gallant, Caponsacchi, Lucifer  
 I' the garden where Pompilia, Eve-like, lured  
 Her Adam Guido to his fault and fall.  
 Think you we got a sprig of speech akin 170  
 To this from Carlo, with the Cardinal there?  
 Too wary he was, too widely awake, I trow.  
 He did the murder in a dozen words;  
 Then said that all such outrages crop forth  
 I' the course of nature when Molinos' tares 175  
 Are sown for wheat, flourish and choke the  
 Church:  
 So slid on to the abominable sect  
 And the philosophic sin—we've heard all that,  
 And the Cardinal too, (who book-made on  
 the same)  
 But, for the murder, left it where he found. 180  
 Oh but he's quick, the Curate, minds his game!  
 And, after all, we have the main o' the fact:  
 Case could not well be simpler,—mapped, as  
 it were,  
 We follow the murder's maze from source  
 to sea, 184  
 By the red line, past mistake: one sees indeed  
 Not only how all was and must have been,  
 But cannot other than be to the end of time.  
 Turn out here by the Ruspoli! Do you hold  
 Guido was so prodigiously to blame?  
 A certain cousin of yours has told you so? 190  
 Exactly! Here's a friend shall set you right,  
 Let him but have the handsel of your ear.

These wretched Comparini were once gay  
 And galliard, of the modest middle class:  
 Born in this quarter seventy years ago 195  
 And married young, they lived the accustomed  
 life,  
 Citizens as they were of good repute:  
 And, childless, naturally took their ease  
 With only their two selves to care about 199  
 And use the wealth for: wealthy is the word,  
 Since Pietro was possessed of house and land—  
 And specially one house, when good days  
 smiled,  
 In Via Vittoria, the aspectable street  
 Where he lived mainly; but another house  
 Of less pretension did he buy betimes, 205  
 The villa, meant for jaunts and jollity,  
 I' the Pauline district, to be private there—  
 Just what puts murder in an enemy's head.  
 Moreover,—here's the worm i' the core, the  
 germ 209  
 O' the rottenness and ruin which arrived,—  
 He owned some usufruct, had moneys' use  
 Lifelong, but to determine with his life  
 In heirs' default: so, Pietro craved an heir,  
 (The story always old and always new)  
 Shut his fool's-eyes fast on the visible good 215  
 And wealth for certain, opened them owl-wide  
 On fortune's sole piece of forgetfulness,  
 The child that should have been and would  
 not be.  
 Hence, seventeen years ago, conceive his glee  
 When first Violante, 'twixt a smile and blush,  
 With touch of agitation proper too, 221  
 Announced that, spite of her unpromising age,  
 The miracle would in time be manifest,  
 An heir's birth was to happen: and it did. 224  
 Somehow or other,—how, all in good time!  
 By a trick, a sleight of hand you are to hear,—  
 A child was born, Pompilia, for his joy,  
 Plaything at once and prop, a fairy-gift,  
 A saints' grace or, say, grant of the good  
 God,— 229  
 A fiddle-pin's end! What imbeciles are we!  
 Look now: if some one could have prophesied,  
 "For love of you, for liking to your wife,  
 "I undertake to crush a snake I spy  
 "Settling itself i' the soft of both your breasts.

"Give me yon babe to strangle painlessly!  
 "She'll soar to the safe: you'll have your  
   crying out, 236  
 "Then sleep, then wake, then sleep, then  
   end your days  
 "In peace and plenty, mixed with mild regret,  
 "Thirty years hence when Christmas takes  
   old folk"—  
 How had old Pietro sprung up, crossed him-  
   self, 240  
 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 245  
 "O' the wife and throttle him *Violante* too—  
 "She is the mischief!"

We had hit the mark.

She, whose trick brought the babe into the  
   world, 249  
 She it was, when the babe was grown a girl,  
 Judged a new trick should reinforce the old,  
 Send vigour to the lie now somewhat spent  
 By twelve years' service; lest *Eve's* rule  
   decline  
 Over this *Adam* of hers, whose cabbage-plot  
 Throve dubiously since turned fools'-paradise,  
 Spite of a nightingale on every stump. 256  
 Pietro's estate was dwindling day by day,  
 While he, rapt far above such mundane care,  
 Crawled all-fours with his baby pick-a-back,  
 Sat at serene cats'-cradle with his child, 260  
 Or took the measured tallness, top to toe,  
 Of what was grown a great girl twelve years  
   old:  
 Till sudden at the door a tap discreet,  
 A visitor's premonitory cough, 264  
 And poverty had reached him in her rounds.  
  
 This came when he was past the working-  
   time,  
 Had learned to dandle and forgot to dig,  
 And who must but *Violante* cast about,  
 Contrive and task that head of hers again?  
 She who had caught one fish, could make  
   that catch 270

A bigger still, in angler's policy:  
 So, with an angler's mercy for the bait,  
 Her minnow was set wriggling on its barb  
 And tossed to mid-stream; which means,  
   this grown girl 274  
 With the great eyes and bounty of black hair  
 And first crisp youth that tempts a jaded taste,  
 Was whisked i' the way of a certain man,  
   who snapped.

Count Guido Franceschini the *Aretine*<sup>1</sup>  
 Was head of an old noble house enough,  
 Not over-rich, you can't have everything, 280  
 But such a man as riches rub against,  
 Readily stick to,—one with a right to them  
 Born in the blood: 'twas in his very brow  
 Always to knit itself against the world, 284  
 Beforehand so, when that world stinted due  
 Service and suit: the world ducks and defers.  
 As such folks do, he had come up to Rome  
 To better his fortune, and, since many years,  
 Was friend and follower of a cardinal;  
 Waiting the rather thus on providence 290  
 That a shrewd younger poorer brother yet,  
 The *Abate Paolo*, a regular priest,  
 Had long since tried his powers and found  
   he swam  
 With the deftest on the *Galilean* pool: 294  
 But then he was a web-foot, free o' the wave,  
 And no ambiguous dab-chick hatched to strut,  
 Humbled by any fond attempt to swim  
 When fiercer fowl usurped his dunghill top—  
 A whole priest, *Paolo*, no mere piece of one  
 Like Guido tacked thus to the Church's tail!  
 Guido moreover, as the head o' the house, 301  
 Claiming the main prize, not the lesser luck,  
 The centre lily, no mere chickweed fringe.

He waited and learned waiting, thirty years;  
 Got promise, missed performance — what  
   would you have? 305

No petty post rewards a nobleman  
 For spending youth in splendid lackey-work,  
 And there's concurrence for each rarer prize;  
 When that falls, rougher hand and readier foot  
 Push aside Guido spite of his black looks. 310

<sup>1</sup> *Aretine*: native of Arezzo.

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,  
Making the best of bad incurable, 314  
Patching the old palace up and lingering there  
The customary life out with his kin,  
Where honour helps to spice the scanty bread.

Just as he trimmed his lamp and girt his loins  
To go his journey and be wise at home,  
In the right mood of disappointed worth, 320  
Who but Violante sudden spied her prey  
(Where was I with that angler-simile?)  
And threw her bait, Pompilia, where he  
sulked—  
A gleam i' the gloom!

What if he gained thus much,  
Wrung out this sweet drop from the bitter  
Past, 326  
Bore off this rose-bud from the prickly brake  
To justify such torn clothes and scratched  
hands,  
And, after all, brought something back from  
Rome?

Would not a wife serve at Arezzo well 330  
To light the dark house, lend a look of youth  
To the mother's face grown meagre, left alone  
And famished with the emptiness of hope,  
Old Donna Beatrice? Wife you want  
Would you play family-representative, 335  
Carry you elder-brotherly, high and right  
O'er what may prove the natural petulance  
Of the third brother, younger, greedier still,  
Girolamo, also a fledgeling priest,  
Beginning life in turn with callow beak 340  
Agape for luck, no luck had stopped and  
stilled.

Such were the pinks and greys about the bait  
Persuaded Guido gulp down hook and all.

What constituted him so choice a catch,  
You question? Past his prime and poor  
beside! 345

Ask that of any she who knows the trade.  
Why first, here was a nobleman with friends,

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,  
Parley with people bent on pushing by 351  
And praying the mild Pietro quick clear  
scores:

Is birth a privilege and power or no?  
Also,—but judge of the result desired,  
By the price paid and manner of the sale. 355  
The Count was made woo, win and wed at  
once:

Asked, and was haled for answer, lest the  
heat  
Should cool, to San Lorenzo, one blind eve,  
And had Pompilia put into his arms  
O' the sly there, by a hasty candle-blink, 360  
With sanction of some priest-confederate  
Properly paid to make short work and sure.

So did old Pietro's daughter change her style  
For Guido Franceschini's lady-wife  
Ere Guido knew it well; and why this haste  
And scramble and indecent secrecy? 365  
"Lest Pietro, all the while in ignorance,  
"Should get to learn, gainsay and break the  
match:

"His peevishness had promptly put aside  
"Such honour and refused the proffered  
boon, 370

"Pleased to become authoritative once.  
"She remedied the wilful man's mistake—"  
Did our discreet Violante. Rather say,  
Thus did she, lest the object of her game, 374  
Guido the gulled one, give him but a chance,  
A moment's respite, time for thinking twice,  
Might count the cost before he sold himself,  
And try the clink of coin they paid him with.

But coin paid, bargain struck and business  
done,

Once the clandestine marriage over thus, 380  
All parties made perforce the best o' the fact;  
Pietro could play vast indignation off,  
Be ignorant and astounded, dupe, poor soul,  
Please you, of daughter, wife and son-in-law,  
While Guido found himself in flagrant fault, 385  
Must e'en do suit and service, soothe, subdue  
A father not unreasonably chafed

Bring him to terms by paying son's devoir.  
Pleasant initiation !

The end, this : 300

Guido's broad back was saddled to bear all—  
Pietro, Violante, and Pompilia too,—  
Three lots cast confidently in one lap,  
Three dead-weights with one arm to lift the  
three

Out of their limbo up to life again. 306

The Roman household was to strike fresh  
root

In a new soil, graced with a novel name,  
Gilt with an alien glory, Aretine  
Henceforth and never Roman any more,  
By treaty and engagement ; thus it ran : 400

Pompilia's dowry for Pompilia's self  
As a thing of course,—she paid her own  
expense ;

No loss nor gain there : but the couple, you  
see,

They, for their part, turned over first of all  
Their fortune in its rags and rottenness 405

To Guido, fusion and confusion, he  
And his with them and theirs,—whatever rag  
With coin residuary fell on floor

When Brother Paolo's energetic shake  
Should do the relics justice : since 'twas  
thought, 410

Once vulnerable Pietro out of reach,  
That, left at Rome as representative,

The Abate, backed by a potent patron here,  
And otherwise with purple flushing him,

Might play a good game with the creditor, 415  
Make up a moiety which, great or small,

Should go to the common stock—if anything,  
Guido's, so far repayment of the cost

About to be,—and if, as looked more like,  
Nothing,—why, all the nobler cost were his

Who guaranteed, for better or for worse, 421  
To Pietro and Violante, house and home,

Kith and kin, with the pick of company  
And life o' the fat o' the land while life should

last.

How say you to the bargain at first blush ? 425

Why did a middle-aged not-silly man  
Show himself thus besotted all at once ?

Quoth Solomon, one black eye does it all.

They went to Arezzo,—Pietro and his spouse,  
With just the dusk o' the day of life to spend,  
Eager to use the twilight, taste a treat, 431

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 ; went the fume 435

Born there and bred, the citizen's conceit  
How fares nobility while crossing earth,  
What rampart or invisible body-guard

Keeps off the taint of common life from such.  
They had not fed for nothing on the tales 440

Of grandees who give banquets worthy Jove,  
Spending gold as if Plutus paid a whim,  
Served with obeisances as when . . . what  
God ?

I'm at the end of my tether ; 'tis enough  
You understand what they came primed to  
see : 445

While Guido who should minister the sight,  
Stay all this qualmish greediness of soul

With apples and with flagons—for his part,  
Was set on life diverse as pole from pole : 449

Lust of the flesh, lust of the eye,—what else  
Was he just now awake from, sick and sage,

After the very debauch they would begin ?—  
Suppose such stuff and nonsense really were.

That bubble, they were bent on blowing big,  
He had blown already till he burst his  
cheeks, 455

And hence found soapsuds bitter to the tongue.  
He hoped now to walk softly all his days

In soberness of spirit, if haply so,  
Pinching and paring he might furnish forth

A frugal board, bare sustenance, no more, 460  
Till times, that could not well grow worse,

should mend.

Thus minded then, two parties mean to meet  
And make each other happy. The first week,

And fancy strikes fact and explodes in full.  
"This," shrieked the Comparini, "this the

Count, 465

"The palace, the signorial privilege,

"The pomp and pageantry were promised us ?

"For this have we exchanged our liberty,

"Our competence, our darling of a child ?

"To house as spectres in a sepulchre 470

"Under this black stone-heap, the street's  
 disgrace,  
 "Grimmest as that is of the gruesome town,  
 "And here pick garbage on a pewter plate  
 "Or cough at verjuice dripped from earthen-  
 ware?  
 "Oh Via Vittoria, oh the other place 475  
 "I' the Pauline, did we give you up for this?  
 "Where's the foregone housekeeping good  
 and gay,  
 "The neighbourliness, the companionship,  
 "The treat and feast when holidays came  
 round, 479  
 "The daily feast that seemed no treat at all,  
 "Called common by the uncommon fools we  
 were!  
 "Even the sun that used to shine at Rome,  
 "Where is it? Robbed and starved and  
 frozen too,  
 "We will have justice, justice if there be!"  
 Did not they shout, did not the town resound!  
 Guido's old lady-mother Beatrice, 480  
 Who since her husband, Count Tommaso's  
 death,  
 Had held sole sway i' the house,—the doited  
 crone  
 Slow to acknowledge, curtsey and abdicate,—  
 Was recognized of true novercal type, 490  
 Dragon and devil. His brother Girolamo  
 Came next in order: priest was he? The  
 worse!  
 No way of winning him to leave his mumps  
 And help the laugh against old ancestry  
 And formal habits long since out of date, 495  
 Letting his youth be patterned on the mode  
 Approved of where Violante laid down law.  
 Or did he brighten up by way of change,  
 Dispose himself for affability?  
 The malapert, too complaisant by half 500  
 To the alarmed young novice of a bride!  
 Let him go buzz, betake himself elsewhere  
 Nor sing his fly-wings in the candle-flame!  
 Four months' probation of this purgatory,  
 Dog-snap and cat-claw, curse and counter-  
 blast, 505  
 The devil's self were sick of his own din;  
 And Pietro, after trumpeting huge wrongs

At church and market-place, pillar and post,  
 Square's corner, street's end, now the palace-  
 step  
 And now the wine-house bench—while, on  
 her side, 510  
 Violante up and down was voluble  
 In whatsoever pair of ears would perk  
 From goody, gossip, cater-cousin and sib,  
 Curious to peep at the inside of things  
 And catch in the act pretentious poverty 515  
 At its wits' end to keep appearance up,  
 Make both ends meet,—nothing the vulgar  
 loves  
 Like what this couple pitched them right and  
 left.  
 Then, their worst done that way, both struck  
 tent, marched:  
 —Renounced their share o' the bargain, flung  
 what dues 520  
 Guido was bound to pay, in Guido's face,  
 Left their hearts'-darling, treasure of the tawain  
 And so forth, the poor inexperienced bride,  
 To her own devices, bade Arezzo rot,  
 Cursed life signorial, and sought Rome once  
 more. 525  
 I see the comment ready on your lip,  
 "The better fortune, Guido's—free at least  
 "By this defection of the foolish pair,  
 "He could begin make profit in some sort 530  
 "Of the young bride and the new quietness,  
 "Lead his own life now, henceforth breathe  
 unplagued."  
 Could he? You know the sex like Guido's self.  
 Learn the Violante-nature!  
 Once in Rome,  
 By way of helping Guido lead such life, 535  
 Her first act to inaugurate return  
 Was, she got pricked in conscience: Jubilee  
 Gave her the hint. Our Pope, as kind as just,  
 Attained his eighty years, announced a boon  
 Should make us bless the fact, held Jubi-  
 lee— 540  
 Short shrift, prompt pardon for the light  
 offence,  
 And no rough dealing with the regular crime  
 So this occasion were not suffered slip—

Otherwise, sins commuted as before,  
 Without the least abatement in the price. 546  
 Now, who had thought it? All this while,  
 it seems,  
 Our sage Violante had a sin of a sort  
 She must compound for now or not at all.  
 Now be the ready riddance! She confessed  
 Pompilia was a fable not a fact: 550  
 She never bore a child in her whole life.  
 Had this child been a changeling, that were  
 grace  
 In some degree, exchange is hardly theft,  
 You take your stand on truth ere leap your lie:  
 Here was all lie, no touch of truth at all, 555  
 All the lie hers—not even Pietro guessed  
 He was as childless still as twelve years since.  
 The babe had been a find i' the filth-heap, Sir,  
 Catch from the kennel! There was found at  
 Rome,  
 Down in the deepest of our social dregs, 560  
 A woman who professed the wanton's trade  
 Under the requisite thin coverture,  
*Communis meretrix* and washer-wife:  
 The creature thus conditioned found by chance  
 Motherhood like a jewel in the muck, 565  
 And straightway either trafficked with her prize  
 Or listened to the tempter and let be,—  
 Made pact abolishing her place and part  
 In womankind, beast-fellowship indeed. 568  
 She sold this babe eight months before its birth  
 To our Violante, Pietro's honest spouse,  
 Well-famed and widely-instanced as that  
 crown  
 To the husband, virtue in a woman's shape.  
 She it was, bought, paid for, passed off the  
 thing  
 As very flesh and blood and child of her 575  
 Despite the flagrant fifty years,—and why?  
 Partly to please old Pietro, fill his cup  
 With wine at the late hour when lees are left,  
 And send him from life's feast rejoicingly,—  
 Partly to cheat the rightful heirs, agape, 580  
 Each uncle's cousin's brother's son of him,  
 For that same principal of the usufruct<sup>1</sup>  
 It vext him he must die and leave behind.

<sup>1</sup> *Principal of the usufruct*: i.e., the principal sum, in which Pietro had only a life-interest or usufruct.

Such was the sin had come to be confessed.  
 Which of the tales, the first or last, was true?  
 Did she so sin once, or, confessing now, 586  
 Sin for the first time? Either way you will.  
 One sees a reason for the cheat: one sees  
 A reason for a cheat in owning cheat  
 Where no cheat had been. What of the  
 revenge? 590  
 What prompted the contrition all at once,  
 Made the avowal easy, the shame slight?  
 Why, prove they but Pompilia not their child,  
 No child, no dowry! this, supposed their  
 child,  
 Had claimed what this, shown alien to their  
 blood, 595  
 Claimed nowise: Guido's claim was through  
 his wife,  
 Null then and void with hers. The biter bit,  
 Do you see! For such repayment of the past,  
 One might conceive the penitential pair  
 Ready to bring their case before the courts, 600  
 Publish their infamy to all the world  
 And, arm in arm, go chuckling thence content.

Is this your view? 'Twas Guido's anyhow  
 And colourable: he came forward then,  
 Protested in his very bride's behalf 605  
 Against this lie and all it led to, least  
 Of all the loss o' the dowry; no! From her  
 And him alike he would expunge the blot,  
 Erase the brand of such a bestial birth,  
 Participate in no hideous heritage 610  
 Gathered from the gutter to be garnered up  
 And glorified in a palace. Peter and Paul!  
 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 615  
 Thro' those stabs thick and threefold,—but  
 for that—  
 A strong word on the liars and their lie  
 Might crave expression and obtain it, Sir!  
 —Though prematurely, since there's more to  
 come, 619  
 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, 625  
 A proverb for the market-place at home,  
 Left alone with Pompilia now, this graft  
 So reputable on his ancient stock,  
 This plague-seed set to fester his sound flesh,  
 What does the Count? Revenge him on his  
 wife? 630  
 Unfasten at all risks to rid himself  
 The noisome lazar-badge, fall foul of fate,  
 And, careless whether the poor rag was 'ware  
 O' the part it played, or helped unwittingly,  
 Bid it go burn and leave his frayed flesh free?  
 Plainly, did Guido open both doors wide, 636  
 Spurn thence the cur-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, 640  
 Not privy to the treason, punished most  
 I' 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, 645  
 Lose in a new air, under a new sun,  
 The taint of the imputed parentage  
 Truly or falsely, take no more the touch  
 Of Pietro and his partner anyhow!  
 All might go well yet. 650

So she thought, herself,  
 It seems, since what was her first 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? 655  
 —For I should tell you that they noised abroad  
 Not merely the main scandal of her birth,  
 But slanders written, printed, published wide,  
 Pamphlets which set forth all the pleasantry  
 Of how the promised glory was a dream, 660  
 The power a bubble, and the wealth—why,  
 dust.  
 There was a picture, painted to the life,  
 Of those rare doings, that superlative  
 Initiation in magnificence

Conferred on a poor Roman family 665  
 By favour of Arezzo and her first  
 And famousest, the Franceschini there.  
 You had the Countship holding head aloft  
 Bravely although bespattered, shifts and straits  
 In keeping out o' the way o' the wheels o'  
 the world, 670  
 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-  
 tree, 674  
 Or acorns shed from its gilt mouldered frame—  
 Cold glories served up with stale fame for sauce.  
 What, I ask,—when the drunkenness of hate  
 Hiccaped return for hospitality,  
 Befouled the table they had feasted on,  
 Or say,—God knows I'll not prejudge the  
 case,— 680  
 Grievances thus distorted, magnified,  
 Coloured by quarrel into calumny,—  
 What side did our Pompilia first espouse?  
 Her first deliberate measure was—she wrote,  
 Pricked by some loyal impulse, straight to  
 Rome 685  
 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, 690  
 Since whose departure, hell, she said, was  
 heaven,  
 And the house, late distracted by their peals,  
 Quiet as Carmel where the lilies live.  
 Herself had oftentimes complained: but why?  
 All her complaints had been their prompting,  
 tales 695  
 Trumped up, devices to this very end.  
 Their game had been to thwart her husband's  
 love  
 And cross his will, malign his words and ways,  
 To reach this issue, furnish this pretence 699  
 For impudent withdrawal from their bond,—  
 Theft, indeed murder, since they meant no less  
 Whose last injunction to her simple self  
 Had been—what parents'-precept do you  
 think?  
 That she should follow after with all speed.

Fly from her husband's house clandestinely,  
 Join them at Rome again, but first of all 706  
 Pick up a fresh companion in her flight,  
 So putting youth and beauty to fit use,—  
 Some gay dare-devil cloak-and-rapier spark  
 Capable of adventure,—helped by whom 710  
 She, some fine eve when lutes were in the air,  
 Having put poison in the posset-cup,  
 Laid hands on money, jewels and the like,  
 And, to conceal the thing with more effect,  
 By way of parting benediction too, 715  
 Fired the house,—one would finish famously  
 I' the tumult, slip out, scurry off and away  
 And turn up merrily at home once more.  
 Fact this, and not a dream o' the devil, Sir!  
 And more than this, a fact none dare dispute,  
 Word for word, such a letter did she write, 721  
 And such the Abate read, nor simply read  
 But gave all Rome to ruminate upon,  
 In answer to such charges as, I say,  
 The couple sought to be beforehand with. 725

The cause thus carried to the courts at Rome,  
 Guido away, the Abate had no choice  
 But stand forth, take his absent brother's part,  
 Defend the honour of himself beside. 729  
 He made what head he might against the pair,  
 Maintained Pompilia's birth legitimate  
 And all her rights intact—hers, Guido's now :  
 And so far by his policy turned their flank,  
 (The enemy being beforehand in the place)  
 That,—though the courts allowed the cheat  
 for fact, 735  
 Suffered Violante to parade her shame,  
 Publish her infamy to heart's content,  
 And let the tale o' the feigned birth pass for  
 proved,—  
 Yet they stopped there, refused to intervene  
 And dispossess the innocents, befooled 740  
 By gifts o' the guilty, at guilt's new caprice.  
 They would not take away the dowry now  
 Wrongfully given at first, nor bar at all  
 Succession to the aforesaid usufruct,  
 Established on a fraud, nor play the game 745  
 Of Pietro's child and now not Pietro's child  
 As it might suit the gamester's purpose. Thus  
 Was justice ever ridiculed in Rome :  
 Such be the double verdicts favoured here

Which send away both parties to a suit 750  
 Nor puffed up nor cast down,—for each a crumb  
 Of right, for neither of them the whole loaf.  
 Whence, on the Comparini's part, appeal—  
 Counter-appeal on Guido's,—that's the game :  
 And so the matter stands, even to this hour,  
 Banded as balls are in a tennis-court, 756  
 And so might stand, unless some heart broke  
 first,  
 Till doomsday.

Leave it thus, and now revert  
 To the old Arezzo whence we moved to  
 .Rome. 760  
 We've had enough o' the parents, false or true,  
 Now for a touch o' the daughter's quality.  
 The start's fair henceforth, every obstacle  
 Out of the young wife's footpath, she's alone,  
 Left to walk warily now : how does she  
 walk ? 765  
 Why, once a dwelling's threshold marked and  
 crossed

In rubric by the enemy on his rounds  
 As eligible, as fit place of prey,  
 Baffle him henceforth, keep him out who can !  
 Stop up the door at the first hint of hoof, 770  
 Presently at the window taps a horn,  
 And Satan's by your fireside, never fear !  
 Pompilia, left alone now, found herself ;  
 Found herself young too, sprightly, fair enough,  
 Matched with a husband old beyond his age  
 (Though that was something like four times  
 her own) 776  
 Because of cares past, present and to come :  
 Found too the house dull and its inmates dead,  
 So, looked outside for light and life. 779  
 And love  
 Did in a trice turn up with life and light,—  
 The man with the aureole, sympathy made  
 flesh,  
 The all-consoling Caponsacchi, Sir !  
 A priest—what else should the consoler be ?  
 With godly shoulderblade and proper leg, 785  
 A portly make and a symmetric shape,  
 And curls that clustered to the tonsure quite.  
 This was a bishop in the bud, and now  
 A canon full-blown so far : priest, and priest  
 Nowise exorbitantly overworked, 790



The courtly Christian, not so much Saint Paul  
As a saint of Cæsar's household: there posed he  
Sending his god-gance after his shot shaft,  
Apollonia turned Apollo, while the snake  
Pompilia writhed transfixed through all her  
spires. 795

He, not a visitor at Guido's house,  
Scarce an acquaintance, but in prime request  
With the magnates of Arezzo, was seen here,  
Heard there, felt everywhere in Guido's path  
If Guido's wife's path be her husband's too.

Now he threw comfits at the theatre 801  
Into her lap,—what harm in Carnival?  
Now he pressed close till his foot touched  
her gown,

His hand brushed hers,—how help on pro-  
menade? 804

And, ever on weighty business, found his steps  
Incline to a certain haunt of doubtful fame  
Which fronted Guido's palace by mere chance;  
While—how do accidents sometimes com-  
bine!—

Pompilia chose to cloister up her charms 809  
Just in a chamber that o'erlooked the street,  
Sat there to pray, or peep thence at mankind.

This passage of arms and wits amused the  
town.

At last the husband lifted eyebrow,—bent  
On day-book and the study how to wring  
Half the due vintage from the worn-out vines  
At the villa, tease a quarter the old rent 818  
From the farmstead, tenants swore would  
tumble soon,—

Pricked up his ear a-singing day and night  
With "ruin, ruin;"—and so surprised at  
last— 819

Why, what else but a titter? Up he jumps.  
Back to mind come those scratchings at the  
grange,

Prints of the paw about the outhouse; rife  
In his head at once again are word and wink,  
Mum here and budget<sup>1</sup> there, the smell o'  
the fox,

The musk o' the gallant. "Friends, there's  
falseness here!" 825

<sup>1</sup> *Mum, budget*: see Shakespeare, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, V. ii. 7.

The proper help of friends in such a strait  
Is waggery, the world over. Laugh him free  
O' the regular jealous-fit that's incident  
To all old husbands that wed brisk young  
wives,

And he'll go duly docile all his days. 830  
"Somebody courts your wife, Count? Where  
and when?"

"How and why? Mere horn-madness:  
have a care!"

"Your lady loves her own room, sticks to it,  
"Locks herself in for hours, you say yourself.

"And—what, it's Caponsacchi means you  
harm? 835

"The Canon? We caress him, he's the  
world's,

"A man of such acceptance—never dream,  
"Though he were fifty times the fox you fear,

"He'd risk his brush for your particular chick,  
"When the wide town's his hen-roost! Fie  
o' the fool!" 840

So they dispensed their comfort of a kind.  
Guido at last cried "Something is in the air,

"Under the earth, some plot against my  
peace.

"The trouble of eclipse hangs overhead;  
"How it should come of that officious orb 845

"Your Canon in my system, you must say:  
"I say—that from the pressure of this spring

"Began the chime and interchange of bells,  
"Ever one whisper, and one whisper more,

"And just one whisper for the silvery last, 850  
"Till all at once a-row the bronze-throats  
burst

"Into a larum both significant  
"And sinister: stop it I must and will.

"Let Caponsacchi take his hand away  
"From the wire!—disport himself in other  
paths 855

"Than lead precisely to my palace-gate,—  
"Look where he likes except one window's  
way

"Where, cheek on hand, and elbow set  
on sill,

"Happens to lean and say her litanies 859  
"Every day and all day long, just my wife—  
"Or wife and Caponsacchi may fare the  
worse!"

Admire the man's simplicity, "I'll do this,  
 "I'll not have that, I'll punish and prevent!"—  
 'Tis easy saying. But to a fray, you see, 884  
 Two parties go. The badger shows his teeth:  
 The fox nor lies down sheep-like nor dares  
 fight.

Oh, the wife knew the appropriate warfare  
 well,

The way to put suspicion to the blush!  
 At first hint of remonstrance, up and out  
 I' the face of the world, you found her: she  
 could speak, 870

State her case,—Franceschini was a name,  
 Guido had his full share of foes and friends—  
 Why should not she call these to arbitrate?  
 She bade the Governor do governance,  
 Cried out on the Archbishop,—why, there  
 now, 875

Take him for sample! Three successive times,  
 Had he to reconduct her by main-force  
 From where she took her station opposite  
 His shut door,—on the public steps thereto,  
 Wringing her hands, when he came out to  
 see, 880

And shrieking all her wrongs forth at his  
 foot,—

Back to the husband and the house she fled:  
 Judge if that husband warned him in the face  
 Of friends or frowned on foes as heretofore!  
 Judge if he missed the natural grin of folk,  
 Or lacked the customary compliment 886  
 Of cap and bells, the luckless husband's fit!

So it went on and on till—who was right?  
 One merry April morning, Guido woke  
 After the cuckoo, so late, near noonday, 890  
 With an inordinate yawning of the jaws,  
 Ears plugged, eyes gummed together, palate,  
 tongue

And teeth one mud-paste made of poppy-milk;  
 And found his wife flown, his scritoire the  
 worse 891

For a rummage,—jewelry that was, was not,  
 Some money there had made itself wings  
 too,—

The door lay wide and yet the servants slept  
 Sound as the dead, or dosed which does  
 as well.

In short, Pompilia, she who, candid soul,  
 Had not so much as spoken all her life 900  
 To the Canon, nay, so much as peeped at him  
 Between her fingers while she prayed in  
 church,—

This lamb-like innocent of fifteen years  
 (Such she was grown to by this time of day)  
 Had simply put an opiate in the drink 905  
 Of the whole household overnight, and then  
 Got up and gone about her work secure,  
 Laid hand on this waif and the other stray,  
 Spoiled the Philistine and marched out of  
 doors 909

In company of the Canon who, Lord's love,  
 What with his daily duty at the church,  
 Nightly devoir where ladies congregate,  
 Had something else to mind, assure yourself,  
 Beside Pompilia, paragon though she be,  
 Or notice if her nose were sharp or blunt! 915  
 Well, anyhow, albeit impossible,  
 Both of them were together jollily  
 Jaunting it Rome-ward, half-way there by this,  
 While Guido was left go and get undrugged,  
 Gather his wits up, groaningly give thanks 920  
 When neighbours crowded round him to  
 condole.

"Ah," quoth a gossip, "well I mind me now,  
 "The Count did always say he thought he felt  
 "He feared as if this very chance might fall!  
 "And when a man of fifty finds his corns 925  
 "Ache and his joints throb, and foresees a  
 storm,  
 "Though neighbours laugh and say the sky  
 is clear,

"Let us henceforth believe him weatherwise!"  
 Then was the story told, I'll cut you short:  
 All neighbours knew: no mystery in the world.  
 The lovers left at nightfall—over night 931  
 Had Caponsacchi come to carry off  
 Pompilia,—not alone, a friend of his,  
 One Guillichini, the more conversant 934  
 With Guido's housekeeping that he was just  
 A cousin of Guido's and might play a prank—  
 (Have not you too a cousin that's a wag?)  
 —Lord and a Canon also,—what would you  
 have?

Such are the red-clothed milk-swollen poppy-  
 heads

That stand and stiffen 'mid the wheat o' the  
Church!— 940

This worthy came to aid, abet his best.

And so the house was ransacked, booty bagged,

The lady led downstairs and out of doors

Guided and guarded till, the city passed,

A carriage lay convenient at the gate. 945

Good-bye to the friendly Canon; the loving one

Could peradventure do the rest himself.

In jumps Pompilia, after her the priest,

“Whip, driver! Money makes the mare to go,

“And we've a bagful. Take the Roman  
road!” 950

So said the neighbours. This was eight hours  
since.

Guido heard all, swore the befitting oaths,

Shook off the relics of his poison-drench,

Got horse, was fairly started in pursuit 954

With never a friend to follow, found the track

Fast enough, 'twas the straight Perugia way,

Trod soon upon their very heels, too late

By a minute only at Camoscia, reached

Chiusi, Foligno, ever the fugitives

Just ahead, just out as he galloped in, 960

Getting the good news ever fresh and fresh,

Till, lo, at the last stage of all, last post

Before Rome,—as we say, in sight of Rome

And safety (there's impunity at Rome

For priests, you know) at—what's the little  
place?— 965

What some call Castelnovo, some just call

The Osteria, because o' the post-house inn,

There, at the journey's all but end, it seems,

Triumph deceived them and undid them both,

Secure they might foretaste felicity 970

Nor fear surprisal: so, they were surprised.

There did they halt at early evening, there

Did Guido overtake them: 'twas day-break;

He came in time enough, not time too much,

Since in the courtyard stood the Canon's self

Urging the drowsy stable-grooms to haste 975

Harness the horses, have the journey end,

The trifling four-hours'-running, so reach

Rome.

And the other runaway, the wife? Upstairs,

Still on the couch where she had spent the  
night, 980

One couch in one room, and one room for both.  
So gained they six hours, so were lost thereby.

Sir, what's the sequel? Lover and beloved  
Fall on their knees? No impudence serves  
here? 984

They beat their breasts and beg for easy death,

Confess this, that and the other?—anyhow

Confess there wanted not some likelihood

'To the supposition so preposterous,

That, O Pompilia, thy sequestered eyes

Had noticed, straying o'er the prayerbook's  
edge, 990

More of the Canon than that black his coat,

Buckled his shoes were, broad his hat of brim:

And that, O Canon, thy religious care

Had breathed too soft a *benedicite*

To banish trouble from a lady's breast 995

So lonely and so lovely, nor so lean!

This you expect? Indeed, then, much you err.

Not to such ordinary end as this

Had Caponsacchi flung the cassock far, 998

Doffed the priest, donned the perfect cavalier.

The die was cast: over shoes over boots:

And just as she, I presently shall show,

Pompilia, soon looked Helen to the life,

Recumbent upstairs in her pink and white,

So, in the inn-yard, bold as 'twere Troy-town,

There strutted Paris in correct costume, 1005

Cloak, cap and feather, no appointment missed,

Even to a wicked-looking sword at side,

He seemed to find and feel familiar at.

Nor wanted words as ready and as big 1010

As the part he played, the bold abashless one.

“I interposed to save your wife from death,

“Yourself from shame, the true and only  
shame:

“Ask your own conscience else!—or, failing  
that,

“What I have done I answer, anywhere, 1015

“Here, if you will; you see I have a sword:

“Or, since I have a tonsure as you taunt,

“At Rome, by all means,—priests to try a  
priest.

“Only, speak where your wife's voice can  
reply!”

And then he fingered at the sword again. 1020

So, Guido called, in aid and witness both.

The Public Force. The Commissary came,  
 Officers also ; they secured the priest ;  
 Then, for his more confusion, mounted up  
 With him, a guard on either side, the stair 1025  
 To the bed-room where still slept or feigned  
 a sleep  
 His paramour and Guido's wife : in burst  
 The company and bade her wake and rise.

Her defence? This. She woke, saw, sprang  
 upright  
 I' the midst and stood as terrible as truth, 1030  
 Sprang to her husband's side, caught at the  
 sword  
 That hung there useless,—since they held  
 each hand  
 O' the lover, had disarmed him properly,—  
 And in a moment out flew the bright thing  
 Full in the face of Guido : but for help 1035  
 O' the guards who held her back and pinioned  
 her  
 With pains enough, she had finished you my  
 tale  
 With a flourish of red all round it, pinked her  
 man  
 Prettily ; but she fought them one to six.  
 They stopped that,—but her tongue con-  
 tinued free : 1040  
 She spat forth such invective at her spouse,  
 O'erfrothed him with such foam of murderer,  
 Thief, pandar—that the popular tide soon  
 turned,  
 The favour of the very *sbirri*, straight 1044  
 Ebbd from the husband, set toward his wife,  
 People cried "Hands off, pay a priest re-  
 spect !"  
 And "persecuting fiend" and "martyred  
 saint"  
 Began to lead a measure from lip to lip.

But facts are facts and flinch not ; stubborn  
 things,  
 And the question "Prithee, friend, how  
 comes my purse 1050  
 "I' the poke of you?"—admits of no reply.  
 Here was a priest found out in masquerade,  
 A wife caught playing truant if no more ;  
 While the Count, mortified in mien enough,

And, nose to face, an added palm in length,  
 Was plain writ "husband" every piece of  
 him : 1056  
 Capture once made, release could hardly be.  
 Beside, the prisoners both made appeal,  
 "Take us to Rome !"  
 Taken to Rome they were ;  
 The husband trooping after, piteously, 1061  
 Tail between legs, no talk of triumph now—  
 No honour set firm on its feet once more  
 On two dead bodies of the guilty,—nay,  
 No dubious salve to honour's broken pate 1065  
 From chance that, after all, th. hurt might seem  
 A skin-deep matter, scratch that leaves no  
 scar :  
 For Guido's first search,—ferreting, poor soul,  
 Here, there and everywhere in the vile place  
 Abandoned to him when their backs were  
 turned, 1070  
 Found,—furnishing a last and best regale,—  
 All the love-letters bandied 'twixt the pair  
 Since the first timid trembling into life  
 O' the love-star till its stand, at fiery full.  
 Mad prose, mad verse, fears, hopes, triumph,  
 despair, 1075  
 Avowal, disclaimer, plans, dates, names,—  
 was nought  
 Wanting to prove, if proof consoles at all,  
 That this had been but the fifth act o' the  
 piece  
 Whereof the due proemium, months ago  
 These playwrights had put forth, and ever  
 since 1080  
 Matured the middle, added 'neath his nose.  
 He might go cross himself: the case was clear.

Therefore to Rome with the clear case ; there  
 plead  
 Each party its best, and leave law do each  
 right,  
 Let law shine forth and show, as God in  
 heaven, 1085  
 Vice prostrate, virtue pedestalled at last,  
 The triumph of truth ! What else shall glad  
 our gaze  
 When once authority has knit the brow  
 And set the brain behind it to decide 1089  
 Between the wolf and sheep turned litigants?

- "This is indeed a business!" law shook head;  
 "A husband charges hard things on a wife,  
 "The wife as hard o' the husband: whose  
 fault here?  
 "A wife that flies her husband's house, does  
 wrong: 1094  
 "The male friend's interference looks amiss,  
 "Lends a suspicion: but suppose the wife,  
 "On the other hand, be jeopardized at  
 home—  
 "Nay, that she simply hold, ill-groundedly,  
 "An apprehension she is jeopardized,—  
 "And further, if the friend partake the fear,  
 "And, in a commendable charity 1101  
 "Which trusteth all, trust her that she mis-  
 trusteth,—  
 "What do they but obey law—natural law?  
 "Pretence may this be and a cloak for sin, 1104  
 "And circumstances that concur i' the close  
 "Hint as much, loudly—yet scarce loud  
 enough  
 "To drown the answer 'strange may yet be  
 true.'  
 "Innocence often looks like guiltiness.  
 "The accused declare that in thought, word  
 and deed,  
 "Innocent were they both from first to last 1110  
 "As male-babe haply laid by female-babe  
 "At church on edge of the baptismal font  
 "Together for a minute, perfect-pure.  
 "Difficult to believe, yet possible, 1114  
 "As witness Joseph, the friend's patron-saint.  
 "The night at the inn—there charity nigh  
 chokes  
 "Ere swallow what they both asseverate;  
 "Though down the gullet faith may feel it go,  
 "When mindful of what flight fatigued the  
 flesh  
 "Out of its faculty and fleshliness, 1120  
 "Subdued it to the soul, as saints assure:  
 "So long a flight necessitates a fall  
 "On the first bed, though in a lion's den,  
 "And the first pillow, though the lion's back:  
 "Difficult to believe, yet possible. 1125  
 "Last come the letters' bundled beastliness—  
 "Authority repugns give glance to—nay,  
 "Turns head, and almost lets her whip-lash  
 fall;
- "Yet here a voice cries 'Respite!' from the  
 clouds—  
 "The accused, both in a tale, protest, dis-  
 claim, 1130  
 "Abominate the horror: 'Not my hand'  
 "Asserts the friend—'Nor mine' chimes in  
 the wife,  
 "Seeing I have no hand, nor write at all.'  
 "Illiterate—for she goes on to ask,  
 "What if the friend did pen now verse now  
 prose, 1135  
 "Commend it to her notice now and then?  
 "'Twas pearls to swine: she read no more  
 than wrote,  
 "And kept no more than read, for as they fell  
 "She ever brushed the burr-like things away,  
 "Or, better, burned them, quenched the fire  
 in smoke. 1140  
 "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, 1145  
 "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,  
 "Flighty and feeble, which assigned them-  
 selves 1150  
 "To the wife, no less have fallen, far too oft,  
 "In his path: wherefrom he understood just  
 this—  
 "That were they verily the lady's own.  
 "Why, she who penned them, since he never  
 saw  
 "Save for one minute the mere face of her, 1155  
 "Since never had there been the interchange  
 "Of word with word between them all their  
 life,  
 "Why, she must be the fondest of the frail,  
 "And fit, she for the 'apage'<sup>1</sup> he flung, 1159  
 "Her letters for the flame they went to feed!  
 "But, now he sees her face and hears her  
 speech,  
 "Much he repents him if, in fancy-freak  
 "For a moment the minutest measurable,
- 'Apage: "away with thee!"

- "He coupled her with the first flimsy word  
 "O' the self-spun fabric some mean spider-  
   soul 1165  
 "Furnished forth: stop his films and stamp  
   on him!  
 "Never was such a tangled knottiness,  
 "But thus authority cuts the Gordian through,  
 "And mark how her decision suits the need!  
 "Here's troublesomeness, scandal on both  
   sides, 1170  
 "Plenty of fault to find, no absolute crime:  
 "Let each side own its fault and make amends!  
 "What does a priest in cavalier's attire  
 "Consorting publicly with vagrant wives  
 "In quarters close as the confessional, 1175  
 "Though innocent of harm? 'Tis harm  
   enough:  
 "Let him pay it,—say, be relegate a good  
 "Three years, to spend in some place not  
   too far  
 "Nor yet too near, midway'twixt near and far,  
 "Rome and Arezzo,—Civita we choose, 1180  
 "Where he may lounge away time, live at  
   large,  
 "Find out the proper function of a priest,  
 "Nowise an exile,—that were punishment,—  
 "But one our love thus keeps out of harm's  
   way  
 "Not more from the husband's anger than,  
   mayhap 1185  
 "His own . . . say, indiscretion, waywardness,  
 "And wanderings when Easter eves grow  
   warm.  
 "For the wife,—well, our best step to take  
   with her,  
 "On her own showing, were to shift her root  
 "From the old cold shade and unhappy  
   soil 1190  
 "Into a generous ground that fronts the south  
 "Where, since her callow soul, a-shiver late,  
 "Craved simply warmth and called mere  
   passers-by  
 "To the rescue, she should have her fill of  
   shine.  
 "Do house and husband hinder and not  
   help? 1195  
 "Why then, forget both and stay here at peace,  
 "Come into our community, enroll
- "Herself along with those good Convertites,<sup>1</sup>  
 "Those sinners saved, those Magdalens re-  
   made,  
 "Accept their ministration, well bestow 1200  
 "Her body and patiently possess her soul,  
 "Until we see what better can be done.  
 "Last for the husband: if his tale prove true,  
 "Well is he rid of two domestic plagues—  
 "Both wife that ailed, do whatsoever he  
   would, 1205  
 "And friend of hers that undertook the cure.  
 "See, what a double load we lift from breast!  
 "Off he may go, return, resume old life,  
 "Laugh at the priest here and Pompilia there  
 "In limbo each and punished for their pains,  
 "And grateful tell the inquiring neighbour-  
   hood— 1211  
 "In Rome, no wrong but has its remedy."  
 The case was closed. Now, am I fair or no  
 In what I utter? Do I state the facts, 1214  
 Having forechosen a side? I promised you!
- The Canon Caponsacchi, then, was sent  
 To change his garb, re-trim his tonsure, tie  
 The clerkly silk round, every plait correct,  
 Make the impressive entry on his place  
 Of relegation, thrill his Civita, 1220  
 As Ovid, a like sufferer in the cause,  
 Planted a primrose-patch by Pontus: where,—  
 What with much culture of the sonnet-stave  
 And converse with the aborigines,  
 Soft savagery of eyes unused to roll 1225  
 And hearts that all awry went pit-a-pat  
 And wanted setting right in charity,—  
 What were a couple of years to while away?  
 Pompilia, as enjoined, betook herself 1229  
 To the aforesaid Convertites, soft sisterhood  
 In Via Lungara, where the light ones live,  
 Spin, pray, then sing like linnets o'er the flax.  
 "Anywhere, anyhow, out of my husband's  
   house  
 "Is heaven," cried she,—was therefore suited  
   so.  
 But for Count Guido Franceschini, he— 1235  
 The injured man thus righted—found no  
   heaven
- <sup>1</sup> *Convertites*: a society maintaining a peni-  
 tentiary for women.

If the house when he returned there, I engage,  
Was welcomed by the city turned upside down  
In a chorus of inquiry. "What, back—you?  
"And no wife? Left her with the Peni-  
tents? 1240

"Ah, being young and pretty, 'twere a shame  
"To have her whipped in public: leave the job  
"To the priests who understand! Such  
priests as yours—

"(Pontifex Maximus<sup>1</sup> whipped Vestals once)  
"Our madcap Caponsacchi: think of him! 1245  
"So, he fired up, showed fight and skill of  
fence?

"Ay, you drew also, but you did not fight!  
"The wiser, 'tis a word and a blow with him,  
"True Caponsacchi, of old Head-i'-the-Sack  
"That fought at Fiesole ere Florence was: 1250  
"He had done enough, to firk you were too  
much.

"And did the little lady menace you,  
"Make at your breast with your own harm-  
less sword?  
"The spitfire! Well, thank God you're safe  
and sound,  
"Have kept the sixth commandment whether  
or no 1255

"The lady broke the seventh: I only wish  
"I were as saint-like, could contain me so.  
"I, the poor sinner, fear I should have left  
"Sir Priest no nose-tip to turn up at me!"  
You, Sir, who listen but interpose no word, 1260  
Ask yourself, had you borne a baiting thus?  
Was it enough to make a wise man mad?  
Oh, but I'll have your verdict at the end!

Well, not enough, it seems: such mere hurt falls,  
Frets awhile, aches long, then grows less and  
less, 1265  
And so gets done with. Such was not the  
scheme

O' the pleasant Comparini: on Guido's wound  
Ever in due succession, drop by drop,  
Came slow distilment from the alembic here  
Set on to simmer by Canidian<sup>2</sup> hate, 1270

<sup>1</sup> *Pontifex Maximus*: in ancient Rome, any  
Vestal Virgin who let the sacred fire go out  
was scourged by the Pontifex Maximus.  
<sup>2</sup> *Canidian*: from Canidia, described by  
Horace as a malicious witch.

Corrosives keeping the man's misery raw.  
First fire-drop,—when he thought to make  
the best  
O' the bad, to wring from out the sentence  
passed,  
Poor, pitiful, absurd although it were,  
Yet what might eke him out result enough 1275  
And make it worth while to have had the right  
And not the wrong i' the matter judged at  
Rome.

Inadequate her punishment, no less  
Punished in some slight sort his wife had been;  
Then, punished for adultery, what else? 1280  
On such admitted crime he thought to seize,  
And institute procedure in the courts  
Which cut corruption of this kind from man,  
Cast loose a wife proved loose and castaway:  
He claimed in due form a divorce at least. 1285

This claim was met now by a counterclaim:  
Pompilia sought divorce from bed and board  
Of Guido, whose outrageous cruelty,  
Whose mother's malice and whose brother's  
hate  
Were just the white o' the charge, such  
dreadful depths 1290  
Blackened its centre,—hints of worse than hate,  
Love from that brother, by that Guido's guile,  
That mother's prompting. Such reply was  
made,

So was the engine loaded, wound up, sprung  
On Guido, who received bolt full in breast;  
But no less bore up, giddily perhaps. 1295  
He had the Abate Paolo still in Rome,  
Brother and friend and fighter on his side:  
They rallied in a measure, met the foe 1299  
Manlike, joined battle in the public courts,  
As if to shame supine law from her sloth:  
And waiting her award, let beat the while  
Arezzo's banter, Rome's buffoonery,<sup>†</sup>  
On this ear and on that ear, deaf alike, 1304  
Safe from worse outrage. Let a scorpion nip,  
And never mind till he contorts his tail!  
But there was sting i' the creature; thus it  
struck.

Guido had thought in his simplicity—  
That lying declaration of remorse, 1306  
That story of the child which was no child

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 : 1315  
 The parents had abjured all right, at least,  
 I' the woman owned his wife : to plead right  
 still  
 Were to declare the abjuration false :  
 He was relieved from any fear henceforth  
 Their hands might touch, their breath defile  
 again 1320  
 Pompilia with his name upon her yet.  
 Well, no : the next news was, Pompilia's health  
 Demanded change after full three long weeks  
 Spent in devotion with the Sisterhood,—  
 Which rendered sojourn,—so the court  
 opined,— 1325  
 Too irksome, since the convent's walls were  
 high  
 And windows narrow, nor was air enough  
 Nor light enough, but all looked prison-like,  
 The last thing which had come in the court's  
 head.  
 Propose a new expedient therefore,—this! 1330  
 She had demanded—had obtained indeed,  
 By intervention of her pitying friends  
 Or perhaps lovers—(beauty in distress,  
 Beauty whose tale is the town-talk beside,  
 Never lacks friendship's arm about her neck)—  
 Obtained remission of the penalty, 1335  
 Permitted transfer to some private place  
 Where better air, more light, new food might  
 soothe—  
 Incarcerated (call it, all the same)  
 At some sure friend's house she must keep  
 inside, 1340  
 Be found in at requirement fast enough,—  
*Domus pro carcere*, in Roman style.  
 You keep the house i' the main, as most  
 men do  
 And all good women : but free otherwise,  
 Should friends arrive, to lodge them and  
 what not? 1345  
 And such a *domum*, such a dwelling-place,  
 Having all Rome to choose from, where  
 chose she?

What house obtained Pompilia's preference?  
 Why, just the Comparini's—just, do you mark,  
 Theirs who renounced all part and lot  
 in her 1350  
 So long as Guido could be robbed thereby,  
 And only fell back on relationship  
 And found their daughter safe and sound again  
 When that might surelier stab him : yes, the  
 pair  
 Who, as I told you, first had baited hook 1355  
 With this poor gilded fly Pompilia-thing,  
 Then caught the fish, pulled Guido to the shore  
 And gutted him,—now found a further use  
 For the bait, would trail the gauze wings yet  
 again  
 I' the way of what new swimmer passed their  
 stand. 1360  
 They took Pompilia to their hiding-place—  
 Not in the heart of Rome as formerly,  
 Under observance, subject to control—  
 But out o' the way,—or in the way, who  
 knows?  
 That blind mute villa lurking by the gate 1365  
 At Via Paulina, not so hard to miss  
 By the honest eye, easy enough to find  
 In twilight by marauders : where perchance  
 Some muffled Caponsacchi might repair,  
 Employ odd moments when he too tried  
 change, 1370  
 Found that a friend's abode was pleasanter  
 Than relegation, penance and the rest.  
 Come, here's the last drop does its worst to  
 wound :  
 Here's Guido poisoned to the bone, you say,  
 Your boasted still's full strain and strength :  
 not so ! 1375  
 One master-squeeze from screw shall bring  
 to birth  
 The hoard i' the heart o' the toad, hell's quint-  
 essence.  
 He learned the true convenience of the change,  
 And why a convent lacks the cheerful hearts  
 And helpful hands which female straits require,  
 When, in the blind mute villa by the gate, 1381  
 Pompilia—what? sang, danced, saw company?  
 —Gave birth, Sir, to a child, his son and heir,  
 Or Guido's heir and Caponsacchi's son.



I want your word now : what do you say to  
this? 1385

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 1391  
Fell on the Count among his vines, it seems,  
Doing his farm-work,)—why, he summoned  
steward,

Called in the first four hard hands and stout  
hands 1394

From field and furrow, poured forth his appeal,  
Not to Rome's law and gospel any more,  
But this clown with a mother or a wife,  
That clodpole with a sister or a son :  
And, whereas law and gospel held their peace,  
What wonder if the sticks and stones cried  
out? 1400

All five soon somehow found themselves at  
Rome,  
At the villa door : there was the warmth and  
light—  
The sense of life so just an inch inside—  
Some angel must have whispered "One more  
chance !"

He gave it : bade the others stand aside : 1405  
Knocked at the door,— "Who is it knocks?"  
cried one.

"I will make," surely Guido's angel urged,  
"One final essay, last experiment,  
"Speak the word, name the name from out  
all names 1409

"Which, if,—as doubtless strong illusions are,  
"And strange disguisings whereby truth seems  
false,

"And, since I am but man, I dare not do  
"God's work until assured I see with God,—  
"If I should bring my lips to breathe that name  
"And they be innocent,—nay, by one mere  
touch 1415

"Of innocence redeemed from utter guilt,—  
"That name will bar the door and bid fate  
pass.

"I will not say 'It is a messenger,

" 'A neighbour, even a belated man,  
" 'Much less your husband's friend, your  
husband's self : ' 1420

"At such appeal the door is bound to ope.  
"But I will say"—here's rhetoric and to spare !  
Why, Sir, the stumbling-block is cursed and  
kicked,  
Block though it be ; the name that brought  
offence

Will bring offence : the burnt child dreads  
the fire 1425

Although that fire feed on some taper-wick  
Which never left the altar nor singed a fly :  
And had a harmless man tripped you by chance,  
How would you wait him, stand or step aside,  
When next you heard he rolled your way?  
Enough. 1430

"Giuseppe Caponsacchi !" Guido cried ;  
And open flew the door : enough again.  
Vengeance, you know, burst, like a mountain-  
wave

That holds a monster in it, over the house,  
And wiped its filthy four walls free at last 1435  
With a wash of hell-fire,—father, mother, wife,  
Killed them all, bathed his name clean in  
their blood,

And, reeking so, was caught, his friends and he,  
Haled hither and imprisoned yesternight  
O' the day all this was. 1440

Now, Sir, tale is told,  
Of how the old couple come to lie in state  
Though hacked to pieces,—never, the expert  
say,

So thorough a study of stabbing—while the  
wife

(Viper-like, very difficult to slay) 1445  
Writhes still through every ring of her, poor  
wretch,

At the Hospital hard by—survives, we'll hope.  
To somewhat purify her putrid soul  
By full confession, make so much amends  
While time lasts ; since at day's end die she  
must. 1450

For Caponsacchi,—why, they'll have him here,  
As hero of the adventure, who so fit  
To figure in the coming Carnival?

'Twill make the fortune of whate'er saloon  
 Hears him recount, with helpful cheek, and eye  
 Hotly indignant now, now dewy-dimmed, 1485  
 The incidents of flight, pursuit, surprise,  
 Capture, with hints of kisses all between—  
 While Guido, wholly unromantic spouse,  
 No longer fit to laugh at since the blood 1490  
 Gave the broad farce an all too brutal air,  
 Why, he and those four luckless friends of his  
 May tumble in the straw this bitter day—  
 Laid by the heels i' the New Prison, I hear,  
 To bide their trial, since trial, and for the  
 life, 1495  
 Follows if but for form's sake: yes, indeed!

But with a certain issue: no dispute,  
 "Try him," bids law: formalities oblige:  
 But as to the issue,—look me in the face!—  
 If the law thinks to find them guilty, Sir, 1470  
 Master or men—touch one hair of the five,  
 Then I say in the name of all that's left  
 Of honour in Rome, civility i' the world  
 Whereof Rome boasts herself the central  
 source,—

There's an end to all hope of justice more. 1475  
*Astræa's*<sup>1</sup> gone indeed, let hope go too!  
 Who is it dares impugn the natural law,  
 Deny God's word "the faithless wife shall  
 die"?

What, are we blind? How can we fail to learn  
 This crowd of miseries make the man a mark,  
 Accumulate on one devoted head 1481  
 For our example?—yours and mine who read  
 Its lesson thus—"Henceforward let none dare  
 "Stand, like a natural in the public way,  
 "Letting the very urchins twitch his beard 1485  
 "And tweak his nose, to earn a nickname so,  
 "Be styled male-Grissel or eise modern Job!"  
 Had Guido, in the twinkling of an eye,  
 Summed up the reckoning, promptly paid  
 himself, 1489

That morning when he came up with the pair  
 At the wayside inn,—exactd his just debt  
 By aid of what first mattock, pitchfork, axe  
 Came to hand in the helpful stable-yard,

<sup>1</sup> *Astræa*: daughter of Zeus and Themis, whose departure from earth marked the ending of the golden age.

And with that axe, if providence so pleased,  
 Cloven each head, by some Rolando-stroke,  
 In one clean cut from crown to clavicle,<sup>2</sup> 1496  
 —Slain the priest-gallant, the wife-paramour,  
 Sticking, for all defence, in each skull's cleft  
 The rhyme and reason of the stroke thus dealt,  
 To-wit, those letters and last evidence 1500  
 Of shame, each package in its proper place,—  
 Bidding, who pitied, undistend the skulls,—  
 I say, the world had praised the man. But no!  
 That were too plain, too straight, too simply  
 just!

He hesitates, calls law forsooth to help. 1505  
 And law, distasteful to who calls in law  
 When honour is beforehand and would serve,  
 What wonder if law hesitate in turn,  
 Plead her disuse to calls o' the kind, reply  
 (Smiling a little) "'Tis yourself assess 1510  
 "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,  
 "Why must law gird herself and grapple  
 with? 1514

"Law, alien to the actor whose warm blood  
 "Asks heat from law whose veins run luke-  
 warm milk,—  
 "What you dealt lightly with, shall law make  
 out

"Heinous forsooth?"

Sir, what's the good of law  
 In a case o' the kind? None, as she all but  
 says. 1520

Call in law when a neighbour breaks your fence,  
 Cribs from your field, tampers with rent or  
 lease,  
 Touches the purse or pocket,—but wooes  
 your wife?

No: take the old way trod when men were  
 men! 1524

Guido preferred the new path,—for his pains,  
 Stuck in a quagmire, floundered worse and  
 worse

Until he managed somehow scramble back  
 Into the safe sure rutted road once more,  
 Revenged his own wrong like a gentleman. 1529

<sup>2</sup> *Clavicle*: collar-bone.

Once back 'mid the familiar prints, no doubt 1330  
 He made too rash amends for his first fault,  
 Vaulted too lightly over what barred him late,  
 And liti' the mire again,—the common chance,  
 The natural over-energy : the deed  
 Maladroit yields three deaths instead of  
 one, 1335  
 And one life left : for where's the Canon's  
 corpse ?  
 All which is the worse for Guido, but, be  
 frank—  
 The better for you and me and all the world,  
 Husbands of wives, especially in Rome.  
 The thing is put right, in the old place,—ay, 1340  
 The rod hangs on its nail behind the door,  
 Fresh from the brine : a matter I commend  
 To the notice, during Carnival that's near,  
 Of a certain what's-his-name and jackanapes  
 Somewhat too civil of eves with lute and  
 song 1345  
 About a house here, where I keep a wife.  
 (You, being his cousin, may go tell him so.)

### III.—THE OTHER HALF-ROME.

ANOTHER day that finds her living yet,  
 Little Pompilia, 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 5  
 You'd think, yet now, stabbed through and  
 through again,  
 Alive i' the ruins. '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 ; 10  
 And whether it was that, all her sad life long  
 Never before successful in a prayer,  
 This prayer rose with authority too dread,—  
 Or whether, because earth was hell to her, 14  
 By compensation, when the blackness broke  
 She got one glimpse of quiet and the cool blue,  
 To show her for a moment such things were,—  
 Or else,—as the Augustinian Brother thinks,  
 The friar who took confession from her lip,—  
 When a probationary soul that moved 20

From nobleness to nobleness, as she,  
 Over the rough way of the world, succumbs,  
 Bloodies its last thorn with unflinching foot,  
 The angels love to do their work betimes,  
 Staunch some wounds here nor leave so much  
 for God. 25  
 Who knows? However it be, confessed,  
 absolved,  
 She lies, with overplus of life beside  
 To speak and right herself from first to last,  
 Right the friend also, lamb-pure, lion-brave,  
 Care for the boy's concerns, to save the son 30  
 From the sire, her two-weeks' infant orphaned  
 thus,  
 And—with best smile of all reserved for him—  
 Pardon that sire and husband from the heart.  
 A miracle, so tell your Molinists !  
 There she lies in the long white lazar-house.  
 Rome has besieged, these two days, never  
 doubt, 35  
 Saint Anna's where she waits her death, to hear  
 Though but the chink o' the bell, turn o' the  
 hinge  
 When the reluctant wicket opes at last,  
 Lets in, on now this and now that pretence, 40  
 Too many by half,—complain the men of art,—  
 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 45  
 To shrive ; 'twas Brother Celestine's own right,  
 The same who noises 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. 50  
 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 palsied limb 'gan prick and promise life 55  
 At touch o' the bedclothes merely,—how  
 much 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 see the porter and slip by 60

With pencil cut and paper squared, and  
straight

There was he figuring away at face :

"A lovelier face is not in Rome," cried he,

"Shaped like a peacock's egg, the pure as  
pearl, 64

"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 ask to paint the same,

Nor grew a poet over hair and eyes

Four little years ago when, ask and have, 70

The woman who wakes all this rapture  
leaned

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

By comers and goers in Via Vittoria : eh ?

'Tis just a flower's fate : past parterre wetrip, 75

Till peradventure someone plucks our sleeve—

"Yon blossom at the briar's end, that's the  
rose

"Two jealous people fought for yesterday

"And killed each other : see, there's un-  
disturbed

"A pretty pool at the root, of rival red!" 80

Then cry we "Ah, the perfect paragon!"

Then crave we "Just one keepsake-leaf for  
us!"

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

Ruined : who did it shall account to Christ—  
Having no pity on the harmless life 86

And gentle face and girlish form he found,

And thus flings back. Go practise if you  
please

With men and women : leave a child alone

For Christ's particular love's sake!—so I say.

Somebody, at the bedside, said much more, 91

Took on him to explain the secret cause

O' the crime : quoth he, "Such crimes are  
very rife,

"Explode nor make us wonder now-a-days,

"Seeing that Antichrist disseminates 98

"That doctrine of the Philosophic Sin :

"Molinos' sect will soon make earth too  
hot!"

"Nay," groaned the Augustinian, "what's  
there new ?

"Crime will not fail to flare up from men's  
hearts

"While hearts are men's and so born criminal;

"Which one fact, always old yet ever new, 101

"Accounts for so much crime that, for my part,

"Molinos may go whistle to the wind

"That waits outside a certain church, you  
know!"

Though really it does seem as if she here, 106

Pomplia, living so and dying thus,

Has had undue experience how much crime

A heart can hatch. Why was she made to  
learn

—Not you, not I, not even Molinos' self—

What Guido Franceschini's heart could hold ?

Thus saintship is effected probably ; 111

No sparing saints the process!—which the  
more

Tends to the reconciling us, no saints,

To sinnership, immunity and all.

For see now : Pietro and Violante's life 118

Till seventeen years ago, all Rome might note

And quote for happy—see the signs distinct

Of happiness as we yon Triton's<sup>1</sup> trump.

What could they be but happy?—balanced so,

Nor low i' the social scale nor yet too high, 120

Nor poor nor richer than comports with ease,

Nor bright and envied, nor obscure and scorned,

Nor so young that their pleasures fell too  
thick,

Nor old past catching pleasure when it fell,

Nothing above, below the just degree, 125

All at the mean where joy's components mix.

So again, in the couple's very souls

You saw the adequate half with half to match,

Each having and each lacking somewhat, both

Making a whole that had all and lacked  
nought. 130

The round and sound, in whose composure  
just

<sup>1</sup> *Yon Triton* : see Book I. l. 898. The speaker is represented as being in the Piazza Barberini, near Bernini's fountain, composed of a Triton supported by dolphins.

The acquiescent and recipient side  
 Was Pietro's, and the stirring striving one  
 Violante's: both in union gave the due  
 Quietude, enterprise, craving and content, 135  
 Which go to bodily health and peace of mind.  
 But, as 'tis said a body, rightly mixed,  
 Each element in equipoise, would last  
 Too long and live for ever,—accordingly  
 Holds a germ—sand-grain weight too much  
 i' the scale— 140

Ordained to get predominance one day  
 And so bring ail to ruin and release,—  
 Not otherwise a fatal germ lurked here :  
 "With mortals much must go, but something  
 stays ;  
 "Nothing will stay of our so happy selves." 145  
 Out of the very ripeness of life's core  
 A worm was bred—"Our life shall leave no  
 fruit."

Enough of bliss, they thought, could bliss  
 bear seed,

Yield its like, propagate a bliss in turn  
 And keep the kind up ; not supplant them-  
 selves 150

But put in evidence, record they were,  
 Show them, when done with, i' the shape of  
 a child.

"'Tis in a child, man and wife grow com-  
 plete,

"One flesh : God says so : let him do his  
 work !"

Now, one reminder of this gnawing want, 155  
 One special prick o' the maggot at the core,  
 Always befell when, as the day came round,  
 A certain yearly sum,—our Pietro being,  
 As the long name runs, an usufructuary,—  
 Dropped in the common bag as interest 160  
 Of money, his till death, not afterward,  
 Failing an heir : an heir would take and take,  
 A child of theirs be wealthy in their place  
 To nobody's hurt—the stranger else seized all.  
 Prosperity rolled river-like and stopped, 165  
 Making their mill go ; but when wheel wore  
 out,

The wave would find a space and sweep on free  
 And, half-a-mile off, grind some neighbour's  
 corn.

Adam-like, Pietro sighed and said no more :  
 Eve saw the apple was fair and good to  
 taste, 170

So, plucked it, having asked the snake advice.  
 She told her husband God was merciful,  
 And his and her prayer granted at the last :  
 Let the old mill-stone moulder,—wheel un-  
 worn, 174

Quartz from the quarry, shot into the stream  
 Adroitly, as before should go bring grist—  
 Their house continued to them by an heir,  
 Their vacant heart replenished with a child.  
 We have her own confession at full length  
 Made in the first remorse : 'twas Jubilee 180  
 Pealed in the ear o' the conscience and it woke.  
 She found she had offended God no doubt,  
 So much was plain from what had happened  
 since,

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, 185  
 Herspouse whom God himself must gladden so  
 Or not at all : thus much seems probable

From the implicit faith, or rather say  
 Stupid credulity of the foolish man 190  
 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 195  
 Who was he ? Which of all the hands held up  
 I' the crowd, one day would gather round  
 their gate,

Did she so wrong by intercepting thus  
 The ducat, spendthrift fortune thought to fling  
 For a scramble just to make the mob break  
 shins ? 200

She kept it, saved them kicks and cuffs thereby.  
 While at the least one good work had she  
 wrought,

Good, clearly and incontestably ! Her cheat—  
 What was it to its subject, the child's self,  
 But charity and religion ? See the girl ! 205  
 A body most like—a soul too probably—  
 Doomed to death, such a double death as waits  
 The illicit offspring of a common trull,  
 Sure to resent and forthwith rid herself

Of a mere interruption to sin's trade, 210  
 In the efficacious way old Tiber knows.  
 Was not so much proved by the ready sale  
 O' the child, glad transfer of this irksome  
 chance?  
 Well then, she had caught up this castaway:  
 This fragile egg, some careless wild bird  
 dropped, 215  
 She had picked from where it waited the  
 foot-fall,  
 And put in her own breast till forth broke finch  
 Able to sing God praise on mornings now.  
 Whatso excessive harm was done?—she asked.

To which demand the dreadful answer  
 comes— 220  
 For that same deed, now at Lorenzo's church,  
 Both agents, conscious and unconscious, lie;  
 While she, the deed was done to benefit,  
 Lies also, the most lamentable of things,  
 Yonder where curious people count her  
 breaths, 225  
 Calculate how long yet the little life  
 Unspilt may serve their turn nor spoil the show,  
 Give them their story, then the church its group.

Well, having gained Pompilia, the girl grew  
 I' the midst of Pietro here, Violante there, 230  
 Each, like a semicircle with stretched arms,  
 Joining the other round her preciousness—  
 Two walls that go about a garden-plot  
 Where a chance-silver, branchlet slipt from bole  
 Of some tongue-leaved eye-figured Eden tree,  
 Filched by two exiles and borne far away, 235  
 Patiently glorifies their solitude,—  
 Year by year mounting, grade by grade sur-  
 mount  
 The buidied brick-work, yet is compassed still,  
 Still hidden happily and shielded safe,— 240  
 Else why should miracle have graced the  
 ground?  
 But on the twelfth sun that brought April there  
 What meant that laugh? The coping-stone  
 was reached;  
 Nay, above towered a light tuft of bloom  
 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  
 world's.  
 All which was taught our couple though  
 obtuse,  
 Since walls have ears, when one day brought  
 a priest, 250  
 Smooth-mannered soft-speeched sleek-  
 cheeked visitor,  
 The notable Abate Paolo—known  
 As younger brother of a Tuscan house  
 Whereof the actual representative, 254  
 Count Guido, had employed his youth and age  
 In culture of Rome's most productive plant—  
 A cardinal: but years pass and change comes,  
 In token of which, here was our Paolo brought  
 To broach a weighty business. Might he  
 speak?  
 Yes—to Violante somehow caught alone 260  
 While Pietro took his after-dinner doze,  
 And the young maiden, busily as befits,  
 Minded her broider-frame three chambers off.

So—giving now his great flap-hat a gloss  
 With flat o' the hand between-whiles, sooth-  
 ing now 265  
 The silk from out its creases o'er the calf,  
 Setting the stocking clerical again,  
 But never disengaging, once engaged,  
 The thin clear grey hold of his eyes on her—  
 He dissertated on that Tuscan house, 270  
 Those Franceschini,—very old they were—  
 Not rich however—oh, not rich, at least,  
 As people look to be who, low i' the scale  
 One way, have reason, rising all they can  
 By favour of the money-bag! 'tis fair— 275  
 Do all gifts go together? But don't suppose  
 That being not so rich means all so poor!  
 Say rather, well enough—i' the way, indeed,  
 He, ha, to fortune better than the best:  
 Since if his brother's patron-friend kept faith,  
 Put into promised play the Cardinalate, 281  
 Their house might wear the red cloth that  
 keeps warm,  
 Would but the Count have patience—there's  
 the point!  
 For he was slipping into years apace,  
 And years make men restless—they needs  
 must spy 285

Some certainty, some sort of end assured,  
 Some sparkle, tho' from topmost beacon-tip,  
 That warrants life a harbour through the haze.  
 In short, call him fantastical as you choose, 289  
 Guido was home-sick, yearned for the old sights  
 And usual faces,—fain would settle himself  
 And have the patron's bounty when it fell  
 Irrigate far rather than deluge near,  
 Go fertilize Arezzo, not flood Rome. 294  
 Sooth to say, 'twas the wiser wish: the Count  
 Proved wanting in ambition,—let us avouch,  
 Since truth is best,—in callousness of heart,  
 And winced at pin-pricks whereby honours  
 hang

A ribbon o'er each puncture: his—no soul  
 Ecclesiastic (here the hat was brushed) 300  
 Humble but self-sustaining, calm and cold,  
 Having, as one who puts his hand to the plough,  
 Renounced the over-vivid family-feel—  
 Poor brother Guido! All too plain, he pined  
 Amid Rome's pomp and glare for dinginess 305  
 And that dilapidated palace-shell  
 Vast as a quarry and, very like, as bare—  
 Since to this comes old grandeur now-a-days—  
 Or that absurd wild villa in the waste  
 O' the hillside, breezy though, for who likes air,  
 Vittiano, nor unpleasant with its vines, 311  
 Outside the city and the summer heats.  
 And now his harping on this one tense chord  
 The villa and the palace, palace this  
 And villa the other, all day and all night 315  
 Creaked like the implacable cicala's cry  
 And made one's ear-drum ache: nought else  
 would serve

But that, to light his mother's visage up  
 With second youth, hope, gaiety again, 319  
 He must find straightway, woo and haply win  
 And bear away triumphant back, some wife.  
 Well now, the man was rational in his way:  
 He, the Abate,—ought he to interpose?  
 Unless by straining still his tutelage  
 (Priesthood leaps over elder-brothership) 325  
 Across this difficulty: then let go,  
 Leave the poor fellow in peace! Would that  
 be wrong?

There was no making Guido great, it seems,  
 Spite of himself: then happy be his dole!  
 Indeed; the Abate's little interest 330

Was somewhat nearly touched i' the case,  
 they saw:

Since if his simple kinsman so were bent,  
 Began his rounds in Rome to catch a wife,  
 Full soon would such unworldliness surprise  
 The rare bird, sprinkle salt on phoenix' tail, 335  
 And so secure the nest a sparrow-hawk.  
 No lack of mothers here in Rome,—no dread  
 Of daughters lured as larks by looking-glass!  
 The first name-pecking credit-scratching fowl  
 Would dropher unfledged cuckoo in our nest 340  
 To gather greyness there, give voice at length  
 And shame the brood . . . but it was long ago  
 When crusades were, and we sent eagles forth!  
 No, that at least the Abate could forestall.

He read the thought within his brother's  
 word, 345

Knew what he purposed better than himself.  
 We want no name and fame—having our own:  
 No worldly aggrandizement—such we fly:

But if some wonder of a woman's heart  
 Were yet untainted on this grimy earth, 350  
 Tender and true—tradition tells of such—  
 Prepared to pant in time and tune with ours—  
 If some good girl (a girl, since she must take  
 The new bent, live new life, adopt new modes)  
 Not wealthy (Guido for his rank was poor) 355  
 But with whatever dowry came to hand,—  
 There were the lady-love predestinate!

And somehow the Abate's guardian eye—  
 Scintillant, rutilant, fraternal fire,—  
 Roving round every way had seized the prize 360  
 —The instinct of us, we, the spirituality!

Come, cards on table; was it true or false  
 That here—here in this very tenement—  
 Yea, Via Vittoria did a marvel hide,  
 Lily of a maiden, white with intact leaf 365  
 Guessed thro' the sheath that saved it from  
 the sun?

A daughter with the mother's hands still clasped  
 Over her head for fillet virginal,  
 A wife worth Guido's house and hand and  
 heart?

He came to see; had spoken, he could no  
 less— 370

(A final cherish of the stocking calf)  
 If harm were,—well, the matter was off his  
 mind.

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) 375  
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 380

Their tree-top-tuft of bloom above the wall,  
And came now to apprise them the tree's self  
Was no such crab-sort as should go feed  
swine,

But veritable gold, the Hesperian ball<sup>1</sup>  
Ordained for Hercules to haste and pluck, 385  
And bear and give the Gods to banquet with—  
Hercules standing ready at the door.

Whereon did Pietro rub his eyes in turn,  
Look very wise, a little woeful too,  
Then, periwig on head, and cane in hand, 390  
Sally forth dignifiedly into the Square  
Of Spain<sup>2</sup> across Babbuino the six steps,  
Toward the Boat-fountain where our idlers  
louge,—

Ask, for form's sake, who Hercules might be,  
And have congratulation from the world. 395

Heartily laughed the world in his fool's-face  
And told him Hercules was just the heir  
To the stubble once a corn-field, and brick-  
heap

Where used to be a dwelling-place now  
burned.

Guido and Franceschini; a Count,—ay: 400  
But a cross<sup>3</sup> i' the poke to bless the Count-  
ship? No!

All gone except sloth, pride, rapacity,  
Humours of the imposthume incident

<sup>1</sup> *The Hesperian ball*: the golden apple which Hercules was required to fetch from the garden of the Hesperides.

<sup>2</sup> *The Square of Spain*: the Piazza di Spagna, in the present "English quarter" of Rome. The Via del Babuino runs into it, and it is: "Boat-fountain" (Fontana della Barcaccia) stands in it.

<sup>3</sup> *Cross*: i.e., a coin; an old expression, found in Goldsmith, Dryden, and earlier writers.

To rich blood that runs thin,—nursed to a  
head

By the rankly-salted soil—a cardinal's court  
Where, parasite and picker-up of crumbs, 405  
He had hung on long, and now, let go, said  
some,

Shaken off, said others,—but in any case  
Tired of the trade and something worse for  
wear,

Was wanting to change town for country  
quick, 410

Go home again: let Pietro help him home!  
The brother, Abate Paolo, shrewder mouse,  
Had pricked for comfortable quarters, inched  
Into the core of Rome, and fattened so;

But Guido, over-burly for rat's hole 415  
Suited to clerical slimness, starved outside,  
Must shift for himself: and so the shift was  
this!

What, was the snug retreat of Pietro tracked,  
The little provision for his old age snuffed?

"Oh, make your girl a lady, an you list, 420  
"But have more mercy on our wit than vaunt  
"Your bargain as we burgesses who brag!

"Why, Goodman Dullard, if a friend must  
speak,

"Would the Count, think you, stoop to you  
and yours

"Were there the value of one penny-piece 425  
"To rattle 'twixt his palms—or likelier laugh,  
"Bid your Pompilia help you black his shoe?"

Home again, shaking off the puzzled pate,  
Went Pietro to announce a change indeed,  
Yet point Violante where some solace lay 430  
Of a rueful sort,—the taper, quenched so soon,  
Had ended merely in a snuff, not stink—  
Congratulate there was one hope the less  
Not misery the more: and so an end.

The marriage thus impossible, the rest 435  
Followed: our spokesman, Paolo, heard his  
fate,

Resignedly Count Guido bore the blow:  
Violante wiped away the transient tear,  
Renounced the playing Danae to gold dreams,  
Praised much her Pietro's prompt sagacious-  
ness, 440



Found neighbours' envy natural, lightly  
laughed

At gossips' malice, fairly wrapped herself  
In her integrity three folds about,  
And, letting pass a little day or two,  
Threw, even over that integrity, 445  
Another wrappage, namely one thick veil  
That hid her, matron-wise, from head to foot,  
And, by the hand holding a girl veiled too,  
Stood, one dim end of a December day,  
In Saint Lorenzo on the altar-step— 450

Just where she lies now and that girl will lie—  
Only with fifty candles' company  
Now, in the place of the poor winking one  
Which saw,—doors shut and sacristan made  
sure,—

A priest—perhaps Abate Paolo—wed 455  
Guido clandestinely, irrevocably  
To his Pompilia aged thirteen years  
And five months,—witness the church  
register,—

Pompilia, (thus become Count Guido's wife  
Clandestinely, irrevocably his,) 460  
Who all the while had borne, from first to last,  
As brisk a part i' the bargain, as yon lamb,  
Brought forth from basket and set out for sale,  
Bears while they chaffer, wary market-man  
And voluble housewife, o'er it,—each in turn  
Patting the curly calm unconscious head, 465  
With the shambles ready round the corner  
there,  
When the talk's stalked out and a bargain struck.

Transfer complete, why, Pietro was apprised.  
Violante sobbed the sobs and prayed the  
prayers 470

And said the serpent tempted so she fell,  
Till Pietro had to clear his brow apace  
And make the best of matters: wrath at first,—  
How else? pacification presently,  
Why not?—could flesh withstand the im-  
purpled one, 475

The very Cardinal, Paolo's patron-friend?  
Who, justifiably surnamed "a hinge,"<sup>1</sup>  
Knew where the mollifying oil should drop  
To cure the creak o' the valve,—considerate

<sup>1</sup> A hinge: the title *Cardinal* is derived from *cardo*, "a hinge."

For frailty, patient in a naughty world. 480  
He even volunteered to supervise

The rough draught of those marriage-articles  
Signed in a hurry by Pietro, since revoked:  
Trust's politic, suspicion does the harm, 484  
There is but one way to brow-beat this world,  
Dumb-founder doubt, and repay scorn in  
kind,—

To go on trusting, namely, till faith move  
Mountains.

And faith here made the mountains move.  
Why, friends whose zeal cried "Caution ere  
too late!"— 490

Bade "Pause ere jump, with both feet joined,  
on slough!"—

Counselled "If rashness then, now temper-  
ance!"—

Heard for their pains that Pietro had closed  
eyes,

Jumped and was in the middle of the mire, 494  
Money and all, just what should sink a man.

By the mere marriage, Guido gained forthwith  
Dowry, his wife's right; no rescinding there:  
But Pietro, why must he needs ratify

One gift Violante gave, pay down one doit 499  
Promised in first fool's-flurry? Grasp the bag  
Lest the son's service flag,—is reason and  
rhyme,

Above all when the son's a son-in-law.

Words to the wind! The parents cast their lot  
Into the lap o' the daughter: and the son 504  
Now with a right to lie there, took what fell,  
Pietro's whole having and holding, house and  
field,

Goods, chattels and effects, his worldly worth  
Present and in perspective, all renounced

In favour of Guido. As for the usufruct—  
The interest now, the principal anon, 510  
Would Guido please to wait, at Pietro's death:  
Till when, he must support the couple's charge,  
Bear with them, housemates, pensionaries,  
pawned

To an alien for fulfilment of their pact. 514  
Guido should at discretion deal them orts,<sup>2</sup>  
Bread-bounty in Arezzo the strange place,—

<sup>2</sup> Orts: scraps.

They who had lived deliciously and rolled  
 Rome's choicest comfit 'neath the tongue  
 before.  
 Into this quag, "jump" bade the Cardinal !  
 And neck-deep in a minute there founced  
 they. 520

But they touched bottom at Arezzo : there—  
 Four months' experience of how craft and greed  
 Quickened by penury and pretentious hate  
 Of plain truth, brutify and bestialize,—  
 Four months' taste of apportioned insolence,  
 Cruelty graduated, dose by dose 525  
 Of ruffianism dealt out at bed and board,  
 And lo, the work was done, success clapped  
 hands.  
 The starved, stripped, beaten brace of stupid  
 dupes  
 Broke at last in their desperation loose, 530  
 Fled away for their lives, and lucky so ;  
 Found their account in casting coat afar  
 And bearing off a shred of skin at least :  
 Left Guido lord o' the prey, as the lion is,  
 And, careless what came after, carried their  
 wrongs 535  
 To Rome,—I nothing doubt, with such re-  
 morse  
 As folly feels, since pain can make it wise,  
 But crime, past wisdom, which is innocence,  
 Needs not be plagued with till a later day.

Pietro went back to beg from door to door, 540  
 In hope that memory not quite extinct  
 Of cheery days and festive nights would move  
 Friends and acquaintance—after the natural  
 laugh,  
 And tributary "Just as we foretold—" 544  
 To show some bowels, give the dregs o' the cup,  
 Scraps of the trencher, to their host that was,  
 Or let him share the mat with the mastiff, he  
 Who lived large and kept open house so long.  
 Not so Violante : ever a-head i' the march,  
 Quick at the bye-road and the cut-across, 550  
 She went first to the best adviser, God—  
 Whose finger unmistakably was felt  
 In all this retribution of the past.  
 Here was the prize of sin, luck of a lie !  
 But here too was what Holy Year would help,

Bound to rid sinners of sin vulgar, sin 556  
 Abnormal, sin prodigious, up to sin  
 Impossible and supposed for Jubilee' sake :  
 To lift the leadenest of lies, let soar  
 The soul unhampered by a feather-weight. 560  
 "I will" said she "go burn out this bad hole  
 "That breeds the scorpion, baulk the plague  
 at least  
 "Of hope to further plague by progeny :  
 "I will confess my fault, be punished, yes,  
 "But pardoned too : Saint Peter pays for  
 all." 565

So, with the crowd she mixed, made for the  
 dome,  
 Through the great door new-broken for the  
 nonce  
 Marched, muffled more than ever matron-wise,  
 Up the left nave to the formidable throne,  
 Fell into file with this the poisoner 570  
 And that the parricide, and reached in turn  
 The poor repugnant Penitentiary  
 Set at this gully-hole o' the world's discharge  
 To help the frightfullest of filth have vent, 574  
 And then knelt down and whispered in his ear  
 How she had bought Pompilia, 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 580  
 Happened to split and spread woe far and  
 wide :  
 Contritely now she brought the case for cure.

Replied the throne—"Ere God forgive the  
 guilt,  
 "Make man some restitution ! Do your part !  
 "The owners of your husband's heritage, 585  
 "Barred thence by this pretended birth and  
 heir,—  
 "Tell them, the bar came so, is broken so,  
 "Theirs be the due reversion as before !  
 "Your husband who, no partner in the guilt,  
 "Suffers the penalty, led blindfold thus 590  
 "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 505  
 " Took 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 ! " 509

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 : 605  
 " Woman, confessing crime is healthy work,  
 " And telling truth relieves a liar like you,  
 " But how of my quite unconsidered charge ?  
 " No thought if, while this good befalls your-  
   self, 609  
 " Aught in the way of harm may find out  
   her ? "  
 No least thought, I assure you : truth being  
   truth,  
 Tell it and shame the devil !

Said and done :

Home went Violante, disbosomed all : 614  
 And Pietro who, six months before, had borne  
 Word after word of such a piece of news  
 Like so much cold steel inched through his  
   breast-blade,  
 Now at its entry gave a leap for joy,  
 As who—what did I say of one in a quag ?—  
 Should catch a hand from heaven and spring  
   thereby 620  
 Out of the mud, on ten toes stand once more.  
 " What ? All that used to be, may be again ?  
 " My money mine again, my house, my land,  
 " My chairs and tables, all mine evermore ?  
 " What, the girl's dowry never was the girl's,  
 " And, unpaid yet, is never now to pay ? 626  
 " Then the girl's self, my pale Pompilia child  
 " That used to be my own with her great  
   eyes—  
 " He who drove us forth, why should he keep  
   her

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" When proved as very a pauper as himself ?  
 " Will she come back, with nothing changed  
   at all, 631  
 " And laugh ' But how you dreamed uneasily !  
 " ' I saw the great drops stand here on your  
   brow—  
 " ' Did I do wrong to wake you with a kiss ? '  
 " No, indeed, darling ! No, for wide awake  
 " I see another outburst of surprise : 636  
 " The lout-lord, bully-beggar, braggart-sneak,  
 " Who not content with cutting purse, crops  
   ear—  
 " Assuredly it shall be salve to mine  
 " When this great news red-letters him, the  
   rogue ! 640  
 " 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." 645

And so, he carried case before the courts ;  
 And there Violante, blushing to the bone,  
 Made public declaration of her fault,  
 Renounced her motherhood, and prayed the  
   law  
 To interpose, frustrate of its effect 650  
 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 656  
 Seemed Guido's ; the first cheat had chanced  
   on him :  
 Here was the pity that, deciding right,  
 Those who began the wrong would gain the  
   prize.  
 Guido pronounced the story one long lie 660  
 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 :

D

What had he done when first they shamed  
him thus? 655  
But that were too fantastic : losels they,  
And leasing this world's-wonder of a lie,  
They lied to blot him though it brand them-  
selves.

So answered Guido through the Abate's mouth.  
Wherefore the court, its customary way, 670  
Inclined to the middle course the sage affect.  
They held the child to be a changeling,—good :  
But, lest the husband got no good thereby,  
They willed the dowry, though not hers at all,  
Should yet be his, if not by right then grace—  
Part-payment for the plain injustice done. 676  
As for that other contract, Pietro's work,  
Renunciation of his own estate,  
That must be cancelled—give him back his  
gifts,

He was no party to the cheat at least ! 680  
So ran the judgment :—whence a prompt  
appeal  
On both sides, seeing right is absolute.  
Cried Pietro " Is the child no child of mine ?  
" Why give her a child's dowry ?"—" Have  
I right 684  
" To the dowry, why not to the rest as well ?"  
Cried Guido, or cried Paolo in his name :  
Till law said " Reinvestigate the case !"  
And so the matter pends, to this same day.

Hence new disaster—here no outlet seemed ;  
Whatever the fortune of the battle-field, 690  
No path whereby the fatal man might march  
Victorious, wreath on head and spoils in hand,  
And back turned full upon the baffled foe,—  
Nor cranny whence, desperate and disgraced,  
Stripped to the skin, he might be fain to crawl  
Worm-like, and so away with his defeat 696  
To other fortune and a novel prey.  
No, he was pinned to the place there, left alone  
With his immense hate and, the solitary  
Subject to satisfy that hate, his wife. 700  
" Cast her off ? Turn her naked out of doors ?  
" Easily said ! But still the action pends,  
" Still dowry, principal and interest,  
" Pietro's possessions, all I bargained for,—  
" Any good day, be but my friends alert, 705

" May give them me if she continue mine.  
" Yet, keep her ? Keep the puppet of my  
foes—  
" Her voice that lips me back their curse—  
her eye  
" They lend their leer of triumph to—her lip  
" I touch and taste their very filth upon ?" 710

In short, he also took the middle course  
Rome taught him—did at last excogitate  
How he might keep the good and leave the  
bad

Twined in revenge, yet extricable,—nay  
Make the very hate's eruption, very rush 715  
Of the unpent sluice of cruelty relieve  
His heart first, then go fertilize his field.  
What if the girl-wife, tortured with due care,  
Should take, as though spontaneously, the road  
It were impolitic to thrust her on ? 720

If, goaded, she broke out in full revolt,  
Followed her parents i' the face o' the world,  
Branded as runaway not castaway,  
Self-sentenced and self-punished in the act ?  
So should the loathed form and detested  
face 725

Launch themselves into hell and there be lost  
While he looked o'er the brink with folded  
arms ;  
So should the heaped-up shames go shudder-  
ing back

O' the head o' the heapers, Pietro and his wife,  
And bury in the breakage three at once : 730  
While Guido, left free, no one right renounced,  
Gain present, gain prospective, all the gain,  
None of the wife except her rights absorbed,  
Should ask law what it was law paused about—  
If law were dubious still whose word to take,  
The husband's—dignified and derelict, 736  
Or the wife's—the . . . what I tell you. It  
should be.

Guido's first step was to take pen, indite  
A letter to the Abate,—not his own,  
His wife's,—she should re-write, sign, seal  
and send. 740  
She liberally told the household-news,  
Rejoiced her vile progenitors were gone,  
Revealed their malice—how they even laid

A last injunction on her, when they fled,  
That she should forthwith find a paramour, 745  
Complot with him to gather spoil enough,  
Then burn the house down,—taking previous  
care

To poison all its inmates overnight,—  
And so companioned, so provisioned too,  
Follow to Rome and there join fortunes  
gay. 750

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 broider, sing  
perhaps, 755

Pray 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 760  
Of her own death-warrant,—in some sort  
'twas so.

This letter the Abate in due course  
Communicated to such curious souls  
In Rome as needs must pry into the cause  
Of quarrel, why the Comparini fled 765  
The Franceschini, whence the grievance grew,  
What the hubbub meant: "Nay,—see the  
wife's own word,

"Authentic answer! Tell detractors too  
"There's a plan formed, a programme  
figured here 769  
"—Pray God no after-practice put to proof,  
"This letter cast no light upon, one day!"

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-  
bars,—

Chase her about the coop of daily life,  
Having first stopped each outlet thence save  
one 780

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 785  
From tooth and claw of something in the  
dark,—

Giuseppe Caponsacchi.

Now begins

The tenebrific passage of the tale: 789  
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  
"So it was,—so it was not,—how it was,  
"I never knew nor ever care to know—"  
Till they all weep, physician, man of law, 795  
Even that poor old bit of battered brass  
Beaten out of all shape by the world's sins,  
Common utensil of the lazar-house—  
Confessor Celestino groans "'Tis truth,  
"All truth and only truth: there's some-  
thing here, 800

"Some presence in the room beside us all,  
"Something that every lie expires before:  
"No question she was pure from first to last."  
So far is well and helps us to believe: 804  
But beyond, she 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 fluttered where a springe  
"Caught me: the springe did not contrive  
itself, 810  
"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  
apprised— 820

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.  
 Guido is here to meet you with fixed foot, 825  
 Stiff like a statue—"Leave what went before!  
 "My wife fled i' the company of a priest,  
 "Spent two days and two nights alone with  
 him:  
 "Leave what came after!" He stands hard  
 to throw. 829  
 Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood;  
 When we get weakness, and no guilt beside,  
 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey,  
 We gladly call that white which might be  
 black,  
 Too used to the double-dye. So, if the priest,  
 Moved by Pompilia's youth and beauty, gave 835  
 Way to the natural weakness. . . . Anyhow  
 Here be facts, charactery; what they spell  
 Determine, and thence pick what sense you  
 may!  
 There was a certain young bold handsome  
 priest  
 Popular in the city, far and wide 840  
 Famed, since Arezzo's but a little place,  
 As the best of good companions, gay and  
 grave  
 At the decent minute; settled in his stall,  
 Or sidling, lute on lap, by lady's couch,  
 Ever the courtly Canon; see in him 845  
 A proper star to climb and culminate,  
 Have its due handbreadth of the heaven at  
 Rome,  
 Though meanwhile pausing on Arezzo's edge,  
 As modest candle does 'mid mountain fog,  
 To rub off redness and rusticity 850  
 Ere it sweep chastened, gain the silver-sphere!  
 Whether through Guido's absence or what  
 else,  
 This Caponsacchi, favourite of the town,  
 Was yet no friend of his nor free o' the house,  
 Though both moved in the regular magnates'  
 march: 855  
 Each must observe the other's tread and halt  
 At church, saloon, theatre, house of play.  
 Who could help noticing the husband's slouch,  
 The black of his brow—or miss the news that  
 buzzed

Of how the little solitary wife 860  
 Wept and looked out of window all day  
 long?  
 What need of minute search into such springs  
 As start men, set o' the move?—machinery  
 Old as earth, obvious as the noonday sun.  
 Why, take men as they come,—an instance  
 now,— 865  
 Of all those who have simply gone to see  
 Pompilia on her deathbed since four days,  
 Half at the least are, call it how you please,  
 In love with her—I don't except the priests  
 Nor even the old confessor whose eyes run  
 Over at what he styles his sister's voice 871  
 Who died so early and weaned him from the  
 world.  
 Well, had they viewed her ere the paleness  
 pushed  
 The last o' the red o' the rose away, while yet  
 Some hand, adventurous 'twixt the wind and  
 her, 875  
 Might let shy life run back and raise the flower  
 Rich with reward up to the guardian's face,—  
 Would they have kept that hand employed  
 all day  
 At fumbling on with prayer-book pages? No!  
 Men are men: why then need I say one word  
 More than that our mere man the Canon here  
 Saw, pitied, loved Pompilia? 882

This is why;

This startling why: that Caponsacchi's self—  
 Whom foes and friends alike avouch, for good  
 Or ill, a man of truth whate'er betide, 885  
 Intrepid altogether, reckless too  
 How his own fame and fortune, tossed to the  
 winds,  
 Suffer by any turn the adventure take,  
 Nay, more—not thrusting, like a badge to hide,  
 'Twixt shirt and skin a joy which shown is  
 shame— 891  
 But flirting flag-like i' the face o' the world  
 This tell-tale kerchief, this conspicuous love  
 For the lady,—oh, called innocent love, I know!  
 Only, such scarlet fiery innocence 895  
 As most folk would try muffle up in shade,—  
 —'Tis strange then that this else abashless  
 mouth

Should yet maintain, for truth's sake which  
 is God's,  
 That it was not he made the first advance,  
 That, even ere word had passed between the  
 two, 900  
 Pompilia penned him letters, passionate  
 prayers,  
 If not love, then so simulating love  
 That he, no novice to the taste of thyme,  
 Turned from such over-luscious honey-clot  
 At end o' the flower, and would not lend  
 his lip 905  
 Till . . . but the tale here frankly outsoars  
 faith :  
 There must be falsehood somewhere. For  
 her part,  
 Pompilia quietly constantly avers  
 She never penned a letter in her life  
 Nor to the Canon nor any other man, 910  
 Being incompetent to write and read :  
 Nor had she ever uttered word to him, nor he  
 To her till that same evening when they met,  
 She on her window-terrace, he beneath 914  
 I' the public street, as was their fateful chance,  
 And she adjured him in the name of God  
 To find out, bring to pass where, when and  
 how  
 Escape with him to Rome might be contrived.  
 Means were found, plan laid, time fixed, she  
 avers,  
 And heart assured to heart in loyalty, 920  
 All at an impulse ! All extemporized  
 As in romance-books ! Is that credible ?  
 Well, yes : as she avers this with calm mouth  
 Dying, I do think "Credible !" you'd cry—  
 Did not the priest's voice come to break the  
 spell. 925  
 They questioned him apart, as the custom is,  
 When first the matter made a noise at Rome,  
 And he, calm, constant then as she is now,  
 For truth's sake did assert and re-assert 929  
 Those letters called him to her and he came,  
 —Which damns the story credible otherwise.  
 Why should this man, —mad to devote himself,  
 Careless what comes of his own fame, the  
 first,—  
 Be studious thus to publish and declare 934  
 Just what the lightest nature loves to hide,

So screening lady from the byword's laugh  
 ' First spoke the lady, last the cavalier !'  
 —I say,—why should the man tell truth just  
 now  
 When graceful lying meets such ready shrift ?  
 Or is there a first moment for a priest 940  
 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, i' the manner of it, a surprise,—  
 That after, once the flag o' the fort hauled  
 down, 945  
 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, 950  
 I' the 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 o' the letters, that he checked the flow,  
 Put them back lightly each with its reply.  
 Here again vexes new discrepancy : 956  
 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, 961  
 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, 965  
 Like an uncaged beast, 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, 970  
 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,—

This—that born peers and friends heredi-  
 tary,— 975  
 Though disinclined to help from their own  
 store  
 The opprobrious wight, put penny in his poke  
 From private purse or leave the door ajar  
 When he goes wistful by at dinner-time,—  
 Yet, if his needs conduct him where they sit  
 Smugly in office, judge this, bishop that, 981  
 Dispensers of the shine and shade o' the  
 place—  
 And if, friend's door shut and friend's purse  
 undrawn,  
 Still potentates may find the office-seat  
 Do as good service at no cost—give help 985  
 By-the-bye, pay up traditional dues at once  
 Just through a feather-weight too much i'  
 the scale,  
 Or finger-tip forgot at the balance-tongue,—  
 Why, only churls refuse, or Molinists.  
 Thus when, in the first roughness of sur-  
 prise 990  
 At Guido's wolf-face whence the sheepskin fell,  
 The frightened couple, all bewilderment,  
 Rushed to the Governor,—who else rights  
 wrong?  
 Told him their tale of wrong and craved  
 redress—  
 Why, then the Governor woke up to the  
 fact 995  
 That Guido was a friend of old, poor Count!—  
 So, promptly paid his tribute, promised the  
 pair,  
 Wholesome chastisement should soon cure  
 their qualms  
 Next time they came, wept, prated and told  
 lies:  
 So stopped all prating, sent them dumb to  
 Rome. 1000  
 Well, now it was Pompilia's turn to try:  
 The troubles pressing on her, as I said,  
 Three times she rushed, maddened by misery,  
 To the other mighty man, sobbed out her  
 prayer  
 At footstool of the Archbishop—fast the  
 friend 1005  
 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, 1009  
 Unloosed her hands from harassing his gout,  
 Coached 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 1015  
 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 1020  
 For one who could not write, set down her  
 prayer  
 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 1025  
 To send gay-coloured sparkles 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  
 friend, 1029  
 Yet presently found he could not turn about  
 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-  
 removed,  
 And woe to friar by whom offences come!  
 So, the course being plain,—with a general  
 sigh 1035  
 At matrimony the profound mistake,—  
 He threw reluctantly the business up,  
 Having his other penitents to mind.

If then, all outlets thus secured save one,  
 At last she took to the open, stood and  
 stared 1040  
 With her wan face to see where God might  
 wait—



And there found Caponsacchi wait as well  
 For the precious something at perdition's sedge,  
 He only was predestinate to save,—  
 And if they recognized in a critical flash 1045  
 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  
 vow,  
 Do no harm save to himself,—if this were  
 thus?  
 How do you say? It were improbable; 1050  
 So is the legend of my patron-saint.

Anyhow, whether, as Guido states the case,  
 Pompilia,—like a starving wretch i' the street  
 Who stops and rifles the first passenger 1054  
 In the great right of an excessive wrong,—  
 Did somehow call this stranger and he came,—  
 Or whether the strange sudden interview  
 Blazed as when star and star must needs go  
 close  
 Till each hurts each and there is loss in  
 heaven— 1059  
 Whatever way in this strange world it was,—  
 Pompilia and Caponsacchi met, in fine,  
 She at her window, he i' the street beneath,  
 And understood each other at first look.

All was determined and performed at once.  
 And on a certain April evening, late 1065  
 I' the month, this girl of sixteen, bride and  
 wife  
 Three years and over,—she who hitherto  
 Had never taken twenty steps in Rome  
 Beyond the church, pinned to her mother's  
 gown, 1070  
 Nor, in Arezzo, knew her way through street  
 Except what led to the Archbishop's door,—  
 Such an one rose up in the dark, laid hand  
 On what came first, clothes and a trinket or two,  
 Belongings of her own in the old day,—  
 Stole from the side o' the sleeping spouse—  
 who knows? 1075  
 Sleeping perhaps, silent for certain,—slid  
 Ghost-like from great dark room to great  
 dark room  
 In through the tapestries and out again

And onward, unembarrassed as a fate,  
 Descended staircase, gained last door of all,  
 Sent it wide open at first push of palm, 1080  
 And there stood, first time, last and only time,  
 At liberty, alone in the open street,—  
 Unquestioned, unmolested found herself  
 At the city gate, by Caponsacchi's side, 1085  
 Hope there, joy there, life and all good again,  
 The carriage there, the convoy there, light there  
 Broadening ever into blaze at Rome  
 And breaking small what long miles lay  
 between;  
 Up she sprang, in he followed, they were  
 safe. 1090

The husband quotes this for incredible,  
 All of the story from first word to last:  
 Sees the priest's hand throughout upholding  
 hers,  
 Traces his foot to the alcove, that night,  
 Whither and whence blindfold he knew the  
 way, 1095  
 Proficient in all craft and stealthiness;  
 And cites for proof a servant, eye that watched  
 And ear that opened to purse secrets up,  
 A woman-spy,—suborned to give and take  
 Letters and tokens, do the work of shame 1100  
 The more adroitly that herself, who helped  
 Communion thus between a tainted pair,  
 Had long since been a leper thick in spot,  
 A common trull o' the town: she witnessed all,  
 Helped many meetings, partings, took her  
 wage 1105  
 And then told Guido the whole matter. Lies!  
 The woman's life confutes her word,—her word  
 Confutes itself: "Thus, thus and thus I lied."  
 "And thus, no question, still you lie," we say.  
 "Ay, but at last, e'en have it how you  
 will, 1110  
 "Whatever the means, whatever the way,  
 explodes  
 "The consummation"—the accusers shriek:  
 "Here is the wife avowedly found in flight,  
 "And the companion of her flight, a priest;  
 "She flies her husband, he the church his  
 spouse: 1115  
 "What is this?"

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." 1120  
 She says, "God put it in my head to fly,  
 "As when the martin migrates: autumn claps  
 "Her hands, cries 'Winter's coming, will  
 be here,  
 "Off with you ere the white teeth overtake!  
 "Flee!' So I fled: this friend was the  
 warm day, 1125  
 "The south wind and whatever favours flight;  
 "I took the favour, had the help, how else?  
 "And so we did fly rapidly all night,  
 "All day, all night—a longer night—again,  
 "And then another day, longest of days, 1130  
 "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 me,  
 knew God 1135  
 "And God's disposal of me,—but the sense  
 "O' the blessed flight absorbed me in the main,  
 "And speech became mere talking through  
 a sleep,  
 "Till at the end of that last longest night  
 "In a red daybreak, when we reached an  
 inn 1140  
 "And my companion whispered 'Next stage  
 —Rome!'  
 "Sudden the weak flesh fell like piled-up  
 cards,  
 "All the frail fabric at a finger's touch,  
 "And prostrate the poor soul too, and I said  
 "But though Count Guido were a furlong  
 off, 1145  
 "Just on me, I must stop and rest awhile!'  
 "Then something like a huge white wave  
 o' the sea  
 "Broke o'er my brain and buried me in sleep  
 "Blessedly, till it ebbed and left me loose,  
 "And where was I found but on a strange  
 bed 1150  
 "In a strange room like hell, roaring with  
 noise,

"Ruddy with flame, and filled with men, in  
 front  
 "Who but the man you call my husband? ay—  
 "Count Guido once more between heaven  
 and me,  
 "For there my heaven stood, my salvation,  
 yes— 1155  
 "That Caponsacchi all my heaven of help,  
 "Helpless himself, held prisoner in the hands  
 "Of men who looked up in my husband's face  
 "To take the fate thence he should signify,  
 "Just as the way was at Arezzo. Then, 1160  
 "Not for my sake but his who had helped me—  
 "I sprang up, reached him with one bound,  
 and seized  
 "The sword o' the felon, trembling at his side,  
 "Fit creature of a coward, unsheathed the  
 thing  
 "And would have pinned him through the  
 poison-bag 1165  
 "To the wall and left him there to palpitate,  
 "As you serve scorpions, but men interposed—  
 "Disarmed me, gave his life to him again  
 "That he might take mine and the other lives,  
 "And he has done so. I submit myself!" 1170  
 The priest says—oh, and in the main result  
 The facts asseverate, he truly says,  
 As to the very act and deed of him,  
 However you mistrust the mind o' the man—  
 The flight was just for flight's sake, no pre-  
 text 1175  
 For aught except to set Pompilia free.  
 He says "I cite the husband's self's worst charge  
 "In proof of my best word for both of us.  
 "Be it conceded that so many times  
 "We took our pleasure in his palace:  
 then, 1180  
 "What need to fly at all?—or flying no less,  
 "What need to outrage the lips sick and  
 white  
 "Of a woman, and bring ruin down beside,  
 "By halting when Rome lay one stage  
 beyond?"  
 So does he vindicate Pompilia's fame, 1185  
 Confirm her story in all points but one—  
 This; that, so fleeing and so breathing forth  
 Her last strength in the prayer to halt awhile,  
 She makes confusion of the reddening white

Which was the sunset when her strength  
gave way, 1190  
And the next sunrise and its whitening red  
Which she revived in when her husband came :  
She mixes both times, morn and eve, in one,  
Having lived through a blank of night 'twixt  
each  
Though dead-asleep, unaware as a corpse, 1185  
She on the bed above ; her friend below  
Watched in the doorway of the inn the while,  
Stood i' the red o' the morn, that she mistakes,  
In act to rouse and quicken the tardy crew  
And hurry out the horses, have the stage  
Over, the last league, reach Rome and be  
safe : 1201  
When up came Guido.  
Guido's tale begins—  
How he and his whole household, drunk to  
death 1204  
By some enchanted potion, poppied drugs  
Plied by the wife, lay powerless in gross sleep  
And left the spoilers unimpeded way,  
Could not shake off their poison and pursue,  
Till noontide, then made shift to get on horse  
And did pursue : which means he took his  
time, 1210  
Pressed on no more than lingered after, step  
By step, just making sure o' the fugitives,  
Till at the nick of time, he saw his chance,  
Seized it, came up with and surprised the pair.  
How he must needs have gnawn lip and  
gnashed teeth, 1215  
Taking successively at tower and town,  
Village and roadside, still the same report  
"Yes, such a pair arrived an hour ago,  
"Sat in the carriage just where now you stand,  
"While we got horses ready,—turned deaf  
ear 1220  
"To all entreaty they would even alight ;  
"Counted the minutes and resumed their  
course."  
Would they indeed escape, arrive at Rome,  
Leave no least loop-hole to let murder  
through,  
But foil him of his captured infamy, 1225  
Prize of guilt proved and perfect? So it  
seemed.  
Till, oh the happy chance, at last stage, Rome

But two short hours off, Castelnuovo reached,  
The guardian angel gave reluctant place,  
Satan stepped forward with alacrity, 1230  
Pompilia's flesh and blood succumbed, per-  
force  
A halt was, and her husband had his will.  
Perdue he couched, counted out hour by hour  
Till he should spy in the east a signal-streak—  
Night had been, morrow was, triumph would  
be. 1235  
Do you see the plan deliciously complete?  
The rush upon the unsuspecting sleep,  
The easy execution, the outcry  
Over the deed "Take notice all the world!  
"These two dead bodies, locked still in  
embrace,— 1240  
"The man is Caponsacchi and a priest,  
"The woman is my wife : they fled me late,  
"Thus have I found and you behold them  
thus,  
"And may judge me : do you approve or  
no?"  
Success did seem not so improbable, 1245  
But that already Satan's laugh was heard,  
His black back turned on Guido—left i' the  
lurch  
Or rather, balked of suit and service now,  
Left to improve on both by one deed more,  
Burn up the better at no distant day, 1250  
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 o' the priest, alive 1254  
And alert, calm, resolute and formidable,  
Not the least look of fear in that broad brow—  
One not to be disposed of by surprise,  
And armed moreover—who had guessed as  
much?  
Yes, there stood he in secular costume  
Complete from head to heel, with sword at  
side, 1260  
He seemed to know the trick of perfectly.  
There was no prompt suppression of the man  
As he said calmly "I have saved your wife  
"From death ; there was no other way but  
this ; 1264  
"Of what do I defraud you except death?

"Charge any wrong beyond, I answer it."  
 Guido, the valorous, had met his match,  
 Was forced to demand help instead of fight,  
 Bid the authorities o' the place lend aid  
 And make the best of a broken matter so. 1270  
 They soon obeyed the summons—I suppose,  
 Apprised and ready, or not far to seek—  
 Laid hands on Caponsacchi, found in fault,  
 A priest yet flagrantly accoutred thus,—  
 Then, to make good Count Guido's further  
     charge, 1275  
 Proceeded, prisoner made lead the way,  
 In a crowd, upstairs to the chamber-door  
 Where wax-white, dead asleep, deep beyond  
 dream,  
 As the priest laid her, lay Pompilia yet.

And as he mounted step and step with the  
     crowd 1280  
 How I see Guido taking heart again!  
 He knew his wife so well and the way of  
     her—  
 How at the outbreak she would shroud her  
     shame  
 In hell's heart, would it mercifully yawn—  
 How, failing that, her forehead to his foot,  
 She would crouch silent till the great doom  
     fell, 1286  
 Leave him triumphant with the crowd to see  
 Guilt motionless or writhing like a worm!  
 No! Second misadventure, this worm turned,  
 I told you: would have slain him on the  
     spot 1290  
 With his own weapon, but they seized her  
     hands:  
 Leaving her tongue free, as it tolled the knell  
 Of Guido's hope so lively late. The past  
 Took quite another shape now. She who  
     shrieked 1294  
 "At least and for ever I am mine and God's,  
 "Thanks to his liberating angel Death—  
 "Never again degraded to be yours  
 "The ignoble noble, the unmanly man,  
 "The beast below the beast in brutish-  
     ness!"—  
 This was the froward child, "the restif lamb  
 "Used to be cherished in his breast," he  
     groaned— 1301

"Eat from his hand and drink from out his  
     cup,  
 "The while his fingers pushed their loving  
     way  
 "Through curl on curl of that soft coat—alas,  
 "And she all silverly baaed gratitude 1305  
 "While meditating mischief!"—and so forth.  
 He must invent another story now!  
 The ins and outs o' the rooms were searched:  
     he found  
 Or showed for found the abominable prize—  
 Love-letters from his wife who cannot write,  
 Love-letters in reply o' the priest—thank  
     God!— 1311  
 Who can write and confront his character  
 With this, and prove the false thing forged  
     throughout:  
 Spitting whereat, he needs must spatter whom  
 But Guido's self?—that forged and falsi-  
     fied 1315  
 One letter called Pompilia's, past dispute:  
 Then why not these to make sure still more  
     sure?

So was the case concluded then and there:  
 Guido preferred his charges in due form, 1319  
 Called on the law to adjudicate, consigned  
 The accused ones to the Prefect of the place,  
 (Oh mouse-birth of that mountain-like re-  
     venge!)  
 And so to his own place betook himself  
 After the spring that failed,—the wildcat's  
     way. 1324  
 The captured parties were conveyed to Rome;  
 Investigation followed here i' the court—  
 Soon to review the fruit of its own work,  
 From then to now being eight months and  
     no more.  
 Guido kept out of sight and safe at home:  
 The Abate, brother Paolo, helped most 1330  
 At words when deeds were out of question,  
     pushed  
 Nearest the purple,<sup>1</sup> best played deputy,  
 So, pleaded, Guido's representative  
 At the court shall soon try Guido's self,—  
     what's more, 1334

<sup>1</sup> *The purple*: the colour of the cardinals.

The court that also took—I told you, Sir—  
That statement of the couple, how a cheat  
Had been in the birth of the babe, no child  
of theirs.

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 other-  
wise? 1341

Shade, but with shine as unmistakable.  
Each had a prompt defence: Pompilia first—  
“Earth was made hell to me who did no  
harm: 1344

“I only could emerge one way from hell  
“By catching at the one hand held me, so  
“I caught at it and thereby stepped to heaven:  
“If that be wrong, do with me what you will!”  
Then Caponsacchi with a grave grand sweep  
O' the arm as though his soul warned base-  
ness off— 1350

“If as a man, then much more as a priest  
“I hold me bound to help weak innocence:  
“If so my worldly reputation burst,  
“Being the bubble it is, why, burst it may:  
“Blame I can bear though not blameworthi-  
ness. 1355

“But use your sense first, see if the miscreant  
proved,

“The man who tortured thus the woman,  
thus

“Have not both laid the trap and fixed the  
lure

“Over the pit should bury body and soul!  
“His facts are lies: his letters are the fact—

“An infiltration flavoured with himself! 1361  
“As for the fancies—whether . . . what is  
it you say?

“The lady loves me, whether I love her  
“In the forbidden sense of your surmise,—

“If, with the midday blaze of truth above, 1365  
“The unlidged eye of God awake, aware,

“You needs must pry about and trace the  
birth

“Of each stray beam of light may traverse  
night,

“To the night's sun that's Lucifer himself,

“Do so, at other time, in other place, 1370

“Not now nor here! Enough that first to last

“I never touched her lip nor she my hand

“Nor either of us thought a thought, much less

“Spoke a word which the Virgin might not  
hear. 1374

“Be such your question, thus I answer it.”

Then the court had to make its mind up, spoke.

“It is a thorny question, yea, a tale

“Hard to believe, but not impossible:

“Who can be absolute for either side?

“A middle course is happily open yet. 1380

“Here has a blot surprised the social blank,—

“Whether through favour, feebleness or fault,

“No matter, leprosy has touched our robe

“And we unclean must needs be purified.

“Here is a wife makes holiday from home, 1385

“A priest caught playing truant to his church,

“In masquerade moreover: both allege

“Enough excuse to stop our lifted scourge

“Which else would heavily fall. On the  
other hand, 1389

“Here is a husband, ay and man of mark,

“Who comes complaining here, demands  
redress

“As if he were the pattern of desert—

“The while those plaguy allegations frown,

“Forbid we grant him the redress he seeks.

“To all men be our moderation known! 1395

“Rewarding none while compensating each,

“Hurting all round though harming nobody,

“Husband, wife, priest, scot-free not one  
shall 'scape,

“Yet priest, wife, husband, boast the un-  
broken head

“From application of our excellent oil: 1400

“So that, whatever be the fact, in fine,

“We make no miss of justice in a sort.

“First, let the husband stomach as he may,

“His wife shall neither be returned him, no—

“Nor branded, whipped and caged, but just  
consigned 1405

“To a convent and the quietude she craves;

“So is he rid of his domestic plague:

“What better thing can happen to a man?

“Next, let the priest retire—unshent, un-  
shamed,

"Unpunished as for perpetrating crime, 1410  
 "But relegated (not imprisoned, Sirs!)  
 "Sent for three years to clarify his youth  
 "At Civita, a rest by the way to Rome:  
 "There let his life skim off its last of lees  
 "Nor keep this dubious colour. Judged the  
     cause: 1415  
 "All parties may retire, content, we hope."  
 That's Rome's way, the traditional road of  
     law;  
 Whither it leads is what remains to tell.

The priest went to his relegation-place,  
 The wife to her convent, brother Paolo 1420  
 To the arms of brother Guido with the news  
 And this beside—his charge was counter-  
     charged;  
 The Comparini, his old brace of hates,  
 Were breathed and vigilant and venomous  
     now— 1424  
 Had shot a second bolt where the first stuck,  
 And followed up the pending dowry-suit  
 By a procedure should release the wife  
 From so much of the marriage-bond as barred  
 Escape when Guido turned the screw too  
     much  
 On his wife's flesh and blood, as husband  
     may. 1430  
 No more defence, she turned and made attack,  
 Claimed now divorce from bed and board, in  
     short:  
 Pleaded such subtle strokes of cruelty,  
 Such slow sure siege laid to her body and  
     soul,  
 As, proved,—and proofs seemed coming thick  
     and fast,— 1435  
 Would gain both freedom and the dowry back  
 Even should the first suit leave them in his  
     grasp:  
 So urged the Comparini for the wife.  
 Guido had gained not one of the good things  
 He grasped at by his creditable plan 1440  
 O' the flight and following and the rest: the  
     suit  
 That smouldered late was fanned to fury new,  
 This adjunct came to help with fiercer fire,  
 While he had got himself a quite new plague—  
 Found the world's face an universal grin 1445

At this last best of the Hundred Merry Tales<sup>1</sup>  
 Of how a young and spritely 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,<sup>2</sup>  
 Told by the Sun, started in hot pursuit 1451  
 To catch the lovers, and came halting up,  
 Cast his net and then called the Gods to see  
 The convicts in their rosy impudence—  
 Whereat said Mercury "Would that I were  
     Mars!" 1455  
 Oh it was rare, and naughty 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  
     sneaked 1460  
 Back to his kennel, tail 'twixt 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  
 Brave Paolo bore up against it all— 1465  
 Battled it out, nor wanting to himself  
 Nor Guido nor the House whose weight he bore  
 Pillar-like, by no force of arm but brain.  
 He knew his Rome, what wheels to set to  
     work;  
 Plied influential folk, pressed to the ear 1470  
 Of the efficacious purple, pushed his way  
 To the old Pope's self,—past decency indeed,—  
 Praying him take the matter in his hands  
 Out of the regular court's incompetence.  
 But times are changed and nephews out of  
     date 1475  
 And favouritism unfashionable: the Pope  
 Said "Render Cæsar what is Cæsar's due!"  
 As for the Comparini's counter-plea,  
 He met that by a counter-plea again,  
 Made Guido claim divorce—with help so far

<sup>1</sup> *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.

<sup>2</sup> *Vulcan's part*: referring to Homer (*Od.* viii. 266 ff.), where Hephestus (Vulcan) is deceived by Aphrodite (Venus), his wife, and Ares (Mars), her lover.

By the trial's issue : for, why punishment  
 However slight unless for guiltiness 1482  
 However slender?—and a molehill serves  
 Much as a mountain of offence this way.  
 So was he gathering strength on every side  
 And growing more and more to menace—  
 when 1486

All of a terrible moment came the blow  
 That beat down Paolo's fence, ended the play  
 O' the foil and brought mannaia on the stage.

Five months had passed now since Pompilia's  
 flight, 1490  
 Months spent in peace among the Convert  
 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 : 1495  
 Grudge it he might, but penitential fare,  
 Prayers, preachings, who but he defrayed  
 the cost ?

So, Paolo dropped, as proxy, doit by doit  
 Like heart's blood, till—what's here ? What  
 notice comes ? 1499

The convent's self makes application bland  
 That, since Pompilia's health is fast o' the wane,  
 She may have leave to go combine her cure  
 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, 1503

Say in a friendly house,—and which so fit  
 As a certain villa in the Pauline way,  
 That happens to hold Pietro and his wife,  
 The natural guardians ? “ Oh, and shift the  
 care

“ You shift the cost, too ; Pietro pays in  
 turn, 1510

“ And lightens Guido of a load ! And then,

“ Villa or convent, two names for one thing,

“ Always the sojourn means imprisonment,

“ *Domus pro carcere*<sup>1</sup>—nowise we relax,

“ Nothing abate : how answers Paolo ?” 1515

You,

<sup>1</sup> *Domus pro carcere* : “ a house in place of  
 a prison.”

What would you answer ? All so smooth  
 and fair,

Even Paul's astuteness sniffed no harm i' the  
 world.

He authorized the transfer, saw it made  
 And, two months after, reaped the fruit of  
 the same, 1530

Having to sit down, rack his brain and find  
 What phrase should serve him best to notify

Our Guido that by happy providence  
 A son and heir, a babe was born to him

I' the villa,—go tell sympathizing friends ! 1525  
 Yes, such had been Pompilia's privilege :

She, when she fled, was one month gone  
 with child,

Known to herself or unknown, either way  
 Availing to explain (say men of art)

The strange and passionate precipitance 1530  
 Of maiden startled into motherhood

Which changes body and soul by nature's law.  
 So when the she-dove breeds, strange yearn-  
 ings come

For the unknown shelter by undreamed-of  
 shores, 1534

And there is born a blood-pulse in her heart  
 To fight if needs be, though with flap of wing,

For the wool-flock or the fur-tuft, though a  
 hawk

Contest the prize,—wherefore, she knows  
 not yet.

Anyhow, thus to Guido came the news. 1539

“ I shall have quitted Rome ere you arrive

“ To take the one step left,”—wrote Paolo.

Then did the winch o' the winepress of all  
 hate,

Vanity, disappointment, grudge and greed,  
 Take the last turn that screws out pure revenge

With a bright bubble at the brim beside— 1545

By an heir's birth he was assured at once

O' the main prize, all the money in dispute :  
 Pompilia's dowry might revert to her

Or stay with him as law's caprice should  
 point,—

But now—now—what was Pietro's shall be  
 hers, 1550

What was hers shall remain her own,—if hers,  
 Why then,—oh, not her husband's but—her

heir's !

That heir being his too, all grew his at last  
By this road or by that road, since they join.  
Before, why, push he Pietro out o' the  
world,— 1555

The current of the money stopped, you see,  
Pompilia being proved no Pietro's child :  
Or let it be Pompilia's life he quenched,  
Again the current of the money stopped,—  
Guido debarred his rights as husband soon,  
So the new process threatened ;—now, the  
chance, 1561

Now, the resplendent minute ! Clear the  
earth,

Cleanse the house, let the three but disappear  
A child remains, depositary of all,  
That Guido may enjoy his own again, 1565  
Repair all losses by a master-stroke,  
Wipe out the past, all done all left undone,  
Swell the good present to best evermore,  
Die into new life, which let blood baptize !

So, i' the blue of a sudden sulphur-blaze, 1570  
Both why there was one step to take at Rome,  
And why heshould not meet with Paolo there,  
He saw—the ins and outs to the heart of  
hell—

And took the straight line thither swift and  
sure.

He rushed to Vittiano, found four sons o'  
the soil, 1575

Brutes of his breeding, with one spark i' the  
clod

That served for a soul, the looking up to him  
Or aught called Franceschini as life, death,  
Heaven, hell,—lord paramount, assembled  
these,

Harangued, equipped, instructed, pressed  
each clod 1580

With his will's imprint ; then took horse,  
plied spur,

And so arrived, all five of them, at Rome  
On Christmas-Eve, and forthwith found  
themselves

Installed i' the vacancy and solitude  
Left them by Paolo, the considerate man

Who, good as his word, had disappeared at  
once 1586

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,  
Struck the year's clock whereof the hours are  
days, 1590

And off was rung o' the little wheels the chime  
" Good will on earth and peace to man : "  
but, two,

Proceeded the same bell and, evening come,  
The dreadful five felt finger-wise their way  
Across the town by blind cuts and black  
turns 1595

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 :  
Ay, and a test conclusive, I return. 1600  
What? Had that name brought touch of  
guilt or taste

Of fear with it, aught to dash the present joy  
With memory of the sorrow just at end,—  
She, happy in her parents' arms at length  
With the new blessing of the two weeks'  
babe,— 1605

How had that name's announcement moved  
the wife ?

Or, as the other slanders circulate,  
Were Caponsacchi no rare visitant  
On nights and days whither safe harbour lured,  
What bait had been i' the name to ope the  
door? 1610

The promise of a letter? Stealthy guests  
Have secret watchwords, private entrances :  
The man's own self might have been found  
inside

And all the scheme made frustrate by a word.  
No : but since Guido knew, none knew so  
well, 1615

The man had never since returned to Rome  
Nor seen the wife's face more than villa's  
front,

So, could not be at hand to warn or save,—  
For that, he took this sure way to the end.

" Come in," bade poor Violante cheerfully,  
Drawing the door-bolt : that death was the  
first, 1620



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. 1625  
 Then they escaped.  
 The noise o' the slaughter roused the neigh-  
 bourhood.  
 They had forgotten just the one thing more  
 Which saves i' the circumstance, the ticket  
 to-wit 1629  
 Which puts post-horses at a traveller's use:  
 So, all on foot, desperate through the dark  
 Reeled they like drunkards along open road,  
 Accomplished a prodigious twenty miles  
 Homeward, and gained Baccano very near,  
 Stumbled at last, deaf, dumb, blind through  
 the feat, 1635  
 Into a grange and, one dead heap, slept there  
 Till the pursuers hard upon their trace  
 Reached them and took them, red from head  
 to heel,  
 And brought them to the prison where they lie.  
 The couple were laid i' the church two days ago,  
 And the wife lives yet by miracle. 1641

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 1645  
 "Just and inevitable,—since no way else  
 "Was left me, but by this of taking life,  
 "To save my honour which is more than life.  
 "I exercised a husband's rights." To which  
 The answer is as prompt—"There was no  
 fault 1650  
 "In any one o' the three to punish thus:  
 "Neither i' the wife, who kept all faith to you,  
 "Nor in the parents, whom yourself first  
 duped,  
 "Robbed and maltreated, then turned out of  
 doors.  
 "You wronged and they endured wrong;  
 yours the fault. 1655  
 "Next, had endurance overpassed the mark

"And turned resentment needing remedy,—  
 "Nay, put the absurd impossible case, for  
 once—  
 "You were all blameless of the blame alleged  
 "And they blameworthy where you fix all  
 blame, 1660  
 "Still, why this violation of the law?  
 "Yourself elected law should take its course,  
 "Avenge wrong, or show vengeance not your  
 right;  
 "Why, only when the balance in law's hand  
 "Trembles against you and inclines the  
 way 1665  
 "O' the other party, do you make protest,  
 "Renounce arbitrament, flying out of court,  
 "And crying 'Honour's hurt the sword must  
 cure'?  
 "Aha, and so i' the middle of each suit  
 "Trying i' the courts,—and you had three  
 in play 1670  
 "With an appeal to the Pope's self beside,—  
 "What, you may chop and change and right  
 your wrongs,  
 "Leaving the law to lag as she thinks fit?"

That were too temptingly commodious, Count!  
 One would have still a remedy in reserve 1675  
 Should reach the safest oldest sinner, you see!  
 One's honour forsooth? Does that take hurt  
 alone  
 From the extreme outrage? I who have no wife,  
 Being yet sensitive in my degree 1679  
 As Guido,—must discover hurt elsewhere  
 Which, half compounded-for in days gone by,  
 May profitably break out now afresh,  
 Need cure from my own expeditious hands.  
 The lie that was, as it were, imputed me 1684  
 When you objected to my contract's clause,—  
 The theft as good as, one may say, alleged,  
 When you, co-heir in a will, excepted, Sir,  
 To my administration of effects,  
 —Aha, do you think law disposed of these?  
 My honour's touched and shall deal death  
 around! 1690  
 Count, that were too commodious, I repeat!  
 If any law be imperative on us all,  
 Of all are you the enemy: out with you  
 From the common light and air and life of man!

## 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 : 5  
And nothing hinders that we lift the case

Out of the shade into the shine, allow  
Qualified persons to pronounce at last,  
Nay, edge in an authoritative word  
Between this rabble's-brabble of dolts and  
fools 10

Who make up reasonless unreasoning Rome.  
“Now for the Trial!” they roar: “the  
Trial to test

“The truth, weigh husband and weigh wife  
alike

“I' the scales of law, make one scale kick  
the beam !”

Law's a machine from which, to please the  
mob, 15

Truth the divinity must needs descend  
And clear things at the play's fifth act—aha !  
Hammer into their noddles who was who  
And what was what. I tell the simpletons

“Could law be competent to such a feat 20  
“'Twere done already: what begins next week

“Is end o' the Trial, last link of a chain  
“Whereof the first was forged three years ago

“When law addressed herself to set wrong  
right, 24

“And proved so slow in taking the first step  
“That ever some new grievance,—tort, retort,

“On one or the other side,—o'ertook i' the  
game,

“Retarded sentence, till this deed of death  
“Is thrown in, as it were, last bale to boat

“Crammed to the edge with cargo—or  
passengers? 30

“*Trecentos inseris*:<sup>1</sup> *ohé, jam satis est!*  
““*Huc appelle!*” — passengers, the word  
must be.”

<sup>1</sup> *Trecentos inseris*, &c.: Horace, *Sat.* I. 5. 12.

Long since, the boat was loaded to my eyes.  
To hear the rabble and brabble, you'd call  
the case 34

Fused and confused past human finding out.  
One calls the square round, t'other the round  
square—

And pardonably in that first surprise  
O' the blood that fell and splashed the diagram:  
But now we've used our eyes to the violent hue  
Can't we look through the crimson and trace  
lines? 40

It makes a man despair of history,  
Eusebius and the established fact—fig's end !  
Oh, give the fools their Trial, rattle away  
With the leash of lawyers, two on either side—  
One barks, one bites,—Masters Arcangeli  
And Spreti,—that's the husband's ultimate  
hope 46

Against the Fisc and the other kind of Fisc,  
Bound to do barking for the wife: bow—wow!  
Why, Excellency, we and his Highness here  
Would settle the matter as sufficiently 50

As ever will Advocate This and Fiscal That  
And Judge the Other, with even—a word  
and a wink—

We well know who for ultimate arbiter.  
Let us beware o' the basset-table<sup>2</sup>—lest  
We jog the elbow of Her Eminence,<sup>3</sup> 55  
Jostle his cards,—he'll rap you out a . . . st !  
By the window-seat ! And here's the Mar-  
quis too !

Indulge me but a moment: if I fail  
—Favoured with such an audience, under-  
stand !—

To set things right, why, class me with the  
mob 60

As understander of the mind of man !

The mob,—now, that's just how the error  
comes !

Bethink you that you have to deal with *plebs*,  
The commonalty; this is an episode

<sup>2</sup> *Basset*: a game of cards, fashionable in the seventeenth century.

<sup>3</sup> *Her Eminence*: an imitation of the Italian idiom, in which “His Eminence,” as we should say, becomes “Sua Eminenza.” Browning uses this idiom occasionally in the present book (*e.g.*, ll. 1632, 1634), but not regularly.

In burges-life,—why seek to aggrandize, 65  
 Idealize, denaturalize the class?  
 People talk just as if they had to do  
 With a noble pair that . . . Excellency,  
 your ear!  
 Stoop to me, Highness,—listen and look  
 yourselves!  
 This Pietro, this Violante, live their life 70  
 At 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 o' the wick,—moneys so  
 much; 76  
 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,  
 Failing fresh twist of tow to use up dregs, 80  
 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 85  
 For wind to ravage, nor dropped till lamp  
 graze 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 90  
 "Like Pietro's, and he drinks it every day!"  
 His wife's heart swelled her boddice, 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 flare,  
 They burn out so, indulge so their dear  
 selves, 96

That Pietro finds himself in debt at last,  
 As he were any lordling of us all:  
 And, now that dark begins to creep on day,  
 Creditors grow uneasy, talk aside, 100  
 Take counsel, then importune all at once.  
 For if the good fat rosy careless man,  
 Who has not laid a ducat by, decease—  
 Let the lamp fall, no heir at hand to catch—  
 Why, being childless, there's a spilth i' the  
 street • 105  
 O' the remnant, there's a scramble for the  
 dregs  
 By the stranger: so, they grant him no long  
 day  
 But come in a body, clamour to be paid.  
 What's his resource? He asks and straight  
 obtains  
 The customary largess, dole dealt out 110  
 To, what we call our "poor dear shame-  
 faced ones,"  
 In secret once a month to spare the shame  
 O' the slothful and the spendthrift,—pauper-  
 saints  
 The Pope puts meat i' the mouth of, ravens  
 they,  
 And providence he—just what the mob  
 admires! 115  
 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 119  
 And gracious puts it in the vermin's way.  
 Pietro could never save a dollar? Straight  
 He must be subsidized at our expense:  
 And for his wife—the harmless household  
 sheep  
 One ought not to see harasse l in her age—  
 Judge, by the way she bore adversity, 125  
 O' the patient nature you ask pity for!  
 How long, now, wou'd the roughest market-  
 man,  
 Handling the creatures huddled to the knife,  
 Harass a mutton ere she made a mouth  
 Or menaced biting? Yet the poor sheep  
 here, 130  
 Violante, the old innocent burges-wife,

In her first difficulty showed great teeth  
Fit to crunch up and swallow a good round  
crime.

She meditates the tenure of the Trust,  
*Fidei commissum* is the lawyer-phrase, 135  
These funds that only want an heir to take—  
Goes o'er the gamut o' the creditor's cry  
By semitones from whine to snarl high up  
And growl down low, one scale in sundry  
keys,— 139

Pauses with a little compunction for the face  
Of Pietro frustrate of its ancient cheer,—  
Never a bottle now for friend at need,—  
Comes to a stop on her own frittered lace  
And neighbourly condolences thereat,  
Then makes her mind up, sees the thing  
to do : 145

And so, deliberate, snaps house-book clasp,  
Posts off to vespers, missal beneath arm,  
Passes the proper San Lorenzo by,  
Dives down a little lane to the left, is lost  
In a labyrinth of dwellings best unnamed, 150  
Selects a certain blind one, black at base,  
Blinking at top,—the sign of we know what,—  
One candle in a casement set to wink  
Streetward, do service to no shrine inside,—  
Mounts thither by the filthy flight of stairs, 155  
Holding the cord by the wall, to the tip-top,  
Gropes for the door i' the dark, ajar of course,  
Raps, opens, enters in : up starts a thing  
Naked as needs be—"What, you rogue, 'tis  
you?  
"Back,—how can I have taken a farthing  
yet? 160  
"Mercy on me, poor sinner that I am!  
"Here's . . . why, I took you for Madonna's  
self  
"With all that sudden swirl of silk i' the  
place!  
"What may your pleasure be, my bonny  
dame?" 164

Your Excellency supplies aught left obscure?  
One of those women that abound in Rome,  
Whose needs oblige them eke out one poor  
trade  
By another vile one : her ostensible work  
Was washing clothes, out in the open air  
At the cistern by Citorio ; her true trade—

Whispering to idlers, when they stopped and  
praised 171  
The ankles she let liberally shine  
In kneeling at the slab by the fountain-side,  
That there was plenty more to criticize  
At home, that eve, i' the house where candle  
blinked 175  
Decorously above, and all was done  
I' the holy fear of God and cheap beside.  
Violante, now, had seen this woman wash,  
Noticed and envied her propitious shape,  
Tracked her home to her house-top, noted  
too, 180  
And now was come to tempt her and propose  
A bargain far more shameful than the first  
Which trafficked her virginity away  
For a melon and three pauls at twelve years  
old.  
Five minutes' talk with this poor child of  
Eve, 185  
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,  
"Paying beside for mass to make all  
straight : 190  
"Meantime, I pouch the earnest-money-  
piece."

Down stairs again goes fumbling by the rope  
Violante, triumphing in a flourish of fire  
From her own brain, self-lit by such success,—  
Gains church in time for the "*Magnificat*" 195  
And gives forth "My reproof is taken away,  
"And blessed shall mankind proclaim me  
now,"  
So that the officiating priest turns round  
To see who proffers the obstreperous praise :  
Then home to Pietro, the enraptured-much  
But puzzled-more when told the wondrous  
news— 201  
How orisons and works of charity,  
(Beside that pair of pinners and a coil,  
Birth-day surprise last Wednesday was five  
weeks) 204  
Had borne fruit in the autumn of his life,—  
They, or the Orvieto in a double dose.

Anyhow, she must keep house next six months,  
Lie on the settle, avoid the three-legged stool,  
And, chiefly, not be crossed in wish or whim,  
And the result was like to be an heir. 210

Accordingly, when time was come about,  
He found himself the sire indeed of this  
Francesca Vittoria Pompilia and the rest  
O' the names whereby he sealed her his, next  
day.

A crime complete in its way is here, I hope?  
Lies to God, lies to man, every way lies 218  
To nature and civility and the mode :

Flat robbery of the proper heirs thus foiled  
O' the due succession,—and, what followed  
thence,

Robbery of God, through the confessor's  
ear 220

Debarred the most note-worthy incident  
When all else done and undone twelve-month  
through

Was put in evidence at Easter-time.  
All other peccadillos!—but this one  
To the priest who comes next day to dine  
with us? 225

'Twere inexpedient; decency forbade.

Is so far clear? You know Violante now,  
Compute her capability of crime  
By this authentic instance? Black hard cold  
Crime like a stone you kick up with your  
foot 230

I' the middle of a field?

I thought as much.

But now, a question,—how long does it lie,  
The bad and barren bit of stuff you kick,  
Before encroached on and encompassed  
round 235

With minute moss, weed, wild-flower—made  
alive

By worm, and fly, and foot of the free bird?  
Your Highness,—healthy minds let bygones  
be,

Leave old crimes to grow young and virtuous-  
like

I' the sun and air; so time treats ugly  
deeds: 240

They take the natural blessing of all change.  
There was the joy of the husband's youth,  
The softening of the wife's old wicked heart,  
Virtues to right and left, profusely paid  
If so they might compensate the saved  
sin. 245

And then the sudden existence, dewy-dear,  
O' the rose above the dunghheap, the pure  
child

As good as new created, since withdrawn  
From the horror of the pre-appointed lot  
With the unknown father and the mother  
known 250

Too well,—some fourteen years of squalid  
youth,

And then libertinage, disease, the grave—  
Hell in life here, hereafter life in hell:  
Look at that horror and this soft repose!

Why, moralist, the sin has saved a soul! 255  
Then, even the palpable grievance to the  
heirs—

'Faith, this was no frank setting hand to throat  
And robbing a man, but . . . Excellency,  
by your leave,

How did you get that marvel of a gem,  
The sapphire with the Graces grand and  
Greek? 260

The story is, stooping to pick a stone  
From the pathway through a vineyard—no  
man's-land—

To pelt a sparrow with, you chanced on this:  
Why now, do those five clowns o' the family  
O' the vinedresser digest their porridge  
worse 265

That not one keeps it in his goatskin pouch  
To do flint's-service with the tinder-box?  
Don't cheat me, don't cheat you, don't cheat  
a friend,

But are you so hard on who jostles just  
A stranger with no natural sort of claim 270  
To the havings and the holdings (here's the  
point)

Unless by misadventure, and defect  
Of that which ought to be—nay, which there's  
none

Would dare so much as wish to profit by—  
Since who dares put in just so many words 275  
"May Pietro fail to have a child, please God!

"So shall his house 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, 280  
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 unsinning sin 285  
Is to begin well-doing somehow else.  
Pietro,—remember, with no sin at all  
I' the substitution,—why, this gift of God  
Flung in his lap from over Paradise 288  
Steadied him in a moment, set him straight  
On the good path he had been straying from.  
Henceforward no more wilfulness and waste,  
Cuppings, carousings,—these a sponge wiped  
out.

All sort of self-denial was easy now  
For the child's sake, the chatelaine to be, 295  
Who must want much and might want who  
knows what?

And so, the debts were paid, habits reformed,  
Expense curtailed, the dowry set to grow.  
As for the wife,—I said, hers the whole sin :  
So, hers the exemplary penance. 'Twas a  
text 300

Whereon folk preached and praised, the dis-  
trict through :

"Oh, make us happy and you make us good !  
"It all comes of God giving her a child :  
"Such graces follow God's best earthly gift!"

Here you put by my guard, pass to my  
heart 305  
By the home-thrust—"There's a lie at base  
of all."

Why, thou exact Prince, is it a pearl or no,  
Yon globe upon the Principessa's neck?  
That great round glory of pellucid stuff,  
A fish secreted round a grain of grit ! 310  
Do you call it worthless for the worthless core?  
(She doesn't, who well knows what she  
changed for it.)

So, to our brace of burgesses again !

You see so far i' the story, who was right,  
Who wrong, who neither, don't you? What,  
you don't? 315

Eh? Well, admit there's somewhat dark i'  
the case,

Let's on—the rest shall clear, I promise you.  
Leap over a dozen years: you find, these past,  
An old good easy creditable sire, 318  
A careful housewife's beaming bustling face,  
Both wrapped up in the love of their one child,  
The strange tall pale beautiful creature grown  
Lily-like out o' the cleft i' the sun-smit rock  
To bow its white miraculous birth of buds  
I' the way of wandering Joseph and his  
spouse,— 325

So painters fancy : here it was a fact.  
And this their lily,—could they but transplant  
And set in vase to stand by Solomon's porch  
'Twixt lion and lion!—this Pompilia of theirs,  
Could they see worthily married, well be-  
stowed, 330

In house and home! And why despair of  
this

With Rome to choose from, save the topmost  
rank?

Themselves would help the choice with heart  
and soul,

Throw their late savings in a common heap  
To go with the dowry, and be followed in  
time 335

By the heritage legitimately hers :  
And when such paragon was found and fixed,  
Why, they might chant their "*Nunc dimittis*"  
straight.

Indeed the prize was simply full to a fault,  
Exorbitant for the suitor they should seek,  
And social class should choose among, these  
cits. 341

Yet there's a latitude : exceptional white  
Amid the general brown o' the species, lurks  
A burgess nearly an aristocrat,  
Legitimately in reach: look out for him ! 345  
What banker, merchant, has seen better days,  
What second-rate painter a-pushing up,  
Poet a-slipping down, shall bid the best  
For this young beauty with the thumping  
purse?

Alack, were it but one of such as these 350	Throws back no heat upon the parent-hearth.
So like the real thing that they pass for it,	The family instinct felt out for its fire
All had gone well! Unluckily, poor souls,	To the Church,—the Church traditionally
It proved to be the impossible thing itself,	helps 390
Truth and not sham: hence ruin to them all.	
For, Guido Franceschini was the head 355	A second son: and such was Paolo,
Of an old family in Arezzo, old	Established here at Rome these thirty years,
To that degree they could afford be poor	Who played the regular game,—priest and
Better than most: the case is common too.	Abate,
Out of the vast door 'scutcheoned overhead,	Made friends, owned house and land, became
Creeps out a serving-man on Saturdays 360	of use 394
To cater for the week,—turns up anon	To a personage: his course lay clear enough.
I' the market, chaffering for the lamb's	The youngest caught the sympathetic flame,
least leg,	And, though unfledged wings kept him still
Or the quarter-fowl, less entrails, claws and	i' the cage,
comb:	Yet he shot up to be a Canon, so
Then back again with prize,—a liver begged	Clung to the higher perch and crowed in
Into the bargain, gizzard overlooked. 365	hope.
He's mincing these to give the beans a taste,	Even our Guido, eldest brother, went 400
When, at your knock, he leaves the simmering	As far i' the way o' the Church as safety
soup,	seemed,
Waits on the curious stranger-visitant,	He being Head o' the House, ordained to
Napkin in half-wiped hand, to show the	wife,—
rooms,	So, could but dally with an Order or two
Point pictures out have hung their hundred	And testify good-will i' the cause: he clipped
years, 370	His top-hair and thus far affected Christ. 405
"Priceless," he tells you,—puts in his place	But main promotion must fall otherwise,
at once	Though still from the side o' the Church:
The man of money: yes, you're banker-king	and here was he
Or merchant-kaiser, wallow in your wealth	At Rome, since first youth, worn threadbare
While patron, the house-master, can't afford	of soul
To stop our ceiling-hole that rain so rots:	By forty-six years' rubbing on hard life,
But he's the man of mark, and there's his	Getting fast tired o' the game whose word is
shield, 376	—"Wait!" 410
And yonder's the famed Rafael, first in kind,	When one day,—he too having his Cardinal
The painter painted for his grandfather,	To serve in some ambiguous sort, as serve
And you have paid to see: "Good morning,	To draw the coach the plumes o' the horses'
Sir!"	heads,—
Such is the law of compensation. Still 380	The Cardinal saw fit to dispense with him,
The poverty was getting nigh acute;	Ride with one plume the less; and off it
There gaped so many noble mouths to feed,	dropped. 415
Beans must suffice unflavoured of the fowl.	
The mother,—hers would be a spun-out life	Guido thus left,—with a youth spent in vain
I' the nature of things; the sisters had done	And not a penny in purse to show for it,—
well 385	Advised with Paolo, bent no doubt in chafe
And married men of reasonable rank:	The black brows somewhat formidably,
But that sort of illumination stops,	growled 419
	"Where is the good I came to get at Rome?"
	"Where the repayment of the servitude

"To a purple popinjay, 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  
 luck, 425  
 "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 . . .  
 well, well— 430  
 "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.  
 "Fie on you, all the Honours in your fist,  
 "Countship, Househeadship,—how have you  
 misdealt ! 435  
 "Why, in the first place, these will marry a  
 man !  
 "*Notum tonsoribus!*<sup>1</sup> To the Tonsor then !  
 "Come, clear your looks, and choose your  
 freshest suit,  
 "And, after function's done with, down we go  
 "To the woman-dealer in perukes, a wench  
 "I and some others settled in the shop 441  
 "At Place Colonna: she's an oracle. Hmm !  
 "Dear, 'tis my brother: brother, 'tis my dear.  
 "Dear, give us counsel! Whom do you  
 suggest  
 "As properest party in the quarter round  
 "For the Count here?—he is minded to  
 take wife, 446  
 "And further tells me he intends to slip  
 "Twenty zecchines under the bottom-scalp  
 "Of his old wig when he sends it to revive  
 "For the wedding: and I add a trifle too.  
 "You know what personage I'm potent  
 with." 451  
 And so plumped out Pompilia's name the first.  
 She told them of the household and its ways,  
 The easy husband and the shrewder wife  
 In Via Vittoria,—how the tall young girl, 455  
 With hair black as yon patch and eyes as big  
 As yon pomander to make freckles fly,

<sup>1</sup> *Notum tonsoribus*: "known to the barbers."  
 See note on II. 115.

Would have so much for certain, and so much  
 more  
 In likelihood,—why, it suited, slipped as  
 smooth  
 As the Pope's pantoufle does on the Pope's  
 foot. 460  
 "I'll to the husband!" Guido ups and cries.  
 "Ay, so you'd play your last court-card, no  
 doubt!"  
 Puts Paolo in with a groan—"Only, you see,  
 "'Tis I, this time, that supervise your lead.  
 "Priests play with women, maids, wives,  
 mothers—why? 465  
 "These play with men and take them off our  
 hands.  
 "Did I come, counsel with some cut-beard  
 gruff  
 "Or rather this sleek young-old barberess?  
 "Go, brother, stand you rapt in the ante-room  
 "Of Her Efficacity my Cardinal 470  
 "For an hour,—he likes to have lord-suitors  
 lounge,—  
 "While I betake myself to the grey mare,  
 "The better horse,—how wise the people's  
 word!—  
 "And wait on Madam Violante."

Said and done.

He was at Via Vittoria in three skips: 476  
 Proposed at once to fill up the one want  
 O' the burges-family which, wealthy enough,  
 And comfortable to heart's desire, yet crouched  
 Outside a gate to heaven,—locked, bolted,  
 barred, 480  
 Whereof Count Guido had a key he kept  
 Under his pillow, but Pompilia's hand  
 Might slide behind his neck and pilfer thence.  
 The key was fairy; its mere mention made  
 Violante feel the thing shoot one sharp ray  
 That reached the womanly heart: so—"I  
 assent! 486  
 "Yours be Pompilia, hers and ours that key  
 "To all the glories of the greater life!  
 "There's Pietro to convince: leave that to  
 me!"

Then was the matter broached to Pietro;  
 then 490



Did Pietro make demand and get response  
 That in the Countship was a truth, but in  
 The counting up of the Count's cash, a lie.  
 He thereupon stroked grave his chin, looked  
 great,  
 Declined the honour. Then the wife wiped  
 tear, 495  
 Winked with the other eye turned Paolo-ward,  
 Whispered Pompilia, stole to church at eve,  
 Found Guido there and got the marriage done,  
 And finally begged pardon at the feet  
 Of her dear lord and master. Whereupon  
 Quoth Pietro—"Let us make the best of  
 things!" 501  
 "I knew your love would license us," quoth  
 she:  
 Quoth Paolo once more, "Mothers, wives  
 and maids,  
 "These be the tools wherewith priests manage  
 men."  
  
 Now, here take breath and ask,—which bird  
 o' the brace 505  
 Decoyed the other into clapnet? Who  
 Was fool, who knave? Neither and both,  
 perchance.  
 There was a bargain mentally proposed  
 On each side, straight and plain and fair  
 enough;  
 Mind knew its own mind: but when mind  
 must speak, 510  
 The bargain have expression in plain terms,  
 There came the blunder incident to words,  
 And in the clumsy process, fair turned foul.  
 The straight backbone-thought of the crooked  
 speech 514  
 Were just—"I Guido truck my name and rank  
 "For so much money and youth and female  
 charms.—  
 "We Pietro and Violante give our child  
 "And wealth to you for a rise i' the world  
 thereby."  
 Such naked truth while chambered in the brain  
 Shocks nowise: walk it forth by way of  
 tongue,— 520  
 Out on the cynical unseemliness!  
 Hence was the need, on either side, of a lie  
 To serve as decent wrappage: so, Guido gives

Money for money,—and they, bride for groom,  
 Having, he, not a doit, they, not a child 525  
 Honestly theirs, but this poor waif and stray.  
 According to the words, each cheated each;  
 But in the inexpressive barter of thoughts,  
 Each did give and did take the thing designed,  
 The rank on this side and the cash on that—  
 Attained the object of the traffic, so. 531  
 The way of the world, the daily bargain struck  
 In the first market! Why sells Jack his ware?  
 "For the sake of serving an old customer."  
 Why does Jill buy it? "Simply not to  
 break 535  
 "A custom, pass the old stall the first time."  
 Why, you know where the gist is of the  
 exchange:  
 Each sees a profit, throws the fine words in.  
 Don't be too hard o' the pair! Had each pre-  
 tence  
 Been simultaneously discovered, stript 540  
 From off the body o' the transaction, just  
 As when a cook (will Excellency forgive?)  
 Strips away those long rough superfluous legs  
 From either side the crayfish, leaving folk  
 A meal all meat henceforth, no garnishry,  
 (With your respect, Prince!)—balance had  
 been kept, 546  
 No party blamed the other,—so, starting fair,  
 All subsequent fence of wrong returned by  
 wrong  
 I' the matrimonial thrust and parry, at least  
 Had followed on equal terms. But, as it  
 chanced, 550  
 One party had the advantage, saw the cheat  
 Of the other first and kept its own concealed:  
 And the luck o' the first discovery fell, beside,  
 To the least adroit and self-possessed o' the  
 pair.  
 'Twas foolish Pietro and his wife saw first  
 The nobleman was penniless, and screamed  
 "We are cheated!" 557

Such unprofitable noise

Angers at all times: but when those who  
 plague,  
 Do it from inside your own house and home,  
 Gnats which yourself have closed the curtain  
 round, 561

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 665  
To oust them and suppress the wail and  
whine,—

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 670

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 676  
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. 680

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, 686  
"Might end to-morrow did heaven's windows  
ope,

"Or uncle die and leave me his estate.

"You should have put up with the minor  
flaw,

"Getting the main prize of the jewel. If  
wealth, 690

"Not rank, had been prime object in your  
thoughts,

"Why not have taken the butcher's son, the  
boy

"O' the baker or candlestick-maker? In all  
the rest,

"It was yourselves broke compact and played  
false, 694

"And made a life in common impossible.

"Show me the stipulation of our bond

"That you should make your profit of being  
inside

"My house, to hustle and edge me out o' the  
same,

"First make a laughing-stock of mine and me,

"Then round us in the ears from morn to  
night 600

"(Because we show wry faces at your mirth)

"That you are robbed, starved, beaten and  
what not!

"You fled a hell of your own lighting-up,

"Pay for your own miscalculation too: 604

"You thought nobility, gained at any price,

"Would suit and satisfy,—find the mistake,

"And now retaliate, not on yourselves, but me.

"And how? By telling me, i' the face of  
the world,

"I it is have been cheated all this while,

"Abominably and irreparably,—my name 610

"Given to a cur-cast mongrel, a drab's brat,

"A beggar's bye-blow,—thus depriving me

"Of what yourselves allege the whole and sole

"Aim on my part i' the marriage,—money  
to-wit.

"This thrust I have to parry by a guard 615

"Which leaves me open to a counter-thrust

"On the other side,—no way but there's a pass

"Clean through me. If I prove, as I hope  
to do,

"There's not one truth in this your odious tale

"O' the buying, selling, substituting—prove

"Your daughter was and is your daughter,—  
well, 621

"And her dowry hers and therefore mine,—  
what then?

"Why, where's the appropriate punishment  
for this

"Enormous lie hatched for mere malice' sake

"To ruin me? Is that a wrong or no? 625

"And if I try revenge for remedy,

"Can I well make it strong and bitter  
enough?"

I anticipate however—only ask,  
Which of the two here sinned most? A nice  
point! 629

Which brownness is least black,—decide who  
can, 630  
Wager-by-battle-of-cheating! What do you  
say,  
Highness? Suppose, your Excellency, we  
leave  
The question at this stage, proceed to the  
next,  
Both parties step out, fight their prize upon,  
In the eye o' the world? 635  
    They brandish law 'gainst law ;  
The grinding of such blades, each parry of  
each,  
Throws terrible sparks off, over and above  
the thrusts,  
And makes more sinister the fight, to the eye,  
Than the very wounds that follow. Beside  
the tale 640  
Which the Comparini have to re-assert,  
They needs must write, print, publish all  
abroad  
The straitnesses of Guido's household life—  
The petty nothings we bear privately  
But break down under when fools flock to  
jeer. 645  
What is it all to the facts o' the couple's case,  
How helps it prove Pompilia not their child,  
If Guido's mother, brother, kith and kin  
Fare ill, lie hard, lack clothes, lack fire, lack  
food?  
That's one more wrong than needs. 650

On the other hand,

Guido,—whose cue is to dispute the truth  
O' the tale, reject the shame it throws on  
him,—  
He may retaliate, fight his foe in turn  
And welcome, we allow. Ay, but he can't !  
He's at home, only acts by proxy here : 655  
Law may meet law, —but all the gibes and jeers,  
The superfluity of naughtiness,  
Those libels on his House,—how reach at  
them?  
Two hateful faces, grinning all a-glow, 660  
Not only make parade of spoil they filched,  
But foul him from the height of a tower, you  
see.  
Unluckily temptation is at hand—

To take revenge on a trifle overlooked,  
A pet lamb they have left in reach outside, 665  
Whose first bleat, when he plucks the wool  
away,  
Will strike the grinners grave: his wife  
remains  
Who, four months earlier, some thirteen years  
old,  
Never a mile away from mother's house  
And petted to the height of her desire, 670  
Was told one morning that her fate had come,  
She must be married—just as, a month before,  
Her mother told her she must comb her hair  
And twist her curls into one knot behind.  
These fools forgot their pet lamb, fed with  
flowers, 675  
Then 'ticed as usual by the bit of cake  
Out of the bower into the butchery.  
Plague her, he plagues them threefold : but  
how plague?  
The world may have its word to say to that :  
You can't do some things with impunity. 680  
What remains . . . well, it is an ugly  
thought . . .  
But that he drive herself to plague herself—  
Herself disgrace herself and so disgrace  
Who seek to disgrace Guido?

There's the clue

To what else seems gratuitously vile, 685  
If, as is said, from this time forth the rack  
Was tried upon Pompilia : 'twas to wrench  
Her limbs into exposure that brings shame.  
The aim o' the cruelty being so crueller still, 690  
That cruelty almost grows compassion's self  
Could one attribute it to mere return  
O' the parents' outrage, wrong avenging  
wrong.  
They see in this a deeper deadlier aim,  
Not to vex just a body they held dear, 695  
But blacken too a soul they boasted white,  
And show the world their saint in a lover's  
arms,  
No matter how driven thither,—so they say.  
On the other hand, so much is easily said,  
And Guido lacks not an apologist. 700  
The pair had nobody but themselves to blame,

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—nay, Meant she should stay behind and take the chance, 706

If haply 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 sink, amuse the monster while they 'scaped. 711

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 ! 715

—Given, a fair wife, aged thirteen years, A husband poor, care-bitten, sorrow-sunk, Little, long-nosed, bush-bearded, lantern-jawed,

Forty-six years old,—place the two grown one,

She, cut off sheer from every natural aid, 720 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— 724 How evolve happiness from such a match ? 'Twere hard to serve up a congenial dish Out of these ill-agreeing morsels, Duke, By the best exercise of the cook's craft, Best interspersions of spice, salt and sweet ! But let two ghastly scullions concoct mess With brimstone, pitch, vitriol and devil's-dung— 731

Throw in abuse o' the man, his body and soul, Kith, kin and generation, shake all slab

At Rome, *Arezzo*, for the world to nose, 734 Then end by publishing, for hend's arch-prank,

That, over and above sauce to the meat's self, Why, even the meat, bedevilled thus in dish, Was never a pheasant but a carrion-crow—

Prince, what will then the natural loathing be? What wonder if this?—the compound plague o' the pair 740

Pricked Guido,—not to take the course they hoped,

That is, submit him to their statement's truth, Accept its obvious promise of relief,

And thrust them out of doors the girl again Since the girl's dowry would not enter there,

—Quit of the one if balked of the other : no ! 746

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 might, of her own free will and deed, 750

Relieve him of her presence, get her gone, And yet leave all the dowry safe behind,

Confirmed his own henceforward past dispute, While blotting out, as by a belch of hell,

Their triumph in her misery and death. 755

You see, the man was Aretine, had touch O' the subtle air that breeds the subtle wit ; Was noble too, of old blood thrice-refined That shrinks from clownish coarseness in disgust :

Allow that such an one may take revenge, You don't expect he'll catch up stone and fling, 761

Or try cross-buttock, or whirl quarter-staff? Instead of the honest drubbing clowns bestow,

When out of temper at the dinner spoilt, On meddling mother-in-law and tiresome wife,— 765

Substitute for the clown a nobleman, And you have Guido, practising, 'tis said,

Immitigably from the very first, The finer vengeance : this, they say, the fact

O' the famous letter shows—the writing traced At Guido's instance by the timid wife 771

Over the pencilled words himself writ first— Wherein she, who could neither write nor

read,

Was made unblushingly declare a tale To the brother, the Abate then in Rome, 775

How her putative parents had impressed,

On their departure, their enjoiment; bade  
 "We being safely arrived here, follow, you!  
 "Poison your husband, rob, set fire to all,  
 "And then by means o' the gallant you procure 780  
 "With ease, by helpful eye and ready tongue,  
 "Some brave youth ready to dare, do and die,  
 "You shall run off and merrily reach Rome  
 "Where we may live like flies in honey-pot:"— 784

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 Pompilia's path of life, 788  
 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, 795

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,  
 As way of escape: ran to the Commissary,  
 Who bade her not malign his friend her  
 spouse; 800

Flung herself thrice at the Archbishop's feet,  
 Where three times the Archbishop let her lie,  
 Spend her whole sorrow and sob full heart  
 forth,

And then took up the slight load from the  
 ground 804

And bore it back for husband to chastise,—  
 Mildly of course,—but natural right is right.  
 So went she slipping ever yet catching at  
 help,

Missing the high till come to lowest and last,  
 To-wit a certain friar of mean degree,  
 Who heard her story in confession, wept, 810  
 Crossed himself, showed the man within the  
 monk.

"Then, will you save me, you the one i' the  
 world?"

"I cannot even write my woes, nor put

"My prayer for help in words a friend may  
 read,— 814

"I no more own a coin than have an hour  
 "Free of observance,—I was watched to  
 church,

"Am watched now, shall be watched back  
 presently,—

"How buy the skill of scribe i' the market-  
 place?"

"Pray you, write down and send whatever  
 I say

"O' the need I have my parents take me  
 hence!" 820

The good man rubbed his eyes and could not  
 choose—

Let her dictate her letter in such a sense  
 That parents, to save breaking down a wall,  
 Might lift her over: she went back, heaven  
 in heart.

Then the good man took counsel of his couch,  
 Woke and thought twice, the second thought  
 the best: 826

"Here am I, foolish body that I be,  
 "Caught all but pushing, teaching, who but I,

"My betters their plain duty,—what, I dare  
 "Help a case the Archbishop would not  
 help, 830

"Mend matters, peradventure, God lover  
 mar?"

"What hath the married life but strifes and  
 plagues

"For proper dispensation? So a fool  
 "Once touched the ark,—poor Uzzah that  
 I am!

"Oh married ones, much rather should I bid,  
 "In patience all of ye possess your souls! 836

"This life is brief and troubles die with it:  
 "Where were the prick to soar up homeward  
 else?"

So saying, he burnt the letter he had writ,  
 Said *Ave* for her intention, in its place, 840  
 Took snuff and comfort, and had done with  
 all.

Then the grim arms stretched yet a little more  
 And each touched each, all but one streak  
 i' the midst,

Whereat stood Caponsacchi, who cried, "This  
 way, 844

“Out by me! Hesitate one moment more  
 “And the fire shuts out me and shuts in you!  
 “Here my hand holds you life out!” Where-  
 upon

She clasped the hand, which closed on hers  
 and drew

Pompilia out o’ the circle now complete.  
 Whose fault or shame but Guido’s?—ask her  
 friends. 859

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 pro-  
 nounce)

When simply saying in her own defence  
 “The serpent tempted me and I did eat.”

So much of paradisaal nature, Eve’s! 856

Her daughters ever since prefer to urge

“Adam so starved me I was fain accept

“The apple any serpent pushed my way.”

What an elaborate theory have we here, 860

Ingeniously nursed up, pretentiously  
 Brought forth, pushed forward amid trumpet-  
 blast,

To account for the thawing of an icicle,

Show us there needed *Ætna vomit flame*

Ere run the crystal into dew-drops! Else, 865

How, unless hell broke loose to cause the step,

How could a married lady go astray?

Bless the fools! And ’tis just this way they  
 are blessed,

And the world wags still,—because fools are  
 sure 869

—Oh, not of my wife nor your daughter! No!

But of their own: the case is altered quite.

Look now,—last week, the lady we all love,—

Daughter o’ the couple we all venerate,

Wife of the husband we all cap before,

Mother o’ the babes we all breathe blessings  
 on,— 875

Was caught in converse with a negro page.

Hell thawed that icicle, else “Why was it—

“Why?” asked and echoed the fools. “Be-  
 cause, you fools,—”

So did the dame’s self answer, she who could,

With that fine candour only forthcoming 880

When ’tis no odds whether withheld or no—

“Because my husband was the saint you say,  
 “And,—with that childish goodness, absurd  
 faith,

“Stupid self-satisfaction, you so praise,—

“Saint to you, insupportable to me. 885

“Had he,—instead of calling me fine names,

“Lucretia and Susanna and so forth,

“And curtaining Correggio carefully

“Lest I be taught that Leda had two legs,—

“—But once never so little tweaked my nose

“For peeping through my fan at Carnival, 891

“Confessing thereby ‘I have no easy task—

“‘I need use all my powers to hold you mine,

“‘And then,—why ’tis so doubtful if they  
 serve,

“‘That—take this, as an earnest of despair!’

“Why, we were quits: I had wiped the  
 harm away, 896

“Thought ‘The man fears me!’ and fore-  
 gone revenge.”

We must not want all this elaborate work  
 To solve the problem why young Fancy-and-  
 flesh

Slips from the dull side of a spouse in years,  
 Betakes it to the breast of Brisk-and-bold 901

Whose love-scrapes furnish talk for all the  
 town!

Accordingly one word on the other side  
 Tips over the piled-up fabric of a tale.

Guido says—that is, always, his friends say—

It is unlikely, from the wickedness, 906

That any man treat any woman so.

The letter in question was her very own,

Unprompted and unaided: she could write—

As able to write as ready to sin, or free, 910

When there was danger, to deny both facts.

He bids you mark, herself from first to last

Attributes all the so-styled torture just

To jealousy,—jealousy of whom but just

This very Caponsacchi! How suits here 915

This with the other alleged motive, Prince?

Would Guido make a terror of the man

He meant should tempt the woman, as they  
 charge?

Do you fright your hare that you may catch  
 your hare?

Consider too, the charge was made and met

At the proper time and place where proofs  
were plain— 921

Heard patiently and disposed of thoroughly  
By the highest powers, possessors of most  
light,  
The Governor for the law, and the Archbishop  
For the gospel : which acknowledged prima-  
cies, 925

'Tis impudently pleaded, he could warp  
Into a tacit partnership with crime—  
He being the while, believe their own account,  
Impotent, penniless and miserable !  
He further asks — Duke, note the knotty  
point !— 930

How he,—concede him skill to play such part  
And drive his wife into a gallant's arms,—  
Could bring the gallant to play his part too  
And stand with arms so opportunely wide ?  
How bring this Caponsacchi,—with whom,  
friends 935

And foes alike agree, throughout his life  
He never interchanged a civil word  
Nor lifted courteous cap to—him how bend  
To such observancy of beck and call,  
—To undertake this strange and perilous feat  
For the good of Guido, using, as the lure, 941  
Pompilia whom, himself and she avouch,  
He had nor spoken with nor seen, indeed,  
Beyond sight in a public theatre,  
When she wrote letters (she that could not  
write !) 945

The importunate shamelessly-protested love  
Which brought him, though reluctant, to her  
feet,  
And forced on him the plunge which, how-  
soe'er  
She might swim up i' the whirl, must bury him  
Under abysmal black : a priest contrive 950  
No better, no amour to be hushed up,  
But open flight and noon-day infamy ?  
Try and concoct defence for such revolt !  
Take the wife's tale as true, say she was  
wronged,—  
Pray, in what rubric of the breviary 955  
Do you find it registered—the part of a priest  
Is—that to right wrongs from the church he  
skip,  
Go journeying with a woman that's a wife,

And be pursued, o'ertaken and captured . . .  
how ?

In a lay-dress, playing the kind sentinel 960  
Where the wife sleeps (says he who best  
should know)  
And sleeping, sleepless, both have spent the  
night !  
Could no one else be found to serve at need—  
No woman—or if man, no safer sort  
Than this not well-reputed turbulence ? 965

Then, look into his own account o' the case !  
He, being the stranger and astonished one,  
Yet received protestations of her love  
From lady neither known nor cared about :  
Love, so protested, bred in him disgust 970  
After the wonder,—or incredulity,  
Such impudence seeming impossible.  
But, soon assured such impudence might be,  
When he had seen with his own eyes at last  
Letters thrown down to him i' the very street  
From behind lattice where the lady lurked, 975  
And read their passionate summons to her  
side—  
Why then, a thousand thoughts swarmed up  
and in,—  
How he had seen her once, a moment's space,  
Observed she was both young and beautiful,  
Heard everywhere report she suffered much  
From a jealous husband thrice her age,—in  
short 982

There flashed the propriety, expediency  
Of treating, trying might they come to terms,  
—At all events, granting the interview 985  
Prayed for, one so adapted to assist  
Decision as to whether he advance,  
Stand or retire, in his benevolent mood !  
Therefore the interview befell at length ;  
And at this one and only interview, 990  
He saw the sole and single course to take—  
Bade her dispose of him, head, heart and hand,  
Did her behest and braved the consequence,  
Not for the natural end, the love of man  
For woman whether love be virtue or vice, 995  
But, please you, altogether for pity's sake—  
Pity of innocence and helplessness !  
And how did he assure himself of both ?  
Had he been the house-inmate, visitor,

- Eye-witness of the described martyrdom, 1000  
 So, competent to pronounce its remedy  
 Ere rush on such extreme and desperate  
 course—  
 Involving such enormity of harm,  
 Moreover, to the husband judged thus,  
 doomed 1004  
 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  
 to it,  
 Trying its truth by your own instinct too,  
 Since that's to be the expeditious mode? 1010  
 "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-  
 ship 1015  
 "Than here avowed by my wife and this  
 priest.  
 "Only, it did not: you must substitute  
 "The old stale unromantic way of fault,  
 "The commonplace adventure, mere intrigue  
 "In prose form with the unpoetic tricks,  
 "Cheatings and lies: they used the hackney  
 chair 1021  
 "Satan jaunts forth with, shabby and service-  
 able,  
 "No gilded gimcrack-novelty from below,  
 "To bowl you along thither, swift and sure.  
 "That same officious go-between, the wench  
 "Who gave and took the letters of the two, 1026  
 "Now offers self and service back to me:  
 "Bears testimony to visits night by night  
 "When all was safe, the husband far and  
 away,—  
 "To many a timely slipping out at large  
 "By light o' the morning-star, ere he should  
 wake. 1031  
 "And when the fugitives were found at last,  
 "Why, with them were found also, to belie  
 "What protest they might make of inno-  
 cence,  
 "All documents yet wanting, if need were,
- "To establish guilt in them, disgrace in  
 me— 1036  
 "The chronicle o' the converse from its rise  
 "To culmination in this outrage: read!  
 "Letters from wife to priest, from priest to  
 wife,—  
 "Here they are, read and say where they  
 chime in 1040  
 "With the other tale, superlative purity  
 "O' the pair of saints! I stand or fall by  
 these."  
 But then on the other side again,—how say  
 The pair of saints? That not one word is  
 theirs—  
 No syllable o' the batch or writ or sent 1046  
 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. 1049  
 "Oh yes—we had our missives, each of us!  
 "Not these, but to the full as vile, no doubt:  
 "Hers as from me,—she could not read, so  
 burnt,—  
 "Mine as from her,—I burnt because I read.  
 "Who forged and found them? *Cui pro-  
 fuerint!*"<sup>1</sup>  
 (I take the phrase out of your Highness'  
 mouth) 1055  
 "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 o' the  
 tale 1060  
 "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,
- <sup>1</sup> *Cui profuerint*: "he who would profit by  
 them?"



"When will and power were mine to end at  
 once 1066  
 "Safely and surely? Murder had come first  
 "Not last with such a man, assure your-  
 selves!  
 "The silent *acquetta*,<sup>1</sup> stilling at command—  
 "A drop a day i' the wine or soup, the  
 dose,— 1070  
 "The shattering beam that breaks above the  
 bed  
 "And beats out brains, with nobody to blame  
 "Except the wormy age which eats even  
 oak,—  
 "Nay, the staunch steel or trusty cord,—  
 who cares  
 "P' the blind old palace, a pitfall at each  
 step, 1075  
 "With none to see, much more to interpose  
 "O' the two, three, creeping house-dog-  
 servant-things  
 "Born mine and bred mine? Had I willed  
 gross death,  
 "I had found nearer paths to thrust him prey  
 "Than this that goes meandering here and  
 there 1080  
 "Through half the world and calls down in  
 its course  
 "Notice and noise,—hate, vengeance, should  
 it fail,  
 "Derision and contempt though it succeed!  
 "Moreover, what o' the future son and heir?  
 "The unborn babe about to be called  
 mine,— 1085  
 "What end in heaping all this shame on  
 him,  
 "Were I indifferent to my own black share?  
 "Would I have tried these crookednesses,  
 say,  
 "Willing and able to effect the straight?"  
 "Ay, would you!"—one may hear the  
 priest retort, 1090  
 "Being as you are, i' the stock, a man of  
 guile,  
 "And ruffianism but an added graft.  
 "You, a born coward, try a coward's arms,

<sup>1</sup> *Acquetta*: a kind of slow poison.

"Trick and chicane,—and only when these  
 fail  
 "Does violence follow, and like fox you  
 bite 1095  
 "Caught out in stealing. Also, the disgrace  
 "You hardly shrunk at, wholly shrivelled  
 her:  
 "You plunged her thin white delicate hand  
 i' the flame  
 "Along with your coarse horny brutish fist,  
 "Held them a second there, then drew out  
 both 1100  
 "—Yours roughed a little, hers ruined  
 through and through.  
 "Your hurt would heal forthwith at oint-  
 ment's touch—  
 "Namely, succession to the inheritance  
 "Which bolder crime had lost you: let  
 things change,  
 "The birth o' the boy warrant the bolder  
 crime, 1105  
 "Why, murder was determined, dared and  
 done.  
 "For me," the priest proceeds with his reply,  
 "The look o' the thing, the chances of  
 mistake,  
 "All were against me,—that, I knew the  
 first:  
 "But, knowing also what my duty was, 1110  
 "I did it: I must look to men more skilled  
 "In reading hearts than ever was the world."

Highness, decide! Pronounce, Her Excel-  
 lency!

Or . . . even leave this argument in doubt,  
 Account it a fit matter, taken up 1115  
 With all its faces, manifold enough,  
 To ponder on—what fronts us, the next stage,  
 Next legal process? Guido, in pursuit,  
 Coming up with the fugitives at the inn, 1120  
 Caused both to be arrested then and there  
 And sent to Rome for judgment on the case—  
 Thither, with all his armoury of proofs,  
 Betook himself: 'tis there we'll meet him now,  
 Waiting the further issue.

Here you smile

"And never let him henceforth dare to  
 plead,— 1125

- "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 ? 1130  
 "Why, Count and cavalier, the husband  
 comes  
 "And catches foe i' 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— 1135  
 "Though the ambiguous first appearance,  
 mount  
 "Of solid injury, melt soon to mist,  
 "Still,—had he slain the lover and the wife—  
 "Or, since she was a woman and his wife,  
 "Slain him, but stript her naked to the skin  
 "Or at best left no more of an attire 1141  
 "Than patch sufficient to pin paper to,  
 "Some one love-letter, infamy and all,  
 "As passport to the Paphos<sup>1</sup> fit for such,  
 "Safe-conduct to her natural home the  
 stews,— 1145  
 "Good ! One had recognized the power o'  
 the pulse.  
 "But when he stands, the stock-fish,—sticks  
 to law—  
 "Offers the hole in his heart, all fresh and  
 warm,  
 "For scrivener's pen to poke and play about—  
 "Can stand, can stare, can tell his beads  
 perhaps, 1150  
 "Oh, let us hear no syllable o' the rage !  
 "Such rage were a convenient afterthought  
 "For one who would have shown his teeth  
 belike,  
 "Exhibited unbridled rage enough,  
 "Had but the priest been found, as was to  
 hope, 1155  
 "In serge, not silk, with crucifix, not sword :  
 "Whereas the grey innocuous grub, of yore,  
 "Had hatched a hornet, tickle to the touch,  
 "The priest was metamorphosed into knight.  
 "And even the timid wife, whose cue was—  
 shriek, 1160  
 "Bury her brow beneath his trampling foot,—  
 "She too sprang at him like a pythoness :  
 "So, gulp down rage, passion must be post-  
 poned,  
 "Calm be the word ! Well, our word is—  
 we brand  
 "This part o' the business, howsoever the rest  
 "Befall." 1166  
 "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, 1170  
 "Exacting 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, 1175  
 With a taste of poppy in his mouth,—rubse eyes,  
 Finds his wife flown, his strong box ransacked  
 too,  
 Follows as he best can, overtakes i' the end.  
 You bid him use his privilege : well, it seems  
 He's scarce cool-blooded enough for the right  
 move— 1181  
 Does not shoot when the game were sure, but  
 stands  
 Bewildered at the critical minute,—since  
 He has the first flash of the fact alone 1184  
 To judge from, act with, not the steady lights  
 Of after-knowledge,—yours who stand at ease  
 To try conclusions : he's in smother and smoke,  
 You outside, with explosion at an end :  
 The sulphur may be lightning or a squib—  
 He'll know in a minute, but till then, he  
 doubts. 1190  
 Back from what you know to what he knew  
 not !  
 Hear the priest's lofty "I am innocent."  
 The wife's as resolute "You are guilty !"  
 Come !

<sup>1</sup> *Paphos*: Paphos, in Cyprus, was the headquarters of the worship of Aphrodite, which was there accompanied by licentious rites and practices.

- Are you not staggered?—pause, and you lose  
the move! 1194
- Nought left you but a low appeal to law,  
“Coward” tied to your tail for compliment!  
Another consideration: have it your way!  
Admit the worst: his courage failed the Count,  
He’s cowardly like the best o’ the burgesses  
He’s grown incorporate with,—a very cur, 1200  
Kick him from out your circle by all means!  
Why, trundled down this reputable stair,  
Still, the Church-door lies wide to take him in,  
And the Court-porch also: in he sneaks to  
each,— 1204
- “Yes, I have lost my honour and my wife,  
“And, being moreover an ignoble hound,  
“I dare not jeopardize my life for them!”  
Religion and Law lean forward from their  
chairs,  
“Well done, thou good and faithful servant!”  
Ay,  
Not only applaud him that he scorned the  
world, 1210  
But punish should he dare do otherwise.  
If the case be clear or turbid,—you must say!
- Thus, anyhow, it mounted to the stage  
In the law-courts,—let’s see clearly from this  
point!— 1214  
Where the priest tells his story true or false,  
And the wife her story, and the husband his,  
All with result as happy as before.  
The courts would nor condemn nor yet acquit  
This, that or the other, in so distinct a sense  
As end the strife to either’s absolute loss: 1220  
Pronounced, in place of something definite,  
“Each of the parties, whether goat or sheep  
“I’ the main, has wool to show and hair to  
hide.  
“Each has brought somehow trouble, is  
somehow cause  
“Of pains enough,—even though no worse  
were proved. 1225  
“Here is a husband, cannot rule his wife  
“Without provoking her to scream and scratch  
“And scour the fields,—causelessly, it may  
be:  
“Here is that wife,—who makes her sex our  
plague,
- “Wedlock, our bugbear,—perhaps with cause  
enough: 1230  
“And here is the truant priest o’ the trio,  
worst  
“Or best—each quality being conceivable.  
“Let us impose a little mulct on each.  
“We punish youth in state of pupilage  
“Who talk at hours when youth is bound to  
sleep, 1235  
“Whether the prattle turn upon Saint Rose  
“Or Donna Olimpia of the Vatican:  
“’Tis talk, talked wisely or unwisely talked,  
“I’ the dormitory where to talk at all,  
“Transgresses, and is mulct: as here we  
mean. 1240  
“For the wife,—let her betake herself, for  
rest,  
“After her run, to a House of Convertites—  
“Keep there, as good as real imprisonment:  
“Being sick and tired, she will recover so.  
“For the priest, spritely strayer out of  
bounds, 1245  
“Who made Arezzo hot to hold him,—Rome  
“Profits by his withdrawal from the scene.  
“Let him be relegate to Civita,  
“Circumscribed by its bounds till matters  
mend:  
“There he at least lies out o’ the way of  
harm 1250  
“From foes—perhaps from the too friendly  
fair.  
“And finally for the husband, whose rash rule  
“Has but itself to blame for this ado,—  
“If he be vexed that, in our judgments dealt,  
“He fails obtain what he accounts his right,  
“Let him go comforted with the thought, no  
less, 1255  
“That, turn each sentence howsoever he  
may,  
“There’s satisfaction to extract therefrom.  
“For, does he wish his wife proved innocent?  
“Well, she’s not guilty, he may safely urge,  
“Has missed the stripes dishonest wives  
endure— 1261  
“This being a fatherly pat o’ the cheek, no  
more.  
“Does he wish her guilty? Were she other-  
wise

" Would she be locked up, set to say her prayers,	Armed and accoutred, horns and hoofs and tail !
" Prevented intercourse with the outside world,	Just so, nor otherwise it proved—you'll see : Move to the murder, never mind the rest !
" And that suspected priest in banishment,	
" Whose portion is a further help i' the case ?	Guido, at such a general duck-down, 1300
" Oh, ay, you all of you want the other thing,	I' the breathing-space,—of wife to convent here,
" The extreme of law, some verdict neat, complete,—	Priest to his relegation, and himself
" Either, the whole o' the dowry in your poke	To Arezzo,—had resigned his part perforce
" With full release from the false wife, to boot,	To brother Abate, who bustled, did his best, Retrieved things somewhat, managed the three suits— 1305
" And heading, hanging for the priest, beside—	Since, it should seem, there were three suits-at-law
" Or, contrary, claim freedom for the wife,	Behoved him look to, still, lest bad grow worse :
" Repayment of each penny paid her spouse,	First civil suit,—the one the parents brought,
" Amends for the past, release for the future !	Impugning the legitimacy of his wife,
Such 1275	Affirming thence the nullity of her rights :
" Is wisdom to the children of this world ;	This was before the Rota,—Molinès, 1311
" But we've no mind, we children of the light,	That's judge there, made that notable decree
" To miss the advantage of the golden mean,	Which partly leaned to Guido, as I said,—
" And push things to the steel point." Thus the courts.	But Pietro had appealed against the same To the very court will judge what we judge now— 1315
Is it settled so far? Settled or disturbed,	Tommati and his fellows,—Suit the first.
Console yourselves: 'tis like . . . an instance, now ! 1281	Next civil suit,—demand on the wife's part
You've seen the puppets, of Place Navona, play,—	Of separation from the husband's bed
Punch and his mate,—how threats pass, blows are dealt,	On plea of cruelty and risk to life—
And a crisis comes : the crowd or clap or hiss	Claims restitution of the dowry paid, 1320
Accordingly as disposed for man or wife— 1285	Immunity from paying any more :
When down the actors duck awhile perdue,	This second, the Vicegerent has to judge.
Donning what novel rag-and-feather trim	Third and last suit,—this time, a criminal one,—
Best suits the next adventure, new effect :	Answer to, and protection from, both these,—
And,—by the time the mob is on the move,	Guido's complaint of guilt against his wife
With something like a judgment <i>pro</i> and <i>con</i> ,— 1290	In the Tribunal of the Governor, 1325
There's a whistle, up again the actors pop	Venturini, also judge of the present cause.
In t'other tatter with fresh-tinseled staves,	Three suits of all importance plaguing him,
To re-engage in one last worst fight more	Beside a little private enterprise
Shall show, what you thought tragedy was farce.	Of Guido's,—essay at a shorter cut. 1330
Note, that the climax and the crown of things 1285	For Paolo, knowing the right way at Rome,
Invariably is, the devil appears himself,	Had, even while superintending these three suits
	I' the regular way, each at its proper court,
	Ingeniously made interest with the Pope
	To set such tedious regular forms aside, 1335

And, acting the supreme and ultimate judge,  
 Declare for the husband and against the wife.  
 Well, at such crisis and extreme of straits,—  
 The man at bay, buffeted in this wise,—  
 Happened the strangest accident of all. 1340  
 "Then," sigh friends, "the last feather broke  
 his back,  
 "Made him forget all possible remedies  
 "Save one—he rushed to, as the sole relief  
 "From horror and the abominable thing."  
 "Or rather," laugh foes, "then did there  
 befall 1345  
 "The luckiest of conceivable events,  
 "Most pregnant with impunity for him,  
 "Which henceforth turned the flank of all  
 attack,  
 "And bade him do his wickedest and worst."  
 —The wife's withdrawal from the Convertites,  
 Visit to the villa where her parents lived, 1351  
 And birth there of his babe. Divergence  
 here!  
 I simply take the facts, ask what they show.  
 First comes this thunderclap of a surprise:  
 Then follow all the signs and silences 1355  
 Premonitory of earthquake. Paolo first  
 Vanished, was swept off somewhere, lost to  
 Rome:  
 (Wells dry up, while the sky is sunny and blue.)  
 Then Guido girds himself for enterprise,  
 Hies to Vittiano, counsels with his steward,  
 Comes to ter as with four peasants young and  
 bold, 1361  
 And starts for Rome the Holy, reaches her  
 At very holiest, for 'tis Christmas Eve,  
 And makes straight for the Abate's dried-up  
 font,  
 The lodge where Paolo ceased to work the  
 pipes. 1365  
 And then, rest taken, observation made  
 And plan completed, all in a grim week,  
 The five proceed in a body, reach the place,  
 —Pietro's, at the Paolina, silent, lone,  
 And stupefied by the propitious snow. 1370  
 'Tis one i' the evening: knock: a voice  
 "Who's there?"  
 "Friends with a letter from the priest your  
 friend."

At the door, straight smiles old *Violante's* self.  
 She falls,—her son-in-law stabs through and  
 through,  
 Reaches through her at *Pietro*—"With your  
 son 1375  
 "This is the way to settle suits, good sire!"  
 He bellows "Mercy for heaven, not for earth!  
 "Leave to confess and save my sinful soul,  
 "Then do your pleasure on the body of me!"  
 —"Nay, father, soul with body must take its  
 chance!" 1380  
 He presently got his portion and lay still.  
 And last, *Pompilia* rushes here and there  
 Like a dove among the lightnings in her  
 brake,  
 Falls also: *Guido's*, this last husband's-act.  
 He lifts her by the long dishevelled hair,  
 Holds her away at arm's length with one  
 hand, 1385  
 While the other tries if life come from the  
 mouth—  
 Looks out his whole heart's hate on the shut  
 eyes,  
 Draws a deep satisfied breath, "So—dead at  
 last!"  
 Throws down the burden on dead *Pietro's*  
 knees, 1390  
 And ends all with "Let us away, my boys!"

And, as they left by one door, in at the other  
 Tumbled the neighbours—for the shrieks had  
 pierced  
 To the mill and the grange, this cottage and  
 that shed.  
 Soon followed the Public Force; pursuit  
 began 1395  
 Though *Guido* had the start and chose the  
 road:  
 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  
 beasts,  
 And now lay heaped together, nuzzling  
 swine, 1400  
 Each wrapped in bloody cloak, each grasping  
 still  
 His unwiped weapon, sleeping all the same

The sleep o' the just,—a journey of twenty miles

Brought just and unjust to a level, you see.  
The only one i' the world that suffered aught  
By the whole night's toil and trouble, flight  
and chase, 1406

Was just the officer who took them, Head  
O' the Public Force,—Patrizj, zealous soul,  
Who, having but duty to sustain weak flesh,  
Got heated, caught a fever and so died : 1410  
A warning to the over-vigilant,  
—Virtue in a chafe should change her linen  
quick,  
Lest pleurisy get start of providence.  
(That's for the Cardinal, and told, I think !)

Well, they bring back the company to Rome.  
Says Guido, "By your leave, I fain would  
ask 1416

"How you found out 'twas I who did the  
deed ?

"What put you on my trace, a foreigner,  
"Supposed in Arezzo,—and assuredly safe  
"Except for an oversight : who told you,  
pray ?" 1420

"Why, naturally your wife !" Down Guido  
drops

O' the horse he rode,—they have to steady  
and stay,

At either side the brute that bore him, bound,  
So strange it seemed his wife should live and  
speak !

She had prayed—at least so people tell you  
now— 1425

For but one thing to the Virgin for herself,  
Not simply,—as did Pietro 'mid the stabs,—  
Time to confess and get her own soul saved—  
But time to make the truth apparent, truth  
For God's sake, lest men should believe a  
lie : 1430

Which seems to have been about the single  
prayer

She ever put up, that was granted her.  
With this hope in her head, of telling truth,—  
Being familiarized with pain, beside,—  
She bore the stabbing to a certain pitch 1435

Without a useless cry, was flung for dead  
On Pietro's lap, and so attained her point.

Her friends subjoin this—have I done with  
them ?—

And cite the miracle of continued life  
(She was not dead when I arrived just now)  
As attestation to her probity. 1441

Does it strike your Excellency ? Why, your  
Highness,

The self-command and even the final prayer,  
Our candour must acknowledge explicable  
As easily by the consciousness of guilt. 1445  
So, when they add that her confession runs  
She was of wifehood one white innocence  
In thought, word, act, from first of her short  
life

To last of it ; praying, i' the face of death,  
That God forgive her other sins—not this,  
She is charged with and must die for, that  
she failed 1450

Anyway to her husband : while thereon  
Comments the old Religious—"So much good,  
"Patience beneath enormity of ill,

"I hear to my confusion, woe is me, 1455  
"Sinner that I stand, shamed in the walk  
and gait

"I have practised and grown old in, by a  
child !"—

Guido's friends shrug the shoulder, "Just  
this same

"Prodigious absolute calm in the last hour  
"Confirms us,—being the natural result 1460

"Of a life which proves consistent to the close.  
"Having braved heaven and deceived earth  
throughout,

"She braves still and deceives still, gains  
thereby

"Two ends, she prizes beyond earth or heaven :  
"First sets her lover free, imperilled sore 1465

"By the new turn things take : he answers yet  
"For the part he played : they have sum-  
moned him indeed :

"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 1470

"On Guido, drags him with her in the dark,  
"The lower still the better, do you doubt ?

"Thus, two ways, does she love her love to the end,

"And hate her hate,—death, hell is no such price 1474

"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 moribund is true!"

Which of them, my wise friends? This public one, 1479

Or the private other we shall never know?

The private may contain,—your casuists teach,—

The acknowledgment of, and the penitence for, That other public one, so people say.

However it be,—we trench on delicate ground, Her Eminence is peeping o'er the cards,—

Can one find nothing in behalf of this 1486 Catastrophe? Deaf folks accuse the dumb!

You criticize the drunken reel, fool's speech, Maniacal gesture of the man,—we grant!

But who poured poison in his cup, we ask? 1490 Recall the list of his excessive wrongs,

First cheated in his wife, robbed by her kin, Rendered anon the laughing-stock o' the world

By the story, true or false, of his wife's birth,— The last seal publicly apposed to shame 1495

By the open flight of wife and priest,—why, Sirs,

Step out of Rome a furlong, would you know What another guess tribunal than ours here,

Mere worldly Court without the help of grace, Thinks of just that one incident o' the

flight? 1500

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,—

Self-same complaint he made in the sequel here 1505

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 1511

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. 1515

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

flight! 1519

The thief presented with the thing he steals!

At this discrepancy of judgments—mad, The man took on himself the office, judged;

And the only argument against the use O' the law he thus took into his own hands

Is . . . what, I ask you?—that, revenging wrong, 1525

He did not revenge sooner, kill at first Whom he killed last! That is the final charge.

Sooner? What's soon or late i' the case?— ask we.

A wound i' the flesh no doubt wants prompt redress;

It smarts a little to-day, well in a week, 1530 Forgotten in a month; or never, or now,

revenge! But a wound to the soul? That rankles worse and worse.

Shall I comfort you, explaining—"Not this once

"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 rankle unrevenged five hundred years,

Is just five hundred wrongs the more and worse! 1540

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,"

'Tis answered—"He himself preferred our arm	our 1545	In truth you look as puzzled as ere I preached ! How is that ? There are difficulties perhaps
"O' the law to fight his battle with. No doubt		On any supposition, and either side.
"We did not open him an armoury		Each party wants too much, claims sympathy
"To pick and choose from, use, and then reject.		For its object of compassion, more than just.
"He tries one weapon and fails,—he tries the next		Cry the wife's friends, "O the enormous crime
"And next : he flourishes wit and common sense,	1550	1585
"They fail him,—he plies logic doughtily,		"Caused by no provocation in the world !"
"It fails him too,—thereon, discovers last		"Was not the wife a little weak ?"—inquire—
"He has been blind to the combustibles—		"Punished extravagantly, if you please,
"That all the while he is a-glow with ire,		"But meriting a little punishment ?
"Boiling with irrepressible rage, and so	1555	"One treated inconsiderately, say,
"May try explosives and discard cold steel,—		1590
"So hires assassins, plots, plans, executes !		"Rather than one deserving not at all
"Is this the honest self-forgetting rage		"Treatment and discipline o' the harsher sort ?"
"We are called to pardon ? Does the furious bull		No, they must have her purity itself,
"Pick out four help-mates from the grazing herd	1560	Quite angel,—and her parents angels too
"And journey with them over hill and dale		Of an aged sort, immaculate, word and deed :
"Till he find his enemy ?"		1595
What rejoinder ? save		At all events, so seeming, till the fiend,
That friends accept our bull-similitude.		Even Guido, by his folly, forced from them
Bull-like,—the indiscriminate slaughter, rude		The untoward avowal of the trick o' the birth,
And reckless aggravation of revenge,	1566	Which otherwise were safe and secret now.
Were all i' the way o' the brute who never once		Why, here you have the awfullest of crimes
Ceases, amid all provocation more,		For nothing ! Hell broke loose on a butterfly !
To bear in mind the first tormentor, first		1601
Giver o' the wound that goaded him to fight :	1570	A dragon born of rose-dew and the moon !
And, though a dozen follow and reinforce		Yet here is the monster ! Why he's a mere man—
The aggressor, wound in front and wound in flank,		Born, bred and brought up in the usual way.
Continues undisturbedly pursuit,		His mother loves him, still his brothers stick
And only after prostrating his prize	1574	1605
Turns on the pettier, makes a general prey.		To the good fellow of the boyish games ;
So Guido rushed against Violante, first		The Governor of his town knows and approves,
Author of all his wrongs, <i>fons et origo</i>		The Archbishop of the place knows and assists :
<i>Malorum</i> —drops first, deluge since,—which done,		Here he has Cardinal This to vouch for the past,
He finished with the rest. Do you blame a bull ?	1579	Cardinal That to trust for the future,—match
		1610
		And marriage were a Cardinal's making,—in short,
		What if a tragedy be acted here
		Impossible for malice to improve,
		And innocent Guido with his innocent four
		Be added, all five, to the guilty three,
		1615
		That we of these last days be edified
		With one full taste o' the justice of the world ?



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. 1625  
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 1628  
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! 1630  
You see the reduction *ad absurdum*, Sirs?

Her Excellency must pronounce, in fine!  
What, she prefers going and joining play?  
Her Highness finds it late, intends retire?  
I am of their mind: only, all this talk  
talked, 1635

'Twas not for nothing that we talked, I hope?  
Both know as much about it, now, at least,  
As all Rome: no particular thanks, I beg!  
(You'll see, I have not so advanced myself,  
After my teaching the two idiots here!) 1640

#### V.—COUNT GUIDO FRANCESCHINI.

THANKS, Sir, but, should it please the re-  
verend Court,

I feel I can stand somehow, half sit down  
Without help, make shift to even speak, you  
see,

Fortified by the sip of . . . why, 'tis wine,  
Velletri,—and not vinegar and gall, 5  
So changed and good the times grow! Thanks,  
kind Sir!

Oh, but one sip's enough! I want my head  
To save my neck, there's work awaits me still.  
How cautious and considerate . . . aie, aie,  
aie,

Nor your fault, sweet Sir! Come, you take  
to heart 10

An ordinary matter. Law is law.

Noblemen were exempt, the vulgar thought,  
From racking; but, since law thinks other-  
wise,

I have been put to the rack: all's over now,  
And neither wrist—what men style, out of  
joint: 15

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, plied too much 25  
With opposite treatment, used (forgive the  
joke)

To the rasp-tooth toying with this brain of mine,  
And, in and out my heart, the play o' the probe.  
Four years have I been operated on  
I' the soul, do you see—its tense or tremulous  
part— 30

My self-respect, my care for a good name,  
Pride in an old one, love of kindred—just  
A mother, brothers, sisters, and the like,  
That looked up to my face when days were  
dim,

And fancied they found light there—no one  
spot, 35

Foppishly sensitive, but has paid its pang.  
That, and not this you now oblige me with,  
That was the Vigil-torment, if you please!  
The poor old noble House that drew the rags  
O' the Franceschini's once superb array 40  
Close round her, hoped to slink unchallenged  
by,—

Pluck off these! Turn the drapery inside out  
And teach the tittering town how scarlet  
wears!

Show men the lucklessness, the improvidence  
Of the easy-natured Count before this Court,  
The father I have some slight feeling for, 45  
Who let the world slide, nor foresaw that  
friends

Then proud to cap and kiss their patron's shoe,

Would, when the purse he left held spider-webs,

Properly push his child to wall one day! 59

Mimic the tetchy humour, furtive glance,

And brow where half was furious, half fatigued,

O' the same son got to be of middle age,

Sour, saturnine,—your humble servant here,—

When things go cross and the young wife,  
he finds 58

Take to the window at a whistle's bid,

And yet demurs thereon, preposterous fool!—

Wherewith the worthies judge he wants advice

And beg to civilly ask what's evil here,

Perhaps remonstrate on the habit they deem

He's given unduly to, of beating her: 61

. . . Oh, sure he beats her—why says John  
so else,

Who is cousin to George who is sib to Tecla's  
self

Who cooks the meal and combs the lady's  
hair? 64

What! 'Tis my wrist you merely dislocate

For the future when you mean me martyrdom?

—Let the old mother's economy alone,

How the brocade-strips saved o' the seamyside

O' the wedding-gown buy raiment for a year?

—How she can dress and dish up—lordly  
dish 70

Fit for a duke, lamb's head and purtenance—

With her proud hands, feast household so a  
week?

No word o' the wine rejoicing God and man

The less when three-parts water? Then, I say,

A trifle of torture to the flesh, like yours, 75

While soul is spared such foretaste of hell-fire,

Is naught. But I curtail the catalogue

Through policy,—a rhetorician's trick,—

Because I would reserve some choicer points

O' the practice, more exactly parallel 80

(Having an eye to climax) with what gift,

Eventual grace the Court may have in store

I' the way of plague—what crown of punish-  
ments.

When I am hanged or headed, time enough

To prove the tenderness of only that, 85

Mere heading, hanging,—not their counter-  
part,

Not demonstration public and precise

That I, having married the mongrel of a drab,  
Am bound to grant that mongrel-brat, my  
wife, 89

Her mother's birthright-license as is just,—

Let her sleep undisturbed, i' the family style,

Her sleep out in the embraces of a priest,

Nor disallow their bastard as my heir!

Your sole mistake,—dare I submit so much  
To the reverend Court?—has been in all this  
pains 95

To make a stone roll down hill,—rack and

wrench

And rend a man to pieces, all for what?

Why—make him ope mouth in his own

defence,

Show cause for what he has done, the

irregular deed,  
(Since that he did it, scarce dispute can be) 104

And clear his fame a little, beside the luck

Of stopping even yet, if possible,

Discomfort to his flesh from noose or axe—

For that, out come the implements of law!

May it content my lords the gracious Court 106

To listen only half so patient-long

As I will in that sense profusely speak,

And—fie, they shall not call in screws to  
help!

I killed Pompilia Franceschini, Sirs;

Killed too the Comparini, husband, wife, 110

Who called themselves, by a notorious lie,

Her father and her mother to ruin me.

There's the irregular deed: you want no  
more

Than right interpretation of the same,

And truth so far—am I to understand? 115

To that then, with convenient speed,—because

Now I consider,—yes, despite my boast,

There is an ailing in this omoplat<sup>1</sup>

May clip my speech all too abruptly short,

Whatever the good-will in me. Now for  
truth! 120

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

<sup>1</sup> *Omo-plat*: shoulder-blade.

Through my persistent treading in the paths Where I was trained to go,—wearing that yoke 135	Not get and garner as the vulgar may, We became poor as Francis or our Lord. Be that as it likes you, Sirs,—whenever it chanced 165
My shoulder was predestined to receive, Born to the hereditary stoop and crease? Noble, I recognized my nobler still, The Church, my suzerain; no mock-mistress, she;	Myself grew capable anyway of remark, (Which was soon—penury makes wit pre- mature)
The secular owned the spiritual: mates of mine 130	This struck me, I was poor who should be rich
Have thrown their careless hoofs up at her call “Forsake the clover and come drag my wain!”	Or pay that fault to the world which trifles not 169
There they go cropping: I protruded nose To halter, bent my back of docile beast, And now am wheeled, one wide wound all of me, 135	When lineage lacks the flag yet lifts the pole: On, therefore, I must move forthwith, transfer My stranded self, born fish with gill and fin Fit for the deep sea, now left flap bare-backed In slush and sand, a show to crawlers vile Reared of the low-tide and aright therein. 175
For being found at the eleventh hour o’ the day	The enviable youth with the old name, Wide chest, stout arms, sound brow and pricking veins,
Padding the mill-track, not neck-deep in grass: —My one fault, I am stiffened by my work, —My one reward, I help the Court to smile!	A heartful of desire, man’s natural load, A brainful of belief, the noble’s lot,— All this life, cramped and gasping, high and dry 180
I am representative of a great line, 140 One of the first of the old families In Arezzo, ancientest of Tuscan towns. When my worst foe is fain to challenge this, His worst exception runs—not first in rank But second, noble in the next degree 145 Only; not malice’ self maligns me more. So, my lord opposite has composed, we know, A marvel of a book, sustains the point That Francis boasts the primacy ’mid saints; Yet not inaptly hath his argument 150 Obtained response from yon my other lord In thesis published with the world’s applause —Rather ’tis Dominic such post befits: Why, at the worst, Francis stays Francis still, Second in rank to Dominic it may be, 135 Still, very saintly, very like our Lord; And I at least descend from Guido once Homager to the Empire, nought below— Of which account as proof that, none o’ the line	I’ the wave’s retreat,—the misery, good my lords, Which made you merriment at Rome of late,— It made me reason, rather—muse, demand —Why our bare dropping palace, in the street Where such-an-one whose grandfather sold tripe 185 Was adding to his purchased pile a fourth Tall tower, could hardly show a turret sound? Why Countess Beatrice, whose son I am, Cowered in the winter-time as she spun flax, Blew on the earthen basket of live ash, 190 Instead of jaunting forth in coach and six Like such-another widow who ne’er was wed? I asked my fellows, how came this about? “Why, Jack, the suttler’s child, perhaps the camp’s, “Went to the wars, fought sturdily, took a town 195 “And got rewarded as was natural. “She of the coach and six—excuse me there! “Why, don’t you know the story of her friend? “A clown dressed vines on somebody’s estate,
Having a single gift beyond brave blood, 160 Or able to do aught but give, give, give In blood and brain, in house and land and cash,	

<p>“His boy recoiled from muck, liked Latin more, 200</p> <p>“Stuck to his pen and got to be a priest, “Till one day . . . don't you mind that telling tract</p> <p>“Against Molinos, the old Cardinal wrote? “He penned and dropped it in the patron's desk</p> <p>“Who, deep in thought and absent much of mind, 205</p> <p>“Licensed the thing, allowed it for his own ; “Quick came promotion, — <i>suum cuique</i>, Count !</p> <p>“Oh, he can pay for coach and six, be sure !” “—Well, let me go, do likewise : war's the word—</p> <p>“That way the Franceschini worked at first, “I'll take my turn, try soldiership.”—“What, you? 211</p> <p>“The eldest son and heir and prop o' the house, “So do you see your duty? Here's your post, “Hard by the hearth and altar. (Roam from roof, “This youngster, play the gipsy out of doors, “And who keeps kith and kin that fall on us?) 216</p> <p>“Stand fast, stick tight, conserve your gods at home !” “—Well then, the quiet course, the contrary trade ! “We had a cousin amongst us once was Pope, “And minor glories manifold. Try the Church, 220</p> <p>“The tonsure, and,—since heresy's but half- slain “Even by the Cardinal's tract he thought he wrote,— “Have at Molinos !”—“Have at a fool's head ! “You a priest? How were marriage pos- sible? “There must be Franceschini till time ends— “That's your vocation. Make your brothers priests, 225</p> <p>“Paul shall be porporate,<sup>1</sup> and Girolamo step</p>	<p>“Red-stockinged in the presence when you choose, “But save one Franceschini for the age ! “Be not the vine but dig and dung its root, “Be not a priest but gird up priesthood's loins, 221</p> <p>“With one foot in Arezzo stride to Rome, “Spend yourself there and bring the purchase back ! “Go hence to Rome, be guided !”</p> <p style="text-align: right;">So I was.</p> <p>I turned alike from the hill-side zig-zag thread Of way to the table-land a soldier takes, 227 Alike from the low-lying pasture-place Where churchmen graze, recline and ruminant, —Ventured to mount no platform like my lords 240</p> <p>Who judge the world, bear brain I dare not brag— But stationed me, might thus the expression serve, As who should fetch and carry, come and go, Meddle and make i' the cause my lords love most— The public weal, which hangs to the law, which holds 245</p> <p>By the Church, which happens to be through God himself. Humbly I helped the Church till here I stand,— Or would stand but for the omoplat, you see ! Bidden qualify for Rome, I, having a field, Went, sold it, laid the sum at Peter's foot : Which means—I settled home-accounts with speed, 251</p> <p>Set apart just a modicum should suffice To hold the villa's head above the waves Of weed inundating its oil and wine, And prop roof, stanchion wall o' the palace so 255</p> <p>As to keep breath i' the body, out of heart Amid the advance of neighbouring loftiness— (People like building where they used to beg)— Till succoured one day,—shared the residue Between my mother and brothers and sisters there, 260</p>
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<sup>1</sup> *Porporate* : wearing purple, the colour of a cardinal.

Black-eyed babe Donna This and Donna  
That,

As near to starving as might decently be,  
—Left myself journey-charges, change of suit,  
A purse to put i' the pocket of the Groom  
O' the Chamber of the patron, and a glove 265  
With a ring to it for the digits of the niece  
Sure to be helpful in his household,—then  
Started for Rome, and led the life prescribed.  
Close to the Church, though clean of it, I  
assumed

Three or four orders of no consequence, 270  
—They cast out evil spirits and exorcise,  
For example; bind a man to nothing more,  
Give clerical savour to his layman's-salt,  
Facilitate his claim to loaf and fish  
Should miracle leave, beyond what feeds the  
flock, 275

Fragments to brim the basket of a friend—  
While, for the world's sake, I rode, danced  
and gamed,

Quitted me like a courtier, measured mine  
With whatsoever blade had fame in fence,  
—Ready to let the basket go its round 280  
Even though my turn was come to help myself,  
Should Dives count on me at dinner-time  
As just the understander of a joke  
And not immoderate in repartee.

*Utrique sic paratus*,<sup>1</sup> Sirs, I said, 285  
“Here,” (in the fortitude of years fifteen,  
So good a pedagogue is penury)

“Here wait, do service,—serving and to serve!

“And, in due time, I nowise doubt at all,

“The recognition of my service comes. 290

“Next year I'm only sixteen. I can wait.”

I waited thirty years, may it please the Court :  
Saw meanwhile many a denizen o' the dung  
Hop, skip, jump o'er my shoulder, make him  
wings 294

And fly aloft,—succeed, in the usual phrase.  
Everyone soon or late comes round by Rome :  
Stand still here, you'll see all in turn succeed.  
Why, look you, so and so, the physician here,  
My father's lacquey's son we sent to school,  
Doctored and dosed this Eminence and that,

<sup>1</sup> *Utrique sic paratus*: “thus prepared for either (Church or world).”

Salved the last Pope his certain obstinate  
sore, 301

Soon bought land as became him, names it  
now :

I grasp bell at his griffin-guarded gate,  
Traverse the half-mile avenue,—a term,<sup>2</sup>

A cypress, and a statue, three and three,— 305

Deliver message from my Monsignor,

With varletry at lounge i' the vestibule

I'm barred from who bear mud upon my shoe.

My father's chaplain's nephew, Chamber-  
lain,—

Nothing less, please you !—courteous all the  
same, 310

—He does not see me though I wait an hour

At his staircase-landing 'twixt the brace of  
busts,

A noseless Sylla, Marius maimed to match,  
My father gave him for a hexastich<sup>3</sup>

Made on my birthday,—but he sends me  
down, 315

To make amends, that relic I prize most—

The unburnt end o' the very candle, Sirs,

Purpled with paint so prettily round and round,

He carried in such state last Peter's-day,—

In token I, his gentleman and squire, 320

Had held the bridle, walked his managed  
mule

Without a tittup the procession through.

Nay, the official,—one you know, sweet  
lords !—

Who drew the warrant for my transfer late

To the New Prisons from Tordinona,—he

Graciously had remembrance — “Francesc

. . . ha? 325

“His sire, now—how a thing shall come  
about !—

“Paid me a dozen florins above the fee,

“For drawing deftly up a deed of sale

“When troubles fell so thick on him, good  
heart, 330

“And I was prompt and pushing ! By all  
means !

“At the New Prisons be it his son shall lie,—

<sup>2</sup> *Term*: a figure of Terminus, the god of boundaries, consisting of only a bust, ending in a rectangular pedestal.

<sup>3</sup> *Hexastich*: stanza of six lines.

"Anything for an old friend!" and thereat  
Signed namé with triple flourish underneath.  
These were my fellows, such their fortunes  
now, 335

While I—kept fasts and feasts innumerable,  
Matins and vespers, functions to no end  
I' the train of Monsignor and Eminence,  
As gentleman-squire, and for my zeal's reward  
Have rarely missed a place at the table-foot 340  
Except when some Ambassador, or such like,  
Brought his own people. Brief, one day I felt  
The tick of time inside me, turning-point  
And slight sense there was now enough of  
this:

That I was near my seventh climacteric, 345  
Hard upon, if not over, the middle life,  
And, although fed by the east-wind, fulsome-  
fine

With foretaste of the Land of Promise, still  
My gorge gave symptom it might play me false;  
Better not press it further,—be content 350  
With living and dying only a nobleman,  
Who merely had a father great and rich,  
Who simply had one greater and richer yet,  
And so on back and back till first and best  
Began i' the night; I finish in the day. 355  
"The mother must be getting old," I said;  
"The sisters are well wedded away, our name  
"Can manage to pass a sister off, at need,  
"And do for dowry: both my brothers  
thrive— 359

"Regular priests they are, nor, bat-like," bide  
"Twixt flesh and fowl with neither privilege.  
"My spare revenue must keep me and mine.  
"I am tired: Arezzo's air is good to breathe;  
"Vittiano, — one limes flocks of thrushes  
there; 364

"A leathern coat costs little and lasts long:  
"Let me bid hope good-bye, content at  
home!"

Thus, one day, I disbosomed me and bowed.  
Whereat began the little buzz and thrill  
O' the gazers round me; each face brightened  
up:

As when at your Casino, deep in dawn, 370  
A gamester says at last, "I play no more,  
"Forego gain, acquiesce in loss, withdraw  
"Anyhow:" and the watchers of his ways,

A trifle struck compunctious 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? 377

"Retire with neither cross nor pile from  
play?—

"So incurious, so short-casting?—give your  
chance

"To a younger, stronger, bolder spirit be-  
like, 380

"Just when luck turns and the fine throw  
sweeps all?"

Such was the chorus: and its goodwill  
meant—

"See that the loser leave door handsomely!

"There's an ill look,—it's sinister, spoils  
sport,

"When an old bruised and battered year-by-  
year 385

"Fighter with fortune, not a penny in poke,

"Reels down the steps of our establishment

"And staggers on broad daylight and the  
world,

"In shagrag beard and doleful doublet, drops

"And breaks his heart on the outside:  
people prate 390

"Such is the profit of a trip upstairs!"

"Contrive he sidle forth, baulked of the blow

"Best dealt by way of moral, bidding down

"No curse but blessings rather on our heads

"For some poor prize he bears at tattered  
breast, 395

"Some palpable sort of kind of good to set

"Over and against the grievance: give him  
quick!"

Whereon protested Paul, "Go hang your-  
selves!

"Leave him to me. Count Guido and  
brother of mine,

"A word in your ear! Take courage, since  
faint heart 400

"Ne'er won . . . aha, fair lady, don't men  
say?

"There's a *sors*, there's a right Virgilian dip!

"Do you see the happiness o' the hint? At  
worst,

"If the Church want no more of you, the Court

<p>"No more, and the Camp as little, the ingrates,—come, 405</p> <p>"Count you are counted: still you've coat to back,</p> <p>"Not cloth of gold and tissue, as we hoped,</p> <p>"But cloth with sparks and spangles on its frieze</p> <p>"From Camp, Court, Church, enough to make a shine,</p> <p>"Entitle you to carry home a wife 410</p> <p>"With the proper dowry, let the worst betide!</p> <p>"Why, it was just a wife you meant to take!"</p> <p>Now, Paul's advice was weighty: priests should know:</p> <p>And Paul apprised me, ere the week was out,</p> <p>That Pietro and Violante, the easy pair, 415</p> <p>The cits enough, with stomach to be more,</p> <p>Had just the daughter and exact the sum</p> <p>To truck for the quality of myself: "She's young,</p> <p>"Pretty and rich: you're noble, classic, choice. 419</p> <p>"Is it to be a match?" "Á match," said I. Done! He proposed all, I accepted all, And we performed all. So I said and did Simply. As simply followed, not at first But with the outbreak of misfortune, still One comment on the saying and doing—</p> <p>"What? 425</p> <p>"No blush at the avowal you dared buy</p> <p>"A girl of age beseems your granddaughter,</p> <p>"Like ox or ass? Are flesh and blood a ware?</p> <p>"Are heart and soul a chattel?" 429</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Softly, Sirs!</p> <p>Will the Court of its charity teach poor me</p> <p>Anxious to learn, of any way i' the world,</p> <p>Allowed by custom and convenience, save</p> <p>This same which, taught from my youth up,</p> <p>I trod?</p> <p>Take me along with you; where was the wrong step? 435</p> <p>If what I gave in barter, style and state</p> <p>And all that hangs to Franceschinihood,</p> <p>Were worthless,—why, society goes to ground,</p> <p>Its rules are idiot's-rambling. Honour of birth,—</p> <p>If that thing has no value, cannot buy 440</p>	<p>Something with value of another sort,</p> <p>You've no reward nor punishment to give</p> <p>I' the giving or the taking honour; straight</p> <p>Your social fabric, pinnacle to base, 444</p> <p>Comes down a-clatter like a house of cards.</p> <p>Get honour, and keep honour free from flaw,</p> <p>Aim at still higher honour,—gabble o' the goose!</p> <p>Go bid a second blockhead like myself</p> <p>Spend fifty years in guarding bubbles of breath,</p> <p>Soapsuds with air i' the belly, gilded brave, 450</p> <p>Guarded and guided, all to break at touch</p> <p>O' the first young girl's hand and first old fool's purse!</p> <p>All my privation and endurance, all</p> <p>Love, loyalty and labour dared and did, 454</p> <p>Fiddle-de-dee!—why, doer and darer both,—</p> <p>Count Guido Franceschini had hit the mark</p> <p>Far better, spent his life with more effect,</p> <p>As a dancer or a prizier, trades that pay!</p> <p>On the other hand, bid this buffoonery cease,</p> <p>Admit that honour is a privilege, 460</p> <p>The question follows, privilege worth what?</p> <p>Why, worth the market-price,—now up, now down,</p> <p>Just so with this as with all other ware:</p> <p>Therefore essay the market, sell your name,</p> <p>Style and condition to who buys them best!</p> <p>"Does my name purchase," had I dared inquire, 466</p> <p>"Your niece, my lord?" there would have been rebuff</p> <p>Though courtesy, your Lordship cannot else—</p> <p>"Not altogether! Rank for rank may stand:</p> <p>"But I have wealth beside, you—poverty; 470</p> <p>"Your scale flies up there: bid a second bid</p> <p>"Rank too and wealth too!" Reasoned like yourself!</p> <p>But was it to you I went with goods to sell?</p> <p>This time 'twas my scale quietly kissed the ground,</p> <p>Mere rank against mere wealth—some youth beside, 475</p> <p>Some beauty too, thrown into the bargain, just</p> <p>As the buyer likes or lets alone. I thought</p> <p>To deal o' the square: others find fault, it seems:</p> <p>The thing is, those my offer most concerned,</p>
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Pietro, Violante, cried they fair or foul? 480  
 What did they make o' the terms? Prepos-  
 terous terms?  
 Why then accede so promptly, close with such  
 Nor take a minute to chaffer? Bargain struck,  
 They straight grew bilious, wished their money  
 back,  
 Repented them, no doubt: why, so did I, 485  
 So did your Lordship, if town-talk be true,  
 Of paying a full farm's worth for that piece  
 By Pietro of Cortona—probably  
 His scholar *Ciro Ferri* may have retouched—  
 You caring more for colour than design— 490  
 Getting a little tired of cupids too.  
 That's incident to all the folk who buy!  
 I am charged, I know, with gilding fact by  
 fraud;  
 I falsified and fabricated, wrote  
 Myself down roughly richer than I prove, 495  
 Rendered a wrong revenue,—grant it all!  
 Mere grace, mere coquetry such fraud, I say:  
 A flourish round the figures of a sum  
 For fashion's sake, that deceives nobody.  
 The veritable back-bone, understood 500  
 Essence of this same bargain, blank and bare,  
 Being the exchange of quality for wealth,—  
 What may such fancy-flights be? Flecks of  
 oil  
 Flirted by chapmen where plain dealing grates.  
 I may have dripped a drop—"My name I  
 sell; 505  
 "Not but that I too boast my wealth"—as  
 they,  
 "—We bring you riches; still our ancestor  
 "Was hardly the rapsallion folk saw flogged,  
 "But heir to we know who, were rights of  
 force!"  
 They knew and I knew where the backbone  
 lurked 510  
 P' the writhings of the bargain, lords, believe!  
 I paid down all engaged for, to a doit,  
 Delivered them just that which, their life long,  
 They hungered in the hearts of them to gain—  
 Incorporation with nobility thus 515  
 In word and deed: for that they gave me  
 wealth.  
 But when they came to try their gain, my gift,  
 Quit Rome and qualify for *Arezzo*, take

The tone o' the new sphere that absorbed the  
 old,  
 Put away gossip Jack and goody Joan 520  
 And go become familiar with the Great,  
 Greatness to touch and taste and handle  
 now,—  
 Why then,—they found that all was vanity,  
 Vexation, and what *Solomon* describes!  
 The old abundant city-fare was best, 525  
 The kindly warmth o' the commons, the  
 glad clap  
 Of the equal on the shoulder, the frank grin  
 Of the underling at all so many spoons  
 Fire-new at neighbourly treat,—best, best  
 and best 529  
 Beyond compare!—down to the loll itself  
 O' the pot-house settle,—better such a bench  
 Than the stiff crucifixion by my dais  
 Under the piecemeal damask canopy  
 With the coroneted coat of arms a-top!  
 Poverty and privation for pride's sake, 535  
 All they engaged to easily brave and bear,—  
 With the fit upon them and their brains  
 a-work,—  
 Proved unendurable to the sobered sots.  
 A banished prince, now, will exude a juice  
 And salamander-like support the flame: 540  
 He dines on chestnuts, chucks the husks to help  
 The broil o' the brazier, pays the due *baïoc*,<sup>1</sup>  
 Goes off light-hearted: his grimace begins  
 At the funny humours of the christening-feast  
 Of friend the money-lender,—then he's  
 touched 545  
 By the flame and frizzles at the babe to kiss!  
 Here was the converse trial, opposite mind:  
 Here did a petty nature split on rock  
 Of vulgar wants predestinate for such—  
 One dish at supper and weak wine to boot!  
 The prince had grinned and borne: the  
 citizen shrieked, 551  
 Summoned the neighbourhood to attest the  
 wrong,  
 Made noisy protest he was murdered,—stoned  
 And burned and drowned and hanged,—  
 then broke away,  
 He and his wife, to tell their Rome the rest.

<sup>1</sup> *Baioc*: about a halfpenny.



And this you admire, you men o' the world, my lords? 556	Nor call the boys and men, who say the same, Brute this and beast the other as they do!
This moves compassion, makes you doubt my faith?	Come, cards on table! When you chaunt us next 591
Why, I appeal to . . . sun and moon? Not I!	Epithalamium full to overflow With praise and glory of white womanhood, The chaste and pure—troll no such lies o'er lip!
Rather to Plautus, Terence, Boccaccio's Book, My townsman, frank Ser Franco's <sup>1</sup> merry Tales,— 560	Put in their stead a crudity or two, 595 Such short and simple statement of the case As youth chalks on our walls at spring of year!
To all who strip a vizard 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, 565	No! I shall still think nobler of the sex, Believe a woman still may take a man 599 For the short period that his soul wears flesh, And, for the soul's sake, understand the fault Of armour frayed by fighting. Tush, it tempts One's tongue too much! I'll say—the law's the law:
Grasps shadow, and then howls the case is hard!	With a wife I look to find all wifeliness, As when I buy, timber and twig, a tree— 605 I buy the song o' the nightingale inside.
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 670 To regulate her life for my young bride Alone at Arezzo, friendliness outbroke (Sifting my future to predict its fault) "Purchase and sale being thus so plain a point,	Such was the pact: Pompilia from the first Broke it, refused from the beginning day Either in body or soul to cleave to mine, And published it forthwith to all the world. No rupture,—you must join ere you can break,— 611 Before we had cohabited a month She found I was a devil and no man,— Made common cause with those who found as much, 614 Her parents, Pietro and Violante,—moved Heaven and earth to the rescue of all three. In four months' time, the time o' the parents' stay, Arezzo was a-ringing, bells in a blaze, With the unimaginable story rife I' the mouth of man, woman and child— to-wit 620
"How of a certain soul bound up, may-be, "I' the barter with the body and money- bags? 576	My misdemeanour. First the lighter side, Ludicrous face of things,—how very poor The Franceschini had become at last, The meanness and the misery of each shift To save a soldo, <sup>2</sup> stretch and make ends meet. 625
"From the bride's soul what is it you expect?" Why, loyalty and obedience,—wish and will To settle and suit her fresh and plastic mind To the novel, not disadvantageous mould! 580 Father and mother shall the woman leave, Cleave to the husband, be it for weal or woe: There is the law: what sets this law aside In my particular case? My friends submit "Guide, guardian, benefactor,—fee, faw, fum, "The fact is you are forty-five years old, "Nor very comely even for that age: 587 "Girls must have boys." Why, let girls say so then,	
<sup>1</sup> <i>Ser Franco</i> : apparently Sacchetti, see I, 1153. Petrarch, to whom the term "towns- man" better applies (since Sacchetti, though a Tuscan, was a Florentine), wrote nothing that can be described as "merry tales."	<sup>2</sup> <i>Soldo</i> : about a penny.

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, 630  
 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  
 toad, 636  
 That she was fain to rush forth, call the stones  
 O' the common street to save her, not from  
 hate  
 Of mine merely, but . . . must I burn my lips  
 With the blister of the lie ? . . . the satyr-  
 love 640  
 Of who but my own brother, the young priest,  
 Too long enforced to lenten fare belike,  
 Now tempted by the morsel tossed him full  
 I' the trencher where lay bread and herbs at  
 best.  
 Mark, this yourselves say !—this, none dis-  
 allows, 645  
 Was charged to me by the universal voice  
 At the instigation of my four-months' wife !—  
 And then you ask "Such charges so preferred,  
 " (Truly or falsely, here concerns us not)  
 " Pricked you to punish now if not before ?—  
 " Did not the harshness double itself, the  
 hate 651  
 " Harden ?" I answer " Have it your way  
 and will !"  
 Say my resentment grew apace : what then ?  
 Do you cry out on the marvel ? When I find  
 That pure smooth egg which, laid within my  
 nest, 655  
 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  
 are soft :  
 Is it not clear that she you call my wife,  
 That any wife of any husband, caught 660

Whetting a sting like this against his breast,—  
 Speckled with fragments of the fresh-broke  
 shell,  
 Married a month and making outcry thus,—  
 Proves a plague-prodigy to God and man ?  
 She married : what was it she married for, 665  
 Counted upon and meant to meet thereby ?  
 " Love " suggests some one, " love, a little  
 word  
 " Whereof we have not heard one syllable."  
 So, the Pompilia, child, girl, wife, in one,  
 Wanted the beating pulse, the rolling eye, 670  
 The frantic gesture, the devotion due  
 From Thyrsis to Neæra ! Guido's love—  
 Why not Provençal roses in his shoe,  
 Plume to his cap, and trio of guitars  
 At casement, with a bravo close beside ? 675  
 Good things all these are, clearly claimable  
 When the fit price is paid the proper way.  
 Had it been some friend's wife, now, threw  
 her fan  
 At my foot, with just this pretty scrap attached,  
 " Shame, death, damnation—fall these as  
 they may, 680  
 " So I find you, for a minute ! Come this  
 eve !"  
 —Why, at such sweet self-sacrifice,—who  
 knows ?  
 I might have fired up, found me at my post,  
 Ardent from head to heel, nor feared catch  
 cough.  
 Nay, had some other friend's . . . say,  
 daughter, tripped 685  
 Upstairs and tumbled flat and frank on me,  
 Bareheaded and barefooted, with loose hair  
 And garments all at large,—cried " Take me  
 thus !  
 " Duke So-and-So, the greatest man in  
 Rome—  
 " To escape his hand and heart have I broke  
 bounds, 690  
 " Traversed the town and reached you !"—  
 then, indeed,  
 The lady had not reached a man of ice !  
 I would have rummaged, ransacked at the  
 word  
 Those old odd corners of an empty heart  
 For remnants of dim love the long disused,

And dusty crumbings of romance! But  
 here, 686

We talk of just a marriage, if you please—  
 The every-day conditions and no more;  
 Where do these bind me to bestow one drop  
 Of blood shall dye my wife's true-love-knot  
 pink? 700

Pompilia was no pigeon, Venus' pet,  
 That shuffled from between her pressing paps  
 To sit on my rough shoulder,—but a hawk,  
 I bought at a hawk's price and carried home  
 To do hawk's service—at the Rotunda,  
 say, 705

Where, six o' the callow nestlings in a row,  
 You pick and choose and pay the price for  
 such.

I have paid my pound, await my penny's  
 worth,  
 So, hoodwink, starve and properly train my  
 bird,  
 And, should she prove a haggard,—twist her  
 neck! 710

Did I not pay my name and style, my hope  
 And trust, my all? Through spending these  
 amiss

I am here! 'Tis scarce the gravity of the  
 Court  
 Will blame me that I never piped a tune,  
 Treated my falcon-gentle like my finch. 715

The obligation I incurred was just  
 To practise mastery, prove my mastership:—  
 Pompilia's duty was—submit herself,  
 Afford me pleasure, perhaps cure my bile.  
 Am I to teach my lords what marriage means,  
 What God ordains thereby and man fulfils 721

Who, docile to the dictate, treads 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 725

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 claustral regimen too sharp  
 After the first month's essay? What's the  
 mode 731

With the Deacon who supports indifferently

The rod o' the Bishop when he tastes its smart  
 Full four weeks? Do you straightway slacken  
 hold  
 Of the innocents, the all-unwary ones 725

Who, eager to profess, mistook their mind?—  
 Remit a fast-day's rigour to the Monk  
 Who fancied Francis' manna meant roast  
 quails,—  
 Concede the Deacon sweet society,  
 Henever thought the Levite-rule renounced,—  
 Or rather prescribe short chain and sharp  
 scourge 741

Corrective of such peccant humours? 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, 745

Wanted the patience and persuasion, lore  
 Of love, should cure me and console herself.  
 Put case that I mishandle, flurry and fright  
 My hawk through clumsiness in sportsman-  
 ship,  
 Twitch out five pens where plucking one  
 would serve— 750

What, shall she bite and claw to mend the  
 case?

And, if you find I pluck five more for that,  
 Shall you weep "How he roughs the turtle  
 there"?

Such was the starting; now of the further step.  
 In lieu of taking penance in good part, 755

The Monk, with hue and cry, summons a mob  
 To make a bonfire of the convent, say,—  
 And the Deacon's pretty piece of virtue (save  
 The ears o' the Court! I try to save my head)  
 Instructed by the ingenuous postulant, 760

Taxes the Bishop with adultery, (mud  
 Needs must pair off with mud, and filth with  
 filth)—  
 Such being my next experience. Who knows  
 not—  
 The couple, father and mother of my wife,  
 Returned to Rome, published before my  
 lords, 765

Put into print, made circulate far and wide  
 That they had cheated me who cheated them?  
 Pompilia, I supposed their daughter, drew

Breath first 'mid Rome's worst rankness,  
 through the deed  
 Of a drab and a rogue, was by-blow bastard-  
 babe 770  
 Of a nameless strumpet, passed off, palmed  
 on me  
 As the daughter with the dowry. Daughter?  
 Dirt  
 O' the kennel! Dowry? Dust o' the street!  
 Nought more,  
 Nought less, nought else but—oh—ah—  
 assuredly  
 A Franceschini and my very wife! 778  
 Now take this charge as you will, for false or  
 true,—  
 This charge, preferred before your very selves  
 Who judge me now,—I pray you, adjudge  
 again,  
 Classing it with the cheats or with the lies,  
 By which category I suffer most! 780  
 But of their reckoning, theirs who dealt with  
 me  
 In either fashion,—I reserve my word,  
 Justify that in its place; I am now to say,  
 Whichever point o' the charge might poison  
 most,  
 Pompilia's duty was no doubtful one. 785  
 You put the protestation in her mouth  
 Henceforward and forevermore, avaunt  
 "Ye fiends, who drop disguise and glare  
 revealed  
 "In your own shape, no longer father mine  
 "Nor mother mine! Too nakedly you hate  
 "Me whom you looked as if you loved once,  
 —me 791  
 "Whom, whether true or false, your tale now  
 damns,  
 "Divulged thus to my public infamy,  
 "Private perdition, absolute overthrow.  
 "For, hate my husband to your hearts' con-  
 tent, 795  
 "I, spoil and prey of you from first to last,  
 "I who have done you the blind service,  
 lured  
 "The lion to your pitfall,—I, thus left  
 "To answer for my ignorant bleating there,  
 "I should have been remembered and with-  
 drawn 800

"From the first o' the natural fury, not flung  
 loose  
 "A proverb and a by-word men will mouth  
 "At the cross-way, in the corner, up and down  
 "Rome and Arezzo,—there, full in my face,  
 "If my lord, missing them and finding  
 me, 805  
 "Content himself with casting his reproach  
 "To drop i' the street where such impostors  
 die.  
 "Ah, but—that husband, what the wonder  
 were!—  
 "If, far from casting thus away the rag  
 "Smear'd with the plague his hand had  
 chanced upon, 810  
 "Sewn to his pillow by Locusta's<sup>1</sup> wile,—  
 "Far from abolishing, root, stem and branch,  
 "The misgrowth of infectious mistletoe  
 "Foisted into his stock for honest graft,—  
 "If he repudiate not, renounce nowise, 815  
 "But, guarding, guiding me, maintain my  
 cause  
 "By making it his own, (what other way?)  
 "—To keep my name for me, he call it his,  
 "Claim it of who would take it by their lie,—  
 "To save my wealth for me—or babe of  
 mine 820  
 "Their lie was framed to beggar at the birth—  
 "He bid them loose grasp, give our gold  
 again:  
 "If he become no partner with the pair  
 "Even in a game which, played adroitly,  
 gives  
 "Its winner life's great wonderful new  
 chance,— 825  
 "Of marrying, to-wit, a second time,—  
 "Ah, if he did thus, what a friend were he!  
 "Anger he might show,—who can stamp  
 out flame  
 "Yet spread no black o' the brand?—yet,  
 rough albeit  
 "In the act, as whose bare feet feel embers  
 scorch, 830  
 "What grace were his, what gratitude were  
 mine!"

<sup>1</sup> *Locusta*: the name of a notorious female  
 poisoner at Rome in the first century; hence  
 typical of any poisoner.

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,  
 no more,—  
 Avowal she made, her pure spontaneous  
 speech 833  
 To my brother the Abate at first blush,  
 Ere the good impulse had begun to fade :  
 So did she make confession for the pair,  
 So pour forth praises in her own behalf. 839  
 "Ay, the false letter," interpose my lords—  
 "The simulated writing,—'twas a trick :  
 "You traced the signs, she merely marked  
 the same,  
 "The product was not hers but yours."  
 Alack,  
 I want no more impulsion to tell truth  
 From the other trick, the torture inside  
 there ! 845  
 I confess all—let it be understood—  
 And deny nothing ! If I baffle you so,  
 Can so fence, in the plenitude of right,  
 That my poor lathen dagger puts aside  
 Each pass o' the Bilboa, beats you all the  
 same,— 850  
 What matters inefficiency of blade?  
 Mine and not hers the letter,—conceded,  
 lords !  
 Impute to me that practice !—take as proved  
 I taught my wife her duty, made her see  
 What it behoved her see and say and do, 855  
 Feel in her heart and with her tongue de-  
 clare,  
 And, whether sluggish or recalcitrant,  
 Forced her to take the right step, I myself  
 Was marching in marital rectitude !  
 Why who finds fault here, say the tale be  
 true ? 860  
 Would not my lords commend the priest  
 whose zeal  
 Seized on the sick, morose or moribund,  
 By the palsy-smitten finger, made it cross  
 His brow correctly at the critical time ?  
 —Or answered for the inarticulate babe 865  
 At baptism, in its stead declared the faith,  
 And saved what else would perish unpro-  
 fessed ?  
 True, the incapable hand may rally yet,

Renounce the sign with renovated strength,—  
 The babe may grow up man and Molinist,—  
 And so Pompilia, set in the good path 871  
 And left to go alone there, soon might see  
 That too frank-forward, all too simple-straight  
 Her step was, and decline to tread the rough,  
 When here lay, tempting foot, the meadow-  
 side, 875  
 And there the coppice rang with singing-  
 birds !  
 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, 880  
 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  
 brow is stamped  
 "The note of the imputation that we  
 know,— 885  
 "Rightly or wrongly mothered with a  
 whore,—  
 "Such an one, to disprove the frightful  
 charge,  
 "What will she but exaggerate chastity,  
 "Err in excess of wifeness, as it were,  
 "Renounce even levities permitted youth, 90  
 "Though not youth struck to age by a  
 thunderbolt ?  
 "Cry 'wolf' i' the sheepfold, where's the  
 sheep dares bleat,  
 "Knowing the shepherd listens for a growl?"  
 So you expect. How did the devil decree ?  
 Why, my lords, just the contrary of course !  
 It was in the house from the window, at the  
 church 895  
 From the hassock,—where the theatre lent  
 its lodge,  
 Or staging for the public show left space,—  
 That still Pompilia needs must find herself  
 Launching her looks forth, letting looks  
 reply 900  
 As arrows to a challenge ; on all sides  
 Ever new contribution to her lap,  
 Till one day, what is it knocks at my clenched  
 teeth  
 But the cup full, curse-collected all for me ?

And I must needs drink, drink this gallant's  
praise, 905  
That minion's prayer, the other fop's reproach,  
And come at the dregs to—Caponsacchi !  
Sirs,  
I,—chin-deep in a marsh of misery,  
Struggling to extricate my name and fame  
And fortune from the marsh would drown  
them all, 910  
My face the sole unstrangled part of me,—  
I must have this new gad-fly in that face,  
Must free me from the attacking lover too !  
Men say I battled ungracefully enough— 914  
Was harsh, uncouth and ludicrous beyond  
The proper part o' the husband : have it so !  
Your lordships are considerate at least—  
You order me to speak in my defence  
Plainly, expect no quavering tuneful trills  
As when you bid a singer solace you,— 920  
Nor look that I shall give it, for a grace,  
*Stans pede in uno* :<sup>1</sup>—you remember well  
In the one case, 'tis a plainsong too severe,  
This story of my wrongs,—and that I ache  
And need a chair, in the other. Ask you  
me 925  
Why, when I felt this trouble flap my face,  
Already pricked with every shame could  
perch,—  
When, with her parents, my wife plagued  
me too,—  
Why I enforced not exhortation mild  
To leave whore's-tricks and let my brows  
alone, 930  
With mulct of comfits, promise of perfume ?  
“Far from that ! No, you took the opposite  
course,  
“Breathed threatenings, rage and slaughter !”  
What you will !  
And the end has come, the doom is verily here,  
Unhindered by the threatening. See fate's  
flare 935  
Full on each face of the dead guilty three !  
Look at them well, and now, lords, look at  
this !

<sup>1</sup> *Stans pede in uno* : “standing on one foot.”  
a metaphor descriptive of anything done easily  
or off-hand ; from Horace, *Sat.* l. 4. 10.

Tell me : if on that day when I found first  
That Caponsacchi thought the nearest way  
To his church was some half-mile round by  
my door, 940  
And that he so admired, shall I suppose,  
The manner of the swallows' come-and-go  
Between the props o' the window over-  
head,—  
That window happening to be my wife's,—  
As to stand gazing by the hour on high, 945  
Of May-eves, while she sat and let him  
smile,—  
If I,—instead of threatening, talking big,  
Showing hair-powder, a prodigious pinch,  
For poison in a bottle,—making believe  
At desperate doings with a bauble-sword,  
And other bugaboo-and-baby-work,— 951  
Had, with the vulgarest household implement,  
Calmly and quietly cut off, clean thro' bone  
But one joint of one finger of my wife,  
Saying “For listening to the serenade, 955  
“Here's your ring-finger shorter a full third :  
“Be certain I will slice away next joint,  
“Next time that anybody underneath  
“Seems somehow to be sauntering as he  
hoped  
“A flower would eddy out of your hand to  
his 960  
“While you please fidget with the branch  
above  
“O' the rose-tree in the terrace !”—had I  
done so,  
Why, there had followed a quick sharp  
scream, some pain,  
Much calling for plaister, damage to the  
dress, 964  
A somewhat sulky countenance next day,  
Perhaps reproaches,—but reflections too !  
I don't hear much of harm that Malchus did  
After the incident of the ear, my lords !  
Saint Peter took the efficacious way ;  
Malchus was sore but silenced for his life : 970  
He did not hang himself i' the Potter's Field  
Like Judas, who was trusted with the bag  
And treated to sops after he proved a thief.  
So, by this time, my true and obedient wife  
Might have been telling beads with a gloved  
hand ; 975

Awkward a little at pricking hearts and darts On sampler possibly, but well otherwise : Not where Rome shudders now to see her lie. I give that for the course a wise man takes ; I took the other however, tried the fool's, The lighter remedy, brandished rapier dread 981	Particulars of the tale were volunteered 1010 With all the breathless zeal of friendship— “ Thus “ Matters were managed : at the seventh hour of night” . . . —“ Later, at daybreak” . . . “ Caponsacchi came” . . .
With cork-ball at the tip, boxed Malchus' ear Instead of severing the cartilage, Called her a terrible nickname, and the like, And there an end : and what was the end of that ? 985	—“ While you and all your household slept like death, “ Drugged as your supper was with drowsy stuff” . . . 1015
What was the good effect o' the gentle course ? Why, one night I went drowsily to bed, Dropped asleep suddenly, not suddenly woke, But did wake with rough rousing and loud cry, To find noon in my face, a crowd in my room, 990	—“ And your own cousin Guillichini too— “ Either or both entered your dwelling-place, “ Plundered 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, 1020
Fumes in my brain, fire in my throat, my wife Gone God knows whither,—rifed vesture- chest, And ransacked money-coffer. “ What does it mean ?” The servants had been drugged too, stared and yawned “ It must be that our lady has eloped !” 995 —“ Whither and with whom ?”—“ With whom but the Canon's self ? “ One recognizes Caponsacchi there !”— (By this time the admiring neighbourhood Joined chorus round me while I rubbed my eyes) “ 'Tis months since their intelligence began,— “ A comedy the town was privy to,— 1001 “ He wrote and she wrote, she spoke, he replied, “ And going in and out your house last night “ Was easy work for one . . . to be plain with you . . . “ Accustomed to do both, at dusk and dawn “ When you were absent,—at the villa, you know, 1006 “ Where husbandry required the master- mind. “ Did not you know ? Why, we all knew, you see !” And presently, bit by bit, the full and true	“ In a decent town, to darkness and such deeds : “ They climbed the wall—your lady must be lithe— “ 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, ‘ the Horse,’ 1025 “ Just outside, a calash in readiness “ Took the two principals, all alone at last, “ To gate San Spirito, which o'erlooks the road, “ Leads to Perugia, Rome and liberty.” Bit by bit thus made-up mosaic-wise, 1030 Flat lay my fortune,—tesselated floor, Imperishable tracery devils should foot And frolic it on, around my broken gods, Over my desecrated hearth. So much 1035
	For the terrible effect of threatening, Sirs ! Well, this way I was shaken wide awake, ' Doctored and drenched, somewhat un- poisoned so. Then, set on horseback and bid seek the lost, I started alone, head of me, heart of me Fire, and each limb as languid . . . ah, sweet lords, 1041

Bethink you!—poison-torture, try persuade  
 The next refractory Molinist with that! . . .  
 Floundered thro' day and night, another day  
 And yet another night, and so at last, 1045  
 As Lucifer kept falling to find hell,  
 Tumbled into the court-yard of an inn  
 At the end, and fell on whom I thought to  
 find,  
 Even Caponsacchi,—what part once was  
 priest,  
 Cast to the winds now with the cassock-  
 rags. 1050  
 In cape and sword a cavalier confessed,  
 There stood he chiding dilatory grooms,  
 Chafing that only horseflesh and no team  
 Of eagles would supply the last relay,  
 Whirl him along the league, the one post  
 more 1055  
 Between the couple and Rome and liberty.  
 'Twas dawn, the couple were rested in a sort,  
 And though the lady, tired,—the tenderer  
 sex,—  
 Still lingered in her chamber,—to adjust  
 The limp hair, look for any blush  
 astray,— 1060  
 She would descend in a twinkling,—“Have  
 you out  
 “The horses therefore!”  
 So did I find my wife.  
 Is the case complete? Do your eyes here  
 see with mine?  
 Even the parties dared deny no one 1065  
 Point out of all these points.  
 What follows next?  
 “Why, that then was the time,” you inter-  
 pose,  
 “Or then or never, while the fact was fresh,  
 “To take the natural vengeance: there and  
 thus 1070  
 “They and you,—somebody had stuck a  
 sword  
 “Beside you while he pushed you on your  
 horse,—  
 “'Twas requisite to slay the couple, Count!”  
 Just so my friends say. “Kill!” they cry  
 in a breath,  
 Who presently, when matters grow to a  
 head 1075

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,  
 Which law professes shall not fail a friend, 1080  
 Is thrice tried now, found threefold worse  
 than null,—  
 When what might turn to transient shade,  
 who knows?  
 Solidifies 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?” 1085  
 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,  
 “You shrank from gallant readiness and  
 risk, 1090  
 “Were coward: the thing's inexplicable else.”  
 Sweet my lords, let the thing be! I fall flat,  
 Play the reed, not the oak, to breath of man.  
 Only inform my ignorance! Say I stand  
 Convicted of the having been afraid, 1095  
 Proved a poltroon, no lion but a lamb,—  
 Does that deprive me of my right of lamb  
 And give my fleece and flesh to the first wolf?  
 Are eunuchs, women, children, shieldless  
 quite 1099  
 Against attack their own timidity tempts?  
 Cowardice were misfortune and no crime!  
 —Take it that way, since I am fallen so low  
 I scarce dare brush the fly that blows my face,  
 And thank the man who simply spits not  
 there,—  
 Unless the Court be generous, compre-  
 hend 1105  
 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,  
 stab!  
 —How, ready enough to rise at the right time,  
 I still could recognise no time mature 1110  
 Unsanctioned by a move o' the judgment-seat,  
 So, mute in misery, eyed my masters here  
 Motionless till the authoritative word



Pronounced amercement. There's the riddle solved :

This is just why I slew nor her nor him, 115  
 But called in law, law's delegate in the place,  
 And bade arrest the guilty couple, Sirs !  
 We had some trouble to do so—you have heard  
 They braved me,—he with arrogance and scorn,  
 She, with a volubility of curse, 119  
 A conversancy in the skill of tooth  
 And claw to make suspicion seem absurd,  
 Nay, an alacrity to put to proof  
 At my own throat my own sword, teach me so  
 To try conclusions better the next time,— 125  
 Which did the proper service with the mob.  
 They never tried to put on mask at all :  
 Two avowed lovers forcibly torn apart,  
 Upbraided the tyrant as in a playhouse scene,  
 Ay, and with proper clapping and applause  
 From the audience that enjoys the bold and free. 131  
 I kept still, said to myself, "There's law !"  
 Anon  
 We searched the chamber where they passed the night,  
 Found what confirmed the worst was feared before,  
 However needless confirmation now— 135  
 The witches' circle intact, charms undisturbed  
 That raised the spirit and succubus,—letters, to-wit,  
 Love-laden, each the bag o' the bee that bore  
 Honey from lily and rose to Cupid's hive,—  
 Now, poetry in some rank blossom-burst,  
 Now, prose,—“Come here, go there, wait such a while, 141  
 “He's at the villa, now he's back again :  
 “We are saved, we are lost, we are lovers all the same !”  
 All in order, all complete,—even to a clue  
 To the drowsiness that happed so opportune— 145  
 No mystery, when I read “Of all things, find  
 “What wine Sir Jealousy decides to drink—  
 “Red wine? Because a sleeping-potion, dust  
 “Dropped into white, discolours wine and shows.”

—“Oh, but we did not write a single word !  
 “Somebody forged the letters in our name !—” 151  
 Both in a breath protested presently.  
 Aha, Sacchetti<sup>1</sup> again !—“Dame,”—quoth the Duke,  
 “What meaneth this epistle, counsel me,  
 “I pick from out thy placket and peruse, 155  
 “Wherein my page averreth thou art white  
 “And warm and wonderful 'twixt pap and pap ?”  
 “Sir,” laughed the Lady, “'tis a counterfeit !  
 “Thy page did never stroke but Dian's breast,  
 “The pretty hound I nurture for thysake : 160  
 “To lie were losel,—by my fay, no more !”  
 And no more say I too, and spare the Court.

Ah, the Court ! yes, I come to the Court's self ;  
 Such the case, so complete in fact and proof,  
 I laid at the feet of law,—there sat my lords,  
 Here sit they now, so may they ever sit 165  
 In easier attitude than suits my haunch !  
 In this same chamber did I bare my sores  
 O' the soul and not the body,—shun no shame,  
 Shrink from no probing of the ulcerous part, 170  
 Since confident in Nature,—which is God,—  
 That she who, for wise ends, concocts a plague,  
 Curbs, at the right time, the plague's virulence too :  
 Law renovates even Lazarus,—cures me !  
 Cæsar thou seekest? To Cæsar thou shalt go ! 175  
 Cæsar's at Rome : to Rome accordingly !

The case was soon decided : both weights, cast  
 I' the balance, vibrate, neither kicks the beam,  
 Here away, there away, this now and now that.  
 To every one o' my grievances law gave 180

<sup>1</sup> *Sacchetti*: Franco Sacchetti, who lived about 1335-1410, author of stories in the manner of Boccaccio.

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— 1185  
 Not that such things were, but that so they  
 seemed :  
 Therefore, the end conceded lawful, (since  
 To save life there's no risk should stay our  
 leap)  
 It follows that all means to the lawful end  
 Are lawful likewise,—poison, theft and flight.  
 As for the priest's part, did he meddle or  
 make, 1191  
 Enough that he too thought life jeopardized ;  
 Concede him then the colour charity  
 Casts on a doubtful course,—if blackish white  
 Or whitish black, will charity hesitate ? 1195  
 What did he else but act the precept out,  
 Leave, like a provident shepherd, his safe  
 flock  
 To follow the single lamb and strayaway ?  
 Best hope so and think so,—that the ticklish  
 time  
 I' the carriage, the tempting privacy, the  
 last 1200  
 Somewhat ambiguous accident at the inn,  
 —All may bear explanation : may ? then,  
 must !  
 The letters,—do they so incriminate ?  
 But what if the whole prove a prank o' the pen,  
 Flight of the fancy, none of theirs at all, 1205  
 Bred of the vapours of my brain belike,  
 Or at worst mere exercise of scholar's-wit  
 In the courtly Caponsacchi : verse, convict ?  
 Did not Catullus write less seemly once ?  
 Yet *doctus* and unblemished he abides. 1210  
 Wherefore so ready to infer the worst ?  
 Still, I did righteously in bringing doubts  
 For the law to solve,—take the solution now !  
 " Seeing that the said associates, wife and  
 priest,  
 " Bear themselves not without some touch of  
 blame 1215  
 " —Else why the pother, scandal and outcry  
 " Which trouble our peace and require chas-  
 tishment ?

" We, for complicity in Pompilia's flight  
 " And deviation, and carnal intercourse 1219  
 " With the same, do set aside and relegate  
 " The Canon Caponsacchi for three years  
 " At Civita in the neighbourhood of Rome :  
 " And we consign Pompilia to the care  
 " Of a certain Sisterhood of penitents 1224  
 " I' the city's self, expert to deal with such."  
 Word for word, there's your judgment !  
 Read it, lords,  
 Re-utter your deliberate penalty  
 For the crime yourselves establish ! Your  
 award—  
 Who chop a man's right-hand off at the wrist  
 For tracing with forefinger words in wine 1230  
 O' the table of a drinking-booth that bear  
 Interpretation as they mocked the Church !  
 —Who brand a woman black between the  
 breasts  
 For sinning by connection with a Jew : 1231  
 While for the Jew's self—pudency be dumb !  
 You mete out punishment such and such,  
 yet so  
 Punish the adultery of wife and priest !  
 Take note of that, before the Molinists do,  
 And read me right the riddle, since right  
 must be ! 1239  
 While I stood rapt away with wonderment,  
 Voices broke in upon my mood and muse.  
 " Do you sleep ? " began the friends at either  
 ear,  
 " The case is settled,—you willed it should  
 be so—  
 " None of our counsel, always recollect !  
 " With law's award, budge ! Back into  
 your place ! 1245  
 " Your betters shali arrange the rest for you.  
 " We'll enter a new action, claim divorce :  
 " Your marriage was a cheat themselves allow :  
 " You erred i' the person,—might have  
 married thus  
 " Your sister or your daughter unaware. 1250  
 " We'll gain you, that way, liberty at least,  
 " Sure of so much by law's own showing.  
 Up  
 " And off with you and your unluckiness—  
 " Leave us to bury the blunder, sweep things  
 smooth !"

I was in humble frame of mind, be sure ! 1255  
I bowed, betook me to my place again.

Station by station I retraced the road,  
Touched at this hostel, passed this post-house  
by,

Where, fresh-remembered yet, the fugitives  
Had risen to the heroic stature : still— 1260

“That was the bench they sat on,—there’s  
the board

“They took the meal at,—yonder garden-  
ground

“They leaned across the gate of,”—ever a  
word

O’ the Helen and the Paris, with “Ha !  
you’re he,

“The . . . much-commiserated husband ?”  
Step 1265

By step, across the pelting, did I reach  
Arezzo, underwent the archway’s grin,

Traversed the length of sarcasm in the street,  
Found myself in my horrible house once more,

And after a colloquy . . . no word assists !  
With the mother and the brothers, stiffened  
me 1271

Straight out from head to foot as dead man  
does,

And, thus prepared for life as he for hell,  
Marched to the public Square and met the  
world.

Apologize for the pincers, palliate screws ?  
Ply me with such toy-trifles, I entreat ! 1276

Trust who has tried both sulphur and sops-  
in-wine !

I played the man as I best might, bade friends  
Put non-essentials by and face the fact.

“What need to hang myself as you advise ?  
“The paramour is banished,—the ocean’s  
width, 1281

“Or the suburb’s length,—to Ultima Thule,  
say,

“Or Proxima Civitas, what’s the odds of  
name

“And place ? He’s banished, and the fact’s  
the thing.

“Why should law banish innocence an inch ?  
“Here’s guilt then, what else do I care to  
know ? 1286

“The adulteress lies imprisoned,—whether  
in a well

“With bricks above and a snake for company,  
“Or tied by a garter to a bed-post,—much

“I mind what’s little,—least’s enough and to  
spare ! 1290

“The little fillip on the coward’s cheek  
“Serves as though crab-tree cudgel broke his  
pate.

“Law has pronounced there’s punishment,  
less or more :

“And I take note o’ the fact and use it thus—  
“For the first flaw in the original bond, 1296

“I claim release. My contract was to wed  
“The daughter of Pietro and Violante. Both

“Protest they never had a child at all.  
“Then I have never made a contract : good !

“Cancel me quick the thing pretended one.  
“I shall be free. What matter if hurried  
over 1301

“The harbour-boom by a great favouring tide,  
“Or the last of a spent ripple that lifts and  
leaves ?

“The Abate is about it. Laugh who wins !  
“You shall not laugh me out of faith in  
law ! 1305

“I listen, through all your noise, to Rome !”  
Rome spoke.

In three months letters thence admonished  
me,

“Your plan for the divorce is all mistake.  
“It would hold, now, had you, taking  
thought to wed 1310

“Rachel of the blue eye and golden hair,  
“Found swarth-skinned Leah cumber couch  
next day :

“But Rachel, blue-eyed golden-haired aright,  
“Proving to be only Laban’s child, not Lot’s,  
“Remains yours all the same for ever more.

“No whit to the purpose is your plea : you  
err 1316

“P’ the person and the quality—nowise  
“In the individual,—that’s the case in point !

“You go to the ground,—are met by a cross-  
suit

“For separation, of the Rachel here, 1320  
“From bed and board,—she is the injured  
one,

- " You did the wrong and have to answer it.  
 " As for the circumstance of imprisonment  
 " And colour it lends to this your new  
 attack, 1394  
 " Never fear, that point is considered too !  
 " The durance is already at an end ;  
 " The convent-quiet preyed upon her health,  
 " She is transferred now to her parents' house  
 " —No - parents, when that cheats and  
 plunders you,  
 " But parentage again confessed in full, 1330  
 " When such confession pricks and plagues  
 you more—  
 " As now—for, this their house is not the  
 house  
 " In Via Vittoria wherein neighbours' watch  
 " Might incommode the freedom of your wife,  
 " But a certain villa smothered up in vines  
 " At the town's edge by the gate 'i' the  
 Pauline Way, 1336  
 " Out of eye-reach, out of ear-shot, little and  
 lone,  
 " Whither a friend,—at Civita, we hope,  
 " A good half-dozen-hours' ride off,—might,  
 some eve,  
 " Betake himself, and whence ride back, some  
 morn, 1340  
 " Nobody the wiser : but be that as it may,  
 " Do not afflict your brains with trifles now.  
 " You have still three suits to manage, all  
 and each  
 " Ruinous truly should the event play false.  
 " It is indeed the likelier so to do, 1345  
 " That brother Paul, your single prop and  
 stay,  
 " After a vain attempt to bring the Pope  
 " To set aside procedures, sit himself  
 " And summarily use prerogative,  
 " Afford us the infallible finger's tact 1350  
 " To disentwine your tangle of affairs,  
 " Paul,—finding it moreover past his strength  
 " To stem the irruption, bear Rome's ridicule  
 " Of . . . since friends must speak . . . to  
 be round with you . . .  
 " Of the old outwitted husband, wronged  
 and wroth, 1356  
 " Pitted against a brace of juveniles—  
 " A brisk priest who is versed in Ovid's art
- " More than his Summa, and a gamesome  
 wife  
 " Able to act Corinna without book,  
 " Beside the waggish parents who played  
 dupes 1360  
 " To dupe the duper—(and truly divers scenes  
 " Of the Arezzo palace, tickle rib  
 " And tease eye till the tears come, so we  
 laugh ;  
 " Nor wants the shock at the inn its comic  
 force,  
 " And then the letters and poetry—*merum*  
*sal!*) 1365  
 " —Paul, finally, in such a state of things,  
 " After a brief temptation to go jump  
 " And join the fishes in the Tiber, drowns  
 " Sorrow another and a wiser way :  
 " House and goods, he has sold all off, is  
 gone, 1370  
 " Leaves Rome,—whether for France or  
 Spain, who knows ?  
 " Or Britain almost divided from our orb.  
 " You have lost him anyhow."  
 Now,—I see my lords  
 Shift in their seat,—would I could do the  
 same ! 1375  
 They probably please expect my bile was  
 moved  
 To purpose, nor much blame me : now, they  
 judge,  
 The fiery titillation urged my flesh  
 Break through the bonds. By your pardon,  
 no, sweet Sirs !  
 I got such missives in the public place ; 1380  
 When I sought home,—with such news,  
 mounted stair  
 And sat at last in the sombre gallery,  
 ('Twas Autumn, the old mother in bed  
 betimes,  
 Having to bear that cold, the finer frame  
 Of her daughter-in-law had found intoler-  
 able— 1385  
 The brother, walking misery away  
 O' the mountain-side with dog and gun belike)  
 As I supped, ate the coarse bread, drank the  
 wine  
 Weak once, now acrid with the toad's-head-  
 squeeze, 1389

- My wife's bestowment,—I broke silence thus :  
 " Let me, a man, manfully meet the fact,  
 " Confront the worst o' the truth, end, and  
 have peace !  
 " I am irremediably beaten here,—  
 " The gross illiterate vulgar couple,—bah !  
 " Why, they have measured forces, mastered  
 mine, 1386  
 " Made me their spoil and prey from first to  
 last.  
 " They have got my name,—'tis nailed now  
 fast to theirs,  
 " The child or changeling is anyway my wife ;  
 " Point by point as they plan they execute,  
 " They gain all, and I lose all—even to the  
 lure 1406  
 " That led to loss,—they have the wealth  
 again  
 " They hazarded awhile to hook me with,  
 " Have caught the fish and find the bait entire :  
 " They even have their child or changeling  
 back  
 " To trade with, turn to account a second  
 time. 1416  
 " The brother presumably might tell a tale  
 " Or give a warning,—he, too, flies the field,  
 " And with him vanish help and hope of help.  
 " They have caught me in the cavern where  
 I fell,  
 " Covered my loudest cry for human aid 1426  
 " With this enormous paving-stone of shame.  
 " Well, are we demigods or merely clay ?  
 " Is success still attendant on desert ?  
 " Is this, we live on, heaven and the final  
 state,  
 " Or earth which means probation to the  
 end? 1435  
 " Why claim escape from man's predestined  
 lot  
 " Of being beaten and baffled?—God's decree,  
 " In which I, bowing bruised head, acquiesce.  
 " One of us Franceschini fell long since  
 " F the Holy Land, betrayed, tradition runs,  
 " To Paynim by the feigning of a girl 1455  
 " He rushed to free from ravisher, and found  
 " Lay safe enough! with friends in ambushade  
 " Who slayed him while she clapped her hands  
 and laughed :
- " Let me end, falling by a like device. 1455  
 " It will not be so hard. I am the last  
 " O' my line which will not suffer any more.  
 " I have attained to my full fifty years,  
 " (About the average of us all, 'tis said,  
 " Though it seems longer to the unlucky man!)  
 " —Lived through my share of life ; let all  
 end here, 1463  
 " Me and the house and grief and shame at  
 once.  
 " Friends my informants,—I can bear your  
 blow !"  
 And I believe 'twas in no unmeet match  
 For the stoic's mood, with something like a  
 smile, 1465  
 That, when morose December roused me  
 next,  
 I took into my hand, broke seal to read  
 The new epistle from Rome. " All to no  
 use !  
 " Whate'er the turn next injury take," smiled I,  
 " Here's one has chosen his part and knows  
 his cue. 1468  
 " I am done with, dead now ; strike away,  
 good friends !  
 " Are the three suits decided in a trice ?  
 " Against me,—there's no question ! How  
 does it go ?  
 " Is the parentage of my wife demonstrated  
 " Infamous to her wish ? Parades she now  
 " Loosed of the cincture that so irked the  
 loin? 1476  
 " Is the last penny extracted from my purse  
 " To mulct me for demanding the first pound  
 " Was promised in return for value paid ?  
 " Has the priest, with nobody to court be-  
 side, 1485  
 " Courted the Muse in exile, hitched my hap  
 " Into a rattling ballad-rhyme which, bawled  
 " At tavern-doors, wakes rapture everywhere,  
 " And helps cheap wine down throat this  
 Christmas time,  
 " Beating the bagpipes? Any or all of these !  
 " As well, good friends, you cursed my palace  
 here 1495  
 " To its old cold stone face,—stuck your cap  
 for crest  
 " Over the shield that's extant in the Square,—

- "Or spat on the statue's cheek, the impatient  
 world 1469  
 "Sees cumber tomb-top in our family church :  
 "Let him creep under covert as I shall do,  
 "Half below-ground already indeed. Good-  
 bye !  
 "My brothers are priests, and childless so ;  
 that's well—  
 "And, thank God most for this, no child  
 leave I— 1464  
 "None after me to bear till his heart break  
 "The being a Franceschini and my son !"  
 "Nay," said the letter, "but you have just  
 that !  
 "A babe, your veritable son and heir—  
 "Lawful,—'tis only eight months since your  
 wife  
 "Left you,—so, son and heir, your babe was  
 born 1470  
 "Last Wednesday in the villa,—you see the  
 cause  
 "For quitting Convent without beat of drum,  
 "Stealing a hurried march to this retreat  
 "That's not so savage as the Sisterhood  
 "To slips and stumbles : Pietro's heart is  
 soft, 1475  
 "Violante leans to pity's side,—the pair  
 "Ushered you into life a bouncing boy :  
 "And he's already hidden away and safe  
 "From any claim on him you mean to make—  
 "They need him for themselves,—don't fear,  
 they know 1480  
 "The use o' the bantling,—the nerve thus  
 laid bare  
 "To nip at, new and nice, with finger-nail !"  
 Then I rose up like fire, and fire-like roared.  
 What, all is only beginning not ending now?  
 The worm which wormed its way from skin  
 through flesh 1485  
 To the bone and there lay biting, did its  
 best,—  
 What, it goes on to scrape at the bone's self,  
 Will wind to inmost marrow and madden me?  
 There's to be yet my representative, 1489  
 Another of the name shall keep displayed  
 The flag with the ordure on it, brandish still  
 The broken sword has served to stir a jakes?  
 Who will he be, how will you call the man?  
 A Franceschini,—when who cut my purse,  
 Filched my name, hemmed me round, hustled  
 me hard 1495  
 As rogues at a fair some fool they strip i' the  
 midst,  
 When these count gains, vaunt pillage pre-  
 sently :—  
 But a Caponsacchi, oh, be very sure !  
 When what demands its tribute of applause  
 Is the cunning and impudence o' the pair of  
 cheats, 1500  
 The lies and lust o' the mother, and the brave  
 Bold carriage of the priest, worthily 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 ! 1506  
 Or say, by some mad miracle of chance,  
 Is he indeed my flesh and blood, this babe?  
 Was it because fate forged a link at last  
 Betwixt my wife and me, and both alike  
 Found we had henceforth some one thing to  
 love, 1510  
 Was it when she could damn my soul indeed  
 She unlatched door, let all the devils o' the  
 dark  
 Dance in on me to cover her escape?  
 Why then, the surplusage of disgrace, the  
 spilth  
 Over and above the measure of infamy, 1515  
 Failing to take effect on my coarse flesh  
 Seasoned with scorn now, saturate with  
 shame,—  
 Is saved to instil on and corrode the brow,  
 The baby-softness of my first-born child—  
 The child I had died to see though in a  
 dream, 1520  
 The child I was bid strike out for, beat the  
 wave  
 And baffle the tide of troubles where I swam,  
 So I might touch shore, lay down life at last  
 At the feet so dim and distant and divine  
 Of the apparition, as 'twere Mary's Babe  
 Had held, through night and storm, the  
 torch aloft,— 1525  
 Born now in very deed to bear this brand

On forehead and curse me who could not  
save !

Rather be the town-talk true, square's jest,  
street's jeer 1529

True, my own inmost heart's confession true,  
And he the priest's bastard and none of mine !  
Ay, there was cause for flight, swift flight  
and sure !

The husband gets unruly, breaks all bounds  
When he encounters some familiar face, 1534  
Fashion of feature, brow and eyes and lips  
Where he least looked to find them,—time  
to fly !

This bastard then, a nest for him is made,  
As the manner is of vermin, in my flesh :  
Shall I let the filthy pest buzz, flap and sting,  
Busy at my vitals and, nor hand nor foot 1540  
Lift, but let be, lie still and rot resigned ?  
No, I appeal to God,—what says Himself,  
How lessons Nature when I look to learn ?  
Why, that I am alive, am still a man  
With brain and heart and tongue and right-  
hand too— 1545

Nay, even with friends, in such a cause as this,  
To right me if I fail to take my right.  
No more of law ; a voice beyond the law  
Enters my heart, *Quis est pro Domino?*<sup>1</sup>

Myself, in my own Vittiano, told the tale 1550  
To my own serving-people summoned there :  
Told the first half of it, scarce heard to end  
By judges who got done with judgment quick  
And clamoured to go execute her 'hest—

Who cried " Not one of us that dig your soil  
" And dress your vineyard, prune your olive-  
trees, 1556

" But would have brained the man debauched  
our wife,

" And staked the wife whose lust allured  
the man,

" And paunched the Duke, had it been  
possible,

" Who ruled the land yet barred us such  
revenge !" 1560

I fixed on the first whose eyes caught mine,  
some four

<sup>1</sup> *Quis est pro Domino*: " Who is on the  
Lord's side ?"

Resolute youngsters with the heart still fresh,  
Filled my purse with the residue o' the coin  
Uncaught-up by my wife whom haste made  
blind,

Donned the first rough and rural garb I  
found, 1565

Took whatsoever weapon came to hand,  
And out we flung and on we ran or reeled  
Romeward. I have no memory of our way,  
Only that, when at intervals the cloud  
Of horror about me opened to let in life, 1570  
I listened to some song in the ear, some snatch  
Of a legend, relic of religion, stray  
Fragment of record very strong and old  
Of the first conscience, the anterior right,  
The God's-gift to mankind, impulse to  
quench 1575

The antagonistic spark of hell and tread  
Satan and all his malice into dust,  
Declare to the world the one law, right is  
right.

Then the cloud re-encompassed me, and so  
I found myself, as on the wings of winds, 1580  
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 dagger. " Where is it, His promised  
peace ?" 1585

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 1590

And idle door that missed the master's step,—  
Bore the frank wonder of incredulous eyes,  
As my own people watched without a word,  
Waited, 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 1595  
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 1600  
 Behind it, Satan's which I else should see.  
 But, day by day, joy waned and withered off :  
 The Babe's face, premature with peak and  
 pine,  
 Sank into wrinkled ruinous old age,  
 Suffering and death, then mist-like disap-  
 peared, 1605  
 And showed only the Cross at end of all,  
 Left nothing more to interpose 'twixt me  
 And the dread duty : for the angels' song,  
 "Peace upon earth," louder and louder pealed  
 "O Lord, how long, how long be un-  
 avenged?" 1610  
 On the ninth day, this grew too much for man.  
 I started up—"Some end must be!" At  
 once,  
 Silence : then, scratching like a death-watch-  
 tick,  
 Slowly within my brain was syllabled, 1614  
 "One more concession, one decisive way  
 "And but one, to determine thee the truth,—  
 "This way, in fine, I whisper in thy ear :  
 "Now doubt, anon decide, thereupon act!"  
  
 "That is a way, thou whisperest in my ear !  
 "I doubt, I will decide, then act," said  
 I— 1620  
 Then beckoned my companions : "Time is  
 come!"  
  
 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 1624  
 I' 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—" 1630  
 To the friend, physician, friar upon his  
 rounds,  
 Traveller belated, beggar lame and blind?  
 No, but—"to Caponsacchi!" And the door  
 Opened.  
 And then,—why, even then, I think,  
  
 I' the minute that confirmed my worst of  
 fears, 1636  
 Surely,—I pray God that I think aright!—  
 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  
 shape 1640  
 Fronted me in the door-way,—stood there  
 faint  
 With the recent pang perhaps of giving birth  
 To what might, though by miracle, seem my  
 child,—  
 Nay more, I will say, had even the aged fool  
 Pietro, the dotard, in whom folly and age 1645  
 Wrought, more than enmity or malevolence,  
 To practise and conspire against my peace,—  
 Had either of these but opened, I had paused.  
 But it was she the hag, she that brought hell  
 For a dowry with her to her husband's  
 house, 1650  
 She the mock-mother, she that made the  
 match  
 And married me to perdition, spring and  
 source  
 O' the fire inside me that boiled up from  
 heart  
 To brain and hailed the Fury gave it birth,—  
 Violante Comparini, she it was, 1655  
 With the old grin amid the wrinkles yet,  
 Opened : as if in turning from the Cross,  
 With trust to keep the sight and save my  
 soul,  
 I had stumbled, first thing, on the serpent's  
 head  
 Coiled with a leer at foot of it. 1660  
 There was the end !  
 Then was I rapt away by the impulse, one  
 Immeasurable everlasting wave of a need  
 To abolish that detested life. 'Twas done :  
 You know the rest and how the folds o' the  
 thing, 1665  
 Twisting for help, involved the other two  
 More or less serpent-like : how I was mad,  
 Blind, stamped on all, the earth-worms with  
 the asp,  
 And ended so. 1669  
 You came on me that night,



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  
shelter first,

With the bloody arms beside me,—was it  
not so? 1675

Wherefore not? Why, how else should I be  
found?

I was my own self, had my sense again,  
My soul safe from the serpents. I could  
sleep:

Indeed and, dear my lords, I shall sleep now,  
Spite of my shoulder, in five minutes'  
space, 1680

When you dismiss me, having truth enough!  
It is but a few days are passed, I find,

Since this adventure. Do you tell me, four?  
Then the dead are scarce quiet where they lie,  
Old Pietro, old Violante, side by side 1685

At the church Lorenzo,—oh, they know it  
well!

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.  
And Caponsacchi, you have summoned  
him,— 1690

Was he so far to send for? Not at hand?  
I thought some few o' the stabs were in his  
heart,

Or had not been so lavish: less had served.  
Well, he too tells his story,—florid prose

As smooth as mine is rough. You see, my  
lords, 1695

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 1700

Recognize who took that huge burthen off,  
Let me begin to live again. I did

God's bidding and man's duty, so, breathe  
free;

Look you to the rest! I heard Himself  
prescribe,

That great Physician, and dared lance the  
core 1705

Of the bad ulcer; and the rage abates,  
I am myself and whole now: I prove cured  
By the eyes that see, the ears that hear again,  
The limbs that have relearned their youthful  
play, 1708

The healthy taste of food and feel of clothes  
And taking to our common life once more,  
All that now urges my defence from death.

The willingness to live, what means it else?  
Before,—but let the very action speak!

Judge for yourselves, what life seemed worth  
to me 1715

Who, not by proxy but in person, pitched  
Head-foremost into danger as a fool

That never cares if he can swim or no—  
So he but find the bottom, braves the brook.

No man omits precaution, quite neglects 1720  
Secresy, safety, schemes not how retreat,

Having schemed he might advance. Did I  
so scheme?

Why, 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. 1725

Then, my companions,—call them what you  
please,

Slave or stipendiary,—what need of one  
To me whose right-hand did its owner's work?

Hire an assassin yet expose yourself?  
As well buy glove and then thrust naked hand

I' the thorn-bush. No, the wise man stays  
at home, 1731

Sends only agents out, with pay to earn:  
At home, when they come back,—he straight  
discards

Or else disowns. Why use such tools at all  
When a man's foes are of his house, like  
mine, 1735

Sit at his board, sleep in his bed? Why noise,  
When there's the *acquetta* and the silent way?

Clearly my life was valueless.

But now

Health is returned, and sanity of soul 1740  
Nowise indifferent to the body's harm.

I find the instinct bids me save my life;  
My wits, too, rally round me; I pick up

And use the arms that strewed the ground  
before,  
Unnoticed or spurned aside : I take my  
stand, 1745  
Make my defence. God shall not lose a life  
May do Him further service, while I speak  
And you hear, you my judges and last hope !  
You are the law : 'tis to the law I look.  
I began life by hanging to the law, 1750  
To the law it is I hang till life shall end.  
My brother made appeal to the Pope, 'tis  
true,  
To stay proceedings, judge my cause himself  
Nor trouble law,—some fondness of conceit  
That rectitude, sagacity sufficed 1755  
The investigator in a case like mine,  
Dispensed with the machine of law. The  
Pope  
'Knew better, set aside my brother's plea  
And put me back to law,—referred the cause  
*Ad judices meos*,—doubtlessly did well. 1760  
Here, then, I clutch my judges,—I claim law—  
Cry, by the higher law whereof your law  
O' the land is humbly representative,—  
Cry, on what point is it, where either accuse,  
I fail to furnish you defence? I stand 1765  
Acquitted, actually or virtually,  
By every intermediate kind of court  
That takes account of right or wrong in man,  
Each unit in the series that begins  
With God's throne, ends with the tribunal  
here. 1770  
God breathes, not speaks, his verdicts, felt  
not heard,  
Passed on successively to each court I call  
Man's conscience, custom, manners, all that  
make  
More and more effort to promulgate, mark  
God's verdict in determinable words, 1775  
Till last come human jurists—solidify  
Fluid result,—what's fixable lies forged,  
Statute,—the residue escapes in fume,  
Yet hangs aloft, a cloud, as palpable  
To the finer sense as word the legist welds.  
Justinian's Pandects only make precise 1781  
What simply sparkled in men's eyes before,  
Twitched in their brow or quivered on their  
lip,  
Waited the speech they called but would not  
come.  
These courts then, whose decree your own  
confirms,— 1785  
Take my whole life, not this last act alone,  
Look on it by the light reflected thence !  
What has Society to charge me with?  
Come, unreservedly,—favour none nor fear,—  
I am Guido Franceschini, am I not? 1790  
You know the courses I was free to take?  
I took just that which let me serve the  
Church,  
I gave it all my labour in body and soul  
Till these broke down i' the service.  
"Specify?"  
Well, my last patron was a Cardinal. 1795  
I left him unconvicted of a fault—  
Was even helped, by way of gratitude,  
Into the new life that I left him for,  
This very misery of the marriage,—he  
Made it, kind soul, so far as in him lay—  
Signed the deed where you yet may see his  
name. 1801  
He is gone to his reward,—dead, being my  
friend  
Who could have helped here also,—that, of  
course !  
So far, there's my acquittal, I suppose.  
Then comes the marriage itself—no question,  
lords, 1805  
Of the entire validity of that !  
In the extremity of distress, 'tis true,  
For after-reasons, furnished abundantly,  
I wished the thing invalid, went to you  
Only some months since, set you duly forth  
My wrong and prayed your remedy, that a  
cheat 1811  
Should not have force to cheat my whole life  
long.  
"Annul a marriage? 'Tis impossible !  
"Though ring about your neck be brass not  
gold,  
"Needs must it clasp, gangrene you all the  
same !" 1815  
Well, let me have the benefit, just so far,  
O' the fact announced,—my wife then is my  
wife,  
I have allowance fi

I am charged with passing right's due bound, —such acts	You dreaded the crowd, succumbed to the popular cry, 1885
As I thought just, my wife called cruelty, Complained of in due form,—convoked no court 1821	Or else, would nowise seem defer thereto And yield to public clamour though i' the right!
Of common gossipry, 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. 1825	You ridded your eye of my unseemliness, The noble whose misfortune wearied you,— Or, what's more probable, made common cause 1860
These heard her charge with my reply, and found	With the cleric section, punished in myself Maladroit uncomplaisant laity, Defective in behaviour to a priest Who claimed the customary partnership I' the house and the wife. Lords, any lie will serve! 1865
That futile, this sufficient: they dismissed The hysteric querulous rebel, and confirmed Authority in its wholesome exercise, They, with directest access to the facts. 1830	Look to it,—or allow me freed so far!
“—Ay, for it was their friendship favoured you,	Then I proceed a step, come with clean hands Thus far, re-tell the tale told eight months since.
“Hereditary alliance against a breach “I' the social order: prejudice for the name “Of Franceschini!”—So I hear it said: But not here. You, lords, never will you say 1835	The wife, you allow so far, I have not wronged, Has fled my roof, plundered me and de- camped 1870
“Such is the nullity of grace and truth, “Such the corruption of the faith, such lapse “Of law, such warrant have the Molinists “For daring reprehend us as they do,— “That we pronounce it just a common case, “Two dignitaries, each in his degree 1841	In company with the priest her paramour: And I gave chase, came up with, caught the two At the wayside inn where both had spent the night, Found them in flagrant fault, and found as well, 1874
“First, foremost, this the spiritual head, and that	By documents with name and plan and date, The fault was furtive then that's flagrant now, Their intercourse a long established crime. I did not take the license law's self gives To slay both criminals o' the spot at the time, But held my hand,—preferred play prodigy Of patience which the world calls cowardice, Rather than seem anticipate the law 1882
“The secular arm o' the body politic, “Should, for mere wrongs' love and injus- tice' sake, “Side with, aid and abet in cruelty 1845	And cast discredit on its organs,—you. So, to your bar I brought both criminals, And made my statement: heard their counter- charge, 1885
“This broken beggarly noble,—bribed per- haps	Nay,—their corroboration of my tale, Nowise disputing its allegements, not I' the main, not more than nature's decency Compels men to keep silence in this kind,— Only contending that the deeds avowed 1880
“By his watered wine and mouldy crust of bread—	Would take another colour and bear excuse.
“Rather than that sweet tremulous flower- like wife	
“Who kissed their hands and curled about their feet	
“Looking the irresistible loveliness 1830	
“In tears that takes man captive, turns” . . . enough!	
Do you blast your predecessors? What forbids Posterity to trebly blast yourselves Who set the example and instruct their tongue?	

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, 1896  
 And that I stand in consequence untouched,  
 One white integrity from head to heel.  
 Not guilty ? Why then did you punish them ?  
 True, punishment has been inadequate—  
 'Tis not I only, not my friends that joke, 1900  
 My foes that jeer, who echo " inadequate "—  
 For, by a chance that comes to help for once,  
 The same case simultaneously was judged  
 At Arezzo, in the province of the Court 1904  
 Where the crime had its beginning but not end.  
 They then, deciding on but half o' the crime,  
 The effraction, robbery,—features of the fault  
 I never cared to dwell upon at Rome,—  
 What was it they adjudged as penalty 1909  
 To Pompilia,—the one criminal o' the pair  
 Amenable to their judgment, not the priest  
 Who is Rome's ? Why, just imprisonment  
 for life  
 P' the Stinche. There was Tuscany's award  
 To a wife that robs her husband : you at  
 Rome—  
 Having to deal with adultery in a wife 1915  
 And, in a priest, breach of the priestly vow—  
 Give gentle sequestration for a month  
 In a manageable Convent, then release,  
 You call imprisonment, in the very house  
 O' the very couple, which the aim and end  
 Of the culprits' crime was—just to reach and  
 rest 1921  
 And there take solace and defy me : well,—  
 This difference 'twixt their penalty and yours  
 Is immaterial : make your penalty less—  
 Merely that she should henceforth wear black  
 gloves 1925  
 And white fan, she who wore the opposite—  
 Why, all the same the fact o' the thing sub-  
 sists.  
 Reconcile to your conscience as you may,  
 Be it on your own heads, you pronounced but  
 half  
 O' the penalty for heinousness like hers 1830  
 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 ! 1935  
 I acquiesce for my part : punished, though  
 By a pin-point scratch, means guilty : guilty  
 means  
 —What have I been but innocent hitherto ?  
 Anyhow, here the offence, being punished,  
 ends.  
 Ends?—for you deemed so, did you not,  
 sweet lords ? 1940  
 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, 1945  
 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 nipped away just inch 1949  
 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  
 Of your interference,—lightened of what load ?  
 At liberty wherein ? Mere words and wind !  
 " Now I was saved, now I should feel no  
 more 1955  
 " The hot breath, find a respite from fixed eye  
 " And vibrant tongue ! " Why, scarce your  
 back was turned,  
 There was the reptile, that feigned death at  
 first,  
 Renewing its detested spire and spire  
 Around me, rising to such heights of hate 1960  
 That, so far from mere purpose now to crush  
 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 1965  
 The hunger I may feed but never sate,  
 Tormented on to perpetuity,—  
 My son, whom, dead, I shall know, understand,  
 Feel, hear, see, never more escape the sight  
 In heaven that's turned to hell, or hell returned  
 (So rather say) to this same earth again,— 1971  
 Moulded into the image and made one,

Fashioned of soul as featured like in face, First taught to laugh and lisp and stand and go By that thief, poisoner and adulteress 1973 I call Pompilia, he calls . . . sacred name, Be unpronounced, be unpolluted here ! And last led up to the glory and prize of hate By his . . . foster-father, Caponsacchi's self, The perjured priest, pink of conspirators, Tricksters and knaves, yet polished, superfine, Manhood to model adolescence by ! 1982 Lords, look on me, declare,—when, what I show,	Oh, never fear ! I'll find life plenty use Though it should last five years more, aches and all ! For, first thing, there's the mother's age to help— 2074 Let her come break her heart upon my breast, Not on the blank stone of my nameless tomb ! The fugitive brother has to be bidden back To the old routine, repugnant to the tread, Of daily suit and service to the Church,— Thro' gibe and jest, those stones that Shimei flung ! 2020
Is nothing more nor less than what you deemed And doled me out for justice,—what did you say ? 1983 For reparation, restitution and more,— Will you not thank, praise, bid me to your breasts For having done the thing you thought to do, And thoroughly trampled out sin's life at last ? I have heightened phrase to make your soft speech serve, 1990 Doubled the blow you but essayed to strike, Carried into effect your mandate here That else had fallen to ground : mere duty done, Oversight of the master just supplied By zeal i' the servant. I, being used to serve, Have simply . . . what is it they charge me with ? 1998	Ay, and the spirit-broken youth at home, The awe-struck altar-ministrant, shall make Amends for faith now palsied at the source, Shall see truth yet triumphant, justice yet A victor in the battle of this world ! 2025 Give me—for last, best gift—my son again, Whom law makes mine,—I take him at your word, Mine be he, by miraculous mercy, lords ! Let me lift up his youth and innocence To purify my palace, room by room 2030 Purged of the memories, lend from his bright brow Light to the old proud paladin my sire Shrunk now for shame into the darkest shade O' the tapestry, showed him once and shrouds him now ! Then may we,—strong from that rekindled smile,— 2035
Blackened again, made legible once more Your own decree, not permanently writ, Rightly conceived but all too faintly traced. It reads efficient, now, comminatory, 2000 A terror to the wicked, answers so The mood o' the magistrate, the mind of law. Absolve, then, me, law's mere executant ! Protect your own defender,—save me, Sirs ! Give me my life, give me my liberty, 2005 My good name and my civic rights again ! It would be too fond, too complacent play Into the hands o' the devil, should we lose The game here, I for God : a soldier-bee That yields his life, exenterate <sup>1</sup> with the stroke O' the sting that saves the hive. I need that life. 2011	Go forward, face new 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, 2040 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 2045 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, 2049

<sup>1</sup> *Exenterate*: disembowelled.

Adding "The task seemed superhuman, still  
 "I dared and did it, trusting God and law :  
 "And they approved of me : give praise to  
 both !"

And if, for answer, he shall stoop to kiss  
 My hand, and peradventure start thereat,—  
 I engage to smile "That was an accident 2055  
 "I' the necessary process,—just a trip  
 "O' the torture-irons in their search for  
 truth,—  
 "Hardly misfortune, and no fault at all."

#### VI.—GIUSEPPE CAPONSACCHI.

ANSWER you, Sirs? Do I understand aright?  
 Have patience! In this sudden smoke from  
 hell,—

So things disguise themselves,—I cannot see  
 My own hand held thus broad before my face  
 And know it again. Answer you? Then  
 that means 5

Tell over twice what I, the first time, told  
 Six months ago : 'twas here, I do believe,  
 Fronting you same three in this very room,  
 I stood and told you : yet now no one laughs,  
 Who then . . . nay, dear my lords, but  
 laugh you did, 10

As good as laugh, what in a judge we style  
 Laughter—no levity, nothing indecorous,  
 lords!

Only,—I think I apprehend the mood :  
 There was the blameless shrug, permissible  
 smirk,

The pen's pretence at play with the pursed  
 mouth, 15

The titter stifled in the hollow palm  
 Which rubbed the eyebrow and caressed the  
 nose,

When I first told my tale : they meant, you  
 know,

"The sly one, all this we are bound believe !  
 "Well, he can say no other than what he  
 says. 20

"We have been young, too,—come, there's  
 greater guilt!

"Let him but decently disembroil himself,

"Scramble from out the scrape nor move  
 the mud,—

"We solid ones may risk a finger-stretch!"  
 And now you sit as grave, stare as aghast 25  
 As if I were a phantom : now 'tis—"Friend,  
 "Collect yourself!"—no laughing matter  
 more—

"Counsel the Court in this extremity,  
 "Tell us again!"—tell that, for telling which,  
 I got the jocular piece of punishment, 30  
 Was sent to lounge a little in the place  
 Whence now of a sudden here you summon  
 me

To take the intelligence from just—your lips!  
 You, Judge Tommati, who then tittered  
 most,—

That she I helped eight months since to escape  
 Her husband, was retaken by the same, 35  
 Three days ago, if I have seized your sense,—  
 (I being disallowed to interfere,

Meddle or make in a matter none of mine,  
 For you and law were guardians quite enough  
 O' the innocent, without a pert priest's  
 help)— 40

And that he has butchered her accordingly,  
 As she foretold and as myself believed,—  
 And, so foretelling and believing so,  
 We were punished, both of us, the merry  
 way : 45

Therefore, tell once again the tale! For  
 what?

Pompilia is only dying while I speak!  
 Why does the mirth hang fire and miss the  
 smile?

My masters, there's an old book, you should  
 con

For strange adventures, applicable yet, 50  
 'Tis stuffed with. Do you know that there  
 was once

This thing : a multitude of worthy folk  
 Took recreation, watched a certain group  
 Of soldiery intent upon a game,—

How first they wrangled, but soon fell to  
 play, 55

Threw dice,—the best diversion in the world.  
 A word in your ear,—they are now casting  
 lots,

Ay, with that gesture quaint and cry uncouth,

For the coat of One murdered an hour ago !  
 I am a priest,—talk of what I have learned.  
 Pompilia is bleeding out her life belike; 61  
 Gasping away the latest breath of all,  
 This minute, while I talk—not while you  
 laugh ?

Yet, being sobered now, what is it you ask  
 By way of explanation? There's the fact ! 65  
 It seems to fill the universe with sight  
 And sound,—from the four corners of this  
 earth

Tells itself over, to my sense at least.  
 But you may want it lower set i' the scale,—  
 Too vast, too close it clangs in the ear,  
 perhaps ; 70  
 You'd stand back just to comprehend it more.  
 Well then, let me, the hollow rock, condense  
 The voice o' the sea and wind, interpret you  
 The mystery of this murder. God above !  
 It is too paltry, such a transference 75  
 O' the storm's roar to the cranny of the stone !

This deed, you saw begin—why does its end  
 Surprise you? Why should the event enforce  
 The lesson, we ourselves learned, she and I,  
 From the first o' the fact, and taught you,  
 all in vain? 80

This Guido from whose throat you took my  
 grasp,

Was this man to be favoured, now, or feared,  
 Let do his will, or have his will restrained,  
 In the relation with Pompilia? Say !

Did any other man need interpose 85  
 —Oh, though first comer, though as strange  
 at the work

As fribble must be, coxcomb, fool that's near  
 To knave as, say, a priest who fears the  
 world—

Was he bound brave the peril, save the  
 doomed,

Or go on, sing his snatch and pluck his  
 flower, 90

Keep the straight path and let the victim die ?  
 I held so ; you decided otherwise,

Saw no such peril, therefore no such need  
 To stop song, loosen flower, and leave path.

Law,

Law was aware and watching, would suffice,  
 Wanted no priest's intrusion, palpably 95  
 Pretence, too manifest a subterfuge !

Whereupon I, priest, coxcomb, fribble and  
 fool,

Enscenced me in my corner, thus rebuked,  
 A kind of culprit, over-zealous hound 100

Kicked for his pains to kennel ; I gave place  
 To you, and let the law reign paramount :

I left Pompilia to your watch and ward,  
 And now you point me—there and thus she  
 lies !

Men, for the last time, what do you want  
 with me ? 105

Is it,—you acknowledge, as it were, a use,  
 A profit in employing me?—at length

I may conceivably help the august law?  
 I am free to break the blow, next hawk that  
 swoops

On next dove, nor miss much of good repute?  
 Or what if this your summons, after all, 110

Be but the form of mere release, no more,  
 Which turns the key and lets the captive go?

I have paid enough in person at Civita,  
 Am free,—what more need I concern me  
 with? 115

Thank you ! I am rehabilitated then,  
 A very reputable priest. But she—

The glory of life, the beauty of the world,  
 The splendour of heaven, . . . well, Sirs,

does no one move ?

Do I speak ambiguously? The glory, I say,  
 And the beauty, I say, and splendour, still

say I, 120

Who, priest and trained to live my whole  
 life long

On beauty and splendour, solely at their  
 source,

God,—have thus recognized my food in her,  
 You tell me, that's fast dying while we talk,

Pompilia ! How does lenity to me, 125  
 Remit one death-bed pang to her? Come,  
 smile !

The proper wink at the hot-headed youth  
 Who lets his soul show, through transparent

words, 129

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-fallen, — understands how law might  
 take  
 Service like mine, of brain and heart and  
 hand, 135  
 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,  
 That I endeavoured to save Pompilia? 140  
 Then,  
 You were wrong, you see : that's well to see,  
 though late :  
 That's all we may expect of man, this side  
 The grave : his good is—knowing he is bad :  
 Thus will it be with us when the books ope 145  
 And we stand at the bar on judgment-day.  
 Well then, I have a mind to speak, see cause  
 To relume the quenched flax by this dreadful  
 light,  
 Burn my soul out in showing you the truth.  
 I heard, last time I stood here to be judged, 150  
 What is priest's-duty,—labour to pluck tares  
 And weed the corn of Molinism ; let me  
 Make you hear, this time, how, in such a case,  
 Man, be he in the priesthood or at plough,  
 Mindful of Christ or marching step by step 155  
 With . . . what's his style, the other potentate  
 Who bids have courage and keep honour safe,  
 Nor let minuter admonition tease?—  
 How he is bound, better or worse, to act.  
 Earth will not end through this misjudgment,  
 no ! 160  
 For you and the others like you sure to come,  
 Fresh work is sure to follow,—wickedness  
 That wants withstanding. Many a man of  
 blood,  
 Many a man of guile will clamour yet, 164  
 Bid you redress his grievance,—as he clutched  
 The prey, forsooth a stranger stepped between,  
 And there's the good gripe in pure waste !  
 My part  
 Is done ; i' the doing it, I pass away  
 Out of the world. I want no more with  
 earth. 169

Let me, in heaven's name, use the very snuff  
 O' the taper in one last spark shall show truth  
 For a moment, show Pompilia who was true !  
 Not for her sake, but yours : if she is dead,  
 Oh, Sirs, she can be loved by none of you 174  
 Most or least priestly ! Saints, to do us good,  
 Must be in heaven, I seem to understand ;  
 We never find them saints before, at least.  
 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 ! 181  
 This is a foolish outset :—might with cause  
 Give colour to the very lie o' the man,  
 The murderer,—make as if I loved his wife,  
 In the way he called love. He is the fool  
 there ! 185  
 Why, had there been in me the touch of taint,  
 I had picked up so much of knaves'-policy  
 As hide it, keep one hand pressed on the place  
 Suspected of a spot would damn us both.  
 Or no, not her !—not even if any of you 190  
 Dares think that I, i' the face of death, her  
 death  
 That's in my eyes and ears and brain and  
 heart,  
 Lie,—if he does, let him ! I mean to say,  
 So he stop there, stay thought from smirching  
 her  
 The snow-white soul that angels fear to take  
 Untenderly. But, all the same, I know 196  
 I too am taintless, and I bare my breast.  
 You can't think, men as you are, all of you,  
 But that, to hear thus suddenly such an end  
 Of such a wonderful white soul, that comes  
 Of a man and murderer calling the white  
 black, 201  
 Must shake me, trouble and disadvantage.  
 Sirs,  
 Only seventeen !  
 Why, good and wise you are !  
 You might at the beginning stop my mouth :  
 So, none would be to speak for her, that  
 knew. 206  
 I talk impertinently, and you bear,  
 All the same. This it is to have to do



With honest hearts : they easily may err,  
 But in the main they wish well to the truth.  
 You are Christians ; somehow, no one ever  
 plucked 211  
 A rag, even, from the body of the Lord,  
 To wear and mock with, but, despite himself,  
 He looked the greater and was the better.  
 Yes,  
 I shall go on now. Does she need or not  
 I keep calm? Calm I'll keep as monk that  
 croons 216  
 Transcribing battle, earthquake, famine,  
 plague,  
 From parchment to his cloister's chronicle.  
 Not one word more from the point now !

I begin.

Yes, I am one of your body and a priest. 221  
 Also I am a younger son o' the House  
 Oldest now, greatest once, in my birth-town  
 Arezzo, I recognize no equal there—  
 (I want all arguments, all sorts of arms 225  
 That seem to serve,—use this for a reason,  
 wait !)  
 Not therefore thrust into the Church, because  
 O' the piece of bread one gets there. We  
 were first  
 Of Fiesole, that rings still with the fame  
 Of Capo-in-Sacco our progenitor : 220  
 When Florence ruined Fiesole, our folk  
 Migrated to the victor-city, and there  
 Flourished,—our palace and our tower attest,  
 In the Old Mercato,—this was years ago,  
 Four hundred, full,—no, it wants fourteen  
 just. 225  
 Our arms are those of Fiesole itself,  
 The shield quartered with white and red : a  
 branch  
 Are the Salviati of us, nothing more.  
 That were good help to the Church? But  
 better still—  
 Not simply for the advantage of my birth 240  
 I' the way of the world, was I proposed for  
 priest ;  
 But because there's an illustration, late  
 I' the day, that's loved and looked to as a saint  
 Still in Arezzo, he was bishop of,  
 Sixty years since : he spent to the last do it

His bishop's-revenue among the poor, 246  
 And used to tend the needy and the sick,  
 Barefoot, because of his humility.  
 He it was,—when the Granduke Ferdinand<sup>1</sup>  
 Swore he would raze our city, plough the  
 place 250  
 And sow it with salt, because we Aretines  
 Had tied a rope about the neck, 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. 255  
 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 i' the garb and prattled in the school,  
 Was made expect, from infancy almost, 260  
 The proper mood o' 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, 265  
 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  
 holiest flesh  
 “Engage to keep such vow inviolate,  
 “How much less mine? I know myself too  
 weak, 270  
 “Unworthy! Choose a worthier stronger  
 man !”  
 And the very Bishop smiled and stopped my  
 mouth  
 In its mid-protestation. “Incapable?  
 “Qualmish of conscience? Thou ingenuous  
 boy !  
 “Clear up the clouds and cast thy scruples  
 far ! 275  
 “I satisfy thee there's an easier sense  
 “Wherein to take such vow than suits the  
 first

<sup>1</sup> *Ferdinand* : Ferdinand II., Grand-duke of Tuscany 1621-1670, one of the Medici.

- "Rough rigid reading. Mark what makes  
 all smooth,  
 "Nay, has been even a solace to myself!  
 "The Jews who needs must, in their syna-  
 gogue, 290  
 "Utter sometimes the holy name of God,  
 "A thing their superstition boggles at,  
 "Pronounce aloud the ineffable sacrosanct,—  
 "How does their shrewdness help them?  
 In this wise;  
 "Another set of sounds they substitute, 295  
 "Jumble so consonants and vowels—how  
 "Should I know?—that there grows from  
 out the old  
 "Quite a new word that means the very  
 same—  
 "And o'er the hard place slide they with a  
 smile.  
 "Giuseppe Maria Caponsacchi mine, 290  
 "Nobody wants you in these latter days  
 "To prop the Church by breaking your  
 back-bone,—  
 "As the necessary way was once, we know,  
 "When Diocletian flourished and his like.  
 "That building of the buttress-work was  
 done 295  
 "By martyrs and confessors: let it bide,  
 "Add not a brick, but, where you see a chink,  
 "Stick in a sprig of ivy or root a rose  
 "Shall make amends and beautify the pile!  
 "We profit as you were the painfullest 300  
 "O' the martyrs, and you prove yourself a  
 match  
 "For the cruelest confessor ever was,  
 "If you march boldly up and take your stand  
 "Where their blood soaks, their bones yet  
 strew the soil, 304  
 "And cry 'Take notice, I the young and free  
 "And well-to-do i' the world, thus leave  
 the world,  
 "Cast in my lot thus with no gay young  
 world  
 "But the grand old Church: she tempts  
 me of the two!  
 "Renounce the world? Nay, keep and give  
 it us!  
 "Let us have you, and boast of what you  
 bring. 310
- "We want the pick o' the earth to practise  
 with,  
 "Not its offscouring, halt and deaf and blind  
 "In soul and body. There's a rubble-stone  
 "Unfit for the front o' the building, stuff to  
 stow 314  
 "In a gap behind and keep us weather-tight;  
 "There's porphyry for the prominent place.  
 Good lack!  
 "Saint Paul has had enough and to spare,  
 I trow,  
 "Of ragged run-away Onesimus:  
 "He wants the right-hand with the signet-  
 ring  
 "Of King Agrippa, now, to shake and use.  
 "I have a heavy scholar cloistered up, 321  
 "Close under lock and key, kept at his task  
 "Of letting Fénelon know the fool he is;  
 "In a book I promise Christendom next  
 Spring. 324  
 "Why, if he covets so much meat, the clown,  
 "As a lark's wing next Friday, or, any day,  
 "Diversion beyond catching his own fleas,  
 "He shall be properly swunged, I promise  
 him.  
 "But you, who are so quite another paste  
 "Of a man,—do you obey me? Cultivate  
 "Assiduous that superior gift you have. 331  
 "Of making madrigals—(who told me? Ah!)  
 "Get done a *Marinesque Adoniad*<sup>1</sup> straight  
 "With a pulse o' the blood a-pricking, here  
 and there,  
 "That I may tell the lady 'And he's ours!'"
- So I became a priest: those terms changed  
 all, 336  
 I was good enough for that, nor cheated so;  
 I could live thus and still hold head erect.  
 Now you see why I may have been before  
 A fribble and coxcomb, yet, as priest, break  
 word 340  
 Nowise, to make you disbelieve me now.  
 I need that you should know my truth.  
 Well, then,
- <sup>1</sup> *A Marinesque Adoniad*: alluding to the  
*Adone* of Giovanni Battista Marin (or Marini),  
 published in 1623, and very popular during the  
 seventeenth century.

According to prescription did I live,  
 —Conformed myself, both read the breviary  
 And wrote the rhymes, was punctual to my  
 place 348  
 I' the Pieve,<sup>1</sup> and as diligent at my post  
 Where beauty and fashion rule. I throve  
 apace,  
 Sub-deacon, Canon, the authority  
 For delicate play at tarocs,<sup>2</sup> and arbiter  
 O' the magnitude of fan-mounts: all the  
 while 350  
 Wanting no whit the advantage of a hint  
 Benignant to the promising pupil,—thus:  
 "Enough attention to the Countess now,  
 "The young one; 'tis her mother rules the  
 roast,  
 "We know where, and puts in a word: go  
 pay 355  
 "Devoir to-morrow morning after mass!  
 "Break that rash promise to preach, Passion-  
 week!  
 "Has it escaped you the Archbishop grunts  
 "And snuffles when one grieves to tell his  
 Grace 359  
 "No soul dares treat the subject of the day  
 "Since his own masterly handling it (ha, ha!)  
 "Five years ago,—when somebody could  
 help  
 "And touch up an odd phrase in time of need,  
 "(He, he!)—and somebody helps you, my  
 son!  
 "Therefore, don't prove so indispensable  
 "At the Pieve, sit more loose i' the seat, nor  
 grow 366  
 "A fixture by attendance morn and eve!  
 "Arezzo's just a haven midway Rome—  
 "Rome's the eventual harbour,—make for  
 port,  
 "Crowd sail, crack cordage! And your  
 cargo be 370  
 "A polished presence, a genteel manner, wit  
 "At will, and tact at every pore of you!  
 "I sent our lump of learning, Brother Clout,  
 "And Father Slouch, our piece of piety,  
 "To see Rome and try suit the Cardinal.

<sup>1</sup> *Pieve*: Sta. Maria della Pieve, one of the principal churches in Arezzo.

<sup>2</sup> *Tarocs*: a card game.

"Thither they clump-clumped, beads and  
 book in hand, 376  
 "And ever since 'tis meat for man and maid  
 "How both flopped 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 381  
 "As—far from all this awe at sanctitude—  
 "Heads that wag, eyes that twinkle, modified  
 mirth  
 "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 386  
 "For pauses in the elegiac couplet, chasms  
 "Permissible only to Catullus! There!  
 "Now go to duty: brisk, break Priscian's  
 head<sup>3</sup> 389  
 "By reading the day's office—there's no help.  
 "You've Ovid in your poke to plaster that;  
 "Amen's at the end of all: then sup with me!"

Well, after three or four years of this life,  
 In prosecution of my calling, I  
 Found myself at the theatre one night 396  
 With a brother Canon, in a mood and mind  
 Proper enough for the place, amused or no:  
 When I saw enter, stand, and seat herself  
 A lady, young, tall, beautiful, strange and sad.  
 It was as when, in our cathedral once, 400  
 As I got yawningly through matin-song,  
 I saw *facchini*<sup>4</sup> 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, 405  
 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,

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

<sup>4</sup> *Facchini*: porters.

And dodged and in a trice was at my back  
 Nodding from over my shoulder. Then she  
 turned, 411  
 Looked our way, smiled the beautiful sad  
 strange smile.

"Is not she fair? 'Tis my new cousin,"  
 said he :

"The fellow lurking there i' the black o'  
 the box

"Is Guido, the old scapegrace: she's his wife,  
 "Married three years since: how his Count-  
 ship sulks! 416

"He has brought little back from Rome  
 beside,

"After the bragging, bullying. A fair face,

"And—they do say—a pocketful of gold

"When he can worry both her parents  
 dead. 420

"I don't go much there, for the chamber's  
 cold

"And the coffee pale. I got a turn at first

"Paying my duty: I observed they crouched

"—The two old frightened family spectres—  
 close

"In a corner, each on each like mouse on  
 mouse 425

"I' the cat's cage: ever since, I stay at home.

"Hallo, there's Guido, the black, mean and  
 small,

"Bends his brows on us—please to bend  
 your own

"On the shapely nether limbs of Light-skirts  
 there

"By way of a diversion! I was a fool 430

"To fling the sweetmeats. Prudence, for  
 God's love!

"To-morrow I'll make my peace, e'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 sunbeam thro' shut  
 eyes, 435

And not once changed the beautiful sad  
 strange smile.

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

"All's to no purpose; I have louted low,  
 "But he saw you staring—*quia sub*—don't  
 incline 440

"To know you nearer: him we would not  
 hold

"For Hercules,—the man would lick your  
 shoe

"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—  
*jam tu*— 446

"So, be you rational and make amends

"With little Light-skirts yonder—*in secula*

"*Secu-lo-o-o-rum*. Ah, you rogue! Every  
 one knows

"What great dame she makes jealous: one  
 against one, 450

"Play, and win both!"

Sirs, ere the week was out,  
 I saw and said to myself "Light-skirts hides  
 teeth

"Would make a dog sick,—the great dame  
 shows spite

"Should drive a cat mad: 'tis but poor work  
 this— 455

"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 460

"Turn, as into a skirt of God's own robe,

"Those lancet-windows' jewelled miracle,—

"Than go eat the Archbishop's ortolans,

"Digest his jokes. Luckily Lent is near:

"Who cares to look will find me in my  
 stall 465

"At the Pieve, constant to this faith at least—

"Never to write a canzonet any more."

So, next week, 'twas my patron spoke abrupt,  
 In altered guise. "Young man, can it be true

"That after all your promise of sound fruit,

"You have kept away from Countess young  
 or old 471

"And gone play truant in church all day long?"

"Are you turning Molinist?" I answered quick :

"Sir, what if I turned Christian? It might be.

"The fact is, I am troubled in my mind,

"Beset and pressed hard by some novel thoughts. 476

"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, 480

"And look into my heart a little." "Lent

"Ended,"—I told friends—"I shall go to Rome."

One evening I was sitting in a muse  
Over the opened "Summa,"<sup>1</sup> darkened  
round

By the mid-March twilight, thinking how my  
life 485

Had shaken under me,—broke short indeed  
And showed the gap 'twixt what is, what  
should be,—

And into what abysm the soul may slip,  
Leave aspiration here, achievement there,

Lacking omnipotence to connect extremes—  
Thinking moreover . . . oh, thinking, if

you like, 491

How utterly dissociated was I  
A priest and celibate, from the sad strange  
wife

Of Guido,—just as an instance to the point,  
Nought more,—how I had a whole store of  
strengths 495

Eating into my heart, which craved employ,  
And she, perhaps, need of a finger's help,—

And yet there was no way in the wide world  
To stretch out mine and so relieve myself,—

How when the page o' the Summa preached  
its best, 500

Her smile kept glowing out of it, as to mock  
The silence we could break by no one word,—

There came a tap without the chamber-door,  
And a whisper ; when I bade who tapped

speak out.

<sup>1</sup> *Summa* : the *Summa Theologiæ* of Thomas  
Aquinas.

And, in obedience to my summons, last 505  
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 510

That she, I lately flung the comfits to,

Had a warm 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 o' the  
house 515

Where the small terrace overhangs a street

Blind and deserted, not the street in front :

Her husband being away, the surly patch,

At his villa of Vittiano.

"And you?"—I asked :

"What may you be?" "Count Guido's kind  
of maid— 521

"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. 525

"What answer may I bring to cheer the sweet  
"Pompilia?"

Then I took a pen and wrote

"No more of this! That you are fair, I  
know : 529

"But other thoughts now occupy my mind.

"I should not thus have played the insensible

"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-  
well."

"There!" smiled I as she snatched it and  
was gone— 535

"There, let the jealous miscreant,—Guido's  
self,

"Whose mean soul grins through this trans-  
parent trick,—

"Be baulked so far, defrauded of his aim!

"What fund of satisfaction to the knave,

- "Had I kicked this his messenger down  
 stairs, 540  
 "Trussed to the middle of her impudence,  
 "And set his heart at ease so! No, indeed!  
 "There's the reply which he shall turn and  
 twist  
 "At pleasure, snuff at till his brain grow  
 drunk,  
 "As the bear does when he finds a scented  
 glove 545  
 "That puzzles him,—a hand and yet no hand,  
 "Of other perfume than his own foul paw!  
 "Last month, I had doubtless chosen to play  
 the dupe,  
 "Accepted the mock-invitation, kept  
 "The sham appointment, cudgel beneath  
 cloak, 550  
 "Prepared myself to pull the appointer's self  
 "Out of the window from his hiding-place  
 "Behind the gown of this part-messenger  
 "Part-mistress who would personate the wife.  
 "Such had seemed once a jest permissible:  
 "Now I am not i' the mood." 555  
     Back next morn brought  
 The messenger, a second letter in hand.  
 "You are cruel, Thyrsis, and Myrtilia moans  
 "Neglected but adores you, makes request 560  
 "For mercy: why is it you dare not come?  
 "Such virtue is scarce natural to your age.  
 "You must love someone else; I hear  
 you do,  
 "The Baron's daughter or the Advocate's  
 wife,  
 "Or both,—all's one, would you make me  
 the third— 565  
 "I take the crumbs from table gratefully  
 "Nor grudge who feasts there. 'Faith, I  
 blush and blaze!  
 "Yet if I break all bounds, there's reason  
 sure.  
 "Are you determinedly bent on Rome?  
 "I am wretched here, a monster tortures  
 me: 570  
 "Carry me with you! Come and say you  
 will!  
 Concert this very evening! Do not write!  
 "I am ever at the window of my room  
 "Over the terrace, at the *Ave*. Come!"
- I questioned—lifting half the woman's mask  
 To let her smile loose. "So, you gave my  
 line 575  
 "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 wept all night when evening brought  
 no friend, 580  
 "Alone, 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 o' the husband?"—"Ah,—no  
 risk at all! 585  
 "He is more stupid even than jealous.  
 Ah—  
 "That was the reason? Why, the man's  
 away!  
 "Beside, his bugbear is that friend of yours,  
 "Fat little Canon Conti. He fears him,  
 "How should he dream of you? I told you  
 truth: 590  
 "He goes to the villa at Vittiano—'tis  
 "The time when Spring-sap rises in the  
 vine—  
 "Spends the night there. And then his  
 wife's a child:  
 "Does he think a child outwits him? A  
 mere child:  
 "Yet so full grown, a dish for any duke. 595  
 "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 600  
 "Sign at the window . . . but nay, 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  
605

"His food, anticipate hell's worm once more!

"Let him watch shivering at the window—ay,

"And let this hybrid, this his light-of-love

"And lackey-of-lies,—a sage economy,—

"Paid with embracings for the rank brass coin,—  
610

"Let her report and make him chuckle o'er

"The break-down of my resolution now,

"And lour at disappointment in good time!

"—So tantalize and so enrage by turns,

"Until the two fall each on the other like  
615

"Two famished spiders, as the coveted fly

"That toys long, leaves their net and them at last!"

And so the missives followed thick and fast

For a month, say,—I still came at every turn

On the soft sly adder, endlong 'neath my tread.  
620

I was met i' the street, made sign to in the church,

A slip was found i' the door-sill, scribbled word

'Twixt page and page o' the prayer-book in my place.

A crumpled thing dropped even before my feet,

Pushed through the blind, above the terrace-rail,  
625

As I passed, by day, the very window once.

And ever from corners would be peering up

The messenger, with the self-same demand

"Obdurate still, no flesh but adamant?

"Nothing to cure the wound, assuage the throe  
630

"O' the sweetest lamb that ever loved a bear?"

And ever my one answer in one tone—

"Go your ways, temptress! Let a priest read, pray,

"Unplagued of vain talk, visions not for him!

"In the end, you'll have your will and ruin me!"  
635

One day, a variation: thus I read:

"You have gained little by timidity.

"My husband has found out my love at length,

"Sees cousin Conti was the stalking-horse,

"And you the game he covered, poor fat soul!  
640

"My husband is a formidable foe,

"Will stick at nothing to destroy you. Stand

"Prepared, or better, run till you reach Rome!

"I bade you visit me, when the last place

"My tyrant would have turned suspicious at,  
645

"Or cared to seek you in, was . . . why say, where?"

"But now all's changed: beside, the season's past

"At the villa,—wants the master's eye no more.

"Anyhow, I beseech you, stay away

"From the window! He might well be posted there."  
650

I wrote—"You raise my courage, or call up

"My curiosity, who am but man.

"Tell him he owns the palace, not the street

"Under—that's his and yours and mine alike.

"If it should please me pad the path this eve,

"Guido will have two troubles, first to get

"Into a rage and then get out again.  
655

"Be cautious, though: at the *Ave!*"

You of the Court!

When I stood question here and reached this point  
660

O' the narrative,—search notes and see and say

If someone did not interpose with smile

And sneer, "And prithee why so confident

"That the husband must, of all needs, not the wife,  
664

"Fabricate thus,—what if the lady loved?

"What if she wrote the letters?"

Learned Sir,

I told you there's a picture in our church.

Well, if a low-browed verger sidled up  
669

Bringing me, like a blotch, on his prod's point,

A transfixed scorpion, let the reptile writhe,

And then said "See a thing that Rafael made—

"This venom issued from Madonna's mouth!"

I should reply, "Rather, the soul of you

"Has issued from your body, like from like,  
"By way of the ordure-corner!" 676

But no less,

I tired of the same long black teasing lie  
Obtruded thus at every turn; the pest

Was far too near the picture, anyhow: 680

One does Madonna service, making clowns

Remove their dung-heap from the sacristy.

"I will to the window, as he tempts," said I:

"Yes, whom the easy love has failed allure,

"This new bait of adventure tempts,—thinks  
he. 685

"Though the imprisoned lady keeps afar,

"There will they lie in ambush, heads alert,

"Kith, kin, and Count mustered to bite my  
heel.

"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  
last,"— 695

I began to laugh already—"he will have

"Out of the hole you hide in, on to the front,

"Count Guido Franceschini, show yourself!

"Hear what a man thinks of a thing like you,

"And after, take this foulness in your face!"

The words lay living on my lip, I made 701

The one-turn more—and there at the window  
stood,

Framed in its black square length, with lamp  
in hand,

Pompilia; the same great, grave, grievful air

As stands 't' the dusk, on altar that I know, 706

Left alone with one moonbeam in her cell,

Our Lady of all the Sorrows. Ere I knelt—

Assured myself that she was flesh and blood—  
She had looked one look and vanished.

I thought—"Just so:

"It was herself, they have set her there to  
watch— 711

"Stationed to see some wedding-band go by,

"On fair pretence that she must bless the bride,

"Or wait some funeral with friends wind past,

"And crave peace for the corpse that claims  
its due. 715

"She never dreams they used her for a snare,

"And now withdraw the bait has served its  
turn.

"Well done, the husband, who shall fare the  
worse!"

And on my lip again was—"Out with thee,

"Guido!" When all at once she re-appeared;

But, this time, on the terrace overhead, 721

So close above me, she could almost touch

My head if she bent down; and she did bend,

While I stood still as stone, all eye, all ear.

She began—"You have sent me letters, Sir:

"I have read none, I can neither read nor  
write; . 726

"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 while she inculcates 730

"That you, a priest, can dare love me, a wife,

"Desire to live or die as I shall bid,

"(She makes me listen if I will or no)

"Because you saw my face a single time. 734

"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, 740

"Much money, where one piece would save  
my life.

"The silver cup upon the altar-cloth

"Is neither yours to give nor mine to take;

"But I might take one bit of bread therefrom,

"Since I am starving, and return the rest,

"Yet do no harm: this is my very case. 746

"I am in that strait, I may not dare abstain

"From so much of assistance as would bring

"The guilt of theft on neither you nor me;

"But no superfluous particle of aid. 750

"I think, if you will let me state my case,

"Even had you been so fancy-fevered here,



- "Not your sound self, you must grow healthy  
 now—  
 "Care only to bestow what I can take.  
 "That it is only you in the wide world, 758  
 "Knowing me nor in thought nor word nor  
 deed,  
 "Who, all unprompted save by your own  
 heart,  
 "Come proffering assistance now, — were  
 strange  
 "But that my whole life is so strange: as  
 strange  
 "It is, my husband whom I have not wronged  
 "Should hate and harm me. For his own  
 soul's sake, 761  
 "Hinder the harm! But there is something  
 more,  
 "And that the strangest: it has got to be  
 "Somehow for my sake too, and yet not  
 mine, 764  
 "—This is a riddle—for some kind of sake  
 "Not any clearer to myself than you,  
 "And yet as certain as that I draw breath,—  
 "I would fain live, not die—oh no, not die!  
 "My case is, I was dwelling happily 769  
 "At Rome with those dear Comparini, called  
 "Father and mother to me; when at once  
 "I found I had become Count Guido's wife:  
 "Who then, not waiting for a moment,  
 changed  
 "Into a fury of fire, if once he was 774  
 "Merely a man: his face threw fire at mine,  
 "He laid a hand on me that burned all peace,  
 "All joy, all hope, and last all fear away,  
 "Dipping the bough of life, so pleasant once,  
 "In fire which shrivelled leaf and bud alike,  
 "Burning not only present life but past, 780  
 "Which you might think was safe beyond  
 his reach.  
 "He reached it, though, since that beloved  
 pair,  
 "My father once, my mother all those years,  
 "That loved me so, now say I dreamed a  
 dream  
 "And bid me wake, henceforth no child of  
 theirs, 785  
 "Never in all the time their child at all.  
 "Do you understand? I cannot: yet so it is.
- "Just so I say of you that proffer help:  
 "I cannot understand what prompts your soul,  
 "I simply needs must see that it is so, 790  
 "Only one strange and wonderful thing more.  
 "They came here with me, those two dear  
 ones, kept  
 "All the old love up, till my husband, till  
 "His people here so tortured them, they fled.  
 "And now, is it because I grow in flesh 795  
 "And spirit one with him their torturer,  
 "That they, renouncing him, must cast off  
 me?  
 "If I were graced by God to have a child,  
 "Could I one day deny God graced me so?  
 "Then, since my husband hates me, I shall  
 break 800  
 "No law that reigns in this fell house of hate,  
 "By using—letting have effect so much  
 "Of hate as hides me from that whole of hate  
 "Would take my life which I want and must  
 have—  
 "Just as I take from your excess of love 805  
 "Enough to save my life with, all I need.  
 "The Archbishop said to murder me were  
 sin:  
 "My leaving Guido were a kind of death  
 "With no sin,—more death, he must answer 809  
 for.  
 "Hear now what death to him and life to you  
 "I wish to pay and owe. Take me to Rome!  
 "You go to Rome, the servant makes me  
 hear.  
 "Take me as you would take a dog, I think,  
 "Masterless left for strangers to maltreat:  
 "Take me home like that—leave me in the  
 house 815  
 "Where the father and the mother are; and  
 soon  
 "They'll come to know and call me by my  
 name,  
 "Their child once more, since child I am,  
 for all  
 "They now forget me, which is the worst o'  
 the dream—  
 "And the way to end dreams is to break  
 them, stand, 821  
 "Walk, go: then help me to stand, walk  
 and go!

- "The Governor said the strong should help  
the weak :  
 "You know how weak the strongest women  
are.  
 "How could I find my way there by myself?  
 "I cannot even call out, make them hear—  
 "Just as in dreams : I have tried and proved  
the fact. 828  
 "I have told this story and more to good  
great men,  
 "The Archbishop and the Governor : they  
smiled.  
 " "Stop your mouth, fair one !"—presently  
they frowned,  
 " "Get you gone, disengage you from our  
feet !" 830  
 "I went in my despair to an old priest,  
 "Only a friar, no great man like these two,  
 "But good, the Augustinian, people name  
 "Romano,—he confessed me two months  
since :  
 "He fears God, why then needs he fear the  
world? 835  
 "And when he questioned how it came about  
 "That I was found in danger of a sin—  
 "Despair of any help from providence,—  
 " "Since, though your husband outrage you,"  
said he, 838  
 " "That is a case too common, the wives die  
 " "Or live, but do not sin so deep as this"—  
 "Then I told—what I never will tell you—  
 "How, worse than husband's hate, I had to  
bear  
 "The love,—soliciting to shame called  
love,—  
 "Of his brother,—the young idle priest i'  
the house 845  
 "With only the devil to meet there. 'This  
is grave—  
 " "Yes, we must interfere : I counsel,—write  
 " "To those who used to be your parents once,  
 " "Of dangers here, bid them convey you  
hence !"  
 " "But," said I, "when I neither read nor  
write?" 850  
 "Then he took pity and promised 'I will  
write.'  
 "If he did so,—why, they are dumb or dead :
- "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 855  
 " 'I' the clutches. Anyhow, no word arrives.  
 "All such extravagance and dreadfulness  
 "Seems incident to dreaming, cured one  
way,—  
 "Wake me! The letter I received this morn,  
 "Said—if the woman spoke your very  
sense— 860  
 " "You would die for me : ' I can believe it  
now :  
 "For now the dream gets to involve yourself.  
 "First of all, you seemed wicked and not  
good,  
 "In writing me those letters : you came in  
 "Like a thief upon me. I this morning said  
 "In my extremity, entreat the thief! 865  
 "Try if he have in him no honest touch !  
 "A thief might save me from a murderer.  
 " 'Twas a thief said the last kind word to  
Christ :  
 "Christ took the kindness and forgave the  
theft : 870  
 "And so did I prepare what I now say.  
 "But now, that you stand and I see your face,  
 "Though you have never uttered word yet,  
—well, I know,  
 "Here too has been dream-work, delusion  
too, 874  
 "And that at no time, you with the eyes here,  
 "Ever intended to do wrong by me,  
 "Nor wrote such letters therefore. It is  
false,  
 "And you are true, have been true, will be  
true.  
 "To Rome then,—when is it you take me  
there? 879  
 "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,— 885



Which hitherto, sophist alike and sage,  
 Saint Thomas<sup>1</sup> with his sober grey goose-  
 quill, 990  
 And sinner Plato by Cephisian reed.<sup>2</sup>  
 Would fain, pretending just the insect's good,  
 Whisk off, drive back, consign to shade again.  
 Into another state, under new rule  
 ! knew myself was passing swift and sure ;  
 Whereof the initiatory pang approached, 996  
 Felicitous annoy, as bitter-sweet  
 As when the virgin-band, the victors chaste,  
 Feel at the end the earthly garments drop,  
 And rise with something of a rosy shame 970  
 Into immortal nakedness : so I  
 Lay, and let come the proper throe would  
 thrill  
 Into the ecstasy and outthrob pain.

I' the grey of dawn it was I found myself  
 Facing the pillared front o' the Pieve—mine,  
 My church : it seemed to say for the first  
 time 976  
 " But am not I the Bride, the mystic love  
 " O' the Lamb, who took thy plighted troth,  
 my priest,  
 " To fold thy warm heart on my heart of stone  
 " And freeze thee nor unfasten any more ?  
 " This is a fleshly woman,—let the free 981  
 " Bestow their life-blood, thou art pulseless  
 now !"  
 See ! Day by day I had risen and left this  
 church  
 At the signal waved me by some foolish fan,  
 With half a curse and half a pitying smile 985  
 For the monk I stumbled over in my haste,  
 Prostrate and corpse-like at the altar-foot  
 Intent on his *corona* : then the church  
 Was ready with her quip, if word conduced,  
 To quicken my pace nor stop for prating—  
 " There ! 989  
 " Be thankful you are no such ninny, go  
 " Rather to teach a black-eyed novice cards  
 " Than gabble Latin and protrude that nose  
 " Smoothed to a sheep's through no brains  
 and much faith !"

<sup>1</sup> *Saint Thomas*: Aquinas. See note on l. 484.

<sup>2</sup> *Cephisian reed*: the reeds of Cephisus, one  
 of the rivers of Athens.

That sort of incentive ! Now the church  
 changed tone— 995  
 Now, when I found out first that life and  
 death  
 Are means to an end, that passion uses both,  
 Indisputably mistress of the man  
 Whose form of worship is self-sacrifice :  
 Now, from the stone lungs sighed the scrannel  
 voice 1000  
 " Leave that live passion, come be dead with  
 me !"  
 As if, i' the fabled garden,<sup>3</sup> I had gone  
 On great adventure, plucked in ignorance  
 Hedge-fruit, and feasted to satiety,  
 Laughing at such high fame for hips and  
 haws, 1005  
 And scorned the achievement: then come all  
 at once  
 O' the prize o' the place, the thing of perfect  
 gold,  
 The apple's self: and, scarce my eye on that,  
 Was 'ware as well o' the seven-fold dragon's  
 watch. 1009

Sirs, I obeyed. Obedience was too strange,—  
 This new thing that had been struck into me  
 By the look o' the lady,—to dare disobey  
 The first authoritative word. 'Twas God's.  
 I had been lifted to the level of her,  
 Could take such sounds into my sense. I  
 said 1015  
 " We two are cognisant o' the Master now ;  
 " She it is bids me bow the head : how true,  
 " I am a priest ! I see the function here ;  
 " I thought the other way self-sacrifice : 1019  
 " This is the true, seals up the perfect sum.  
 " I pay it, sit down, silently obey."

So, I went home. Dawn broke, noon  
 broadened, I—  
 I sat stone-still, let time run over me. 1025  
 The sun slanted into my room, had reached  
 The west. I opened book,—Aquinas blazed  
 With one black name only on the white page.  
 I looked up, saw the sunset : vespers rang :

<sup>3</sup> *The fabled garden*: of the Hesperides,  
 where the golden apple was guarded by a  
 dragon.

- "She counts the minutes till I keep my word  
 "And come say all is ready. I am a priest.  
 "Duty to God is duty to her: I think 1030  
 "God, who created her, will save her too  
 "Some new way, by one miracle the more,  
 "Without me. Then, prayer may avail per-  
 haps."  
 I went to my own place i' the Pieve, read  
 The office: I was back at home again 1035  
 Sitting i' the dark. "Could she but know—  
 but know  
 "That, were there good in this distinct from  
 God's,  
 "Really good as it reached her, though pro-  
 cured  
 "By a sin of mine,—I should sin: God for-  
 gives.  
 "She knows it is no fear withholds me:  
 fear? 1040  
 "Of what? Suspense here is the terrible  
 thing.  
 "If she should, as she counts the minutes,  
 come  
 "On the fantastic notion that I fear  
 "The world now, fear the Archbishop, fear  
 perhaps  
 "Count Guido, he who, having forged the  
 lies, 1045  
 "May wait the work, attend the effect,—I  
 fear  
 "The sword of Guido! Let God see to that—  
 "Hating lies, let not her believe a lie!"  
 Again the morning found me. "I will work,  
 "Tie down my foolish thoughts. Thank  
 God so far! 1050  
 "I have saved her from a scandal, stopped  
 the tongues  
 "Had broken else into a cackle and hiss  
 "Around the noble name. Duty is still  
 "Wisdom: I have been wise." So the day  
 wore.  
 At evening—"But, achieving victory, 1055  
 "I must not blink the priest's peculiar part,  
 "Nor shrink to counsel, comfort: priest and  
 friend—  
 "How do we discontinue to be friends?
- "I will go minister, advise her seek 1079  
 "Help at the source,—above all, not despair:  
 "There may be other happier help at hand.  
 "I hope it,—wherefore then neglect to say?"  
 There she stood—leaned there, for the second  
 time,  
 Over the terrace, looked at me, then spoke:  
 "Why is it you have suffered me to stay  
 "Breaking my heart two days more than was  
 need? 1066  
 "Why delay help, your own heart yearns to  
 give?  
 "You are again here, in the self-same mind,  
 "I see here, steadfast in the face of you,—  
 "You grudge to do no one thing that I ask.  
 "Why then is nothing done? You know my  
 need. 1071  
 "Still, through God's pity on me, there is time  
 "And one day more: shall I be saved or no?"  
 I answered—"Lady, waste no thought, no  
 word  
 "Even to forgive me! Care for what I  
 care— 1075  
 "Only! Now follow me as I were fate!  
 "Leave this house in the dark to-morrow  
 night,  
 "Just before daybreak:—there's new moon  
 this eve—  
 "It sets, and then begins the solid black.  
 "Descend, proceed to the Torrione, step  
 "Over the low dilapidated wall, 1081  
 "Take San Clemente, there's no other gate  
 "Unguarded at the hour: some paces thence  
 "An inn stands; cross to it; I shall be there."  
 She answered, "If I can but find the way.  
 "But I shall find it. Go now!" 1086  
 I did go,  
 Took rapidly the route myself prescribed,  
 Stopped at Torrione, climbed the ruined place,  
 Proved that the gate was practicable, reached  
 The inn, no eye, despite the dark, could  
 miss, 1091  
 Knocked there and entered, made the host  
 secure:  
 "With Caponsacchi it is ask and have;

"I know my betters. Are you bound for  
 Rome? 1094  
 "I get swift horse and trusty man," said he.  
 Then I retraced my steps, was found once more  
 In my own house for the last time: there lay  
 The broad pale opened Summa. "Shut his  
 book,  
 "There's other showing! 'Twas a Thomas  
 too  
 "Obtained,—more favoured than his name-  
 sake here,— 1100  
 "A gift, tied faith fast, foiled the tug of  
 doubt,—  
 "Our Lady's girdle; down he saw it drop  
 "As she ascended into heaven, they say:  
 "He kept that safe and bade all doubt adieu.  
 "I too have seen a lady and hold a grace."  
 I know not how the night passed: morning  
 broke; 1106  
 Presently came my servant. "Sir, this eve—  
 "Do you forget?" I started. "How forget?  
 "What is it you know?" "With due sub-  
 mission, Sir,  
 "This being last Monday in the month but  
 one 1110  
 "And a vigil, since to-morrow is Saint George,  
 "And feast day, and moreover day for copes,  
 "And Canon Conti now away a month,  
 "And Canon Crispi sour because, forsooth,  
 "You let him sulk in stall and bear the  
 brunt 1115  
 "Of the octave . . . Well, Sir, 'tis impor-  
 tant!"  
"True!"  
 "Hearken, I have to start for Rome this night.  
 "No word, lest Crispi overboil and burst!  
 "Provide me with a laic dress! Throw dust  
 "I' the Canon's eye, stop his tongue's scandal  
 so! 1121  
 "See there's a sword in case of accident."  
 I knew the knave, the knave knew me.  
And thus  
 Through each familiar hindrance of the  
 day 1125  
 Did I make steadily for its hour and end,—

Felt time's old barrier-growth of right and fit  
 Give way through all its twines, and let me go.  
 Use and wont recognized the excepted man,  
 Let speed the special service,—and I sped  
 Till, at the dead between midnight and  
 morn, 1131  
 There was I at the goal, before the gate,  
 With a tune in the ears, low leading up to loud,  
 A light in the eyes, faint that would soon be  
 flare,  
 Ever some spiritual witness new and new  
 In faster frequency, crowding solitude 1136  
 To watch the way o' the warfare,—till, at last,  
 When the ecstatic minute must bring birth,  
 Began a whiteness in the distance, waxed  
 Whiter and whiter, near grew and more  
 near, 1140  
 Till it was she: there did Pompilia come:  
 The white I saw shine through her was her  
 soul's,  
 Certainly, for the body was one black,  
 Black from head down to foot. She did not  
 speak,  
 Glided into the carriage,—so a cloud 1145  
 Gathers the moon up. "By San Spirito,  
 "To Rome, as if the road burned under-  
 neath!  
 "Reach Rome, then hold my head in pledge,  
 I pay  
 "The run and the risk to heart's content!"  
 Just that  
 I said,—then, in another tick of time, 1150  
 Sprang, was beside her, she and I alone.  
 So it began, our flight thro' dusk to clear,  
 Through day and night and day again to night  
 Once more, and to last dreadful dawn of all.  
 Sirs, how should I lie quiet in my grave 1155  
 Unless you suffer me wring, drop by drop,  
 My brain dry, make a riddance of the drench  
 Of minutes with a memory in each,  
 Recorded motion, breath or look of hers,  
 Which poured forth would present you one  
 pure glass, 1160  
 Mirror you plain,—as God's sea, glassed in  
 gold,  
 His saints,—the perfect soul Pompilia?  
 Men,

You must know that a man gets drunk with  
truth  
Stagnant inside him! Oh, they've killed  
her, Sirs!  
Can I be calm? 1165  
Calmly! Each incident  
Proves, I maintain, that action of the flight  
For the true thing it was. The first faint  
scratch  
O' the stone will test its nature, teach its  
worth  
To idiots who name Parian—coprolite. 1170  
After all, I shall give no glare—at best  
Only display you certain scattered lights  
Lamping the rush and roll of the abyss:  
Nothing but here and there a fire-point pricks  
Wavelet from wavelet: well! 1175  
For the first hour  
We both were silent in the night, I know:  
Sometimes I did not see nor understand.  
Blackness engulfed me,—partial stupor,  
say—  
Then I would break way, breathe through  
the surprise, 1180  
And be aware again, and see who sat  
In the dark vest with the white face and  
hands.  
I said to myself—"I have caught it, I  
conceive  
"The mind o' the mystery: 'tis the way  
they wake  
"And wait, two martyrs somewhere in a  
tomb 1185  
"Each by each as their blessing was to die;  
"Some signal they are promised and expect,—  
"When to arise before the trumpet scares:  
"So, through the whole course of the world  
they wait  
"The last day, but so fearless and so safe!  
"No otherwise, in safety and not fear, 1191  
"I lie, because she lies too by my side."  
You know this is not love, Sirs,—it is faith,  
The feeling that there's God, he reigns and  
rules  
Out of this low world: that is all; no  
harm! 1195  
At times she drew a soft sigh—music  
seemed

Always to hover just above her lips,  
Not settle,—break a silence music too.  
In the determined morning, I first found  
Her head erect, her face turned full to  
me, 1200  
Her soul intent on mine through two wide  
eyes.  
I answered them. "You are saved hitherto.  
"We have passed Perugia,—gone round by  
the wood,  
"Not through, I seem to think,—and op-  
posite  
"I know Assisi; this is holy ground."  
Then she resumed. "How long since we  
both left 1206  
"Arezzo?" "Years—and certain hours  
beside."  
It was at . . . ah, but I forget the names!  
'Tis a mere post-house and a hovel or two;  
I left the carriage and got bread and wine  
And brought it her. "Does it detain to  
eat?" 1211  
"They stay perforce, change horses,—there-  
fore eat!  
"We lose no minute: we arrive, be sure!"  
This was—I know not where—there's a great  
hill 1214  
Close over, and the stream has lost its bridge,  
One fords it. She began—"I have heard say  
"Of some sick body that my mother knew,  
" 'Twas no good sign when in a limb diseased  
"All the pain suddenly departs,—as if  
"The guardian angel discontinued pain 1220  
"Because the hope of cure was gone at last:  
"The limb will not again exert itself,  
"It needs be pained no longer: so with me,  
"—My soul whence all the pain is past at  
once:  
"All pain must be to work some good in  
the end. 1225  
"True, this I feel now, this may be that  
good,  
"Pain was because of,—otherwise, I fear!"  
She said,—a long while later in the day,  
When I had let the silence be,—abrupt—

"Have you a mother?" "She died, I was born." 1230

"A sister then?" "No sister." "Who was it—"

"What woman were you used to serve this way,

'Be 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, 1236

"As women suffer, being womanish?

"Have you, now, some unhappiness, I mean,

"Born of what may be man's strength overmuch,

"To match the undue susceptibility, 1240

"The sense at every pore when hate is close?

"It hurts us if a baby hides its face

"Or child strikes at us punily, calls names

"Or makes a mouth,—much more if stranger men

"Laugh or frown,—just as that were much to bear! 1248

"Yet rocks split,—and the blow-ball does no more,

"Quivers to feathery nothing at a touch;

"And strength may have its drawback weakness 'scapes."

Once she asked "What is it that made you smile,

"At the great gate with the eagles and the snakes, 1250

"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 1255

"Remembered this same bishop was just he

"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 1261

"—'What, still at work so grey and obsolete?"

"Still rocheted and mitred more or less?

"Don't you feel all that out of fashion now?

"I find out when the day of things is done!" 1265

At eve we heard the *angelus*: she turned—

"I told you I can neither 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 1270

"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. 1275

The people of the post came out with lights:

The driver said, "This time to-morrow, may

"Saints only help, relays continue good,

"Nor robbers hinder, we arrive at Rome."

I urged, "Why tax your strength a second night? 1280

"Trust me, alight here and take brief repose!

"We are out of harm's reach, past pursuit: go sleep

"If but an hour! I keep watch, guard the while

"Here in the doorway." But her whole face changed,

The misery grew again about her mouth,

The eyes burned up from faintness, like the fawn's 1286

Tired to death in the thicket, when she feels The probing spear o' the huntsman. "Oh, no stay!"

She cried, in the fawn's cry, "On to Rome, on, on—

"Unless 'tis you who fear,—which cannot be!" 1290

We did go on all night; but at its close

She was troubled, restless, moaned low, talked at whites

To herself, her brow on quiver with the dream:



Once, wide awake, she menaced, at arms'  
length

Waved away something—"Never again with  
you!" 1295

"My soul is mine, my body is my soul's:

"You and I are divided ever more

"In soul and body: get you gone!" Then I—

"Why, in my whole life I have never prayed!

"Oh, if the God, that only can, would  
help!" 1300

"Am I his priest with power to cast out  
fiends?

"Let God arise and all his enemies

"Be scattered!" By morn, there was peace,  
no sigh

Out of the deep sleep.

When she woke at last,

I answered the first look—"Scarce twelve  
hours more," 1306

"Then, Rome! There probably was no  
pursuit,

"There cannot now be peril: bear up brave!

"Just some twelve hours to press through to  
the prize:

"Then, no more of the terrible journey!"

"Then," 1310

"No more o' the journey: if it might but last!

"Always, my life-long, thus to journey still!

"It is the interruption that I dread,—

"With no dread, ever to be here and thus!

"Never to see a face nor hear a voice!

"Yours is no voice; you speak when you  
are dumb;" 1316

"Nor face, I see it in the dark. I want

'No face nor voice that change and grow  
unkind."

That I liked, that was the best thing she said.

In the broad day, I dared entreat, "De-  
scend!" 1320

I told a woman, at the garden-gate

By the post-house, white and pleasant in the  
sun,

"It is my sister,—talk with her apart!

"She is married and unhappy, you perceive;

"I take her home because her head is  
hurt;" 1325

"Comfort her as you women understand!"

So, there I left them by the garden-wall,

Paced the road, then bade put the horses to,

Came back, and there she sat: close to her knee,

A black-eyed child still held the bowl of  
milk, 1330

Wondered to see how little she could drink,

And in her arms the woman's infant lay.

She smiled at me "How much good this  
has done!

"This is a whole night's rest and how much  
more!

"I can proceed now, though I wish to stay.

"How do you call that tree with the thick  
top" 1336

"That holds in all its leafy green and gold

"The sun now like an immense egg of fire?"

(It was a million-leaved mimosa.) "Take

"The babe away from me and let me  
go!" 1340

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 misfortune at the close,

"And where will you be? God suffice me  
then!" 1345

And presently—for there was a roadside-  
shrine—

"When I was taken first to my own church

"Lorenzo in Lucina, being a girl,

"And bid confess my faults, I interposed

"But teach me what fault to confess and  
know!" 1350

"So, the priest said—"You should bethink  
yourself:

"Each human being needs must have done  
wrong!"

"Now, be you candid and no priest but  
friend—

"Were I surprised and killed here on the spot,

"A runaway from husband and his home,

"Do you account it were in sin I died?" 1356

"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, 1359

"But as I heard him bid a farming-man

"At the villa take a lamb once to the wood

"And there ill-treat it, meaning that the wolf  
 "Should hear its cries, and so come, quick  
     be caught,  
 "Enticed to the trap: he practised thus with  
     me 1364  
 "That so, whatever were his gain thereby,  
 "Others than I might become prey and spoil.  
 "Had it been only between our two selves,—  
 "His pleasure and my pain,—why, pleasure  
     him  
 "By dying, nor such need to make a coil!  
 "But this was worth an effort, that my pain  
 "Should not become a snare, prove pain  
     threefold 1371  
 "To other people—strangers—or unborn—  
 "How should I know? I sought release  
     from that—  
 "I think, or else from,—dare I say, some  
     cause  
 "Such as is put into a tree, which turns  
 "Away from the north wind with what nest  
     it holds,— 1376  
 "The woman said that trees so turn: now,  
     friend,  
 "Tell me, because I cannot trust myself!  
 "You are a man: what have I done amiss?"  
 You must conceive my answer,—I forget— 1380  
 Taken up wholly with the thought, perhaps,  
 This time she might have said,—might, did  
     not say—  
 "You are a priest." She said, "my friend."  
                                     Day wore,  
 We passed the places, somehow the calm  
     went, 1385  
 Again the restless eyes began to rove  
 In new fear of the foe mine could not see.  
 She wandered in her mind,—addressed me  
     once  
 "Gaetano!"<sup>1</sup>—that is not my name: whose  
     name?  
 I grew alarmed, my head seemed turning too.  
 I quickened pace with promise now, now  
     threat: 1391  
 Bade drive and drive, nor any stopping more.  
 "Too deep!" the thick of the struggle, struggle  
     through!

"Then drench her in repose though death's  
     self pour  
 "The plenitude of quiet,—help us, God, 1395  
 "Whom the winds carry!"  
                                     Suddenly I saw  
 The old tower, and the little white-walled  
     clump  
 Of buildings and the cypress-tree or two,—  
 "Already Castelnuovo—Rome!" I cried,  
 "As good as Rome,—Rome is the next stage,  
     think! 1401  
 "This is where travellers' hearts are wont to  
     beat.  
 "Say you are saved, sweet lady!" Up she  
     woke.  
 The sky was fierce with colour from the sun  
 Setting. She screamed out "No, I must  
     not die! 1405  
 "Take me no farther, I should die: stay here!  
 "I have more life to save than mine!"  
                                     She swooned.  
 We seemed safe: what was it foreboded so?  
 Out of the coach into the inn I bore 1410  
 The motionless and breathless pure and pale  
 Pompilia,—bore her through a pitying group  
 And laid her on a couch, still calm and cured  
 By deep sleep of all woes at once. The host  
 Was urgent "Let her stay an hour or two!" 1415  
 "Leave her to us, all will be right by morn!"  
 Oh, my foreboding! But I could not choose.

I paced the passage, kept watch all night  
     long.  
 I listened,—not one movement, not one sigh.  
 "Fear not: she sleeps so sound!" they said:  
     but I 1420  
 Feared, all the same, kept fearing more and  
     more,  
 Found myself throb with fear from head to  
     foot,  
 Filled with a sense of such impending woe,  
 That, at first pause of night, pretence of gray,  
 I made my mind up it was morn.—"Reach  
     Rome, 1425  
 "Lest hell reach her! A dozen miles to  
     make,  
 "Another long breath, and we emerge!" I  
     stood

<sup>1</sup> *Gaetano*: see Book VII. ll. 100-105.

I the court-yard, roused the sleepy grooms.  
 "Have out  
 "Carriage and horse, give haste, take gold!"  
 said I. 1429  
 While they made ready in the doubtful morn,—  
 'Twas the last minute,—needs must I ascend  
 And break her sleep; I turned to go.  
 And there  
 Faced me Count Guido, there posed the mean  
 man  
 As master,—took the field, encamped his  
 rights, 1435  
 Challenged the world: there leered new  
 triumph, there  
 Scowled the old malice in the visage bad  
 And black o' the scamp. Soon triumph  
 suppld the tongue  
 A little, malice glued to his dry throat,  
 And he part howled, part hissed . . . oh,  
 how he kept 1440  
 Well out o' the way, at arm's length and to  
 spare!—  
 "My salutation to your priesthood! What?  
 "Matutinal, busy with book so soon  
 "Of an April day that's damp as tears that  
 now  
 "Deluge Arezzo at its darling's flight?— 1445  
 "'Tis unfair, wrongs femininity at large,  
 "To let a single dame monopolize  
 "A heart the whole sex claims, should share  
 alike:  
 "Therefore I overtake you, Canon! Come!  
 "The lady,—could you leave her side so  
 soon? 1450  
 "You have not yet experienced at her hands  
 "My treatment, you lay down undrugged,  
 I see!  
 "Hence this alertness—hence no death-in-life  
 "Like what held arms fast when she stole  
 from mine. 1454  
 "To be sure, you took the solace and repose  
 "That first night at Foligno!—news abound  
 "O' the road by this time,—men regaled me  
 much,  
 "As past them I came halting after you,  
 "Vulcan pursuing Mars, as poets sing,—  
 "Still at the last here pant I, but arrive, 1460  
 "Vulcan—and not without my Cyclops too,  
 "The Commissary and the unpoisoned arm  
 "O' the Civil Force, should Mars turn  
 mutineer.  
 "Enough of fooling: capture the culprits,  
 friend! 1464  
 "Here is the lover in the smart disguise  
 "With the sword,—he is a priest, so mine  
 lies still.  
 "There upstairs hides my wife the runaway,  
 "His leman: the two plotted, poisoned first,  
 "Plundered me after, and eloped thus far  
 "Where now you find them. Do your duty  
 quick! 1470  
 "Arrest and hold him! That's done: now  
 catch her!"  
 During this speech of that man,—well, I  
 stood  
 Away, as he managed,—still, I stood as near  
 The throat of him,—with these two hands,  
 my own,—  
 As now I stand near yours, Sir,—one quick  
 spring, 1475  
 One great good satisfying gripe, and lo!  
 There had he lain abolished with his lie,  
 Creation purged o' the miscreate, man re-  
 deemed,  
 A spittle wiped off from the face of God!  
 I, in some measure, seek a poor excuse 1480  
 For what I left undone, in just this fact  
 That my first feeling at the speech I quote  
 Was—not of what a blasphemy was dared,  
 Not what a bag of venom'd purulence 1484  
 Was split and noisome,—but how splendidly  
 Mirthful, how ludicrous a lie was launched!  
 Would Molière's self wish more than hear  
 such man  
 Call, claim such woman for his own, his wife,  
 Even though, in due amazement at the boast,  
 He had stammered, she moreover was divine?  
 She to be his,—were hardly less absurd 1491  
 Than that he took her name into his mouth,  
 Licked, and then let it go again, the beast,  
 Signed with his slaver. Oh, she poisoned  
 him,  
 Plundered him, and the rest! Well, what I  
 wished 1495  
 Was, that he would but go on, say once more  
 So to the world, and get his meed of men,

The fist's reply to the filth. And while I mused,  
 The minute, oh the misery, was gone !  
 On either idle hand of me there stood 1500  
 Really an officer, nor laughed i' the least :  
 Nay, rendered justice to his reason, laid  
 Logic to heart, as 'twere submitted them  
 "Twice two makes four."  
 "And now, catch her !" he cried.  
 That sobered me. "Let myself lead the way— 1506  
 "Ere you arrest me, who am somebody,  
 "Being, as you hear, a priest and privileged,—  
 "To the lady's chamber ! I presume you—men 1509  
 "Expert, instructed how to find out truth,  
 "Familiar with the guise of guilt. Detect  
 "Guilt on her face when it meets mine, then judge  
 "Between us and the mad dog howling there !"  
 Up we all went together, in they broke  
 O' the chamber late my chapel. There she lay, 1515  
 Composed as when I laid her, that last eve,  
 O' the couch, still breathless, motionless,  
 sleep's self,  
 Wax-white, seraphic, saturate with the sun  
 O' the morning that now flooded from the front  
 And filled the window with a light like blood. 1520  
 "Behold the poisoner, the adulteress,  
 "—And feigning sleep too ! Seize, bind !"  
 Guido hissed.

She started up, stood erect, face to face  
 With the husband : back he fell, was buttressed there 1524  
 By the window all a flame with morning-red,  
 He the black figure, the opprobrious blur  
 Against all peace and joy and light and life.  
 "Away from between me and hell !" she cried :  
 "Hell for me, no embracing any more !  
 "I am God's, I love God, God—whose knees I clasp, 1530

"Whose utterly most just award I take,  
 "But bear no more love-making devils : hence !"  
 I may have made an effort to reach her side  
 From where I stood i' the door-way,—anyhow  
 I found the arms, I wanted, pinioned fast,  
 Was powerless in the clutch to left and right 1536  
 O' the rabble pouring in, rascality  
 Enlisted, rampant on the side of hearth  
 Home and the husband,—pay in prospect too !  
 They heaped themselves upon me. "Ha ! —and him 1540  
 "Also you outrage ? Him, too, my sole friend,  
 "Guardian and saviour ? That I baulk you of,  
 "Since—see how God can help at last and worst !"  
 She sprang at the sword that hung beside him, seized,  
 Drew, brandished it, the sunrise burned for joy 1545  
 O' the blade, "Die," cried she, "devil, in God's name !"  
 Ah, but they all closed round her, twelve to one  
 —The unmanly men, no woman-mother made,  
 Spawned somehow ! Dead-white and disarmed she lay. 1549  
 No matter for the sword, her word sufficed  
 To spike the coward through and through : he shook,  
 Could only spit between the teeth—"You see ?  
 "You hear ? Bear witness, then ! Write down . . . but no—  
 "Carry these criminals to the prison-house,  
 "For first thing ! I begin my search meanwhile 1555  
 "After the stolen effects, gold, jewels, plate,  
 "Money and clothes, they robbed me of and fled,  
 "With no few amorous pieces, verse and prose,  
 "I have much reason to expect to find."

When I saw that—no more than the first mad speech, 1560

Made out the speaker mad and a laughing-stock,  
 So neither did this next device explode  
 One listener's indignation,—that a scribe  
 Did sit down, set himself to write indeed,  
 While sundry knaves began to peer and pry  
 In corner and hole,—that Guido, wiping  
 brow 1566  
 And getting him a countenance, was fast  
 Losing his fear, beginning to strut free  
 O' the stage of his exploit, sniff here, sniff  
 there,— 1569  
 Then I took truth in, guessed sufficiently  
 The service for the moment. "What I say,  
 "Slight at your peril! We are aliens here,  
 "My adversary and I, called noble both;  
 "I am the nobler, and a name men know.  
 "I could refer our cause to our own Court  
 "In our own country, but prefer appeal 1576  
 "To the nearer jurisdiction. Being a priest,  
 "Though in a secular garb,—for reasons good  
 "I shall adduce in due time to my peers,—  
 "I demand that the Church I serve, de-  
 cide 1580  
 "Between us, right the slandered lady there.  
 "A Tuscan noble, I might claim the Duke:  
 "A priest, I rather choose the Church,—bid  
 Rome  
 "Cover the wronged with her inviolateshield."

There was no refusing this: they bore me  
 off, 1585  
 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  
 The last time in this life: not one sight since,  
 Never another sight to be! And yet 1590  
 I thought I had saved her. I appealed to  
 Rome:  
 It seems I simply sent her to her death.  
 You tell me she is dying now, or dead;  
 I cannot bring myself to quite believe  
 This is a place you torture people in: 1595  
 What if this your intelligence were just  
 A subtlety, an honest wile to work  
 On a man at unawares? 'Twere worthy you.  
 No, Sirs, I cannot have the lady dead! 1599  
 That erect form, flashing brow, fulgurant eye,

That voice immortal (oh, that voice of hers!)  
 That vision in the blood-red day-break—that  
 Leap to life of the pale electric sword  
 Angels go armed with,—that was not the last  
 O' the lady! Come, I see through it, you  
 find— 1605  
 Know the manoeuvre! Also herself said  
 I had saved her: do you dare say she spoke  
 false?  
 Let me see for myself if it be so!  
 Though she were dying, a Priest might be of  
 use,  
 The more when he's a friend too,—she called  
 me 1610  
 Far beyond "friend." Come, let me see her  
 —indeed  
 It is my duty, being a priest: I hope  
 I stand confessed, established, proved a priest?  
 My punishment had motive that, a priest  
 I, in a laic garb, a mundane mode, 1615  
 Did what were harmlessly done otherwise.  
 I never touched her with my finger-tip  
 Except to carry her to the couch, that eve,  
 Against my heart, beneath my head, bowed  
 low, 1619  
 As we priests carry the paten: that is why  
 —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 1625  
 You hardly think I donned a bravo's dress  
 To have a hand in the new crime; on the old,  
 Judgment's delivered, penalty imposed,  
 I was chained fast at Civita hand and foot—  
 She had only you to trust to, you and Rome,  
 Rome and the Church, and no pert meddling  
 priest 1631  
 Two days ago, when Guido, with the right,  
 Hacked her to pieces. One might well be  
 wroth;  
 I have been patient, done my best to help:  
 I come from Civita and punishment 1635  
 As friend of the Court—and for pure friend-  
 ship's sake  
 Have told my tale to the end,—nay, not the  
 end—  
 For, wait—I'll end—not leave you that excuse!

When we were parted,—shall I go on there? I was presently brought to Rome—yes, here I stood 1646	“The tract ‘ <i>De Tribus</i> ,’ <sup>3</sup> I wrote this to match.”
Opposite yonder very crucifix— And there sat you and you, Sirs, quite the same.	“—How came it, then, the documents were found
I heard charge, and bore question, and told tale	“At the inn on your departure?”—“I opine, “Because there were no documents to find
Noted down in the book there,—turn and see	“In my presence,—you must hide before you find. 1671
If, by one jot or tittle, I vary now! 1645	“Who forged them hardly practised in my view;
I’ the colour the tale takes, there’s change perhaps;	“Who found them waited till I turned my back.”
’Tis natural, since the sky is different, Eclipse in the air now; still, the outline stays.	“—And what of the clandestine visits paid, “Nocturnal passage in and out the house
I showed you how it came to be my part To save the lady. Then your clerk pro- duced 1650	“With its lord absent? ’Tis alleged you climbed . . .” 1676
Papers, a pack of stupid and impure Banalities called letters about love— Love, indeed,—I could teach who styled them so,	“—Flew on a broomstick to the man i’ the moon!
Better, I think, though priest and loveless both! 1654	“Who witnessed or will testify this trash?”
“—How was it that a wife, young, innocent, “And stranger to your person, wrote this page?”—	“—The trusty servant, Margherita’s self, “Even she who brought you letters, you confess, 1680
“—She wrote it when the Holy Father wrote “The bestiality that posts thro’ Rome, “Put in his mouth by Pasquin.” <sup>1</sup> “Nor perhaps	“And, you confess, took letters in reply: “Forget not we have knowledge of the facts!”
“Did you return these answers, verse and prose, 1660	“—Sirs, who have knowledge of the facts defray
“Signed, sealed and sent the lady? There’s your hard!”	“The expenditure of wit I waste in vain, “Trying to find out just one fact of all!
“—This precious piece of verse, I really judge, “Is meant to copy my own character, “A clumsy mimic; and this other prose, “Not so much even; both rank forgery: “Verse, quotha? Bembo’s <sup>2</sup> verse! When Saint John wrote 1666	“She who brought letters from who could not write, 1684 “And took back letters to who could not read,— “Who was that messenger, of your charity?” “—Well, so far favours you the circumstance “That this same messenger . . . how shall we say? . . . 1690
	“ <i>Sub imputatione meretricis</i> “ <i>Laborat</i> , <sup>4</sup> —which makes accusation null: “We waive this woman’s: nought makes void the next. “Borsi, called Venerino, he who drove, “O’ the first night when you fled away, at length 1695

<sup>1</sup> *Pasquin*: the name given to a statue in Rome (from Pasquino, a cobbler, whose shop opposite to it was a centre of gossip) on which anonymous squibs were posted.

<sup>2</sup> *Bembo*: secretary to Pope Leo X., and a well-known man of letters (1470–1547).

<sup>3</sup> *De Tribus*: the tract “*De Tribus Impostoribus*” (Moses, Mahomet, and Christ), often referred to in the Middle Ages.

<sup>4</sup> *Sub imputatione meretricis laborat*: “labours under the imputation of unchastity.”

"Deposes to your kissings in the coach,  
 "—Frequent, frenetic . . ." "When de-  
 posed he so?"

"After some weeks of sharp imprison-  
 ment . . ."

"—Granted by friend the Governor, I  
 engage—"

"—For his participation in your flight! 1700

"At length his obduracy melting made

"The avowal mentioned . . ." "Was dis-  
 missed forthwith

"To liberty, poor knave, for recompense.

"Sirs, give what credit to the lie you can!

"For me, no word in my defence I speak,

"And God shall argue for the lady!" 1706

So

Did I stand question, and make answer, still

With the same result of smiling disbelief,

Polite impossibility of faith 1710

In such affected virtue in a priest;

But a showing fair play, an indulgence, even,

To one no worse than others after all—

Who had not brought disgrace to the order,  
 played

Discreetly, ruffled gown nor ripped the cloth

In a bungling game at romps: I have told  
 you, Sirs— 1716

If I pretended simply to be pure

Honest and Christian in the case,—absurd!

As well go boast myself above the needs

O' the human nature, careless how meat  
 smells, 1720

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

Abate my crest, own flaws i' the flesh, agree

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

Why, hogs in common herd have common  
 rights:

I must not be unduly borne upon, 1725

Who just romanced a little, sowed wild oats,

But 'scaped without a scandal, flagrant fault.

My name helped to a mirthful circumstance:

'Joseph' would do well to amend his plea:

Undoubtedly—some toying with the wife,

But as for ruffian violence and rape, 1731

Potiphar pressed too much on the other side!

The intrigue, the elopement, the disguise,—  
 well charged!

The letters and verse looked hardly like the  
 truth. 1734

Your apprehension was—of guilt enough

To be compatible with innocence,

So, punished best a little and not too much.

Had I struck Guido Franceschini's face,

You had counselled me withdraw for my own  
 sake,

Baulk him of bravo-hiring. Friends came  
 round, 1744

Congratulated, "Nobody mistakes!

"The pettiness o' the forfeiture defines

"The peccadillo: Guido gets his share:

"His wife is free of husband and hook-nose,

"The mouldy viands and the mother-in-law.

"To Civita with you and amuse the time,

"Travesty us '*De Rapta Helena!*' 1748

"A funny figure must the husband cut  
 "When the wife makes him skip,—too  
 ticklish, eh?

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

"Scazons<sup>1</sup>—we'll copy and send his Emi-  
 nence. 1752

"Mind—one iambus in the final foot!

"He'll rectify it, be your friend for life!"

Oh, Sirs, depend on me for much new light

Thrown on the justice and religion here

By this proceeding, much fresh food for  
 thought! 1756

And I was just set down to study these

In relegation, two short days ago,

Admiring how you read the rules, when, clap,  
 A thunder comes into my solitude— 1760

I am caught up in a whirlwind and cast here,

Told of a sudden, in this room where so late

You dealt out law adroitly, that those scales,

I meekly bowed to, took my allotment from,

Guido has snatched at, broken in your hands,

Metes to himself the murder of his wife, 1766

Full measure, pressed down, running over now!

Can I assist to an explanation?—Yes,

I rise in your esteem, sagacious Sirs,

Stand up a renderer of reasons, not 1770

The officious priest would personate Saint  
 George

<sup>1</sup> Scazons: iambic verses, with a spondee in  
 the final foot instead of an iambus.

For a mock Princess in undragoned days.  
 What, the blood startles you? What, after all  
 The priest who needs must carry sword on thigh  
 May find imperative use for it? Then, there  
 was 1775  
 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 1781  
 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 1785  
 For a wink of the owl-eyes of you? How  
 miss, then,  
 What's now forced on you by this flare of fact—  
 As if Saint Peter failed to recognize  
 Nero as no apostle, John or James, 1789  
 Till someone burned a martyr, made a torch  
 O' the blood and fat to show his features by!  
 Could you fail read this cartulary aright  
 On head and front of Franceschini there,  
 Large-lettered like hell's masterpiece of  
 print, — 1794  
 That he, from the beginning pricked at heart  
 By some lust, lech of hate against his wife,  
 Plotted to plague her into overt sin  
 And shame, would slay Pompilia body and  
 soul,  
 And save his mean self—miserably caught  
 I' the quagmire of his own tricks, cheats and  
 lies? 1800  
 —That himself wrote those papers,—from  
 himself  
 To himself,—which, i' the name of me and her,  
 His mistress-messenger gave her and me,  
 Touching us with such pustules of the soul  
 That she and I might take the taint, be  
 shown 1805  
 To the world and shuddered over, speckled so?  
 —That the agent put her sense into my words,  
 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 1810  
 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— 1814  
 Made all of me, descried in the first glance,  
 Seem fair and honest and permissible love  
 O' 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 1820  
 And Prince o' the Power of the Air. Our  
 very flight,  
 Even to its most ambiguous circumstance,  
 Irrefragably proved how futile, false . . .  
 Why, men—men and not boys—boys and not  
 babes—  
 Babes and not beasts—beasts and not stocks  
 and stones! — 1825  
 Had the liar's lie been true one pin-point speck,  
 Were I the accepted suitor, free o' the place,  
 Disposer of the time, to come at a call  
 And go at a wink as who should say me nay,—  
 What need of flight, what were the gain  
 therefrom 1830  
 But just damnation, failure or success?  
 Damnation pure and simple to her the wife  
 And me the priest—who bartered private bliss  
 For public reprobation, the safe shade 1834  
 For the sunshine which men see to pelt me by:  
 What other advantage,—we who led the days  
 And nights alone i' the house,—was flight to  
 find?  
 In our whole journey did we stop an hour,  
 Diverge a foot from straight road till we  
 reached  
 Or would have reached—but for that fate of  
 ours— 1840  
 The father and mother, in the eye of Rome,  
 The eye of yourselves we made aware of us  
 At the first fall of misfortune? And indeed



You did so far give sanction to our flight,  
Confirm its purpose, as lend helping hand,  
Deliver up Pompilia not to him 1846  
She fled, but those the flight was ventured  
for.

Why then could you, who stopped short, not  
go on

One poor step more, and justify the means,  
Having allowed the end?—not see and say

“Here’s the exceptional conduct that should  
claim 1851

“To be exceptionally judged on rules

“Which, understood, make no exception  
here”—

Why play instead into the devil’s hands

By dealing so ambiguously as gave 1855  
Guido the power to intervene like me,

Prove one exception more? I saved his wife  
Against law : against law he slays her now :  
Deal with him !

I have done with being judged.

I stand here guiltless in thought, word and  
deed, 1861

To the point that I apprise you,—in contempt  
For all misapprehending ignorance

O’ the human heart, much more the mind of  
Christ,—

That I assuredly did bow, was blessed 1865  
By the revelation of Pompilia. There !

Such is the final fact I fling you, Sirs,  
To mouth and mumble and misinterpret :  
there !

“The priest’s in love,” have it the vulgar  
way !

Unpriest me, rend the rags o’ the vestment,  
do— 1870

Degrade deep, disenfranchise all you dare—  
Remove me from the midst, no longer priest

And fit companion for the like of you—  
Your gay Abati with the well-turned leg

And rose i’ the hat-rim, Canons, cross at  
neck 1875

And silk mask in the pocket of the gown,  
Bisk Bishops with the world’s musk still  
unbrushed

From the rochet ; I’ll no more of these good  
things :

There’s a crack somewhere, something that’s  
unsound

I’ the rattle ! 1880

For Pompilia—be advised,

Build churches, go pray ! You will find me  
there,

I know, if you come,—and you will come, I  
know.

Why, there’s a Judge weeping ! Did not I say  
You were good and true at bottom ? You see  
the truth— 1885

I am glad I helped you : she helped me just  
so.

But for Count Guido,—you must counsel  
there !

I bow my head, bend to the very dust,  
Break myself up in shame of faultiness. 1889

I had him one whole moment, as I said—

As I remember, as will never out

O’ the thoughts of me,—I had him in arm’s  
reach

There,—as you stand, Sir, now you cease to  
sit,— 1893

I could have killed him ere he killed his wife,  
And did not : he went off alive and well

And then effected this last feat—through me !  
Me—not through you—dismiss that fear !

’Twas you

Hindered me staying here to save her,—not

From leaving you and going back to him

And doing service in Arezzo. Come, 1900

Instruct me in procedure ! I conceive—

In all due self-abasement might I speak—

How you will deal with Guido : oh, not death !

Death, if it let her life be : otherwise

Not death,—your lights will teach you  
clearer ! I 1905

Certainly have an instinct of my own

I’ the matter : bear with me and weigh its  
worth !

Let us go away—leave Guido all alone

Back on the world again that knows him now !

I think he will be found (indulge so far !)

Not to die so much as slide out of life, 1911

Pushed by the general horror and common  
hate

Low, lower,—left o' the very ledge of things,  
 I seem to see him catch convulsively  
 One by one at all honest forms of life, 1915  
 At reason, order, decency and use—  
 To cramp him and get foothold by at least ;  
 And still they disengage them from his clutch.  
 "What, you are he, then, had Pompilia once  
 "And so forwent her? Take not up with  
 us!" 1920  
 And thus I see him slowly and surely edged  
 Off all the table-land whence life upsprings  
 Aspiring to be immortality,  
 As the snake, hatched on hill-top by mis-  
 chance,  
 Despite his wriggling, slips, slides, slidders  
 down 1925  
 Hill-side, lies low and prostrate on the smooth  
 Level of the outer place, lapsed in the vale :  
 So I lose Guido in the loneliness,  
 Silence and dusk, till at the doleful end,  
 At the horizontal line, creation's verge, 1930  
 From what just is to absolute nothingness—  
 Whom is it, straining onward still, he meets?  
 What other man deep further in the fate,  
 Who, turning at the prize of a footfall  
 To flatter him and promise fellowship, 1935  
 Discovers in the act a frightful face—  
 Judas, made monstrous by much solitude !  
 The two are at one now! Let them love  
 their love  
 That bites and claws like hate, or hate their  
 hate  
 That mops and mows and makes as it were  
 love! 1940  
 There, let them each tear each in devil's-fun,  
 Or fondle this the other while malice aches—  
 Both teach, both learn detestability !  
 Kiss him the kiss, Iscariot! Pay that back,  
 That smatch o' the slaver blistering on your  
 lip, 1945  
 By the better trick, the insult he spared  
 Christ—  
 Lure him the lure o' the letters, Aretine !  
 Lick him o'er slimy-smooth with jelly-filth  
 O' the verse-and-prose pollution in love's  
 guise !  
 The cockatrice is with the basilisk ! 1950  
 There let them grapple, denizens o' the dark,  
 Foes or friends, but indissolubly 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 ! 1955  
 Futility, divagation : 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 1960  
 You do her wit 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 undue zeal 1965  
 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 fume.  
 But then 'tis a priest speaks : as for love,—no !  
 If you let buzz a vulgar fly like that 1970  
 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 ! 1974  
 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, 1980  
 Indeed : the event could not be worse, you  
 know :  
 One more half-hour of her saved! She's  
 dead now, Sirs !  
 While I was running on at such a rate,  
 Friends should have plucked me by the  
 sleeve : I went 1984  
 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  
 Infatuated,—oh, I saw, be sure !

Her brow had not the right line, leaned too  
 much,  
 Painters would say; they like the straight-up  
 Greek: 1990  
 This seemed bent somewhat with an invisible  
 crown  
 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!  
 The lips, compressed a little, came forward  
 too, 1995  
 Careful for a whole world of sin and pain.  
 That was the face, her husband makes his  
 plea,  
 He sought just to disfigure,—no offence  
 Beyond that! Sirs, let us be rational! 1999  
 He needs must vindicate his honour,—ay,  
 Yet shirks, the coward, in a clown's disguise,  
 Away from the scene, endeavours to escape.  
 Now, had he done so, slain and left no  
 trace  
 O' the slayer,—what were vindicated, pray?  
 You had found his wife disfigured or a  
 corpse, 2005  
 For what and by whom? It is too palpable!  
 Then, here's another point involving law:  
 I use this argument to show you meant  
 No calumny against us by that title  
 O' the sentence,—liars try to twist it so:  
 What penalty it bore, I had to pay 2011  
 Till further proof should follow of inno-  
 cence—  
*Probationis ob defectum*,<sup>1</sup>—proof?  
 How could you get proof without trying us?  
 You went through the preliminary form,  
 Stopped there, contrived this sentence to  
 amuse 2016  
 The adversary. If the title ran  
 For more than fault imputed and not proved,  
 That was a simple penman's error, else  
 A slip i' the phrase,—as when we say of you  
 "Charged with injustice"—which may  
 either be 2021  
 Or not be,—'tis a name that sticks meanwhile.  
 Another relevant matter: fool that I am!  
 Not what I wish true, yet a point friends urge:

It is not true,—yet, since friends think it  
 helps,— 2025  
 She only tried me when some others failed—  
 Began with Conti, whom I told you of,  
 And Guillichini, Guido's kinsfolk both,  
 And when abandoned by them, not before,  
 Turned to me. That's conclusive why she  
 turned. 2030  
 Much good they got by the happy cowardice!  
 Conti 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  
 blacker still? 2035  
 Conti had come here and told truth. And so  
 With Guillichini; he's condemned of course  
 To the galleys, as a friend in this affair,  
 Tried and condemned for no one thing i' the  
 world, 2039  
 A fortnight 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,  
 Arezzo and Rome: he tells you here, we fled  
 Alone, unhelped,—lays stress on the main  
 fault, 2045  
 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: 2049  
 If these unpriest me, you and I may yet  
 Converse, Vincenzo Marzi-Medici!  
 Oh, Sirs, there are worse men than you, I say!  
 More easily duped, I mean; this stupid lie,  
 Its liar never dared propound in Rome,  
 He gets Arezzo to receive,—nay more, 2055  
 Gets Florence and the Duke to authorize!  
 This is their Rota's sentence, their Granduke  
 Signs and seals! Rome for me hencefor-  
 ward—Rome,  
 Where better men are,—most of all, that man  
 The Augustinian of the Hospital, 2060  
 Who writes the letter,—he confessed, he says,

<sup>1</sup> *Probationis ob defectum*: "for want of sufficient proof."

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—  
 But old,—else he would have his word to  
 speak, 2066  
 His truth to teach the world: I thirst for  
 truth,  
 But shall not drink it till I reach the source.

Sirs, I am quiet again. You see, we are  
 So very pitiable, she and I, 2070  
 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;  
 I am, on earth, as good as out of it, 2075  
 A relegated priest; when exile ends,  
 I mean to do my duty and live long.  
 She and I are mere strangers now: but priests  
 Should study passion; how else cure man-  
 kind,  
 Who come for help in passionate extremes?  
 I do but play with an imagined life 2081  
 Of who, unfettered by a vow, unblest  
 By the higher call,—since you will have it  
 so,—  
 Leads it companioned by the woman there.  
 To live, and see her learn, and learn by her,  
 Out of the low obscure and petty world—  
 Or only see one purpose and one will 2087  
 Evolve themselves i' the world, change wrong  
 to right:  
 To have to do with nothing but the true,  
 The good, the eternal—and these, not alone  
 In the main current of the general life, 2091  
 But small experiences of every day,  
 Concerns of the particular hearth and home:  
 To learn not only by a comet's rush  
 But a rose's birth,—not by the grandeur,  
 God— 2095  
 But the comfort, Christ. All this, how far  
 away!  
 Mere delectation, meet for a minute's dream!—  
 Just as a drudging student trims his lamp,  
 Opens his Plutarch, puts him in the place

Of Roman, Grecian; draws the patched gown  
 close, 2100  
 Dreams, "Thus should I fight, save or rule  
 the world!"—  
 Then smilingly, contentedly, awakes  
 To the old solitary nothingness.  
 So I, from such communion, pass content . . .  
 O great, just, good God! Miserable me! 2105

#### VII.—POMPILIA.

[In this Book scarcely any explanatory  
 notes are necessary. With dramatic appro-  
 priateness, the speech of Pompilia is expressed  
 in language of exceptional simplicity and  
 directness.]

I AM just seventeen years and five months  
 old,  
 And, if I lived one day more, three full  
 weeks;  
 'Tis writ 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 6  
 Pompilia Comparini,—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,— 11  
 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  
 O' the Curate, not through any claim I have;  
 Because the boy was born at, so baptized 16  
 Close to, the Villa, in the proper church:  
 A pretty church, I say no word against,  
 Yet stranger-like,—while this Lorenzo seems  
 My own particular place, I always say. 20  
 I used to wonder, when I stood scarce high  
 As the bed here, what the marble lion meant,  
 With half his body rushing from the wall,  
 Eating the figure of a prostrate man—  
 (To the right, it is, of entry by the door) 25  
 An ominous sign to one baptized like me,  
 Married, and to be buried there, I hope.

And they should add, to have my life complete,

He is a boy and Gaetan by name—  
Gaetano, 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.

All these few things  
I know are true,—will you remember them?  
Because time flies. The surgeon cared for  
me,  
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-  
give :

He was too young to smile and save himself.  
When they took, two days after he was born,  
My babe away from me to be baptized  
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  
loss?”

“These next three weeks he will but sleep  
and feed,

“Only begin to smile at the month’s end ;

“He would not know you, if you kept him  
here,

“Sooner than that ; so, spend three merry  
weeks

“Snug in the Villa, getting strong and stout,

“And then I bring him back to be your own,

“And both of you may steal to—we know  
where !”

The month—there wants of it two weeks this  
day !

Still. I half fancied when I heard the knock  
At the Villa in the dusk, it might prove she—  
Come to say “Since he smiles before the  
time,

“Why should I cheat you out of one good  
hour?

“Back I have brought him ; speak to him and  
judge !”

Now I shall never see him ; what is worse,  
When he grows up and gets to be my age,  
He will seem hardly more than a great boy ;  
And if he asks “What was my mother like?”  
People may answer “Like girls of seven-  
teen”—

And how can he but think of this and that,  
Lucias, Marias, Sofias, 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 reddened when boys  
laugh,

Than the poor Virgin that I used to know  
At our street-corner in a lonely niche,—  
The babe, that sat upon her knees, broke off,—  
Thin white glazed clay, you pitied her the  
more :

She, not the gay ones, always got my rose.

How happy those are who know how to write!  
Such could write what their son should read  
in time,

Had they a whole day to live out like me.

Also my name is not a common name,  
“Pompilia,” and may help to keep apart

A little the thing I am from what girls are.  
But then how far away, how hard to find

Will anything about me have become,  
Even if the boy bethink himself and ask !

No father that he ever knew at all,  
Nor never had—no, never had, I say !

That is the truth,—nor any mother left,  
Out of the little two weeks that she lived,

Fit for such memory as might assist :  
As good too as no family, no name,

Not even poor old Pietro’s name, nor hers,  
Poor kind unwise Violante, since it seems

They must not be my parents any more.  
That is why something put it in my head

To call the boy "Gaetano"—no old name  
 For sorrow's sake; I looked up to the sky  
 And took a new saint<sup>1</sup> to begin anew.  
 One who has only been made saint—how long?  
 Twenty-five years: so, carefuller, perhaps,  
 To guard a namesake than those old saints  
 grow, 106  
 Tired out by this time,—see my own five  
 saints!

On second thoughts, I hope he will regard  
 The history of me as what someone dreamed,  
 And get to disbelieve it at the last: 110  
 Since to myself it dwindles fast to that,  
 Sheer dreaming and impossibility,—  
 Just in four days too! All the seventeen  
 years,  
 Not once did a suspicion visit me  
 How very different a lot is mine 115  
 From any other woman's in the world.  
 The reason must be, 'twas by step and step  
 It got to grow so terrible and strange.  
 These strange woes stole on tiptoe, as it  
 were,  
 Into my neighbourhood and privacy, 120  
 Sat down where I sat, laid them where I lay;  
 And I was found familiarised with fear,  
 When friends broke in, held up a torch and  
 cried  
 "Why, you Pompilia in the cavern thus,  
 "How comes that arm of yours about a  
 wolf? 125  
 "And the soft length,—lies in and out your  
 feet  
 "And laps you round the knee,—a snake  
 it is!"  
 And so on.

Well, and they are right enough,  
 By the torch they hold up now: for first,  
 observe, 130  
 I never had a father,—no, nor yet  
 A mother: my own boy can say at least  
 "I had a mother whom I kept two weeks!"  
 Not I, who little used to doubt . . . I doubt

<sup>1</sup> *A new saint*: St. Gaetan or Cajetan, founder of the order of Theatins, who lived 1480-1547, and was canonized by Clement X. in 1671.

Good Pietro, kind Violante, gave me  
 birth? 135  
 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 140  
 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 144  
 Of a woman known too well,—little to these,  
 Therefore, of whom I was the flesh and blood:  
 What then to Pietro and Violante, both  
 No more my relatives than you or you?  
 Nothing to them! You know what they  
 declared.

So with my husband,—just such a surprise,  
 Such a mistake, in that relationship! 151  
 Everyone says that husbands love their wives,  
 Guard them and guide them, give them  
 happiness;  
 'Tis duty, law, pleasure, religion: well,  
 You see how much of this comes true in  
 mine! 155  
 People indeed would fain have somehow  
 proved  
 He was no husband: but he did not hear,  
 Or would not wait, and so has killed us all.  
 Then there is . . . only let me name one  
 more! 159  
 There is the friend,—men will not ask about,  
 But tell untruths of, and give nicknames to,  
 And think my lover, most surprise of all!  
 Do only hear, it is the priest they mean,  
 Giuseppe Caponsacchi: a priest—love, 164  
 And love me! Well, yet people think he did.  
 I am married, he has taken priestly vows,  
 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:  
 Or else "No wonder you love him"—they say.

Then they shake heads, pity much, scarcely  
blame— 171

As if we neither of us lacked excuse,  
And anyhow are punished to the full,  
And downright love atones for everything !  
Nay, I heard read out in the public Court 175  
Before the judge, in presence of my friends,  
Letters 'twas said the priest had sent to me,  
And other letters sent him by myself,  
We being lovers !

Listen what this is like !

When I was a mere child, my mother . . .  
that's 181

Violante, you must let me call her so  
Nor wastetime, trying to unlearn the word . . .  
She brought a neighbour's child of my own age  
To play with me of rainy afternoons ; 185  
And, since there hung a tapestry on the wall,  
We two agreed to find each other out  
Among the figures. "Tisbe, that is you,  
"With half-moon on your hair-knot, spear  
in hand, 189

"Flying, but no wings, only the great scarf  
"Blown to a bluish rainbow at your back :  
"Call off your hound and leave the stag alone!"  
"—And there are you, Pompilia, such green  
leaves 193

"Flourishing out of your five finger-ends,  
"And all the rest of you so brown and rough :  
"Why is it you are turned a sort of tree?"  
You know the figures never were ourselves  
Though we nicknamed them so. Thus, all  
my life,—

As well what was, as what, like this, was not,—  
Looks old, fantastic and impossible : 200  
I touch a fairy thing that fades and fades.  
—Even to my babe ! I thought, when he  
was born,

Something began for once that would not end,  
Nor change into a laugh at me, but stay  
For evermore, eternally quite mine. 205  
Well, so he is,—but yet they bore him off,  
The third day, lest my husband should lay traps  
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  
was 210

With what will be,—that late seems long ago,

And, what years should bring round, already  
come,

Till even he withdraws into a dream  
As the rest do : I fancy him grown great,  
Strong, stern, a tall young man who tutors me,  
Frowns with the others "Poor imprudent  
child ! 216  
"Why did you venture out of the safe street ?  
"Why go so far from help to that lone house ?  
"Why open at the whisper and the knock ?"

Six days ago when it was New Year's-  
day, 220

We bent above the fire and talked of him,  
What he should do when he was grown and  
great.

Violante, Pietro, each had given the arm  
I leant on, to walk by, from couch to chair  
And fireside,—laughed, as I lay safe at last,  
"Pompilia's march from bed to board is  
made, 226

"Pompilia back again and with a babe,  
"Shall one day lend his arm and help her  
walk !"

Then we all wished each other more New  
Years.

Pietro began to scheme—"Our cause is  
gained ; 229

"The law is stronger than a wicked man :  
"Let him henceforth go his way, leave us  
ours !

"We will avoid the city, tempt no more  
"The greedy ones by feasting and parade,—

"Live at the other villa, we know where, 235  
"Still farther off, and we can watch the babe

"Grow fast in the good air ; and wood is  
cheap

"And wine sincere outside the city gate.  
"I still have two or three old friends will  
grope 239

"Their way along the mere half-mile of road,  
"With staff and lantern on a moonless night

"When one needs talk : they'll find me,  
never fear,

"And I'll find them a flask of the old sort yet !"  
Violante said "You chatter like a crow :

"Pompilia tires o' the tattle, and shall to  
bed : 245

"Do not too much the first day,—somewhat more

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

"And hood and coat! I have spun wool enough."

Oh what a happy friendly eve was that! 248

And, next day, about noon, out Pietro went—  
He was so happy and would talk so much,  
Until Violante pushed and laughed him forth  
Sight-seeing in the cold,—“So much to see

‘I’ the churches! Swathe your throat three times!” she cried, 254

“And, above all, beware the slippery ways,  
“And bring us all the news by supper-time!”

He came back late, laid by cloak, staff and hat,

Powdered so thick with snow it made us laugh,  
Rolled a great log upon the ash o’ the hearth,  
And bade Violante treat us to a flask, 260

Because he had obeyed her faithfully,  
Gone sight-see through the seven, and found  
no church

To his mind like San Giovanni—“There’s the fold,

“And all the sheep together, big as cats!

“And such a shepherd, half the size of life,

“Starts up and hears the angel”—when, at the door, 266

A tap: we started up: you know the rest.

Pietro at least had done no harm, I know;  
Nor even Violante, so much harm as makes  
Such revenge lawful. Certainly she erred—  
Did wrong, how shall I dare say otherwise?—  
In telling that first falsehood, buying me 272  
From my poor faulty mother at a price,  
To pass off upon Pietro as his child.

If one should take my babe, give him a name,  
Say he was not Gaetano and my own, 276  
But that some other woman made his mouth  
And hands and feet,—how very false were  
that!

No good could come of that; and all harm did.  
Yet if a stranger were to represent 280

“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 285

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—  
Also (I hope) because I should be spared  
Sorrow and sin,—why may not that have  
helped? 292

My father,—he was no one, any one,—  
The worse, the likelier,—call him—he who  
came,

Was wicked for his pleasure, went his way,  
And left no trace to track by; there remained  
Nothing but me, the unnecessary life, 297

To catch up or let fall,—and yet a thing  
She could make happy, be made happy with,  
This poor Violante,—who would frown  
thereat? 300

Well, God, you see! God plants us where  
we grow.

It is not that because a bud is born  
At a wild briar’s end, full i’ the wild beast’s  
way,

We ought to pluck and put it out of reach  
On the oak-tree top,—say “There the bud  
belongs!” 305

She thought, moreover, real lies were lies  
told

For harm’s sake; whereas this had good at  
heart,

Good for my mother, good for me, and good  
For Pietro who was meant to love a babe,  
And needed one to make his life of use, 310  
Receive his house and land when he should die.  
Wrong, wrong and always wrong! how  
plainly wrong!

For see, this fault kept pricking, as faults do,  
All the same at her heart: this falsehood  
hatched,

She could not let it go nor keep it fast. 315

She told me so,—the first time I was found  
Locked in her arms once more after the pain,  
When the nuns let me leave them and go  
home,



And both of us cried all the cares away,—  
 This it was set her on to make amends, 320  
 This brought about the marriage—simply  
 this !  
 Do let me speak for her you blame so much !  
 When Paul, my husband's brother, found me  
 out,  
 Heard there was wealth for who should  
 marry me,  
 So, came and made a speech to ask my  
 hand 325  
 For Guido,—she, instead of piercing straight  
 Through the pretence to the ignoble truth,  
 Fancied she saw God's very finger point,  
 Designate just the time for planting me  
 (The wild-briar slip she plucked to love and  
 wear) 330  
 In soil where I could strike real root, and  
 grow,  
 And get to be the thing I called myself :  
 For, wife and husband are one flesh, God  
 says,  
 And I, whose parents seemed such and were  
 none,  
 Should in a husband have a husband now,  
 Find nothing, this time, but was what it  
 seemed, 335  
 —All truth and no confusion any more.  
 I know she meant all good to me, all pain  
 To herself,—since how could it be aught  
 but pain  
 To give me up, so, from her very breast,  
 The wilding flower-tree-branch that, all  
 those years, 341  
 She had got used to feel for and find fixed ?  
 She meant well : has it been so ill i' the  
 main ?  
 That is but fair to ask : one cannot judge  
 Of what has been the ill or well of life, 345  
 The day that one is dying,—sorrows change  
 Into not altogether sorrow-like ;  
 I do see strangeness but scarce misery,  
 Now it is over, and no danger more.  
 My child is safe ; there seems not so much  
 pain. 350  
 It comes, most like, that I am just absolved,  
 Purged of the past, the foul in me, washed  
 fair,—

One cannot both have and not have, you  
 know,—  
 Being right now, I am happy and colour  
 things.  
 Yes, everybody that leaves life sees all 355  
 Softened and bettered : so with other sights :  
 To me at least was never evening yet  
 But seemed far beautifuller than its day,  
 For past is past.

There was a fancy came,  
 When somewhere, in the journey with my  
 friend, 361  
 We stepped into a hovel to get food ;  
 And there began a yelp here, a bark there,—  
 Misunderstanding creatures that were wroth  
 And vexed themselves and us till we re-  
 tired. 365  
 The hovel is life : no matter what dogs bit  
 Or cats scratched in the hovel I break from,  
 All outside is lone field, moon and such  
 peace—  
 Flowing in, filling up as with a sea  
 Whereon comes Someone, walks fast on the  
 white, 370  
 Jesus Christ's self, Don Celestine declares,  
 To meet me and calm all things back again

Beside, up to my marriage, thirteen years  
 Were, each day, happy as the day was long :  
 This may have made the change too terrible.  
 I know that when Violante told me first 375  
 The cavalier—she meant to bring next morn,  
 Whom I must also let take, kiss my hand—  
 Would be at San Lorenzo the same eve  
 And marry me,—which over, we should  
 go 380  
 Home both of us without him as before,  
 And, till she bade speak, I must hold my  
 tongue,  
 Such being the correct way with girl-brides,  
 From whom one word would make a father  
 blush,— 384  
 I know, I say, that when she told me this,  
 —Well, I no more saw sense in what she said  
 Than a lamb does in people clipping wool ;  
 Only lay down and let myself be clipped.  
 And when next day the cavalier who came—

(Tisbe had told me that the slim young man  
With wings at head, and wings at feet, and  
sword 291

Threatening a monster, in our tapestry,  
Would eat a girl else,—was a cavalier)  
When he proved Guido Franceschini,—old  
And nothing like so tall as I myself, 295  
Hook-nosed and yellow in a bush of beard,  
Much like a thing I saw on a boy's wrist,  
He called an owland used for catching birds,—  
And when he took my hand and made a  
smile—

Why, the uncomfortableness of it all 400  
Seemed hardly more important in the case  
Than,—when one gives you, say, a coin to  
spend,—

Its newness or its oldness ; if the piece  
Weigh properly and buy you what you wish,  
No matter whether you get grime or glare !  
Men take the coin, return you grapes and  
figs. 406

Here, marriage was the coin, a dirty piece  
Would purchase me the praise of those I loved :  
About what else should I concern myself ?

So, hardly knowing what a husband meant,  
I supposed this or any man would serve, 411  
No whit the worse for being so uncouth :  
For I was ill once and a doctor came  
With a great ugly hat, no plume thereto,  
Black jerkin and black buckles and black  
sword, 415  
And white sharp beard over the ruff in front,  
And oh so lean, so sour-faced and austere !—  
Who felt my pulse, made me put out my  
tongue,

Then oped a phial, dripped a drop or two  
Of a black bitter something,—I was cured !  
What mattered the fierce beard or the grim  
face ? 421

It was the physic beautified the man,  
Master Malpichi,—never met his match  
In Rome, they said,—so ugly all the same !

However, I was hurried through a storm, 425  
Next dark eve of December's deadest day—  
How it rained !—through our street and the  
Lion's-mouth

And the bit of Corso,—cloaked round,  
covered close,

I was like something strange or contraband,—  
Into blank San Lorenzo, up the aisle, 430  
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, 435

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  
Behind us : for the customary warmth,  
Two tapers shivered on the altar. “Quick—  
“Lose no time!” cried the priest. And  
straightway down 441  
From . . . what's behind the altar where he  
hid—

Hawk-nose and yellowness and bush and all,  
Stepped Guido, caught my hand, and there  
was I

O' the chancel, and the priest had opened  
book, 445  
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. 450

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,  
And both of us on tiptoe found our way 455  
To the door which was unlocked by this,  
and wide.

When we were in the street, the rain had  
stopped,  
All things looked better. At our own house-  
door,

Violante whispered “No one syllable  
“To Pietro! Girl-brides never breathe a  
word!” 460

"—Well treated to a wetting, draggletails!"

Laughed Pietro as he opened—"Very near

"You made me brave the gutter's roaring sea

"To carry off from roost old dove and young,

"Trussed up in church, the cote, by me,  
the kite!

"What do these priests mean, praying folk  
to death

"On stormy afternoons, with Christmas close

"To wash our sins off nor require the rain?"

Violante gave my hand a timely squeeze,

Madonna saved me from immodest speech,

I kissed him and was quiet, being a bride.

When I saw nothing more, the next three  
weeks,

Of Guido—"Nor the Church sees Christ"  
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 cure of the illness: just as I was  
cured,

"I am married,—neither scarecrow will  
return."

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

"And Tecla smile and Tisbe laugh outright,

"Were it not impudent for brides to talk!"—

Until one morning, as I sat and sang

At the broidery-frame alone in the chamber,—  
loud

Voices, two, three together, sobbings too,

And my name, "Guido," "Paolo," flung  
like stones

From each to the other! In I ran to see.

There stood the very Guido and the priest

With sly face,—formal but nowise afraid,—

While Pietro seemed all red and angry,  
scarce

Able to stutter out his wrath in words;

And this it was that made my mother sob,

As he reproached her—"You have murdered  
us,

"Me and yourself and this our child beside!"

Then Guido interposed "Murdered or not,

"Be it enough your child is now my  
wife!

"I claim and come to take her." Paul  
put in,

"Consider—kinsman, dare I term you so?—

"What is the good of your sagacity

"Except to counsel in a strait like this?

"I guarantee the parties man and wife

"Whether you like or loathe it, bless or ban.

"May spilt milk be put back within the  
bowl—

"The done thing, undone? You, it is, we  
look

"For counsel to, you fittest will advise!

"Since milk, though spilt and spoilt, does  
marble good,

"Better we down on knees and scrub the floor,

"Than sigh, 'the waste would make a  
syllabub!'

"Help us so turn disaster to account,

"So predispose the groom, he needs shall  
grace

"The bride with favour from the very first,

"Not begin marriage an embittered man!"

He smiled,—the game so wholly in his  
hands!

While fast and faster sobbed Violante—"Ay,

"All of us murdered, past averting now!

"O my sin, O my secret!" and such like.

Then I began to half surmise the truth;

Something had happened, low, mean, under-  
hand,

False, and my mother was to blame, and I

To pity, whom all spoke of, none addressed:

I was the chattel that had caused a crime.

I stood mute,—those who tangled must untie

The embroilment. Pietro cried "Withdraw,  
my child!

"She is not helpful to the sacrifice

"At this stage,—do you want the victim  
by

"While you discuss the value of her blood?

"For her sake, I consent to hear you talk:

"Go, child, and pray God help the innocent!"

I did go and was praying God, when came  
Violante, with eyes swollen and red enough,

But movement on her mouth for make-believe 530  
 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, 535  
 "And when he failed to take my meaning,—  
 why,  
 "I tried to have my way at unaware—  
 "Obtained him the advantage he refused.  
 "As if I put before him wholesome food  
 "Instead of broken victual,—he finds  
 change 540  
 "I' the viands, never cares to reason why,  
 "But falls to blaming me, would fling the  
 plate  
 "From window, scandalize the neighbour-  
 hood,  
 "Even while he smacks his lips,—men's  
 way, my child ! 544  
 "But either you have prayed him unperverse  
 "Or I have talked him back into 'his wits :  
 "And Paolo was a help in time of need,—  
 "Guido, not much—my child, the way of  
 men !  
 "A priest is more a woman than a man,  
 "And Paul did wonders to persuade. In  
 short, 550  
 "Yes, he was wrong, your father sees and  
 says ;  
 "My scheme was worth attempting : and bears  
 fruit,  
 "Gives you a husband and a noble name,  
 "A palace and no end of pleasant things.  
 "What do you care about a handsome  
 youth ? 555  
 "They are so volatile, and tease their wives !  
 "This is the kind of man to keep the house.  
 "We lose no daughter,—gain a son, that's all :  
 "For 'tis arranged we never separate, 559  
 "Nor miss, in our grey time of life, the tints  
 "Of you that colour eve to match with morn.  
 "In good or ill, we share and share alike,  
 "And cast our lots into a common lap, 563  
 "And all three die together as we lived !  
 "Only, at Arezzo,—that's a Tuscan town,  
 "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 Governor,  
 "And we see homage done you ere we die.  
 "Therefore, be good and pardon !"—"Par-  
 don what ? 571  
 "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, 575  
 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 580  
 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,  
 Over and ended ; a terrific dream. 585  
 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 !"  
 Still, a few daylight doses of plain life,  
 Cock-crow and sparrow-chirp, or bleat and  
 bell 590  
 Of goats that trot by, tinkling, to be milked ;  
 And when you rub your eyes awake and wide,  
 Where is the harm o' the horror ? Gone !  
 So here.  
 I know I wake,—but from what ? Blank, I  
 say !  
 This is the note of evil : for good lasts. 595  
 Even when Don Celestine bade "Search and  
 find !  
 "For your soul's sake, remember what is past,  
 "The better to forgive it,"—all in vain !  
 What was fast getting indistinct before, 599  
 Vanished outright. By special grace perhaps,  
 Between that first calm and this last, four years

Vanish,—one quarter of my life, you know.  
 I am held up, amid the nothingness, 603  
 By one or two truths only—thence I hang,  
 And there I live,—the rest is death or dream,  
 All but those points of my support. I think  
 Of what I saw at Rome once in the Square  
 Of the Spaniards, opposite the Spanish House:  
 There was a foreigner had trained a goat,  
 A shuddering white woman of a beast, 610  
 To climb up, stand straight on a pile of sticks  
 Put close, which gave the creature room  
 enough:  
 When she was settled there he, one by one,  
 Took away all the sticks, left just the four  
 Whereon the little hoofs did really rest, 615  
 There she kept firm, all underneath was air.  
 So, what I hold by, are my prayer to God,  
 My hope, that came in answer to the prayer,  
 Some hand would interpose and save me—  
 hand  
 Which proved to be my friend's hand: and,—  
 blest bliss,— 620  
 That fancy which began so faint at first,  
 That thrill of dawn's suffusion through my  
 dark,  
 Which I perceive was promise of my child,  
 The light his unborn face sent long before,—  
 God's way of breaking the good news to  
 flesh. 625  
 That is all left now of those four bad years.  
 Don Celestine urged "But remember more!  
 "Other men's faults may help me find your  
 own.  
 "I need the cruelty exposed, explained,  
 "Or how can I advise you to forgive?" 630  
 He thought I could not properly forgive  
 Unless I ceased forgetting,—which is true:  
 For, bringing back reluctantly to mind  
 My husband's treatment of me,—by a light  
 That's later than my life-time, I review 635  
 And comprehend much and imagine more,  
 And have but little to forgive at last.  
 For now,—be fair and say,—is it not true  
 He was ill-used and cheated of his hope  
 To get enriched by marriage? Marriage  
 gave 640  
 Me and no money, broke the compact so:  
 He had a right to ask me on those terms,

As Pietro and Violante to declare  
 They would not give me: so the bargain  
 stood: 644  
 They broke it, and he felt himself aggrieved,  
 Became unkind with me to punish them.  
 They said 'twas he began deception first,  
 Nor, in one point whereto he pledged him-  
 self,  
 Kept promise: what of that, suppose it were?  
 Echoes die off, scarcely reverberate 650  
 For ever,—why should ill keep echoing ill,  
 And never let our ears have done with  
 noise?  
 Then my poor parents took the violent way  
 To thwart him,—he must needs retaliate,—  
 wrong, 654  
 Wrong, and all wrong,—better say, all blind!  
 As I myself was, that is sure, who else  
 Had understood the mystery: for his wife  
 Was bound in some sorf to help somehow  
 there.  
 It seems as if I might have interposed,  
 Blunted the edge of their resentment so, 660  
 Since he vexed me because they first vexed  
 him;  
 "I will entreat them to desist, submit,  
 "Give him the money and be poor in  
 peace,—  
 "Certainly not go tell the world: perhaps  
 "He will grow quiet with his gains." 665  
 Yes, say  
 Something to this effect and you do well!  
 But then you have to see first: I was blind.  
 That is the fruit of all such wormy ways,  
 The indirect, the unapproved of God: 670  
 You cannot find their author's end and aim,  
 Not even to substitute your good for bad,  
 Your straight for the irregular; you stand  
 Stupefied, profitless, as cow or sheep  
 That miss a man's mind, anger him just twice  
 By trial at repairing the first fault. 676  
 Thus, when he blamed me, "You are a  
 coquette,  
 "A lure-owl posturing to attract birds,  
 "You look love-lures at theatre and church,  
 "In walk, at window!"—that, I knew, was  
 false: 680

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 abjuring walk, 684  
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 feigned false letters I was forced to  
hear 690  
Though I could read no word of,—he should  
cease  
Writing,—nay, if he minded prayer of mine,  
Cease from so much as even pass the street  
Whereon our house looked,—in my ignorance  
I was just thwarting Guido's true intent; 695  
Which was, to bring about a wicked change  
Of sport to earnest, tempt a thoughtless man  
To write indeed, and pass the house, and  
more,  
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,— 701  
I failed to apprehend its drift. How plain  
It follows,—if I fell into such fault,  
He also may have overreached the mark,  
Made mistake, by perversity of brain, 705  
I' the whole sad strange plot, the grotesque  
intrigue  
To make me and my friend unself ourselves,  
Be other man and woman than we were!  
Think it out, you who have the time! for  
me,—  
I cannot say less; more I will not say. 710  
Leave it to God to cover and undo!  
Only, my dulness should not prove too much!  
—Not prove that in a certain other point  
Wherein my husband blamed me,—and you  
blame, 714  
If I interpret smiles and shakes of head,—  
I was dull too. Oh, if I dared but speak!  
Must I speak? I am blamed that I forwent  
A way to make my husband's favour come.

That is true: I was firm, withstood, re-  
fused . . .  
—Women as you are, how can I find the  
words? 720  
I felt there was just one thing Guido claimed  
I had no right to give nor he to take;  
We being in estrangement, soul from soul:  
Till, when I sought help, the Archbishop  
smiled,  
Inquiring into privacies of life, 726  
—Said I was blameable—(he stands for God)  
Nowise entitled to exemption there.  
Then I obeyed,—as surely had obeyed  
Were the injunction "Since your husband  
bids, 729  
"Swallow the burning coal he proffers you!"  
But I did wrong, and he gave wrong advice  
Though he were thrice Archbishop,—that, I  
know!—  
Now I have got to die and see things clear.  
Remember I was barely twelve years old—  
A child at marriage: I was let alone 735  
For weeks, I told you, lived my child-life still  
Even at Arezzo, when I woke and found  
First . . . but I need not think of that  
again—  
Over and ended! Try and take the sense  
Of what I signify, if it must be so. 740  
After the first, my husband, for hate's sake,  
Said one eve, when the simpler cruelty  
Seemed somewhat dull at edge and fit to bear,  
"We have been man and wife six months  
almost:  
"How long is this your comedy to last? 744  
"Go this night to my chamber, not your  
own!"  
At which word, I did rush—most true the  
charge—  
And gain the Archbishop's house—he stands  
for God— 748  
And fall upon my knees and clasp his feet,  
Praying him hinder what my estranged soul  
Refused to bear, though patient of the rest:  
"Place me within a convent," I implored—  
"Let me henceforward lead the virgin life  
"You praise in Her you bid me imitate!"  
What did he answer? "Folly of ignorance!" 752

" Know, daughter, circumstances make or mar  
 " Virginity,—'tis virtue or 'tis vice.  
 " That which was glory in the Mother of God  
 " Had been, for instance, damnable in Eve  
 " Created to be mother of mankind. 780  
 " Had Eve, in answer to her Maker's speech  
 " ' Be fruitful, multiply, replenish earth '—  
 " Pouted ' But I choose rather to remain  
 " ' Single '—why, she had spared herself forth-  
 with 764  
 " Further probation by the apple and snake,  
 " Been pushed straight out of Paradise! For  
 see—  
 " If motherhood be qualified impure,  
 " I catch you making God command Eve sin!  
 " —A blasphemy so like these Molinists',  
 " I must suspect you dip into their books." 770  
 Then he pursued " 'Twas in your covenant! "

No! There my husband never used deceit.  
 He never did by speech nor act imply  
 " Because of our souls' yearning that we meet  
 " And mix in soul through flesh, which yours  
 and mine 775  
 " Wear and impress, and make their visible  
 selves,  
 " —All which means, for the love of you  
 and me,  
 " Let us become one flesh, being one soul! "  
 He only stipulated for the wealth; 779  
 Honest so far. But when he spoke as plain—  
 Dreadfully honest also—" Since our souls  
 " Stand each from each, a whole world's  
 width between,  
 " Give me the fleshly vesture I can reach  
 " And rend and leave just fit for hell to  
 burn! "—  
 Why, in God's name, for Guido's soul's own  
 sake 785  
 Imperilled by polluting mine,—I say,  
 I did resist; would I had overcome!

My heart died out at the Archbishop's smile;  
 —It seemed so stale and worn a way o' the  
 world,  
 As though 'twere nature frowning—" Here  
 is Spring, 790  
 " The sun shines as he shone at Adam's fall,

" The earth requires that warmth reach every-  
 where:  
 " What, must your patch of snow be saved  
 forsooth  
 " Because you rather fancy snow than  
 flowers?"  
 Something in this style he began with me.  
 Last he said, savagely for a good man, 796  
 " This explains why you call your husband  
 harsh,  
 " Harsh to you, harsh to whom you love.  
 God's Bread!  
 " The poor Count has to manage a mere  
 child  
 " Whose parents leave untaught the simplest  
 things 800  
 " Their duty was and privilege to teach,—  
 " Goodwives' instruction, gossips' lore: they  
 laugh  
 " And leave the Count the task,—or leave it  
 me!"  
 Then I resolved to tell a frightful thing.  
 " I am not ignorant,—know what I say, 805  
 " Declaring this is sought for hate, not love.  
 " Sir, you may hear things like almighty God.  
 " I tell you that my housemate, yes—the  
 priest  
 " My husband's brother, Canon Girolamo—  
 " Has taught me what depraved and misnamed  
 love 810  
 " Means, and what outward signs denote the  
 sin,  
 " For he solicits me and says he loves,  
 " The idle young priest with nought else to do.  
 " My husband sees this, knows this, and  
 lets be.  
 " Is it your counsel I bear this beside?" 815  
 " —More scandal, and against a priest this  
 time!  
 " What, 'tis the Canon now?"—less snap-  
 pishly—  
 " Rise up, my child, for such a child you are,  
 " The rod were too advanced a punishment!  
 " Let's try the honeyed cake. A parable! 820  
 " ' Without a parable spake He not to them.'  
 " There was a ripe round long black tooth-  
 some fruit,  
 " Even a flower-fig, the prime boast of May:

"And, to the tree, said . . . either the spirit  
 o' the fig,  
 "Or, if we bring in men, the gardener, 825  
 "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,—  
 "Well, anyhow, one with authority said 830  
 "'Ripe fig, burst skin, regale the fig-pecker—  
 "'The bird whereof thou art a perquisite!'   
 "'Nay,' with a founce, replied the restif fig,  
 "'I much prefer to keep my pulp myself:  
 "'He may go breakfastless and dinnerless,  
 "'Supperless of one crimson seed, for  
 me!' • 838  
 "So, back she flopped into her bunch of  
 leaves.  
 "He flew off, left her, —did the natural  
 lord,—  
 "And lo, three hundred thousand bees and  
 wasps 839  
 "Found her out, feasted on her to the shuck:  
 "Such gain the fig's that gave its bird no bite!  
 "The moral,—fools elude their proper lot,  
 "Tempt other fools, get ruined all alike.  
 "Therefore go home, embrace your husband  
 quick! 844  
 "Which if his Canon brother chance to see,  
 "He will the sooner back to book again."

So, home I did go; so, the worst befell:  
 So, I had proof the Archbishop was just man,  
 And hardly that, and certainly no more.  
 For, miserable consequence to me, 850  
 My husband's hatred waxed nor waned at all,  
 His brother's boldness grew effrontery soon,  
 And my last stay and comfort in myself  
 Was forced from me: henceforth I looked to  
 God  
 Only, nor cared my desecrated soul 855  
 Should have fair walls, gay windows for the  
 world.  
 God's glimmer, that came through the ruin-  
 top,  
 Was witness why all lights were quenched  
 inside:  
 Henceforth I asked God counsel, not man-  
 kind.

So, when I made the effort, freed myself, 860  
 They said—"No care to save appearance  
 here!  
 "How cynic, — when, how wanton, were  
 enough!"  
 —Adding, it all came of my mother's life—  
 My own real mother, whom I never knew,  
 Who did wrong (if she needs must have done  
 wrong) 865  
 Through being all her life, not my four years,  
 At mercy of the hateful: every beast  
 O' the field was wont to break that fountain-  
 fence,  
 Trample the silver into mud so murk  
 Heaven could not find itself reflected there.  
 Now they cry "Out on her, who, plashy  
 pool, 871  
 "Bequeathed turbidity and bitterness  
 "To the daughter-stream where Guido dipt  
 and drank!"

Well, since she had to bear this brand—let  
 me!  
 The rather do I understand her now, 875  
 From my experience of what hate calls love,—  
 Much love might be in what their love called  
 hate.  
 If she sold . . . what they call, sold . . .  
 me her child—  
 I shall believe she hoped in her poor heart  
 That I at least might try be good and pure, 880  
 Begin to live untempted, not go doomed  
 And done with ere once found in fault, as she.  
 Oh and, my mother, it all came to this?  
 Why should I trust those that speak ill of you,  
 When I mistrust who speaks even well of  
 them? 885  
 Why, since all bound to do me good, did  
 harm,  
 May not you, seeming as you harmed me  
 most,  
 Have meant to do most good—and feed your  
 child  
 From bramble-bush, whom not one orchard-  
 tree  
 But drew bough back from, nor let one fruit  
 fall? 890  
 This it was for you sacrificed your babe?



Gained just this, giving your heart's hope  
away  
As I might give mine, loving it as you,  
If . . . but that never could be asked of me !

There, enough ! I have my support again, 885  
Again the knowledge that my babe was, is,  
Will be mine only. Him, by death, I give  
Outright to God, without a further care,—  
But not to any parent in the world,—  
So to be safe : why is it we repine ? 900  
What guardianship were safer could we  
choose ?

All human plans and projects come to nought :  
My life, and what I know of other lives,  
Prove that : no plan nor project ! God shall  
care !

And now you are not tired ? How patient  
then 905

All of you,—Oh yes, patient this long while  
Listening, and understanding, I am sure !  
Four days ago, when I was sound and well  
And like to live, no one would understand.  
People were kind, but smiled " And what of  
him, 910

"Your friend, whose tonsure the rich dark-  
brown hides ?

"There, there !—your lover, do we dream he  
was ?

"A priest too—never were such naughtiness !  
"Still, he thinks many a long think, never  
fear,

"After the shy pale lady,—lay so light 915

"For a moment in his arms, the lucky one !"  
And so on : wherefore should I blame you  
much ?

So we are made, such difference in minds,  
Such difference too in eyes that see the minds !  
That man, you misinterpret and misprise—  
The glory of his nature, I had thought, 920  
Shot itself out in white light, blazed the truth  
Through every atom of his act with me :  
Yet where I point you, through the crystal  
shrine,

Purity in quintessence, one dew-drop, 925  
You all descry a spider in the midst.

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

And one, "They are the feet by which I  
judge,"  
All say, "Those films were spun by nothing  
else."

Then, I must lay my babe away with God,  
Nor think of him again, for gratitude. 930

Yes, my last breath shall wholly spend itself  
In one attempt more to disperse the stain,  
The mist from other breath fond mouths have  
made,

About a lustrous and pellucid soul : 935

So that, when I am gone but sorrow stays,  
And people need assurance in their doubt  
If God yet have a servant, man a friend,  
The weak a saviour and the vile a foe,—  
Let him be present, by the name invoked,  
Giuseppe-Maria Caponsacchi ! 940

There,

Strength comes already with the utterance !  
I will remember once more for his sake  
The sorrow : for he lives and is belied. 945  
Could he be here, how he would speak for  
me !

I had been miserable three drear years  
In that dread palace and lay passive now,  
When I first learned there could be such a  
man.

Thus it fell : I was at a public play, 950  
In the last days of Carnival last March,  
Brought there I knew not why, but now  
know well.

My husband put me where I sat, in front ;  
Then crouched down, breathed cold through  
me from behind,

Stationed ? the shadow,—none in front could  
see,— 955

I, it was, faced the stranger-throng beneath,  
The crowd with upturned faces, eyes one stare,  
Voices one buzz. I looked but to the stage,  
Whereon two lovers sang and interchanged  
"True life is only love, love only bliss :

"I love thee—thee I love !" then they em-  
braced. 960

I looked thence to the ceiling and the walls,—  
Over the crowd, those voices and those eyes,—

My thoughts went through the roof and out,  
to Rome 964

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 festas more,  
And seeing they were old if I was young,  
Yet wondering why they still would end dis-  
course 970

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, 976

As ruined as the soaring bee that's reached  
(So Pietro told me at the Villa once)  
By the dust-handful. There the comfits lay:  
I looked to see who flung them, and I faced  
This Caponsacchi, looking up in turn. 981

Ere I could reason out why, I felt sure,  
Whoever flung them, his was not the hand,—  
Up rose the round face and good-natured  
grin 984

Of one who, in effect, had played the prank,  
From covert close beside the earnest face,—  
Fat waggish Conti, friend of all the world.  
He was my husband's cousin, privileged  
To throw the thing: the other, silent, grave,  
Solemn almost, saw me, as I saw him. 990

There is a psalm Don Celestine recites,  
"Had I a dove's wings, how I fain would  
flee!"

The psalm runs not "I hope, I pray for  
wings,"—

Not "If wings fall from heaven, I fix them  
fast,"—

Simply "How good it were to fly and rest,  
"Have hope now, and one day expect con-  
tent! 996

"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!

"I have a keeper in the garden here 1001  
"Whose sole employment is to strike me low  
"If ever I, for solace, seek the sun.  
"Life means with me successful feigning  
death,  
"Lying stone-like, eluding notice so, 1005  
"Forgoing here the turf and there the sky.  
"Suppose that man had been instead of this!"

Presently Conti laughed into my ear,  
—Had tripped up to the raised place where  
I sat— 1009

"Cousin, I flung them brutishly and hard!  
"Because you must be hurt, to look austere  
"As Caponsacchi yonder, my tall friend  
"A-gazing now. Ah, Guido, you so close?  
"Keep on your knees, do! Beg her to for-  
give!  
"My cornet<sup>1</sup> battered like a cannon-ball.  
"Good-bye, I'm gone!"—nor waited the  
reply. 1016

That night at supper, out my husband broke,  
"Why was that throwing, that buffoonery?  
"Do you think I am your dupe? What man  
would dare  
"Throw comfits in a stranger lady's lap?  
"Twas knowledge of you bred such inso-  
lence 1021

"In Caponsacchi; he dared shoot the bolt,  
"Using that Conti for his stalking-horse.  
"How could you see him this once and no  
more, 1024

"When he is always haunting hereabout  
"At the street-corner or the palace-side,  
"Publishing my shame and your impudence?  
"You are a wanton,—I a dupe, you think?  
"O Christ, what hinders that I kill her  
quick?"

Whereat he drew his sword and feigned a  
thrust. 1030

All this, now,—being not so strange to me,  
Used to such misconception day by day  
And broken-in to bear,—I bore, this time,

<sup>1</sup> *Cornet*: a piece of paper twisted into a conical shape (such as is commonly used by grocers).

More quietly than woman should perhaps ;  
Repeated the mere truth and held my tongue.

Then he said, " Since you play the ignorant,  
" I shall instruct you. This amour,—com-  
menced 1037

" Or finished or midway in act, all's one,—  
" 'Tis the town-talk ; so my revenge shall be.

" Does he presume because he is a priest ?

" I warn him that the sword I wear shall  
pink 1041

" His lily-scented cassock through and  
through,

" Next time I catch him underneath your  
eaves !"

But he had threatened with the sword so oft  
And, after all, not kept his promise. All

I said was " Let God save the innocent ! 1046

" Moreover death is far from a bad fate.

" I shall go pray for you and me, not him ;

" And then I look to sleep, come death or,  
worse,

" Life." So, I slept. 1050

There may have elapsed a week,  
When Margherita,—called my waiting-maid,  
Whom it is said my husband found too fair—  
Who stood and heard the charge and the  
reply, 1054

Who never once would let the matter rest  
From that night forward, but rang changes  
still

On this the thrust and that the shame, and  
how

Good cause for jealousy cures jealous fools,  
And what a paragon was this same priest

She talked about until I stopped my ears,—  
She said, " A week is gone ; you comb your  
hair, 1057

" Then go mope in a corner, cheek on palm,  
" Till night comes round again,—so, waste a  
week

" As if your husband menaced you in sport.

" Have not I some acquaintance with his  
tricks ? 1065

" Oh no, he did not stab the serving-man

" Who made and sang the rhymes about me  
once !

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" For why? They sent him to the wars next  
day.

" Nor poisoned he the foreigner, my friend  
" Who wagered on the whiteness of my  
breast,— 1070

" The swarth skins of our city in dispute :

" For, though he paid me proper compli-  
ment,

" The Count well knew he was besotted with

" Somebody else, a skin as black as ink,

" (As all the town knew save my foreigner)

" He found and wedded presently,—' Why  
need 1076

" ' Better revenge ?'—the Count asked. But  
what's here ?

" A priest that does not fight, and cannot wed,

" Yet must be dealt with ! If the Count took  
fire 1079

" For the poor pastime of a minute,—me—

" What were the conflagration for yourself,

" Countess and lady-wife and all the rest ?

" The priest will perish ; you will grieve too  
late :

" So shall the city-ladies' handsomest

" Frankest and liberalest gentleman 1085

" Die for you, to appease a scurvy dog

" Hanging's too good for. Is there no  
escape ?

" Were it not simple Christian charity

" To warn the priest be on his guard,—save  
him 1089

" Assured death, save yourself from causing it ?

" I meet him in the street. Give me a glove,

" A ring to show for token ! Mum's the  
word !"

I answered " If you were, as styled, my  
maid, 1093

" I would command you : as you are, you say,

" My husband's intimate,—assist his wife

" Who can do nothing but entreat ' Be still !'

" Even if you speak truth and a crime is  
planned,

" Leave help to God as I am forced to do !

" There is no other help, or we should craze,

" Seeing such evil with no human cure. 1100

" Reflect that God, who makes the storm  
desist,

"Can make an angry violent heart subside.  
 "Why should we venture teach Him govern-  
 nance?"

"Never address me on this subject more!"

Next night she said "But I went, all the  
 same, 1103

"—Ay, saw your Caponsacchi in his house,  
 "And come back stuffed with news I must  
 outpour.

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

"Why should you harm her for no good  
 you get?"

"For you do harm her—prowl about our  
 place 1110

"With the Count never distant half the  
 street,

"Lurking at every corner, would you look!

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

"Are there not other beauties at your beck?"

"We all know, Donna This and Monna  
 That 1115

"Die for a glance of yours, yet here you  
 gaze!

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

"And he—oh, he turned first white and then  
 red, 1118

"And then—"To her behest I bow myself,

"Whom I love with my body and my soul:

"Only a word 't' the bowing! See, I write

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

"Then, fear no further!' This is what he  
 wrote.

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

"My idol!" . . . 1125

But I took it from her hand  
 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 1130

"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. 1135

Let it suffice, when misery was most,

One day, I swooned and got a respite so.

She stooped as I was slowly coming to,

This Margherita, ever on my trace,

And whispered—"Caponsacchi!" 1140

If I drowned,

But woke afloat 't' 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, 1145

“One touch, one lancet-puncture would re-  
 lieve,—

“And still no glance the good physician's  
 way

“Who rids 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! 1151

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

“A sonnet from Mirtillo. 'Peerless fair . . .

“All poetry is difficult to read, 1154

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

“Leave to contrive you an escape from hell,

“And for that purpose asks an interview.

“I can write, I can grant it in your name,

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

“Your husband dashes you against the  
 stones; 1160

“This man would place each fragment in a  
 shrine:

“You hate him, love your husband!”

I returned

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

“Nor hate this man. I listen while you  
 speak, 1165

“—Assured that what you say is false, the  
 same:

“Much as when once, to me a little child,

"A rough stout 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 1170

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

"You little girl, whose eyes do good to  
mine,

"I am the Pope, am Sextus, now the Sixth;  
"And that Twelfth Innocent, proclaimed  
to-day,

"Is Lucifer disguised in human flesh! 118

"The angels, met in conclave, crowned  
me!—thus

"He gibbered and I listened; but I knew  
"All was delusion, ere folk interposed

"'Unfasten him, the maniac!' Thus I know  
"All your report of Caponsacchi false, 119

"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. 120

"Therefore while you profess to show him me,  
"I ever see his own face. Get you gone!"

"—That will I, nor once open mouth  
again,—

"No, by Saint Joseph and the Holy Ghost!  
"On your head be the damage, so adieu!"

And so more days, more deeds I must forget,  
Till . . . what a strange thing now is to  
declare! 121

Since I say anything, say all if true!

And how my life seems lengthened as to serve!  
It may be idle or inopportune,

But, true?—why, what was all I said but  
truth, 122

Even when I found that such as are untrue  
Could only take the truth in through a lie?

Now—I am speaking truth to the Truth's self:  
God will lend credit to my words this time.

It had got half through April. I arose 123  
One vivid daybreak,—who had gone to bed  
In the old way my wont those last three years,

Careless until, the cup drained, I should die.  
The last sound in my ear, the over-night,

Had been a something let drop on the sly 124  
In prattle by Margherita, "Soon enough

"Gaieties end, now Easter's past: a week,  
"And the Archbishop gets him back to  
Rome,—

"Everyone leaves the town for Rome, this  
Spring,— 125

"Even Caponsacchi, out of heart and hope,  
"Resigns himself and follows with the flock."

I heard this drop and drop like rain outside  
Fast-falling through the darkness while she  
spoke:

So had I heard with like indifference,  
"And Michael's pair of wings will arrive first

"At Rome, to introduce the company, 126  
"And bear him from our picture where he  
fights

"Satan,—expect to have that dragon loose  
"And never a defender!"—my sole thought

Being still, as night came, "Done, another  
day! 127

"How good to sleep and so get nearer  
death!"—

When, what, first thing at daybreak, pierced  
the sleep

With a summons to me? Up I sprang alive,  
Light in me, light without me, everywhere

Change! A broad yellow sunbeam was let  
fall 128

From heaven to earth,—a sudden drawbridge  
lay,

Along which marched a myriad merry notes,  
Mocking the flies that crossed them and re-  
crossed

In rival dance, companions new-born too.  
On the house-eaves, a dripping shag of weed

Shook diamonds on each dull grey lattice-  
square, 129

As first one, then another bird leapt by,  
And light was off, and so was back again,

Always with one voice,—where are two such  
joys?—

The blessed building-sparrow! I stepped  
forth, 130

Stood on the terrace,—o'er the roofs such  
sky!

My heart sang, "I too am to go away,  
 "I too have something I must care about,  
 "Carry away with me to Rome, to Rome!  
 "The bird brings hither sticks and hairs and  
 wool, 1240  
 "And nowhere else i' the world; what fly  
 breaks rank,  
 "Falls out of the procession that befits,  
 "From window here to window there, with all  
 "The world to choose,—so well he knows  
 his course? 1244  
 "I have my purpose and my motive too,  
 "My march to Rome, like any bird or fly!  
 "Had I been dead! How right to be  
 alive!  
 "Last night I almost prayed for leave to die,  
 "Wished Guido all his pleasure with the  
 sword  
 "Or the poison,—poison, sword, was but a  
 trick, 1250  
 "Harmless, may God forgive him the poor  
 jest!  
 "My life is charmed, will last till I reach  
 Rome!  
 "Yesterday, but for the sin,—ah, nameless be  
 "The deed I could have dared against myself!  
 "Now—see if I will touch an unripe fruit,  
 "And risk the health I want to have and use!  
 "Not to live, now, would be the wicked-  
 ness,— 1257  
 "For life means to make haste and go to  
 Rome  
 "And leave Arezzo, leave all woes at once!"

Now, understand here, by no means mistake!  
 Long ago had I tried to leave that house  
 When it seemed such procedure would stop  
 sin; 1262  
 And still failed more the more I tried—at first  
 The Archbishop, as I told you,—next, our  
 lord  
 The Governor,—indeed I found my way,  
 I went to the great palace where he rules,  
 Though I knew well 'twas he who,—when I  
 gave 1267  
 A jewel or two, themselves had given me,  
 Back to my parents,—since they wanted  
 bread,

They who had never let me want a nosegay,  
 —he 1270  
 Spoke of the jail for felons, if they kept  
 What was first theirs, then mine, so doubly  
 theirs,  
 Though all the while my husband's most of  
 all!  
 I knew well who had spoke the word wrought  
 this:  
 Yet, being in extremity, I fled 1275  
 To the Governor, as I say,—scarce opened lip  
 When—the cold cruel snicker close behind—  
 Guido was on my trace, already there,  
 Exchanging nod and wink for shrug and  
 smile,  
 And I—pushed back to him and, for my pains  
 Paid with . . . but why remember what is  
 past? 1281  
 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 re-  
 pressed,—  
 The frightfulness of my despair in God: 1285  
 And, feeling, through the grate, his horror  
 shake,  
 Implored him, "Write for me who cannot  
 write,  
 "Apprise my parents, make them rescue me!  
 "You bid me be courageous and trust God:  
 "Do you in turn dare somewhat, trust and  
 write 1290  
 "Dear friends, who used to be my parents  
 once,  
 "And now declare you have no part in me,  
 "This is some riddle I want wit to solve,  
 "Since you must love me with no difference.  
 "Even suppose you altered,—there's your  
 hate, 1295  
 "To ask for: hate of you two dearest ones  
 "I shall find liker love than love found here,  
 "If husbands love their wives. Take me  
 away  
 "And hate me as you do the gnats and  
 fleas,  
 "Even the scorpions! How I shall rejoice!  
 "Write that and save me!" And he pro-  
 mised—wrote 1301

Or did not write; things never changed at all:

He was not like the Augustinian here!

Last, in a desperation I appealed 1304

To friends, whoever wished me better days,

To Guillichini, that's of kin,—“What, I—

“Travel to Rome with you? A flying gout

“Bids me deny my heart and mind my leg!”

Then I tried Conti, used to brave—laugh  
back 1309

The louring thunder when his cousin scowled

At me protected by his presence: “You—

“Who well know what you cannot save me  
from,—

“Carry me off! What frightens you, a  
priest?”

He shook his head, looked grave—“Above  
my strength!

“Guido has claws that scratch, shows feline  
teeth; 1315

“A formidabler foe than I dare fret:

“Give me a dog to deal with, twice the size!

“Of course I am a priest and Canon too,

“But . . . by the bye . . . though both, not  
quite so bold 1319

“As he, my fellow-Canon, brother-priest,

“The personage in such ill odour here

“Because of the reports—pure birth o' the  
brain!

“Our Caponsacchi, he's your true Saint  
George

“To slay the monster, set the Princess free,

“And have the whole High-Altar to him-  
self; 1325

“I always think so when I see that piece

“I' the Pieve, 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, 1330

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

Bids, till it now means nought but ugliness

And perhaps shame. 1335

—All this intends to say,

That, over-night, the notion of escape

Had seemed distemper, dreaming; and the  
name,—

Not the man, but the name of him, thus made

Into a mockery and disgrace,—why, she 1340

Who uttered it persistently, had laughed,

“I name his name, and there you start and  
wince

“As criminal from the red tongs' touch!”—  
yet now,

Now, as I stood letting morn bathe me bright,

Choosing which butterfly should bear my  
news,— 1345

The white, the brown one, or that tinier  
blue,—

The Margherita, I detested so,

In she came—“The fine day, the good  
Spring time!

“What, up and out at window? That is best.

“No thought of Caponsacchi?—who stood  
there 1350

“All night on one leg, like the sentry crane,

“Under the pelting of your water-spout—

“Looked last look at your lattice ere he leave

“Our city, bury his dead hope at Rome.

“Ay, go to looking-glass and make you fine,

“While he may die ere touch one least loose  
hair 1355

“You drag at with the comb in such a rage!”

I turned—“Tell Caponsacchi he may come!”

“Tell him to come? Ah, but, for charity,

“A truce to fooling! Come? What,—come  
this eve? 1360

“Peter and Paul! But I see through the  
trick!

“Yes, come, and take a flower-pot on his  
head,

“Flung from your terrace! No joke, sincere  
truth?”

How plainly I perceived hell flash and fade

O' the face of her,—the doubt that first  
paled joy, 1365

Then, final reassurance I indeed

Was caught now, never to be free again!

What did I care?—who felt myself of force  
To play with silk, and spurn the horsehair-  
springe.

“But—do you know that I have bade him  
come, 1370

“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?” 1376

“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!” 1380

Off she went—“May he not refuse, that’s  
all—

“Fearing a trick!”

I answered, “He will come.”

And, all day, I sent prayer like incense up  
To God the strong, God the beneficent, 1385  
God ever mindful in all strife and strait,  
Who, for our own good, makes the need  
extreme,

Till at the last He puts forth might and saves.  
An old rhyme came into my head and rang  
Of how a virgin, for the faith of God, 1390  
Hid herself, from the Paynims that pursued,  
In a cave’s heart; until a thunderstone,  
Wrapped in a flame, revealed the couch and  
prey

And they laughed—“Thanks to lightning,  
ours at last!”

And she cried “Wrath of God, assert His  
love! 1395

“Servant of God, thou fire, befriend His  
child!”

And lo, the fire she grasped at, fixed its flash,  
Lay in her hand a calm cold dreadful sword  
She brandished till pursuers strewed the  
ground,

So did the souls within them die away, 1400  
As o’er the prostrate bodies, sworded, safe,  
She walked forth to the solitudes 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, 1405

Until at an intense throe 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 1410  
At the spectacle, confronted mine once more.

So was that minute twice vouchsafed me, so  
The manhood, wasted then, was still at watch  
To save me yet a second time: no change  
Here, though all else changed in the changing  
world! 1415

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: 1420

“These to the witless seem the wind it-  
self,

“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  
whit,

“And how such strays were caught up in  
the street 1425

“And took a motion from you, why in-  
quire?

“I speak to the strong soul, no weak disguise.

“If it be truth,—why should I doubt it  
truth?—



"You serve God specially, as priests are  
 bound,  
 "And care about me, stranger as I am, 1430  
 "So far as wish my good,—that miracle  
 "I take to intimate He wills you serve  
 "By saving me,—what else can He direct?  
 "Here is the service. Since a long while  
 now,  
 "I am in course of being put to death: 1439  
 "While death concerned nothing but me, I  
 bowed  
 "The head and bade, in heart, my husband  
 strike.  
 "Now I imperil something more, it seems,  
 "Something that's truelier me than this  
 myself,  
 "Something I trust in God and you to  
 save. 1440  
 "You go to Rome, they tell me: take me  
 there,  
 "Put me back with my people!"

He replied—

The first word I heard ever from his lips,  
 All himself in it,—an eternity 1445  
 Of speech, to match the immeasurable depth  
 O' the soul that then broke silence—"I am  
 yours."

So did the star rise, soon to lead my step,  
 Lead on, nor pause before it should stand still  
 Above the House o' the Babe,—my babe  
 to be, 1450  
 That knew me first and thus made me know  
 him,  
 That had his right of life and claim on mine,  
 And would not let me die till he was born,  
 But pricked me at the heart to save us  
 both,  
 Saying "Have you the will? Leave God  
 the way!" 1456  
 And the way was Caponsacchi—"mine,"  
 thank God!  
 He was mine, he is mine, he will be mine.

No pause i' the leading and the light! I know,  
 Next night there was a cloud came, and not  
 he:

But I prayed through the darkness till it  
 broke 1460  
 And let him shine. The second night, he came.

"The plan is rash; the project desperate:  
 "In such a flight needs must I risk your life,  
 "Give food for falsehood, folly or mistake,  
 "Ground for your husband's rancour and  
 revenge"— 1465  
 So he began again, with the same face.  
 I felt that, the same loyalty—one star  
 Turning now red that was so white before—  
 One service apprehended newly: just  
 A word of mine and there the white was  
 back! 1470

"No, friend, for you will take me! 'Tis  
 yourself  
 "Risk all, not I,—who let you, for I trust  
 "In the compensating great God: enough!  
 "I know you: when is it that you will come?"

"To-morrow at the day's dawn." Then I  
 heard 1475  
 What I should do: how to prepare for flight  
 And where to fly.

That night my husband bade  
 "—You, whom I loathe, beware you break  
 my sleep  
 "This whole night! Couch beside me like  
 the corpse 1480  
 "I would you were!" The rest you know.  
 I think—  
 How I found Caponsacchi and escaped.

And this man, men call sinner? Jesus Christ!  
 Of whom men said, with mouths Thyself  
 mad'st once,  
 "He hath a devil"—say he was Thy saint,  
 My Caponsacchi! Shield and show—un-  
 shroud 1486  
 In Thine own time the glory of the soul  
 If aught obscure,—if ink-spot, from vile pens  
 Scribbling a charge against him—(I was glad  
 Then, for the first time, that I could not  
 write)— 1490  
 Flirted his way, have flecked the blaze!

<p style="text-align: right;">For me,</p> <p>'Tis otherwise: let men take, sift my thoughts —Thoughts I throw like the flax for sun to bleach!</p> <p>I did pray, do pray, in the prayer shall die, <span style="float: right;">1495</span></p> <p>“Oh, to have Caponsacchi 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 God sets on woman, signifying so <span style="float: right;">1500</span></p> <p>She should—shall peradventure—be divine; Yet 'ware, the while, how weakness mars the print .</p> <p>And makes confusion, leaves the thing men see, —Not this man sees,—who from his soul, re- writes</p> <p>The obliterated charter,—love and strength Mending what's marred. “So kneels a votarist, <span style="float: right;">1505</span></p> <p>“Weeds some poor waste traditionary plot “Where shrine once was, where temple yet may be, “Purging the place but worshipping the while, “By faith and not by sight, sight clearest so,— <span style="float: right;">1510</span></p> <p>“Such way the saints work,”—says Don Celestine.</p> <p>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 <span style="float: right;">1515</span></p> <p>To a soul i' the bud, so starved by ignorance, Stinted of warmth, it will not blow this year Nor recognize the orb which Spring-flowers know.</p> <p>But if meanwhile some insect with a heart Worth floods of lazy music, spendthrift joy— Some fire-fly renounced Spring for my dwarfed cup, <span style="float: right;">1521</span></p> <p>Crept close to me, brought lustre 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</p>	<p>Petal by petal, crude and colourless, <span style="float: right;">1526</span> Tore me? This one heart gave me all the Spring!</p> <p>Is all told? There's the journey: and where's time</p> <p>To tell you how that heart burst out in shine?</p> <p>Yet certain points do press on me too hard. Each place must have a name, though I forget: <span style="float: right;">1531</span></p> <p>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, And he divined what surge of bitterness, <span style="float: right;">1535</span> In overtaking me, would float me back Whence I was carried by the striding day— So,—“This grey place was famous once,” said he—</p> <p>And he began that legend of the place As if in answer to the unspoken fear, <span style="float: right;">1540</span> And told me all about a brave man dead, Which lifted me and let my soul go on! How did he know too,—at that town's ap- proach By the rock-side,—that in coming near the signs Of life, the house-roofs and the church and tower, <span style="float: right;">1545</span></p> <p>I saw the old boundary and wall o' the world Rise plain as ever round me, hard and cold, As if the broken circler joined again, Tightened itself about me with no break,— As if the town would turn Arezzo's self,— The husband there,—the friends my enemies, All ranged against me, not an avenue <span style="float: right;">1552</span> To try, but would be blocked and drive me back On him,—this other, . . . oh the heart in that!</p> <p>Did not he find, bring, put into my arms <span style="float: right;">1555</span> A new-born babe?—and I saw faces beam Of the young mother proud to teach me joy, And gossips round expecting my surprise At the sudden hole through earth that lets in heaven.</p> <p>I could believe himself by his strong will</p>
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<p>Had woven around me what I thought the world 1361</p> <p>We went along in, every circumstance, Towns, flowers and faces, all things helped so well!</p> <p>For, through the journey, was it natural Such comfort should arise from first to last? 1363</p> <p>As I look back, all is one milky way; Still bettered more, the more remembered, so Do new stars bud while I but search for old, And fill all gaps i' the glory, and grow him— Him I now see make the shine every- where. 1370</p> <p>Even at the last when the bewildered flesh, The cloud of weariness about my soul Clogging too heavily, sucked down all sense,— Still its last voice was, "He will watch and care;</p> <p>"Let the strength go, I am content: he stays!" 1373</p> <p>I doubt not he did stay and care for all— From that sick minute when the head swam round, And the eyes looked their last and died on him, As in his arms he caught me, and, you say, Carried me in, that tragical red eve, 1380 And laid me where I next returned to life In the other red of morning, two red plates That crushed together, crushed the time between,</p> <p>And are since then a solid fire to me,— When in, my dreadful husband and the world 1385</p> <p>Broke,—and I saw him, master, by hell's right, And saw my angel helplessly held back By guards that helped the malice—the lamb prone, The serpent towering and triumphant—then Came all the strength back in a sudden swell, 1390</p> <p>I did for once see right, do right, give tongue The adequate protest: for a worm must turn If it would have its wrong observed by God. I did spring up, attempt to thrust aside That ice-block 'twixt the sun and me, lay low</p>	<p>The neutralizer of all good and truth. 1396</p> <p>If I sinned so,—never obey voice more O' the Just and Terrible, who bids us— "Bear!"</p> <p>Not—"Stand by, bear to see my angels bear!" 1399</p> <p>I am clear it was on impulse to serve God Not save myself,—no—nor my child unborn! Had I else waited patiently till now?— Who saw my old kind parents, silly-sooth And too much trustful, for their worst of faults, Cheated, brow-beaten, stripped and starved, cast out 1405</p> <p>Into the kennel: I remonstrated, Then sank to silence, for,—their woes at end, Themselves gone,—only I was left to plague. If only I was threatened and belied, 1410 What matter? I could bear it and did bear; It was a comfort, still one lot for all: They were not persecuted for my sake And I, estranged, the single happy one. But when at last, all by myself I stood 1414</p> <p>Obeying the clear voice which bade me rise, Not for my own sake but my babe unborn, And take the angel's hand was sent to help— And found the old adversary athwart the path— Not my hand simply struck from the angel's, but 1419</p> <p>The very angel's self made foul 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. Prayers move God; threats, and nothing else, move men! 1424</p> <p>I must have prayed a man as he were God When I implored the Governor to right My parents' wrongs: the answer was a smile. The Archbishop,—did I clasp his feet enough, Hide my face hotly on them, while I told More than I dared make my own mother know? 1430</p> <p>The profit was—compassion and a jest. This time, the foolish prayers were done with, right</p>
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Used might, and solemnized the sport at  
once.

All was against the combat : vantage,  
mine ? 1634

The runaway avowed, the accomplice-wife,  
In company with the plan-contriving priest ?  
Yet, shame thus rank and patent, I struck,  
bare,  
At foe from head to foot in magic mail,  
And off it withered, cobweb-armoury  
Against the lightning ! 'Twas truth singed  
the lies 1640

And saved me, not the vain sword nor weak  
speech !

You see, I will not have the service fail !  
I say, the angel saved me : I am safe !  
Others may want and wish, I wish nor  
want

One point o' the circle plainer, where I  
stand 1645

Traced round about with white to front the  
world.

What of the calumny I came across,  
What o' the way to the end ?—the end  
crowns all.

The judges judged aright i' the main, gave me  
The uttermost of my heart's desire, a truce  
From torture and Arezzo, balm for hurt, 1651

With the quiet nuns,—God recompense the  
good !

Who said and sang away the ugly past.  
And, when my final fortune was revealed,  
What safety while, amid my parents' arms,  
My babe was given me ! Yes, he saved my  
babe : 1655

It would not have peeped forth, the bird-like  
thing,

Through that Arezzo noise and trouble : back  
Had it returned nor ever let me see ! 1659

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  
quietude,

I could lie in such peace and learn so much—  
Begin the task, I see how needful now, 1664

Of understanding somewhat of my past,—  
Know life a little, I should leave so soon.

Therefore, because this man restored my  
soul,  
All has been right ; I have gained my gain,  
enjoyed

As well as suffered,—nay, got foretaste too  
Of better life beginning where this ends—  
All through the breathing-while allowed me  
thus, 1671

Which let good premonitions reach my soul  
Unthwarted, and benignant influence flow  
And interpenetrate and change my heart,  
Uncrossed by what was wicked,—nay, un-  
kind. 1675

For, as the weakness of my time drew nigh,  
Nobody did me one disservice more,  
Spoke coldly or looked strangely, broke the  
love

I lay in the arms of, till my boy was born,  
Born all in love, with nought to spoil the  
bliss 1680

A whole long fortnight : in a life like mine  
A fortnight filled with bliss is long and much.  
All women are not mothers of a boy,  
Though they live twice the length of my  
whole life, 1684

And, as they fancy, happily all the same.  
There I lay, then, all my great fortnight  
long,

As if it would continue, broaden out  
Happily more and more, and lead to heaven :  
Christmas before me,—was not that a chance ?  
I never realized God's birth before— 1690

How he grew likest God in being born.  
This time I felt like Mary, had my babe  
Lying a little on my breast like hers.  
So all went on till, just four days ago—  
The night and the tap. 1695

Oh it shall be success  
To the whole of our poor family ! My friends  
. . . Nay, father and mother,—give me back  
my word !

They have been rudely stripped of life, dis-  
graced  
Like children who must needs go clothed too  
fine, 1700

Carry the garb of Carnival in Lent.  
If they too much affected frippery,

They have been punished and submit themselves, 1703

Say no word : all is over, they see God  
Who will not be extreme to mark their fault  
Or He had granted respite : they are safe.

For that most woeful man my husband once,  
Who, needing respite, still draws vital breath,  
I—pardon him? So far as lies in me, 1709  
I give him for his good the life he takes,  
Praying the world will therefore acquiesce.  
Let him make God amends,—none, none to me  
Who thank him rather that, whereas strange  
fate

Mockingly styled him husband and me wife,  
Himself this way at least pronounced divorce,  
Blotted the marriage-bond; this blood of  
mine 1716

Flies forth exultingly at any door,  
Washes the parchment white, and thanks the  
blow.

We shall not meet in this world nor the next,  
But where will God be absent? In His face  
Is light, but in His shadow healing too : 1721  
Let Guido touch the shadow and be healed !  
And as my presence was importunate,—  
My earthly good, temptation and a snare,—  
Nothing about me but drew somehow down  
His hate upon me,—somewhat so excused  
Therefore, since hate was thus the truth of  
him,— 1727

May my evanishment for evermore  
Help further to relieve the heart that cast  
Such object of its natural loathing forth! 1730  
So he was made; he nowise made himself:  
I could not love him, but his mother did.  
His soul has never lain beside my soul:  
But for the unresisting body,—thanks! 1734  
He burned that garment spotted by the flesh.  
Whatever he touched is rightly ruined : plague  
It caught, and disinfection it had craved  
Still but for Guido; I am saved through him  
So as by fire; to him—thanks and farewell!

Even for my babe, my boy, there's safety  
thence— 1740  
From the sudden death of me, I mean : we  
poor

Weak souls, how we endeavour to be strong!  
I was already using up my life,—

This portion, now, should do him such a  
good,

This other go to keep off such an ill! 1745  
The great life; see, a breath and it is gone!  
So is detached, so left all by itself  
The little life, the fact which means so  
much.

Shall not God stoop the kindlier to His work,  
His marvel of creation, foot would crush, 1750  
Now that the hand He trusted to receive  
And hold it, lets the treasure fall perforce?  
The better; He shall have in orphanage  
His own way all the clearer: if my babe  
Outlived the hour—and he has lived two  
weeks— 1755

It is through God who knows I am not by,  
Who is it makes the soft gold hair turn black,  
And sets the tongue, might lie so long at rest,  
Trying to talk? Let us leave God alone!  
Why should I doubt He will explain in  
time 1760

What I feel now, but fail to find the words?  
My babe nor was, nor is, nor yet shall be  
Count Guido Franceschini's child at all—  
Only his mother's, born of love not hate!  
So shall I have my rights in after-time. 1765  
It seems absurd, impossible to-day;  
So seems so much else, not explained but  
known!

Ah! Friends, I thank and bless you every  
one!

No more now: I withdraw from earth and  
man 1769  
To my own soul, compose myself for God.

Well, and there is more! Yes, my end of  
breath

Shall bear away my soul in being true!  
He is still here, not outside with the world,  
Here, here, I have him in his rightful place!  
'Tis now, when I am most upon the move,  
I feel for what I verily find—again 1775  
The face, again the eyes, again, through all,  
The heart and its immeasurable love  
Of my one friend, my only, all my own,

<p>Who put his breast between the spears and me. 1780</p> <p>Ever with Caponsacchi! Otherwise Here alone would be failure, loss to me— How much more loss to him, with life debarred</p> <p>From giving life, love locked from love's display, The day-star stopped its task that makes night morn! 1785</p> <p>O lover of my life, O soldier-saint, No work begun shall ever pause for death! Love will be helpful to me more and more I' the coming course, the new path I must tread—</p> <p>My weak hand in thy strong hand, strong for that! 1790</p> <p>Tell him that if I seem without him now, That's the world's insight! Oh, he under- stands!</p> <p>He is at Civita—do I once doubt The world again is holding us apart? 1794</p> <p>He had been here, displayed in my behalf The broad brow that reverberates the truth, And flashed the word God gave him, back to man!</p> <p>I know where the free soul is flown! My fate</p> <p>Will have been hard for even him to bear: Let it confirm him in the trust of God, 1800 Showing how holily he dared the deed! And, for the rest,—say, from the deed, no touch</p> <p>Of harm came, but all good, all happiness, Not one faint fleck of failure! Why explain? What I see, oh, he sees and how much more! 1805</p> <p>Tell him,—I know not wherefore the true word</p> <p>Should fade and fall unuttered at the last— It was the name of him I sprang to meet When came the knock, the summons and the end.</p> <p>“My great heart, my strong hand are back again!” 1810</p> <p>I would have sprung to these, beckoning across</p> <p>Murder and hell gigantic and distinct</p>	<p>O' the threshold, posted to exclude me heaven:</p> <p>He is ordained to call and I to come! Do not the dead wear flowers when dressed for God? 1815</p> <p>Say,—I am all in flowers from head to foot!</p> <p>Say,—not one flower of all he said and did, Might seem to flit unnoticed, fade unknown, But dropped a seed, has grown a balsam- tree</p> <p>Whereof the blossoming perfumes the place At this supreme of moments! He is a priest; 1821</p> <p>He cannot marry therefore, which is right: I think he would not marry if he could.</p> <p>Marriage on earth seems such a counterfeit, Mere imitation of the inimitable: 1825</p> <p>In heaven we have the real and true and sure.</p> <p>'Tis there they neither marry nor are given In marriage but are as the angels: right, Oh how right that is, how like Jesus Christ To say that! Marriage-making for the earth, 1830</p> <p>With gold so much,—birth, power, repute so much,</p> <p>Or beauty, youth so much, in lack of these! Be as the angels rather, who, apart, Know themselves into one, are found at length Married, but marry never, no, nor give 1835</p> <p>In marriage; they are man and wife at once When the true time is: here we have to wait</p> <p>Not so long neither! Could we by a wish Have what we will and get the future now, Would we wish aught done undone in the past? 1840</p> <p>So, let him wait God's instant men call years;</p> <p>Meantime hold hard by truth and his great soul,</p> <p>Do out the duty! Through such souls alone</p> <p>God stooping shows sufficient of His light For us i' the dark to rise by. And I rise. 1845</p>
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## VIII.—DOMINUS HYACINTHUS DE ARCHANGELIS.

PAUPERUM PROCURATOR.<sup>1</sup>

[This Book is so full of Latin, and the humour of it turns so much upon Latin phrases, as hardly to repay the trouble of reading to any one not acquainted with that language. Under these circumstances, it would seem to be merely cumbrous and ineffective to give a translation throughout.]

AH, my Giacinto, he's no ruddy rogue,  
Is not Cinone?<sup>2</sup> What, to-day we're eight?  
Seven and one's eight, I hope, old curly-pate!  
—Branches me out his verb-tree on the slate,  
*Amo -as -avi -atum -are -ans,*<sup>3</sup>  
Up to -*aturus*, person, tense, and mood,  
*Quies me cum subjunctivo* (I could cry)  
And chews Corderius<sup>4</sup> with his morning crust!  
Look eight years onward, and he's perched,  
he's perched

Dapper and deft on stool beside this chair,  
Cinozzo, Cinoncello, who but he?<sup>11</sup>  
—Trying his milk-teeth on some crusty case  
Like this, papa shall triturate full soon  
To smooth Papinianian<sup>4</sup> pulp!

It trots<sup>15</sup>  
Already through my head, though noon be now,  
Does supper-time and what belongs to eve.  
Dispose, O Don, o' the day, first work then  
play!

—The proverb bids. And "then" means,  
won't we hold

Our little yearly lovesome frolic feast,<sup>20</sup>  
Cinuolo's birth-night, Cincello's own,  
That makes gruff January grin perforce!  
For too contagious grows the mirth, the  
warmth

<sup>1</sup> *Pauperum Procurator*: the official defender of criminals, as the "Fisc" is the official prosecutor.

<sup>2</sup> *Cinone*: a pet diminutive of Giacinto, as are Cinozzo, Cinoncello, Cinino, and various other forms occurring in this Book.

<sup>3</sup> *Corderius*: Mathurin Cordier, author of the most popular Latin school-book of the sixteenth century, the *Colloquia Scholastica*.

<sup>4</sup> *Papinianian*: from Papinius, a Roman jurist of the beginning of the third century.

Escaping from so many hearts at once—  
When the good wife, buxom and bonny yet,  
Jokes the hale grandsire,—such are just the  
sort<sup>26</sup>

To go off suddenly,—he who hides the key  
O' the box beneath his pillow every night,—  
Which box may hold a parchment (someone  
thinks)

Will show a scribbled something like a  
name<sup>30</sup>

"Cinino, Cincicino," near the end,  
"To whom I give and I bequeath my lands,  
"Estates, tenements, hereditaments,  
"When I decease as honest grandsire ought."

Wherefore—yet this one time again perhaps—  
Shan't my Orvioto fuddle his old nose!<sup>36</sup>

Then, uncles, one or the other, well i' the  
world,

May—drop in, merely?—trudge through rain  
and wind,

Rather! The smell-feasts rouse them at the  
hint<sup>40</sup>

There's cookery in a certain dwelling-place!  
Gossips, too, each with keepsake in his poke,  
Will pick the way, thrud lane by lantern-light,  
And so find door, put galligaskin off  
At entry of a decent domicile<sup>44</sup>

Cornered in snug Condotti,—all for love,  
All to crush cup with Cinucciato!

Well,  
Let others climb the heights o' the court, the  
camp!

How vain are chambering and wantonness,  
Revel and rout and pleasures that make  
mad!<sup>50</sup>

Commend me to home-joy, the family board,  
Altar and hearth! These, with a brisk career,  
A source of honest profit and good fame,  
Just so much work as keeps the brain from rust,  
Just so much play as lets the heart expand,<sup>54</sup>  
Honouring God and serving man,—I say,  
These are reality, and all else,—fluff,  
Nutshell and naught,—thank Flaccus<sup>5</sup> for the  
phrase!

Suppose I had been Fisc, yet bachelor!

<sup>5</sup> *Flaccus*: Horace, *Sat.* II. 5, 35, *quassa nuce*, a proverbial expression for something worthless.

<p>Why, work with a will, then ! Wherefore          lazy now ? 60</p> <p>Turn up the hour-glass, whence no sand-grain          slips</p> <p>But should have done its duty to the saint          O' the day, the son and heir that's eight          years old !</p> <p>Let law come dimple Cinoncino's cheek,          And Latin duple Cinarello's chin, 65</p> <p>The while we spread him fine and toss him          flat</p> <p>This pulp that makes the pancake, trim our          mass</p> <p>Of matter into Argument the First,          Prime Pleading in defence of our accused,          Which, once a-waft on paper wing, shall          soar, 70</p> <p>Shall signalize before applausive Rome          What study, and mayhap some mother-wit,          Can do toward making Master fop and Fisc          Old bachelor Bottinius bite his thumb.</p> <p>Now, how good God is ! How falls plumb          to point 75</p> <p>This murder, gives me Guido to defend          Now, of all days i' the year, just when the boy          Verges on Virgil, 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 ! 81</p> <p>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—          Wife's father and wife's mother and wife's          self 86</p> <p>That's mother's self of son and heir (like          mine !)</p> <p>—And here stand I, the favoured advocate,          Who pluck this flower o' the field, no Solomon          Was ever clothed in glorious gold to match,          And set the same in Cinoncino's cap ! 91</p> <p>I defend Guido and his comrades—I !          Pray God, I keep me humble : not to me—  <i>Non nobis, Domine, sed tibi laus !</i></p> <p>How the fop chuckled when they made him          Fisc ! 95</p> <p>We'll beat you, my Bottinius, all for love,</p>	<p>All for our tribute to Cinotto's day.</p> <p>Why, 'sbuddikins, old Innocent himself          May rub his eyes at the bustle,—ask "What's          this</p> <p>"Rolling from out the rostrum, as a gust 100          "O' the <i>Pro Milone</i><sup>1</sup> had been prisoned          there,</p> <p>"And rattled Rome awake?" Awaken Rome,          How can the Pope doze on in decency ?          He needs must wake up also, speak his word,          Have his opinion like the rest of Rome, 105</p> <p>About this huge, this hurly-burly case :          He wants who can excogitate the truth,          Give the result in speech, plain black and          white,</p> <p>To mumble in the mouth and make his own          —A little changed, good man, a little          changed ! 110</p> <p>No matter, so his gratitude be moved,          By when my Giacintino gets of age,          Mindful of who thus helped him at a pinch,          Archangelus <i>Procurator Pauperum</i>—          And proved Hortensius<sup>2</sup> <i>Redivivus</i> ! 115</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Whew !</p> <p>To earn the <i>Est-est</i>, merit the minced herb          That mollifies the liver's leathery slice,          With here a goose-foot, there a cock's-comb          stuck,</p> <p>Cemented in an element of cheese ! 120          I doubt if dainties do the grandsire good :          Last June he had a sort of strangling . . .          bah !</p> <p>He's his own master, and his will is made.          So, liver fizz, law flit and Latin fly 124          As we rub hands o'er dish by way of grace !          May I lose cause if I vent one word more          Except,—with fresh-cut quill we ink the          white,—  <i>P-r-o-pro Guidone et Sociis.</i> There !</p> <p>Count Guido married—or, in Latin due,          What ? <i>Duxit in uxorem</i>?—commonplace !  <i>Tedas jugales inuit, subiit</i>,—ha ! 131          He underwent the matrimonial torch ?</p>
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<sup>1</sup> *Pro Milone* : Cicero's great speech in defence of Milo on a charge of murder.

<sup>2</sup> *Hortensius* : the great Roman orator, contemporary with Cicero.



*Connubio stabili sibi junxit,—hum!*  
In stable bond of marriage bound his own?  
That's clear of any modern taint: and  
yet . . . 138

Virgil is little help to who write; prose.  
He shall attack me Terence with the dawn,  
Shall Cinuccino! Mum, mind business, Sir!  
Thus circumstantially evolve we facts,  
*Ita se habet ideo series facti:* 140  
He wedded,—ah, with owls for augury!  
*Nupserat, heu sinistris avibus,*  
One of the blood Arezzo boasts her best,  
*Dominus Guido, nobili genere ortus,* 144  
*Pompilia . . .*

But the version afterward!

Curb we this arduous! Notes alone, to-day,  
The speech to-morrow and the Latin last:  
Such was the rule in Farinacci's time.  
Indeed I hitched it into verse and good.  
Unluckily, law quite absorbs a man, 150  
Or else I think I too had poetized.  
"Law is the pork substratum of the fry,  
"Goose-foot and cock's-comb are Latinity,"—  
And in this case, if circumstance assist, 154  
We'll garnish law with idiom, never fear!  
Out-of-the-way events extend our scope:  
For instance, when Bottini brings his charge,  
"That letter which you say Pompilia wrote,—  
"To criminate her parents and herself 159  
"And disengage her husband from the coil,—  
"That, Guido Franceschini wrote, say we:  
"Because Pompilia could nor read nor write,  
"Therefore he pencilled her such letter first,  
"Then made her trace in ink the same again."  
—Ha, my Bottini, have I thee on hip? 166  
How will he turn this and break Tully's pate?  
"Existimandum" (don't I hear the dog!)  
"Quod Guido designaverit elementa  
"Dicta epistola, qua fuerint  
"(Superinducto ab ea calamo) 170  
"Notata atramento"—there's a style!—  
"Quia ipsa scribere nesciebat." Boh!  
Now, my turn! Either, *Insulse!* (I outburst)  
Stupidly put! Inane is the response,  
*Inanis est responsio*, or the like— 175  
To-wit, that each of all those characters,

*Quod singula elementa epistolæ,*  
Had first of all been traced for her by him,  
*Fuerant per eum prius designata,*  
And then, the ink applied a-top of that, 180  
*Et deinde, superinducto calamo,*  
The piece, she says, became her handiwork,  
*Per eam, efformata, ut ipsa asserit.*  
Inane were such response! (a second time:)  
Her husband outlined her the whole, for-  
sooth? 185  
*Vir ejus lineabat epistolam?*  
What, she confesses that she wrote the thing,  
*Fateatur eam scripsisse,* (scorn that scathes!)  
That she might pay obedience to her lord?  
*Ut viro obtemperaret, apices* 190  
(Here repeat charge with proper varied  
phrase)  
*Eo designante, ipsaque calamum*  
*Super inducente?* By such argument,  
*Ita pariter,* she seeks to show the same,  
(Ay, by Saint Joseph and what saints you  
please) 195  
*Epistolam ostendit, medius fidius,*  
No voluntary deed but fruit of force!  
*Non voluntarie sed coacte scriptam!*  
That's the way to write Latin, friend my Fisc!  
Bottini is a beast, one barbarous: 200  
Look out for him when he attempts to say  
"Armed with a pistol, Guido followed her!"  
Will not I be beforehand with my Fisc,  
Cut away phrase by phrase from underfoot!  
*Guido Pompiliam*—Guido thus his wife 205  
Following with igneous engine, shall I have?  
*Armis munitus igneis persequens—*  
*Arma sulphurea gestans,* sulphury arms,  
Or, might one style a pistol—popping-piece?  
*Armatus breviori sclopolo?* 210  
We'll let him have been armed so, though  
it make  
Somewhat against us: I had thought to own—  
Provided with a simple travelling-sword,  
*Ense solummodo viatorio* 214  
*Instructus:* but we'll grant the pistol here:  
Better we lost the cause than lacked the gird  
At the Fisc's Latin, lost the Judge's laugh!  
It's Venturini that decides for style.  
Tommati rather goes upon the law.  
So, as to law,— 220

Ah, but with law ne'er hope  
 To level the fellow,—don't I know his trick !  
 How he draws up, ducks under, twists aside !  
 He's a lean-gutted hectic rascal, fine 224  
 As pale-haired red-eyed ferret which pretends  
 'Tis ermine, pure soft snow from tail to snout.  
 He eludes law by piteous looks aloft,  
 Lets Latin glance off as he makes appeal 228  
 To saint that's somewhere in the ceiling-top :  
 Do you suppose I don't conceive the beast ?  
 Plague of the ermine-vermin ! For it takes,  
 It takes, and here's the fellow Fisc, you see,  
 And Judge, you'll not be long in seeing next !  
 Confound the fop—he's now at work like me :  
 Enter his study, as I seem to do, 235  
 Hear him read out his writing to himself !  
 I know he writes as if he spoke : I hear  
 The hoarse shrill throat, see shut eyes, neck  
 shot-forth,  
 —I see him strain on tiptoe, soar and pour  
 Eloquence out, nor stay nor stint at all— 240  
 Perorate in the air, then quick to press  
 With the product ! What abuse of type and  
 sheet !  
 He'll keep clear of my cast, my logic-throw,  
 Let argument slide, and then deliver swift  
 Some bowl from quite an unguessed point of  
 stand— 245  
 Having the luck o' the last word, the reply !  
 A plaguy cast, a mortifying stroke :  
 You face a fellow—cries "So, there you stand ?  
 " But I discourteous jump clean o'er your head !  
 " You take ship-carpentry for pilotage, 250  
 " Stop rat-holes, while a sea sweeps through  
 the breach,—  
 " Hammer and fortify at puny points ?  
 " Do, clamp and tenon, make all tight and safe !  
 " 'Tis here and here and here you ship a sea,  
 " No good of your stopped leaks and little-  
 ness ! " 255

Yet what do I name "little and a leak" ?  
 The main defence o' the murder's used to death,  
 By this time, dry bare bones, no scrap we pick :  
 Safer I worked the new, the unforeseen, 259  
 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, din 265  
 And deafen, full three years, at each long ear)  
 Don't want amusement for instruction now,  
 Won't rather feel a flea run o'er his ribs,  
 Than a daw settle heavily on his head !  
 Oh I was young and had the trick of fence,  
 Knew subtle pass and push with careless  
 right— 271  
 My left arm ever quiet behind back,  
 With dagger ready : not both hands to blade !  
 Puff and blow, put the strength out, Blunder-  
 bore ! 274  
 There's my subordinate, young Spreti, now,  
 Pedant and prig,—he'll pant away at proof,  
 That's his way !

Now for mine—to rub some life  
 Into one's choppy fingers this cold day !  
 I trust Cinuzzo ties on tippet, guards 280  
 The precious throat on which so much  
 depends !  
 Guido must be all goose-flesh in his hole,  
 Despite the prison-straw : bad Carnival  
 For captives ! no sliced fry for him, poor  
 Count !

Carnival-time,—another providence ! 285  
 The town a-swarm with strangers to amuse,  
 To edify, to give one's name and fame  
 In charge of, till they find, some future day,  
 Cintino come and claim it, his name too,  
 Pledge of the pleasantness they owe papa—  
 Who else was it cured Rome of her great  
 qualms, 291  
 When she must needs have her own judg-  
 ment ?—ay,  
 When all her topping wits had set to work,  
 Pronounced already on the case : mere boys,  
 Twice Cineruggiolo's age with half his  
 sense, 295  
 As good as tell me, when I cross the court,  
 " Master Arcangeli ! " (plucking at my gown)  
 " We can predict, we comprehend your play,  
 " We'll help you save your client." Tra-la-la !  
 I've travelled ground, from childhood to this  
 hour, 300

To have the town anticipate my track?  
 The old fox takes the plain and velvet path,  
 The young hound's predilection,—prints the  
 dew,  
 Don't he, to suit their pulpy pads of paw?  
 No! Burying nose deep down i' the briery  
 bush, 305  
 Thus I defend Count Guido.

Where are we weak?  
 First, which is foremost in advantage too,  
 Our murder,—we call, killing,—is a fact 309  
 Confessed, defended, made a boast of: good!  
 To think the Fisc claimed use of torture here,  
 And got thereby avowal plump and plain  
 That gives me just the chance I wanted,—scope  
 Not for brute-force but ingenuity,  
 Explaining matters, not denying them! 315  
 One may dispute,—as I am bound to do,  
 And shall,—validity of process here:  
 Inasmuch as a noble is exempt  
 From torture which plebeians undergo  
 In such a case: for law is lenient, lax, 320  
 Remits the torture to a nobleman  
 Unless suspicion be of twice the strength  
 Attaches to a man born vulgarly:  
 We don't card silk with comb that dresses  
 wool.

Moreover 'twas severity undue 325  
 In this case, even had the lord been lout.  
 What utters, on this head, our oracle,  
 Our Farinacci,<sup>1</sup> my Gamaliel erst,  
 In those immortal "Questions"? This I  
 quote:  
 "Of all the tools at Law's disposal, sure 330  
 "That named *Vigiliarum* is the best—  
 "That is, the worst—to whoso needs must  
 bear:  
 "Lasting, as it may do, from some seven  
 hours  
 "To ten; (beyond ten, we've no precedent;  
 "Certain have touched their ten, but, bah,  
 they die!") 335

<sup>1</sup> *Farinacci*: Prosper Farinacci (1544-1613), author of a volume of *Varia Quæstiones* and other legal treatises, which were regarded as of very high authority during the seventeenth century. In 1599 he defended Beatrice Cenci on the charge of murdering her father.

"It does so efficaciously convince,  
 "That,—speaking by much observation  
 here,—  
 "Out of each hundred cases, by my count,  
 "Never I knew of patients beyond four 339  
 "Withstand its taste, or less than ninety-six  
 "End by succumbing: only martyrs four,  
 "Of obstinate silence, guilty or no,—against  
 "Ninety-six full confessors, innocent  
 "Or otherwise,—so shrewd a tool have we!"  
 No marvel either: in unwary hands, 345  
 Death on the spot is no rare consequence:  
 As indeed all but happened in this case  
 To one of ourselves, our young tough peasant-  
 friend  
 The accomplice called Baldeschi: they were  
 rough,  
 Dosed him with torture as you drench a horse,  
 Not modify your treatment to a man: 351  
 So, two successive days he fainted dead,  
 And only on the third essay, gave up,  
 Confessed like flesh and blood. We could  
 reclaim,—  
 Blockhead Bottini giving cause enough! 355  
 But no,—we'll take it as spontaneously  
 Confessed: we'll have the murder beyond  
 doubt.

Ah, fortunate (the poet's word<sup>2</sup> reversed)  
 Inasmuch as we know our happiness!  
 Had the antagonist left dubiety, 360  
 Here were we proving murder a mere myth,  
 And Guido innocent, ignorant, absent,—ay,  
 Absent! He was—why, where should Chris-  
 tian be?—  
 Engaged in visiting his proper church,  
 The duty of us all at Christmas-time, 365  
 When Caponsacchi, the seducer, stung  
 To madness by his relegation, cast  
 About him and contrived a remedy  
 In murder: since opprobrium broke afresh,  
 By birth o' the babe, on him the imputed  
 sire, 370  
 He it was quietly sought to smother up  
 His shame and theirs together,—killed the  
 three,

<sup>2</sup> *The poet's word*: "O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint, Agricolas" (Virgil, *Georg.* II. 458).

And fled—(go seek him where you please to search)—  
 Just at the time when Guido, touched by grace,  
 Devotions ended, hastened to the spot, 375  
 Meaning to pardon his convicted wife,  
 "Neither do I condemn thee, go in peace!"—  
 And thus arrived 't the nick of time to catch  
 The charge o' the killing, though great-  
 heartedly 379  
 He came but to forgive and bring to life.  
 Doubt ye the force of Christmas on the soul?  
 "Is thine eye evil because mine is good?"

So, doubtless, had I needed argue here  
 But for the full confession round and sound!  
 Thus might you wrong some kingly al-  
 chemist,— 385  
 Whose concern should not be with showing  
 brass  
 Transmuted into gold, but triumphing,  
 Rather, about his gold changed out of brass,  
 Not vulgarly to the mere sight and touch,  
 But in the idea, the spiritual display, 390  
 The apparition buoyed by winged words  
 Hovering above its birth-place in the brain,—  
 Thus would you wrong this excellent personage  
 Forced, by the gross need, to gird apron round,  
 Plant forge, light fire, ply bellows,—in a word,  
 Demonstrate: when a faulty pipkin's crack  
 May disconcert you his presumptive truth!  
 Here were I hanging to the testimony 398  
 Of one of these poor rustics—four, ye gods!  
 Whom the first taste of friend the Fiscal's cord  
 May drive into undoing my whole speech,  
 Undoing, on his birthday,—what is worse,—  
 My son and heir! 403

I wonder, all the same,  
 Not so much at those peasants' lack of heart;  
 But—Guido Franceschini, nobleman, 408  
 Bear pain no better! Everybody knows  
 It used once, when my father was a boy,  
 To form a proper, nay, important point  
 I' the education of our well-born youth, 410  
 That they took torture handsomely at need,  
 Without confessing in this clownish guise.  
 Each noble had his rack for private use,  
 And would, for the diversion of a guest,

Bid it be set up in the yard of arms, 415  
 And take thereon his hour of exercise,—  
 Command the varletry stretch, strain their  
 best,  
 While friends looked on, admired my lord  
 could smile  
 'Mid tugging which had caused an ox to roar.  
 Men are no longer men! 420

—And advocates  
 No longer Farinacci, let us add,  
 If I one more time fly from point proposed!  
 So, *Vindictio*,—here begins the speech!—  
*Honoris causa*; thus we make our stand:  
 Honour in us had injury, we prove. 426  
 Or if we fail to prove such injury  
 More than misprision of the fact,—what then?  
 It is enough, authorities declare,  
 If the result, the deed in question now, 430  
 Be caused by confidence that injury  
 Is veritable and no figment: since,  
 What, though proved fancy afterward, seemed  
 fact  
 At the time, they argue shall excuse result.  
 That which we do, persuaded of good cause  
 For what we do, hold justifiable!— 436  
 So casuists bid: man, bound to do his best,  
 They would not have him leave that best  
 undone  
 And mean to do his worst,—though fuller  
 light  
 Show best was worst and worst would have  
 been best. 440  
 Act by the present light!—they ask of man.  
*Ultra quod hic non agitur*, besides  
 It is not anyway our business here,  
*De probatione adulterii*,  
 To prove what we thought crime was crime  
 indeed, 446  
*Ad irrogandam panam*, and require  
 Its punishment: such nowise do we seek:  
*Sed ad effectum*, but 'tis our concern,  
*Excusandi*, here to simply find excuse,  
*Occisorem*, for who did the killing-work, 450  
*Et ad illius defensionem*, (mark  
 The difference) and defend the man, just  
 that!  
*Quo casu levior probatio*

*Exuberaret*, to which end far lighter proof  
Suffices than the prior case would claim :  
It should be always harder to convict, 456  
In short, than to establish innocence.  
Therefore we shall demonstrate first of all  
That Honour is a gift of God to man  
Precious beyond compare : which natural  
sense 460  
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 wafture breathed from  
black,  
Is,—honour within honour, like the eye 465  
Centred i' 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 471  
"To whose dominion<sup>1</sup> I impose no end."

(Virgil, now, should not be too difficult  
To Cinoncino,—say, the early books.  
Pen, truce to further gambols ! *Pocimur* !)

Nor can revenge of injury done here 476  
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 : 480  
Begin at the beginning, and proceed  
Incontrovertibly. Theodoric,<sup>2</sup>  
In an apt sentence Cassiodorus cites,  
Propounds for basis of all household law—  
I hardly recollect it, but it ends, 485  
"Bird mates with bird, beast genders with  
his like  
"And brooks no interference." Bird and  
beast ?

<sup>1</sup> *To whose dominion*, &c. : "His ego nec metas rerum nec tempora pono ; Imperium sine fine dedi" (Virgil, *Æn.* I. 278, 279).

<sup>2</sup> *Theodoric* : the Goth, king of Italy, 493-526. Cassiodorus was his secretary.

The very insects . . . if they wive or no,  
How dare I say when Aristotle doubts? 489  
But the presumption is they likewise wive,  
At least the nobler sorts ; for take the bee  
As instance,—copying King Solomon,—  
Why that displeasure of the bee to aught  
Which savours of incontinency, makes  
The unchaste a very horror to the hive? 496  
Whence comes it bees obtain their epithet  
Of *castæ apes*, notably "the chaste" ?  
Because, ingeniously saith Scaliger,  
(The young sage,—see his book of Table-  
talk)  
"Such is their hatred of immodest 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 vernal loves ?" 505  
"Oh swain," returns the instructed shep-  
herdess,  
"Bees swarm here, and would quick resent  
our warmth !"  
Only cold-blooded fish lack instinct here,  
Nor gain nor guard connubiality :  
But beasts, quadrupedal, mammiferous, 510  
Do credit to their beasthood : witness him  
That *Ælian*<sup>3</sup> 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 515  
The due allowance to his master's wife,  
Taught them good manners and killed both  
at once,  
Making his master and the world admire.  
Indubitably, then, that master's self,  
Favoured by circumstance, had done the  
same 520  
Or else stood clear rebuked by his own beast.  
*Adeo, ut qui honorem spernit*, thus,  
Who values his own honour not a straw,—  
*Et non recuperare curat*, nor  
Labours by might and main to salve its wound,  
*Se ulciscendo*, by revenging him, 524  
*Nil differat a belluis*, is a brute,

<sup>3</sup> *Ælian* : in his *De Nat. Anim.* XI. 15.

<i>Quinimo irrationabilior</i>		Multiply vengeance, than, degenerate,
<i>Ipsismet belluis</i> , nay, contrariwise,	529	Let privilege be minished, droop, decay?
Much more irrational than brutes themselves,		Therefore set forth at large the ancient law!
Should be considered, <i>reputetur!</i> How?		Superabundant the examples be
If a poor animal feel honour smart,		To pick and choose from. The Athenian
Taught by blind instinct nature plants in him,		Code,
Shall man, — confessed creation's master-		Solon's, the name is serviceable,—then,
stroke,		The Laws of the Twelve Tables, that fif-
Nay, intellectual glory, nay, a god,	535	teenth,—
Nay, of the nature of my Judges here,—		“Romulus” likewise rolls out round and
Shall man prove the insensible, the block,		large;
The blot o' the earth he crawls on to disgrace?		The Julian; the Cornelian; <sup>1</sup> Gracchus' Law:
(Come, that's both solid and poetic!) Man		So old a chime, the bells ring of themselves!
Derogate, live for the low tastes alone,	540	Spreti can set that going if he please,
Mean creeping cares about the animal life?		I point you, for my part, the belfry plain,
<i>Absit</i> such homage to vile flesh and blood!		Intent to rise from dusk, <i>dihuculum</i> ,
		Into the Christian day shall broaden next.
(May Gigia have remembered, nothing		
stings		First, the fit compliment to His Holiness
Fried liver out of its monotony	544	Happily reigning: then sustain the point—
Of richness, like a root of fennel, chopped		All that was long ago declared as law
Fine with the parsley: parsley-sprigs, I said—		By the natural revelation, stands confirmed
Was there need I should say “and fennel		By Apostle and Evangelist and Saint,—
too”?		To-wit—that Honour is man's supreme good.
But no, she cannot have been so obtuse!		Why should I baulk Saint Jerome of his
To our argument! The fennel will be		phrase?
chopped.)		
		<i>Ubi honor non est</i> , where no honour is,
From beast to man next mount we—ay, but,		<i>Ibi contemptus est</i> ; and where contempt,
mind,	550	<i>Ibi injuria frequens</i> ; and where that,
Still mere man, not yet Christian,—that, in		The frequent injury, <i>ibi et indignatio</i> ;
time!		And where the indignation, <i>ibi quies</i>
Not too fast, mark you! 'Tis on Heathen		<i>Nulla</i> : and where there is no quietude,
grounds		Why, <i>ibi</i> , there, the mind is often cast
We next defend our act: then, fairly urge—		Down from the heights where it proposed to
If this were done of old, in a green tree,	554	dwell,
Allowed in the Spring rawness of our kind,		<i>Mens a proposito sepe dejicitur</i> .
What may be licensed in the Autumn dry		And naturally the mind is so cast down,
And ripe, the latter harvest-tide of man?		Since harder 'tis, <i>quum difficilium sit</i> ,
If, with his poor and primitive half-lights,		<i>Iram cohibere</i> , to coerce one's wrath,
The Pagan, whom our devils served for gods,		<i>Quam miracula facere</i> , than work miracles,—
Could stigmatise the breach of marriage-vow		So Gregory smiles in his First Dialogue.
As that which blood, blood only might		Whence we infer, the ingenuous soul, the man
efface,—	561	Who makes esteem of honour and repute,
Absolve the husband, outraged, whose revenge		Whenever honour and repute are touched,
Anticipated law, plied sword himself,—		Arrives at term of fury and despair,
How with the Christian in full blaze of noon?		Loses all guidance from the reason-check:
Shall not he rather double penalty,	565	

<sup>1</sup> *The Julian; the Cornelian: see Book I. ll. 226, 227.*

As in delirium or a frenzy-fit, 606  
 Nor fury nor despair he satiates,—no,  
 Not even if he attain the impossible,  
 O'erturn the hinges of the universe  
 To annihilate—not whoso caused the smart  
 Solely, the author simply of his pain, 611  
 But the place, the memory, *vituperii*,  
 O' the shame and scorn: *quia*,—says Solomon,  
 (The Holy Spirit speaking by his mouth  
 In Proverbs, the sixth chapter near the end)  
 —Because, the zeal and fury of a man, 616  
*Zelus et furor viri*, will not spare,  
*Non parcat*, in the day of his revenge,  
*In die vindictæ*, nor will acquiesce,  
*Nec acquiescet*, through a person's prayers,  
*Cujusdam precibus,—nec suscipiet*, 621  
 Nor yet take, *pro redemptione*, for  
 Redemption, *dona plurimum*, gifts of friends,  
 Mere money-payment to compound for ache.  
 Who recognizes not my client's case? 625  
 Whereto, as strangely consentaneous here,  
 Adduce Saint Bernard in the Epistle writ  
 To Robertulus, his nephew: "Too much  
 grief,  
 "*Dolor quippe nimius non deliberat*,  
 "Does not excogitate propriety, 630  
 "*Non verecundatur*, nor knows shame at all,  
 "*Non consulit rationem*, nor consults  
 "Reason, *non dignitatis metuit*  
 "*Dammum*, nor dreads the loss of dignity;  
 "*Modum et ordinem*, order and the mode,  
 "*Ignorat*, it ignores:" why, trait for trait,  
 Was ever portrait limned so like the life?  
 (By Cavalier Maratta, shall I say? 638  
 I hear he's first in reputation now.)  
 Yes, that of Samson in the Sacred Text  
 That's not so much the portrait as the man!  
 Samson in Gaza was the antetype  
 Of Guido at Rome: observe the Nazarite!  
 Blinded he was,—an easy thing to bear:  
 Intrepidly he took imprisonment, 645  
 Gyves, stripes and daily labour at the mill:  
 But when he found himself, i' the public place,  
 Destined to make the common people sport,  
 Disdain burned up with such an impetus  
 I' the breast of him that, all the man one  
 fire, 650  
*Moriatur*, roared he, let my soul's self die,

*Anima mea*, with the Philistines!  
 So, pulled down pillar, roof, and death and  
 all,  
*Multosque plures interfecit*, ay, 654  
 And many more he killed thus, *moriens*,  
 Dying, *quam vivus*, than in his whole life,  
*Occiderat*, he ever killed before.  
 Are these things writ for no example, Sirs?  
 One instance more, and let me see who  
 doubts!  
 Our Lord Himself, made all of mansue-  
 tude, 660  
 Sealing the sum of sufferance up, received  
 Opprobrium, contumely and buffeting  
 Without complaint: but when He found  
 Himself  
 Touched in His honour never so little for  
 once, 664  
 Then outbroke indignation pent before—  
 "*Honorem meum nemini dabo!*" "No,  
 "My honour I to nobody will give!"  
 And certainly the example so hath wrought,  
 That whosoever, at the proper worth,  
 Apprises worldly honour and repute, 670  
 Esteems it nobler to die honoured man  
 Beneath Mannaia, than live centuries  
 Disgraced in the eye o' the world. We find  
 Saint Paul  
 No recreant to this faith delivered once:  
 "Far worthier were it that I died," cries  
 he, 675  
*Expedit mihi magis mori*, "than  
 "That anyone should make my glory void,"  
*Quam ut gloriam meam quis evacuet!*  
 See, *ad Corinthienses*: whereupon  
 Saint Ambrose makes a comment with much  
 fruit, 680  
 Doubtless my Judges long since laid to heart,  
 So I desist from bringing forward here.  
 (I can't quite recollect it.)

Have I proved  
*Satis superque*, both enough and to spare,  
 That Revelation old and new admits 686  
 The natural man may effervesce in ire,  
 O'erflood earth, o'erfroth heaven with foamy  
 rage,  
 At the first puncture to his self-respect?

Then, Sirs, this Christian dogma, this law-  
 bud 690  
 Full-blown now, soon to bask the absolute  
 flower  
 Of Papal doctrine in our blaze of day,—  
 Bethink you, shall we miss one promise-  
 streak,  
 One doubtful birth of dawn crepuscular,  
 One dew-drop comfort to humanity, 695  
 Now that the chalice teems with noonday  
 wine?  
 Yea, argue Molinists who bar revenge—  
 Referring just to what makes out our case!  
 Under old dispensation, argue they,  
 The doom of the adulterous wife was death,  
 Stoning by Moses' law. "Nay, stone her  
 not, 701  
 "Put her away!" next legislates our Lord;  
 And last of all, "Nor yet divorce a wife!"  
 Ordains the Church, "she typifies ourself,  
 "The Bride no fault shall cause to fall from  
 Christ." 705  
 Then, as no jot nor tittle of the Law  
 Has passed away—which who presumes to  
 doubt?  
 As not one word of Christ is rendered vain—  
 Which, could it be though heaven and earth  
 should pass? 709  
 —Where do I find my proper punishment  
 For my adulterous wife,—who now ask  
 Of my infallible Pope,—who now remits  
 Even the divorce allowed by Christ in lieu  
 Of lapidation Moses licensed me?  
 The Gospel checks the Law which throws  
 the stone, 715  
 The Church tears the divorce-bill Gospel  
 grants:  
 Shall wives sin and enjoy impunity?  
 What profits me the fulness of the days,  
 The final dispensation, I demand,  
 Unless Law, Gospel and the Church sub-  
 join 720  
 "But who hath barred thee primitive revenge,  
 "Which, like fire damped and dammed up,  
 burns more fierce?  
 "Use thou thy natural privilege of man,  
 "Else wert thou found like those old ingrate  
 Jews,

"Despite the manna-banquet on the board,  
 "A-lonng after melons, cucumbers, 725  
 "And such like trash of Egypt left behind!"  
 (There was one melon had improved our soup:  
 But did not Cinoncino need the rind  
 To make a boat with? So I seem to think.)  
 Law, Gospel and the Church—from these we  
 leap 731  
 To the very last revelation, easy rule  
 Befitting the well-born and thorough-bred  
 O' the happy day we live in, not the dark  
 O' the early rude and acorn-eating race. 735  
 "Behold," quoth James, "we bridle in a  
 horse  
 "And turn his body as we would thereby!"  
 Yea, but we change the bit to suit the growth,  
 And rasp our colt's jaw with a rugged spike  
 We hasten to remit our managed steed 740  
 Who wheels round at persuasion of a touch.  
 Civilization bows to decency,  
 The acknowledged use and wont: 'tis man-  
 ners,—mild  
 But yet imperative law,—which make the man.  
 Thus do we pay the proper compliment 745  
 To rank, and that society of Rome,  
 Hath so obliged us by its interest,  
 Taken our client's part instinctively,  
 As unaware defending its own cause.  
 What *dictum* doth Society lay down 750  
 I' the case of one who hath a faithless wife?  
 Wherewithal should the husband cleanse his  
 way?  
 Be patient and forgive? Oh, language fails,—  
 Shrinks from depicting his turpitude!  
 For if wronged husband raise not hue and  
 cry, 755  
*Quod si maritus de adulterio non  
 Covqueretur*, he's presumed a—foh!  
*Presumitur leno*: so, complain he must.  
 But how complain? At your tribunal, lords?  
 Far weightier challenge suits your sense, I  
 wot! 760  
 You sit not to have gentlemen propose  
 Questions gentility can itself discuss.  
 Did not you prove that to our brother Paul?  
 The Abate, *quum judicialiter*



<p><i>Prosequeretur</i>, when he tried the law, 765  <i>Guidonis causam</i>, in Count Guido's case,  <i>Accidit ipsi</i>, this befell himself,  <i>Quod risum moverit et cachinnos</i>, that  He moved to mirth and cackinnation, all  Or nearly all, <i>ferè in omnibus</i> 770  <i>Etiàm sensatis et cordatis</i>, men  Strong-sensed, sound-hearted, nay, the very  Court,  <i>Ipsismet in iudiciis</i>, I might add,  <i>Non tamen dicam</i>. In a cause like this,  So multiplied were reasons <i>pro</i> and <i>con</i>, 775  Delicate, intertwined and obscure,  That Law refused loan of a finger-tip  To unravel, re-adjust the hopeless twine,  Since, half-a-dozen steps outside Law's seat,  There stood a foolish trifler with a tool 780  A-dangle to no purpose by his side,  Had clearly cut the embroilment in a trice.  <i>Asserunt enim unanimiter</i>  <i>Doctores</i>, for the Doctors all assert,  That husbands, <i>quod mariti</i>, must be held  <i>Viles, cornuti reputantur</i>, vile, 786  Fronts branching forth a florid infamy,  <i>Si propriis manibus</i>, if with their own hands,  <i>Non sumunt</i>, they fail straight to take revenge,  <i>Vindictam</i>, but expect the deed be done 790  By the Court—<i>expectant illam fieri</i>  <i>Per iudices, qui summopere rident</i>, which  Gives an enormous guffaw for reply,  <i>Et cachinnantur</i>. For he ran away, 794  <i>Deliquit enim</i>, just that he might 'scape  The censure of both counsellors and crowd,  <i>Ut vulgi et doctorum evitaret</i>  <i>Censuram</i>, and lest so lie superadd  To loss of honour ignominy too,  <i>Et sic ne istam quoque ignominiam</i> 800  <i>Amisso honori superadderet</i>.  My lords, my lords, the inconsiderate step  Was—we referred ourselves to Law at all!  Twit me not with "Law else had punished  you!" 804  Each punishment of the extra-legal step,  To which the high-born preferably revert,  Is ever for some oversight, some slip  I' the taking vengeance, not for vengeance'  self.  A good thing, done unhandsomely, turns ill ;</p>	<p>And never yet lacked ill the law's rebuke. 810  For pregnant instance, let us contemplate  The luck of Leonardus,—see at large  Of Sicily's Decisions sixty-first.  This Leonard finds his wife is false : what  then?  He makes her own son snare her, and entice  Out of the town walls to a private walk 816  Wherein he slays her with commodity.  They find her body half-devoured by dogs :  Leonard is tried, convicted, punished, sent  To labour in the galleys seven years long :  Why? For the murder? Nay, but for the  mode ! 821  <i>Malus modus occidendi</i>, ruled the Court,  An ugly mode of killing, nothing more !  Another fruitful sample,—see "<i>De Re</i>  "<i>Criminali</i>," in Matthæus' divine piece.  Another husband, in no better plight, 826  Simulates absence, thereby tempts his wife ;  On whom he falls, out of sly ambushade,  Backed by a brother of his, and both of them  Armed to the teeth with arms that law had  blamed. 830  <i>Nimis dolose</i>, overwilyly,  <i>Fuisse operatum</i>, did they work,  Pronounced the law : had all been fairly done  Law had not found him worthy, as she did,  Of four years' exile. Whycite more? Enough  Is good as a feast—(unless a birthday-feast  For one's Cinuccio) so, we finish here. 837  My lords, we rather need defend ourselves  Inasmuch as, for a twinkling of an eye,  We hesitatingly appealed to law,— 840  Than need deny that, on mature advice,  We blushing bethought us, bade revenge  Back to its simple proper private way  Of decent self-dealt gentlemanly death.  Judges, here is the law, and here beside,  The testimony ! Look to it ! 846  Pause and breathe !  So far is only too plain ; we must watch :  Bottini will scarce hazard an attack  Here : best anticipate the fellow's play, 850  And guard the weaker places—warily ask,  What if considerations of a sort,  Reasons of a kind, arise from out the strange  Peculiar unforeseen new circumstance</p>
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Of this our (candour owns) abnormal act,  
To bar the right of us revenging so? 856

"Impunity were otherwise your meed :

"Go slay your wife and welcome,"—may be  
urged,—

"But why the innocent old couple slay, 859

"Pietro, Violante? You may do enough,

"Not too much, not exceed the golden mean :

"Neither brute-beast nor Pagan, Gentile, Jew,

"Nor Christian, no nor votarist of the mode,

"Is justified to push revenge so far."

No, indeed? Why, thou very sciolist! 865

The actual wrong, Pompilia seemed to do,

Was virtual wrong done by the parents here—

Imposing her upon us as their child—

Themselves allow : then, her fault was their  
fault,

Her punishment be theirs accordingly! 870

But wait a little, sneak not off so soon!

Was this cheat solely harm to Guido, pray?

The precious couple you call innocent,—

Why, they were felons that Law failed to clutch,

*Qui ut fraudarent*, who that they might rob,

*Legitime vocatos*, folk law called, 876

*Ad fidei commissum*, true heirs to the Trust,

*Partum supposuerunt*, feigned this birth,

*Inmemores reos factos esse*, blind 879

To the fact that, guilty, they incurred thereby,

*Ultimi supplicii*, hanging or what's worse.

Do you blame us that we turn Law's instru-  
ments,

Not mere self-seekers,—mind the public weal,

Nor make the private good our sole concern?

That having—shall I say—secured a thief,

Not simply we recover from his pouch 886

The stolen article our property,

But also pounce upon our neighbour's purse

We opportunely find reposing there,

And do him justice while we right ourselves?

He owes us, for our part, a drubbing say, 891

But owes our neighbour just a dance i' the air

Under the gallows : so, we throttle him.

That neighbour's Law, that couple are the  
Thief,

We are the over ready to help Law— 895

Zeal of her house hath eaten us up : for which,

Can it be, Law intends to eat up us,

*Crudum Priamum*,<sup>1</sup> devour poor Priam raw,  
(T'was Jupiter's own joke) with babes to boot,  
*Priamique pisinnos*, in Homeric phrase? 900  
Shame!—and so ends my period prettily.

But even,—prove the pair not culpable,  
Free as unborn babe from connivance at,  
Participation in, their daughter's fault :  
Ours the mistake. Is that a rare event? 905

*Non semel*, it is anything but rare,  
*In contingentia facti*, that by chance,  
*Impunes evaserunt*, go scot-free,

*Qui*, such well-meaning people as ourselves,  
*Iusto dolore moti*, who aggrieved 910

With cause, *apposuerunt manus*, lay  
Rough hands, *in innocentes*, on wrong heads.

Cite we an illustrative case in point :

*Mulier Smirnea quadam*, good my lords,

A gentlewoman lived in Smyrna once, 915

*Virum et filium ex eo conceptum*, who

Both husband and her son begot by him

Killed, *interfecerat, ex quo*, because,

*Vir filium suum perdiderat*, her spouse

Had been beforehand with her, killed her son,

*Matrimonii primi*, of a previous bed. 921

*Deinde accusata*, then accused,

*Apud Dolabellam*, before him that sat

Proconsul, *nec duabus cædibus*

*Contaminatam liberare*, nor 925

To liberate a woman doubly-dyed

With murder, *voluit*, made he up his mind,

*Nec condemnare*, nor to doom to death,

*Iusto dolore impulsam*, one impelled

By just grief; *sed remisit*, but sent her up

*Ad Areopagum*, to the Hill of Mars, 931

*Sapientissimorum judicium*

*Cætum*, to that assembly of the sage

Paralleled only by my judges here ;

*Ubi, cognito de causa*, where, the cause 935

Well weighed, *responsum est*, they gave reply,

*Ut ipsa et accusator*, that both sides

O' the suit, *redirent*, should come back again,

*Post centum annos*, after a hundred years,

<sup>1</sup> *Crudum Priamum* . . . *Priamique pisinnos* : a line from a translation of Homer by Attius Labeo. The translation as a whole is lost, but this line (*Il. IV. 35*) is preserved by a scholiast on Persius.

For judgment; *et sic*, by which sage decree,  
*Duplici parricidio rei*, one 941  
 Convicted of a double parricide,  
*Quamvis etiam innocentem*, though in truth  
 Out of the pair, one innocent at least  
 She, *occidisset*, plainly had put to death, 945  
*Undequaque*, yet she altogether 'scaped,  
*Evasit impunis*. See the case at length  
 In Valerius, fittingly styled *Maximus*,  
 That eighth book of his Memorable Facts.  
 Nor Cyriacus cites beside the mark: 950  
*Similiter uxori quæ mandaverat*,  
 Just so, a lady who had taken care,  
*Homicidium viri*, that her lord be killed,  
*Ex denegatione debiti*,  
 For denegation of a certain debt, 955  
*Matrimonialis*, he was loth to pay,  
*Fuit pecuniaria mulcta*, was  
 Amerced in a pecuniary mulct,  
*Funita, et ad pœnam*, and to pains,  
*Temporalem*, for a certain space of time, 960  
*In monasterio*, in a convent.

(Ay,

*In monasterio!* He mismanages  
*In* with the ablative, the accusative!  
 I had hoped to have hitched the villain into  
 verse 965  
 For a gift, this very day, a complete list  
 O' the prepositions each with proper case,  
 Telling a story, long was in my head.  
 "What prepositions take the accusative?  
*Ad* to or at—*who saw the cat!*—down to 970  
*Ob*, for, because of, *keep her claws off!*" Tush!  
 Law in a man takes the whole liberty:  
 The muse is fettered: just as Ovid found!)

And now, sea widens and the coast is clear.  
 What of the dubious act you bade excuse?  
 Surely things broaden, brighten, till at  
 length 975  
 Remains—so far from act that needs defence—  
 Apology to make for act delayed  
 One minute, let alone eight mortal months  
 Of hesitation! "Why procrastinate?" 980  
 (Out with it my Bottinius, ease thyself!)  
 "Right, promptly done, is twice right: right  
 delayed

"Turns wrong. We grant you should have  
 killed your wife,  
 "But killed o' the moment, at the meeting  
 her  
 "In company with the priest: then did the  
 tongue 985  
 "O' the Brazen Head give license, 'Time is  
 now!'  
 "Wait to make mind up? 'Time is past'  
 it peals.  
 "Friend, you are competent to mastery  
 "O' the passions that confessedly explain  
 "An outbreak: you allow an interval,  
 "And then break out as if time's clock still  
 clanged.  
 "You have forfeited your chance, and flat  
 you fall  
 "Into the commonplace category  
 "Of men bound to go softly all their days,  
 "Obeying Law." 995  
 Now, which way make response?  
 What was the answer Guido gave, himself?  
 —That so to argue came of ignorance  
 How honour bears a wound. "For, wound,"  
 said he,  
 "My body, and the smart soon mends and  
 ends: 1000  
 "While, wound my soul where honour sits  
 and rules,  
 "Longer the sufferance, stronger grows the  
 pain,  
 "Being *ex incontinenti*, fresh as first."  
 But try another tack, urge common sense  
 By way of contrast: say—Too true, my lords!  
 We did demur, awhile did hesitate: 1005  
 Since husband sure should let a scruple speak  
 Ere he slay wife,—for his own safety, lords,  
 Carpers abound in this misjudging world:  
 Moreover, there's a nicety in law 1010  
 That seems to justify them should they carp.  
 Suppose the source of injury a son,—  
 Father may slay such son yet run no risk:  
 Why graced with such a privilege? Because  
 A father so incensed with his own child, 1015  
 Or must have reason, or believe he has:  
*Quia semper*, seeing that in such event,  
*Presumitur*, the law is bound suppose,  
*Quod capiat pater*, that the sire must take,

*Bonum consilium pro filio,* . . . 1020  
 The best course as to what befits his boy,  
 Through instinct, *ex instinctu*, of mere love,  
*Amoris*, and, *paterni*, fatherhood ;  
*Quam confidentiam*, which confidence,  
*Non habet*, law declines to entertain, 1025  
*De viro*, of the husband : where finds he  
 An instinct that compels him love his wife ?  
 Rather is he presumably her foe.  
 So, let him ponder long in this bad world  
 Ere do the simplest act of justice. 1030

But

Again—and here we brush Bottini's breast—  
 Object you, "See the danger of delay !  
 "Suppose a man murdered my friend last  
 month :  
 "Had I come up and killed him for his  
 pains 1035  
 "In rage, I had done right, allows the law :  
 "I meet him now and kill him in cold blood,  
 "I do wrong, equally allows the law :  
 "Wherein do actions differ, yours and mine ?"  
*In plenitudine intellectus es ?* 1040  
 Hast thy wits, Fisc ? To take such slayer's  
 life,  
 Returns it life to thy slain friend at all ?  
 Had he stolen ring instead of stabbing  
 friend,—  
 To-day, to-morrow or next century, 1044  
 Meeting the thief, thy ring upon his thumb,  
 Thou justifiably hadst wrung it thence :  
 So, couldst thou wrench thy friend's life back  
 again,  
 Though prisoned in the bosom of his foe.  
 Why, law would look complacent on thy  
 wrath.  
 Our case is, that the thing we lost, we found :  
 The honour, we were robbed of eight months  
 since, 1051  
 Being recoverable at any day  
 By death of the delinquent. Go thy ways !  
 Ere thou hast learned law, will be much  
 to do,  
 As said the gaby while he shod the goose.  
 Nay, if you urge me, interval was none ! 1056  
 From the inn to the villa—blank or else a bar  
 Of adverse and contrarious incident

Solid between us and our just revenge !  
 What with the priest who flourishes his  
 blade, 1059  
 The wife who like a fury flings at us,  
 The crowd—and then the capture, the appeal  
 To Rome, the journey there, the jaunting  
 thence  
 To shelter at the House of Convertites,  
 The visits to the Villa, and so forth, 1065  
 Where was one minute left us all this while  
 To put in execution that revenge  
 We planned o' the instant?—as it were,  
 plumped down  
 O' the spot, some eight months since, which  
 round sound egg,  
 Rome, more propitious than our nest, should  
 hatch ! 1070  
 Object not, "You reached Rome on Christ-  
 mas-eve,  
 "And, despite liberty to act at once,  
 "Waited a whole and indecorous week !"  
 Hath so the Molinism, the canker, lords,  
 Eaten to our bone ? Is no religion left ? 1075  
 No care for aught held holy by the Church ?  
 What, would you have us skip and miss those  
 Feasts  
 O' the Natal Time, must we go prosecute  
 Secular business on a sacred day ?  
 Should not the merest charity expect, 1081  
 Setting our poor concerns aside for once,  
 We hurried to the song matutinal  
 F' the Sistine, and pressed forward for the Mass  
 The Cardinal that's Camerlengo<sup>1</sup> chaunts,  
 Then rushed on to the blessing of the Hat  
 And Rapier, which the Pope sends to what  
 prince 1086  
 Has done most detriment to the Infidel—  
 And thereby whetted courage if 'twere  
 blunt ?  
 Meantime, allow we kept the house a week,  
 Suppose not we were idle in our mew ! 1090  
 Picture us raging here and raving there—  
 "'Money?' I need none. 'Friends?'  
 The word is null.  
 "Restore the white was on that shield of mine

<sup>1</sup> *Camerlengo* : the chamberlain of the Pope, who ranks highest among the cardinals, and presides during a vacancy in the Holy See.

“Borne at” . . . wherever might be shield to bear.	Let me instruct you. Crime nor done nor meant,— 1180
“I see my grandsire, he who fought so well “At” . . . here find out and put in time and place, 1096	You punish still who arm and congregate : For wherefore use bad means to a good end?
Or else invent the fight his grandsire fought : “I see this ! I see that !”	Crime being meant not done,—you punish still
(See nothing else,	The means to crime, whereon you haply pounce, 1184
Or I shall scarce see lamb’s fry in an hour ! What to the uncle, as I bid advance 1101	Though accident have baulked them of effect. But crime not only compassed but complete,
The smoking dish? “Fry suits a tender tooth ! “Behoves we care a little for our kin—	Meant and done too? Why, since you have the end,
“You, Sir,—who care so much for cousinship “As come to your poor loving nephew’s feast !” 1105	Be that your sole concern, nor mind those means
He has the reversion of a long lease yet— Land to bequeath ! He loves lamb’s fry, I know !)	No longer to the purpose ! Murdered we ? (—Which, that our luck was in the present case, 1140
Here fall to be considered those same six Qualities ; what Bottini needs must call So many aggravations of our crime, 1110	<i>Quod contigisse in presenti casu,</i> Is palpable, <i>manibus palpatum est—</i> ) Make murder out against us, nothing else ! Of many crimes committed with a view To one main crime, Law overlooks the less, Intent upon the large. Suppose a man 1146
Parasite-growth upon mere murder’s back. We summarily might dispose of such By some off-hand and jaunty fling, some skit— “So, since there’s proved no crime to aggra- vate,	Having in view commission of a theft, Climbs the town-wall : ’tis for the theft he hangs, In case he stands convicted of such theft : Law remits whipping, due to who clomb wall 1150
“A fico for your aggravations, Fisc !” 1115 No,—handle mischief rather,—play with spells	Through bravery or wantonness alone, Just to dislodge a daw’s nest, plant a flag. So I interpret you the manly mind
Were meant to raise a spirit, and laugh the while	Of him about to judge both you and me,— Our Governor, who, being no Fisc, my Fisc, 1155
We show that did he rise we stand his match ! Therefore, first aggravation : we made up— Over and above our simple murderous selves— A regular assemblage of armed men, 1121	Cannot have blundered on ineptitude ! Next aggravation,—that the arms themselves Were specially of such forbidden sort Through shape or length or breadth, as, prompt, Law plucks
<i>Coadunatio armatorum,—ay,</i> Unluckily it was the very judge That sits in judgment on our cause to-day Who passed the law as C. vernor of Rome :	From single hand of solitary man, 1160 Making him pay the carriage with his life : <i>Delatio armorum,</i> arms against the rule, <i>Contra formam constitutionis,</i> of Pope Alexander’s blessed memory.
“Four men armed,”—though, for lawful pur- pose, mark ! 1125	Such are the poignards with the double prong, 1165
Much more for an acknowledged crime,— “shall die.”	
We five were armed to the teeth, meant murder too?	
Why, that’s the very point that saves us, Fisc !	

Horn-like, when tines make bold the antlered buck,

Each prong of brittle glass—wherewith to stab

And break off short and so let fragment stick  
Fast in the flesh to baffle surgery :

Such being the Genoese blade with hooked edge 1170

That did us service at the villa here.

*Sed parcat mihi tam eximius vir,*

But,—let so rare a personage forgive,—

Fisc, thy objection is a foppery !

Thy charge runs that we killed three innocents : 1173

Killed, dost see? Then, if killed, what matter how?

By stick or stone, by sword or dagger, tool

Long or tool short, round or triangular—

Poor slain folk find small comfort in the choice ! 1179

Means to an end, means to an end, my Fisc !

Nature cries out, "Take the first arms you find !"

*Furor ministrat arma :*<sup>1</sup> where's a stone?

*Unde mihi lapidem,*<sup>2</sup> where darts for me?

*Unde sagittas?* But subdue the bard 1184

And rationalize a little. Eight months since,

Had we, or had we not, incurred your blame

For letting 'scape unpunished 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 : 1180

We had no arms or merely lawful ones,

An unimportant sword and blunderbuss,

Against a foe, pollutent in potency,

The *amasius*, and our vixen of a wife. 1184

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 "toomuch" than "notenough,"

And "*plus non vitiat*," too much does no harm, 1200

Except in mathematics, sages say.

<sup>1</sup> *Furor arma ministrat*: Virgil, *Æn.* I. 150.

<sup>2</sup> *Unde mihi lapidem . . . unde sagittas*: Horace, *Sat.* II. 7, 116.

Gather instruction from the parable !

At first we are advised—"A lad hath here

"Seven barley loaves and two small fishes : what 1204

"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 flout

On Guido—"Punishment were pardoned him, 1210

"But here 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 maim,

(If so you stigmatize the stern and strict) 1215

Still, Guido meant no cruelty—may plead

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. 1220

*Solummodo fassus est*, he owns no more,

*Dedisse mandatum*, than that he desired,

*Ad sfrisiandum, dicam*, that they hack

And hew, i' the customary phrase, his wife,

*Uxorem tantum*, and no harm beside. 1225

If his instructions then be misconceived,

Nay, disobeyed, impute you blame to him?

Cite me no Panicollus to the point,

As adverse ! Oh, I quite expect his case—

How certain noble youths of Sicily 1230

Having good reason to mistrust their wives,

Killed them and were absolved in consequence :

While others who had gone beyond the need

By mutilation of each paramour—

As Galba in the Horatian satire<sup>3</sup> grieved

—These were condemned to the galleys, cast for guilt 1236

Exceeding simple murder of a wife.

But why? Because of ugliness, and not

Cruelty, in the said revenge, I trow !

*Ex causa abscissionis partium ;* 1240

<sup>3</sup> *The Horatian satire : Sat.* I. 2, 46.

*Qui nempe id facientes reputantur*  
*Natura inimici*, man revolts  
 Against them as the natural enemy.  
 Pray, grant to one who meant to slit the nose  
 And slash the cheek and slur the mouth, at  
 most, 1235  
 A somewhat more humane award than these  
 Obtained, these natural enemies of man!  
*Objectum funditus corrui*t, flat you fall,  
 My Fisc! I waste no kick on you, but pass.

Third aggravation: that our act was  
 done— 1250

Not in the public street, where safety lies,  
 Not in the bye-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, 1255

*In domo ac habitatione propria*,  
 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 1260  
 His household more, i' the palace of the king.  
 All three were housed and safe and confident.

Moreover, the permission that our wife  
 Should have at length *domum pro carcere*,  
 Her own abode in place of prison—why, 1265  
 We ourselves granted, by our other self  
 And proxy Paolo: did we make such grant,  
 Meaning a lure?—elude the vigilance  
 O' the jailor, lead her to commodious death,  
 While we ostensibly relented? 1270

Ay,

Just so did we, nor otherwise, my Fisc!  
 Is vengeance lawful? We demand our right,  
 But find it will be questioned or refused  
 By jailor, turnkey, hangdog, — what know  
 we? 1275

Pray, how is it we should conduct ourselves?  
 To gain our private right—break public  
 peace,

Do you bid us?—trouble order with our  
 broils?

Endanger . . . shall I shrink to own . . . our-  
 selves?—

Who want no broken head nor bloody  
 nose 1280

(While busied slitting noses, breaking heads)  
 From the first tipstaff that may interfere!

*Nam quicquid sit*, for howsoever it be,  
*An de consensu nostro*, if with leave

Or not, *a monasterio*, from the nuns, 1285  
*Educta esset*, she had been led forth,

*Potuisim* id *dissimulare*, we  
 May well have granted leave in pure pretence,  
*Ut aditum habere*, that thereby

An entry we might compass, a free move  
*Potuissemus*, to her easy death, 1290

*Ad eam occidendam*. Privacy  
 O' the hearth, and sanctitude of home, say  
 you?

Shall we give man's abode more privilege  
 Than God's?—for in the churches where He  
 dwells, 1295

*In quibus assistit Regum Rex*, by means  
 Of His essence, *per essentiam*, all the same,  
*Et nihilominus*, therein, *in eis*,

*Ex justa via delinquens*, whoso dares  
 To take a liberty on ground enough, 1300  
 Is pardoned, *excusatur*: that's our case—

Delinquent through befitting cause. You  
 hold,

To punish a false wife in her own house  
 Is graver than, what happens every day,  
 To hale a debtor from his hiding-place 1305  
 In church protected by the Sacrament?

To this conclusion have I brought my Fisc?  
 Foxes have holes, and fowls o' the air their  
 nests;

Praise you the impiety that follows, Fisc?  
 Shall false wife yet have where to lay her  
 head? 1310

"*Contra Fiscum definitum est!*" He's done!  
 "*Surge et scribe*," make a note of it!

—If I may dally with Aquinas' word.

Or in the death-throe does he mutter still,  
 Fourth aggravation, that we changed our  
 garb, 1315

And rusticated ourselves with uncouth hat,  
 Rough vest and goatskin wrappage; mur-  
 dered thus

*Mutatione vestium*, in disguise,

Whereby mere murder got complexed with  
wile, 1319

Turned *homicidium ex insidiis*? Fisc,  
How often must I round thee in the ears—  
All means are lawful to a lawful end?  
Concede he had the right to kill his wife:  
The Count indulged in a travesty; why?  
*De illa ut vindictam sumeret,* 1325  
That on her he might lawful vengeance take,  
*Commodus*, with more ease, *et tutius*,  
And safelier: wants he warrant for the step?  
Read to thy profit how the Apostle once  
For ease and safety, when Damascus raged,  
Was let down in a basket by the wall 1331  
To 'scape the malice of the governor  
(Another sort of Governor boasts Rome!)  
—Many are of opinion,—covered close,  
Concealed with—what except that very  
cloak 1335

He left behind at Troas afterward?  
I shall not add a syllable: Molinists may!  
Well, have we more to manage? Ay, indeed!  
Fifth aggravation, that our wife reposed  
*Sub potestate judicis*, beneath 1340  
Protection of the judge,—her house was stiled  
A prison, and his power became its guard  
In lieu of wall and gate and bolt and bar.  
This is a tough point, shrewd, redoubtable:  
Because we have to supplicate that judge 1345  
Shall overlook wrong done the judgment-seat.  
Now, I might suffer my own nose be pulled,  
As man: but then as father . . . if the Fisc  
Touched one hair of my boy who held my  
hand 1349

In confidence he could not come to harm  
Crossing the Corso, at my own desire,  
Going to see those bodies in the church—  
What would you say to that, Don Hyacinth?  
This is the sole and single knotty point:  
For, bid Tommati blink his interest, 1355  
You laud his magnanimity the while  
But baulk Tommati's office,—he talks big!  
“My predecessors in the place,—those sons  
“O' the prophets that may hope succeed me  
here,—  
“Shall I diminish their prerogative? 1360  
“Count Guido Franceschini's honour!—well,  
“Has the Governor of Rome none?”

You perceive,  
The cards are all against us. Make a push,  
Kick over table, as shrewd gamesters do!  
We, do you say, encroach upon the rights,  
Deny the omnipotence o' the Judge for-  
sooth? 1367

We, who have only been from first to last  
Intending that his purpose should prevail,  
Nay more, at times, anticipating it 1370  
At risk of his rebuke?

But wait awhile!  
Cannot we lump this with the sixth and last  
Of the aggravations—that the Majesty  
O' the Sovereign here received a wound?  
to-wit, 1375

*Lasa Majestas*, since our violence  
Was out of envy to the course of law,  
*In odium litis*? We cut short thereby  
Three pending suits, promoted by ourselves  
I' the main,—which worsens crime, *accedit ad  
Exasperationem criminis!* 1381

Yes, here the eruptive wrath with full effect!  
How, did not indignation chain my tongue,  
Could I repel this last, worst charge of all!  
(There is a porcupine to barbacue; 1385  
Gigia can jug a rabbit well enough,  
With sour-sweet sauce and pine-pips; but,  
good Lord,  
Suppose the devil instigate the wench  
To stew, not roast him? Stew my porcupine?  
If she does, I know where his quills shall stick!  
Come, I must go myself and see to things:  
I cannot stay much longer stewing here.) 1392  
Our stomach . . . I mean, our soul is stirred  
within,  
And we want words. We wounded Majesty?  
Fall under such a censure, we?—who yearned  
So much that Majesty dispel the cloud 1396  
And shine on us with healing on her wings,  
That we prayed Pope *Majestas*' very self  
To anticipate a little the tardy pack,  
Bell us forth deep the authoritative bay 1400  
Should start the beagles into sudden yelp  
Unisonous,—and, Gospel leading Law,  
Grant there assemble in our own behoof  
A Congregation, a particular Court, 1404



A few picked friends of quality and place,  
To hear the several matters in dispute,—  
Causes big, little and indifferent,  
Bred of our marriage like a mushroom-  
growth,—  
All at once (can one brush off such too soon?)  
And so with laudable despatch decide 1410  
Whether we, in the main (to sink detail)  
Were one the Pope should hold fast or let go.  
“What, take the credit from the Law?” you  
ask?

Indeed, we did! Law ducks to Gospel here:  
Why should Law gain the glory and pronounce  
A judgment shall immortalize the Pope? 1418  
Yes: our self-abnegating policy  
Was Joab's—we would rouse our David's sloth,  
Bid him encamp against a city, sack  
A place whereto ourselves had long laid siege,  
Lest, taking it at last, it take our name 1421  
Nor be styled *Innocentinopolis*.  
But no! The modesty was in alarm,  
The temperance refused to inter ere,  
Returned us our petition with the word 1425  
“*Ad iudices suos*,” “Leave him to his Judge!”  
As who should say “Why trouble my repose?  
“Why consult Peter in a simple case,  
“Peter's wife's sister in her fever-fit 1429  
“Might solve as readily as the Apostle's self?  
“Are my Tribunals posed by aught so plain?  
“Hath not my Court a conscience? It is of age,  
“Ask it!”

We do ask,—but, inspire reply  
To the Court thou bidst me ask, as I have  
asked— 1435  
Oh thou, who vigilantly dost attend  
To even the few, the ineffectual words  
Which rise from this our low and mundane  
sphere  
Up to thy region out of smoke and noise,  
Seeking corroboration from thy nod 1440  
Who art all justice—whirl means mercy too,  
In a low noisy smoky world like ours  
Where Adam's sin made peccable his seed!  
We venerate the father of the flock,  
Whose last faint sands of life, the frittered  
gold, 1445  
Fall noiselessly, yet all too fast, o' the cone

And tapering heap of those collected years:  
Never have these been hurried in their flow,  
Though justice fain would jog reluctant arm,  
In eagerness to take the forfeiture 1450  
Of guilty life: much less shall mercy sue  
In vain that thou let innocence survive,  
Precipitate no minim of the mass  
O' the all-so precious moments of thy life,  
By pushing Guido into death and doom!

(Our Cardinal engages to go read 1455  
The Pope my speech, and point its beauties  
out.  
They say, the Pope has one half-hour, in  
twelve,  
Of something like a moderate return  
Of the intellectuals,—never much to lose!  
If I adroitly plant this passage there, 1461  
The Fisc will find himself forestalled, I think,  
Though he stand, beat till the old ear-drum  
break!  
—Ah, boy of my own bowels, Hyacinth,  
Wilt ever catch the knack, requite the pains  
Of poor papa, become proficient too 1466  
I' the how and why and when, the time to  
laugh,  
The time to weep, the time, again, to pray,  
And all the times prescribed by Holy Writ?  
Well, well, we fathers can but care, but cast  
Our bread upon the waters!) 1471

In a word,  
These secondary charges go to ground,  
Since secondary, and superfluous,—motes  
Quite from the main point: we did all and some,  
Little and much, adjunct and principal, 1476  
*Causa honoris*. Is there such a cause  
As the sake of honour? By that sole test try  
Our action, nor demand if more or less,  
Because of the action's mode, we merit blame  
Or may-be deserve praise! The Court  
decides. 1481  
Is the end lawful? It allows the means:  
What we may do, we may with safety do,  
And what means “safety” we ourselves must  
judge.  
Put case a person wrongs me past dispute:  
If my legitimate vengeance be a blow, 1486  
Mistrusting my bare arm can deal that blow,

I claim co-operation of a stick ;  
 Doubtful if stick be tough, I crave a sword ;  
 Diffident of ability in fence, 1490  
 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  
 P' 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 ?  
 Surgery would have just excised a wart ; 1497  
 The patient made such pother, struggled so  
 That the sharp instrument sliced nose and all.  
 Taunt us not that our friends performed for  
 pay ! 1500

Ourselves had toiled for simple honour's sake :  
 But country clowns want dirt they comprehend,  
 The piece of gold ! Our reasons, which suffice  
 Ourselves, be ours alone ; our piece of gold  
 Be, to the rustic, reason he approves ! 1505  
 We must translate our motives like our speech,  
 Into the lower phrase that suits the sense  
 O' the limitedly apprehensive. Let  
 Each level have its language ! Heaven  
 speaks first 1509  
 To the angel, then the angel tames the word  
 Down to the ear of Tobit : he, in turn,  
 Diminishes the message to his dog,  
 And finally that dog finds how the flea  
 (Which else, importunate, might check his  
 speed)  
 Shall learn its hunger must have holiday. 1515  
 By application of his tongue or paw :  
 So many varied sorts of language here,  
 Each following each with pace to match the  
 step,  
*Hand passibus aequis !* 1519

Talking of which flea,  
 Reminds me I must put in special word  
 For the poor humble following,—the four  
 friends,  
*Sicarii*, our assassins caught and caged.  
 Ourselves are safe in your approval now :  
 Yet must we care for our companions, plead  
 The cause o' the poor, the friends (of old-  
 world faith) 1526

Who lie in tribulation for our sake.  
*Pauperum 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 pauperibus,* 1531  
 In bondage, *carceratis*, for their sake,  
*In eorum causis*, natural piety,  
*Pietas*, ever ought to win the day,  
*Triumphare debet, quia ipsi sunt,* 1535  
 Because those very paupers constitute,  
*Thesaurus Christi*, all the wealth of Christ.  
 Nevertheless I shall not hold you long  
 With multiplicity of proofs, nor burn  
 Candle at noon-tide, clarify the clear. 1540  
 There beams a case refulgent from our books—  
*Castrensis*, *Butringarius*,<sup>1</sup> 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, 1547  
 He bids his wife make show of giving heed,  
 Semblance of sympathy—propose, in fine,  
 A secret meeting in a private place. 1550  
 The friend, enticed thus, finds an ambuscade,  
 To-wit, the husband posted with a pack  
 Of other friends, who fall upon the first  
 And beat his love and life out both at once.  
 These friends were brought to question for  
 their help ; 1555  
 Law ruled "The husband being in the right,  
 "Who helped him in the right can scarce be  
 wrong"—

*Opinio*, an opinion every way,  
*Multum tenenda cordi*, heart should hold !  
 When the inferiors follow as befits 1560  
 The lead o' the principal, they change their  
 name,  
 And, *non dicuntur*, are no longer called  
 His mandatories, *mandatorii*,  
 But helpmates, *sed auxiliores* ; since  
 To that degree does honour's sake lend aid,  
*Adeo honoris causa est efficax,* 1566  
 That not alone, *non solum*, does it pour  
 Itself out, *se diffundat*, on mere friends  
 We bring to do our bidding of this sort,

<sup>1</sup> *Castrensis*, *Butringarius*: Paulus de Castro and Jacobus Butringarius (as the name should be spelt), jurists of the sixteenth century.

<i>In mandatorios simplices</i> , but sucks	1570	Obtain the bread clowns earn by sweat of brow,
Along with it in wide and generous whirl,		And missing which, they missed of every-thing—
<i>Sed etiam assassiniū qualitate</i>		Hence claimed pay, even at expense of life
<i>Qualificatos</i> , people qualified		To their own lord, so little warped (admire !)
By the quality of assassination's self,		By prepossession, such the absolute
Dare I make use of such neologism,	1575	Instinct of equity in rustic souls !
<i>Ut utar verbo.</i>		Whereas our Count, the cultivated mind,
Haste we to conclude.		He, wholly rapt in his serene regard
Of the other points that favour, leave some few		Of honour, he contemplating the sun
For Spreti ; such as the delinquents' youth.		Who hardly marks if taper blink below,—
One of them falls short, by some months, of age	1580	He, dreaming of no argument for death
Fit to be managed by the gallows ; two		Except a vengeance worthy noble hearts,—
May plead exemption from our law's award,		Dared not so desecrate the deed, forsooth,
Being foreigners, subjects of the Granduke—		Vulgarize vengeance, as defray its cost
I spare that bone to Spreti, and reserve		By money dug from out the dirty earth,
Myself the juicier breast of argument—	1585	Irritant mere, in Ovid's phrase, to ill.
Flinging the breast-blade i' the face o' the Fisc,		What though he lured base hinds by lucre's hope,—
Who furnished me the tid-bit : he must needs		The only motive they could masticate,
Play off his privilege and rack the clowns,—		Milk for babes, not strong meat which men require ?
And they, at instance of the rack, confess		The deed done, those coarse hands were soiled enough,
All four unanimously made resolve,—	1590	He spared them the pollution of the pay.
The night o' the murder, in brief minute snatched		So much for the allegement, thine, my Fisc,
Behind the back of Guido as he fled,—		<i>Quo nil absurdius</i> , than which nought more mad,
That, since he had not kept his promise, paid		<i>Excogitari potest</i> , may be squeezed
The money for the murder on the spot,	1594	From out the cogitative brain of thee !
So, reaching home again, might please ignore		And now, thou excellent the Governor !
The pact or pay them in improper coin,—		(Push to the peroration) <i>caterum</i>
They one and all resolved, these hopeful friends,		<i>Enixe supplico</i> , I strive in prayer,
'Twere best inaugurate the morrow's light,		<i>Ut dominis meis</i> , that unto the Court,
Nature recruited with her due repose,		<i>Benigna fronte</i> , with a gracious brow,
By killing Guido as he lay asleep	1600	<i>Et oculis serenis</i> , and mild eyes,
Pillowed on wallet which contained their fee.		<i>Perpendere placeat</i> , it may please them weigh,
I thank the Fisc for knowledge of this fact:		<i>Quod dominus Guido</i> , that our noble Count,
What fact could hope to make more manifest		<i>Occidit</i> , did the killing in dispute,
Their rectitude, Guido's integrity ?	1604	<i>Ut ejus honor tumulatus</i> , that
For who fails recognize the touching truth		The honour of him buried fathom-deep
That these poor rustics bore no envy, hate,		In infamy, <i>in infamia</i> , might arise,
Malice nor yet uncharitableness		<i>Resurgeret</i> , as ghost breaks sepulchre !
Against the people they had put to death ?		<i>Occidit</i> , for he killed, <i>uxorem</i> , wife,
In them, did such an act reward itself ?		<i>Quia illi juit</i> , since she was to him,
All done was to deserve the simple pay,	1610	<i>Opprobrio</i> , a disgrace and nothing more !
		<i>Et genitores</i> , killed her parents too,

<i>Qui</i> , who, <i>postposita verecundia</i> , Having thrown off all sort of decency, <i>Filium repudiarunt</i> , had renounced Their daughter, <i>atque declarare non</i> <i>Erubuerunt</i> , nor felt blush tinge cheek, Declaring, <i>meretricis genitam</i> <i>Esse</i> , she was the offspring of a drab, <i>Ut ipse dehonestaretur</i> , just That so himself might lose his social rank ! <i>Cujus mentem</i> , and which daughter's heart and soul, They, <i>perverterunt</i> , turned from the right course, <i>Et ad illicitos amores non</i> <i>Dumtaxat pellexerunt</i> , and to love Not simply did alluringly incite, <i>Sed vi obedientiæ</i> , but by force O' the duty, <i>filialis</i> , daughters owe, <i>Coegerunt</i> , forced and drove her to the deed : <i>Occidit</i> , I repeat he killed the clan, <i>Ne scilicet amplius in dedecore</i> , Lest peradventure longer life might trail, <i>Viveret</i> , link by link his turpitude, <i>Invisus consanguineis</i> , hateful so To kith and kindred, <i>a nobilibus</i> Notatus, shunned by men of quality, <i>Relictus ab amicis</i> , left i' the lurch By friends, <i>ab omnibus derisus</i> , turned A common hack-block to try edge of jokes. <i>Occidit</i> , and he killed them here in Rome, <i>In Urbe</i> , the Eternal City, Sirs, <i>Nempe quæ alias spectata est</i> , The appropriate theatre which witnessed once, <i>Matronam nobilem</i> , Lucretia's self, <i>Abluere pudicitæ maculas</i> , Wash off the spots of her pudicity, <i>Sanguine proprio</i> , with her own pure blood ; <i>Quæ vidit</i> , and which city also saw, <i>Patrem</i> , Virginius, <i>undequaque</i> , quite, <i>Impunem</i> , with no sort of punishment, Nor, <i>et non illaudatum</i> , lacking praise, <i>Sed polluentem parricidio</i> , Imbrue his hands with butchery, <i>filie</i> , Of chaste Virginia, to avoid a rape, <i>Ne raperetur ad stupra</i> ; so to heart, <i>Tanti illi cordi fuit</i> , did he take, <i>Suspicio</i> , the mere fancy men might have,	<i>Honoris amittendi</i> , of fame's loss, <i>Ut potius voluerit filia</i> <i>Orbari</i> , he preferred to lose his child, <i>Quam illa incederet</i> , rather than she walk The ways an, <i>inhonesta</i> , child disgraced, <i>Licet non sponte</i> , though against her will. <i>Occidit</i> —killed them, I reiterate— <i>In propria domo</i> , in their own abode, <i>Ut adultera et parentes</i> , that each wretch, <i>Conscii agnoscerent</i> , might both see and say, <i>Nullum locum</i> , there's no place, <i>nullumque</i> <i>esse</i> <i>Asylum</i> , nor yet refuge of escape, <i>Impenetrabilem</i> , shall serve as bar, <i>Honori læso</i> , to the wounded one In honour ; <i>neve ibi opprobria</i> <i>Continuantur</i> , killed them on the spot, Moreover, dreading lest within those walls The opprobrium peradventure be prolonged, <i>Et domus quæ testis fuit turpium</i> , And that the domicile which witnessed crime, <i>Esset et pœna</i> , might watch punishment : <i>Occidit</i> , killed, I round you in the ears, <i>Quia alio modo</i> , since by other mode, <i>Non poterat ejus existimatio</i> , There was no possibility his fame, <i>Læsa</i> , gashed griesly, <i>tam enormiter</i> , <i>Ducere cicatrices</i> , might be healed : <i>Occidit ut exemplum præberet</i> <i>Uxoribus</i> , killed her, so to lesson wives <i>Jura conjugii</i> , that the marriage-oath, <i>Esse servanda</i> , must be kept henceforth : <i>Occidit denique</i> , killed her, in a word, <i>Ut pro posse honestus viveret</i> , That he, please God, might creditably live, <i>Sin minus</i> , but if fate willed otherwise, <i>Proprii honoris</i> , of his outraged fame, <i>Offensi</i> , by Mannaia, if you please, <i>Commiseranda victima caderet</i> , The pitiable victim he should fall ! Done ! I' the rough, i' the rough ! But done ! And, lo, Landed and stranded lies my very speech, My miracle, my monster of defence— Leviathan into the nose whereof I have put fish-hook, pierced his jaw with thorn,
--	--

And given him to my maidens for a play !  
 I' the rough : to-morrow I review my piece,  
 Tame here and there undue floridity.  
 It's hard : you have to plead before these  
 priests 1745  
 And poke at them with Scripture, or you pass  
 For heathen and, what's worse, for ignorant  
 O' the quality o' the Court and what it likes  
 By way of illustration of the law.  
 To-morrow stick in this, and throw out that,  
 And, having first ecclesiasticized, 1751  
 Regularize the whole, next emphasize,  
 Then latinize, and lastly Cicero-ize,  
 Giving my Fisc his finish. There's my  
 speech ! 1754  
 And where's my fry, and family and friends ?  
 Where's that huge Hyacinth I mean to hug  
 Till he cries out, "*Jam satis !* 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 ! 1760  
 Rogue Hyacinth shall put on paper toque,  
 And wrap himself around with mamma's veil  
 Done up to imitate papa's black robe,  
 (I'm in the secret of the comedy,— 1764  
 Part of the program leaked out long ago !)  
 And call himself the Advocate o' the Poor,  
 Mimic Don father that defends the Count :  
 And for reward shall have a small full glass  
 Of manly red rosolio to himself,  
 —Always provided that he conjugate 1770  
*Bibo*, I drink, correctly—nor be found  
 Make the *perfectum*, *bipsi*, as last year !  
 How the ambitious do so harden heart  
 As lightly hold by these home-sanctitudes,  
 To me is matter of bewilderment— 1775  
 Bewilderment ! Because ambition's range  
 Is nowise tethered by domestic tie.  
 Am I refused an outlet from my home  
 To the world's stage ? — whereon a man  
 should play  
 The man in public, vigilant for law, 1780  
 Zealous for truth, a credit to his kind,  
 Nay,—since, employing talent so, I yield  
 The Lord His own again with usury,—  
 A satisfaction, yea, to God Himself !  
 Well, I have modelled me by Agur's wish,

"Remove far from me vanity and lies, 1786  
 "Feed me with food convenient for me !"  
 What  
 I' the world should a wise man require  
 beyond ?  
 Can I but coax the good fat little wife  
 To tell her fool of a father the mad prank  
 His scapegrace nephew played this time last  
 year 1791  
 At Carnival ! He could not choose, I think,  
 But modify that inconsiderate gift  
 O' the cup and cover (somewhere in the will  
 Under the pillow, someone seems to guess)  
 —Correct that clause in favour of a boy 1796  
 The trifle ought to grace, with name engraved,  
 Would look so well, produced in future years  
 To pledge a memory, when poor papa  
 Latin and law are long since laid at rest—  
*Hyacintho dono dedit avus !* Why, 1801  
 The wife should get a necklace for her pains,  
 The very pearls that made Violante proud,  
 And Pietro pawned for half their value once,—  
 Redeemable by somebody, *ne sit* 1805  
*Marita que rotundioribus*  
*Onusta mammis . . . baccis ambulet :*  
 Her bosom shall display the big round balls,  
 No braver proudly borne by wedded wife !  
 With which Horatian promise<sup>1</sup> I con-  
 clude. 1810  
 Into the pigeon-hole with thee, my speech !  
 Off and away, first work then play, play, play !  
 Bottini, burn thy books, thou blazing ass !  
 Sing "Tra-la-la, for, lambkins, we must live !"

IX.—JURIS DOCTOR JOHANNES-  
 BAPTISTA BOTTINIUS,

FISCI ET REV. CAM. APOSTOL. ADVOCATUS.

HAD I God's leave, how I would alter things !  
 If I might read instead of print my speech,—  
 Ay, and enliven speech with many a flower  
 Refuses obstinate to blow in print,  
 As wildings planted in a prim parterre,— 5

<sup>1</sup> *Horatian promise* : Horace, *Epodes*, 8, 13.

This scurvy room were turned an immense  
hall;

Opposite, fifty judges in a row;  
This side and that of me, for audience—  
Rome:

And, where yon window is, the Pope should  
hide— 9

Watch, curtained, but peep visibly enough.  
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 allocution of the Fisc!"  
I rise, I bend, I look about me, pause 15  
O'er the hushed multitude: I count—One,  
two—

Have ye seen, Judges, have ye, lights of  
law,—

When it may hap some painter, much in  
vogue

Throughout our city nutritive of arts,  
Ye summon to a task shall test his worth, 20

To manufacture, as he knows and can,  
A work may decorate a palace-wall,  
Afford my lords their Holy Family,—

Hath it escaped the acumen of the Court  
How such a painter sets himself to paint? 25

Suppose that Joseph, Mary and her Babe  
A-journeying to Egypt, prove the piece:

Why, first he sedulously practiseth,  
This painter, —girding loin and lighting  
lamp,— 29

On what may nourish eye, make facile hand;  
Getteth him studies (styled by draughtsmen so)

From some assistant corpse of Jew or Turk  
Or, haply, Molinist, he cuts and carves,—

This Luca or this Carlo or the like.  
To him the bones their inmost secret yield,

Each notch and nodule signify their use: 36

On him the muscles turn, in triple tier,  
And pleasantly entreat the entrusted man

"Familiarize thee with our play that lifts  
"Thus, and thus lowers again, leg, arm and  
foot!" 40

—Ensuring due correctness in the nude.

Which done, is all done? Not a whit, ye  
know!

He,—to art's surface rising from her depth,—  
If some flax-poll'd soft-bearded sire be found,

May simulate a Joseph, (happy chance!)—  
Linneth exact each wrinkle of the brow, 46

Loseth no involution, cheek or chap,  
Till lo, in black and white, the senior lives!

Is it a young and comely peasant-nurse  
That poseth? (be the phrase accorded me!)  
Each feminine delight of florid lip, 51

Eyes brimming o'er and brow bowed down  
with love,

Marmoreal neck and bosom uberous,—  
Glad on the paper in a trice they go

To help his notion of the Mother-maid: 55  
Methinks I see it, chalk a little stumped!

Yea and her babe—that flexure of soft limbs,  
That budding face imbued with dewy sleep,

Contribute each an excellence to Christ. 60  
Nay, since he humbly lent companionship,

Even the poor ass, unpanniered and elate  
Stands, perks an ear up, he a model too;

While clouted shoon, staff, scrip and water-  
gourd,—

Aught may betoken travel, heat and haste,—  
No jot nor tittle of these but in its turn 65

Ministers to perfection of the piece:  
Till now, such piece before him, part by

part,—  
Such prelude ended,—pause our painter may,  
Submit his fifty studies one by one,

And in some sort boast "I have served my  
lords." 70

But what? And hath he painted once this  
while?

Or when ye cry "Produce the thing required,  
"Show us our picture shall rejoice its niche,

"Thy Journey through the Desert done in  
oils!"— 74

What, doth he fall to shuffling 'mid his sheets,  
Fumbling for first this, then the other fact

Consigned to paper,—"studies," bear the  
term!—

And stretch a canvas, mix a pot of paste,  
And fasten here a head and there a tail,

(The ass hath one, my Judges!) so dove-tail

Or, rather, ass-tail in, piece sorrowly out— 81  
 By bits of reproduction of the life—  
 The picture, the expected Family?  
 I trow not! do I miss with my conceit  
 The mark, my lords?—not so my lords were  
 served! 85  
 Rather your artist turns abrupt from these,  
 And preferably buries him and broods  
 (Quite away from aught vulgar and extern)  
 On the inner spectrum, filtered through the  
 eye,  
 His brain-deposit, bred of many a drop, 90  
*E pluribus unum*:<sup>1</sup> and the wiser he!  
 For in that brain,—their fancy sees at work,  
 Could my lords peep indulged,—results alone,  
 Not processes which nourish such results,  
 Would they discover and appreciate,—life  
 Fed by digestion, not raw food itself, 96  
 No gobbits but smooth comfortable chyme<sup>2</sup>  
 Secreted from each snapped-up crudity,—  
 Less distinct, part by part, but in the whole  
 Truer to the subject,—the main central  
 truth 100  
 And soul o' the picture, would my Judges  
 spy,—  
 Not those mere fragmentary studied facts  
 Which answer to the outward frame and flesh—  
 Not this nose, not that eyebrow, the other fact  
 Of man's staff, woman's stole or infant's  
 clout, 105  
 But lo, a spirit-birth conceived of flesh,  
 Truth rare and real, not transcripts, fact and  
 false.  
 The studies—for his pupils and himself!  
 The picture be for our eximious Rome  
 And—who knows?—satisfy its Governor, 110  
 Whose new wing to the villa he hath bought  
 (God give him joy of it) by Capena, soon  
 ('Tis bruited) shall be glowing with the brush  
 Of who hath long surpassed the Florentine,<sup>3</sup>  
 The Urbinat<sup>4</sup> and . . . what if I dared  
 a.d., 115

Even his master, yea the Cortonese,<sup>5</sup>—  
 I mean the accomplished *Ciro Ferri*,<sup>6</sup> Sirs!  
 (—Did not he die? I'll see before I print.)  
 End we exordium, Phœbus plucks my ear!  
 Thus then, just so and no whit otherwise,  
 Have I,—engaged as I were *Ciro's* self, 121  
 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, 126  
 Who, seeking safety in the wilderness,  
 Were all surprised by *Herod*, while out-  
 stretched .  
 In sleep beneath a palm-tree by a spring, 129  
 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, pried into, pressed the meaning  
 forth  
 Of every piece of evidence in point, 135  
 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 140  
 By law, discreet provision lest my lords  
 Be too much troubled by effrontery,—  
 The rack, law plies suspected crime withal—  
 (Law that hath listened while the lyrist sang  
 "*Lene tormentum ingenio admoveo*," 145  
 Gently thou joggest by a twinge the wit,  
 "*Plerumque duro*," else were slow to blab!)  
 Through this concession my full cup runs o'er:  
 The guilty owns his guilt without reserve.  
 Therefore by part and part I clutch my  
 case 150  
 Which, in entirety now,—momentous task,—  
 My lords demand, so render them I must,  
 Since, one poor pleading more and I have  
 done.  
 But shall I ply my papers, play my proofs,

<sup>1</sup> *E pluribus unum*: "one made out of many" (Virgil, *Moretum*, 103).

<sup>2</sup> *Chyme*: the matter into which food is reduced by the juices of the stomach.

<sup>3</sup> *The Florentine*: Michel Angelo.

<sup>4</sup> *The Urbinat*: Rafael.

<sup>5</sup> *The Cortonese*: Pietro da Cortona.

<sup>6</sup> *Ciro Ferri*: a painter, who lived 1634-1689, a pupil of Pietro da Cortona. He had now been dead some nine years.

Parade my studies, fifty in a row, 155  
 As though the Court were yet in pupilage,  
 Claimed not the artist's ultimate appeal?  
 Much rather let me soar the height prescribed  
 And, bowing low, proffer my picture's self!  
 No more of proof, disproof,—such virtue  
 was, 160  
 Such vice was never in Pompilia, now!  
 Far better say "Behold Pompilia!"—(for  
 I leave the family as unmanageable,  
 And stick to just one portrait, but life-size.)  
 Hath calumny imputed to the fair 165  
 A blemish, mole on cheek or wart on chin,  
 Much more, blind hidden horrors best un-  
 named?  
 Shall I descend to prove you, point by  
 point,  
 Never was knock-knee known nor splay-foot  
 found  
 In Phryne? (I must let the portrait go, 170  
 Content me with the model, I believe)—  
 —I prove this? An indignant sweep of hand,  
 Dash at and doing away with drapery,  
 And,—use your eyes, Athenians, smooth she  
 smiles!<sup>1</sup> 174  
 Or,—since my client can no longer smile,  
 And more appropriate instances abound,—  
 What is this Tale of Tarquin, how the slave  
 Was caught by him, preferred to Collatine?  
 Thou, even from thy corpse-clothes virginal,  
 Look'st the lie dead, Lucretia! 180  
 Thus at least  
 I, by the guidance of antiquity,  
 (Our one infallible guide) now operate,  
 Sure that the innocence thus shown is safe;  
 Sure, too, that, while I plead, the echoes  
 cry 185  
 (Lend my weak voice thy trump, sonorous  
 Fame!)  
 "Monstrosity the Phrynean shape shall mar,  
 "Lucretia's soul comport with Tarquin's lie,  
 "When thistles grow on vines or thorns yield  
 figs,  
 "Or oblique sentence leave this judgment-  
 seat!" 190  
<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the defence of the courtesan  
 Phryné by Hyperides, who secured a verdict  
 by displaying her unveiled beauty to the court.

A great theme: may my strength be adequate!  
 For—paint Pompilia, dares my feebleness?  
 How did I unaware engage so much  
 —Find myself undertaking to produce  
 A faultless nature in a flawless form? 195  
 What's here? Oh, turn aside nor dare the  
 blaze  
 Of such a crown, such constellation, say,  
 As jewels here thy front, Humanity!  
 First, infancy, pellucid as a pearl;  
 Then childhood—stone which, dew-drop at  
 the first, 200  
 (An old conjecture) sucks, by dint of gaze,  
 Blue from the sky and turns to sapphire so:  
 Yet both these gems eclipsed by, last and best,  
 Womanliness and wisdom opaline, 204  
 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! 210  
 What should a faculty like mine do here?  
 Close eyes, or else, the rashier hurry hand!  
 Which is to say,—lose no time but begin!  
*Sermocinando ne declamem*, Sirs, 214  
*Ultra clepsydram*, as our preachers smile,  
 Lest I exceed my hour-glass. Whereupon,  
 As Flaccus prompts, I dare the epic plunge—  
 Begin at once with marriage, up till when  
 Little or nothing would arrest your love,  
 In the easeful life o' the lady; lamb and  
 lamb, 220  
 How do they differ? Know one, you know all  
 Manners of maidenhood: mere maiden she.  
 And since all lambs are like in more than  
 fleece, 223  
 Prepare to find that, lamb-like, she too frisks—  
 O' the weaker sex, my lords, the weaker sex!  
 To whom, the Teian<sup>2</sup> teaches us, for gift,  
 Not strength,—man's dower,—but beauty,  
 nature gave,  
 "Beauty in lieu of spears, in lieu of shields!"  
 And what is beauty's sure concomitant,  
 Nay, intimate essential character, 230

<sup>2</sup> *The Teian*: Anacreon.



But melting wiles, deliciousst deceits,  
 The whole redoubted armoury of love?  
 Therefore of vernal pranks, dishevellings  
 O' the hair of youth that dances April in,  
 And easily-imagined Hebe-slips 235  
 O'er sward which May makes over-smooth  
 for foot—  
 These shall we pry into?—or wiselier wink,  
 Though numerous and dear they may have  
 been?

For lo, advancing Hymen and his pomp!  
*Discedunt nunc amores*, loves, farewell! 240  
*Maneat amor*, let love, the sole, remain!  
 Farewell to dewiness and prime of life!  
 Remains the rough determined day: dance  
 done,

To work, with plough and harrow! What  
 comes next? 244

'Tis Guido henceforth guides Pompilia's step,  
 Cries "No more friskings o'er the foodful  
 glebe,

"Else, 'ware the whip!" Accordingly,—  
 first crack

O' the thong,—we hear that his young wife  
 was barred,

*Cohibita fuit*, from the old free life,  
*Vitam liberioorem ducere.* 250

Demur we? Nowise: heifer brave the hind?  
 We seek not there should lapse the natural  
 law,

The proper piety to lord and king  
 And husband: let the heifer bear the yoke!

Only, I crave he cast not patience off, 255  
 This hind; for deem you she endures the whip,  
 Nor winces at the goad, nay, restive, kicks?

What if the adversary's charge be just,  
 And all untowardly she pursue her way  
 With groan and grunt, though hind strike  
 ne'er so hard? 260

If petulant remonstrance made appeal,  
 Unseasonable, o'erprotracted,—if  
 Importunate challenge taxed the public ear  
 When silence more decorously had served

For protestation,—if Pompilian plaint 265  
 Wrought but to aggravate Guidonian ire,—  
 Why, such mishaps, ungainly though they be,  
 Ever companion change, are incident

To altered modes and nobility of life;  
 The philosophic mind expects no less,  
 Smilingly knows and names the *Quærens* sits  
 Waiting till old things go and new arrive.  
 Therefore, I hold a husband *blæm*—  
 Who turns impatient at such transit-time,  
 As if this running from the rod would  
 last! 275

Since, even while I speak, the end is reached:  
 Success awaits the soon-disheartened man.

The parents turn their backs and leave the  
 house,

The wife may wail but none shall intervene:  
 He hath attained his object, groom and  
 bride 280

Partake the nuptial bower no soul can see,  
 Old things are passed and all again is new,  
 Over and gone the obstacles to peace,

*Novorum*—tenderly the Mantuan<sup>1</sup> turns  
 The expression, some such purpose in his  
 eye— 285

*Nascitur ordo!* Every storm is laid,  
 And forth from plain each pleasant herb may  
 peep,

Each bloom of wifehood in abeyance late:  
 (Confer a passage in the Canticles.) 290

But what if, as 'tis wont with plant and wife,  
 Flowers,—after a suppression to good end,  
 Still, when they do spring forth,—sprout  
 here, spread there,

Anywhere likelier than beneath the foot  
 O' the lawful good-mangardener of the ground?  
 He dug and dibbled, sowed and watered,—  
 still 295

'Tis a chance wayfarer shall pluck the increase.  
 Just so, respecting persons not too much,  
 The lady, foes allege, put forth each charm  
 And proper floweret of femininity

To whosoever had a nose to smell 300  
 Or breast to deck: what if the charge be true?  
 The fault were graver had she looked with  
 choice,

Fastidiously appointed who should grasp,  
 Who, in the whole town, go without the prize!

<sup>1</sup> *The Mantuan*: Virgil, *Ecl.* 4, 5—*Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo.*

To nobody she destined donative, 305	When here comes tripping Flaccus <sup>2</sup> with his phrase 34 <sup>r</sup>
But, first come was first served, the accuser saith.	"Trust me, no miscreant singled from the mob,
Put case her sort of . . . in this kind . . . escapes	" <i>Crede non illum tibi de scelestis</i>
Were many and oft and indiscriminate—	" <i>Plebe delectum</i> ," but a man of mark,
Impute ye as the action were prepense,	A priest, dost hear? Why then, submit thyself!
The gift particular, arguing malice so? 310	Priest, ay and very phoenix of such fowl, 350
Which butterfly of the wide air shall brag	Well-born, of culture, young and vigorous,
"I was preferred to Guido"—when 'tis clear	Comely too, since precise the precept points—
The cup, he quaffs at, lay with olent <sup>1</sup> breast	On the selected levite be there found
Open to gnat, midge, bee and moth as well?	Nor mole nor scar nor blemish, lest the mind
One chalice entertained the company; 315	Come all uncandid through the thwarting flesh!
And if its peevish lord object the more,	Was not the son of Jesse ruddy, sleek, 355
Mistake, misname such bounty in a wife,	Pleasant to look on, pleasant every way?
Haste we to advertise him—charm of cheek,	Since well he smote the harp and sweetly sang,
Lustre of eye, allowance of the lip,	And danced till Abigail came out to see,
All womanly components in a spouse, 320	And seeing smiled and smiling ministered
These are no household-bread each stranger's bite	The raisin-cluster and the cake of figs, 361
Leaves by so much diminished for the mouth	With ready meal refreshed the gifted youth,
O' the master of the house at supper-time:	Till Nabal, who was absent shearing sheep,
But rather like a lump of spice they lie,	Felt heart sink, took to bed (discreetly done—
Morsel of myrrh, which scents the neighbour- hood . . . 325	They might have been beforehand with him else) 365
Yet greets its lord no lighter by a grain.	And died—would Guido have behaved as well!
Nay, even so, he shall be satisfied!	But ah, the faith of early days is gone,
Concede we there was reason in his wrong,	<i>Hæu prisca fides!</i> Nothing died in him
Grant we his grievance and content the man!	Save courtesy, good sense and proper trust,
For lo, Pompilia, she submits herself; 330	Which, when they ebb from souls they should o'erflow, 370
Ere three revolving years have crowned their course,	Discover stub, weed, sludge and ugliness.
Off and away she puts this same reproach	(The Pope, we know, is Neapolitan And relishes a sea-side simile.)
Of lavish bounty, inconsiderate gift	Deserted by each charitable wave, 374
O' the sweets of wifehood stored to other ends:	Guido, left high and dry, shows jealous now!
No longer shall he blame "She none excludes,"	Jealous avouched, paraded: tax the fool
But substitute "She laudably sees all, 385	With any peccadillo, he responds
"Searches the best out and selects the same."	"Truly I beat my wife through jealousy,
For who is here, long sought and latest found,	"Imprisoned her and punished otherwise,
Waiting his turn unmoved amid the whirl,	"Being jealous: now would threaten, sword in hand, 380
" <i>Constans in levitate</i> ,"—Ha, my lords? 340	"Now manage to mix poison in her sight,
Calm in his levity,—indulge the quip!—	"And so forth: jealously I dealt, in fine."
Since 'tis a levite bears the bell away,	Concede thus much, and what remains to prove?
Parades him henceforth as Pompilia's choice.	Have I to teach my masters what effect
'Tis no ignoble object, husband! Doubt'st?	

<sup>1</sup> *Olent*: odorous.<sup>2</sup> *Flaccus*: Horace, *Odes*, II. 4, 17.

Hath jealousy, and how, befooling men, 385  
 It makes false true, abuses eye and ear,  
 Turns mere mist adamantine, loads with sound  
 Silence, and into void and vacancy  
 Crowds a whole phalanx of conspiring foes?  
 Therefore who owns "I watched with jeal-  
 ousy 390  
 "My wife," adds "for no reason in the world!"  
 What need that, thus proved madman, he  
 remark  
 "The thing I thought a serpent proved an  
 eel" ?—  
 Perchance the right Comacchian, six foot  
 length,  
 And not an inch too long for that rare pie  
 (Master Arcangeli has heard of such) 396  
 Whose succulence makes fasting bearable;  
 Meant to regale some moody splenetic  
 Who, pleasing to mistake the donor's gift,  
 Spying I know not what Lernæan snake<sup>1</sup>  
 I' the luscious Lenten creature, stamps for-  
 sooth 401  
 The dainty in the dust.

Enough! Prepare,  
 Such luns announced, for downright lunacy!  
*Insanit homo*, threat succeeds to threat, 405  
 And blow redoubles blow,—his wife, the  
 block.  
 But, if a block, shall not she jar the hand  
 That buffets her? The injurious idle stone  
 Rebounds and hits the head of him who  
 flung.  
 Causeless rage breeds, i' the wife now, rageful  
 cause, 410  
 Tyranny wakes rebellion from its sleep.  
 Rebellion, say I?—rather, self-defence,  
 Laudable wish to live and see good days,  
 Pricks our Pompilia now to fly the fool  
 By any means, at any price,—nay, more, 415  
 Nay, most of all, i' the very interest  
 O' the fool that, baffled of his blind desire  
 At any price, were truest victor so.  
 Shall he effect his crime and lose his soul?  
 No, dictates duty to a loving wife! 420  
 Far better that the unconsummated blow,

<sup>1</sup> *Lernæan snake*: a reference to the hydra of Lerna, killed by Hercules.

Adroitly baulked by her, should back again,  
 Correctively admonish his own pate!

Crime then,—the Court is with me?—she  
 must crush: 424  
 How crush it? By all efficacious means;  
 And these,—why, what in woman should  
 they be?  
 "With horns the bull, with teeth the lion  
 fights;  
 "To woman," quoth the lyrist<sup>2</sup> quoted late,  
 "Nor teeth, nor horns, but beauty, Nature  
 gave."  
 Pretty i' the Pagan! Who dares blame the  
 use 430  
 Of armoury thus allowed for natural,—  
 Exclaim against a seeming-dubious play  
 O' the sole permitted weapon, spear and  
 shield  
 Alike, resorted to i' the circumstance  
 By poor Pompilia? Grant she somewhat  
 plied 435  
 Arts that allure, the magic nod and wink,  
 The witchery of gesture, spell of word,  
 Whereby the likelier to enlist this friend,  
 Yea stranger, as a champion on her side?  
 Such man, being but mere man, ('twas all  
 she knew), 440  
 Must be made sure by beauty's silken bond,  
 The weakness that subdues the strong, and  
 bows  
 Wisdom alike and folly. Grant the tale  
 O' the husband, which is false, were proved  
 and true  
 To the letter—or the letters, I should say,  
 Abominations he professed to find 446  
 And fix upon Pompilia and the priest,—  
 Allow them hers—for though she could not  
 write,  
 In early days of Eve-like innocence  
 That plucked no apple from the knowledge-  
 tree, 450  
 Yet, at the Serpent's word, Eve plucks and  
 eats  
 And knows—especially how to read and  
 write:

<sup>2</sup> *The lyrist*: Anacreon. See l. 226.

And so Pompilia,—as the move o' the maw,  
 Quoth Persius,<sup>1</sup> makes a parrot bid "Good  
 day!"

A crow salute the concave, and a pie 455  
 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. 460  
 "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*"—though 465  
 This letter nowise 'scapes the common lot,  
 But lies i' the condemnation of the rest,  
 Found by the husband's self who forged them  
 all.

Yet, for the sacredness of argument,  
 For this once an exemption shall it plead—  
 Anything, anything to let the wheels 471  
 Of argument run glibly to their goal !  
 Concede she wrote (which were preposterous)  
 This and the other epistle,—what of it ?  
 Where does the figment touch her candid  
 fame ? 475

Being in peril of her life—"my life,  
 "Not an hour's purchase," as the letter  
 runs,—

And having but one stay in this extreme,  
 Out of the wide world but a single friend—  
 What could she other than resort to him, 480  
 And how with any hope resort but thus ?  
 Shall modesty dare bid a stranger brave  
 Danger, disgrace, nay death in her behalf—  
 Think to entice the sternness of the steel  
 Yet spare love's loadstone moving manly  
 mind ? 485

—Most of all, when such mind is hampered so  
 By growth of circumstance athwart the life  
 O' the natural man, that decency forbids  
 He stoop and take the common privilege,

Say frank "I love," as all the vulgar do. 490  
 A man is wedded to philosophy,  
 Married to statesmanship ; a man is old ;  
 A man is fettered by the foolishness  
 He took for wisdom and talked ten years  
 since ; 494  
 A man is, like our friend the Canon here,  
 A priest, and wicked if he break his vow :  
 Shall he dare love, who may be Pope one  
 day ?

Despite the coil of such encumbrance here,  
 Suppose this man could love, unhappily,  
 And would love, dared he only let love  
 show ! 500

In case the woman of his love speaks first,  
 From what embarrassment she sets him free !  
 "'Tis I who break reserve, begin appeal,  
 "Confess that, whether you love me or no,  
 "I love you !" What an ease to dignity,  
 What help of pride from the hard high-  
 backed chair 506  
 Down to the carpet where the kittens bask,  
 All under the pretence of gratitude !

From all which, I deduce—the lady here  
 Was bound to proffer nothing short of love  
 To the priest whose service was to save her.  
 What ? 511

Shall she propose him lucre, dust o' the mine,  
 Rubbish o' the rock, some diamond, muck-  
 worms prize,  
 Some pearl secreted by a sickly fish ? 514  
 Scarcely ! She caters for a generous taste.  
 'Tis love shall beckon, beauty bid to breast,  
 Till all the Samson sink into the snare !  
 Because, permit the end—permit therewith  
 Means to the end ! 519

How say you, good my lords ?  
 I hope you heard my adversary ring  
 The changes on this precept : now, let me  
 Reverse the peal ! *Quia dato licito fine,*  
*Ad illum assequendum ordinata*  
*Non sunt damnanda media*,—licit end 525  
 Enough was found in mere escape from  
 death,  
 To legalize our means illicit else  
 Of feigned love, false allurements, fancied fact.  
 Thus Venus losing Cupid on a day,

<sup>1</sup> *Persius* : Prologue to *Satires*, 6-13.

(See that *Idyllium Moschi*<sup>1</sup>) seeking help,  
 In the anxiety of motherhood, 531  
 Allowably promised "Who shall bring re-  
 port  
 "Where he is wandered to, my winged babe,  
 "I give him for reward a nectared kiss;  
 "But who brings safely back the truant's  
 self, 535  
 "His be a super-sweet makes kiss seem cold!"  
 Are not these things writ for example-sake?

To such permitted motive, then, refer  
 All those professions, else were hard explain,  
 Of hope, fear, jealousy, and the rest of love!  
 He is Myrtilus, Amaryllis<sup>2</sup> she, 541  
 She burns, he freezes,—all a mere device  
 To catch and keep the man, may save her life,  
 Whom otherwise nor catches she nor keeps!  
 Worst, once, turns best now: in all faith,  
 she feigns: 545

Feigning,—the liker innocence to guilt,  
 The truer to the life in what she feigns!  
 How if Ulysses,—when, for public good  
 He sunk particular qualms and played the spy,  
 Entered Troy's hostile gate in beggar's  
 garb— 550  
 How if he first had boggled at this clout,  
 Grown dainty o'er that clack-dish? Grime  
 is grace  
 To whoso gropes amid the dung for gold.

Hence, beyond promises, we praise each proof  
 That promise was not simply made to break,  
 Mere moonshine-structure meant to fade at  
 dawn: 556  
 We praise, as consequent and requisite,  
 What, enemies allege, were more than words,  
 Deeds—meetings at the window, twilight-  
 trysts,  
 Nocturnal entertainments in the dim 560  
 Old labyrinthine palace; lies, we know—  
 Inventions we, long since, turned inside out.  
 Must such external semblance of intrigue  
 Demonstrate that intrigue there lurks perdue?  
 Does every hazel-sheath disclose a nut? 565

<sup>1</sup> *Idyllium Moschi*: Moschus, *Idyll* I. 4. 5.  
<sup>2</sup> *Myrtilus, Amaryllis*: typical pastoral  
 lovers.

He were a Molinist who dared maintain  
 That midnight meetings in a screened alcove  
 Must argue folly in a matron—since  
 So would he bring a slur on Judith's self, 560  
 Commended beyond women, that she lured  
 The lustful to destruction through his lust.  
 Pompilia took not Judith's liberty,  
 No faulchion find you in her hand to smite,  
 No damsel to convey in dish the head  
 Of Holophernes,—style the Canon so— 575  
 Or is it the Count? If I entangle me  
 With my similitudes,—if wax wings melt,  
 And earthward down I drop, not mine the  
 fault:

Blame your beneficence, O Court, O sun,  
 Whereof the beamy smile affects my flight!  
 What matter, so Pompilia's fame revive 581  
 I' the warmth that proves the bane of Icarus?

Yea, we have shown it lawful, necessary  
 Pompilia leave her husband, seek the house  
 O' the parents: and because 'twixt home  
 and home 585

Lies a long road with many a danger rife,  
 Lions by the way and serpents in the path,  
 To rob and ravish,—much behoves she keep  
 Each shadow of suspicion from fair fame,  
 For her own sake much, but for his sake  
 more, 590

The ingrate husband's. Evidence shall be,  
 Plain witness to the world how white she  
 walks

I' the mire she wanders through ere Rome  
 she reach.

And who so proper witness as a priest?  
 Gainsay ye? Let me hear who dares gainsay!  
 I hope we still can punish heretics! 596  
 "Give me the man" I say with him of Gath,  
 "That we may fight together!" None, I  
 think:

The priest is granted me.

Then, if a priest,  
 One juvenile and potent: else, mayhap, 601  
 That dragon, our Saint George would slay,  
 slays him.

And should fair face accompany strong hand,  
 The more complete equipment: nothing mars

Work, else praiseworthy, like a bodily flaw  
I' the worker: as 'tis said Saint Paul him-  
self 606

Deplored the check o' the puny presence,  
still

Cheating his fulmination of its flash,  
Albeit the bolt therein went true to oak.  
Therefore the agent, as prescribed, she  
takes,— 610

Both juvenile and potent, handsome too,—  
In all obedience: "good," you grant again.  
Do you? I would you were the husband,  
lords!

How prompt and facile might departure be!  
How boldly would Pompilia and the priest  
March out of door, spread flag at beat of  
drum, 616

But that inapprehensive Guido grants  
Neither premiss nor yet conclusion here,  
And, purblind, dreads a bear in every bush!  
For his own quietude and comfort, then, 620  
Means must be found for flight in masquerade  
At hour when all things sleep.—"Save  
jealousy!"

Right, Judges! Therefore shall the lady's wit  
Supply the boon thwart nature baulks him of,  
And do him service with the potent drug 625  
(Helen's nepenthe,<sup>1</sup> as my lords opine)  
Which respites blessedly each fretted nerve  
O' the much-enduring man: accordingly,  
There lies he, duly dosed and sound asleep,  
Relieved of woes or real or raved about. 630  
While soft she leaves his side, he shall not  
wake;

Nor stop who steals away to join her friend,  
Nor do him mischief should he catch that  
friend

Intent on more than friendly office,—nay,  
Nor get himself raw head and bones laid  
bare 635

In payment of his apparition!

Thus

Would I defend the step,—were the thing true  
Which is a fable,—see my former speech,—

<sup>1</sup> *Nepenthe*: a drug given to Helen by the Egyptian Polydamna, producing forgetfulness of pain (Homer, *Od.* IV. 220-230).

That Guido slept (who never slept a  
wink) 640

Through treachery, an opiate from his wife,  
Who not so much as knew what opiates mean.

Now she may start: or hist,—a stoppage  
still!

A journey is an enterprise of cost!  
As in campaigns, we fight but others pay,  
*Suis expensis, nemo militat.*<sup>2</sup> 646

'Tis Guido's self we guard from accident,  
Ensuring safety to Pompilia, versed  
Nowise in misadventures by the way,  
Hard riding and rough quarters, the rude  
fare, 650

The unready host. What magic mitigates  
Each plague of travel to the unpractised wife?  
Money, sweet Sirs! And were the fiction fact  
She helped herself thereto with liberal hand  
From out her husband's store,—what fitter  
use 655

Was ever husband's money destined to?  
With bag and baggage thus did Dido once  
Decamp,—for more authority, a queen!

So is she fairly on her route at last,  
Prepared for either fortune: nay and if 660  
The priest, now all a-glow with enterprise,  
Cool somewhat presently when fades the flush  
O' the first adventure, clouded o'er belike  
By doubts, misgivings how the day may die,  
Though born with such auroral brilliance,  
—if 665

The brow seem over-pensive and the lip  
'Gin lag and lose the prattle lightsome late,—  
Vanquished by tedium of a prolonged jaunt  
In a close carriage o'er a jolting road,  
With only one young female substitute 670  
For seventeen other Canons of ripe age  
Were wont to keep him company in church,—  
Shall not Pompilia haste to dissipate  
The silent cloud that, gathering, bodes her  
bale?—

Prop the irresoluteness may portend 675  
Suspension of the project, check the flight,  
Bring ruin on them both? Use every means,

<sup>2</sup> *Suis expensis, nemo militat*: "no one goeth a warfare at his own cost."

Since means to the end are lawful! What is  
 the way  
 Of wile should have allowance like a kiss  
 Sagely and sisterly administered, 680  
*Sororia saltem oscula?* 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,—what the driver testifies, 685  
 Borsi, called Venerino, the mere tool  
 Of Guido and his friend the Governor,—  
 Avowal I proved wrung from out the wretch,  
 After long rotting in imprisonment,  
 As price of liberty and favour: long 690  
 They tempted, he at last succumbed, and lo  
 Counted them out full tale each kiss and more,  
 “The journey being one long embrace,”  
 quoth he.  
 Still, though we should believe the driver’s  
 lie,  
 Nor even admit as probable excuse, 695  
 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 but innocent jog of head ’gainst head,  
 Cheek meeting jowl 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 705  
 O’ the casual ambiguity, no harm  
 I’ the world to eyes awake and penetrative.  
 Say,—not to grasp a truth I can release  
 And safely fight without, yet conquer still,—  
 Say, she kissed him, say, he kissed her  
 again! 710  
 Such osculation was a potent means,  
 A very efficacious help, no doubt:  
 Such with a third part of her nectar did  
 Venus imbue: why should Pompilia fling  
 The poet’s declaration in his teeth?— 715  
 Pause to employ what—since it had success,  
 And kept the priest her servant to the end—

We must presume of energy enough,  
 No whit superfluous, so permissible?  
 The goal is gained: day, night and yet a  
 day 720  
 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 Molinists 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 730  
 Saved: pluck up heart, ye pair, and forward,  
 then!  
 Ah, Nature—baffled she recurs, alas!  
 Nature imperiously exacts her due,  
 Spirit is willing but the flesh is weak: 734  
 Pompilia needs must acquiesce and swoon,  
 Give hopes alike and fears a breathing-while.  
 The innocent sleep soundly: sound she sleeps,  
 So let her slumber, then, unguarded save  
 By her own chastity, a triple mail,  
 And his good hand whose stalwart arms have  
 borne 740  
 The sweet and senseless burthen like a babe  
 From coach to couch,—the serviceable  
 strength!  
 Nay, what and if he gazed rewardedly  
 On the pale beauty prisoned in embrace, 744  
 Stooped over, stole a balmy breath perhaps  
 For more assurance sleep was not decease—  
 “*Ut vidi*,” “how I saw!” succeeded by  
 “*Ut perii*,” “how I sudden lost my brains!”  
 —What harm ensued to her unconscious quite?  
 For, curiosity—how natural! 750  
 Importunateness—what a privilege  
 In the ardent sex! And why curb ardour  
 here?  
 How can the priest but pity whom he saved?  
 And pity is so near to love, and love  
 So neighbourly to all unreasonableness! 754

As to love's object, whether love were sage  
 Or foolish, could Pompilia know or care,  
 Being still sound asleep, as I premised?  
 Thus the philosopher absorbed by thought,  
 Even Archimedes, busy o'er a book 760  
 The while besiegers sacked his Syracuse,  
 Was ignorant of the imminence o' the point  
 O' the sword till it surprised him: let it stab,  
 And never knew himself was dead at all.  
 So sleep thou on, secure whate'er betide!  
 For thou, too, hast thy problem hard to  
 solve— 768  
 How so much beauty is compatible  
 With so much innocence!

Fit place, methinks,

While in this task she rosily is lost, 770  
 To treat of and repel objection here  
 Which,—frivolous, I grant,—my mind mis-  
 gives,  
 May somehow still have flitted, gadfly-like,  
 And teased the Court at times—as if, all said  
 And done, there seemed, the Court might  
 nearly say, 775  
 In a certain acceptation, somewhat more  
 Of what may pass for insincerity,  
 Falsehood, throughout the course Pompilia  
 took,  
 Than befits Christian. Pagans held, we know,  
 Man always ought to aim at good and truth,  
 Not always put one thing in the same words:  
*Non idem semper dicere sed spectare* 782  
*Debemus.* But the Pagan yoke was light;  
 "Lie not at all," the exacter precept bids:  
 Each least lie breaks the law,—is sin, we  
 hold. 786  
 I humble me, but venture to submit—  
 What prevents sin, itself is sinless, sure:  
 And sin, which hinders sin of deeper dye,  
 Softens itself away by contrast so.  
 Conceive me! Little sin, by none at all,  
 Were properly condemned for great: but  
 great, 791  
 By greater, dwindles into small again.  
 Now, what is greatest sin of womanhood?  
 That which unwomans it, abolishes  
 The nature of the woman,—impudence. 795  
 Who contradicts me here? Concede me, then,

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, 800  
 Feint, wile and trick,—admitted for the  
 nonce,—

What worse do one and all than interpose,  
 Hold, as it were, a deprecating hand,  
 Statuesquely, in the Medicean mode,<sup>1</sup> 804  
 Before some shame which modesty would veil?  
 Who blames the gesture prettily perverse?  
 Thus,—lest ye miss 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  
 heaped 810  
 O' the head of Pietro and Violante—(still  
 Presumed her parents)—having despatched  
 the same

To their arch-enemy Paolo, through free choice  
 And no sort of compulsion in the world—  
 Put case she next discards simplicity 815  
 For craft, denies the voluntary act,  
 Declares herself a passive instrument  
 I' the husband's hands; that, duped by  
 knavery,

She traced the characters she could not write,  
 And took on trust the unread sense which, read,  
 And recognized were to be spurned at once:  
 Allow this calumny, I reiterate! 822

Who is so dull as wonder at the pose  
 Of our Pompilia in the circumstance?

Who sees not that the too-ingenuous soul, 825  
 Repugnant even at a duty done

Which brought beneath too scrutinizing glare  
 The misdemeanours,—buried in the dark,—

Of the authors of her being, as believed,—  
 Stung to the quick at her impulsive deed, 830

And willing to repair what harm it worked,  
 She—wise in this beyond what Nero proved,

Who when folk urged the candid juvenile  
 To sign the warrant, doom the guilty dead,

"Would I had never learned to write,"  
 quoth he! 835

—Pompilia rose above the Roman, cried

<sup>1</sup> *In the Medicean mode: i.e., like the statue known as the Venus de' Medici.*



“To read or write I never learned at all !”  
O splendidly mendacious !

But time fleets :

Let us not linger : hurry to the end, 840  
Since flight does end, and that disastrously.

Beware ye blame desert for unsuccess,  
Disparage each expedient else to praise,  
Call failure folly ! Man’s best effort fails.  
After ten years’ resistance Troy succumbed :

Could valour save a town, Troy still had stood.  
Pompilia came off halting in no point 847  
Of courage, conduct, her long journey through :

But nature sank exhausted at the close,  
And as I said, she swooned and slept all  
night. 850

Morn breaks and brings the husband : we  
assist

At the spectacle. Discovery succeeds.  
Ha, how is this ? What moonstruck rage is  
here ?

Though we confess to partial frailty now,  
To error in a woman and a wife, 855

Is’t by the rough way she shall be reclaimed ?  
Who bursts upon her chambered privacy ?

What crowd profanes the chaste *cubiculum* ?  
What outcries and lewd laughter, scurril gibe  
And ribald jest to scare the ministrant 860

Good angels that commerce with souls in sleep ?  
Why, had the worst crowned Guido to his wish,  
Confirmed his most irrational surmise,  
Yet there be bounds to man’s emotion, checks  
To an immoderate astonishment. 865

’Tis decent horror, regulated wrath,  
Befit our dispensation : have we back  
The old Pagan license ? Shall a Vulcan clap  
His net o’ the sudden and expose the pair  
To the unquenchable universal mirth ? 870

A feat, antiquity saw scandal in  
So clearly, that the nauseous tale thereof—  
Demodocus his nugatory song<sup>1</sup>—  
Hath ever been concluded modern stuff  
Impossible to the mouth of the grave Muse,  
So, foisted into that Eighth Odyssey 875  
By some impertinent pickthank. O thou fool,  
Count Guido Franceschini, what didst gain

By publishing thy secret to the world ? 879  
Were all the precepts of the wise a waste—  
Bred in thee not one touch of reverence ?  
Admit thy wife—admonish we the fool,—  
Were falseness’ self, why chronicle thy shame ?  
Much rather should thy teeth bite out thy  
tongue,  
Dumb lip consort with desecrated brow, 885  
Silence become historiographer,  
And thou—thine own Cornelius Tacitus !  
But virtue, barred, still leaps the barrier, lords !  
—Still, moon-like, penetrates the encroaching  
mist  
And bursts, all broad and bare, on night, ye  
know ! 890

Surprised, then, in the garb of truth, perhaps,  
Pompilia, thus opposed, breaks obstacle,  
Springs to her feet, and stands Thalassian-  
pure,<sup>2</sup>  
Confronts the foe,—nay, catches at his sword  
And tries to kill the intruder, he complains.  
Why, so she gave her lord his lesson back, 895  
Crowned him, this time, the virtuous woman’s  
way,  
With an exact obedience ; he brought sword,  
She drew the same, since swords are meant  
to draw. 899

Tell not me ’tis sharp play with tools on edge !  
It was the husband chose the weapon here.  
Why did not he inaugurate the game  
With some gentility of apophthegm  
Still pregnant on the philosophic page,  
Some captivating cadence still a-lisp 905  
O’ the poet’s lyre ? Such spells subdue the  
surge,  
Make tame the tempest, much more mitigate  
The passions of the mind, and probably  
Had moved Pompilia to a smiling blush.  
No, he must needs prefer the argument 910  
O’ the blow : and she obeyed, in duty bound,  
Returned him buffet ratiocinative—  
Ay, in the reasoner’s own interest,  
For wife must follow whither husband leads,  
Vindicate honour as himself prescribes, 915  
Save him the very way himself bids save !  
No question but who jumps into a quag

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<sup>1</sup> Demodocus his nugatory song : in Homer, *Od.* VIII. 266–366.

<sup>2</sup> Thalassian-pure : pure as the sea ; from *thalassa*, the Greek word for sea.

Should stretch forth hand and pray us "Pull  
me out

"By the hand!" such were the customary cry:  
But Guido pleased to bid "Leave hand  
alone!" 920

"Join both feet, rather, jump upon my head:  
"I extricate myself by the rebound!"  
And dutifully as enjoined she jumped—  
Drew his own sword and menaced his own  
life,

Anything to content a wilful spouse. 925

And so he was contented—one must do  
Justice to the expedient which succeeds,  
Strange as it seem: at flourish of the blade,  
The crowd drew back, stood breathless and  
abashed,

Then murmured "This should be no wanton  
wife," 930

"No conscience-stricken sinner, caught i' the  
act,

"And patiently awaiting our first stone:  
"But a poor hard-pressed all-bewildered thing,  
"Has rushed so far, misguidedly perhaps,  
"Meaning no more harm than a frightened  
sheep. 935

"She sought for aid; and if she made mistake  
"I' the man could aid most, why—so mortals  
do:

"Even the blessed Magdalen mistook  
"Far less forgiveably: consult the place—  
"Supposing him to be the gardener, 940  
" 'Sir,' said she, and so following." Why  
more words?

Forthwith the wife is pronounced innocent:  
What would the husband more than gain his  
cause,

And find that honour flash in the world's  
eye, 944  
His apprehension was lest soil had smirched?

So, happily the adventure comes to close  
Whereon my fat opponent grounds his charge  
Preposterous: at mid-day he groans "How  
dark!"

Listen to me, thou Archangelic swine!  
Where is the ambiguity to blame, 950  
The flaw to find in our Pompilia? Safe

She stands, see! Does thy comment follow  
quick

"Safe, inasmuch as at the end proposed;  
"But thithershe picked way by devious path—  
"Stands dirtied, no dubiety at all! 955

"I recognize success, yet, all the same,  
"Importunately will suggestion prompt—  
"Better Pompilia gained the right to boast  
" 'No devious path, no doubtful patch was  
mine,

" 'I saved my head nor sacrificed my foot!' 960  
"Why, being in a peril, show mistrust 961

"Of the angels set to guard the innocent?  
"Why rather hold by obvious vulgar help  
"Of stratagem and subterfuge, excused

"Somewhat, but still no less a foil, a fault,  
"Since low with high, and good with bad is  
linked? 965

"Methinks I view some ancient bas-relief.  
"There stands Hesione<sup>1</sup> thrust out by Troy,  
"Her father's hand has chained her to a crag,  
"Her mother's from the virgin plucked the

vest, 970  
"At a safe distance both distressful watch,  
"While near and nearer comes the snorting  
orc.

"I look that, white and perfect to the end,  
"She wait till Jove despatch some demigod;  
"Not that,—impatient of celestial club 975  
"Alcmena's son should brandish at the beast,—  
"She daub, disguise her dainty limbs with  
pitch,

"And so elude the purblind monster! Ay,  
"The trick succeeds, but 'tis an ugly trick,  
"Where needs have been no trick!" 980

My answer? Faugh;  
*Nimis incongrue!* Too absurdly put!

*Sententiam ego teneo contrariam,*  
Trick, I maintain, had no alternative.  
The heavens were bound with brass,—Jove  
far at feast 985

(No feast like that thou didst not ask me to,  
Arcangeli,—I heard of thy regale!)

<sup>1</sup> *Hesione*: daughter of Laomedon, king of  
Troy, exposed on a rock to avert a plague  
caused by her father's breach of faith, and  
saved by Hercules, son of Alcmena.

With the unblamed *Æthiop*,<sup>1</sup>—Hercules spun  
wool

I' the lap of Omphale, while Virtue shrieked—  
The brute came paddling all the faster.

You 990

Of Troy, who stood at distance, where's the aid  
You offered in the extremity? Most and least,

Gentle and simple, here the Governor,  
There the Archbishop, everywhere the friends,

Shook heads and waited for a miracle, 995  
Or went their way, left Virtue to her fate.

Just this one rough and ready man leapt forth!  
—Was found, sole anti-Fabius<sup>2</sup> (dare I say)

Who restored things, with no delay at all,  
*Qui haud cunctando rem restituit!* He,

He only, Caponsacchi 'mid a crowd, 1001  
Caught Virtue up, carried Pompilia off

Through gaping impotence of sympathy  
In ranged Arezzo: what you take for pitch,

Is nothing worse, belike, than black and  
blue, 1005

Mere evanescent proof that hardy hands  
Did yeoman's service, cared not where the

gripe  
Was more than duly energetic; bruised,

She smarts a little, but her bones are saved  
A fracture, and her skin will soon show

sleek. 1010  
How it disgusts when weakness, false-refined,

Censures the honest rude effective strength,—  
When sickly dreamers of the impossible

Decry plain sturdiness which does the feat  
With eyes wide open! 1015

Did occasion serve,  
I could illustrate, if my lords allow;

*Quid vetat*, what forbids I aptly ask  
With Horace, that I give my anger vent,

While I let breathe, no less, and recreate,  
The gravity of my Judges, by a tale? 1021

A case in point—what though an apologue  
Graced by tradition?—possibly a fact:  
Tradition must precede all scripture, words

<sup>1</sup> *With the unblamed Æthiop*: as described  
by Homer, *Il. I. 423*.

<sup>2</sup> *Anti-Fabius*: the antithesis of Q. Fabius  
Maximus, *qui cunctando restituit rem*, who, in  
the second Punic war, restored the fortunes of  
Rome by delay, *i. e.*, by avoiding pitched battles.

Serve as our warrant ere our books can be:  
So, to tradition back we needs must go 1026

For any fact's authority: and this  
Hath lived so far (like jewel hid in muck)

On page of that old lying vanity  
Called "Sepher Toldoth Yeschu:" God be

praised, 1030  
I read no Hebrew,—take the thing on trust:

But I believe the writer meant no good  
(Blind as he was to truth in some respects)

To our pestiferous and schismatic . . . well,  
My lords' conjecture be the touchstone,

show 1035  
The thing for what it is! The author lacks

Discretion, and his zeal exceeds: but zeal,—  
How rare in our degenerate day! Enough!

Here is the story: fear not, I shall chop  
And change a little, else my Jew would

press 1040  
All too unmannerly before the Court.

It happened once,—begins this foolish Jew,  
Pretending to write Christian history,—

That three, held greatest, best and worst of  
men,

Peter and John and Judas, spent a day 1045  
In toil and travel through the country-side

On some sufficient business—I suspect,  
Suppression of some Molinism i' the bud.

Foot-sore and hungry, dropping with fatigue,  
They reached by nightfall a poor lonely

grange, 1050  
Hostel or inn: so, knocked and entered there.

"Your pleasure, great ones?"—"Shelter,  
rest and food!"

For shelter, there was one bare room above;  
For rest therein, three beds of bundled straw:

For food, one wretched starveling fowl, no  
more— 1055

Meat for one mouth, but mockery for three.  
"You have my utmost." How should

supper serve?  
Peter broke silence: "To the spit with

fowl!  
"And while 'tis cooking, sleep!—since beds

there be,  
"And, so far, satisfaction of a want. 1060  
"Sleep we an hour, awake at supper-time,

- "Then each of us narrate the dream he had,  
 "And he whose dream shall prove the  
 happiest, point  
 "The clearest out the dreamer as ordained  
 "Beyond his fellows to receive the fowl, 1085  
 "Him let our shares be cheerful tribute to,  
 "His the entire meal, may it do him good!"  
 Who could dispute so plain a consequence?  
 So said, so done: each hurried to his  
 straw,  
 Slept his hour's-sleep and dreamed his dream,  
 and woke. 1070  
 "I," commenced John, "dreamed that I  
 gained the prize  
 "We all aspire to: the proud place was  
 mine,  
 "Throughout the earth and to the end of  
 time  
 "I was the Loved Disciple: mine the  
 meal!"  
 "But I," proceeded Peter, "dreamed, a  
 word 1075  
 "Gave me the headship of our company,  
 "Made me the Vicar and Vice-gerent, gave  
 "The keys of heaven and hell into my  
 hand,  
 "And o'er the earth, dominion: mine the  
 meal!" 1079  
 "While I," submitted in soft under-tone  
 The Iscariot—sense of his unworthiness  
 Turning each eye up to the inmost white—  
 With long-drawn sigh, yet letting both lips  
 smack,  
 "I have had just the pitifullest dream  
 "That ever proved man meanest of his  
 mates, 1085  
 "And born foot-washer and foot-wiper, nay  
 "Foot-kisser to each comrade of you all!  
 "I dreamed I dreamed; and in that mimic  
 dream  
 "(Impalpable to dream as dream to fact)  
 "Methought I meanly chose to sleep no  
 wink 1090  
 "But wait until I heard my brethren snore;  
 "Then stole from couch, slipped noiseless  
 o'er the planks,  
 "Slid downstairs, furtively approached the  
 hearth,  
 "Found the fowl duly brown, both back and  
 breast,  
 "Hissing in harmony with the cricket's  
 chirp, 1095  
 "Grilled to a point; said no grace but fell to,  
 "Nor finished till the skeleton lay bare.  
 "In penitence for which ignoble dream,  
 "Lo, I renounce my portion cheerfully!  
 "Fie on the flesh—be mine the ethereal gust,  
 "And yours the sublunary sustenance! 1101  
 "See that whate'er be left ye give the poor!"  
 Down the two scuttled, one on other's heel,  
 Stung by a fell surmise; and found, alack,  
 A goodly savour, both the drumstick bones,  
 And that which henceforth took the appro-  
 priate name 1106  
 O' the Merry-thought, in memory of the fact  
 That to keep wide awake is man's best dream.  
 So,—as was said once of Thucydides  
 And his sole joke, "The lion, lo, hath  
 laughed!"— 1110  
 Just so, the Governor and all that's great  
 I' the city, never meant that Innocence  
 Should quite starve while Authority sat at  
 meat;  
 They meant to fling a bone at banquet's end:  
 Wished well to our Pompilia—in their  
 dreams, 1115  
 Nor bore the secular sword in vain—asleep.  
 Just so the Archbishop and all good like him  
 Went to bed meaning to pour oil and wine  
 I' the wounds of her, next day,—but long  
 ere day,  
 They had burned the one and drunk the  
 other, while 1120  
 Just so, again, contrariwise, the priest  
 Sustained poor Nature in extremity  
 By stuffing barley-bread into her mouth,  
 Saving Pompilia (grant the parallel)  
 By the plain homely and straightforward  
 way 1125  
 Taught him by common sense. Let others  
 shriek  
 "Oh what refined expedients did we dream  
 "Proved us the only fit to help the fair!"  
 He cried "A carriage waits, jump in with  
 me!" 1129

And now, this application pardoned, lords,—  
 This recreative pause and breathing-while,—  
 Back to besemingness and gravity !  
 For Law steps in : Guido appeals to Law,  
 Demands she arbitrate,—does well for once.  
 O Law, of thee how neatly was it said 1125  
 By that old Sophocles,<sup>1</sup> thou hast thy seat  
 ¶ the very breast of Jove, no meanlier throned !  
 Here is a piece of work now, hitherto  
 Begun and carried on, concluded near, 1130  
 Without an eye-glance cast thy sceptre's way ;  
 And, lo the stumbling and discomfiture !  
 Well may you call them "lawless" means,  
     men take  
 To extricate themselves through mother-wit  
 When tangled haply in the toils of life !  
 Guido would try conclusions with his foe, 1140  
 Whoe'er the foe was and whate'er the offence ;  
 He would recover certain dowry-dues :  
 Instead of asking Law to lend a hand,  
 What pother of sword drawn and pistol cocked,  
 What peddling with forged letters and paid  
     spies, 1150  
 Politic circumvention !—all to end  
 As it began—by loss of the fool's head,  
 First in a figure, presently in a fact.  
 It is a lesson to mankind at large. 1154  
 How other were the end, would men be sage  
 And bear confidingly each quarrel straight,  
 O Law, to thy recipient mother-knees !  
 How would the children light come and  
     prompt go,  
 This with a red-cheeked apple for reward,  
 The other, peradventure red-cheeked too 1160  
 ¶ the rear, by taste of birch for punishment.  
 No foolish brawling murder any more !  
 Peace for the household, practice for the Fisc,  
 And plenty for the exchequer of my lords !  
 Too much to hope, in this world : in the next,  
 Who knows? Since, why should sit the  
     Twelve enthroned 1166  
 To judge the tribes, unless the tribes be  
     judged?  
 And 'tis impossible but offences come :  
 So, all's one lawsuit, all one long leet-day !<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *S. phocles: Œd. Col. 1382, Δίκη ξυμεδρος*  
*Ζηρις ἀρχαίος νόμος.*  
<sup>2</sup> *Leet-day*: day on which the court sits.

Forgive me this digression—that I stand  
 Entranced awhile at Law's first beam, out-  
     break 1171  
 O' the business, when the Count's good angel  
     bade  
 "Put up thy sword, born enemy to the ear,  
 "And let Law listen to thy difference!" 1174  
 And Law does listen and compose the strife,  
 Settle the suit, how wisely and how well !  
 On our Pompilia, faultless to a fault,  
 Law bends a brow maternally severe,  
 Implies the worth of perfect chastity,  
 By fancying the flaw she cannot find. 1180  
 Superfluous sifting snow, nor helps nor harms:  
 'Tis safe to censure levity in youth,  
 Tax womanhood with indiscretion, sure !  
 Since toys, permissible to-day, become 1184  
 Follies to-morrow : prattle shocks in church :  
 And that curt skirt which lets a maiden skip,  
 The matron changes for a trailing robe.  
 Mothers may aim a blow with half-shut eyes  
 Nodding above their spindles by the fire,  
 And chance to hit some hidden fault, else  
     safe. 1190  
 Just so, Law hazarded a punishment—  
 If applicable to the circumstance,  
 Why, well ! if not so apposite, well too.  
 "Quit the gay range o' the world," I hear  
     her cry,  
 "Enter, in lieu, the penitential pound : 1195  
 "Exchange the gauds of pomp for ashes, dust !  
 "Leave each mollitious haunt of luxury !  
 "The golden-garnished silken-couched  
     alcove,  
 "The many-columned terrace that so tempts  
 "Feminine soul put foot forth, extend ear 1200  
 "To fluttering joy of lover's serenade,—  
 "Leave these for cellular seclusion ! mask  
 "And dance no more, but fast and pray !  
     avaunt—  
 "Be burned, thy wicked townsman's sonnet-  
     book !  
 "Welcome, mild hymnal by . . . some better  
     scribe ! 1206  
 "For the warm arms were wont enfold thy  
     flesh,  
 "Let wire-shirt plough and whipcord dis-  
     cipline !"

If such an exhortation proved, perchance,  
Inapplicable, words bestowed in waste,  
What harm, since Law has store, can spend  
nor miss? 1210

And so, our paragon 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 blaze abroad the matter, blessed one ! 1218  
Art thou sound forthwith? Speedily vacate  
The step by pool-side, leave Bethesda free  
To patients plentifully posted round, 1219  
Since the whole need not the physician! Brief,  
She may betake her to her parents' place.  
Welcome her, father, with wide arms once  
more,

Motion her, mother, to thy breast again !  
For why? Since Law relinquishes the charge,  
Grants to your dwelling-place a prison's style,  
Rejoice you with Pompilia ! golden days, 1226  
*Redeunt Saturnia regna.* Six weeks slip,  
And she is domiciled in house and home  
As though she thence had never budged at all.  
And thither let the husband,—joyous, ay,  
But contrite also—quick betake himself, 1231  
Proud that his dove which lay among the pots  
Hath mued<sup>1</sup> those dingy feathers,—moulted  
now,

Shows silver bosom clothed with yellow gold !  
So shall he tempt her to the perch she fled,  
Bid to domestic bliss the truant back. 1236

But let him not delay ! Time fleets how fast,  
And opportunity, the irrevocable,  
Once flown will flout him ! Is the furrow  
traced?

If field with corn ye fail preoccupy, 1240  
Darnel for wheat and thistle-beards for grain,  
*Infelix lolium, carduus horridus,*  
Will grow apace in combination prompt,  
Defraud the husbandman of his desire. 1244  
Already—hist—what murmurs 'monish now  
The laggard?—doubtful, nay, fantastic bruit  
Of such an apparition, such return

<sup>1</sup> *Mued*: moulted.

*Interdum*, to anticipate the spouse,  
Of Caponsacchi's very self! 'Tis said,  
When nights are lone and company is rare,  
His visitations brighten winter up. 1251

If so they did—which nowise I believe—  
(How can I?—proof abounding that the priest,  
Once fairly at his relegation-place,  
Never once left it) still, admit he stole 1255  
A midnight march, would fain see friend  
again,

Find matter for instruction in the past,  
Renew the old adventure in such chat  
As cheers a fireside ! He was lonely too,  
He, too, must need his recreative hour. 1260

Shall it amaze the philosophic mind  
If he, long wont the empurpled cup to quaff,  
Have feminine society at will,  
Being debarred abruptly from all drink  
Save at the spring which Adam used for wine,  
Dreads harm to just the health he hoped to  
guard, 1266

And, trying abstinence, gains malady?  
Ask Tozzi, now physician to the Pope !  
"Little by little break"—(I hear he bids  
Master Arcangeli my antagonist, 1270  
Who loves good cheer, and may indulge too  
much :

So I explain the logic of the plea  
Wherewith he opened our proceedings late)—  
"Little by little break a habit, Don,  
"Become necessity to feeble flesh!" 1275

And thus, nocturnal taste of intercourse  
(Which never happened,—but, suppose it did)  
May have been used to dishabituate  
By sip and sip this drainer to the dregs  
O' the draught of conversation,—heady stuff,  
Brewage which, broached, it took two days  
and nights 1281

To properly discuss i' the journey, Sirs !  
Such power has second-nature, men call use,  
That undelightful objects get to charm  
Instead of chafe : the daily colocynth 1285  
Tickles the palate by repeated dose,  
Old sores scratch kindly, the ass makes a push,  
Although the mill-yoke-wound be smarting  
yet,

For mill-door bolted on a holiday : 1289  
Nor must we marvel here if impulse urge

To talk the old story over now and then,  
The hopes and fears, the stoppage and the  
haste,—

Subjects of colloquy to surfeit once.  
"Here did you bid me twine a rosy wreath!"  
"And there you paid my lips a compliment!"  
"Here you admired the tower could be so  
tall!" 1296

"And there you likened that of Lebanon  
"To the nose of the beloved!" Trifles! still,  
"Forsan et hæc olim,"<sup>1</sup>—such trifles serve  
To make the minutes pass in winter-time.

Husband, return then, I re-counsel thee!  
For, finally, of all glad circumstance 1302  
Should make a prompt return imperative,  
What in the world awaits thee, dost suppose?  
O' the sudden, as good gifts are wont be-  
fall, 1305

What is the hap of our unconscious Count?  
That which lights bonfire and sets cask a-tilt,  
Dissolves the stubborn'st heart in jollity.  
O admirable, there is born a babe,  
A son, an heir, a Franceschini last 1310  
And best o' the stock! Pompilia, thine the  
palm!

Repaying incredulity with faith,  
Ungenerous thrift of each marital debt  
With bounty in profuse expenditure, 1314

Pompilia scorns to have the old year end  
Without a present shall ring in the new—  
Bestows on her too-parsimonious lord  
An infant for the apple of his eye, 1318  
Core of his heart, and crown completing life,  
True *summum bonum* of the earthly lot!

"We," saith ingeniously the sage, "are born  
"Solely that others may be born of us."  
So, father, take thy child, for thine that  
child,

Oh nothing doubt! In wedlock born, law  
holds

Baseness impossible: since "*filius est* 1325  
"*Quem nuptiæ demonstrant*," twits the text  
Whoever dares to doubt.

<sup>1</sup> *Forsan et hæc olim meminisse iuvabit*:  
Virgil, *Æn.* I. 203—"Perchance one day we  
shall take pleasure in recalling even these  
experiences."

Yet doubt he dares!

O faith, where art thou flown from out the  
world?

Already on what an age of doubt we fall!  
Instead of each disputing for the prize, 1331  
The babe is bandied here from that to this.  
Whose the babe? "*Cujum pecus?*"<sup>2</sup> Guido's  
lamb?

"*An Melibæi?*" Nay, but of the priest!  
"*Non sed Ægonis!*" Someone must be  
sire: 1335

And who shall say, in such a puzzling strait,  
If there were not vouchsafed some miracle  
To the wife who had been harassed and abused  
More than enough by Guido's family

For non-production of the promised fruit 1340  
Of marriage? What if Nature, I demand,  
Touched to the quick by taunts upon her sloth,  
Had roused herself, put forth recondite power,  
Bestowed this birth to vindicate her sway,  
Like the strange favour, Maro memorized

As granted Aristæus when his hive 1346  
Lay empty of the swarm? not one more bee—  
Not one more babe to Franceschini's house!  
And lo, a new birth filled the air with joy,  
Sprung from the bowels of the generous steer,

A novel son and heir rejoiced the Count!  
Spontaneous generation, need I prove 1352  
Were facile feat to Nature at a pinch?

Let whoso doubts, steep horsehair certain  
weeks

In water, there will be produced a snake;  
Spontaneous product of the horse, which  
horse 1356

Happens to be the representative—  
Now that I think on't—of Arezzo's self,  
The very city our conception blessed:

Is not a prancing horse the City-arms? 1360  
What sane eye fails to see coincidence?  
*Cur ego*, boast thou, my Pompilia, then,  
*Desperem fieri sine conjuge*

*Mater*—how well the Ovidian distich suits!—  
*Et parere intacto dummodo* 1365  
*Casta viro?* Such miracle was wrought!

<sup>2</sup> *Cujum pecus*, &c.: a quotation from Virgil,  
*Ecl.* 3, 1, except that *sed* should be *verum*;  
"Whose is this flock,—Melibæus?" "Nay  
*Ægon* s."

Note, further, as to mark the prodigy,  
 The babe in question neither took the name  
 Of Guido, from the sire presumptive, nor  
 Giuseppe, from the sire potential, but 1370  
 Gaetano—last saint of our hierarchy,  
 And newest namer for a thing so new!  
 What other motive could have prompted  
 choice?

Therefore be peace again : exult, ye hills !  
 Ye vales rejoicingly break forth in song ! 1375  
*Incipe, parve puer*, begin, small boy,  
*Risu cognoscere patrem*, with a laugh  
 To recognize thy parent ! Nor do thou  
 Boggle, oh parent, to return the grace !  
*Nec anceps hære, pater, puero* 1380  
*Cognoscendo*—one may well eke out the  
 prayer !

In vain ! The perverse Guido doubts his  
 eyes,  
 Distrusts assurance, lets the devil drive.  
 Because his house is swept and garnished  
 now, 1384

He, having summoned seven like himself,  
 Must hurry thither, knock and enter in,  
 And make the last worse than the first, indeed !  
 Is he content ? We are. No further blame  
 O' the man and murder ! They were stig-  
 matized

Befittingly : the Court heard long ago 1390  
 My mind o' the matter, which, outpouring  
 full,

Has long since swept like surge, i' the simile  
 Of Homer, overborne both dyke and dam,  
 And whelmed alike client and advocate : 1394  
 His fate 's sealed, his life as good as gone,  
 On him I am not tempted to waste word.  
 Yet though my purpose holds,—which was  
 and is

And solely shall be to the very end,  
 To draw the true *effigies* of a saint,  
 Do justice to perfection in the sex,— 1400  
 Yet let not some gross pamperer of the flesh  
 And niggard in the spirit's nourishment,  
 Whose feeding hath offuscated his wit  
 Rather than law,—he never had, to lose—  
 Let not such advocate object to me 1405  
 I leave my proper function of attack !

“What's this to Bacchus?”—(in the classic  
 phrase,  
 Well used, for once) he hiccups probably.  
 O Advocate o' the Poor, thou born to make  
 Their blessing void—*beati pauperes!* 1410  
 By painting saintsship 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, 1414  
 End we our argument,—one crowning grace  
 Pre-eminent 'mid agony and death.  
 For to the last Pompilia played her part,  
 Used the right means to the permissible end,  
 And, wily as an eel that stirs the mud 1419  
 Thick overhead, so baffling spearman'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, 1422  
 And, by a full confession, saved her soul.

Yet hold, even here would malice leer its last,  
 Gurgle its choked remonstrance : snake, hiss  
 free !

Oh, that's the objection ? And to whom ?—  
 not her

But me, forsooth—as, in the very act 1430  
 Of both confession and (what followed close)  
 Subsequent talk, chatter and gossipry,  
 Babble to sympathizing he and she  
 Whoever chose besiege her dying bed,—  
 As this were found at variance with my  
 tale, 1435

Falsified all I have adduced for truth,  
 Admitted not one peccadillo here,  
 Pretended to perfection, first and last,  
 O' the whole procedure—perfect in the end,  
 Perfect i' the means, perfect in everything,  
 Leaving a lawyer nothing to excuse, 1441  
 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 ! 1445  
 “How reconcile,” gasps Malice, “that with  
 this ?”



Your "this," friend, is extraneous to the law,  
 Comes of men's outside meddling, the unskilled  
 Interposition of such fools as press 1449  
 Out of their province. Must I speak my mind?  
 Far better had Pompilia died o' the spot  
 Than found a tongue to wag and shame the law,  
 Shame most of all herself,—could friendship  
 fail  
 And advocacy lie less on the alert : 1451  
 But no, they shall protect her to the end !  
 Do I credit the alleged narration? No !  
 Lied our Pompilia then, to laud herself?  
 Still, no ! Clear up what seems discrepancy?  
 The means abound : art's long, though time  
 is short ;  
 So, keeping me in compass, all I urge 1460  
 Is—since, confession at the point of death,  
*Nam in articulo mortis*, with the Church  
 Passes for statement honest and sincere,  
*Nemo presumitur reus esse*,—then, 1464  
 If sure that all affirmed would be believed,  
 'Twas charity, in her so circumstanced,  
 To spend the last breath in one effort more  
 For universal good of friend and foe :  
 And,—by pretending utter innocence, 1469  
 Nay, freedom from each foible we forgive,—  
 Re-integrate—not solely her own fame,  
 But do the like kind office for the priest  
 Whom telling the crude truth about might vex,  
 Haply expose to peril, abbreviate  
 Indeed the long career of usefulness 1475  
 Presumably before him : while her lord,  
 Whose fleeting life is forfeit to the law,—  
 What mercy to the culprit if, by just  
 The gift of such a full certificate  
 Of his immitigable guiltiness, 1480  
 She stifled in him the absurd conceit  
 Of murder as it were a mere revenge  
 —Stopped confirmation of that jealousy  
 Which, did she but acknowledge the first flaw,  
 The faintest foible, had emboldened him 1485  
 To battle with the charge, baulk penitence,  
 Bar preparation for impending fate !  
 Whereas, persuade him that he slew a saint  
 Who sinned not even where she may have  
 sinned,  
 You urge him all the brisklier to repent 1490  
 Of most and least and aught and everything !

Still, if this view of mine content you not,  
 Lords, nor excuse the genial falsehood here,  
 We come to our *Triarii*,<sup>1</sup> last resource :  
 We fall back on the inexpugnable, 1495  
 Submitting,—she confessed before she talked !  
 The sacrament obliterates the sin :  
 What is not,—was not, therefore, in a sense.  
 Let Molinists distinguish, "Souls washed  
 white 1499  
 "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 ! 1505

*Solvuntur tabulae*?<sup>2</sup> May we laugh and go?  
 Well,—not before (in filial gratitude  
 To Law, who, mighty mother, waves adieu)  
 We take on us to vindicate Law's self !  
 For,—yea, Sirs,—curb the start, curtail the  
 stare !— 1510  
 Remains that we apologize for haste  
 P' the Law, our lady who here bristles up  
 "Blame my procedure? Could the Court  
 mistake?  
 " (Which were indeed a misery to think) 1514  
 "Did not my sentence in the former stage  
 "O' the business bear a title plain enough?  
 "*Decretum*"—I translate it word for word—  
 "Decreed : the priest, for his complicity  
 "P' the flight and deviation of the dame,  
 "As well as for unlawful intercourse, 1520  
 "Is banished three years : 'crime and  
 penalty,  
 "Declared alike. If he be taxed with guilt,  
 "How can you call Pompilia innocent?  
 "If both be innocent, have I been just?"

Gently, O mother, judge men—whose  
 mistake 1525  
 Is in the mere misapprehensiveness !

<sup>1</sup> *Triarii*: the third rank in the old formation of the Roman legion, containing the oldest soldiers, and only called upon at the crisis of a battle.  
<sup>2</sup> *Solvuntur tabulae*: from Horace, *Sat. II. 1, 86*—*solvuntur risu tabulae*, "the court will break up in laughter."

The *Titulus* a-top of your decree  
 Was but to ticket there the kind of charge  
 You in good time would arbitrate upon.  
 Title is one thing,—arbitration's self, 1530  
*Probatio*, quite another possibly.  
*Subsistit*, there holds good the old response,  
*Responsio tradita*, we must not stick,  
*Quod non sit attendendus Titulus*,  
 To the Title, *sed Probatio*, but the Proof,  
*Resultans ex processu*, the result 1536  
 O' the Trial, and the style of punishment,  
*Et pœna per sententiam imposita*.  
 All is tentative, till the sentence come :  
 An indication of what men expect, 1540  
 But nowise an assurance they shall find.  
 Lords, what if we permissibly relax  
 The tense bow, as the law-god Phœbus bids,  
 Relieve our gravity at labour's close? 1544  
 I traverse Rome, feel thirsty, need a draught,  
 Look for a wine-shop, find it by the bough  
 Projecting as to say "Here wine is sold!"  
 So much I know,—"sold:" but what sort  
 of wine?  
 Strong, weak, sweet, sour, home-made or  
 foreign drink?  
 That much must I discover by myself. 1550  
 "Wine is sold," quoth the bough, "but good  
 or bad,  
 "Find, and inform us when you smack your  
 lips!"  
 Exactly so, Law hangs her title forth,  
 To show she entertains you with such case  
 About such crime. Come in! she pours,  
 you quaff. 1553  
 You find the Priest good liquor in the main,  
 But heady and provocative of brawls :  
 Remand the residue to flask once more,  
 Lay it low where it may deposit lees, 1559  
 I' the cellar: thence produce it presently,  
 Three years the brighter and the better!

Thus,

Law's son, have I bestowed my filial help,  
 And thus I end, *tenax proposito*;  
 Point to point as I purposed have I drawn  
 Pompilia, and implied as terribly 1566  
 Guido: so, gazing, let the world crown

Law—

Able once more, despite my impotence,  
 And helped by the acumen of the Court,  
 To eliminate, display, make triumph truth!  
 What other prize than truth were worth the  
 pains? 1571

There's my oration—much exceeds in length  
 That famed panegyric of Isocrates,  
 They say it took him fifteen years to pen.  
 But all those ancients could say anything!  
 He put in just what rushed into his head:  
 While I shall have to prune and pare and  
 print. 1577

This comes of being born in modern times  
 With priests for auditory. Still, it pays.

#### X.—THE POPE.

LIKE to Ahasuerus, that shrewd prince,  
 I will begin,—as is, these seven years now,  
 My daily wont,—and read a History  
 (Written by one whose deft right hand was  
 dust

To the last digit, ages ere my birth) 5  
 Of all my predecessors, Popes of Rome :  
 For though mine ancient early dropped the  
 pen,  
 Yet others picked it up and wrote it dry,  
 Since of the making books there is no end.  
 And so I have the Papacy complete 10  
 From Peter first to Alexander last ;  
 Can question each and take instruction so.  
 Have I to dare?—I ask, how dared this  
 Pope?  
 To suffer?—Suchanone, how suffered he?  
 Being about to judge, as now, I seek 15  
 How judged once, well or ill, some other  
 Pope ;

Study some signal judgment that subsists  
 To blaze on, or else blot, the page which seals  
 The sum up of what gain or loss to God  
 Came of His one more Vicar in the world. 20  
 So, do I find example, rule of life ;  
 So, square and set in order the next page,  
 Shall be stretched smooth o'er my own  
 funeral cyst.

Eight hundred years exact before the year  
 I was made Pope, men made Formosus  
     Pope, 25  
 Say Sigebert and other chroniclers.  
 Ere I confirm or quash the Trial here  
 Of Guido Franceschini and his friends,  
 Read,—How there was a ghastly Trial once  
 Of a dead man by a live man, and both,  
     Popes : 30  
 Thus—in the antique penman's very phrase.  
  
 “Then Stephen, Pope and seventh of the  
     name,  
 “Cried out, in synod as he sat in state,  
 “While choler quivered on his brow and  
     beard,  
 “‘Come into court, Formosus, thou lost  
     wretch, 35  
 “‘That claimedst to be late Pope as even I!’  
  
 “And at the word the great door of the church  
 “Flew wide, and in they brought Formosus’  
     self,  
 “The body of him, dead, even as embalmed  
 “And buried duly in the Vatican 40  
 “Eight months before, exhumed thus for the  
     nonce.  
 “They set it, that dead body of a Pope,  
 “Clothed in pontific vesture now again,  
 “Upright on Peter's chair as if alive. 44  
  
 “And Stephen, springing up, cried furiously  
 “‘Bishop of Porto, wherefore didst presume  
 “‘To leave that see and take this Roman see,  
 “‘Exchange the lesser for the greater see,  
 “‘—A thing against the canons of the  
     Church?’  
  
 “Then one—(a Deacon who, observing  
     forms, 50  
 “Was placed by Stephen to repel the charge,  
 “Be advocate and mouthpiece of the corpse)—  
 “Spoke as he dared, set stammering forth  
 “With white lips and dry tongue,—as but a  
     youth,  
 “For frightful was the corpse-face to behold,—  
 “How nowise lacked there precedent for  
     this. 56

“But when, for his last precedent of all,  
 “Emboldened by the Spirit, out he blurts  
 “‘And, Holy Father, didst not thou thyself  
 “‘Vacate the lesser for the greater see, 60  
 “‘Half a year since change Arago for  
     Rome?’  
 “—Ye have the sin's defence now, Synod  
     mine !'  
 “Shrieks Stephen in a beastly froth of rage :  
 “‘Judge now betwixt him dead and me alive !  
 “‘Hath he intruded, or do I pretend? 65  
 “‘Judge, judge !’ — breaks wavelike one  
     whole foam of wrath.  
  
 “Whereupon they, being friends and fol-  
     lowers,  
 “Said ‘Ay, thou art Christ's Vicar, and not  
     he !  
 “‘Away with what is frightful to behold !  
 “‘This act was uncanonic and a fault.’ 70  
  
 “Then, swallowed up in rage, Stephen ex-  
     claimed  
 “‘So, guilty ! So, remains I punish guilt !  
 “‘He is unpoped, and all he did I damn :  
 “‘The Bishop, that ordained him, I degrade:  
 “‘Depose to laics those he raised to priests :  
 “‘What they have wrought is mischief nor  
     shall stand, 76  
 “‘It is confusion, let it vex no more !  
 “‘Since I revoke, annul and abrogate  
 “‘All his decrees in all kinds : they are void !  
 “‘In token whereof and warning to the  
     world, 80  
 “‘Strip me yon miscreant of those robes  
     usurped,  
 “‘And clothe him with vile serge befitting  
     such !  
 “Then hale the carrion to the market-place:  
 “Let the town-hangman chop from his  
     right hand  
 “Those same three fingers which he blessed  
     withal; 85  
 “Next cut the head off once was crowned  
     forsooth :  
 “And last go fling them, fingers, head and  
     trunk,  
 “To Tiber that my Christian fish may sup !

- "—Either because of *IXΘΤΣ* which means  
 Fish  
 "And very aptly symbolizes Christ, 90  
 "Or else because the Pope is Fisherman,  
 "And seals with Fisher's-signet.  
 "Anyway,  
 "So said, so done : himself, to see it done,  
 "Followed the corpse they trailed from  
 street to street 95  
 "Till into Tiber wave they threw the thing.  
 "The people, crowded on the banks to see,  
 "Were loud or mute, wept or laughed, cursed  
 or jeered,  
 "According as the deed addressed their  
 sense ;  
 "A scandal verily : and out spake a Jew  
 "'Wot ye your Christ had vexed our Herod  
 thus?' 101  
 "Now when, Formosus being dead a year,  
 "His judge Pope Stephen tasted death in  
 turn,  
 "Made captive by the mob and strangled  
 straight,  
 "Romanus, his successor for a month, 105  
 "Did make protest Formosus was with God,  
 "Holy, just, true in thought and word and  
 deed.  
 "Next Theodore, who reigned but twenty  
 days,  
 "Therein convoked a synod, whose decree  
 "Did reinstate, repope the late unpoped, 110  
 "And do away with Stephen as accursed.  
 "So that when presently certain fisher-folk  
 "(As if the queasy river could not hold  
 "Its swallowed Jonas, but discharged the  
 meal) 114  
 "Produced the timely product of their nets,  
 "The mutilated man, Formosus,—saved  
 "From putrefaction by the embalmer's spice,  
 "Or, as some said, by sanctity of flesh,—  
 "'Why, lay the body again,' bade Theodore,  
 "'Among his predecessors, in the church  
 "'And burial-place of Peter !' which was  
 done. 121  
 "'And,' addeth Luitprand, 'many of repute,  
 "'Pious and still alive, avouch to me  
 "That, as they bore the body up the aisle,  
 "The saints in imaged row bowed each his  
 head 125  
 "'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  
 close 129  
 "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, anathematize 135  
 "The disinterment, and make all blots blank,  
 "'For,' argueth here Auxilius in a place  
 "*De Ordinationibus*, 'precedents  
 "'Had been, no lack, before Formosus  
 long, 139  
 "'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,  
 nay  
 "Cast out, some say, his corpse a second  
 time.  
 "And here,—because the matter went to  
 ground, 145  
 "Fretted by new griefs, other cares of the  
 age,—  
 "Here is the last pronouncing of the Church,  
 "Her sentence that subsists unto this day.  
 "Yet constantly opinion hath prevailed  
 "I' the Church, Formosus was a holy man."  
 Which of the judgments was infallible? 151  
 Which of my predecessors spoke for God?  
 And what availed Formosus that this cursed,  
 That blessed, and then this other cursed  
 again?  
 "Fear ye not those whose power can kill  
 the body 155  
 "And not the soul," saith Christ, "but  
 rather those  
 "Can cast both soul and body into hell ! "

John judged thus in Eight Hundred Ninety  
Eight,  
Exact eight hundred years ago to-day 159  
When, sitting in his stead, Vice-gerent here,  
I must give judgment on my own behoof,  
So worked the predecessor : now, my turn !

In God's name ! Once more on this earth  
of God's,  
While twilight lasts and time wherein to work,  
I take His staff with my uncertain hand, 165  
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 169  
From man's assize to mine : I sit and see  
Another poor weak trembling human wretch  
Pushed by his fellows, who pretend the right,  
Up to the gulf which, where I gaze, begins  
From this world to the next,—gives way and  
way,  
Just on the edge over the awful dark : 175  
With nothing to arrest him but my feet.  
He catches at me with convulsive face,  
Cries "Leave to live the natural minute  
more !"  
While hollowly the avengers echo "Leave ?  
"None ! So has he exceeded man's due  
share 180  
"In man's fit license, wrung by Adam's fall,  
"To sin 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, 185  
"—We yet protest against the exorbitance  
"Of sin in this one sinner, and demand  
"That his poor sole remaining piece of time  
"Be plucked from out his clutch : put him  
to death ! 190  
"Punish him now ! As for the weal or woe  
"Hereafter, God grant mercy ! Man be just,  
"Nor let the felon boast he went scot-free !"  
And I am bound, the solitary judge,  
To weigh the worth, decide upon the plea,

And either hold a hand out, or withdraw 195  
A foot and let the wretch drift to the fall.  
Ay, and while thus I dally, 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 201  
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 !— 205  
Yea, 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 irrevocable :  
A mere dead man is Franceschini here, 210  
Even as Formosus centuries ago.  
I have worn through this sombre wintry day,  
With winter in my soul beyond the world's,  
Over these dismalest of documents  
Which drew night down on me ere eve be-  
fell,— 215  
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 chief o' the five preferred ex-  
cuse, 220  
And how law rather chose defence should  
lie,—  
What argument he urged by wary word  
When free to play off wile, start subterfuge,  
And what the unguarded groan told, torture's  
feat  
When law grew brutal, outbroke, over-  
bore 225  
And glutted hunger on the truth, at last,—  
No matter for the flesh and blood between.  
All's a clear rede and no more riddle now.  
Truth, nowhere, lies yet everywhere in these—  
Not absolutely in a portion, yet 230  
Evolvible from the whole : evolved at last  
Painfully, held tenaciously by me.  
Therefore there is not any doubt to clear  
When I shall write the brief word presently  
And chink the hand-bell, which I pause to  
do. 235

Irresolute? Not I, more than the mound  
 With the pine-trees on it yonder! Some  
 surmise,  
 Perchance, that since man's wit is fallible,  
 Mine may fail here? Suppose it so,—what  
 then? 239  
 Say,—Guido, I count guilty, there's no babe  
 So guiltless, for I misconceive the man!  
 What's in the chance should move me from  
 my mind?  
 If, as I walk in a rough country-side,  
 Peasants of mine cry "Thou art he can help,  
 "Lord of the land and counted wise to  
 boot: 245  
 "Look at our brother, strangling in his foam,  
 "He fell so where we find him,—prove thy  
 worth!"  
 I may presume, pronounce, "A frenzy-fit,  
 "A falling-sickness or a fever-stroke!  
 "Breathe a vein, copiously let blood at  
 once!" 250  
 So perishes the patient, and anon  
 I hear my peasants—"All was error, lord!  
 "Our story, thy prescription: for there  
 crawled  
 "In due time from our hapless brother's  
 breast  
 "The serpent which had stung him: bleeding  
 slew 255  
 "Whom a prompt cordial had restored to  
 health."  
 What other should I say than "God so  
 willed:  
 "Mankind is ignorant, a man am I:  
 "Call ignorance my sorrow, not my sin!"  
 So and not otherwise, in after-time, 260  
 If some acuter wit, fresh probing, sound  
 This multifarious mass of words and deeds  
 Deeper, and reach through guilt to innocence,  
 I shall face Guido's ghost nor blench a jot.  
 "God who set me to judge thee, meted out  
 "So much of judging faculty, no more: 266  
 "Ask Him if I was slack in use thereof!"  
 I hold a heavier fault imputable  
 Inasmuch as I changed a chaplain once,  
 For no cause,—no, if I must bare my  
 heart,— 270  
 Save that he snuffled somewhat saying mass.

For I am ware it is the seed of act,  
 God holds appraising in His hollow palm,  
 Not act grown great thence on the world  
 below, 274  
 Leafage and branchage, vulgar eyes admire.  
 Therefore I stand on my integrity,  
 Nor fear at all: and if I hesitate,  
 It is because I need to breathe awhile,  
 Rest, as the human right allows, review  
 Intent the little seeds of act, my tree,— 280  
 The thought, which, clothed in deed, I give  
 the world  
 At think of bell and push of arrased door.

O pale departure, dim disgrace of day!  
 Winter's in wane, his vengeful worst art thou,  
 To dash the boldness of advancing March!  
 Thy chill persistent rain has purged our  
 streets 286  
 Of gossipry; pert tongue and idle ear  
 By this, consort 'neath archway, portico.  
 But wheresoe'er Rome gathers in the grey,  
 Two names now snap and flash from mouth  
 to mouth— 290  
 (Sparks, flint and steel strike) Guido and the  
 Pope.

By this same hour to-morrow eve—aha,  
 How do they call him?—the sagacious Swede  
 Who finds by figures how the chances prove,  
 Why one comes rather than another thing,  
 As, say, such dots turn up by throw of  
 dice, 296  
 Or, if we dip in Virgil here and there  
 And prick for such a verse, when such shall  
 point.  
 Take this Swede, tell him, hiding name and  
 rank,  
 Two men are in our city this dull eve; 300  
 One doomed to death,—but hundreds in such  
 plight  
 Slip aside, clean escape by leave of law  
 Which leans to mercy in this latter time;  
 Moreover in the plenitude of life  
 Is he, with strength of limb and brain  
 adroit, 305  
 Presumably of service here: beside,  
 The man is noble, backed by nobler friends:  
 Nay, they so wish him well, the city's self

Makes common cause with who—house-  
magistrate,

Patron of hearth and home, domestic  
lord— 310

But ruled his own, let aliens cavil. Die?

He'll bribe a gaoler or break prison first!

Nay, a sedition may be helpful, give

Hint to the mob to batter wall, burn gate,

And bid the favourite malefactor march. 315

Calculate now these chances of escape!

"It is not probable, but well may be."

Again, there is another man, weighed now

By twice eight years beyond the seven-times-  
ten,

Appointed overweight to break our branch.

And this man's loaded branch lifts, more  
than snow, 321

All the world's cark and care, though a  
bird's nest

Were a superfluous burthen: notably

Hath he been pressed, as if his age were  
youth, 324

From to-day's dawn till now that day departs,  
Trying one question with true sweat of soul

"Shall the said doomed man filier die or  
live?"

When a straw swallowed in his posset,  
stool

Stumbled on where his path lies, any puff

That's incident to such a smoking flax, 330

Hurries the natural end and quenches him!

Now calculate, thou sage, the chances here,

Say, which shall die the sooner, this or that?

"That, possibly, this in all likelihood."

I thought so: yet thou tripp'st, my foreign  
friend! 335

No, it will be quite otherwise,—to-day

Is Guido's last: my term is yet to run.

But say the Swede were right, and I forthwith  
Acknowledge a prompt summons and lie  
dead:

Why, then I stand already in God's face 340

And hear "Since by its fruit a tree is judged,

"Show me thy fruit, the latest act of  
thine!

"For in the last is summed the first and all,—

"What thy life last put heart and soul into,

"There shall I taste thy product." I must  
plead 345

This condemnation of a man to-day.

Not so! Expect nor question nor reply

At what we figure as God's judgment-bar!

None of this vile way by the barren words

Which, more than any deed, characterize 350

Man as made subject to a curse: no speech—

That still bursts o'er some lie which lurks  
inside,

As the split skin across the coppery snake,

And most denotes man! since, in all beside,

In hate or lust or guile or unbelief, 355

Out of some core of truth the excrescence  
comes,

And, in the last resort, the man may urge

"So was I made, a weak thing that gave way

"To truth, to impulse only strong since true,

"And hated, lusted, used guile, forwent  
faith." 360

But when man walks the garden of this world

For his own solace, and, unchecked by law,

Speaks or keeps silence as himself sees fit,

Without the least incumbency to lie, 364

—Why, can he tell you what a rose is like,

Or how the birds fly, and not slip to false

Though truth serve better? Man must tell  
his mate

Of you, me and himself, knowing he lies,

Knowing his fellow knows the same,—will  
think

"He lies, it is the method of a man!" 370

And yet will speak for answer "It is truth"

To him who shall rejoin "Again a lie!"

Therefore these filthy rags of speech, this coil

Of statement, comment, query and response,

Tatters all too contaminate for use, 374

Have no renewing: He, the Truth, is, too,

The Word. We men, in our degree, may  
know

There, simply, instantaneously, as here

After long time and amid many lies, 378

Whatever we dare think we know indeed

—That I am I, as He is He,—what else?

But be man's method for man's life at least!

Wherefore, Antonio Pignatelli, thou

My ancient self, who wast no Pope so long

But studiedst God and man, the many years  
 I' the school, i' the cloister, in the diocese  
 Domestic, legate-rule in foreign lands,— 387  
 Thou other force in those old busy days  
 Than this grey ultimate decrepitude,—  
 Yet sensible of fires that more and more 390  
 Visit a soul, in passage to the sky,  
 Left nakeder than when flesh-robe was new—  
 Thou, not Pope but the mere old man o' the  
 world,  
 Supposed inquisitive and dispassionate,  
 Wilt thou, the one whose speech I somewhat  
 trust, 385  
 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 reprobate.  
 I see him furnished forth for his career, 400  
 On starting for the life-chance in our world,  
 With nearly all we count sufficient help:  
 Body and mind in balance, a sound frame,  
 A solid intellect: the wit to seek,  
 Wisdom to choose, and courage wherewithal  
 To deal in whatsoever circumstance 406  
 Should minister to man, make life succeed.  
 Oh, and much drawback! what were earth  
 without?  
 Is this our ultimate stage, or starting-place  
 To try man's foot, if it will creep or climb,  
 'Mid obstacles in seeming, points that  
 prove 411  
 Advantage for who vaults from low to high  
 And makes the stumbling-block a stepping-  
 stone?  
 So, Guido, born with appetite, lacks food:  
 Is poor, who yet could deftly play-off  
 wealth: 415  
 Straited, whose limbs are restless till at  
 large.  
 He, as he eyes each outlet of the cirque  
 And narrow penfold for probation, pines  
 After the good things just outside its grate,  
 With less monition, fainter conscience-  
 twitch, 420  
 Rarer instinctive qualm at the first feel  
 Of greed unseemly, prompting grasp undue,  
 Than nature furnishes her main mankind,—

Making it harder to do wrong than right  
 The first time, careful lest the common ear  
 Break measure, miss the outstep of life's  
 march. 428  
 Wherein I see a trial fair and fit  
 For one else too unfairly fenced about,  
 Set above sin, beyond his fellows here:  
 Guarded from the arch-tempter all must  
 fight, 430  
 By a great birth, traditionary name,  
 Diligent culture, choice companionship,  
 Above all, conversancy with the faith  
 Which puts forth for its base of doctrine just  
 "Man is born nowise to content himself,  
 "But please God." He accepted such a  
 rule, 436  
 Recognized man's obedience; and the Church,  
 Which simply is such rule's embodiment,  
 He clave to, he held on by,—nay, indeed,  
 Near pushed inside of, deep as layman  
 durst, 440  
 Professed so much of priesthood as might sue  
 For priest's-exemption where the layman  
 sinned,—  
 Got his arm frocked which, bare, the law  
 would bruise.  
 Hence, at this moment, what's his last  
 resource,  
 His extreme stay and utmost stretch of  
 hope 445  
 But that,—convicted of such crime as law  
 Wipes not away save with a worldling's  
 blood,—  
 Guido, the three-parts consecrate, may  
 'scape?  
 Nay, the portentous brothers of the man  
 Are veritably priests, protected each 450  
 May do his murder in the Church's pale,  
 Abate Paul, Canon Girolamo!  
 This is the man proves irreligiousest  
 Of all mankind, religion's parasite!  
 This may forsooth plead dinned ear, jaded  
 sense, 455  
 The vice o' the watcher who bides near the  
 bell,  
 Sleeps sound because the clock is vigilant,  
 And cares not whether it be shade or shine.  
 Doling out day and night to all men else!



Why was the choice o' the man to niche  
himself 460

Perversely 'neath the tower where Time's  
own tongue

Thus undertakes to sermonize the world?  
Why, but because the solemn is safe too,  
The belfry proves a fortress of a sort,  
Has other uses than to teach the hour : 465

Turns sunscreen, paravent and ombriuge<sup>1</sup>  
To whoso seeks a shelter in its pale,  
—Ay, and attractive to unwary folk  
Who gaze at storied portal, statued spire,  
And go home with full head but empty  
purse, 470

Nor dare suspect the sacristan the thief!  
Shall Judas,—hard upon the donor's heel,  
To filch the fragments of the basket,—plead  
He was too near the preacher's mouth, nor  
sat

Attent with fifties in a company? 475

No,—closer to promulgated decree,  
Clearer the censure of default. Proceed!

I find him bound, then, to begin life well;  
Fortified by propitious circumstance,  
Great birth, good breeding, with the Church  
for guide, 480

How lives he? Cased thus in a coat of  
proof,  
Mailed like a man-at-arms, though all the  
while

A puny starveling,—does the breast pant big,  
The limb swell to the limit, emptiness  
Strive to become solidity indeed? 485

Rather, he shrinks up like the ambiguous fish,  
Detaches flesh from shell and outside show,  
And steals by moonlight (I have seen the  
thing)

In and out, now to prey and now to skulk.  
Armour he boasts when a wave breaks on  
beach, 490

Or bird stoops for the prize: with peril  
nigh,—

The man of rank, the much-befriended-man,  
The man almost affiliate to the Church,  
Such is to deal with, let the world beware!

<sup>1</sup> *Paravent and ombriuge*: protection against  
wind and rain.

Does the world recognize, pass prudently?  
Do tides abate and sea-fowl hunt i' the deep?  
Already is the slug from out its mew, 497

Ignobly faring with all loose and free,  
Sand-fly and slush-worm at their garbage-feast,  
A naked blotch no better than they all : 500

Guido has dropped nobility, slipped the  
Church,

Plays trickster if not cut-purse, body and soul  
Prostrate among the filthy feeders—faugh!  
And when Law takes him by surprise at last,  
Catches the foul thing on its carrion-prey, 505

Behold, he points to shell left high and dry,  
Pleads "But the case out yonder is myself!"  
Nay, it is thou, Law prongs amid thy peers,  
Congenial vermin; that was none of thee,  
Thine outside,—give it to the soldier-crab! 510

For I find this black mark impinge the man,  
That he believes in just the vile of life.  
Low instinct, base pretension, are these truth?  
Then, that aforesaid armour, probity 514

He figures in, is falsehood scale on scale;  
Honour and faith,—a lie and a disguise,  
Probably for all livers in this world,  
Certainly for himself! All say good words  
To who will hear, all do thereby bad deeds  
To who must undergo; so thrive mankind!  
See this habitual creed exemplified 521

Most in the last deliberate 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, 525

Even the marriage of the man: this act  
I sever from his life as sample, show  
For Guido's self, intend to test him by,  
As, from a cup filled fairly at the fount,  
By the components we decide enough 530

Or to let flow as late, or staunch the source.

He purposes this marriage, I remark,  
On no one motive that should prompt thereto—  
Farthest, by consequence, from ends alleged  
Appropriate to the action; so they were:  
The best, he knew and feigned, the worst he  
took. 535

Not one permissible impulse moves the man,

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, 540  
 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,— 543  
 Why, lie, rob, if it must 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 ?  
 This got, there were some life to lead thereby,  
 —What, where or how, appreciate those who  
 tell 548  
 How the toad lives : it lives,—enough for me !  
 To get this good,—with but a groan or so,  
 Then, silence of the victims,—were the feat.  
 He foresaw, made a picture in his mind,—  
 Of father and mother stunned and echoless  
 To the blow, as they lie staring at fate's jaws  
 Their folly danced into, till the woe fell ; 556  
 Edged in a month by strenuous cruelty  
 From even the poor nook whence they  
 watched the wolf  
 Feast on their heart, the lamb-like child his  
 prey ; 559  
 Plundered to the last remnant of their wealth,  
 (What daily pittance pleased the plunderer  
 dole)  
 Hunted forth to go hide head, starve and die,  
 And leave the pale awe-stricken wife, past  
 hope 563  
 Of help i' the world now, mute and motionless,  
 His slave, his chattel, to first use, then destroy.  
 All this, he bent mind how to bring about,  
 Put plain in act and life, as painted plain,  
 So have success, reach crown of earthly good,  
 In this particular enterprise of man,  
 By marriage—undertaken in God's face 570  
 With all these lies so opposite God's truth,  
 For end so other than man's end.

Thus schemes

Guido, and thus would carry out his scheme :  
 But when an obstacle first blocks the path,  
 When he finds none may boast monopoly 575  
 Of lies and trick i' the tricking lying world,—  
 That sorry timid natures, even this sort  
 O' the Comparini, want nor trick nor lie

Proper to the kind,—that as the gor-crow  
 treats 580  
 The bramble-finch so treats the finch the moth,  
 And the great Guido is minutely matched  
 By this same couple,—whether true or false  
 The revelation of Pompilia's birth,  
 Which in a moment brings his scheme to  
 nought,— 585  
 Then, he is piqued, advances yet a stage,  
 Leaves the low region to the finch and fly,  
 Soars to the zenith whence the fiercer fowl  
 May dare the inimitable swoop. I see.  
 He draws now on the curious crime, the fine  
 Felicity and flower of wickedness ; 591  
 Determines, by the utmost exercise  
 Of violence, made safe and sure by craft,  
 To satiate malice, pluck one last arch-pang  
 From the parents, else would triumph out of  
 reach, 595  
 By punishing their child, within reach yet,  
 Who, by thought, word or deed, could no-  
 wise wrong  
 I' the matter that now moves him. So plans he,  
 Always subordinating (note the point !)  
 Revenge, the manlier sin, to interest 600  
 The meaner,—would pluck pang forth, but  
 unclench  
 No gripe in the act, let fall no money-piece.  
 Hence a plan for so plaguing, body and soul,  
 His wife, so putting, day by day, hour by hour,  
 The untried torture to the untouched place,  
 As must precipitate an end foreseen, 605  
 Goad her into some plain revolt, most like  
 Plunge upon patent suicidal shame,  
 Death to herself, damnation by rebound  
 To those whose hearts he, holding hers,  
 holds still : 610  
 Such plan as, in its bad completeness, shall  
 Ruin the three together and alike,  
 Yet leave himself in luck and liberty,  
 No claim renounced, no right a forfeiture,  
 His person unendangered, his good fame 615  
 Without a flaw, his pristine worth intact,—  
 While they, with all their claims and rights  
 that cling,  
 Shall forthwith crumble off him every side,  
 Scorched into dust, a plaything for the winds.  
 As when, in our Campagna, there is fired

The nest-like work that overruns a hut ;  
And, as the thatch burns here, there, every-  
where,

Even to the ivy and wild vine, that bound  
And blessed the home where men were  
happy once, 624

There rises gradual, black amid the blaze,  
Some grim and unscathed nucleus of the  
nest,—

Some old malicious tower, some obscene tomb  
They thought a temple in their ignorance,  
And clung about and thought to lean upon—  
There laughs it o'er their ravage,—where are  
they? 630

So did his cruelty burn life about,  
And lay the ruin bare in dreadfulness,  
Try the persistency of torment so  
Upon the wife, that, at extremity,  
Some crisis brought about by fire and  
flame, 635

The patient frenzy-stung must needs break  
loose,

Fly anyhow, find refuge anywhere,  
Even in the arms of who should front her first,  
No monster but a man—while nature shrieked  
“Or thus escape, or die!” The spasm  
arrived, 640

Not the escape by way of sin,—O God,  
Who shall pluck sheep Thou holdest, from  
Thy hand?

Therefore she lay resigned to die,—so far  
The simple cruelty was foiled. Why then,  
Craft to the rescue, let craft supplement 645  
Cruelty and show hell a masterpiece!

Hence this consummate lie, this love-intrigue,  
Unmanly simulation of a sin,  
With place and time and circumstance to  
suit—

These letters false beyond all forgery— 650  
Not just handwriting and mere authorship,  
But false to body and soul they figure forth—  
As though the man had cut out shape and  
shape

From fancies of that other Aretine,<sup>1</sup>  
To paste below—incorporate the filth 655  
With cherub faces on a missal-page!

<sup>1</sup> *That other Aretine*: Pietro Aretino, author  
of various obscene writings.

Whereby the man so far attains his end  
That strange temptation is permitted,—see!  
Pompilia wife, and Caponsacchi priest, 639  
Are brought together as nor priest nor wife  
Should stand, and there is passion in the place,  
Power in the air for evil as for good,  
Promptings from heaven and hell, as if the  
stars

Fought in their courses for a fate to be. 664  
Thus stand the wife and priest, a spectacle,  
I doubt not, to unseen assemblage there.  
No lamp will mark that window for a shrine,  
No tablet signalize the terrace, teach  
New generations which succeed the old 669  
The pavement of the street is holy ground ;  
No bard describe in verse how Christ prevailed  
And Satan fell like lightning! Why repine?  
What does the world, told truth, but lie the  
more?

A second time the plot is foiled; nor, now,  
By corresponding sin for countercheck, 675  
No wile and trick that baffle trick and wile,—  
The play o' the parents! Here the blot is  
blanched

By God's gift of a purity of soul  
That will not take pollution, ermine-like 679  
Armed from dishonour by its own soft snow.  
Such was this gift of God who showed for once  
How He would have the world go white: it  
seems

As a new attribute were born of each  
Champion of truth, the priest and wife I  
praise,— 684

As a new safeguard sprang up in defence  
Of their new noble nature: so a thorn  
Comes to the aid of and completes the rose—  
Courage to-wit, no woman's gift nor priest's,  
I' the crisis; might leaps vindicating right.  
See how the strong aggressor, bad and  
bold, 690

With every vantage, preconcerts surprise,  
Leaps of a sudden at his victim's throat  
In a byeway,—how fares he when face to face  
With Caponsacchi? Who fights, who fears  
now?

There quails Count Guido armed to the  
chattering teeth, 695

Cowers at the steadfast eye and quiet word  
O' the Canon of the Pieve! There skulks  
crime

Behind law called in to back cowardice:  
While out of the poor trampled worm the wife,  
Springs up a serpent! 700

But anon 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, 705

Nor does amiss i' the main,—secludes the wife  
From the husband, respites the oppressed one,  
grants

Probation to the oppressor, could he know  
The mercy of a minute's fiery purge!

The furnace-coals alike of public scorn, 710  
Private remorse, heaped glowing on his head,  
What if,—the force and guile, the ore's alloy,  
Eliminate, his baser soul refined—  
The lost be saved even yet, so as by fire?

Let him, rebuked, go softly all his days 715  
And, when no graver musings claim their due,  
Meditate on a man's immense mistake  
Who, fashioned to use feet and walk, deigns  
crawl—

Takes the unmanly means—ay, though to ends  
Man scarce should make for, would but reach  
thro' wrong,— 720

May sin, but nowise needs shame manhood so:  
Since fowlers hawk, shoot, nay and snare the  
game,

And yet eschew vile practice, nor find sport  
In torch-light treachery or the luring owl.

But how hunts Guido? Why, the fraudulent  
trap— 725

Late spurned to ruin by the indignant feet  
Of fellows in the chase who loved fair play—  
Here he picks up its fragments to the least,  
Lades him and hies to the old lurking-place  
Where haply he may patch again, refit 730  
The mischief, file its blunted teeth anew,  
Make sure, next time, first snap shall break  
the bone.

Craft, greed and violence complot revenge:

Craft, for its quota, schemes to bring about  
And seize occasion and be safe withal: 735  
Greed craves its act may work both far and  
near,

Crush the tree, branch and trunk and root,  
beside.

Whichever twig or leaf arrests a streak  
Of possible sunshine else would coin itself,  
And drop down one more gold piece in the  
path: 740

Violence stipulates "Advantage proved  
"And safety sure, be pain the overplus!  
"Murder with jagged knife! Cut but tear too!  
"Foiled oft, starved long, glut malice for  
amends!"

And what, craft's scheme? scheme sorrowful  
and strange 745

As though the elements, whom mercy checked,  
Had mustered hate for one eruption more,  
One final deluge to surprise the Ark  
Cradled and sleeping on its mountain-top:  
Their outbreak-signal—what but the dove's  
coo, 750

Back with the olive in her bill for news  
Sorrow was over? 'Tis an infant's birth,  
Guido's first born, his son and heir, that gives  
The occasion: other men cut free their souls  
From care in such a case, fly up in thanks 755  
To God, reach, recognize His love for once:  
Guido cries "Soul, at last the mire is thine!  
"Lie there in likeness of a money-bag

"My babe's birth so pins down past moving  
now,

"That I dare cut adrift the lives I late 760  
"Scrupled to touch lest thou escape with  
them!

"These parents and their child my wife,—  
touch one,

"Lose all! Their rights determined on a  
head

"I could but hate, not harm, since from  
each hair

"Dangled a hope for me: now—chance and  
change! 765

"No right was in their child but passes plain  
"To that child's child and through such  
child to me.

"I am a father now,—come what, come will,



<p>With decent bloodshed and could face his friends, Frolic it in the world's eye. Ay, such tale Missed such applause, and by such over- sight ! 845 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, Wallow and sleep in the first wayside straw, As the other herd quenched, i' the wash o' the wave, 850 —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, 855 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, 859 Fathoms 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, Had sent thee, the same night that crowned thy hope, 866 Thither where, this same day, I see thee not, Nor, through God's mercy, need, to-morrow, see.</p> <p>Such I find Guido, midmost blotch of black Discernible in this group of clustered crimes Huddling together in the cave they call 871 Their palace outraged day thus penetrates. Around him ranged, now close and now remote, Prominent or obscure to meet the needs 874 O' the mage and master, I detect each shape</p>	<p>Subsidiary i' the scene nor loathed the less, All alike coloured, all descried akin By one and the same pitchy furnace stirred At the centre : see, they lick the master's hand,— This fox-faced horrible priest, this brother- brute 880 The Abate, — why, mere wolfishness looks well, Guido stands honest in the red o' the flame, Beside this yellow that would pass for white, Twice Guido, all craft but no violence, 884 This copier of the mien and gait and garb Of Peter and Paul, that he may go disguised, Rob halt and lame, sick folk i' the temple- porch ! Armed with religion, fortified by law, 888 A man of peace, who trims the midnight lamp And turns the classic page—and all for craft, All to work harm with, yet incur no scratch ! While Guido brings the struggle to a close, Paul steps back the due distance, clear o' the trap He builds and baits. Guido I catch and judge ; 894 Paul is past reach in this world and my time : That is a case reserved. Pass to the next, The boy of the brood, the young Girolamo Priest, Canon, and what more ? nor wolf nor fox, But hybrid, neither craft nor violence 899 Wholly, part violence part craft : such cross Tempt speculation—will both blend one day, And prove hell's better product ? Or subside And let the simple quality emerge, Go on with Satan's service the old way ? Meanwhile, what promise,—what perform- ance too ! 901 For there's a new distinctive touch, I see, Lust—lacking in the two—hell's own blue tint That gives a character and marks the man More than a match for yellow and red. Once more, A case reserved : why should I doubt ? Ther comes 911 The gaunt grey nightmare in the furthest smoke,</p>
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The hag that gave these three abortions birth,  
 Unmotherly mother and unwomanly  
 Woman, that near turns motherhood to  
 shame,  
 Womanliness to loathing: no one word, 915  
 No gesture to curb cruelty a whit  
 More than the she-pard thwarts her playsome  
 whelps  
 Trying their milk-teeth on the soft o' the  
 throat  
 O' the first fawn, flung, with those beseech-  
 ing eyes,  
 Flat in the covert! How should she but  
 couch, 920  
 Lick the dry lips, unsheath the blunted claw,  
 Catch 'twixt her placid eyewinks at what  
 chance  
 Old bloody half-forgotten dream may flit,  
 Born when herself was novice to the taste,  
 The while she lets youth take its pleasure.  
 Last, 925  
 These God-abandoned wretched lumps of life,  
 These four companions,—country-folk this  
 time,  
 Not tainted by the unwholesome civic breath,  
 Much less the curse o' the Court! Mere  
 striplings too,  
 Fit to do human nature justice still! 930  
 Surely when impudence in Guido's shape  
 Shall propose crime and proffer money's-worth  
 To these stout tall rough bright-eyed black-  
 haired boys,  
 The blood shall bound in answer to each cheek  
 Before the indignant outcry break from  
 lip! 935  
 Are these i' the mood to murder, hardly  
 loosed  
 From healthy autumn-finish of ploughed glebe,  
 Grapes in the barrel, work at happy end,  
 And winter near with rest and Christmas  
 play? 939  
 How greet they Guido with his final task—  
 (As if he but proposed "One vineyard more  
 "To dig, ere frost come, then relax indeed!")  
 "Anywhere, anyhow and anyway,  
 "Murder me some three people, old and young,  
 "Ye never heard the names of,—and be  
 paid 945

"So much!" And the whole four accede at  
 once.  
 Demur? Do cattle bidden march or halt?  
 Is it some lingering habit, old fond faith  
 I' the lord o' the land, instructs them,—birth-  
 right badge  
 Of feudal tenure claims its slaves again? 950  
 Not so at all, thou noble human heart!  
 All is done purely for the pay,—which, earned,  
 And not forthcoming at the instant, makes  
 Religion heresy, and the lord o' the land  
 Fit subject for a murder in his turn. 955  
 The patron with cut throat and rifled purse,  
 Deposited i' the roadside-ditch, his due,  
 Nought hinders each good fellow trudging  
 home,  
 The heavier by a piece or two in poke,  
 And so with new zest to the common life,  
 Mattock and spade, plough-tail and waggon-  
 shaft, 961  
 Till some such other piece of luck betide,  
 Who knows? Since this is a mere start in life,  
 And none of them exceeds the twentieth year.  
 Nay, more i' the background yet? Unnoticed  
 forms 965  
 Claim to be classed, subordinately vile?  
 Complacent lookers-on that laugh,—per-  
 chance  
 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 970  
 For twice the fractious tears and prayers:  
 thou know'st  
 Civility better, Marzi-Medici,  
 Governor for thy kinsman the Granduke!  
 Fit representative of law, man's lamp  
 I' the magistrate's grasp full-flare, no rush-  
 light-end 975  
 Sputtering 'twixt thumb and finger of the  
 priest!  
 Whose answer to the couple's cry for help  
 Is a threat,—whose remedy of Pompilia's  
 wrong,  
 A shrug o' the shoulder, and facetious word  
 Or wink, traditional with Tuscan wits, 980  
 To Guido in the doorway. Laud to law!

The wife is pushed back to the husband, he  
Who knows how these home-squabbings per-  
secute

People who have the public good to mind,  
And work best with a silence in the court !

Ah, but I save my word at least for thee, 986  
Archbishop, who art under me i' the Church,  
As I am under God,—thou, chosen by both  
To do the shepherd's office, feed the sheep—  
How of this lamb that panted at thy foot  
While the wolf pressed on her within crook's  
reach ? 991  
Wast thou the hiring that did turn and flee ?  
With thee at least anon the little word !

Such denizens o' the cave now cluster round  
And heat the furnace sevenfold : time in-  
deed 995

A bolt from heaven should cleave roof and  
clear place,

Transfix and show the world, suspiring flame,  
The main offender, scar and brand the rest  
Hurrying, each miscreant to his hole : then  
flood

And purify the scene with outside day— 1000  
Which yet, in the absolutest drench of dark,  
Ne'er wants a witness, some stray beauty-beam  
To the despair of hell.

First of the first,

Such I pronounce Pompilia, then as now  
Perfect in whiteness : stoop thou down, my  
child, 1006

Give one good moment to the poor old Pope  
Heart-sick at having all his world to blame—  
Let me look at thee in the flesh as erst,  
Let me enjoy the old clean linen garb, 1010  
Not the new splendid vesture ! Armed and  
crowned,

Would Michael, yonder, be, nor crowned nor  
armed,

The less pre-eminent angel ? Everywhere  
I see in the world the intellect of man,  
That sword, the energy his subtle spear,  
The knowledge which defends him like a  
shield— 1016

Everywhere ; but they make not up, I think,

The marvel of a soul like thine, earth's flower  
She holds up to the softened gaze of God !

It was not given Pompilia to know much,  
Speak much, to write a book, to move mankind,  
Be memorized by who records my time. 1022  
Yet if in purity and patience, if

In faith held fast despite the plucking fiend,  
Safe like the signet stone with the new  
name 1025

That saints are known by,—if in right returned  
For wrong, most pardon for worst injury,  
If there be any virtue, any praise,—  
Then will this woman-child have proved—  
who knows ?—

Just the one prize vouchsafed unworthy me,  
Seven years a gardener of the untoward  
ground, 1031

I till,—this earth, my sweat and blood manure  
All the long day that barrenly grows dusk :  
At least one blossom makes me proud at  
eve 1034

Born 'mid the briers of my enclosure ! Still  
(Oh, here as elsewhere, nothingness of man !)  
Those be the plants, imbedded yonder South  
To mellow in the morning, those made fat  
By the master's eye, that yield such timid leaf,  
Uncertain bud, as product of his pains !  
While—see how this mere chance-sown cleft-  
nursed seed 1041

That sprang up by the wayside 'neath the foot  
Of the enemy, this breaks all into blaze,  
Spreads itself, one wide glory of desire  
To incorporate the whole great sun it loves  
From the inch-height whence it looks and  
longs ! My flower, 1046

My rose, I gather for the breast of God,  
This I praise most in thee, where all I praise,  
That having been obedient to the end  
According to the light allotted, law 1050  
Prescribed thy life, still tried, still standing  
test,—

Dutiful to the foolish parents first,  
Submissive next to the bad husband,—nay,  
Tolerant of those meaner miserable  
That did his hests, eked out the dole of  
pain,— 1055

Thou, patient thus, couldst rise from law 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 impatience with the foe ! 1060  
 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, 1065  
 How the fine ear felt fall the first low word  
 " Value life, and preserve life for My sake !"  
 Thou didst . . . how shall I say? . . . re-  
 ceive so long  
 The standing ordinance of God on earth, 1069  
 What wonder if the novel claim had clashed  
 With old requirement, seemed to supersede  
 Too much the customary law? But, brave,  
 Thou at first prompting of what I call God,  
 And fools call Nature, didst hear, compre-  
 hend,  
 Accept the obligation laid on thee, 1075  
 Mother elect, to save the unborn child,  
 As brute and bird do, reptile and the fly,  
 Ay and, I nothing doubt, even tree, shrub,  
 plant  
 And flower o' the field, all in a common pact  
 To worthily defend the trust of trusts, 1080  
 Life from the Ever Living :—didst resist—  
 Anticipate the office that is mine—  
 And with his own sword stay the upraised arm,  
 The endeavour of the wicked, and defend  
 Him who,—again in my default,—was there  
 For visible providence : one less true than  
 thou 1088  
 To touch, i' the past, less practised in the  
 right,  
 Approved less far in all docility  
 To all instruction,—how had such an one  
 Made scruple " Is this motion a decree ?"  
 It was authentic to the experienced ear 1091  
 O' the good and faithful servant. Go past me  
 And get thy praise,—and be not far to seek  
 Presently when I follow if I may !  
 And surely not so very much apart 1095  
 Need I place thee, my warrior-priest,—in  
 whom  
 What if I gain the other rose, the gold,

We grave to imitate God's miracle,  
 Greet monarchs with, good rose in its degree?  
 Irregular noble 'scapegrace—son the same !  
 Faulty—and peradventure ours the fault 1101  
 Who still misteach, mislead, throw hook and  
 line,  
 Thinking to land leviathan forsooth,  
 Tame the scaled neck, play with him as a  
 bird, 1104  
 And bind him for our maidens ! Better bear  
 The King of Pride go wantoning awhile,  
 Unplagued by cord in nose and thorn in jaw,  
 Through deep to deep, followed by all that  
 shine,  
 Churning the blackness hoary : He who  
 made 1109  
 The comely terror, He shall make the sword  
 To match that piece of netherstone his heart,  
 Ay, nor miss praise thereby ; who else shut  
 fire  
 I' the stonc, to leap from mouth at sword's  
 first stroke,  
 In lamps of love and faith, the chivalry  
 That dares the right and disregards alike 1115  
 The yea and nay o' the world? Self-sacri-  
 fice,—  
 What if an idol took it? Ask the Church  
 Why she was wont to turn each Venus here,—  
 Poor Rome perversely lingered round, de-  
 spite 1119  
 Instruction, for the sake of purblind love,—  
 Into Madonna's shape, and waste no whit  
 Of aught so rare on earth as gratitude !  
 All this sweet savour was not ours but thine,  
 Nard of the rock, a natural wealth we name  
 Incense, and treasure up as food for  
 saints, 1125  
 When flung to us—whose function was to give  
 Not find the costly perfume. Do I smile?  
 Nay, Caponsacchi, much I find amiss,  
 Blameworthy, punishable in this freak  
 Of thine, this youth prolonged, though age  
 was ripe, 1130  
 This masquerade in sober day, with change  
 Of motley too,—now hypocrite's disguise,  
 Now fool's-costume : which lie was least like  
 truth,  
 Which the ungainlier, more discordant garb

With that symmetric soul inside my son, The churchman's or the worldling's,—let him judge, 1136	Adventure, the strong passion of that strait, Fear and surprise, may have revealed too much,—
Our adversary who enjoys the task! I rather chronicle the healthy rage,— When the first moan broke from the martyr- maid 1139	As when a thundrous midnight, with black air That burns, rain-drops that blister, breaks a spell, 1173
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 rag	Draws out the excessive virtue of some sheathed
Went to the winds,—infringement manifold Of laws prescribed pudicity, I fear, 1146	Shut unsuspected flower that hoards and hides Immensity of sweetness,—so, perchance, Might the surprise and fear release too much
In this impulsive and prompt self-display! Ever such tax comes of the foolish youth; Men mulct the wiser manhood, and suspect No veritable star swims out of cloud. 1150	The perfect beauty of the body and soul 1181 Thou savedst in thy passion for God's sake, He who is Pity. Was the trial sore?
Bear thou such imputation, undergo The penalty I nowise dare relax,— Conventional chastisement and rebuke. But for the outcome, the brave starry birth Conciliating earth with all that cloud, 1155	Temptation sharp? Thank God a second time! 1184
Thank heaven as I do! Ay, such champion- ship	Why comes temptation but for man to meet And master and make crouch beneath his foot,
Of God at first blush, such prompt cheery thud Of glove on ground that answers ringingly The challenge of the false knight,—watch we long	And so be pedestaled in triumph? Pray "Lead us into no such temptations, Lord!"
And wait we vainly for its gallant like 1160	Yea, but, O Thou whose servants are the bold, 1188
From those appointed to the service, sworn His body-guard with pay and privilege— White-cinct, because in white walks sanctity, Red-socked, how else proclaim fine scorn of flesh,	Lead such temptations by the head and hair, Reluctant dragons, up to who dares fight, That so he may do battle and have praise!
Unchariness of blood when blood faith begs! Where are the men-at-arms with cross on coat? 1166	Do I not see the praise?—that while thy mates
Aloof, bewraying their attire: whilst thou In mask and motley, pledged to dance not fight, Sprang'st forth the hero! In thought, word and deed,	Bound to deserve it the matter, prove at need Unprofitable through the very pains 1195
How throughout all thy warfare thou wast pure, 1170	We gave to train them well and start them fair,—
I find it easy to believe: and if At any fateful moment of the strange	Are found too stiff, with standing ranked and ranged,
	For onset in good earnest, too obtuse Of ear, through iteration of command, For catching quick the sense of the real cry,— Thou, whose sword-hand was used to strike the lute, 1201
	Whose sentry-station graced some wanton's gate, Thou didst push forward and show mettle, shame
	The laggards, and retrieve the day. Well done!
	Be glad thou hast let light into the world Through that irregular breach o' the bound- ary,—see 1206

The same upon thy path and march assured,  
 Learning anew the use of soldiership,  
 Self-abnegation, freedom from all fear,  
 Loyalty to the life's end ! Ruminatè, 1210  
 Deserve the initiatory spasm,—once more  
 Work, be unhappy but bear life, my son !

And troop you, somewhere 'twixt the best  
 and worst,

Where crowd the indifferent product, all too  
 poor 1214

Makeshift, starved samples of humanity !  
 Father and mother, huddle there and hide !

A gracious eye may find you ! Foul and fair,  
 Sadly mixed natures : self-indulgent,—yet

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 unawarè, 1222

Slip back upon the stupid virtue, stay  
 Nowhere enough for being classed, I hope

And fear. Accept the swift and rueful death,  
 Taught, somewhat sternlier than is wont,

what waits 1226

The ambiguous creature,—how the one black  
 tuft

Steadies the aim of the arrow just as well  
 As the wide faultless white on the bird's breast !

Nay, you were punished in the very part  
 That looked most pure of speck,—'twas

honest love 1231

Betrayed you,—did love seem most worthy  
 pains,

Challenge such purging, since ordained survive  
 When all the rest of you was done with ? Go !

Never again elude the choice of tints ! 1235  
 White shall not neutralize the black, nor good

Compensate bad in man, absolve him so :  
 Life's business being just the terrible choice.

So do I see, pronounce on all and some  
 Grouped for my judgment now,—profess no

doubt 1240

While I pronounce : dark, difficult enough  
 The human sphere, yet eyes grow sharp by use,

I find the truth, dispart the shine from shade,  
 As a mere man may, with no special touch

O' the lynx-gift in each ordinary orb : 1245

Nay, if the popular notion class me right,  
 One of well-nigh decayed intelligence,—  
 What of that ? Through hard labour and  
 good will, 1248

And habitude that gives a blind man sight  
 At the practised finger-ends of him, I do

Discern, and dare decree in consequence,  
 Whatever prove the peril of mistake.

Whence, then, this quite new quick cold  
 thrill,—cloud-like,

This keen dread creeping from a quarter scarce  
 Suspected in the skies I nightly scan ? 1255

What slacks the tense nerve, saps the wound-  
 up spring

Of the act that should and shall be, sends the  
 mount

And mass o' the whole man's-strength,—  
 conglobed so late—

Shudderingly into dust, a moment's work ?  
 While I stand firm, go fearless, in this world,

For this life recognize and arbitrate, 1261  
 Touch and let stay, or else remove a thing,

Judge "This is right, this object out of place,"  
 Candle in hand that helps me and to spare,—

What if a voice deride me, "Perk and  
 pry ! 1265

"Brighten each nook with thine intelligence !  
 "Play the good householder, ply man and

maid  
 "With tasks prolonged into the midnight, test

"Their work and nowise stint of the due wage  
 "Each worthy worker : but with gyves and

whip 1270  
 "Pay thou misprision of a single point

"Plain to thy happy self who lift'st the light,  
 "Lament'st the darkling,—bold to all beneath !

"What if thyself adventure, now the place  
 "Is purged so well ? Leave pavement and

mount roof, 1275  
 "Look round thee for the light of the upper

sky,  
 "The fire which lit thy fire which finds default

"In Guido Franceschini to his cost !  
 "What if, above in the domain of light,

"Thou miss the accustomed signs, remark  
 eclipse ? 1280

"Shalt thou still gaze on ground nor lift a lid,—  
 "Steady in thy superb prerogative,

<p>“Thy inch of inkling,—nor once face the doubt  “P’ the sphere above thee, darkness to be felt?”</p> <p>Yet my poor spark had for its source, the sun ; 1285  Thither I sent the great looks which compel  Light from its fount: all that I do and am  Comes from the truth, or seen or else surmised,  Remembered or divined, as mere man may :  I know just so, nor otherwise. As I know, 1290  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? 1295  I, who in this world act resolvedly,  Dispose of men, their bodies and their souls,  As they acknowledge or gainsay the light  I show them,—shall I too lack courage?—leave 1299  I, too, the post of me, like those I blame?  Refuse, with kindred inconsistency,  To grapple danger whereby souls grow strong?  I am near the end ; but still not at the end ;  All to the very end is trial in life :  At this stage is the trial of my soul 1305  Danger to face, or danger to refuse?  Shall I dare try the doubt now, or not dare?</p> <p>O Thou,—as represented here to me  In such conception as my soul allows, — 1309  Under Thy measureless, my atom width !—  Man’s mind, what is it but a convex glass  Wherein are gathered all the scattered points  Picked out of the immensity of sky,  To re-unite there, be our heaven for earth,  Our known unknown, our God revealed to man? 1315  Existent somewhere, somehow, as a whole ;  Here, as a whole proportioned to our sense,—  There, (which is nowhere, speech must babble thus !)  In the absolute immensity, the whole  Appreciable solely by Thyself,— 1320</p>	<p>Here, by the little mind of man, reduced  To littleness that suits his faculty,  In the degree appreciable too ;  Between Thee and ourselves—nay even,  again, 1324  Below us, to the extreme of the minute,  Appreciable by how many and what diverse  Modes of the life Thou madest be ! (why live  Except for love,—how love unless they know?)  Each of them, only filling to the edge,  Insect or angel, his just length and breadth,  Due facet of reflection,—full, no less, 1331  Angel or insect, as Thou framedst things.  I it is who have been appointed here  To represent Thee, in my turn, on earth,  Just as, if new philosophy know aught, 1335  This one earth, out of all the multitude  Of peopled worlds, as stars are now supposed,—  Was chosen, and no sun-star of the swarm,  For stage and scene of Thy transcendent act  Beside which even the creation fades 1340  Into a puny exercise of power.  Choice of the world, choice of the thing I am,  Both emanate alike from Thy dread play  Of operation outside this our sphere  Where things are classed and counted small  or great,— 1345  Incomprehensibly the choice is Thine !  I therefore bow my head and take Thy place  There is, beside the works, a tale of Thee  In the world’s mouth, which I find credible :  I love it with my heart : unsatisfied, 1350  I try it with my reason, nor discept  From any point I probe and pronounce sound.  Mind is not matter nor from matter, but  Above,—leave matter then, proceed with mind !  Man’s be the mind recognized at the  height,— 1355  Leave the inferior minds and look at man !  Is he the strong, intelligent and good  Up to his own conceivable height? Nowise.  Enough o’ the low,—soar the conceivable  height,  Find cause to match the effect in evidence,  The work i’ the world, not man’s but God’s ;  leave man ! 1361</p>
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Conjecture of the worker by the work :	Frost bites, else why the tooth-like fret on
Is there strength there?—enough: intelli-	face? 1401
gence?	Man makes acoustics deal with the sea's
Ample: but goodness in a like degree?	wrath,
Not to the human eye in the present state,	Explains the choppy cheek by chymic law,—
An isoscele deficient in the base. <sup>1</sup> 1366	To man and child remains the same effect
What lacks, then, of perfection fit for God	On drum of ear and root of nose, change
But just the instance which this tale supplies	cause 1405
Of love without a limit? So is strength,	Never so thoroughly: so my heart be struck,
So is intelligence; let love be so, 1370	What care I,—by God's gloved hand or the
Unlimited in its self-sacrifice,	bare?
Then is the tale true and God shows complete.	Nor do I much perplex me with aught hard,
Beyond the tale, I reach into the dark,	Dubious in the transmitting of the tale,—
Feel what I cannot see, and still faith stands:	No, nor with certain riddles set to
I can believe this dread machinery 1375	solve. 1410
Of sin and sorrow, would confound me	This life is training and a passage; pass,—
else,	Still, we march over some flat obstacle
Devised,—all pain, at most expenditure	We made give way before us; solid truth
Of pain by Who devised pain,—to evolve,	In front of it, what motion for the world?
By new machinery in counterpart, 1379	The moral sense grows but by exercise. 1415
The moral qualities of man—how else?—	'Tis even as man grew probatively
To make him love in turn and be beloved,	Initiated in Godship, set to make
Creative and self-sacrificing too,	A fairer moral world than this he finds,
And thus eventually God-like, (ay,	Guess now what shall be known hereafter.
"I have said ye are Gods,"—shall it be said	Deal 1419
for nought?)	Thus with the present problem: as we see,
Enable man to wring, from out all pain, 1385	A faultless creature is destroyed, and sin
All pleasure for a common heritage	Has had its way i' the world where God
To all eternity: this may be surmised,	should rule.
The other is revealed,—whether a fact,	Ay, but for this irrelevant circumstance
Absolute, abstract, independent truth,	Of inquisition after blood, we see
Historic, not reduced to suit man's mind,—	Pompilia lost and Guido saved: how long?
Or only truth reverberate, changed, made	For his whole life: how much is that whole
pass 1391	life? 1426
A spectrum into mind, the narrow eye,—	We are not babes, but know the minute's
The same and not the same, else uncon-	worth,
ceived—	And feel that life is large and the world small,
Though quite conceivable to the next grade	So, wait till life have passed from out the
Above it in intelligence,—as truth 1395	world.
Easy to man were blindness to the beast	Neither does this astonish at the end, 1430
By parity of procedure,—the same truth	That whereas I can so receive and trust,
In a new form, but changed in either case:	Other men, made with hearts and souls the
What matter so intelligence be filled?	same,
To a child, the sea is angry, for it roars:	Reject and disbelieve,—subordinate
	The future to the present,—sin, nor fear.
	This I refer still to the foremost fact, 1435
	Life is probation and the earth no goal
	But starting-point of man: compel him strive,

<sup>1</sup> *An isoscele deficient in the base*: two sides of the triangle, strength and intelligence, are visible; the third, goodness, is not so in the present state of our knowledge.

Which means, in man, as good as reach the goal,—	Well, then, descend these heights, this pride of life,
Why institute that race, his life, at all?	Sit in the ashes with a barefoot monk
But this does overwhelm me with surprise,	Who long ago stamped out the worldly sparks,
Touch me to terror,—not that faith, the pearl,	By fasting, watching, stone cell and wire scourge,
Should be let lie by fishers wanting food,—	—No such indulgence as unknits the strength—
Nor, seen and handled by a certain few	These breed the tight nerve and tough cuticle,
Critical and contemptuous, straight consigned	And the world's praise or blame runs rillet-wise
To shore and shingle for the pebble it proves,—	Off the broad back and brawny breast, we know!
But that, when haply found and known and named	He meets the first cold sprinkle of the world,
By the residue made rich for evermore,	And shudders to the marrow. "Save this child?"
These,—that these favoured ones, should in a trice	"Oh, my superiors, oh, the Archbishop's self!
Turn, and with double zest go dredge for whelks,	"Who was it dared lay hand upon the ark
Mud-worms that make the savoury soup!	"His betters saw fall nor put finger forth?
Enough	"Great ones could help yet help not: why should small?"
O' the disbelievers, see the faithful few!	"I break my promise: let her break her heart!"
How do the Christians here deport them, keep	These are the Christians not the worldlings, not
Their robes of white unspotted by the world?	The sceptics, who thus battle for the faith!
What is this Aretine Archbishop, this	If foolish virgins disobey and sleep,
Man under me as I am under God,	What wonder? But, this time, the wise that watch,
This champion of the faith, I armed and decked,	Sell lamps and buy lutes, exchange oil for wine,
Pushed forward, put upon a pinnacle,	The mystic Spouse betrays the Bridegroom here.
To show the enemy his victor,—see!	To our last resource, then! Since all flesh is weak,
What's the best fighting when the couple close?	Bind weaknesses together, we get strength:
Pompilia cries, "Protect me from the wolf!"	The individual weighed, found wanting, try
He—"No, thy Guido is rough, heady, strong,	Some institution, honest artifice
"Dangerous to disquiet: let him bide!	Whereby the units grow compact and firm!
"He needs some bone to mumble, help amuse	Each props the other, and so stand is made
"The darkness of his den with: so, the fawn	By our embodied cowards that grow brave.
"Which limps up bleeding to my foot and lies,	The Monastery called of Convertites,
"—Come to me, daughter!—thus I throw him back!"	Meant to help women because these helped
Have we misjudged here, over-armed our knight,	Christ,—
Given gold and silk where plain hard steel serves best,	A thing existent only while it acts,
Enfeebled whom we sought to fortify,	Does as designed, else a nonentity,—
Made an archbishop and undone a saint?	For what is an idea unrealized?—
	Pompilia is consigned to these for help.

<p>They do help: they are prompt to testify          To her pure life and saintly dying days. 1506          She dies, and lo, who seemed so poor, proves          rich.          What does the body that lives through help-          fulness          To women for Christ's sake? The kiss turns          bite,          The dove's note changes to the crow's cry:          judge! 1510          "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,— 1515          "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: 1520          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          unsay          All the fine speeches,—who was saint is          whore.          Why, scripture yields no parallel for this!          The soldiers only threw dice for Christ's          coat; 1526          We want another legend of the Twelve          Disputing if it was Christ's coat at all,          Claiming as prize the woof of price—for why?          The Master was a thief, purloined the same,          Or paid for it out of the common bag! 1531          Can it be this is end and outcome, all          I take with me to show as stewardship's fruit,          The best yield of the latest time, this year          The seventeen-hundredth since God died for          man? 1535          Is such effect proportionate to cause?          And still the terror keeps on the increase          When I perceive . . . how can I blink the          fact?          That the fault, the obduracy to good,          Lies not with the impracticable stuff 1540          Whence man is made, his very nature's fault,</p>	<p>As if it were of ice the moon may gild          Not melt, or stone 'twas meant the sun          should warm          Not make bear flowers,—nor ice nor stone          to blame:          But it can melt, that ice, can bloom, that          stone, 1545          Impassible to rule of day and night!          This terrifies me, thus compelled perceive,          Whatever love and faith we looked should          spring          At advent of the authoritative star,          Which yet lie sluggish, curdled at the          source,— 1550          These have leapt forth profusely in old time,          These still respond with promptitude to-day,          At challenge of—what unacknowledged          powers          O' the air, what uncommissioned meteors,          warmth 1554          By law, and light by rule should supersede?          For see this priest, this Caponsacchi, stung          At the first summons,—“Help for honour's          sake,          “Play the man, pity the oppressed!”—no          pause,          How does he lay about him in the midst,          Strike any foe, right wrong at any risk, 1561          All blindness, bravery and obedience!—          blind?          Ay, as a man would be inside the sun,          Delirious with the plenitude of light          Should interfuse him to the finger-ends—          Let him rush straight, and how shall he go          wrong? 1565          Where are the Christians in their panoply?          The loins we girt about with truth, the          breasts          Righteousness plated round, the shield of          faith,          The helmet of salvation, and that sword          O' the Spirit, even the word of God,—where          these? 1570          Slunk into corners! Oh, I hear at once          Hubbub of protestation! “What, we monks          “We friars, of such an order, such a rule,          “Have not we fought, bled, left our martyr-          mark</p>
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"At every point along the boundary-line	What if the sun crumble, the sands encroach,
"Twixt true and false, religion and the world, 1876	While he looks on sublimely at his ease?
"Where this or the other dogma of our Church	How does their ruin touch the empire's bound?
"Called for defence?" And I, despite myself,	And is this little all that was to be?
How can I but speak loud what truth speaks low, 1879	Where is the gloriously-decisive change, 1815
"Or better than the best, or nothing serves!	Metamorphosis the immeasurable
"What boots deed, I can cap and cover straight	Of human clay to divine gold, we looked
"With such another doughtiness to match,	Should, in some poor sort, justify its price?
"Done at an instinct of the natural man?"	Had an adept of the mere Rosy Cross <sup>1</sup>
Immolate body, sacrifice soul too,— 1884	Spent his life to consummate the Great
Do not these publicans the same? Outstrip!	Work, 1620
Or else stop race you boast runs neck and neck,	Would not we start to see the stuff it touched
You with the wings, they with the feet,—for shame!	Yield not a grain more than the vulgar got
Oh, I remark your diligence and zeal!	By the old smelting-process years ago?
Five years long, now, rounds faith into my ears,	If this were sad to see in just the sage
"Help thou, or Christendom is done to death!" 1590	Who should profess so much, perform no more, 1625
Five years since, in the Province of To-kien,	What is it when suspected in that Power
Which is in China as some people know,	Who undertook to make and made the world,
Maigrot, my Vicar Apostolic there,	Devised and did effect man, body and soul,
Having a great qualm, issues a decree. 1594	Ordained salvation for them both, and yet . . .
Alack, the converts use as God's name, not <i>Tien-chu</i> but plain <i>Tien</i> or else mere <i>Shang-ti</i> ,	Well, is the thing we see, salvation? 1630
As Jesuits please to fancy politic,	I
While, say Dominicans, it calls down fire,—	Put no such dreadful question to myself,
For <i>Tien</i> means heaven, and <i>Shang-ti</i> , supreme prince,	Within whose circle of experience burns
While <i>Tien-chu</i> means the lord of heaven: all cry, 1600	The central truth, Power, Wisdom, Goodness,—God:
"There is no business urgent for despatch	I must outlive a thing ere know it dead:
"As that thou send a legate, specially	When I outlive the faith there is a sun, 1630
"Cardinal Tournon, straight to Peking, there	When I lie, ashes to the very soul,—
"To settle and compose the difference!"	Someone, not I, must wail above the heap,
So have I seen a potentate all fume 1605	"He died in dark whence never morn arose."
For some infringement of his realm's just right,	While I see day succeed the deepest night—
Some menace to a mud-built straw-thatched farm	How can I speak but as I know?—my speech
O' the frontier; while inside the mainland lie,	Must be, throughout the darkness, "It will end: 1642
Quite undisputed-for in solitude, 1609	"The light that did burn, will burn!"
Whole cities plague may waste or famine sap:	Clouds obscure—
	But for which obscurity all were bright?
	Too hastily concluded! Sun-suffused, 1645
	A cloud may soothe the eye made blind by blaze,—
	Better the very clarity of heaven:

<sup>1</sup> An adept of the Rosy Cross: a member of the society of Rosicrucians.



The soft streaks are the beautiful and dear.  
 What but the weakness in a faith supplies  
 The incentive to humanity, no strength 1650  
 Absolute, irresistible, comports?  
 How can man love but what he yearns to  
 help?

And that which men think weakness within  
 strength,  
 But angels know for strength and stronger  
 yet—

What were it else but the first things made  
 new, 1655

But repetition of the miracle,  
 The divine instance of self-sacrifice  
 That never ends and aye begins for man?  
 So, never I miss footing in the maze, 1659  
 No,—I have light nor fear the dark at all.

But are mankind not real, who pace out-  
 side

My petty circle, world that's measured me?  
 And when they stumble even as I stand,  
 Have I a right to stop ear when they cry,  
 As they were phantoms who took clouds for  
 crags, 1665

Tripped and fell, where man's march might  
 safely move?

Beside, the cry is other than a ghost's,  
 When out of the old time there pleads some  
 bard,

Philosopher, or both,<sup>1</sup> and—whispers not,  
 But words it boldly. "The inward work  
 and worth 1670

"Of any mind, what other mind may judge  
 "Save God who only knows the thing He  
 made,

"The veritable service He exacts?

"It is the outward product men appraise.

"Behold, an engine hoists a tower aloft:

"I looked that it should move the mountain  
 too!" 1676

"Or else 'Had just a turret toppled down,

"'Success enough!'—may say the Machinist

"Who knows what less or more result might  
 be: 1679

"But we, who see that done we cannot do,

<sup>1</sup> Some bard, philosopher, or both: the follow-  
 ing speech is put into the mouth of Euripides.

"A feat beyond man's force,' we men must  
 say.

"Regard me and that shake I gave the world!

"I was born, not so long before Christ's  
 birth

"As Christ's birth haply did precede thy  
 day,— 1684

"But many a watch before the star of dawn:

"Therefore I lived,—it is thy creed affirms,

"Pope Innocent, who art to answer me!—

"Under conditions, nowise to escape,

"Whereby salvation was impossible.

"Each impulse to achieve the good and  
 fair, 1690

"Each aspiration to the pure and true,

"Being without a warrant or an aim,

"Was just as sterile a felicity

"As if the insect, born to spend his life

"Soaring his circles, stopped them to de-  
 scribe 1695

"(Painfully motionless in the mid-air)

"Some word of weighty counsel for man's  
 sake,

"Some 'Know thyself' or 'Take the golden  
 mean!'"<sup>2</sup>

"—Forwent his happy dance and the glad  
 ray,

"Died half an hour the sooner and was  
 dust. 1700

"I, born to perish like the brutes, or worse,

"Why not live brutishly, obey brutes' law?

"But I, of body as of soul complete,

"A gymnast at the games, philosopher

"I' the schools, who painted, and made  
 music,—all 1705

"Glories that met upon the tragic stage

"When the Third Poet's<sup>3</sup> tread surprised  
 the Two,—

"Whose lot fell in a land where life was  
 great

"And sense went free and beauty lay profuse,

"I, untouched by one adverse circumstance,

"Adopted virtue as my rule of life, 1711

<sup>2</sup> Some "Know thyself" or "Take the golden  
 mean": typical apophthegms of the ancient  
 Greek sages.

<sup>3</sup> The Third Poet: Euripides. The Two:  
 Æschylus and Sophocles.

- "Waived all reward, loved but for loving's sake,  
 "And, what my heart taught me, I taught the world,  
 "And have been teaching now two thousand years.  
 "Witness my work,—plays that should please, forsooth! 1715  
 "'They might please, they may displease, they shall teach,  
 "'For truth's sake,' so I said, and did, and do.  
 "Five hundred years ere Paul spoke, Felix heard,—  
 "How much of temperance and righteousness, 1719  
 "Judgment to come, did I find reason for,  
 "Corroborate with my strong style that spared  
 "No sin, nor swerved the more from branding brow  
 "Because the sinner was called Zeus and God?  
 "How nearly did I guess at that Paul knew?  
 "How closely come, in what I represent  
 "As duty, to his doctrine yet a blank? 1726  
 "And as that limner not untruly limns  
 "Who draws an object round or square, which square  
 "Or round seems to the unassisted eye,  
 "Though Galileo's tube display the same  
 "Oval or oblong,—so, who controverts 1731  
 "I rendered rightly what proves wrongly wrought  
 "Beside Paul's picture? Mine was true for me.  
 "I saw that there are, first and above all,  
 "The hidden forces, blind necessities, 1735  
 "Named Nature, but the thing's self unconceived:  
 "Then follow,—how dependent upon these,  
 "We know not, how imposed above ourselves,  
 "We well know,—what I name the gods, a power  
 "Various or one: for great and strong and good 1740  
 "Is there, and little, weak and bad there too,  
 "Wisdom and folly: say, these make no God,—  
 "What is it else that rules outside man's self?  
 "A fact then,—always, to the naked eye,—
- "And so, the one revelation possible 1745  
 "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, 1750  
 "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 himself,  
 "Most assured on what now concerns him most— 1755  
 "The law of his own life, the path he prints,—  
 "Which law is virtue and not vice, I say,—  
 "And least inquisitive where search least skills,  
 "I' the nature we best give the clouds to keep.  
 "What could I paint beyond a scheme like this 1760  
 "Out of the fragmentary truths where light  
 "Lay fitful in a tenebrific time?  
 "You have the sunrise now, joins truth to truth,  
 "Shoots life and substance into death and void;  
 "Themselves compose the whole we made before: 1765  
 "The forces and necessity grow God,—  
 "The beings so contrarious that seemed gods,  
 "Prove just His operation manifold  
 "And multiform, translated, as must be,  
 "Into intelligible shape so far 1770  
 "As suits our sense and sets us free to feel.  
 "What if I let a child think, childhood-long,  
 "That lightning, I would have him spare his eye,  
 "Is a real arrow shot at naked orb?  
 "The man knows more, but shuts his lid: the same: 1775  
 "Lightning's cause comprehends nor man nor child.  
 "Why then, my scheme, your better knowledge broke,  
 "Presently re-adjusts itself, the small  
 "Proportioned largelier, parts and whole named new:

- "So much, no more two thousand years have  
 done! 1780  
 "Pope, dost thou dare pretend to punish me,  
 "For not desecrating sunshine at midnight,  
 "Me who crept all-fours, found my way so  
 far—  
 "While thou rewardest teachers of the truth,  
 "Who miss the plain way in the blaze of  
 noon,— 1785  
 "Though just a word from that strong style  
 of mine,  
 "Grasped honestly in hand as guiding-staff,  
 "Had pricked them a sure path across the  
 bog,  
 "That mire of cowardice and slush of lies  
 "Wherein I find them wallow in wide day!"  
  
 How should I answer this Euripides? 1791  
 Paul,—'tis a legend,—answered Seneca,<sup>1</sup>  
 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? 1795  
 When the whole truth-touched man burned  
 up, one fire?  
 —Assured the trial, fiery, fierce, but fleet,  
 Would, from his little heap of ashes, lend  
 Wings to that conflagration of the world  
 Which Christ awaits ere He makes all things  
 new: 1800  
 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, 1805  
 Regained, in this time even, a hundredfold,  
 And, in the next time, feels the finite love  
 Blent and embalmed with the eternal life.  
 So does the sun ghastlily seem to sink 1809  
 In those north parts, lean all but out of life,  
 Desist a dread mere breathing-stop, then slow  
 Re-assert day, begin the endless rise.  
 Was this too easy for our after-stage?  
 Was such a lighting-up of faith, in life,  
  
 Only allowed initiate, set man's step 1815  
 In the true way by help of the great glow?  
 A way wherein it is ordained he walk,  
 Bearing to see the light from heaven still more  
 And more encroached on by the light of  
 earth, 1819  
 Tentatives earth puts forth to rival heaven,  
 Earthly incitements that mankind serve God  
 For man's sole sake, not God's and therefore  
 man's.  
 Till at last, who distinguishes the sun  
 From a mere Druid fire on a far mount?  
 More praise to him who with his subtle prism  
 Shall decompose both beams and name the  
 true. 1823  
 In such sense, who is last proves first indeed;  
 For how could saints and martyrs fail see truth  
 Streak the night's blackness? Who is faith-  
 ful now?  
 Who untwists heaven's white from the yellow  
 flare 1830  
 O' the world's gross torch, without night's  
 foil that helped  
 Produce the Christian act so possible  
 When in the way stood Nero's cross and  
 stake,—  
 So hard now when the world smiles "Right  
 and wise!" 1834  
 "Faith points the politic, the thrifty way,  
 "Will make who plods it in the end returns  
 "Beyond mere fool's-sport and improvidence.  
 "We fools dance thro' the cornfield of this  
 life,  
 "Pluck ears to left and right and swallow raw,  
 "—Nay, tread, at pleasure, a sheaf under-  
 foot, 1840  
 "To get the better at some poppy-flower,—  
 "Well aware we shall have so much less wheat  
 "In the eventual harvest: you meantime  
 "Waste not a spike,—the richer will you  
 reap!  
 "What then? There will be always garnered  
 meal 1845  
 "Sufficient for our comfortable loaf,  
 "While you enjoy the undiminished sack!"  
 Is it not this ignoble confidence,  
 Cowardly hardihood, that dulls and damps,  
 Makes the old heroism impossible? 1850

<sup>1</sup> Paul . . . answered Seneca: referring to the traditional (but legendary) intercourse between St. Paul and Seneca.

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,  
 Re-introduce the doubt discarded, bring 1855  
 That formidable danger back, we drove  
 Long ago to the distance and the dark?  
 No wild beast now prowls round the infant  
 camp :

We have built wall and sleep in city safe :  
 But if some earthquake try the towers that  
 laugh 1860  
 To think they once saw lions rule outside,  
 And man stand out again, pale, resolute,  
 Prepared to die,—which means, alive at last?  
 As we broke up that old faith of the world,  
 Have we, next age, to break up this the  
 new— 1865  
 Faith, in the thing, grown faith in the report—  
 Whence need to bravely disbelieve report  
 Through increased faith i' the thing reports  
 belie?

Must we deny,—do they, these Molinists,  
 At peril of their body and their soul,— 1870  
 Recognized truths, obedient to some truth  
 Unrecognized yet, but perceptible?—  
 Correct the portrait by the living face,  
 Man's God, by God's God in the mind of  
 man? 1874  
 Then, for the few that rise to the new height,  
 The many that must sink to the old depth,  
 The multitude found fall away! A few,  
 E'en ere new lawspeak clear, may keep the old,  
 Preserve the Christian level, call good good  
 And evil evil, (even though razed and blank  
 The old titles,) helped by custom, habitude,  
 And all else they mistake for finer sense 1882  
 O' the fact that reason warrants,—as before,  
 They hope perhaps, fear not impossibly.  
 At least some one Pompilia left the world  
 Will say "I know the right place by foot's feel,  
 "I took it and tread firm there; wherefore  
 change?" 1887  
 But what a multitude will surely fall  
 Quite through the crumbling truth, late sub-  
 jacent,  
 Sink to the next discoverable base, 1890

Rest upon human nature, settle there  
 On what is firm, the lust and pride of life!  
 A mass of men, whose very souls even now  
 Seem to need re-creating,—so they slink  
 Worm-like into the mud, light now lays bare,—  
 Whose future we dispose of with shut eyes  
 And whisper—"They are grafted, barren  
 twigs, 1897  
 "Into the living stock of Christ: may bear  
 "One day, till when they lie death-like, not  
 dead,"—  
 Those who with all the aid of Christ succumb,  
 How, without Christ, shall they, unaided,  
 sink? 1901  
 Whither but to this gulf before my eyes?  
 Do not we end, the century and I?  
 The impatient antimasque treads close on kibe  
 O' the very masque's self it will mock,—on me,  
 Last lingering personage, the impatient mime  
 Pushes already,—will I block the way? 1907  
 Will my slow trail of garments ne'er leave space  
 For pantaloons, sock, plume and castanet?  
 Here comes the first experimentalist 1910  
 In the new order of things,—he plays a priest;  
 Does he take inspiration from the Church,  
 Directly make her rule his law of life?  
 Not he: his own mere impulse guides the  
 man— 1914  
 Happily sometimes, since ourselves allow  
 He has danced, in gaiety of heart, i' the main  
 The right step through the maze we bade him  
 foot.  
 But if his heart had prompted him break loose  
 And mar the measure? Why, we must submit,  
 And thank the chance that brought him safe  
 so far. 1920  
 Will he repeat the prodigy? Perhaps.  
 Can he teach others how to quit themselves,  
 Show why this step was right while that were  
 wrong?  
 How should he? "Ask your hearts as I  
 asked mine, 1924  
 "And get discreetly through the morrice too;  
 "If your hearts misdirect you,—quit the stage,  
 "And make amends,—be there amends to  
 make!"  
 Such is, for the Augustin that was once,  
 This Canon Caponsacchi we see now. 1929

"But my heart answers to another tune,"  
 Puts in the Abate, second in the suite,  
 "I have my taste too, and tread no such step!  
 "You choose the glorious life, and may, for  
 me!  
 "I like the lowest of life's appetites,— 1934  
 "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;  
 "Attain these ends by force, guile: hypocrite,  
 "To-day, perchance to-morrow recognized  
 "The rational man, the type of common  
 sense." 1941  
 There's Loyola<sup>1</sup> adapted to our time!  
 Under such guidance Guido plays his part,  
 He also influencing in the due turn  
 These last clods where I track intelligence  
 By any glimmer, these four at his beck 1946  
 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 1950  
 Of the weak head and not so wicked heart,  
 With the one Christian mother, wife and girl,  
 —Which three gifts seem to make an angel  
 up,—  
 The world's first foot o' the dance is on their  
 heads!  
 Still, I stand here, not off the stage though  
 close 1955  
 On the exit: and my last act, as my first,  
 I owe the scene, and Him who armed me thus  
 With Paul's sword as with Peter's key. I  
 smite  
 With my whole strength once more, ere end  
 my part,  
 Ending, so far as man may, this offence. 1960  
 And when I raise my arm, who plucks my  
 sleeve?  
 Who stops me in the righteous function,—foe  
 Or friend? Oh, still as ever, friends are they  
 Who, in the interest of outraged truth

Deprecate such rough handling of a lie! 1965  
 The facts being proved and incontestable,  
 What is the last word I must listen to?  
 Perchance—"Spare yet a term this barren  
 stock  
 "We pray thee dig about and dung and dress  
 "Till he repent and bring forth fruit even  
 yet!" 1970  
 Perchance—"So poor and swift a punishment  
 "Shall throw him out of life with all that  
 sin:  
 "Let mercy rather pile up pain on pain  
 "Till the flesh expiate what the soul pays  
 else!"  
 Nowise! Remonstrants on each side com-  
 mence 1975  
 Instructing, there's a new tribunal now  
 Higher than God's—the educated man's!  
 Nice sense of honour in the human breast  
 Supersedes here the old coarse oracle—  
 Confirming none the less a point or so 1980  
 Wherein blind predecessors worked aright  
 By rule of thumb: as when Christ said,—  
 when, where?  
 Enough, I find it pleaded in a place,—  
 "All other wrongs done, patiently I take:  
 "But touch my honour and the case is  
 changed! 1985  
 "I feel the due resentment,—*nemini*  
 "*Honorem trado*<sup>2</sup> is my quick retort."  
 Right of Him, just as if pronounced to-day!  
 Still, should the old authority be mute 1989  
 Or doubtful or in speaking clash with new,  
 The younger takes permission to decide.  
 At last we have the instinct of the world  
 Ruling its household without tutelage: 1993  
 And while the two laws, human and divine,  
 Have busied finger with this tangled case,  
 In pushes the brisk junior, cuts the knot,  
 Pronounces for acquittal. How it trips  
 Silverly o'er the tongue! "Remit the death!  
 "Forgive, . . . well, in the old way, if thou  
 please,  
 "Decency and the relics of routine 2000  
 "Respected,—let the Count go free as air!  
 "Since he may plead a priest's immunity,—  
<sup>1</sup> *Loyola*: Ignatius Loyola (1491–1556),  
 founder of the order of the Society of Jesus, or  
 Jesuits.

<sup>2</sup> *Nemini honorem trado*: "my glory will I  
 not give to another" (Isaiah xlii, 8).

- " The minor orders help enough for that,  
 " With Farinacci's licence,—who decides  
 " That the mere implication of such man,  
 " So privileged, in any cause, before 2008  
 " Whatever Court except the Spiritual,  
 " Straight quashes law-procedure,—quash it,  
 then !  
 " Remains a pretty loophole of escape  
 " Moreover, that, beside the patent fact 2010  
 " O' the law's allowance, there's involved  
 the weal  
 " O' the Popedom: a son's privilege at  
 stake,  
 " Thou wilt pretend the Church's interest,  
 " Ignore all finer reasons to forgive !  
 " But herein lies the crowning cogency—  
 " (Let thy friends teach thee while thou  
 tellest beads) 2016  
 " That in this case the spirit of culture speaks,  
 " Civilization is imperative.  
 " To her shall we remand all delicate points  
 " Henceforth, nor take irregular advice 2020  
 " O' the sly, as heretofore: she used to hint  
 " Remonstrances, when law was out of sorts  
 " Because a saucy tongue was put to rest,  
 " An eye that roved was cured of arrogance :  
 " But why be forced to mumble under breath  
 " What soon shall be acknowledged as plain  
 fact, 2026  
 " Outspoken, say, in thy successor's time?  
 " Methinks we see the golden age return !  
 " Civilization and the Emperor  
 " Succeed to Christianity and Pope. 2030  
 " One Emperor then, as one Pope now :  
 meanwhile,  
 " Anticipate a little ! We tell thee ' Take  
 " ' Guido's life, sapped society shall crash,  
 " ' Whereof the main prop was, is, and shall  
 be 2034  
 " "—Supremacy of husband over wife !'  
 " Does the man rule i' the house, and may  
 his mate  
 " Because of any plea dispute the same ?  
 " Oh, pleas of all sorts shall abound, be  
 sure,  
 " One but allowed validity,—for, harsh  
 " And savage, for, inept and silly-sooth, 2040  
 " For, this and that, will the ingenious sex
- " Demonstrate the best master e'er graced  
 slave :  
 " And there's but one short way to end the  
 coil,—  
 " Acknowledge right and reason steadily  
 " I' the man and master: then the wife sub-  
 mits 2045  
 " To plain truth broadly stated. Does the  
 time  
 " Advise we shift—a pillar? nay, a stake  
 " Out of its place i' the social tenement?  
 " One touch may send a shudder through  
 the heap  
 " And bring it toppling on our children's  
 heads ! 2050  
 " Moreover, if ours breed a qualm in thee,  
 " Give thine own better feeling play for once !  
 " Thou, whose own life winks o'er the socket-  
 edge,  
 " Wouldst thou it went out in such ugly snuff  
 " As dooming sons dead, e'en though justice  
 prompt? 2055  
 " Why, on a certain feast, Barabbas' self  
 " Was set free, not to cloud the general  
 cheer :  
 " Neither shalt thou pollute thy Sabbath  
 close !  
 " Mercy is safe and graceful. How one hears  
 " The howl begin, scarce the three little  
 taps<sup>1</sup> 2060  
 " O' the silver mallet silent on thy brow,—  
 " ' His last act was to sacrifice a Count  
 " ' And thereby screen a scandal of the  
 Church !  
 " ' Guido condemned, the Canon justified  
 " ' Of course,—delinquents of his cloth go  
 free !' 2065  
 " And so the Luthers chuckle, Calvins scowl,  
 " So thy hand helps Molinos to the chair  
 " Whence he may hold forth till doom's day  
 on just  
 " These *petit-maitre* priestlings,—in the choir  
 " *Sanctus et Benedictus*, with a brush 2070  
 " Of soft guitar-strings that obey the thumb,

<sup>1</sup> *The three little taps*: when a pope dies, the Cardinal Camerlengo has to assure himself of his death by tapping thrice on his forehead with a silver mallet.

"Touched by the bedside, for accompani-  
 ment!  
 "Does this give umbrage to a husband?  
 Death  
 "To the fool, and to the priest impunity!  
 "But no impunity to any friend 2075  
 "So simply over-loyal as these four  
 "Who made religion of their patron's cause,  
 "Believed in him and did his bidding straight,  
 "Asked not one question but laid down the  
 lives  
 "This Pope took,—all four lives together  
 make 2080  
 "Just his own length of days,—so, dead  
 they lie,  
 "As these were times when loyalty's a drug,  
 "And zeal in a subordinate too cheap  
 "And common to be saved when we spend  
 life!  
 "Come, 'tis too much good breath we waste  
 in words: 2085  
 "The pardon, Holy Father! Spare grimace,  
 "Shrugs and reluctance! Are not we the  
 world,  
 "Art not thou Priam? Let soft culture plead  
 "Hecuba-like, '*non tali*'<sup>1</sup> (Virgil serves)  
 "'*Auxilio*' and the rest! Enough, it works!  
 "The Pope relaxes, and the Prince is loth,  
 "The father's bowels yearn, the man's will  
 bends, 2092  
 "Reply is apt. Our tears on tremble, hearts  
 "Big with a benediction, wait the word  
 "Shall circulate thro' the city in a trice, 2095  
 "Set every window flaring, give each man  
 "O' the mob his torch to wave for gratitude.  
 "Pronounce then, for our breath and  
 patience fail!"

I will, Sirs: but a voice other than yours  
 Quickens my spirit. "*Quis pro Domino?*  
 "Who is upon the Lord's side?" asked the  
 Count. 2101  
 I, who write—

"On receipt of this command,

<sup>1</sup> *Non tali auxilio*: Virgil, *Æn.* II. 521—  
 "not with such aid" as thine is religion to be  
 benefited, any more than Troy could be saved  
 by Priam's arms.

"Acquaint Count Guido and his fellows four  
 "They die to-morrow: could it be to-night,  
 "The better, but the work to do, takes  
 time. 2106  
 "Set with all diligence a scaffold up,  
 "Not in the customary place, by Bridge  
 "Saint Angelo, where die the common sort;  
 "But since the man is noble, and his  
 peers 2110  
 "By predilection haunt the People's Square,  
 "There let him be beheaded in the midst,  
 "And his companions hanged on either side:  
 "So shall the quality see, fear and learn.  
 "All which work takes time: till to-morrow,  
 then, 2115  
 "Let there be prayer incessant for the five!"

For the main criminal I have no hope  
 Except in such a suddenness of fate.  
 I stood at Naples once, a night so dark  
 I could have scarce conjectured there was earth  
 Anywhere, sky or sea or world at all: 2121  
 But the night's black was burst through by a  
 blaze—  
 Thunder struck blow on blow, earth groaned  
 and bore,  
 Through her whole length of mountain visible:  
 There lay the city thick and plain with  
 spires, 2125  
 And, like a ghost disshrouded, white the sea.  
 So may the truth be flashed out by one blow,  
 And Guido see, one instant, and be saved.  
 Else I avert my face, nor follow him  
 Into that sad obscure sequestered state 2130  
 Where God unmakes but to remake the soul  
 He else made first in vain; which must not be.  
 Enough, for I may die this very night:  
 And how should I dare die, this man let live?

Carry this forthwith to the Governor! 2135

#### XI.—GUIDO.

You are the Cardinal Acciaiuoli, and you,  
 Abate Panciatichi—two good Tuscan names:  
 Acciaiuoli—ah, your ancestor it was  
 Built the huge battlemented convent-block

Over the little forky flashing Greve 5  
 That takes the quick turn at the foot o' the  
 hill  
 Just as one first sees Florence: oh those days !  
 'Tis Ema, though, the other rivulet,  
 The one-arched brown brick bridge yawns  
 over,—yes,  
 Gallop and go five minutes, and you gain 10  
 The Roman Gate from where the Ema's  
 bridged :  
 Kingfishers fly there : how I see the bend  
 O'erturreted by Certosa which he built, 15  
 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  
 This way, by leakage through their scaffold-  
 planks  
 Into Rome's sink where her red refuse runs ?  
 Sirs, I beseech you by blood-sympathy,  
 If there be any vile experiment 20  
 In the air,—if this your visit simply prove,  
 When all's done, just a well-intentioned  
 trick  
 That tries for truth truer than truth itself,  
 By startling up a man, ere break of day, 24  
 To tell him he must die at sunset,—pshaw !  
 That man's a Franceschini ; feel his pulse,  
 Laugh at your folly, and let's all go sleep !  
 You have my last word,—innocent am I  
 As Innocent my Pope and murderer,  
 Innocent as a babe, as Mary's own, 30  
 As Mary's self,—I said, say and repeat,—  
 And why, then, should I die twelve hours  
 hence ? I—  
 Whom, not twelve hours ago, the gaoler bade  
 Turn to my straw-truss, settle and sleep sound  
 That I might wake the sooner, promptlier  
 pay 35  
 His due of meat-and-drink-indulgence, cross  
 His palm with fee of the good-hand, beside,  
 As gallants use who go at large again !  
 For why ? All honest Rome approved my part ;  
 Whoever owned wife, sister, daughter,—nay,  
 Mistress,—had any shadow of any right 41  
 That looks like right, and, all the more  
 resolved,  
 Held it with tooth and nail, — these manly  
 men

Approved ! I being for Rome, Rome was I  
 me.  
 Then, there's the point reserved, the subtle  
 fuge  
 My lawyers held by, kept for last resource.  
 Firm should all else,—the impossible fanc  
 —fail,  
 And sneaking burgess-spirit win the day.  
 The knaves ! One plea at least would hol  
 —they laughed,—  
 One grappling-iron scratch the bottom-roc  
 Even should the middle mud let anchor gc  
 I hooked my cause on to the Clergy's,—pl  
 Which, even if law tipped off my hat a  
 plume,  
 Revealed my priestly tonsure, saved me so  
 The Pope moreover, this old Innocent,  
 Being so meek and mild and merciful,  
 So fond o' the poor and so fatigued of eart  
 So . . . fifty thousand devils in deepest he  
 Why must he cure us of our strange concei  
 Of the angel in man's likeness, that we lov  
 And looked should help us at a pinch ? I  
 help ?  
 He pardon ? Here's his mind and message  
 death !  
 Thank the good Pope ! Now, is he good  
 this,  
 Never mind, Christian, — no such stut  
 extant,—  
 But will my death do credit to his reign,  
 Show he both lived and let live, so was goo  
 Cannot I live if he but like ? "The law !"  
 Why, just the law gives him the very chan  
 The precise leave to let my life alone,  
 Which the archangelic soul of him (he say  
 Yearns after ! Here they drop it in his pal  
 My lawyers, capital o' the cursed kind,—  
 Drop life to take and hold and keep : but n  
 He sighs, shakes head, refuses to shut han  
 Motions away the gift they bid him grasp,  
 And of the coyness comes—that off I run  
 And down I go, he best knows whithe  
 mind,  
 He knows, who sets me rolling all the san  
 Disinterested Vicar of our Lord,  
 This way he abrogates and disallows,  
 Nullifies and ignores,—reverts in fine



To the good and right, in detriment of me !  
 Talk away ! Will you have the naked truth ?  
 He's sick of his life's supper,—swallowed lies :  
 So, hobbling bedward, needs must ease his  
 maw 85

Just where I sit o' the door-sill. Sir Abate,  
 Can you do nothing ? Friends, we used to  
 frisk :

What of this sudden slash in a friend's face,  
 This cut across our good companionship  
 That showed its front so gay when both were  
 young ? 90

Were not we put into a beaten path,  
 Bid pace the world, we nobles born and bred,  
 We body of friends with each his scutcheon full  
 Of old achievement and impunity,—  
 Taking the laugh of morn and Sol's salute  
 As forth we fared, pricked on to breathe our  
 steeds 96

And take equestrian sport over the green  
 Under the blue, across the crop,—what care ?  
 If we went prancing up hill and down dale,  
 In and out of the level and the straight, 100  
 By the bit of pleasant byeway, where was  
 harm ?

Still Sol salutes me and the morning laughs :  
 I see my grandsire's hoof-prints,—point the  
 spot

Where he drew rein, slipped saddle, and  
 stabbed knave

For daring throw gibe—much less, stone—  
 from pale : 105

Then back, and on, and up with the cavalcade.  
 Just so wend we, now canter, now converse,  
 Till, 'mid the jauncing pride and jaunty port,  
 Something of a sudden jerks at somebody—  
 A dagger is out, a flashing cut and thrust,  
 Because I play some prank my grandsire  
 played, 111

And here I sprawl : where is the company ?  
 Gone !

A trot and a trample ! only I lie trapped,  
 Writhe in a certain novel springe just set  
 By the good old Pope : I'm first prize.  
 Warn me ? Why ? 115

Apprise me that the law o' the game is changed ?  
 Enough that I'm a warning, as I writhe,  
 To all and each my fellows of the file,

And make law plain henceforward past mis-  
 take,  
 " For such a prank, death is the penalty ! "  
 Pope the Five Hundredth (what do I know or  
 care ?) 121

Deputes your Eminency and Abateship  
 To announce that, twelve hours from this  
 time, he needs

I just essay upon my body and soul 124  
 The virtue of his brand-new engine, prove  
 Represser of the pranksome ! I'm the first !  
 Thanks. Do you know what teeth you  
 mean to try

The sharpness of, on this soft neck and throat ?  
 I know it,—I have seen and hate it,—ay, 129  
 As you shall, while I tell you ! Let me talk,  
 Or leave me, at your pleasure ! talk I must :  
 What is your visit but my lure to talk ?  
 Nay, you have something to disclose ?—a  
 smile,

At end of the forced sternness, means to  
 mock

The heart-beats here ? I call your two  
 hearts stone ! 135

Is your charge to stay with me till I die ?  
 Be tacit as your bench, then ! Use your ears,  
 I use my tongue : how glibly yours will run  
 At pleasant supper-time . . . God's curse !  
 . . . to-night

When all the guests jump up, begin so brisk  
 " Welcome, his Eminence who shrived the  
 wretch ! 141

" Now we shall have the Abate's story ! "

Life !

How I could spill this overplus of mine  
 Among those hoar-haired, shrunk-shanked  
 odds and ends 145

Of body and soul old age is chewing dry !  
 Those windlestraws that stare while purblind  
 death

Mowhere, mowthere, makes hay of juicy me,  
 And misses just the bunch of withered weed  
 Would brighten hell and streak its smoke  
 with flame ! 150

How the life I could shed yet never shrink,  
 Would drench their stalks with sap like grass  
 in May !

Is it not terrible, I entreat you, Sirs?—  
 With manifold and plenitudinous life,  
 Prompt at death's menace to give blow for  
 threat, 135  
 Answer his "Be thou not!" by "Thus I  
 am!"—  
 Terrible so to be alive yet die?

How I live, how I see! so,—how I speak!  
 Lucidity of soul unlocks the lips:  
 I never had the words at will before. 160  
 How I see all my folly at a glance!  
 "A man requires a woman and a wife:"  
 There was my folly; I believed the saw.  
 I knew that just myself concerned myself,  
 Yet needs must look for what I seemed to  
 lack, 165  
 In a woman,—why, the woman's in the man!  
 Fools we are, how we learn things when too  
 late!  
 Overmuch life turns round my woman-side:  
 The male and female in me, mixed before,  
 Settle of a sudden: I'm my wife outright  
 In this unmanly appetite for truth, 171  
 This careless courage as to consequence,  
 This instantaneous sight through things and  
 through,  
 This voluble rhetoric, if you please,—'tis she!  
 Here you have that Pompilia whom I slew,  
 Also the folly for which I slew her! 176  
 Fool!  
 And, fool-like, what is it I wander from?  
 What did I say of your sharp iron tooth? 179  
 Ah,—that I know the hateful thing! this way.  
 I chanced to stroll forth, many a good year gone,  
 One warm Spring eve in Rome, and unaware  
 Looking, mayhap, to count what stars were out,  
 Came on your fine axe in a frame, that falls  
 And so cuts off a man's head underneath, 185  
 Mannaia,—thus we made acquaintance first:  
 Out of the way, in a by-part o' the town,  
 At the Mouth-of-Truth o' the river-side, you  
 know:  
 One goes by the Capitol: and wherefore coy,  
 Retiring out of crowded noisy Rome? 190  
 Because a very little time ago  
 It had done service, chopped off head from  
 trunk

Belonging to a fellow whose poor house  
 The thing must make a point to stand before—  
 Felice Whatsoever-was-the-name 195  
 Who stabled buffaloes and so gained bread,  
 (Our clowns unyoke them in the ground hard  
 by)  
 And, after use of much improper speech,  
 Had struck at Duke Some-title-or-other's  
 face,  
 Because he kidnapped, carried away and  
 kept 200  
 Felice's sister who would sit and sing  
 I' the filthy doorway while she plaited fringe  
 To deck the brutes with,—on their gear it  
 goes,—  
 The good girl with the velvet in her voice.  
 So did the Duke, so did Felice, so 205  
 Did Justice, intervening with her axe.  
 There the man-mutilating engine stood  
 At ease, both gay and grim, like a Swiss guard  
 Off duty,—purified itself as well,  
 Getting dry, sweet and proper for next  
 week,— 210  
 And doing incidental good, 'twas hoped,  
 To the rough lesson-lacking populace  
 Who now and then, forsooth, must right their  
 wrongs!  
 There stood the twelve-foot-square of scaf-  
 fold, railed  
 Considerately round to elbow-height, 215  
 For fear an officer should tumble thence  
 And sprain his ankle and be lame a month  
 Through starting when the axe fell and head  
 too!  
 Railed likewise were the steps whereby 'twas  
 reached.  
 All of it painted red: red, in the midst, 220  
 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, slid,—I shall  
 soon find which!—  
 And so lay quiet, fast in its fit place, 225  
 The wooden half-moon collar, now eclipsed  
 By the blade which blocked its curvature:  
 apart,  
 The other half.—the under half-moon board

Which, helped by this, completes a neck's  
embrace,— 229

Joined to a sort of desk 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! 235

This kneeling-place was red, red, never fear!  
But 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. 241

Underneath, loungers,—boys and some few  
men,—  
Discoursed this platter, named the other tool,  
Just as, when grooms tie up and dress a steed,  
Boys lounge and look on, and elucubrate  
What the round brush is used for, what the  
square,— 246

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— 250

May's crescent is no half-moon of red plank,  
And came now tilting o'er the wave i' the  
west,  
One greenish-golden sea, right 'twixt those  
bars  
Of the engine—I began acquaintance with,  
Understood, hated, hurried from before, 255

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! 259

Was not a Pope then Pope as much as now?  
Used not he chirrup o'er the Merry Tales,  
Chuckle,—his nephew so exact the wag  
To play a jealous cullion such a trick  
As wins the wife i' the pleasant story! Well?

Why do things change? Wherefore is Rome  
un-Romed? 265

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, 269

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 o' the bull:  
They laughed and took their road the safer  
home. 275

Ah, but times change, there's quite another  
Pope,  
I do the Duke's deed, take Felice's place,  
And, being no Felice, lout and clout,  
Stomach but ill the phrase "I lose my head!"  
How euphemistic! Lose what? Lose your  
ring, 280

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 bold give-and-  
guard, 286

"Nor pink 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 vertebræ, here's *Atlas*, here 291

*Axis*, and here the symphyses stop short,  
So wisely and well,—as, o'er a corpse, we  
cant,—  
And here's the silver cord which . . . what's  
our word?  
Depends from the gold bowl, which loosed  
(not "lost") 295

Lets 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. 299

She fain would have cord ease itself away,  
Worn to a thread by threescore years and ten,  
Snap while we slumber : that seems bearable.  
I'm told one clot of blood extravasate  
Ends one as certainly as Roland's sword,—  
One drop of lymph suffused proves Oliver's  
mace,— 305

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 bowl and cord alike are crushed across,  
Bored between, bruised through? Why, if  
Fagon's self, 311

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 bad to bear! Brute  
force 316

Cuts as he comes, breaks in, breaks on, breaks  
out  
O' the hard and soft of you : is that the same?  
A lithe snake thrids the hedge, makes throb  
no leaf:  
A heavy ox sets chest to brier and branch,  
Bursts somehow through, and leaves one  
hideous hole 321  
Behind him!

And why, why must this needs be?  
Oh, if men were but good! They are not  
good, 324

Nowise like Peter: people called him rough,  
But if, as I left Rome, I spoke the Saint,  
—" *Petrus, quo vadis?*"<sup>1</sup>—doubtless, I  
should hear,

<sup>1</sup> *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-  
dressed Him with the words, "*Domine, quo  
vadis?*" "Lord, whither goest Thou?" The  
answer was, "To Rome, to be crucified again";  
whereupon Peter turned back and met his  
martyrdom.

"To free the prisoner and forgive his fault!  
"I plucked the absolute dead from God's  
own bar,  
"And raised up Dorcas,—why not rescue  
thee?" 330

What would cost one such nullifying word?  
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 bloodguiltiness 335  
And mystery of murder in the flesh,  
Why should that fact keep the Pope's mouth  
shut fast?  
He execrates 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? 341

Why, leave me linger out my minute here,  
Since close on death comes judgment and  
comes doom,  
Not crib at dawn its pittance from a sheep  
Destined ere dewfall to be butcher's-  
meat! 345

Think, Sirs, if I have done you any harm,  
And you require the natural revenge,  
Suppose, and so intend to poison me,  
—Just as you take and slip into my draught  
The paperful of powder that clears scores,  
You notice on my brow a certain blue: 351  
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, 355  
"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 th'  
world: 3  
Respite me, save a soul, then, curse the world!  
"No," venerable sire, I hear you smirk,

- "No : for Christ's gospel changes names, not things,  
 "Renews the obsolete, does nothing more !  
 "Our fire-new gospel is re-tinkered law,  
 "Our mercy, justice,—Jove's rechristened God,— 385  
 "Nay, whereas, in the popular conceit,  
 "'Tis pity that old harsh Law somehow limps,  
 "Lingers on earth, although Law's day be done, 368  
 "Else would benignant Gospel interpose,  
 "Not furtively as now, but bold and frank  
 "O'erflutter us with healing in her wings,  
 "Law being harshness, Gospel only love—  
 "We tell the people, on the contrary,  
 "Gospel takes up the rod which Law lets fall ; 374  
 "Mercy is vigilant when justice sleeps !  
 "Does Law permit a taste of Gospel-grace ?  
 "The secular arm allow the spiritual power  
 "To act for once ?—no compliment so fine  
 "As that our Gospel handsomely turn harsh,  
 "Thrust victim back on Law the nice and coy !" 380  
 Yes, you do say so, else you would forgive  
 Me whom Law does not touch but tosses you !  
 Don't think to put on the professional face !  
 You know what I know : casuists as you are,  
 Each nerve must creep, each hair start, sting  
 and stand, 386  
 At such illogical inconsequence !  
 Dear my friends, do but see ! A murder's  
 tried,  
 There are two parties to the cause : I'm one,  
 —Defend myself, as somebody must do :  
 I have the best o' the battle : that's a fact,  
 Simple fact,—fancies find no place just now.  
 What though half Rome condemned me ?  
 Half approved : 392  
 And, none disputes, the luck is mine at last,  
 All Rome, y' the main, acquitting me :  
 whereon,  
 What has the Pope to ask but "How finds  
 Law ?" 395  
 "I find," replies Law, "I have erred this  
 while :  
 "Guilty or guiltless, Guido proves a priest,  
 "No layman : he is therefore yours, not mine :
- "I bound him : loose him, you whose will  
 is Christ's !"  
 And now what does this Vicar of our Lord,  
 Shepherd o' the flock,—one of whose charge  
 bleats sore 401  
 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, 405  
 Back and back, down and down to where  
 hell gapes !  
 "Guiltless," 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 ! 409  
 Others should do the lying. That's the cause  
 Brings you both here : I ought in decency  
 Confess to you 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 416  
 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 420  
 This time to-morrow : don't I hear the talk !  
 "So, to the last he proved impenitent ?  
 "Pagans have said as much of martyred  
 saints !  
 "Law demurred, washed her hands of the  
 whole case.  
 "Prince Somebody said this, Duke Some-  
 thing, that. 425  
 "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 chance of showing youth to face death  
 first!" 430  
 And so on. Therefore to suppress such talk  
 You two come here, entreat I tell you lies,  
 And end, the edifying way. I end,  
 Telling the truth! Your self-styled shepherd  
 thieves!  
 A thief—and how thieves hate the wolves  
 we know: 436  
 Damage to theft, damage to thrift, 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 compliment the  
 thief  
 With shepherd's title, bark out life in thanks,  
 And, spiteless, lick the prong that spits him,  
 —eh, 441  
 Cardinal? My Abate, scarcely thus!  
 There, let my sheepskin-garb, a curse on't,  
 go—  
 Leave my teeth free if I must show my shag!  
 Repent? What good shall follow? If I  
 pass 445  
 Twelve hours repenting, will that fact hold  
 fast  
 The thirteenth at the horrid dozen's end?  
 If I fall forthwith at your feet, gnash, tear,  
 Foam, rave, to give your story the due  
 grace, 449  
 Will that assist the engine half-way back  
 Into its hiding-house?—boards, shaking now,  
 Bone against bone, like some old skeleton bat  
 That wants, at winter's end, to wake and  
 prey!  
 Will howling put the spectre back to sleep?  
 Ah, but I misconceive your object, Sirs!  
 Since I want new life like the creature,—life,  
 Being done with here, begins i' the world  
 away: 457  
 I shall next have. "Come, mortals, and be  
 judged!"  
 There's but a minute betwixt this and  
 then:  
 So, quick, be sorry since it saves my soul!  
 Sirs, truth shall save it, since no lies assist!  
 Hear the truth, you, whatever you style  
 yourselves, 462  
 Civilization and society!

Come, one good grapple, I with all the  
 world! 464  
 Dying in cold blood is the desperate thing;  
 The angry heart explodes, bears off in blaze  
 The indignant soul, and I'm combustion-ripe.  
 Why, you intend to do your worst with me!  
 That's in your eyes! You dare no more than  
 death,  
 And mean no less. I must make up my  
 mind. 470  
 So Pietro,—when I chased him here and there,  
 Morsel by morsel cut away the life  
 I loathed,—cried for just respite to confess  
 And save his soul: much respite did I grant!  
 Why grant me respite who deserve my  
 doom? 475  
 Me—who engaged to play a prize, fight you,  
 Knowing your arms, and foil you, trick for  
 trick,  
 At rapier-fence, your match and, maybe,  
 more.  
 I knew that if I chose sin certain sins,  
 Solace my lusts out of the regular way 480  
 Prescribed me, I should find you in the path,  
 Have to try skill with a redoubted foe;  
 You would lunge, I would parry, and make  
 end.  
 At last, occasion of a murder comes:  
 We cross blades, I, for all my brag, break  
 guard, 485  
 And in goes the cold iron at my breast,  
 Out at my back, and end is made of me.  
 You stand confessed the adroiter swordsman,  
 —ay,  
 But on your triumph you increase, it seems,  
 Want more of me than lying flat on face:  
 I ought to raise my ruined head, allege 491  
 Not simply I pushed worse blade o' the  
 pair,  
 But my antagonist dispensed with steel!  
 There was no passage of arms, you looked  
 me low,  
 With brow and eye abolished cut and thrust  
 Nor used the vulgar weapon! This chance  
 scratch, 496  
 This incidental hurt, this sort of hole  
 I' the heart of me? I stumbled, got it so!  
 Fell on my own sword as a bungler may!

Yourself proscribe such heathen tools, and  
 trust 500  
 To the naked virtue : it was virtue stood  
 Unarmed and awed me,—on my brow there  
 burned  
 Crime out so plainly intolerably red,  
 That I was fain to cry—"Down to the dust  
 "With me, and bury there brow, brand and  
 all!" 505  
 Law had essayed the adventure,—but what's  
 Law?  
 Morality exposed the Gorgon shield!  
 Morality and Religion conquer me.  
 If Law sufficed would you come here, entreat  
 I supplement law, and confess forsooth? 510  
 Did not the Trial show things plain enough?  
 "Ah, but a word of the man's very self  
 "Would somehow put the keystone in its  
 place  
 "And crown the arch!" Then take the  
 word you want!  
  
 I say that, long ago, when things began, 515  
 All the world made agreement, such and  
 such  
 Were pleasure-giving profit-bearing acts,  
 But henceforth extra-legal, nor to be :  
 You must not kill the man whose death  
 would please  
 And profit you, unless his life stop yours 520  
 Plainly, and need so be put aside :  
 Get the thing by a public course, by law,  
 Only no private bloodshed as of old!  
 All of us, for the good of every one,  
 Renounced such licence and conformed to  
 law : 525  
 Who breaks law, breaks pact therefore, helps  
 himself  
 To pleasure and profit over and above the  
 due,  
 And must pay forfeit,—pain beyond his share :  
 For, pleasure being the sole good in the  
 world, 530  
 Anyone's pleasure turns to someone's pain,  
 So, law must watch for everyone,—say we,  
 Who call things wicked that give too much  
 joy,  
 And nickname mere reprisal, envy makes,  
 Punishment : quite right ! thus the world  
 goes round.  
 I, being well aware such pact there was, 535  
 I, in my time who found advantage come  
 Of law's observance and crime's penalty,—  
 Who, but for wholesome fear law bred in  
 friends,  
 Had doubtless given example long ago,  
 Furnished forth some friend's pleasure with  
 my pain, 540  
 And, by my death, pieced out his scanty  
 life,—  
 I could not, for that foolish life of me,  
 Help risking law's infringement, — I broke  
 bond,  
 And needs must pay price,—wherefore, here's  
 my head, 544  
 Flung with a flourish ! But, repentance too?  
 But pure and simple sorrow for law's breach  
 Rather than blunderer's ineptitude?  
 Cardinal, no ! Abate, scarcely thus !  
 'Tis the fault, not that I dared try a fall  
 With Law and straightway am found under-  
 most, 550  
 But that I failed to see, above man's law,  
 God's precept you, the Christians, recognize?  
 Colly my cow ! Don't fidget, Cardinal !  
 Abate, cross your breast and count your beads  
 And exorcize the devil, for here he stands  
 And stiffens in the bristly nape of neck, 556  
 Daring you drive him hence ! You, Christians  
 both?  
 I say, if ever was such faith at all  
 Born in the world, by your community  
 Suffered to live its little tick of time, 560  
 'Tis dead of age, now, ludicrously dead ;  
 Honour its ashes, if you be discreet,  
 In epitaph only ! For, concede its death,  
 Allow extinction, you may boast unchecked  
 What feats the thing did in a crazy land 565  
 At a fabulous epoch,—treat your faith, that  
 way,  
 Just as you treat your relics : "Here's a shred  
 "Of saintly flesh, a scrap of blessed bone,  
 "Raised King Cophetua, who was dead, to  
 life 569  
 "In Mesopotamy twelve centuries since,  
 "Such was its virtue!"—twangs the Sacristan,

Holding the shrine-box up, with hands like feet

Because of gout in every finger joint :

Does he bethink him to reduce one knob,

Allay one twinge by touching what he vaunts ?

I think he half uncrooks fist to catch fee, 576

But, for the grace, the quality of cure,—

Cophetua was the man put that to proof !

Not otherwise, your faith is shrined and shown

And shamed at once : you banter while you bow ! 580

Do you dispute this ? Come, a monster-laugh,

A madman's laugh, allowed his Carnival

Later ten days than when all Rome, but he,

Laughed at the candle-contest : mine's alight,

'Tis just it sputter till the puff o' the Pope 585

End it to-morrow and the world turn Ash.

Come, thus I wave a wand and bring to pass

In a moment, in the twinkle of an eye,

What but that—feigning everywhere grows fact,

Professors turn possessors, realize 590

The faith they play with as a fancy now,

And bid it operate, have full effect

On every circumstance of life, to-day,

In Rome,—faith's flow set free at fountain-head !

Now, you'll own, at this present, when I speak, 595

Before I work the wonder, there's no man,

Woman or child in Rome, faith's fountain-head,

But might, if each were minded, realize

Conversely unbelief, faith's opposite—

Set it to work on life unflinchingly, 600

Yet give no symptom of an outward change :

Why should things change because men disbelieve

What's incompatible, in the whited tomb,

With bones and rottenness one inch below ?

What saintly act is done in Rome to-day 605

But might be prompted by the devil,—“ is ”

I say not,—“ has been, and again may be,—”

I do say, full i' the face o' the crucifix

You try to stop my mouth with ! Off with it !

Look in your own heart, if your soul have eyes ! 610

You shall see reason why, though faith were fled,

Unbelief still might work the wires and move Man, the machine, to play a faithful part.

Preside your college, Cardinal, in your cape,

Or,—having got above his head, grown Pope,— 615

Abate, gird your loins 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. 621

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 ! 625

Begin now,—look at this Pope's-halberdier

In wasp-like black and yellow foolery !

He, doing duty at the corridor,

Wakes from a muse and stands convinced of sin !

Down he flings halbert, leaps the passage-length, 630

Pushes into the presence, pantingly

Submits 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. 635

Till he secure that prize, outweighs the world,

A soul, relieve the sentry of his qualm !

His Altitude the Referendary,—

Robed right, and ready for the usher's word

To pay devoir,—is, of all times, just then

'Ware of a master-stroke of argument 641

Will cut the spinal cord . . . ugh, ugh

. . . I mean,

Paralyse Molinism for evermore !

Straight he leaves lobby, trundles, two and two,



Down steps to reach home, write, if but a  
word 645  
Shall end the impudence: he leaves who  
likes  
Go pacify the Pope: there's Christ to serve!  
How otherwise would men display their  
zeal?  
If the same sentry had the least surmise  
A powder-barrel 'neath the pavement lay 650  
In neighbourhood with what might prove a  
match,  
Meant to blow sky-high Pope and presence  
both—  
Would he not break through courtiers, rank  
and file,  
Bundle up, bear off and save body so,  
The Pope, no matter for his priceless soul?  
There's no fool's-freak here, nought to  
soundly swinge, 656  
Only a man in earnest, you'll so praise  
And pay and prate about, that earth shall  
ring!  
Had thought possessed the Referendary  
His jewel-case at home was left ajar, 660  
What would be wrong in running, robes  
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To be beforehand with the pilferer?  
What talk then of indecent haste? Which  
means,  
That both these, each in his degree, would  
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Just that,—for a comparative nothing's sake,  
And thereby gain approval and reward,—  
Which, done for what Christ says is worth  
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I call such difference 'twixt act and act,  
Sheer lunacy unless your truth on lip 670  
Be recognized a lie in heart of you!  
How do you all act, promptly or in doubt,  
When there's a guest poisoned at supper-  
time  
And he sits chatting on with spot on cheek?  
"Pluck him by the skirt, and round him in  
the ears, 675  
"Have at him by the beard, warn anyhow!"  
Good, and this other friend that's cheat and  
thief

And dissolute,—go stop the devil's feast,  
Withdraw him from the imminent hell-fire!  
Why, for your life, you dare not tell your  
friend 680  
"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<sup>1</sup>  
near,—  
He left a cask a-tilt, a tap unturned, 684  
The Trebbian running: what a grateful jump  
Out of the Church rewards your vigilance!  
Perform that self-same service just a thought  
More maladroitly,—since a bishop sits  
At function!—and he budges not, bites lip,—  
"You see my case: how can I quit my  
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"He has an eye to any such default.  
"See to it, neighbour, I beseech your love!"  
He and you know the relative worth of  
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What is permissible or inopportune.  
Contort your brows! You know I speak  
the truth: 695  
Gold is called gold, and dross called dross, 't  
the Book:  
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,  
Who could, and on occasion would, spurn  
dross, 700  
Clutch gold, and prove their faith a fact so  
far,—  
I grant you! Fifty times the number squeak  
And gibber in the madhouse—firm of faith,  
This fellow, that his nose supports the moon;  
The other, that his straw hat crowns him  
Pope: 705  
Does that prove all the world outside insane?  
Do fifty miracle-mongers match the mob  
That acts on the frank faithless principle,  
Born-baptized-and-bred Christian-atheists,  
each  
With just as much a right to judge as  
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<sup>1</sup> *Tinkle*: the ringing of the bell which de-  
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<p>Holding the shrine-box up, with hands like feet          Because of gout in every finger joint :          Does he bethink him to reduce one knob,          Allay one twinge by touching what he vaunts ?          I think he half uncrooks fist to catch fee, 576          But, for the grace, the quality of cure,—          Cophetua was the man put that to proof !          Not otherwise, your faith is shrined and shown          And shamed at once : you banter while you bow ! 580          Do you dispute this ? Come, a monster-laugh,          A madman's laugh, allowed his Carnival          Later ten days than when all Rome, but he,          Laughed at the candle-contest : mine's alight,          'Tis just it sputter till the puff o' the Pope 585          End it to-morrow and the world turn Ash.          Come, thus I wave a wand and bring to pass          In a moment, in the twinkle of an eye,          What but that—feigning everywhere grows fact,          Professors turn possessors, realize 590          The faith they play with as a fancy now,          And bid it operate, have full effect          On every circumstance of life, to-day,          In Rome,—faith's flow set free at fountain-head !          Now, you'll own, at this present, when I speak, 595          Before I work the wonder, there's no man,          Woman or child in Rome, faith's fountain-head,          But might, if each were minded, realize          Conversely unbelief, faith's opposite—          Set it to work on life unflinchingly, 600          Yet give no symptom of an outward change :          Why should things change because men disbelieve          What's incompatible, in the whited tomb,          With bones and rottenness one inch below ?          What saintly act is done in Rome to-day 605          But might be prompted by the devil,—“ is ”          I say not,—“ has been, and again may be,—”          I do say, full i' the face o' the crucifix          You try to stop my mouth with ! Off with it !</p>	<p>Look in your own heart, if your soul have eyes ! 610          You shall see reason why, though faith were fled,          Unbelief still might work the wires and move          Man, the machine, to play a faithful part.          Preside your college, Cardinal, in your cape,          Or,—having got above his head, grown Pope,— 615          Abate, gird your loins 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. 620          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 ! 625          Begin now,—look at this Pope's-halberdier          In wasp-like black and yellow foolery !          He, doing duty at the corridor,          Wakes from a muse and stands convinced of sin !          Down he flings halbert, leaps the passage-length, 630          Pushes into the presence, pantingly          Submits 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 635          Till he secure that prize, outweighs the world,          A soul, relieve the sentry of his qualm !          His Altitude the Referendary,—          Robed right, and ready for the usher's word          To pay devoir,—is, of all times, just then          'Ware of a master-stroke of argument 640          Will cut the spinal cord . . . ugh, ugh !          . . . I mean,          Paralyse Molinism for evermore !          Straight he leaves lobby, trundles, two and two,</p>
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With just as much a right to judge as  
you,— 710

<sup>1</sup> *Tinkle*: the ringing of the bell which denotes the elevation of the Host.

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 714  
 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 spice of doubt: the risk's too  
 rash: 721  
 "Double or quits, I play, but, all or nought,  
 "Exceeds my courage: therefore, I descend  
 "To the next faith with no dubiety—  
 "Faith in the present life, made last as  
 long 725  
 "And prove as full of pleasure as may hap,  
 "Whatever pain it cause the world." I'm  
 wrong?  
 I've had my life, whate'er I lose: I'm right?  
 I've got the single good there was to gain.  
 Entire faith, or else complete unbelief! 730  
 Aught between has my loathing and contempt,  
 Mine and God's also, doubtless: ask yourself,  
 Cardinal, where and how you like a man!  
 Why, either with your feet upon his head,  
 Confessed your caudatory,<sup>1</sup> or, at large, 735  
 The stranger in the crowd who caps to you  
 But keeps his distance,—why should he pre-  
 sume?  
 You want no hanger-on and dropper-off,  
 Now yours, and now not yours but quite his  
 own, 739  
 According as the sky looks black or bright.  
 Just so I capped to and kept off from faith—  
 You promised trudge behind through fair and  
 foul,  
 Yet leave i' the lurch 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,  
 The politician whom a rival ousts? 747  
 No case but has its conduct, faith prescribes:  
 Where's the obedience that shall edify?  
 Why, they laugh frankly in the face of faith

<sup>1</sup> *Caudatory*: attached to your train.

And take the natural course,—this rends his  
 hair 751  
 Because his child is taken to God's breast,  
 That gnashes teeth and raves at loss of trash  
 Which rust corrupts and thieves break through  
 and steal,  
 And this, enabled to inherit earth 755  
 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 let who please attempt the altitudes,  
 Each playing prodigal son of heavenly sire,  
 Turning his nose up at the fatted calf, 761  
 Fain to fill belly with the husks, we swine  
 Did eat by born depravity of taste!  
 Enough of the hypocrites. But you, Sirs,  
 you— 764  
 Who never budged from litter where I lay,  
 And buried snout i' the draff-box while I fed,  
 Cried amen to my creed's one article—  
 "Get pleasure, 'scape pain,—give your pre-  
 ference  
 "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  
 gained twice, 771  
 "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,— 775  
 Vexed that a titter gains the gravest mouth,—  
 O' the sudden you must needs re-introduce  
 Solemnity, straight sober undue mirth  
 By a blow dealt me your boon companion  
 here 779  
 Who, using the old licence, dreamed of harm  
 No more than snow in harvest: yet it falls!  
 You check the merriment effectually  
 By pushing your abrupt machine i' the midst,  
 Making me Rome's example: blood for wine!  
 The general good needs that you chop and  
 change! 785  
 I may dislike the hocus-pocus,—Rome,

The laughter-loving people, won't they stare  
Chap-fallen!—while serious natures sermonize

“The magistrate, he beareth not the sword  
“In vain; who sins may taste its edge, we

see!” 790

Why my sin, drunkards? Where have I abused  
Liberty, scandalized you all so much?

Who called me, who crooked finger till I came,  
Fool that I was, to join companionship?

I knew my own mind, meant to live my life,  
Elude your envy, or else make a stand, 796

Take my own part and sell you my life dear.  
But it was “Fie! No prejudice in the world

“To the proper manly instinct! Cast your  
lot

“Into our lap, one genius ruled our births,

“We'll compass joy by concert; take with  
us 801

“The regular irregular way i' the wood;

“You'll miss no game through riding breast  
by breast,

“In this preserve, the Church's park and pale,

“Rather than outside where the world lies  
waste!” 805

Come, if you said not that, did you say this?

Give plain and terrible warning, “Live, enjoy?

“Such life begins in death and ends in hell!

“Dare you bid us assist your sins, us priests

“Who hurry sin and sinners from the  
earth? 810

“No such delight for us, why then for you?

“Leave earth, seek heaven or find its  
opposite!”

Had you so warned me, not in lying words  
But veritable deeds with tongues of flame,

That had been fair, that might have struck  
a man, 815

Silenced the squabble between soul and sense,  
Compelled him to make mind up, take one

course

Or the other, peradventure!—wrong or right,

Foolish or wise . . . would have been at least

Sincere, no question,—forced me choose,  
indulge 820

Or else renounce my instincts, still play wolf

Or find my way submissive to your fold,

Be red-crossed on my fleece, one sheep the  
more.

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But you as good as bade me wear sheep's  
wool

Over wolf's skin, suck blood and hide the  
noise 825

By mimicry of something like a bleat,—

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!

Have at the wolf's throat, you who hate the  
breed! 830

Oh, were it only open yet to choose—

One little time more—whether I'd be free

Your foe, or subsidized your friend forsooth!

Should not you get a growl through the  
white fangs

In answer to your beckoning! Cardinal,

Abate, managers o' the multitude, 835

I'd turn your gloved hands to account, be  
sure!

You should manipulate the coarse rough  
mob:

'Tis you I'd deal directly with, not them,—  
Using your fears: why touch the thing myself

When I could see you hunt, and then cry  
“Shares! 841

“Quarter the carcass 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! 845

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— 850

All's 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 855

Would buffet their stolidity in vain.

If you should feel aggrieved by the mere wind

<p>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 re- ject?" 861 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 ! 865 "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, "Avouched for by a martyrologist, "And why should good men sup on cheese and leeks 870 "On such a saint's day, if there were no saint?" I praise the wisdom of these fools, and straight Tell them my story—"plausible, but false !" False, to be sure ! What else can story be That runs—a young wife tired of an old spouse, 875 Found a priest whom she fled away with,— both Took their full pleasure in the two-days' flight, Which a grey-headed greyer-hearted pair, (Whose best boast was, their life had been a lie) Helped for the love they bore all liars. Oh, Here incredulity begins ! Indeed? 881 Allow then, were no one point strictly true, There's that if the tale might seem like truth at least To the unlucky husband,—jaundiced patch— Jealousy maddens people, why not him? 885 Say, he was maddened, so forgivable ! Humanity pleads that though the wife were true, The priest true, and the pair of liars true, They might seem false to one man in the world ! A thousand gnats make up a serpent's sting, And many sly soft stimulants to wrath 891 Compose a formidable wrong at last That gets called easily by some one name</p>	<p>Not applicable to the single parts, And so draws down a general revenge, 895 Excessive if you take crime, fault by fault. Jealousy ! I have known a score of plays, Were listened to and laughed at in my time As like the everyday-life on all sides, 899 Wherein the husband, mad as a March hare, Suspected all the world contrived his shame. What did the wife? The wife kissed both eyes blind, Explained away ambiguous circumstance, And while she held him captive by the hand, Crowned his head,—you know what's the mockery,— 905 By half her body behind the curtain. That's Nature now ! That's the subject of a piece I saw in Vallombrosa Convent, made Expressly to teach men what marriage was ! But say "Just so did I misapprehend, 910 "Imagine she deceived me to my face," And that's pretence too easily seen through ! All those eyes of all husbands in all plays, At stare like one expanded peacock-tail, Are laughed at for pretending to be keen While horn-blind : but the moment I step forth— 916 Oh, I must needs o' the sudden prove a lynx And look the heart, that stone-wall, through and through ! Such an eye, God's may be,—not yours nor mine. Yes, presently . . . what hour is fleeting now? 920 When you cut earth away from under me, I shall be left alone with, pushed beneath Some such an apparitional dread orb As the eye of God, since such an eye there glares : I fancy it go filling up the void 925 Above my mote-self it devours, or what Proves—wrath, immensity wrecks on nothing- ness. Just how I felt once, couching through the dark, Hard by Vittiano ; young I was, and gay, And wanting to trap fieldfares : first a spark 930</p>
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Tipped a bent, as a mere dew-globule might  
 Any stiff grass-stalk on the meadow,—this  
 Grew fiercer, flamed out full, and proved the  
 sun.  
 What do I want with proverbs, precepts  
 here? 934  
 Away with man! What shall I say to God?  
 This, if I find the tongue and keep the mind—  
 “Do Thou wipe out the being of me, and  
 smear  
 “This soul from off Thy white of things, I  
 blot!  
 “I am one huge and sheer mistake,—whose  
 fault?  
 “Not mine at least, who did not make my-  
 self!” 940  
 Someone declares my wife excused me so!  
 Perhaps she knew what argument to use.  
 Grind your teeth, Cardinal: Abate, writhe!  
 What else am I to cry out in my rage,  
 Unable to repent one particle 945  
 O’ the past? Oh, how I wish some cold  
 wise man  
 Would dig beneath the surface which you  
 scrape,  
 Deal with the depths, pronounce on my desert  
 Groundedly! I want simple sober sense,  
 That asks, before it finishes with a dog, 950  
 Who taught the dog that trick you hang him  
 for?  
 You both persist to call that act a crime,  
 Which sense would call . . . yes, I maintain  
 it, Sirs, . . .  
 A blunder! At the worst, I stood in doubt  
 On cross-road, took one path of many paths:  
 It leads to the red thing, we all see now, 956  
 But nobody saw at first: one primrose-patch  
 In bank, one singing-bird in bush, the less,  
 Had warned me from such wayfare: let me  
 prove! 959  
 Put me back to the cross-road, start afresh!  
 Advise me when I take the first false step!  
 Give me my wife: how should I use my wife,  
 Love her or hate her? Prompt my action  
 now!  
 There she is, there she stands alive and pale,  
 The thirteen-years’-old child, with milk for  
 blood, 965

Pompilia Comparini, as at first,  
 Which first is only four brief years ago!  
 I stand too in the little ground-floor room  
 O’ the father’s house at Via Vittoria: see!  
 Her so-called mother,—one arm round the  
 waist 970  
 O’ the child to keep her from the toys, let fall  
 At wonder I can live yet look so grim,—  
 Ushers her in, with deprecating wave  
 Of the other,—and she fronts me loose at last,  
 Held only by the mother’s finger-tip. 975  
 Struck dumb,—for she was white enough  
 before!—  
 She eyes me with those frightened balls of  
 black,  
 As heifer—the old simile comes pat—  
 Eyes tremblingly the altar and the priest.  
 The amazed look, all one insuppressive  
 prayer,— 980  
 Might she but breathe, set free as heretofore,  
 Have this cup leave her lips unblistered, bear  
 Any cross anywhither anyhow,  
 So but alone, so but apart from me!  
 You are touched? So am I, quite otherwise,  
 If ’tis with pity. I resent my wrong, 986  
 Being a man: I only show man’s soul  
 Through man’s flesh: she sees mine, it strikes  
 her thus!  
 Is that attractive? To a youth perhaps—  
 Calf-creature, one-part boy to three-parts girl,  
 To whom it is a flattering novelty 991  
 That he, men use to motion from their path,  
 Can thus impose, thus terrify in turn  
 A chit whose terror shall be changed apace  
 To bliss unbearable when grace and glow,  
 Prowess and pride descend the throne and  
 touch 996  
 Esther in all that pretty tremble, cured  
 By the dove o’ the sceptre! But myself am  
 old,  
 O’ the wane at least, in all things: what do  
 you say  
 To her who frankly thus confirms my doubt?  
 I am past the prime, I scare the woman-  
 world, 1001  
 Done-with that way: you like this piece of  
 news?  
 A little saucy rose-bud minx can strike

<p>Death-damp into the breast of doughty king          Though 'twere French Louis,—soul I understand,—          1005</p> <p>Saying, by gesture of repugnance, just          "Sire, you are regal, puissant and so forth,          "But—young you have been, are not, nor          will be!"</p> <p>In vain the mother nods, winks, bustles up,          "Count, girls incline to mature worth like          you!          1010</p> <p>"As for Pompilia, what's flesh, fish, or fowl          "To one who apprehends no difference,          "And would accept you even were you old          "As you are . . . youngish by her father's          side?"</p> <p>"Trim but your beard a little, thin your          bush          1015</p> <p>"Of eyebrow; and for presence, portliness,          "And decent gravity, you beat a boy!"          Deceive yourself one minute, if you may,          In presence of the child that so loves age,          Whose neck writhes, cords itself against your          kiss,          1020</p> <p>Whose hand you wring stark, rigid with          despair!</p> <p>Well, I resent this; I am young in soul,          Nor old in body,—thews and sinews here,—          Though the vile surface be not smooth as          once,—</p> <p>Far beyond that first wheelwork which went          wrong          1025</p> <p>Through the untempered iron ere 'twas proof:          I am the wrought man worth ten times the          crude,</p> <p>Would woman see what this declines to see,          Declines to say "I see,"—the officious word          That makes the thing, pricks on the soul to          shoot          1030</p> <p>New fire into the half-used cinder, flesh!          Therefore 'tis she begins with wronging me,          Who cannot but begin with hating her.          Our marriage follows: there she stands again!          Why do I laugh? Why, in the very          gripe          1035</p> <p>O' the jaws of death's gigantic skull, do I          Grin back his grin, make sport of my own          pangs?</p> <p>Why from each clashing of his molars, ground</p>	<p>To make the devil bread from out my grist,          Leaps out a spark of mirth, a hellish          toy?          1040</p> <p>Take notice we are lovers in a church,          Waiting the sacrament to make us one          And happy! Just as bid, she bears herself,          Comes and kneels, rises, speaks, is silent,—          goes:          1044</p> <p>So have I brought my horse, by word and blow,          Tostandstock-still and front the fire he dreads.          How can I other than remember this,          Resent the very obedience? Gain thereby?          Yes, I do gain my end and have my will,—          Thanks to whom? When the mother speaks          the word,          1050</p> <p>She obcys it—even to enduring me!          There had been compensation in revolt—          Revolt's to quell; but martyrdom rehearsed,          But predetermined saintship for the sake          O' the mother?—"Go!" thought I, "we          meet again!"          1055</p> <p>Pass the next weeks of dumb contented death,          She lives,—wakes up, installed in house and          home,</p> <p>Is mine, mine all day-long, all night-long          mine.</p> <p>Good folk begin at me with open mouth          "Now, at least, reconcile the child to life!          "Study and make her love . . . that is, en-          dure          1061</p> <p>"The . . . hem! the . . . all of you though          somewhat old,</p> <p>"Till it amount to something, in her eye,          "As good as love, better a thousand times,—          "Since nature helps the woman in such          strait,          1065</p> <p>"Makes passiveness her pleasure: failing          which,</p> <p>"What if you give up boy-and-girl-fools'-          play          "And go on to wise friendship all at once?          "Those boys and girls kiss themselves cold,          you know,          "Toy themselves tired and slink aside full          soon          1070</p> <p>"To friendship, as they name satiety:          "Thither go you and wait their coming!"          Thanks,</p>
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Considerate advisers,—but, fair play !	Bit through and burned black by the tempter's
Had you and I, friends, started fair at first,	tooth,
We, keeping fair, might reach it, neck by	This bloom whose best grace was the slug
neck, 1075	outside
This blessed goal, whenever fate so please :	And the wasp inside its bosom,—call you
But why am I to miss the daisied mile	“rose” ? 1110
The course begins with, why obtain the	Claim no immunity from a weed's fate
dust	For the horrible present ! What you call my
Of the end precisely at the starting-point ?	wife
Why quaff life's cup blown free of all the	I call a nullity in female shape,
beads, 1090	Vapid disgust, soon to be pungent plague,
The bright red froth wherein our beard should	When mixed with, made confusion and a
steep	curse 1115
Before our mouth essay the black o' the wine ?	By two abominable nondescripts,
Foolish, the love-fit ? Let me prove it such	That father and that mother : think you see
Like you, before like you I puff things clear !	The dreadful bronze our boast, we Aretines,
“The best's to come, no rapture but con-	The Etruscan monster, the three-headed thing,
tent ! 1085	Bellerophon's foe ! How name you the whole
“Not love's first glory but a sober glow,	beast ? 1120
“Not a spontaneous outburst in pure boon,	You choose to name the body from one head,
“So much as, gained by patience, care and	That of the simple kid which droops the eye,
toil,	Hangs the neck and dies tenderly enough :
“Proper appreciation and esteem !”	I rather see the griesly lion belch
Go preach that to your nephews, not to me	Flame out i' the midst, the serpent writhe
Who, tired i' the midway of my life, would	her rings, 1125
stop 1091	Grafted into the common stock for tail,
And take my first refreshment, pluck a rose :	And name the brute, Chimæra which I slew !
What's this coarse woolly hip, worn smooth	How was there ever more to be—(concede
of leaf,	My wife's insipid harmless nullity)—
You counsel I go plant in garden-plot,	Dissociation from that pair of plagues— 1130
Water with tears, manure with sweat and	That mother with her cunning and her cant—
blood, 1095	The eyes with first their twinkle of conceit,
In confidence the seed shall germinate	Then, dropped to earth in mock-demureness,
And, for its very best, some far-off day,	—now,
Grow big, and blow me out a dog-rose bell ?	The smile self-satisfied from ear to ear,
Why must your nephews begin breathing spice	Now, the prim pursed-up mouth's protruded
O' the hundred-petalled Provence prodigy ?	lips, 1135
Nay, more and worse,—would such my root	With deferential duck, slow swing of head,
bear rose— 1101	Tempting the sudden fist of man too much,—
Prove really flower and favourite, not the kind	That owl-like screw of lid and rock of ruff !
That's queen, but those three leaves that	As for the father,—Cardinal, you know, 1130
make one cup	The kind of idiot !—such are rife in Rome,
And hold the hedge-bird's breakfast,—then	But they wear velvet commonly ; good fools,
indeed	At the end of life, to furnish forth young folk
The prize though poor would pay the care	Who grin and bear with imbecility :
and toil ! 1105	Since the stalled ass, the joker, sheds from jaw
Respect we Nature that makes least as most,	Corn, in the joke, for those who laugh or
Marvellous in the minim ! But this lud,	starve. 1145

But what say 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 i' the waste o' the world,  
 Sir Dignity i' the dumps? Pat him? We  
 drub 1150  
 Self-knowledge, rather, into frowzy pate,  
 Teach Pietro to get trappings or go hang !  
 Fancy this quondam oracle in vogue  
 At Via Vittoria, this personified  
 Authority when time was,—Pantaloon 1155  
 Flaunting 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 stooped  
 For your own ends to bestialize yourself 1160  
 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 ? " 1164  
 What, but the trifle of the stabbing, friend ?—  
 Which taught you how one worships when  
 the shrine  
 Has lost the relic that we bent before.  
 Angry ! And how could I be otherwise ?  
 'Tis plain : this pair of old pretentious fools  
 Meant to fool me : it happens, I fooled them.  
 Why could not these who sought to buy and sell  
 Me,—when they found themselves were  
 bought and sold, 1172  
 Make up their mind to the proved rule of right,  
 Be chattel and not chapman any more ?  
 Miscalculation has its consequence ; 1175  
 But when the shepherd crooks a sheep-like  
 thing  
 And meaning to get wool, dislodges fleece  
 And finds the veritable wolf beneath,  
 (How that staunch image serves at every turn !)  
 Does he, by way of being politic, 1180  
 Pluck the first whisker grimly visible ?  
 Or rather grow in a trice all gratitude,  
 Protest this sort-of-what-one-might-name  
 sheep  
 Beats the old other curly-coated kind,  
 And shall share board and bed, if so it deign,  
 With its discoverer, like a royal ram ? 1186

Ay, thus, with chattering teeth and knocking  
 knees,  
 Would wisdom treat the adventure ! these,  
 forsooth,  
 Tried whisker-plucking, and so found what  
 trap 1189  
 The whisker kept perdue, two rows of teeth—  
 Sharp, as too late the prying fingers felt.  
 What would you have ? The fools transgress,  
 the fools  
 Forthwith receive appropriate punishment :  
 They first insult me, I return the blow,  
 There follows noise enough : four hubbub  
 months, 1197  
 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, 1201  
 And am just taking thought to breathe again,  
 Taste the sweet sudden silence all about,  
 When, there they raise it, the old noise I know,  
 At Rome i' the distance ! " What, begun  
 once more ? " 1205  
 " Whine on, wail ever, 'tis the loser's right ! "   
 But eh, 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  
 and crew 1210  
 Fighting-cock-fashion,—they had filched a  
 pearl  
 From dung-heap, and might boast with cause  
 enough !  
 I was defrauded of all bargained for :  
 You know, the Pope knows, not a soul but  
 knows 1214  
 My dowry was derision, my gain—muck,  
 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, 1220

And then revealed this wrong to the wide world,  
 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 infamy, 1225  
 Secure 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,—  
 Inconscious agents they, the silly-sooth, 1230  
 Of heaven's retributive justice on the strong  
 Proud cunning violent oppressor—me !  
 Follow them to their fate and help your best,  
 You Rome, Arezzo, foes called friends of me,  
 They gave the good long laugh to, at my cost ! 1235  
 Defray your share o' the cost, since you partook  
 The entertainment ! Do !—assured the while,  
 That not one stab, I dealt to right and left,  
 But went the deeper for a fancy—this—  
 That each might do me two-fold service, find 1240  
 A friend's face at the bottom of each wound,  
 And scratch its smirk a little !  
 Panciatichi !  
 There's a report at Florence,—is it true?—  
 That when your relative the Cardinal 1245  
 Built, only the other day, that barrack-bulk,  
 The palace in Via Larga, someone picked  
 From out the street a saucy quip enough  
 That fell there from its day's flight through the town,  
 About the flat front and the windows wide  
 And bulging heap of cornice,—hitched the joke 1251  
 Into a sonnet, signed his name thereto,  
 And forthwith pinned on post the pleasantry :  
 For which he's at the galleys, rowing now  
 Up to his waist in water,—just because 1255  
*Panciatich* and *lymphatic* rhymed so pat !  
 I hope, Sir, those who passed this joke on me  
 Were not unduly punished? What say you,

Prince of the Church, my patron? Nay, indeed, 1259  
 I shall not dare insult your wits so much  
 As think this problem difficult to solve.  
 This Pietro and Violante then, I say,  
 These two ambiguous insects, changing name  
 And nature with the season's warmth or chill,—  
 Now, grovelled, grubbing toiling moiling ants, 1265  
 A very synonym of thrift and peace,—  
 Anon, with lusty June to prick their heart,  
 Soared i' the air, winged flies for more offence,  
 Circled me, buzzed me deaf and stung me blind,  
 And stunk me dead with fetor in the face  
 Until I stopped the nuisance : there's my crime ! 1271  
 Pity I did not suffer them subside  
 Into some further shape and final form  
 Of execrable life? My masters, no !  
 I, by one blow, wisely cut short at once 1275  
 Them and their transformations of disgust,  
 In the snug little Villa out of hand.  
 "Grant me confession, give bare time for that !"—  
 Shouted the sinner till his mouth was stopped.  
 His life confessed !—that was enough for me, 1280  
 Who came to see that he did penance. 'S death !  
 Here's a coil raised, a pother and for what ?  
 Because strength, being provoked by weakness, fought  
 And conquered,—the world never heard the like ! 1284  
 Pah, how I spend my breath on them, as if  
 'Twas their fate troubled me, too hard to range  
 Among the right and fit and proper things !  
 Ay, but Pompilia,—I await your word,—  
 She, unimpeached of crime, unimplicate  
 In folly, one of alien blood to these 1290  
 I punish, why extend my claim, exact  
 Her portion of the penalty? Yes, friends,  
 I go too fast : the orator's at fault :  
 Yes, ere I lay her, with your leave, by them  
 As she was laid at San Lorenzo late, 1295

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! 1298  
 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,  
 She has her husband for her sole concern:  
 His wife, the woman fashioned for his help,  
 Flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone, the bride  
 To groom as is the Church and Spouse to  
 Christ: 1305  
 There she stands in his presence: "Thy  
 desire  
 "Shall be to the husband, o'er thee shall he  
 rule!"  
 —"Pompilia, who declare that you love God,  
 "You know who said that: then, desire my  
 love,  
 "Yield me contentment and be ruled aright!"  
 She sits up, she lies down, she comes and  
 goes, 1311  
 Kneels 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  
 fled?  
 "Am I not left, am I not one for all? 1315  
 "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 worth your eyes?" And then the eyes  
 descend,  
 And do look at me. Is it at the meal? 1320  
 "Speak!" she obeys, "Be silent!" she obeys,  
 Counting the minutes till I cry "Depart,"  
 As brood-bird when you saunter past her eggs.  
 Departs she? just the same through door and  
 wall  
 I see the same stone strength of white  
 despair. 1325  
 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 shrieking doubles of the hare,  
 Go clamour to the Commissary, bid 1331  
 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 1335  
 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?" 1340  
 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 1345  
 The preferable plague: 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  
 late: 1355  
 No more soiled dress, 'tis trimness triumphs  
 now,  
 For how should malice go with negligence?  
 The frayed silk looked the fresher for her  
 spite!  
 There was an end to springing out of bed,  
 Praying me, with face buried on my feet,  
 Be hindered of my pastime,—so an end 1360  
 To my rejoinder, "What, on the ground at  
 last?  
 "Vanquished in fight, a supplicant for life?  
 "What if I raise you? 'Ware the casting  
 down  
 "When next you fight me!" Then, she lay  
 there, mine: 1365  
 Now, mine she is if I please wring her  
 neck,—  
 A moment of disquiet, working eyes,  
 Protruding tongue, a long sigh, then no more,—  
 As if one killed the horse one could not ride!  
 Had I enjoined "Cut off the hair!"—why,  
 snap 1365  
 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 combs,  
 Uncurls and draws out to the complete length,  
 Plaits, places the insulting rope on head 1370  
 To be an eyesore 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 sustainment of deluding  
 hope? 1375  
 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 aught, save degree,  
 From the terrible patience of God? 1380  
 “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 true key and the dead lock flies ope ?  
 No, it sticks fast and leaves you fumbling  
 still ! 1385  
 You have some fifty servants, Cardinal,—  
 Which of them loves you? Which subordinate  
 But makes parade of such officiousness  
 That,—if there’s no love prompts it,—love,  
 the sham, 1390  
 Does twice the service done by love, the true ?  
 God bless us liars, where’s one touch of truth  
 In what we tell the world, or world tells us,  
 Of how we love each other? All the same,  
 We calculate on word and deed, nor err,—  
 Bid such a man do such a loving act, 1395  
 Sure of effect and negligent of cause,  
 Just as we bid a horse, with cluck of tongue,  
 Stretch his legs arch-wise, crouch his saddled  
 back 1398  
 To foot-reach of the stirrup—all for love,  
 And some for memory of the smart of switch  
 On the inside of the foreleg—what care we ?  
 Yet where’s the bond obliges horse to man  
 Like that which binds fast wife to husband?  
 God  
 Laid down the law : gave man the brawny arm  
 And ball of fist—woman the beardless cheek  
 And proper place to suffer in the side : 1406

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 jailer gossiped in his praise— 1412  
 How,—dressed up like Armida, though a man ;  
 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,  
*Si, do, re, mi, fa*, squeak and squall—for what?  
 Two gold zecchines<sup>1</sup> the evening. Here’s  
 my slave, 1420  
 Whose body and soul depend upon my nod,  
 Can’t falter 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—  
 Whereat she bids them remedy the fault, 1426  
 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, 1430  
 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 1434  
 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, 1441  
 They ought to overlean each other, pair  
 At top, and arch across the avenue  
 The whole path to the pleasaunce : do they  
 so—

<sup>1</sup> *Zecchines* : a gold coin worth about ten shillings.

Or loathe, lie off abhorrent each from each?  
Lay the fault elsewhere: since we must have  
    faults, 1446

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, 1449

I see not where my fault lies, that's the truth!  
I ought . . . oh, ought in my own interest

Have let the whole adventure go untried,  
This chance by marriage: or else, trying it,  
Ought to have turned it to account, some one  
O' the hundred otherwises? Ay, my friend,  
Easy to say, easy to do: step right 1456

Now you've stepped left and stumbled on the  
thing,  
—The red thing! Doubt I any more than you  
That practice makes man perfect? Give again  
The chance,—same marriage and no other  
    wife, 1460

Be sure I'll edify you! That's because  
I'm practised, grown fit guide for Guido's  
self.

You proffered guidance,—I know, none so  
well,—

You laid down law and rolled decorum  
    out, 1461

From pulpit-corner on the gospel-side,—  
Wanted to make your great experience mine,  
Save me the personal search and pains so:  
    thanks!

Take your word on life's use? When I take  
    his—

The muzzled ox that treadeth out the corn,  
Gone blind in padding round and round one  
    path,— 1470

As to the taste of green grass in the field!  
What do you know o' 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, 1475

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, 1480

"Relish our chaff, and let the green grass  
    grow!"

I tried chaff, found I famished on such fare,  
So made this mad rush at the mill-house-door,  
Buried my head up to the ears in dew,  
Browsed on the best: for which you brain  
    me, Sirs! 1485

Be it so. I conceived of life that way,  
And still declare—life, without absolute use  
Of the actual sweet therein, is death, not life.  
Give me,—pay down,—not promise, which  
    is air,— 1489

Something that's out of life and better still,  
Make sure reward, make certain punishment,  
Entice me, scare me,—I'll forgo this life;  
Otherwise, no!—the less that words, mere  
    wind,

Would cheat me of some minutes while they  
    plague,

Baulk fulness of revenge here,—blame your-  
    selves 1495

For this eruption of the pent-up soul  
You prisoned first and played with after-  
    ward!

"Deny myself" meant simply pleasure you,  
The sacred and superior, save the mark!  
You,—whose stupidity and insolence 1500

I must defer to, soothe at every turn,—  
Whose swine-like snuffling greed and grunt-  
    ing lust

I had to wink at or help gratify,—  
While the same passions,—dared they perk  
    in me,

Me, the immeasurably marked, by God, 1503

Master of the whole world of such as you,—  
I, boast such passions? 'Twas "Suppress  
    them straight!"

"Or stay, we'll pick and choose before destroy.  
"Here's wrath in you, a serviceable sword,—  
"Beat it into a ploughshare! What's this  
    long 1510

"Lance-like ambition? Forge a pruning-  
    hook,

"May be of service when our vines grow tall!

"But — sword use swordwise, spear thrust  
 out as spear?  
 "Anathema! Suppression is the word!"  
 My nature, when the outrage was too gross,  
 Widened itself an outlet over-wide 1515  
 By way of answer, sought its own relief  
 With more of fire and brimstone than you  
 wished.  
 All your own doing: preachers, blame your-  
 selves!  
 'Tis I preach while the hour-glass runs and  
 runs! 1520  
 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  
 I' the way of me her husband. I but plied  
 The hatchet yourselves use to clear a path,  
 Was politic, played the game you warrant  
 wins, 1536  
 Plucked at law's robe a-rustle through the  
 courts,  
 Bowed down to kiss divinity's buckled shoe  
 Cushioned i' the church: efforts all wide the  
 aim!  
 Procedures to no purpose! Then flashed  
 truth. 1530  
 The letter kills, the spirit keeps alive  
 In law and gospel: there be nods and winks  
 Instruct a wise man to assist himself  
 In certain matters, nor seek aid at all.  
 "Ask money of me,"—quoth the clownish  
 saw,— 1535  
 "And take my purse! But,—speaking with  
 respect,—  
 "Need you a solace for the troubled nose?  
 "Let everybody wipe his own himself!"  
 Sirs, tell me free and fair! Had things gone  
 well 1539  
 At the wayside inn: had I surprised asleep  
 The runaways, as was so probable;  
 And pinned them each to other partridge-  
 wise,  
 Through back and breast to breast and back,  
 then bade 1543  
 Bystanders witness if the spit, my sword,  
 Were loaded with unlawful game for once—  
 Would you have interposed to damp the glow  
 Applauding me on every husband's cheek?  
 Would you have checked the cry "A judg-  
 ment, see!  
 "A warning, note! Be henceforth chaste,  
 ye wives,  
 "Nor stray beyond your proper precinct,  
 priests!" 1550  
 If you had, then your house against itself  
 Divides, nor stands your kingdom any more.  
 Oh why, why was it not ordained just so?  
 Why fell not things out so nor otherwise?  
 Ask that particular devil whose task it is  
 To trip the all-but-at perfection,—slur 1556  
 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, 1560  
 Artistry's haunting curse, the Incomplete!  
 Being incomplete, my act escaped success.  
 Easy to blame now! Every fool can swear  
 To hole in net that held and slipped the  
 fish. 1564  
 But, treat my act with fair unjaundiced eye,  
 What was there wanting to a masterpiece  
 Except the luck that lies beyond a man?  
 My way with the woman, now proved grossly  
 wrong,  
 Just missed of being gravely grandly right  
 And making mouths laugh on the other  
 side. 1570  
 Do, for the poor obstructed artist's sake,  
 Go with him over that spoiled work once  
 more!  
 Take only its first flower, the ended act  
 Now in the dusty pod, dry and defunct!  
 I march to the Villa, and my men with me,  
 That evening, and we reach the door and  
 stand. 1576  
 I say . . . no, it shoots through me light-  
 ning-like  
 While I pause, breathe, my hand upon the  
 latch,  
 "Let me forebode! Thus far, too much  
 success:  
 "I want the natural failure—find it where?

"Which thread will have to break and leave  
     a loop 1581  
 "I' the meshy combination, my brain's loom  
 "Wove this long while, and now next minute  
     tests?  
 "Of three that are to catch, two should go  
     free,  
 "One must: all three surprised,—impossible!  
 "Beside, I seek three and may chance on  
     six,— 1586  
 "This neighbour, t'other gossip,—the babe's  
     birth  
 "Brings such to fireside, and folks give them  
     wine,—  
 "'Tis late: but when I break in presently  
 "One will be found outlingering the rest 1590  
 "For promise of a posset,—one whose shout  
 "Would raise the dead down in the cata-  
     combs,  
 "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  
     there? 1596  
 "Or Pietro or Violante shambles off—  
 "It cannot be but I surprise my wife—  
 "If only she is stopped and stamped on, good!  
 "That shall suffice: more is improbable.  
 "Now I may knock!" And this once for  
     my sake 1601  
 The impossible was effected: I called king,  
 Queen and knave in a sequence, and cards  
     came,  
 All three, three only! So, I had my way,  
 Did my deed: so, unbrokenly lay bare 1605  
 Each tænia<sup>1</sup> that had sucked me dry of juice,  
 At last outside me, not an inch of ring  
 Left now to writhe about and root itself  
 I' the heart all powerless for revenge! Hence-  
     forth  
 I might thrive: these were drawn and dead  
     and damned. 1610  
 Oh Cardinal, the deep long sigh you heave  
 When the load's off you, ringing as it runs  
 All the way down the serpent-stair to hell!

No doubt the fine delirium flustered me, 1614  
 Turned my brain with the influx of success  
 As if the sole need now were to wave wand  
 And find doors fly wide,—wish and have my  
     will,—  
 The rest o' the scheme would care for itself:  
     escape  
 Easy enough were that, and poor beside!  
 It all but proved so,—ought to quite have  
     proved, 1620  
 Since, half the chances had sufficed, set free  
 Anyone, with his senses at command,  
 From thrice the danger of my flight. But,  
     drunk,  
 Redundantly triumphant,—some reverse 1624  
 Was sure to follow! There's no other way  
 Accounts for such prompt perfect failure then  
 And there on the instant. Any day o' the  
     week,  
 A ducat slid discreetly into palm  
 O' the mute post-master, while you whisper  
     him—  
 How you the Count and certain four your  
     knaves, 1630  
 Have just been mauling who was malapert,  
 Suspect the kindred may prove troublesome,  
 Therefore, want horses in a hurry,—that  
 And nothing more secures you any day 1634  
 The pick o' the stable! Yet I try the trick,  
 Double the bribe, call myself Duke for Count,  
 And say the dead man only was a Jew,  
 And for my pains find I am dealing just  
 With the one scrupulous fellow in all Rome—  
 Just this immaculate official stares, 1640  
 Sees I want hat on head and sword in sheath,  
 Am splashed with other sort of wet than wine,  
 Shrugs shoulder, puts my hand by, gold and  
     all,  
 Stands on the strictness of the rule o' the road!  
 "Where's the Permission?" Where's the  
     wretched rag 1645  
 With the due seal and sign of Rome's Police,  
 To be had for asking, half-an-hour ago?  
 "Gone? Get another, or no horses hence!"  
 He dares not stop me, we five glare too grim,  
 But hinders,—hacks and hamstrings sure  
     enough, 1650  
 Gives me some twenty miles of miry road

<sup>1</sup> *Tænia*: a tape-worm.



More to march in the middle of that night  
 Whereof thorough beginning taxed the strength  
 O' the youngsters, much more mine, both soul  
 and flesh, 1654  
 Who had to think as well as act : dead-beat,  
 We gave in ere we reached the boundary  
 And safe spot out of this irrational Rome,—  
 Where, on dismounting from our steeds next  
 day,  
 We had snapped our fingers at you, safe and  
 sound,  
 Tuscans once more in blessed Tuscany, 1660  
 Where laws make wise allowance, understand  
 Civilized life and do its champions right !  
 Witness the sentence of the Rota there,  
 Arezzo uttered, the Granduke confirmed,  
 One week before I acted on its hint,— 1665  
 Giving friend Guillichini, for his love,  
 The galleys, and my wife your saint, Rome's  
 saint,—  
 Rome manufactures saints enough to know,—  
 Seclusion at the Stinche for her life.  
 All this, that all but was, might all have been,  
 Yet was not ! baulked by just a scrupulous  
 knave 1671  
 Whose palm was horn through handling  
 horses' hoofs  
 And could not close upon my proffered gold !  
 What say you to the spite of fortune ? Well,  
 The worst's in store : thus hindered, haled  
 this way 1675  
 To Rome again by handdogs, whom find I  
 Here, still to fight with, but my pale frail  
 wife ?  
 —Riddled with wounds by one not like to  
 waste  
 The blows he dealt,—knowing anatomy,—  
 (I think I told you) bound to pick and choose  
 The vital parts ! 'Twas learning all in vain !  
 She too must shimmer through the gloom o'  
 the grave, 1682  
 Come and confront me—not at judgment-seat  
 Where I could twist her soul, as erst her flesh,  
 And turn her truth into a lie,—but there,  
 O' the death-bed, with God's hand between  
 us both, 1686  
 Striking me dumb, and helping her to speak,  
 Tell her own story her own way, and turn

My plausibility to nothingness ! 1689  
 Four whole days did Pompilia keep alive,  
 With the best surgery of Rome agape  
 At the miracle,—this cut, the other slash,  
 And yet the life refusing to dislodge,  
 Four whole extravagant impossible days,  
 Till she had time to finish and persuade 1695  
 Every man, every woman, every child  
 In Rome, of what she would : the selfsame  
 she  
 Who, but a year ago, had wrung her hands,  
 Reddened her eyes and beat her breasts, re-  
 hearsed  
 The whole game at Arezzo, nor availed 1700  
 Thereby to move one heart or raise one  
 hand !  
 When destiny intends you cards like these,  
 What good of skill and preconcerted play ?  
 Had she been found dead, as I left her dead,  
 I should have told a tale brooked no reply :  
 You scarcely will suppose me found at fault  
 With that advantage ! "What brings me to  
 Rome ? 1707  
 "Necessity to claim and take my wife :  
 "Better, to claim and take my new-born  
 babe,—  
 "Strong in paternity a fortnight old, 1710  
 "When 'tis at strongest : warily I work,  
 "Knowing the machinations of my foe ;  
 "I have companionship and use the night :  
 "I seek my wife and child,—I find—no child  
 "But wife, in the embraces of that priest  
 "Who caused her to elope from me. These  
 two, 1716  
 "Backed by the pander-pair who watch the  
 while,  
 "Spring on me like so many tiger-cats,  
 "Glad of the chance to end the intruder.  
 I—  
 "What should I do but stand on my defence,  
 "Strike right, strike left, strike thick and  
 threefold, slay, 1721  
 "Not all—because the coward priest escapes.  
 "Last, I escape, in fear of evil tongues,  
 "And having had my taste of Roman law."  
 What's disputable, refutable here ?— 1725  
 Save by just this one ghost-thing half on earth,  
 Half out of it,—as if she held God's hand

While she leant back and looked her last at  
me, 1728  
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 my  
youths? 1734  
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 marrow? What  
but this— 1739  
Had no one of these several stumbling-blocks  
Stopped me, they yet were cherishing a scheme,  
All of their honest country homespun wit,  
To quietly next day at crow of cock  
Cut my own throat too, for their own behoof,  
Seeing I had forgot to clear accounts 1745  
O' the instant, nowise slackened speed for  
that,—  
And somehow never might find memory,  
Oncesafe back in Arezzo, where things change,  
And a court-lord needs mind no country lout.  
Well, being the arch-offender, I die last,—  
May, ere my head falls, have my eyesight free,  
Nor miss them dangling high on either hand,  
Like scarecrows in a hemp-field, for their  
pains! 1753  
And then my Trial,—'tis my Trial that bites  
Like a corrosive, so the cards are packed,  
Dice loaded, and my life-stake tricked away!  
Look at my lawyers, lacked they grace of law,  
Latin or logic? Were not they fools to the  
height, 1758  
Fools to the depth, fools to the level between,  
O' the foolishness set to decide the case?  
They feign, they flatter; nowise does it skill,  
Everything goes against me: deal each judge  
His dole of flattery and feigning,—why, 1763  
He turns and tries and snuffs and savours it,  
As some old fly the sugar-grain, your gift;  
Then eyes your thumb and finger, brushes clean  
The absurd old head of him, and whisks away,  
Leaving your thumb and finger dirty. Faugh!

And finally, after this long-drawn range 1769  
Of affront and failure, failure and affront,—  
This path, 'twixt crosses leading to a skull,  
Paced by me barefoot, bloodied by my palms  
From the entry to the end,—there's light at  
length,  
A cranny of escape: appeal may be 1774  
To the old man, to the father, to the Pope,  
For a little life—from one whose life is spent,  
A little pity—from pity's source and seat,  
A little indulgence to rank, privilege,  
From one who is the thing personified, 1779  
Rank, privilege, indulgence, grown beyond  
Earth's bearing, even, ask Jansenius<sup>1</sup> else!  
Still the same answer, still no other tune  
From the cicala perched at the tree-top  
Than crickets noisy round the root: 'tis  
"Die!"  
Bids Law—"Be damned!" adds Gospel,—  
nay, 1785  
No word so frank,—'tis rather, "Save your-  
self!"  
The Pope subjoins—"Confess and be ab-  
solved!"  
"So shall my credit countervail your shame,  
"And the world see I have not lost the knack  
"Of trying all the spirits: yours, my son,  
"Wants but a fiery washing to emerge 1791  
"In clarity! Come, cleanse you, ease the ache  
"Of these old bones, refresh our bowels, boy!"  
Do I mistake your mission from the Pope?  
Then, bear his Holiness the mind of me! 1795  
I do get strength from being thrust to wall,  
Successively wrenched from pillar and from  
post  
By this tenacious hate of fortune, hate  
Of all things in, under, and above earth. 1799  
Warfare, begun this mean unmanly mode,  
Does best to end so,—gives earth spectacle  
Of a brave fighter who succumbs to odds  
That turn defeat to victory. Stab, I fold  
My mantle round me! Rome approves my act:  
Applauds the blow which costs me life but  
keeps 1803

<sup>1</sup> *Jansenius*: Cornelius Jansenius (1585-1638), from whom the Jansenists took their name; author of the work called *Augustinus*, condemned by several popes in succession.

My honour spotless: Rome would praise no  
more

Had I fallen, say, some fifteen years ago,  
Helping Vienna<sup>1</sup> when our Aretines  
Flocked to Duke Charles and fought Turk  
Mustafa;

Nor would you two be trembling o'er my  
corpse 1810

With all this exquisite solicitude.  
Why is it that I make such suit to live?  
The popular sympathy that's round me now  
Would break like bubble that o'er-comes a fly:  
Solid enough while he lies quiet there, 1815  
But let him want the air and ply the wing,  
Why, it breaks and bespatters him, what else?  
Cardinal, if the Pope had pardoned me,  
And I walked out of prison through the crowd,  
It would not be your arm I should dare  
press! 1820

Then, if I got safe to my place again,  
How sad and sapless were the years to come!  
I go my old ways and find things grown grey;  
You priests leer at me, old friends look askance,  
The mob's in love, I'll wager, to a man,  
With my poor young good beauteous mur-  
dered wife: 1825

For hearts require instruction how to beat,  
And eyes, on warrant of the story, wax  
Wanton at portraiture in white and black  
Of dead Pompilia gracing ballad-sheet, 1830  
Which eyes, lived she unmurdered and unsung,  
Would never turn though she paced street as  
bare

As the mad penitent ladies do in France.  
My brothers quietly would edge me out  
Of use and management of things called  
mine; 1835

Do I command? "You stretched command  
before!"

Show anger? "Anger little helped you once!"  
Advise? "How managed you affairs of old?"  
My very mother, all the while they gird,

Turns eye up, gives confirmatory groan; 1840  
For unsuccess, explain it how you will,  
Disqualifies you, makes you doubt yourself,  
—Much more, is found decisive by your  
friends.

Beside, am I not fifty years of age?  
What new leap would a life take, checked  
like mine 1845

'T the spring at outset? Where's my second  
chance?

Ay, but the babe . . . I had forgot my son,  
My heir! Now for a burst of gratitude!  
There's some appropriate service to intone,  
Some *gaudeamus* and thanksgiving-psalm!  
Old, I renew my youth in him, and poor 1851  
Possess a treasure,—is not that the phrase?  
Only I must wait patient twenty years—  
Nourishing all the while, as father ought,  
The excrescence with my daily blood of life.  
Does it respond to hope, such sacrifice,—  
Grows the wen plump while I myself grow  
lean? 1857

Why, here's my son and heir in evidence,  
Who stronger, wiser, handsomer than I  
By fifty years, relieves me of each load,—  
Tames my hot horse, carries my heavy gun,  
Courts my coy mistress,—has his apt advice  
On house-economy, expenditure, 1863  
And what not. All which good gifts and  
great growth

Because of my decline, he brings to bear  
On Guido, but half apprehensive how 1865  
He cumpers earth, crosses the brisk young  
Count,

Who civilly would thrust him from the scene.  
Contrariwise, does the blood-offering fail?  
There's an ineptitude, one blank the more 1870  
Added to earth in semblance of my child?  
Then, this has been a costly piece of work,  
My life exchanged for his!—why he, not I,  
Enjoy the world, if no more grace accrue?  
Dwarf me, what giant have you made of him?  
I do not dread the disobedient son: 1875

I know how to suppress rebellion there,  
Being not quite the fool my father was.  
But grant the medium measure of a man,  
The usual compromise 'twixt fool and sage,  
—You know—the tolerably-obstinate, 1881

<sup>1</sup> *Helping Vienna*: Vienna was besieged in 1683 by the Turks under Mahomet IV., and relieved by John Sobieski. Kara Mustafa was the Turkish grand-vizier and general. Duke Charles of Lorraine commanded part of the relieving forces.

While she leant back and looked her last at  
me, 1728

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 my  
youths? 1734

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 marrow? What  
but this— 1739

Had no one of these several stumbling-blocks  
Stopped me, they yet were cherishing a scheme,  
All of their honest country homespun wit,  
To quietly next day at crow of cock  
Cut my own throat too, for their own behoof,  
Seeing I had forgot to clear accounts 1745  
O' the instant, nowise slackened speed for  
that,—

And somehow never might find memory,  
Oncesafe back in Arezzo, where things change,  
And a court-lord needs mind no country lout.  
Well, being the arch-offender, I die last,—  
May, ere my head falls, have my eyesight free,  
Nor miss them dangling high on either hand,  
Like scarecrows in a hemp-field, for their  
pains! 1753

And then my Trial,—'tis my Trial that bites  
Like a corrosive, so the cards are packed,  
Dice loaded, and my life-stake tricked away!  
Look at my lawyers, lacked they grace of law,  
Latin or logic? Were not they fools to the  
height, 1758

Fools to the depth, fools to the level between,  
O' the foolishness set to decide the case?  
They feign, they flatter; nowise does it skill,  
Everything goes against me: deal each judge  
His dole of flattery and feigning,—why, 1763  
He turns and tries and snuffs and savours it,  
As some old fly the sugar-grain, your gift;  
Then eyes your thumb and finger, brushes clean  
The absurd old head of him, and whisks away,  
Leaving your thumb and finger dirty. Faugh!

And finally, after this long-drawn range 1769  
Of affront and failure, failure and affront,—  
This path, 'twixt crosses leading to a skull,  
Paced by me barefoot, bloodied by my palms  
From the entry to the end,—there's light at  
length,

A cranny of escape: appeal may be 1774  
To the old man, to the father, to the Pope,  
For a little life—from one whose life is spent,  
A little pity—from pity's source and seat,  
A little indulgence to rank, privilege,  
From one who is the thing personified, 1779  
Rank, privilege, indulgence, grown beyond  
Earth's bearing, even, ask Jansenius<sup>1</sup> else!  
Still the same answer, still no other tune  
From the cicala perched at the tree-top  
Than crickets noisy round the root: 'tis  
"Die!"

Bids Law—"Be damned!" adds Gospel,—  
nay, 1785  
No word so frank,—'tis rather, "Save your-  
self!"

The Pope subjoins—"Confess and be ab-  
solved!"

"So shall my credit countervail your shame,  
"And the world see I have not lost the knack  
"Of trying all the spirits: yours, my son,  
"Wants but a fiery washing to emerge 1791  
"In clarity! Come, cleanse you, ease the ache  
"Of these old bones, refresh our bowels, boy!"  
Do I mistake your mission from the Pope?  
Then, bear his Holiness the mind of me! 1795  
I do get strength from being thrust to wall,  
Successively wrenched from pillar and from  
post

By this tenacious hate of fortune, hate  
Of all things in, under, and above earth. 1799  
Warfare, begun this mean unmanly mode,  
Does best to end so,—gives earth spectacle  
Of a brave fighter who succumbs to odds  
That turn defeat to victory. Stab, I fold  
My mantle round me! Rome approves my act:  
Applauds the blow which costs me life but  
keeps 1805

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Why is it that I make such suit to live ?

The popular sympathy that's round me now  
Would break like bubble that o'er-comes a fly :  
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But let him want the air and ply the wing,  
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The mob's in love, I'll wager, to a man,  
With my poor young good beauteous mur-  
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And eyes, on warrant of the story, wax  
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Show anger ? " A nger little helped you once ! "  
Advise ? " How managed you affairs of old ? "  
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But grant the medium measure of a man,  
The usual compromise 'twixt fool and sage,  
—You know—the tolerably-obstinate, 1881

The not-so-much-perverse but you may train, The true son-servant that, when parent bids "Go work, son, in my vineyard!" makes reply 1884	I boast myself, Etruscan, Aretine, One sprung,—your frigid Virgil's fieriest word, <sup>1</sup> — From fauns and nymphs, trunks and the heart of oak,
"I go, Sir!"—Why, what profit in your son Beyond the drudges you might subsidize, Have the same work from, at a paul the head? Look at those four young precious olive-plants Reared at Vittiano,—not on flesh and blood, These twenty years, but black bread and sour wine! 1890	With,—for a visible divinity,— The portent of a Jove Ægiochus 1925 Descried 'mid clouds, lightning and thunder, couched On topmost crag of your Capitoline : 'Tis in the Seventh Æneid,—what, the Eighth?
I bade them put forth tender branch, hook, hold, And hurt three enemies I had in Rome : They did my best as unreluctantly, At promise of a dollar, as a son 1894	Right,—thanks, Abate,—though the Chris- tian's dumb, The Latinist's vivacious in you yet ! 1930
Adjured by mumping memories of the past. No, nothing repays youth expended so— Youth, I say, who am young still : grant but leave To live my life out, to the last I'd live And die conceding age no right of youth ! It is the will runs the renewing nerve 1900	I know my grandsire had our tapestry Marked with the motto, 'neath a certain shield, Whereto his grandson presently will give gules To vary azure. First we fight for faiths, But get to shake hands at the last of all : 1935 Mine's your faith too,—in Jove Ægiochus ! Nor do Greek gods, that serve as supplement, Jar with the simpler scheme, if understood.
Through flaccid flesh that faints before the time. Therefore no sort of use for son have I— Sick, not of life's feast but of steps to climb To the house where life prepares her feast,— of means 1904	We want such intermediary race To make communication possible ; 1940 The real thing were too lofty, we too low, Midway hang these : we feel their use so plain In linking height to depth, that we doff hat And put no question nor pry narrowly Into the nature hid behind the names. 1945
To the end : for make the end attainable Without the means,—my relish were like yours. A man may have an appetite enough For a whole dish of robins ready cooked, And yet lack courage to face sleet, pad snow, And snare sufficiently for supper. 1910	We grudge no rite the fancy may demand ; But never, more than needs, invent, refine, Improve upon requirement, idly wise Beyond the letter, teaching gods their trade, Which is to teach us : we'll obey when taught. 1950
	Why should we do our duty past the need ? When the sky darkens, Jove is wroth,—say prayer ! When the sun shines and Jove is glad,—sing ps.lm !
Thus The time's arrived when, ancient Roman-like, I am bound to fall on my own sword : why not Say—Tuscan-like, more ancient, better still ? Will you hear truth can do no harm nor good ? I think I never was at any time 1916	<sup>1</sup> <i>Virgil's fieriest word</i> : Æneid VIII. 314, 315— "Hæc nemora indigenæ Fauni Nymphæque tenebant, Gensque virum truncis et duro robore nata."
A Christian, as you nickname all the world, Me among others : truce to nonsense now ! Name me, a primitive religionist— As should the aboriginary be 1920	The reference which follows is to ll. 351-353 of the same book.

But wherefore pass prescription and devise  
 Blood-offering for sweat-service, lend the  
 rod 1835  
 A pungency through pickle of our own?  
 Learned Abate,—no one teaches you  
 What Venus means and who's Apollo here!  
 I spare you, Cardinal,—but, though you  
 wince,  
 You know me, I know you, and both know  
 that! 1960  
 So, if Apollo bids us fast, we fast,  
 But where does Venus order we stop sense  
 When Master Pietro<sup>1</sup> rhymes a pleasantry?  
 Give alms prescribed on Friday: but, hold  
 hand  
 Because your foe lies prostrate,—where's the  
 word 1965  
 Explicit in the book debars revenge?  
 The rationale of your scheme is just  
 "Pay toll here, there pursue your pleasure  
 free!"  
 So do you turn to use the medium-powers,  
 Mars and Minerva, Bacchus and the rest,  
 And so are saved propitiating—whom? 1971  
 What all-good, all-wise and all-potent Jove  
 Vexed by the very sins in man, himself  
 Made life's necessity when man he made?  
 Irrational bunglers! So, the living truth  
 Revealed to strike Pan dead,<sup>2</sup> ducks low at  
 last, 1979  
 Prays leave to hold its own and live good  
 days  
 Provided it go masque grotesquely, called  
 Christian not Pagan. Oh, you purged the  
 sky  
 Of all gods save the One, the great and  
 good, 1980  
 Clapped hands and triumphed! But the  
 change came fast:  
 The inexorable need in man for life—  
 (Life, you may mulct and minish to a grain  
 Out of the lump, so that the grain but live)  
 Laughed at your substituting death for life,  
<sup>1</sup> *Master Pietro*: Pietro Aretino. See note  
 on X. 654.  
<sup>2</sup> *Revealed to strike Pan dead*: an allusion  
 to the legend that, at the hour of the Cruci-  
 fixation, certain Greek sailors heard a voice pro-  
 claiming "Pan is dead."

And bade you do your worst: which worst  
 was done 1986  
 In just that age styled primitive and pure  
 When Saint this, Saint that, dutifully starved,  
 Froze, fought with beasts, was beaten and  
 abused  
 And finally ridded of his flesh by fire, 1990  
 He kept life-long unspotted from the world!  
 Next age, how goes the game, what mortal  
 gives  
 His life and emulates Saint that, Saint this?  
 Men mutter, make excuse or mutiny,  
 In fine are minded all to leave the new, 1995  
 Stick to the old,—enjoy old liberty,  
 No prejudice in enjoyment, if you please,  
 To the new profession: sin o' the sly, hence-  
 forth!  
 The law stands though the letter kills: what  
 then?  
 The spirit saves as unmistakably. 2000  
 Omniscience sees, Omnipotence could stop,  
 Omnibenevolence pardons: it must be,  
 Frown law its fiercest, there's a wink some-  
 where!  
 Such was the logic in this head of mine:  
 I, like the rest, wrote "poison" on my bread,  
 But broke and ate:—said "Those that use  
 the sword 2006  
 "Shall perish by the same;" then stabbed  
 my foe.  
 I stand on solid earth, not empty air:  
 Dislodge me, let your Pope's crook hale me  
 hence!  
 Not he, nor you! And I so pity both, 2010  
 I'll make the true charge you want wit to  
 make:  
 "Count Guido, who reveal our mystery,  
 "And trace all issues to the love of life:  
 "We having life to love and guard, like you,  
 "Why did you put us upon self-defence?  
 "You well knew what prompt pass-word  
 would appease 2016  
 "The sentry's ire when folk infringed his  
 bounds,  
 "And yet kept mouth shut: do you wonder  
 then  
 "If, in mere decency, he shot you dead?"





To know I suffered, would still sadden her,  
 Do what the angels might to make amends !  
 Therefore there's either no such place as hell,  
 Or thence shall I be thrust forth, for her  
 sake, 2094

And thereby undergo three hells, not one—  
 I who, with outlet for escape to heaven,  
 Would tarry if such flight allowed my foe  
 To raise his head, relieved of that firm foot  
 Had pinned him to the fiery pavement else !  
 So am I made, "who did not make  
 myself : " 2100  
 (How dared she rob my own lip of the  
 word ?)

Beware me in what other world may be !—  
 Pompilia, who have brought me to this pass !  
 All I know here, will I say there, and go  
 Beyond the saying with the deed. Some  
 use 2105

There cannot but be for a mood like mine,  
 Implacable, persistent in revenge.  
 She maundered " All is over and at end :  
 " I go my own road, go you where God will !  
 " Forgive you ? I forget you ! " There's the  
 saint 2110

That takes your taste, you other kind of  
 men !

How you had loved her ! Guido wanted  
 skill

To value such a woman at her worth !  
 Properly the instructed criticize  
 " What's here, you simpleton have tossed  
 to take 2115

" Its chance i' the gutter ? This a daub,  
 indeed ?

" Why, 'tis a Rafael that you kicked to rags ! "   
 Perhaps so : some prefer the pure design :  
 Give me my gorge of colour, glut of gold  
 In a glory round the Virgin made for me !  
 Titian's the man, not Monk Angelico 2120

Who traces you some timid chalky ghost  
 That turns the church into a charnel : ay,  
 Just such a pencil might depict my wife !  
 She,—since she, also, would not change  
 herself,— 2125

Why could not she come in some heart-  
 shaped cloud,  
 Rainbowed about with riches, royalty

Rimming her round, as round the tintless  
 lawn  
 Guardingly runs the selvage cloth of gold ?  
 I would have left the faint fine gauze un-  
 touched, 2130

Needle-worked over with its lily and rose,  
 Let her bleach unmolested in the midst,  
 Chill that selected solitary spot  
 Of quietude she pleased to think was life.  
 Purity, pallor grace the lawn no doubt 2135

When there's the costly bordure to unthread  
 And make again an ingot : but what's grace  
 When you want meat and drink and clothes  
 and fire ?

A tale comes to my mind that's apposite—  
 Possibly true, probably false, a truth 2140  
 Such as all truths we live by, Cardinal !  
 'Tis said, a certain ancestor of mine  
 Followed—whoever was the potentate,  
 To Paynimrie, and in some battle, broke  
 Through more than due allowance of the  
 foe, 2145

And, risking much his own life, saved the  
 lord's.

Battered and bruised, the Emperor scrambles  
 up,  
 Rubs his eyes and looks round and sees my  
 sire,

Picks a furze-sprig from out his hauberk-joint,  
 (Token how near the ground went majesty)  
 And says " Take this, and if thou get safe  
 home, 2150

" Plant the same in thy garden-ground to  
 grow :

" Run thence an hour in a straight line, and  
 stop :

" Describe a circle round (for central point)  
 " The furze aforesaid, reaching every way  
 " The length of that hour's run : I give it  
 thee,— 2155

" The central point, to build a castle there,  
 " The space circumjacent, for fit demesne,  
 " The whole to be thy children's heritage,—  
 " Whom, for thy sake, bid thou wear furze  
 on cap ! " 2160

Those are my arms : we turned the furze a  
 tree  
 To show more, and the greyhound tied thereto,

Straining to start, means swift and greedy both ;	“Sounder than Samson,—pounce thou on the prize
He stands upon a triple mount of gold—	“Shall slip from off my breast, and down couch-side,
By Jove, then, he's escaping from true gold	“And on to floor, and far as my lord's feet—
And trying to arrive at empty air ! 2166	“Where he stands in the shadow with the knife, 2201
Aha ! the fancy never crossed my mind !	“Waiting to see what Delilah dares do !
My father used to tell me, and subjoin	“Is the youth fair? What is a man to me
“As for the castle, that took wings and flew :	“Who am thy call-bird? Twist his neck—
“The broad lands,—why, to traverse them to-day 2170	my dupe's,—
“Scarce tasks my gouty feet, and in my prime	“Then take the breast shall turn a breast indeed !” 2205
“I doubt not I could stand and spit so far :	Such women are there ; and they marry whom?
“But for the furze, boy, fear no lack of that,	Why, when a man has gone and hanged himself
“So long as fortune leaves one field to grub !	Because of what he calls a wicked wife,—
“Wherefore, hurra for furze and loyalty !”	See, if the very turpitude bemoaned
What may I mean, where may the lesson lurk ? 2178	Prove not mere excellence the fool ignores !
“Do not bestow on man, by way of gift,	His monster is perfection,—Circe, sent 2211
“Furze without land for framework,—vaunt no grace	Straight from the sun, with wand the idiot blames
“Of purity, no furze-sprig of a wife,	As not an honest distaff to spin wool !
“To me, i' the thick of battle for my bread,	O thou Lucrezia, <sup>1</sup> is it long to wait 2214
“Without some better dowry, — gold will do !” 2181	Yonder where all the gloom is in a glow
No better gift than sordid muck ? Yes, Sirs !	With thy suspected presence ?—virgin yet,
Many more gifts much better. Give them me !	Virtuous again, in face of what's to teach—
O those Olimpias bold, those Biancas brave,	Sin unimagined, unimaginable,—
That brought a husband power worth Ormuz' wealth ! 2185	I come to claim my bride,—thy Borgia's self
Cried “Thou being mine, why, what but thine am I ?	Not half the burning bridegroom I shall be !
“Be thou to me law, right, wrong, heaven and hell !	Cardinal, take away your crucifix ! 2211
“Let us blend souls, blent, thou in me, to bid	Abate, leave my lips alone,—they bite !
“Two bodies work one pleasure ! What are these	Vainly you try to change what should not change,
“Called king, priest, father, mother, stranger, friend ? 2190	And shall not. I have bared, you bathe my heart— 2224
“They fret thee or they frustrate ? Give the word—	It grows the stonier for your saving dew !
“Be certain they shall frustrate nothing more !	You steep the substance, you would lubricate,
“And who is this young florid foolishness	In waters that but touch to petrify !
“That holds thy fortune in his pigmy clutch,	You too are petrifications of a kind :
“—Being a prince and potency, forsooth !—	Move not a muscle that shows mercy. Rave
“He hesitates to let the trifle go ? 2196	Another twelve hours, every word were waste !
“Let me but seal up eye, sing ear to sleep	I thought you would not slay impentence,
	But teased, from men you slew, contrition first,— 2222

<sup>1</sup> *Lucrezia* : Lucrezia Borgia.

I thought you had a conscience. Cardinal,  
You know I am wronged!—wronged, say,  
and wronged, maintain. 2234

Was this strict inquisition made for blood  
When first you showed us scarlet on your back,  
Called to the College? Your straightforward  
way

To your legitimate end,—I think it passed  
Over a scantling of heads brained, hearts  
broke,

Lives trodden into dust! How otherwise?  
Such was the way o' the world, and so you  
walked. 2241

Does memory haunt your pillow? Not a whit.  
God wills you never pace your garden-path,  
One appetizing hour ere dinner-time,  
But your intrusion there treads out of life  
A universe of happy innocent things: 2246

Feel you remorse about that damsel-fly  
Which buzzed so near your mouth and flapped  
your face?

You blotted it from being at a blow:  
It was a fly, you were a man, and more, 2250  
Lord of created things, so took your course.  
Manliness, mind,—these are things fit to save,  
Fit to brush fly from: why, because I take  
My course, must needs the Pope kill me?—  
kill you! 2254

You! for this instrument, he throws away,  
Is strong to serve a master, and were yours  
To have and hold and get much good from  
out!

The Pope who dooms me needs must die  
next year;

I'll tell you how the chances are supposed  
For his successor: first the Chamberlain,  
Old San Cesario,—Colloredo, next,— 2261  
Then, one, two, three, four, I refuse to name;  
After these, comes Altieri; then come you—  
Seventh on the list you come, unless . . .  
ha, ha, 2264

How can a dead hand give a friend a lift?  
Are you the person to despise the help  
O' the head shall drop in pannier presently?  
So a child seesaws on or kicks away  
The fulcrum-stone that's all the sage requires  
To fit his lever to and move the world. 2270  
Cardinal, I adjure you in God's name,

Save my life, fall at the Pope's feet, set forth  
Things your own fashion, not in words like  
these

Made for a sense like yours who apprehend!  
Translate into the Court-conventional 2275

"Count Guido must not die, is innocent!  
"Fair, be assured! But what an he were  
foul,

"Blood-drenched and murder-crusted head  
to foot?

"Spare one whose death insults the Emperor,  
"Nay, outrages the Louis you so love!

"He has friends who will avenge him;  
enemies 2281

"Who will hate God now with impunity,  
"Missing the old coercive: would you send

"A soul straight to perdition, dying frank  
"An atheist?" Go and say this, for God's  
sake! 2285

—Why, you don't think I hope you'll say  
one word?

Neither shall I persuade you from your stand  
Nor you persuade me from my station: take  
Your crucifix away, I tell you twice!

Come, I am tired of silence! Pause enough!  
You have prayed: I have gone inside my  
soul 2291

And shut its door behind me: 'tis your torch  
Makes the place dark: the darkness let alone  
Grows tolerable twilight: one may grope  
And get to guess at length and breadth and  
depth. 2295

What is this fact I feel persuaded of—  
This something like a foothold in the sea,  
Although Saint Peter's bark scuds, billow-  
borne,

Leaves me to founder where it flung me first?  
Spite of your splashing, I am high and dry!  
God takes his own part in each thing He  
made; 2301

Made for a reason, He conserves his work,  
Gives each its proper instinct of defence.  
My lamblike wife could neither bark nor bite,  
She bleated, bleated, till for pity pure 2306  
The village roused up, ran with pole and  
prong

To the rescue, and behold the wolf's at bay!

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, 2310  
Give up attempt, die fighting quietly?

The last bad blow that strikes fire in at eye  
And on to brain, and so out, life and all,  
How can it but be cheated of a pang

If, fighting quietly, the jaws enjoy 2315  
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? Eminence,  
My fight is figurative, blows i' the air, 2320

Brain-war with powers and principalities,  
Spirit-bravado, no real fisticuffs!

I shall not presently, when the knock comes,  
Cling to this bench nor claw the hangman's  
face,

No, trust me! I conceive worse lots than  
mine. 2325

Whether it be, the old contagious fit  
And plague o' the prison have surprised me  
too,

The appropriate drunkenness of the death-  
hour

Crept on my sense, kind work o' the wine  
and myrrh,— 2329

I know not,—I begin to taste my strength,  
Careless, gay even. What's the worth of life?

The Pope's dead now, my murderous old man,  
For Tozzi told me so: and you, forsooth—

Why, you don't think, Abate, do your best,  
You'll live a year more with that hacking  
cough 2335

And blotch of crimson where the cheek's a  
pit?

Tozzi has got you also down in book!

Cardinal, only seventh of seventy near,  
Is not one called Albano<sup>1</sup> in the lot?

Go eat your heart, you'll never be a Pope!  
Inform me, is it true you left your love, 2341

A Pucci, for promotion in the church?

She's more than in the church,—in the  
churchyard!

<sup>1</sup> One called *Albano*: the next pope was  
Giovanni Francisco Albani.

Plautilla Pucci, your affianced bride, 2344  
Has dust now in the eyes that held the love,—

And Martinez, suppose they make you Pope,  
Stops that with *veto*,—so, enjoy yourself!

I see you all reel to the rock, you waves—  
Some forthright, some describe a sinuous  
track,

Some, crested brilliantly, with heads above,  
Some in a strangled swirl sunk who knows  
how, 2351

But all bound whither the main-current sets,  
Rockward, an end in foam for all of you!

What if I be o'ertaken, pushed to the front  
By all you crowding smoother souls be-  
hind, 2355

And reach, a minute sooner than was meant,  
The boundary whereon I break to mist?

Go to! the smoothest safest of you all,  
Most perfect and compact wave in my train,  
Spite of the blue tranquillity above, 2360

Spite of the breadth before of lapsing peace,  
Where broods the halcyon and the fish leaps  
free,

Will presently begin to feel the prick  
At lazy heart, the push at torpid brain,

Will rock vertiginously in turn, and reel, 2365  
And, emulative, rush to death like me.

Later or sooner by a minute then,  
So much for the untimeliness of death!

And, as regards the manner that offends,  
The rude and rough, I count the same for  
gain. 2370

Be the act harsh and quick! Undoubtedly  
The soul's condensed and, twice itself, expands

To burst thro' life, by alternation due,  
Into the other state whate'er it prove.

You never know what life means till you die:  
Even throughout life, 'tis death that makes  
life live, 2376

Gives it whatever the significance.

For see, on your own ground and argument,  
Suppose life had no death to fear, how find

A possibility of nobleness 2380  
In man, prevented daring any more?

What's love, what's faith without a worst to  
dread?

Lack-lustre jewelry! but faith and love  
With death behind them bidding do or die—

Put such a foil at back, the sparkle's born !  
From out myself how the strange colours  
come ! 2386

Is there a new rule in another world ?  
Be sure I shall resign myself : as here  
I recognized no law I could not see,  
There, what I see, I shall acknowledge  
too : 2390

On earth I never took the Pope for God,  
In heaven I shall scarce take God for the  
Pope.

Unmanned, remanned : I hold it probable—  
With something changeless at the heart of me  
To know me by, some nucleus that's my-  
self : 2395

Accretions did it wrong? Away with them—  
You soon shall see the use of fire !

Till when,

All that was, is ; and must forever be.  
Nor is it in me to un hate my hates, — 2400  
I use up my last strength to strike once more  
Old Pietro in the wine-house-gossip-face,  
To trample underfoot the whine and wile  
Of beast Violante,—and I grow one gorge  
To loathingly reject Pompilia's pale 2405  
Poison my hasty hunger took for food.

A strong tree wants no wreaths about its  
trunk,

No cloying cups, no sickly sweet of scent,  
But sustenance at root, a bucketful.

How else lived that Athenian<sup>1</sup> who died so,  
Drinking hot bull's blood, fit for men like  
me ? 2411

I lived and died a man, and take man's  
chance,

Honest and bold : right will be done to such.

Who are these you have let descend my stair?  
Ha, their accursed psalm ! Lights at the  
sill ! 2415

Is it "Open" they dare bid you? Treachery !  
Sirs, have I spoken one word all this while  
Out of the world of words I had to say?

<sup>1</sup> *That Athenian* : Themistocles, who was said to have killed himself by drinking bull's blood, which the ancients believed to be a poison.

Not one word ! All was folly—I laughed  
and mocked ! 2419

Sirs, my first true word, all truth and no lie,  
Is—save me notwithstanding ! Life is all !  
I was just stark mad,—let the madman live  
Pressed by as many chains as you please pile !  
Don't open ! Hold me from them ! I am  
yours,

I am the Granduke's—no, I am the Pope's !  
Abate, — Cardinal, — Christ, — Maria, —  
God, . . . 2429

Pompilia, will you let them murder me ?

## XII.—THE BOOK AND THE RING.

HERE were the end, had anything an end :  
Thus, lit and launched, up and up roared and  
soared

A rocket, till the key o' the vault was reached,  
And wide heaven held, a breathless minute-  
space,

In brilliant usurpature : thus caught spark, 5  
Rushed to the height, and hung at full of  
fame

Over men's upturned faces, ghastly thence,  
Our glaring Guido : now decline must be  
In its explosion, you have seen his act,  
By my power—may-be, judged it by your  
own,— 10

Or composite as good orbs prove, or crammed  
With worse ingredients than the Wormwood  
Star.<sup>2</sup>

The act, over and ended, falls and fades :  
What was once seen, grows what is now  
described,

Then talked of, told about, a tinge the less  
In every fresh transmission ; till it melts, 15  
Trickles in silent orange or wan grey

Across our memory, dies and leaves all  
dark,

And presently we find the stars again.  
Follow the main streaks, meditate the mode  
Of brightness, how it hastes to blend with  
black ! 21

<sup>2</sup> *The Wormwood Star* : Rev. viii. 11.

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 let live, 25  
 Four 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

“Here are we at our end of Carnival;  
 “Prodigious gaiety and monstrous mirth,  
 “And constant shift of entertaining show;  
 “With influx, from each quarter of the globe,  
 “Of strangers nowise wishful to be last 35  
 “I’ the struggle for a good place presently  
 “When that befalls fate cannot long defer.  
 “The old Pope totters on the verge o’ the  
 grave:

“You see, Malpichi understood far more  
 “Than Tozzi how to treat the ailments: age,  
 “No question, renders these inveterate. 41  
 “Cardinal Spada, actual Minister,  
 “Is possible Pope; I wager on his head,  
 “Since those four entertainments of his niece  
 “Which set all Rome a-stare: Pope prob-  
 ably— 45  
 “Though Colloredo has his backers too,  
 “And San Cesario makes one doubt at times:  
 “Altieri will be Chamberlain at most.

“A week ago the sun was warm like May,  
 “And the old man took daily exercise 50  
 “Along the river-side; he loves to see  
 “That Custom-house he built upon the bank,  
 “For, Naples born, his tastes are maritime:  
 “But yesterday he had to keep in-doors  
 “Because of the outrageous rain that fell. 55  
 “On such days the good soul has fainting-fits,  
 “Or lies in stupor, scarcely makes believe  
 “Of minding business, fumbles at his beads.  
 “They say, the trust that keeps his heart alive  
 “Is that, by lasting till December next, 60  
 “He may hold Jubilee a second time,  
 “And, twice in one reign, ope the Holy Doors.  
 “By the way, somebody responsible  
 “Assures me that the King of France has writ

“Fresh orders: Fénelon will be condemned: 1  
 “The Cardinal makes a wry face enough, 68  
 “Having a love for the delinquent: still,  
 “He’s the ambassador, must press the point.  
 “Have you a wager too, dependent here?

“Now, from such matters to divert awhile,  
 “Hear of to-day’s event which crowns the  
 week, 71

“Casts all the other wagers into shade.  
 “Tell Dandolo I owe him fifty drops  
 “Of heart’s blood in the shape of gold  
 zecchines! 74

“The Pope has done his worst: I have to pay  
 “For the execution of the Count, by Jove!  
 “Two days since, I reported him as safe,  
 “Re-echoing the conviction of all Rome:  
 “Who could suspect its one deaf ear—the  
 Pope’s?

“But prejudices grow insuperable, 80  
 “And that old enmity to Austria, that  
 “Passion for France and France’s pageant-  
 king

“(Of which, why pause to multiply the proofs  
 “Now scandalously rife in Europe’s mouth?)  
 “These fairly got the better in our man 85  
 “Of justice, prudence, and *esprit de corps*,  
 “And he persisted in the butchery.

“Also, ’tis said that in his latest walk  
 “To that Dogana-by-the-Bank he built,  
 “The crowd,—he suffers question, unre-  
 boked,— 90

“Asked, ‘Whether murder was a privilege  
 “‘Only reserved for nobles like the Count?’  
 “And he was ever mindful of the mob.

“Martinez, the Cæsarian Minister,  
 “—Who used his best endeavours to spare  
 blood, 95

“And strongly pleaded for the life ‘of one,’  
 “Urged he, ‘I may have dined at table  
 with!’—

“He will not soon forget the Pope’s rebuff,  
 “—Feels the slight sensibly, I promise you!  
 “And but for the dissuasion of two eyes 100

<sup>1</sup> *Fénelon will be condemned*: Fénelon’s *Explication des Maximes des Saints* was condemned by Pope Innocent in 1699 for its advocacy of Quietism.

- "That make with him foul weather or fine  
 day,  
 "He had abstained, nor graced the spectacle:  
 "As it was, barely would he condescend  
 "Look forth from the *palchetto*<sup>1</sup> where he  
 sat 104  
 "Under the Pincian: we shall hear of this.  
 "The substituting, too, the People's Square  
 "For the out-o'-the-way old quarter by the  
 Bridge,  
 "Was meant as a conciliatory sop  
 "To the mob; it gave one holiday the more.  
 "But the French Embassy might unfurl  
 flag,— 110  
 "Still the good luck of France to fling a foe!  
 "Cardinal Bouillon triumphs properly.  
 "Palchetti were erected in the Place,  
 "And houses, at the edge of the Three  
 Streets,  
 "Let their front windows at six dollars each:  
 "Anguisciola, that patron of the arts, 116  
 "Hired one; our Envoy Contarini too.  
 "Now for the thing; no sooner the decree  
 "Gone forth,—'tis four-and-twenty hours  
 ago,—  
 "Than Acciaiuoli and Panciatichi, 120  
 "Old friends, indeed compatriots of the man,  
 "Being pitched on as the couple properest  
 "To intimate the sentence yesternight,  
 "Were closeted ere cock-crow with the Count.  
 "They both report their efforts to dispose  
 "The unhappy nobleman for ending well,  
 "Despite the natural sense of injury, 127  
 "Were crowned at last with a complete  
 success.  
 "And when the Company of Death arrived  
 "At twenty-hours,—the way they reckon  
 here,— 130  
 "We say, at sunset, after dinner-time,—  
 "The Count was led down, hoisted up on car,  
 "Last of the five, as heinous, you know:  
 "Yet they allowed one whole car to each man.  
 "His intrepidity, nay, nonchalance, 133  
 "As up he stood and down he sat himself,  
 "Struck admiration into those who saw,  
 "Then the procession started, took the way  
 "From the New Prisons by the Pilgrim's  
 Street, 139  
 "The street of the Governo, Pasquin's Street,  
 "(Where was stuck up, 'mid other epigrams,  
 "A quatrain . . . but of all that, presently!)  
 "The Place Navona, the Pantheon's Place,  
 "Place of the Column, last the Corso's length,  
 "And so debouched thence at Mannaia's  
 foot 145  
 "To the Place o' the People. As is evident,  
 "(Despite the malice,—plainly meant, I fear,  
 "By this abrupt change of locality,—  
 "The Square's no such bad place to head and  
 hang)  
 "We had the titillation as we sat 150  
 "Assembled, (quality in conclave, ha?)  
 "Of, minute after minute, some report  
 "How the slow show was winding on its way.  
 "Now did a car run over, kill a man, 154  
 "Just opposite a pork-shop numbered Twelve:  
 "And bitter were the outcries of the mob  
 "Against the Pope: for, but that he forbids  
 "The Lottery, why, Twelve were Tern  
 Quatern!  
 "Now did a beggar by Saint Agnes, lame  
 "From his youth up, recover use of leg, 160  
 "Through prayer of Guido as he glanced that  
 way:  
 "So that the crowd near crammed his hat  
 with coin.  
 "Thus was kept up excitement to the last,  
 "—Not an abrupt out-bolting, as of yore,  
 "From Castle, over Bridge and on to  
 block, 165  
 "And so all ended ere you well could wink!  
 "To mount the scaffold-steps, Guido was last  
 "Here also, as atrocious, in crime.  
 "We hardly noticed how the peasants died,  
 "They dangled somehow soon to right and  
 left, 170  
 "And we remained all ears and eyes, could  
 give  
 "Ourselves to Guido undividedly,  
 "As he harangued the multitude beneath.  
 "He begged forgiveness on the part of God,  
 "And fair construction of his act from men,

<sup>1</sup> *Palchetto*: stage or scaffold.

- " Whose suffrage he entreated for his soul, 176  
 " Suggesting that we should forthwith repeat  
 " A *Pater* and an *Ave*, with the hymn  
 " *Salve Regina Cæli*, for his sake.  
 " Which said, he turned to the confessor,  
     crossed 180  
 " And reconciled himself, with decency,  
 " Oft glancing at Saint Mary's opposite,  
 " Where they possess, and showed in shrine  
     to-day,  
 " The blessed *Umbilicus* of our Lord,  
 " (A relic 'tis believed no other church 185  
 " In Rome can boast of)—then rose up, as  
     brisk  
 " Knelt down again, bent head, adapted neck,  
 " And, with the name of Jesus on his lips,  
 " Received the fatal blow. 189  
     " The headsman showed  
 " The head to the populace. Must I avouch  
 " We strangers own to disappointment here?  
 " Report pronounced him fully six feet high,  
 " Youngish, considering his fifty years,  
 " And, if not handsome, dignified at least. 195  
 " Indeed, it was no face to please a wife!  
 " His friends say, this was caused by the  
     costume:  
 " He wore the dress he did the murder in,  
 " That is, a *just-a-corps* of russet serge,  
 " Black camisole, coarse cloak of baracan  
 " (So they style here the garb of goat's-hair  
     cloth) 201  
 " White hat and cotton cap beneath, poor  
     Count,  
 " Preservative against the evening dews  
 " During the journey from Arezzo. Well, 204  
 " So died the man, and so his end was peace;  
 " Whence many a moral were to meditate.  
 " Spada,—you may bet Dandolo,—is Pope!  
 " Now for the quatrain!"
- 
- No, friend, this will do!  
 You've sputtered into sparks. What streak  
     comes next? 210  
 A letter: Don Giacinto Arcangeli,  
 Doctor and Proctor, him I made you mark  
 Buckle to business in his study late,
- The virtuous sire, the valiant for the truth,  
 Acquaints his correspondent,—Florentine,  
 By name Cencini, advocate as well, 215  
*Socius* and brother-in-the-devil to match,—  
 A friend of Franceschini, anyhow,  
 And knit up with the bowels of the case,—  
 Acquaints him, (in this paper that I touch)  
 How their joint effort to obtain reprieve 221  
 For Guido had so nearly nicked the nine  
 And ninety and one over,—folk would say  
 At Tarocs,—or succeeded,—in our phrase.  
 To this Cencini's care I owe the Book, 225  
 The yellow thing I take and toss 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,"  
 Pleading and summary, were put before; 230  
 Discreetly in my Book he bound them all,  
 Adding some three epistles to the point.  
 Here is the first of these, part fresh as penned,  
 The sand, that dried the ink, not rubbed  
     away,  
 Though penned the day whereof it tells the  
     deed: 235  
 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 241  
 " Count Guido Franceschini now with God:  
 " Since the Court,—to state things succinctly,  
     —styled  
 " The Congregation of the Governor,  
 " Having resolved on Tuesday last our cause  
 " I' the guilty sense, with death for punish-  
     ment, 246  
 " Spite of all pleas by me deducible  
 " In favour of said Blessed Memory,—  
 " I, with expenditure of pains enough, 249  
 " Obtained a respite, leave to claim and prove  
 " Exemption from the law's award,—alleged  
 " The power and privilege o' the Clericate:  
 " To which effect a courier was despatched.  
 " But ere an answer from Arezzo came,



- "The Holiness of our Lord the Pope (prepare!) 255  
 "Judging it inexpedient to postpone  
 "The execution of such sentence passed,  
 "Saw fit, by his particular cheirograph,  
 "To derogate, dispense with privilege,  
 "And wink at any hurt accruing thence 260  
 "To Mother Church through damage of her son:  
 "Also, to overpass and set aside  
 "That other plea on score of tender age,  
 "Put forth by me to do Pasquini good,  
 "One of the four in trouble with our friend.  
 "So that all five, to-day, have suffered death  
 "With no distinction save in dying,—he, 267  
 "Decollate by mere due of privilege,  
 "The rest hanged decently and in order.  
 Thus  
 "Came the Count to his end of gallant man,  
 "Defunct in faith and exemplarity: 271  
 "Nor shall the shield of his great House lose shine  
 "Thereby, nor its blue banner blush to red.  
 "This, too, should yield sustainment to our hearts—  
 "He had commiseration and respect 275  
 "In his decease from universal Rome,  
 "*Quantum est hominum venustiorum,*<sup>1</sup>  
 "The nice and cultivated everywhere:  
 "Though, in respect of me his advocate,  
 "Needs must I groan o'er my debility, 280  
 "Attribute the untoward event o' the strife  
 "To nothing but my own crass ignorance  
 "Which failed to set the valid reasons forth,  
 "Find fit excuse: such is the fate of war!  
 "May God compensate us the direful blow  
 "By future blessings on his family, 286  
 "Whereof I lowly beg the next commands;  
 "—Whereto, as humbly, I confirm myself . . ."
- A . . . forth,—follow name and place and date.  
 On next leaf— 290  
 "*Hactenus senioribus!*  
 "There, old fox, show the clients t'other side  
<sup>1</sup> *Quantum est*, &c.: "all the world of cultivated men,"—from Catullus, 3, 2.
- "And keep this corner sacred, I beseech!  
 "You and your pleas and proofs were what folk call 294  
 "Pisan assistance, aid that comes too late,  
 "Saves a man dead as nail in post of door.  
 "Had I but time and space for narrative!  
 "What was the good of twenty Clericates  
 "When Somebody's thick headpiece once was bent  
 "On seeing Guido's drop into the bag? 300  
 "How these old men like giving youth a push!  
 "So much the better: next push goes to him,  
 "And a new Pope begins the century.  
 "Much good I get by my superb defence!  
 "But argument is solid and subsists, 305  
 "While obstinacy and ineptitude  
 "Accompany the owner to his tomb—  
 "What do I care how soon? Beside, folk see!  
 "Rome will have relished heartily the show,  
 "Yet understood the motives, never fear, 310  
 "Which caused the indecent change o' the People's Place  
 "To the People's Playground,—stigmatize the spite  
 "Which in a trice precipitated things!  
 "As oft the moribund will give a kick  
 "To show they are not absolutely dead, 315  
 "So feebleness i' the socket shoots its last,  
 "A spirt of violence for energy!  
 "But thou, Cencini, brother of my breast,  
 "O fox whose home is 'mid the tender grape,  
 "Whose couch in Tuscany by Themis' throne, 320  
 "Subject to no such . . . best I shut my mouth  
 "Or only open it again to say,  
 "This pother and confusion fairly laid,  
 "My hands are empty and my satchel lank.  
 "Now then for both the Matrimonial Cause  
 "And the Case of Gomez! Serve them hot and hot! 326  
 "*Reliqua differamus in crastinum!*<sup>2</sup>  
 "The impatient estafette cracks whip outside:  
<sup>2</sup> *Reliqua*, &c.: "the rest let us postpone till to-morrow."

- "Still, though the earth should swallow him  
 who swears  
 "And me who make the mischief, in must  
 slip— 330  
 "My boy, your godson, fat-chaps Hyacinth,  
 "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,  
 "Cinuccio should at least go see it chopped  
 "From trunk—"So, latinize your thanks!"  
 quoth I. 337  
 "That I prefer, *hoc malim*,<sup>1</sup> raps me out  
 "The rogue: you notice the subjunctive?  
 Ah!  
 "Accordingly he sat there, bold in box, 340  
 "Proud as the Pope behind the peacock-fans:  
 "Whereon a certain lady-patroness  
 "For whom I manage things (my boy in  
 front,  
 "Her Marquis sat the third in evidence;  
 "Boys have no eyes nor ears save for the  
 show) 345  
 "This time, Cintino,<sup>2</sup> was her sportive  
 word,  
 "When whiz and thump went axe and  
 mowed lay man,  
 "And folk could fall to the suspended chat,  
 "This time, you see, Bottini rules the roast,  
 "Nor can Papa with all his eloquence 350  
 "Be reckoned on to help as heretofore!"  
 "Whereat Cinone pouts; then, sparkishly—  
 "Papa knew better than aggrieve his Pope,  
 "And balk him of his grudge against our  
 Count,  
 "Else he'd have argued-off Bottini's' . . .  
 what? 355  
 "His nose,—the rogue! well parried of  
 the boy!  
 "He's long since out of Cæsar (eight years  
 old)  
 "And as for tripping in Eutropius . . .  
 well,  
 "Reason the more that we strain every nerve  
 "To do him justice, mould a model-mouth,  
 "A Bartolus-cum-Baldo for next age: 361  
 "For that I purse the pieces, work the brain,
- "And want both Gomez and the marriage-  
 case,  
 "Success with which shall plaster aught of  
 pate  
 "That's broken in me by Bottini's flail, 365  
 "And bruise his own, belike, that wags and  
 brags.  
 "*Adverti supplico humiliter*  
 "Quod<sup>1</sup> don't the fungus see, the fop divine  
 "That one hand drives two horses, left and  
 right? 369  
 "With this rein did I rescue from the ditch  
 "The fortune of our Franceschini, keep  
 "Unsplashed the credit of a noble House,  
 "And set the fashionable cause at Rome  
 "A-prancing till bystanders shouted 'ware!'  
 "The other rein's judicious management 375  
 "Suffered old Somebody to keep the pace,  
 "Hobblingly play the roadster: who but he  
 "Had his opinion, was not led by the nose  
 "In leash of quibbles strung to look like law!  
 "You'll soon see,—when I go to pay  
 devoir 380  
 "And compliment him on confuting me,—  
 "If, by a back-swing of the pendulum,  
 "Grace be not, thick and threefold, conse-  
 quent.  
 "I must decide as I see proper, Don!  
 "I'm Pope, I have my inward lights for  
 guide. 385  
 "Had learning been the matter in dispute,  
 "Could eloquence avail to gainsay fact,  
 "Yours were the victory, be comforted!  
 "Cinuzzo will be gainer by it all.  
 "Quick then with Gomez, hot and hot next  
 case!" 390
- Follows, a letter, takes the other side.  
 Tall blue-eyed Fisc whose head is capped  
 with cloud,  
 Doctor Bottini,—to no matter who,  
 Writes on the Monday two days afterward.  
 Now shall the honest championship of right,  
 Crowned with success, enjoy at last, un-  
 blamed, 395  
 Moderate triumph! Now shall eloquence
- <sup>1</sup> *Adverti*, &c.: "I humbly beg that it may  
 be noticed."

Poured forth in fancied floods for virtue's  
sake,

(The print is sorrowfully dyked and dammed,  
But shows where fain the unbridled force  
would flow, 400

Finding a channel)—now shall this refresh  
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 ? 405

“ Well, it is over, ends as I foresaw :

“ Easily proved, Pompilia's innocence !

“ Catch them entrusting Guido's guilt to me

“ Who had, as usual, the plain truth to  
plead. 409

“ I always knew the clearness of the stream

“ Would show the fish so thoroughly, child  
might prong

“ The clumsy monster : with no mud to  
splash,

“ Small credit to lynx-eye and lightning-  
spear !

“ This Guido,—(much sport he contrived to  
make, 414

“ Who at first twist, preamble of the cord,

“ Turned white, told all, like the poltroon  
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 420

“ The gods still give to my antagonist :

“ Imagine how Arcangeli claps wing

“ And crows ! ‘ Such formidable facts to  
face,

“ ‘ So naked to attack, my client here, 424

“ ‘ And yet I kept a month the Fisc at bay,

“ ‘ A — in the end had foiled him of the prize

“ ‘ By this arch-stroke, this plea of privilege,

“ ‘ But that the Pope must gratify his whim,

“ ‘ Put in his word, poor old man,—let it  
pass !’

“ —Such is the cue to which all Rome re-  
sponds. 430

“ What with the plain truth given me to  
uphold,

“ And, should I let truth slip, the Pope at  
hand

“ To pick up, steady her on legs again,

“ My office turns a pleasantry indeed !

“ Not that the burly boaster did one jot 425

“ O' the little was to do—young Spreti's work !

“ But for him,—mannikin and dandiprat,

“ Mere candle-end and inch of cleverness

“ Stuck on Arcangeli's save-all,—but for him

“ The spruce young Spreti, what is bad were  
worse ! 440

“ I looked that Rome should have the natural  
gird

“ At advocate with case that proves itself ;

“ I knew Arcangeli would grin and brag :

“ But what say you to one impertinence

“ Might move a stone ? That monk, you are  
to know, 445

“ That barefoot Augustinian whose report

“ O' the dying woman's words did detriment

“ To my best points it took the freshness  
from,

“ —That meddler preached to purpose yester-  
day

“ At San Lorenzo as a winding-up 450

“ O' the show which proved a treasure to the  
church.

“ Out comes his sermon smoking from the  
press :

“ Its text—‘ Let God be true, and every  
man

“ ‘ A liar’—and its application, this

“ The longest-winded of the paragraphs, 455

“ I straight unstitch, tear out and treat you  
with :

“ 'Tis piping hot and posts through Rome  
to-day.

“ Remember it, as I engage to do !

“ But if you rather be disposed to see

“ In the result of the long trial here,— 460

“ This dealing doom to guilt and doling praise

“ To innocency,—any proof that truth

“ May look for vindication from the world,

- " 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'— 466  
 " Flutters their foolishness from time to time,  
 " Puts forth His right-hand recognizably ;  
 " Even as, to fools who deem He needs must  
 right  
 " Wrong on the instant, as if earth were  
 heaven, 470  
 " He wakes remonstrance—' Passive, Lord,  
 how long ?'  
 " Because Pompilia's purity prevails,  
 " Conclude you, all truth triumphs in the end ?  
 " So might those old inhabitants of the ark,  
 " Witnessing haply their dove's safe return,  
 " Pronounce there was no danger, all the  
 while 476  
 " O' the deluge, to the creature's counterparts,  
 " Aught that beat wing i' the world, was  
 white or soft,—  
 " And that the lark, the thrush, the culver<sup>1</sup>  
 too,  
 " Might equally have traversed air, found  
 earth, 480  
 " And brought back olive-branch in un-  
 harmed bill.  
 " Methinks I hear the Patriarch's warning  
 voice—  
 " ' Though this one breast, by miracle, return,  
 " ' No wave rolls by, in all the waste, but  
 bears  
 " ' Within it some dead dove-like thing as  
 dear, 485  
 " ' Beauty made blank and harmless-ness de-  
 stroyed !'  
 " How many chaste and noble sister-fames  
 " Wanted the extricating hand, so lie  
 " Strangled, for one Pompilia proud above  
 " The welter, plucked from the world's  
 calumny, 490  
 " Stupidity, simplicity,—who cares ?  
 " Romans ! An elder race possessed your land  
 " Long ago, and a false faith lingered still,  
 " As shades do, though the morning-star be  
 out.
- " Doubtless some pagan of the twilight-day  
 " Has often pointed to a cavern-mouth 498  
 " Obnoxious to beholders, hard by Rome,  
 " And said,—nor he a bad man, no, nor fool,  
 " Only a man born blind like all his mates,—  
 " ' Here skulk in safety, lurk, defying law, 500  
 " ' 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,  
 " So century re-echoed century, 508  
 " Cursed the accursed,—and so, from sire to  
 son,  
 " You Romans cried ' The offscourings of  
 our race  
 " ' Corrupt within the depths there : fitly fiends  
 " ' Perform a temple-service o'er the dead :  
 " ' Child, gather garment round thee, pass  
 nor pry !' 511  
 " Thus groaned your generations : till the  
 time  
 " Grew ripe, and lightning had revealed,  
 belike,—  
 " Thro' crevice peeped into by curious fear,—  
 " Some object even fear could recognize 515  
 " ' I' the place of spectres ; on the illumined  
 wall,  
 " To-wit, some nook, tradition talks about,  
 " Narrow and short, a corpse's length, no  
 more :  
 " And by it, in the due receptacle,  
 " The little rude brown lamp of earthenware,  
 " The cruse, was meant for flowers but now  
 held blood, 521  
 " The rough-scratched palm-branch, and the  
 legend left  
 " *Pro Christo*. Then the mystery lay clear :  
 " The abhorred one was a martyr all the time,  
 " Heaven's saint whereof earth was not  
 worthy. What ? 525  
 " Do you continue in the old belief ?  
 " Where blackness bides unbroke, must  
 devils brood ?  
 " Is it so certain not another cell

<sup>1</sup> *Culver*: wood-pigeon.

- " O' the myriad that make up the catacomb  
 " Contains some saint a second flash would  
   show? 530  
 " Will you ascend into the light of day  
 " And, having recognized a martyr's shrine,  
 " Go join the votaries that gape around  
 " Each vulgar god that awes the market-  
   place?  
 " Are these the objects of your praising?  
   See! 535  
 " In the outstretched right hand of Apollo,  
   there,  
 " Lies screened a scorpion: housed amid the  
   folds  
 " Of Juno's mantle lurks a centipede!  
 " Each statue of a god were fittier styled  
 " Demon and devil. Glorify no brass 540  
 " That shines like burnished gold in noonday  
   glare,  
 " For fools! Be otherwise instructed, you!  
 " And preferably ponder, ere ye judge,  
 " Each incident of this strange human play  
 " Privily acted on a theatre 545  
 " That seemed secure from every gaze but  
   God's,—  
 " Till, of a sudden, earthquake laid wall low  
 " And let the world perceive wild work inside  
 " And how, in petrification of surprise,  
 " The actors stood,—raised arm and planted  
   foot,— 550  
 " Mouth as it made, eye as it evidenced,  
 " Despairing shriek, triumphant hate,—  
   transfixed,  
 " Both he who takes and she who yields the  
   life.  
 " As ye become spectators of this scene, 554  
 " Watch obscuration of a pearl-pure fame  
 " By vapoury films, enwoven circumstance,  
 " —A soul made weak by its pathetic want  
 " Of just the first apprenticeship to sin  
 " Whenceforth makes the sinning soul  
   secure  
 " From all foes save itself, souls' truest  
   foe,— 560  
 " Since egg turned snake needs fear no ser-  
   penty,—  
 " As ye behold this web of circumstance  
 " Deepen the more for every thrill and throe,  
 " Convulsive effort to disperse the films  
 " And disemmesh the fame o' the martyr,—  
   mark 565  
 " How all those means, the unfriended one  
   pursues,  
 " To keep the treasure trusted to her breast,  
 " Each struggle in the flight from death to  
   life,  
 " How all, by procurement of the powers  
 " Of darkness, are transformed,—no single  
   ray, 570  
 " Shot forth to show and save the inmost star,  
 " But, passed as through hell's prism, pro-  
   ceeding black  
 " To the world that hates white: as ye  
   watch, I say,  
 " Till dusk and such defacement grow eclipse  
 " By,—marvellous perversity of man!— 575  
 " The inadequacy and inaptitude  
 " Of that self-same machine, that very law  
 " Man vaunts, devised to dissipate the gloom,  
 " Rescue the drowning orb from calumny,  
 " —Hear law, appointed to defend the  
   just, 580  
 " Submit, for best defence, that wickedness  
 " Was bred of flesh and innate with the bone  
 " Borne by Pompilia's spirit for a space,  
 " And no mere chance fault, passionate and  
   brief: 584  
 " Finally, when ye find,—after this touch  
 " Of man's protection which intends to mar  
 " The last pin-point of light and damn the  
   disc,—  
 " One wave of the hand of God amid the  
   worlds  
 " Bid vapour vanish, darkness flee away, 589  
 " And let the vexed star culminate in peace  
 " Approachable no more by earthly mist—  
 " What I call God's hand,—you, perhaps,—  
   mere chance  
 " Of the true instinct of an old good man  
 " Who happens to hate darkness and love  
   light,— 594  
 " In whom too was the eye that saw, not dim,  
 " The natural force to do the thing he saw,  
 " Nowise abated,—both by miracle,—  
 " All this well powdered,—I demand assent

- " To the enunciation of my text 599  
 " 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 ;  
 " Man's speech being false, if but by conse-  
 quence  
 " That only strength is true : while man is  
 weak, 605  
 " 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 610  
 " To mirth or pity, as I move the mood,—  
 " A friar who glides unnoticed to the grave,  
 " With these bare feet, coarse robe and rope-  
 girt waist,—  
 " I have long since renounced your world,  
 ye know ; 614  
 " Yet what forbids I weigh the prize forgone,  
 " The worldly worth ? I dare, as I were dead,  
 " Disinterestedly judge this and that  
 " Good ye account good : but God tries the  
 heart.  
 " Still, if you question me of my content  
 " At having put each human pleasure by, 620  
 " I answer, at the urgency of truth :  
 " As this world seems, I dare not say I know  
 " —Apart from Christ's assurance which  
 decides—  
 " Whether I have not failed to taste much joy.  
 " For many a doubt will fain perturb my  
 choice— 625  
 " Many a dream of life spent otherwise—  
 " How human love, in varied shapes, might  
 work  
 " As glory, or as rapture, or as grace :  
 " How conversancy with the books that  
 teach,  
 " The arts that help,—how, to grow good and  
 great, 630  
 " Rather than simply good, and bring  
 thereby  
  
 " Goodness to breathe and live, nor, born ?  
 the brain,  
 " Die there,—how these and many another gift  
 " Of life are precious though abjured by me.  
 " But, for one prize, best meed of mightiest  
 man, 635  
 " Arch-object of ambition,—earthly praise,  
 " Repute o' the world, the flourish of loud  
 trump,  
 " The softer social fluting,—Oh, for these,  
 " —No, my friends ! Fame,—that bubble  
 which, world-wide  
 " Each blows and bids his neighbour lend a  
 breath, 640  
 " That so he haply may behold thereon  
 " One more enlarged distorted false fool's-face,  
 " Until some glassy nothing grown as big  
 " Send by a touch the imperishable to  
 suds,— 644  
 " No, in renouncing fame, my loss was light,  
 " Choosing obscurity, my chance was well !"  
  


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 Didst ever touch such ampollosity  
 As the monk's own bubble, let alone its spite ?  
 What's his speech for, but just the fame he  
 flouts ? 648  
 How he dares reprehend both high and low,  
 Nor stoops to turn the sentence " God is true  
 " And every man a liar—save the Pope  
 " Happily reigning—my respects to him !"  
 And so round off the period. Molinism  
 Simple and pure ! To what pitch get we  
 next ? 652  
 I find that, for first pleasant consequence,  
 Gomez, who had intended to appeal  
 From the absurd decision of the Court,  
 Declines, though plain enough his privilege,  
 To call on help from lawyers any more—  
 Resolves earth's liars may possess the world  
 Till God have had sufficiency of both : 656  
 So may I whistle for my job and fee !  
  
 But, for this virulent and rabid monk,—  
 If law be an inadequate machine, 660  
 And advocacy, froth and impotence,  
 We shall soon see, my blatant brother ! That's  
 Exactly what I hope to show your sort !

For, by a veritable piece of luck,  
 The providence, you monks round period  
 with, 670  
 All may be gloriously retrieved. Perpend !  
 That Monastery of the Convertites  
 Whereto the Court consigned Pompilia first,  
 —Observe, if convertite, why, sinner then,  
 Or what's the pertinency of award?— 675  
 And whither she was late returned to die,  
 —Still in their jurisdiction, mark again !—  
 That thrifty Sisterhood, for perquisite,  
 Claims every piece whereof may die possessed  
 Each sinner in the circuit of its walls. 680  
 Now, this Pompilia seeing that, by death  
 O' the couple, all their wealth devolved on her,  
 Straight utilized the respite ere decease,  
 By regular conveyance of the goods  
 She thought her own, to will and to de-  
 vise,— 685  
 Gave all to friends, Tighetti and the like,  
 In trust for him she held her son and heir,  
 Gaetano,—trust which ends with infancy :  
 So willing and devising, since assured  
 The justice of the Court would presently 690  
 Confirm her in her rights and exculpate,  
 Re-integrate and rehabilitate—  
 Place her as, through my pleading, now she  
 stands.  
 But here's the capital mistake : the Court  
 Found Guido guilty,—but pronounced no  
 word 695  
 About the innocency of his wife :  
 I grounded charge on broader base, I hope !  
 No matter whether wife be true or false,  
 The husband must not push aside the law,  
 And punish of a sudden : that's the point :  
 Gather from out my speech the contrary !  
 It follows that Pompilia, unrelieved 702  
 By formal sentence from imputed fault,  
 Remains unfit to have and to dispose  
 Of property which law provides shall lapse.  
 Wherefore the Monastery claims its due :  
 And w. use, pray, whose the office, but the  
 Fisc's? 707  
 Who but I institute procedure next  
 Against the person of dishonest life,  
 Pompilia whom last week I sainted so? 710  
 I it is teach the monk what scripture means,

And that the tongue should prove a two-edged  
 sword,  
 No axe sharp one side, blunt the other  
 way,  
 Like what amused the town at Guido's cost !  
*Astræa redux!* I've a second chance 715  
 Before the self-same Court o' the Governor  
 Who soon shall see volte-face and chop,  
 change sides.  
 Accordingly, I charge you on your life,  
 Send me with all despatch the judgment late  
 O' the Florence Rota Court, confirmative  
 O' the prior judgment at Arezzo, clenched  
 Again by the Granducal signature, 722  
 Wherein Pompilia is convicted, doomed,  
 And only destined to escape through flight  
 The proper punishment. Send me the piece,—  
 I'll work it ! And this foul-mouthed friar  
 shall find 728  
 His Noah's-dove that brought the olive back  
 Turn into quite the other sooty scout,  
 The raven, Noah first put forth the ark,  
 Which never came back but ate carcasses !  
 No adequate machinery in law? 731  
 No power of life and death i' the learned  
 tongue?  
 Methinks I am already at my speech,  
 Startle the world with "Thou, Pompilia,  
 thus? 734  
 "How is the fine gold of the Temple dim!"  
 And so forth. But the courier bids me close,  
 And clip away one joke that runs through  
 Rome,  
 Side by side with the sermon which I send.  
 How like the heartlessness of the old hunks  
 Arcangeli ! His Count is hardly cold, 740  
 The client whom his blunders sacrificed,  
 When somebody must needs describe the  
 scene—  
 How the procession ended at the church  
 That boasts the famous relic:<sup>1</sup> quoth our  
 brute,

<sup>1</sup> *The famous relic* : see line 184. *Umbilicus*  
 also means an ornamental knob at the end of  
 the stick round which books, in Greek and  
 Roman times, used to be rolled ; hence the  
 phrase *ad umbilicum pervenire* (Martial, iv.  
 89) meant "to reach the end" of a book.

<p>“Why, that’s just Martial’s phrase for ‘make an end’— 745  <i>“Ad umbilicum sic peruentum est!”</i>          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! 750</p> <p>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, 765          (Such trouble and so long the old Pope gave!)          “In restitution of the perfect fame          “Of dead Pompilia, <i>quondam</i> Guido’s wife,          “And warrant to her representative          “Domenico Tighetti, barred hereby, 760          “While doing duty in his guardianship,          “From all molesting, all disquietude,          “Each perturbation and vexation brought          “Or threatened to be brought against the heir          “By the Most Venerable Convent called 765          “Saint Mary Magdalen o’ the Convertites          “I’ the Corso.”</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Justice done a second time!          Well judged, Marc Antony, <i>Locum-tenens</i>          O’ the Governor, a Venturini too! 770          For which I save thy name,—last of the list!</p> <p>Next year but one, completing his nine years          Of rule in Rome, died Innocent my Pope          —By some account, on his accession-day.          If he thought doubt would do the next age          good, 775          ’Tis pity he died unapprised what birth          His reign may boast of, be remembered by—          Terrible Pope, too, of a kind,—Voltaire.</p> <p>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 781          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 785          The Priors of Arezzo and their head</p>	<p>Its Gonfalonier to give loyally          A public attestation of the right          O’ the Franceschini to all reverence—          Apparently because of the incident 790          O’ the murder,—there’s no mention made o’          the crime,          But what else 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 795          That bring annoyance to their betters?—          bane          Which, here, was promptly met by antidote.          I like and shall translate the eloquence          Of nearly the worst Latin ever writ: 799          “Since antique time whereof the memory          “Holds the beginning, to this present hour,          “The Franceschini ever shone, and shine          “Still i’ the primary rank, supreme amid          “The lustres of Arezzo, proud to own          “In this great family, the flag-bearer, 805          “Guide of her steps and guardian against          foe,—          “As in the first beginning, so to-day!”          There, would you disbelieve the annalist,          Go rather by the babble of a bard? 809          I thought, Arezzo, thou hadst fitter souls,          Petrarch,<sup>1</sup>—nay, Buonarroti at a pinch,          To do thee credit as <i>vexillifer</i>!<sup>2</sup>          Was it mere mirth the Patavinian<sup>3</sup> meant,          Making thee out, in his veracious page,          Founded by Janus of the Double Face? 815</p> <p>Well, proving of such perfect parentage,          Our Gaetano, born of love and hate,          Did the babe live or die? I fain would find!          What were his fancies if he grew a man?          Was he proud,—a true scion of the stock          Which bore the blazon, shall make bright          my page— 821          Shield, Azure, on a Triple Mountain, Or,          A Palm-tree, Proper, whereunto is tied          A Greyhound, Rampant, striving in the slips?</p> <p><sup>1</sup> Petrarch was born in the town of Arezzo, and Buonarroti (Michel Angelo) in the territory, though not in the town itself.  <sup>2</sup> <i>Vexillifer</i>: standard-bearer.  <sup>3</sup> <i>The Patavinian</i>: Livy.</p>
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Or did he love his mother, the base-born,  
 And fight i' the ranks, unnoticed by the  
 world? 838

Such, then, the final state o' the story. So  
 Did the Star Wormwood in a blazing fall  
 Frighten awhile the waters and lie lost.  
 So did this old woe fade from memory: 839  
 Till after, in the fulness of the days,  
 I needs must find an ember yet unquenched,  
 And, breathing, blow the spark to flame.  
 It lives,  
 If precious be the soul of man to man. 834

So, British Public, who may like me yet,  
 (Marry and amen!) learn one lesson hence  
 Of many which whatever lives should teach:  
 This lesson, that our human speech is naught,  
 Our human testimony false, our fame  
 And human estimation words and wind. 840  
 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 845  
 "Thy right is wrong, eyes hast thou yet art  
 blind,  
 "Thine ears are stuffed and stopped, despite  
 their length:  
 "And, oh, the foolishness thou countest  
 faith!"  
 Say this as silverly as tongue can troll—  
 The anger of the man may be endured, 850  
 The shrug, the disappointed eyes of him

Are not so bad to bear—but here's the plague  
 That all this trouble comes of telling truth,  
 Which truth, by when it reaches him, looks  
 false,  
 Seems to be just the thing it would supplant,  
 Nor recognizable by whom it left: 856  
 While falsehood would have done the work  
 of truth.  
 But Art,—wherein man nowisespeaks to men,  
 Only to mankind,—Art may tell a truth  
 Obliquely, do the thing shall breed the  
 thought, 860  
 Nor wrong the thought, missing the mediate  
 word.  
 So may you paint your picture, twice show truth,  
 Beyond mere imagery on the wall,—  
 So, note by note, bring music from your  
 mind, 864  
 Deeper than ever e'en Beethoven dived,—  
 So write a book shall mean beyond the facts,  
 Suffice the eye and save the soul beside.  
 And save the soul! If this intent save mine,—  
 If the rough ore be rounded to a ring, 868  
 Render all duty which good ring should do,  
 And, failing grace, succeed in guardianship,—  
 Might mine but lie outside thine, Lyric Love,  
 Thy rare gold ring of verse (the poet<sup>1</sup> praised)  
 Linking our England to his Italy!

<sup>1</sup> *The poet*: Tommaseo, who wrote the inscription on the tablet placed on the walls of Casa Guidi by the municipality of Florence to the memory of Mrs. Browning: "Qui scrisse e mori E. B. Browning, che . . . fece del suo verso aureo anello fra Italia e Inghilterra."

# PRINCE HOHENSTIEL-SCHWANGAU,

## SAVIOUR OF SOCIETY.

1871.

[The Prince stands for the Third Napoleon, the author—it may be the unwilling author—of the *coup d'état* of December 1851. For eighteen years he was Emperor of the French, the ally of Great Britain, and to some extent the Liberator of Italy. He and his came to an end at Sedan in 1870.]

### PRINCE HOHENSTIEL- SCHWANGAU, SAVIOUR OF SOCIETY.

Ἵδραν φονεύσας, μυρίων τ' ἄλλων πόνων  
διήλθον ἀγέλας . . .  
τὸ λαίσθιον δὲ τόνδ' ἐτλην τάλας πόνον,  
. . . δῶμα θριγκῶσαι κακοῖς.

I slew the Hydra, and from labour pass'd  
To labour—tribes of labours! Till, at last,  
Attempting one more labour, in a trice,  
Alack, with ills I *crowned the edifice*.

You have seen better days, dear? So have  
I—

And worse too, for they brought no such  
bud-mouth

As yours to lisp “You wish you knew me!”  
Well,

Wise men, 'tis said, have sometimes wished  
the same,

And wished and had their trouble for their  
pains.

Suppose my *Œdipus* should lurk at last  
Under a pork-pie hat and crinoline,  
And, lateish, pounce on Sphynx in Leicester  
Square?

Or likelier, what if Sphynx in wise old age,  
Grown sick of snapping foolish people's  
heads,

And jealous for her riddle's proper rede,—  
Jealous that the good trick which served the  
turn

Have justice rendered it, nor class one day

With friend Home's<sup>1</sup> stilts and tongs and  
medium-ware,—

What if the once redoubted Sphynx, 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!  
But listen, for we must co-operate;  
I don't drink tea: permit me the cigar!

First, how to make the matter plain, of  
course—

What was the law by which I lived. Let's  
see:

Ay, we must take one instant of my life  
Spent sitting by your side in this neat room:

Watch well the way I use it, and don't laugh!  
Here's paper on the table, pen and ink:

Give me the soiled bit—not the pretty rose!  
See! having sat an hour, I'm rested now,

Therefore want work: and spy no better  
work

For eye and hand and mind that guides them  
both,

During this instant, than to draw my pen  
From blot One—thus—up, up to blot Two—  
thus—

<sup>1</sup> The notorious spiritualist and impostor.

Which I at last reach, thus, and here's my  
line

Five inches long and tolerably straight :  
Better to draw than leave undrawn, I think,  
Fitter to do than let alone, I hold,  
Though better, fitter, by but one degree.  
Therefore it was that, rather than sit still  
Simply, my right-hand drew it while my left  
Pulled smooth and pinched the moustache to  
a point.

Now I permit your plump lips to unpurse :  
"So far, one possibly may understand  
"Without recourse to witchcraft!" True,  
my dear.

Thus folks begin with Euclid,—finish, how?  
Trying to square the circle!—at any rate,  
Solving abstruser problems than this first  
"How find the nearest way 'twixt point and  
point."

Deal but with moral mathematics so—  
Master one merest moment's work of mine,  
Even this practising with pen and ink,—  
Demonstrate why I rather plied the quill  
Than left the space a blank,—you gain a  
fact,

And God knows what a fact's worth! So  
proceed

By inference from just this moral fact  
—I don't say, to that plaguy quadrature  
"What the whole man meant, whom you  
wish you knew,"

But, what meant certain things he did of old,  
Which puzzled Europe,—why, you'll find  
them plain,

This way, not otherwise : I guarantee,  
Understand one, you comprehend the rest.  
Rays from all round converge to any point :  
Study the point then ere you track the rays!  
The size o' the circle's nothing ; subdivide  
Earth, and earth's smallest grain of mustard-  
seed,

You cou. as many parts, small matching  
large,

If you can use the mind's eye : otherwise,  
Material optics, being gross at best,  
Prefer the large and leave our mind the  
small—

And pray how many folk have minds can  
see?

Certainly you—and somebody in Thrace  
Whose name escapes me at the moment.  
You—

Lend me your mind then ! Analyse with me  
This instance of the line 'twixt blot and blot  
I rather chose to draw than leave a blank,  
Things else being equal. You are taught  
thereby

That 'tis my nature, when I am 'at ease,  
Rather than idle out my life too long,  
To want to do a thing—to put a thought,  
Whether a great thought or a little one,  
Into an act, as nearly as may be.

Make what is absolutely new—I can't,  
Mar what is made already well enough—  
I won't : but turn to best account the thing  
That's half-made—that I can. Two blots,  
you saw

I knew how to extend into a line  
Symmetric on the sheet they blurred before—  
Such little act sufficed, this time, such  
thought.

Now, we'll extend rays, widen out the verge,  
Describe a larger circle ; leave this first  
Clod of an instance we began with, rise  
To the complete world many clods effect.  
Only continue patient while I throw,  
Delver-like, spadeful after spadeful up,  
Just as truths come, the subsoil of me,  
mould

Whence spring my moods : your object,—  
just to find,

Alike from handlift and from barrow-load,  
What saits and silts may constitute the earth—  
If it be proper stuff to blow man glass,  
Or bake him pottery, bear him oaks or wheat—  
What's born of me, in brief ; which found,  
all's known.

If it were genius did the digging-job,  
Logic would speedily sift its product smooth  
And leave the crude truths bare for poetry ;  
But I'm no poet, and am stiff i' the back.  
What one spread fails to bring, another may.  
In goes the shovel and out comes scoop—as  
here !

I live to please myself. I recognize  
Power passing mine, immeasurable, God—  
Above me, whom He made, as heaven beyond  
Earth—to use figures which assist our sense.  
I know that He is there as I am here,  
By the same proof, which seems no proof at  
all,

It so exceeds familiar forms of proof.  
Why "there," not "here"? Because, when  
I say "there,"

I treat the feeling with distincter shape  
That space exists between us: I,—not He,—  
Live, think, do human work here—no  
machine,

His will moves, but a being by myself,  
His, and not He who made me for a work,  
Watches my working, judges its effect,  
But does not interpose. He did so once,  
And probably will again some time—not now,  
Life being the minute of mankind, not God's,  
In a certain sense, like time before and time  
After man's earthly life, so far as man  
Needs apprehend the matter. Am I clear?  
Suppose I bid a courier take to-night

( . . . Once for all, let me talk as if I smoked  
Yet in the Residenz, a personage :  
I must still represent the thing I was,  
Galvanically make dead muscle play,  
Or how shall I illustrate muscle's use?)  
I could then, last July, bid courier take  
Message for me, post-haste, a thousand miles.  
I bid him, since I have the right to bid,  
And, my part done so far, his part begins ;  
He starts with due equipment, will and power,  
Means he may use, misuse, not use at all,  
At his discretion, at his peril too.

I leave him to himself: but, journey done,  
I count the minutes, call for the result  
In quickness and the courier quality,  
Weigh its worth, and then punish or reward  
According to proved service; not before.  
Meantime, he sleeps through noontide, rides  
till dawn,

Sticks to the straight road, tries the crooked  
path,

Measures and manages resource, trusts,  
doubts

Advisers by the wayside, does his best

At his discretion, lags or launches forth,  
(He knows and I know) at his peril too.  
You see? Exactly thus men stand to God :  
I with my courier, God with me. Just so  
I have His bidding to perform; but mind  
And body, all of me, though made and meant  
For that sole service, must consult, concert  
With my own self and nobody beside,  
How to effect the same: God helps not else.  
'Tis I who, with my stock of craft and strength,  
Choose the directer cut across the hedge,  
Or keep the foot-track that respects a crop.  
Lie down and rest, rise up and run,—live  
spare,

Feed free,—all that's my business: but, arrive,  
Deliver message, bring the answer back,  
And make my bow, I must: then God will  
speak,

Praise me or haply blame as service proves.  
To other men, to each and everyone,  
Another law! what likelier? God, perchance,  
Grants each new man, by some as new a  
mode,

Intercommunication with Himself,  
Wreaking on finiteness infinitude ;  
By such a series of effects, gives each  
Last His own imprint: old yet ever new  
The process: 'tis the way of Deity.  
How it succeeds, He knows: I only know  
That varied modes of creatureship abound,  
Implying just as varied intercourse  
For each with the creator of them all.  
Each has his own mind and no other's  
mode.

What mode may yours be? I shall sym-  
pathize!

No doubt, you, good young lady that you are,  
Despite a natural naughtiness or two,  
Turn eyes up like a Pradier Magdalen<sup>1</sup>  
And see an outspread providential hand  
Above the owl's-wing aigrette—guard and  
guide—

Visibly o'er your path, about your bed,  
Through all your practisings with London-  
town.

It points, you go; it stays fixed, and you stop;

<sup>1</sup> In the Louvre. Pradier was a famous  
sculptor. His statue of Rousseau is at Geneva.

You quicken its procedure by a word  
Spoken, a thought in silence, prayer and  
praise.

Well, I believe that such a hand may stoop,  
And such appeals to it may stave off harm,  
Pacify the grim guardian of this Square,  
And stand you in good stead on quarter-day :  
Quite possible in your case ; not in mine.  
“ Ah, but I choose to make the difference,  
Find the emancipation ? ” No, I hope !  
If I deceive myself, take noon for night,  
Please to become determinedly blind  
To the true ordinance of human life,  
Through mere presumption—that is my affair,  
And truly a grave one ; but as grave I think  
Your affair, yours, the specially observed,—  
Each favoured person that perceives his path  
Pointed him, inch by inch, and looks above  
For guidance, through the mazes of this world,  
In what we call its meanest life-career  
—Not how to manage Europe properly,  
But how keep open shop, and yet pay rent,  
Rear household, and make both ends meet,  
the same.

I say, such man is no less tasked than I  
To duly take the path appointed him  
By whatsoever sign he recognize.  
Our insincerity on both our heads !  
No matter what the object of a life,  
Small work or large,—the making thrive a  
shop,  
Or seeing that an empire take no harm,—  
There are known fruits to judge obedience by.  
You've read a ton's weight, now, of news-  
paper—  
Lives of me, gabble about the kind of prince—  
You know my work i' the rough ; I ask you,  
then,  
Do I appear subordinated less  
To hand-impulsion, one prime push for all,  
Than little lives of men, the multitude  
That cried out, every quarter of an hour,  
For fresh i. . . actions, did or did not work,  
And praised in the odd minutes ?

Eh, my dear ?

Such is the reason why I acquiesced  
In doing what seemed best for me to do,

So as to please myself on the great scale,  
Having regard to immortality  
No less than life—did that which head and  
heart  
Prescribed my hand, in measure with its  
means  
Of doing—used my special stock of power—  
Not from the aforesaid head and heart alone,  
But every sort of helpful circumstance,  
Some problematic and some nondescript :  
All regulated by the single care  
I' the last resort—that I made thoroughly  
serve  
The when and how, toiled where was need,  
reposed  
As resolutely at the proper point,  
Braved sorrow, courted joy, to just one end :  
Namely, that just the creature I was bound  
To be, I should become, nor thwart at all  
God's purpose in creation. I conceive  
No other duty possible to man,—  
Highest mind, lowest mind, no other law  
By which to judge life failure or success :  
What folk call being saved or cast away.

Such was my rule of life : I worked my best  
Subject to ultimate judgment, God's not man's.  
Well then, this settled,—take your tea, I beg ;  
And meditate the fact, 'twixt sip and sip,—  
This settled—why I pleased myself, you saw,  
By turning blot and blot into a line,  
O' the little scale,—we'll try now (as your  
tongue  
Tries the concluding sugar-drop) what's meant  
To please me most o' the great scale. Why,  
just now,  
With nothing else to do within my reach,  
Did I prefer making two blots one line  
To making yet another separate  
Third blot, and leaving those I found unlinked ?  
It meant, I like to use the thing I find,  
Rather than strive at unfound novelty :  
I make the best of the old, nor try for new.  
Such will to act, such choice of action's way,  
Constitute—when at work on the great scale,  
Driven to their farthest natural consequence  
By all the help from all the means—my own  
Particular faculty of serving God,

Instinct for putting power to exercise  
 Upon some wish and want o' 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 stabilize  
 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 lose for the tale's sake)—dear, my rank i'  
 the world

Is hard 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  
 commence

Baffling you all who want the eye to probe—  
 As I make out yon problematic thin  
 White paring of your thumb-nail outside there,  
 Above the plaster-monarch on his steed—  
 See an inch, name an ell, and prophesy  
 O' 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,  
 Nor aiming at a new and greater thing,  
 A sun 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 nor 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  
 Nor play of elements already there,  
 But quite new leaven, leavening the lump,  
 And liker, so, the natural process. See!  
 Where winter reigned for ages—by a turn  
 I' the time, some star-change, (ask geologists)  
 The ice-tracts split, clash, splinter and dis-  
 perse,

And there's an end of immobility,  
 Silence, and all that tinted pageant, base  
 To pinnacle, one flush from fairyland  
 Dead-asleep and deserted somewhere,—  
 see!—

As a fresh sun, wave, spring and joy outburst.  
 Or else the earth it is, time starts from trance,  
 Her mountains tremble into fire, her plains  
 Heave blinded by confusion: what result?  
 New teeming growth, surprises of strange life  
 Impossible before, a world broke up  
 And re-made, order gained by law destroyed.

Not otherwise, in our society  
 Follow like portents, all as absolute  
 Regenerations: they have birth at rare  
 Uncertain unexpected intervals  
 O' the world, by ministry impossible  
 Before and after fulness of the days:  
 Some dervish desert-spectre, swordsman,  
 saint,

Law-giver, Iyrist,—oh, we know the names!  
 Quite other these than I. Our time requires  
 No such strange potentate,—who else would  
 dawn,—

No fresh force till the old have spent itself.  
 Such seems the natural œconomy.

To shoot a beam into the dark, assists :  
 To make that beam do fuller service, spread  
 And utilize such bounty to the height,  
 That assists also,—and that work is mine.  
 I recognize, contemplate, and approve  
 The general compact of society,  
 Not simply as I see effected good,  
 But good i' the germ, each chance that's  
 possible  
 I' the plan traced so far : all results, in short,  
 For better or worse of the operation due  
 To those exceptional natures, unlike mine,  
 Who, helping, thwarting, conscious, unaware,  
 Did somehow manage to so far describe  
 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  
 aggrieved  
 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 uneffaced 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?  
 Why keep each fool's bequeathment, scratch  
 and blur  
 Which overscrawl and underscore the piece—  
 Nay, strengthen them by touches of your own?"

Well, that's : mission, so I serve the world,  
 Figure as man o' the moment,—in default  
 Of somebody inspired to strike such change  
 Into society—from round to square,  
 The ellipsis to the rhomboid, how you please,  
 Assuets the size and shape o' the world he finds.

But this I can,—and nobody my peer,—  
 Do the best with the least change possible :  
 Carry the incompleteness on, a stage,  
 Make what was crooked straight, and rough-  
 ness smooth,  
 And weakness strong : wherein if I succeed,  
 It will not prove the worst achievement, sure,  
 In the eyes at least of one man, one I look  
 Nowise to catch in critic company :  
 To-wit, the man inspired, the genius' self  
 Destined to come and change things  
 thoroughly.  
 He, at least, finds his business simplified,  
 Distinguishes the done from undone, reads  
 Plainly what meant and did not mean this time  
 We live in, and I work on, and transmit  
 To such successor : he will operate  
 On good hard substance, not mere shade and  
 shine.  
 Let all my critics, born to idleness  
 And impotency, get their good, and have  
 Their hooting at the giver : I am deaf—  
 Who find great good in this society,  
 Great gain, the purchase of great labour.  
 Touch  
 The work I may and must, but—reverent  
 In every fall o' the finger-tip, no doubt.  
 Perhaps I find all good there's warrant for  
 I' the world as yet : nay, to the end of time,—  
 Since evil never means part company  
 With mankind, only shift side and change  
 shape.  
 I find advance i' the main, and notably  
 The Present an improvement on the Past,  
 And promise for the Future—which shall  
 prove  
 Only the Present with its rough made smooth,  
 Its indistinctness emphasized ; I hope  
 No better, nothing newer for mankind,  
 But something equably smoothed everywhere,  
 Good, reconciled with hardly-quite-as-good,  
 Instead of good and bad each jostling each.  
 "And that's all?" Ay, and quite enough  
 for me !  
 We have toiled so long to gain what gain I find  
 I' the Present,—let us keep it ! We shall toil  
 So long before we gain—if gain God grant—  
 A Future with one touch of difference

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 act and influence, now alive :  
Juster than they to the true state of things ;  
In consequence, more tolerant that, side  
By side, shall co-exist and thrive alike  
In the age, the various sorts of happiness  
Moral, mark !—not material—moods o' the  
mind

Suited to man and man his opposite :  
Say, minor modes of movement—hence to  
there,

Or thence to here, or simply round about—  
So long as each toe spares its neighbour's  
kibe,

Nor spoils the major march and main advance.  
The love of peace, care for the family,  
Contentment with what's bad but might be  
worse—

Good movements these ! and good, too, dis-  
content,

Solong as that spurs good, which might be best,  
Into becoming better, anyhow :

Good—pride of country, putting hearth and  
home

I' the back-ground, out of undue prominence :  
Good—yearning after change, strife, victory,  
And triumph. Each shall have its orbit  
marked,

But no more,—none impede the other's path  
In this wide world,—though each and all alike,  
Save for me, fain would spread itself through  
space

And leave its fellow not an inch of way.

I rule 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,  
This was good service to humanity,  
Right usage of my power in head and heart,  
And reasonable piety beside.  
Keep those three points in mind while judging  
me !

You stand, perhaps, for some one man, not  
men,—

Represent this or the other interest,  
Nor mind the general welfare,—so, impugn  
My practice and dispute my value : why ?  
You man of faith, I did not tread the world  
Into a paste, and thereof make a smooth  
Uniform mound whereon to plant your flag,  
The lily-white, above the blood and brains !  
Nor yet did I, you man of faithlessness,  
So roll things to the level which you love,  
That you could stand at ease there and survey  
The universal Nothing undisgraced  
By pert obtrusion of some old church-spire  
I' the distance ! Neither friend would I  
content,

Nor, as the world were simply meant for him,  
Thrust out his fellow and mend God's mistake.  
Why, you two fools,—my dear friends all the  
same,—

Is it some change o' the world and nothing  
else

Contents you ? Should whatever was, not  
be ?

How thanklessly you view things ! There's  
the root

Of the evil, source of the entire mistake :  
You see no worth i' the world, nature and life,  
Unless we change what is to what may be,  
Which means,—may be, i' the brain of one  
of you !

“Reject what is ?”—all capabilities—  
Nay, you may style them chances if you  
choose—

All chances, then, of happiness that lie  
Open to anybody that is born,  
Tumbles into this life and out again,—



All that may happen, good and evil too,  
 I' the space between, to each adventurer  
 Upon this 'sixty, Anno Domini :  
 A life to live—and such a life ! a world  
 To learn, one's lifetime in,—and such a world!  
 How did the foolish ever pass for wise  
 By calling life a burden, man a fly  
 Or worm or what's most insignificant?  
 "O littleness of man!" deploras the bard;  
 And then, for fear the Powers should punish  
 him,  
 "O grandeur of the visible universe  
 Our human littleness contrasts withal!  
 O sun, O moon, ye mountains and thou sea,  
 Thou emblem of immensity, thou this,  
 That, and the other,—what impertinence  
 In man to eat and drink and walk about  
 And have his little notions of his own,  
 The while some wave sheds foam upon the  
 shore!"

First of all, 'tis a lie some three-times thick :  
 The bard,—this sort of speech being poetry,—  
 The bard puts mankind well outside himself  
 And then begins instructing them: "This way  
 I and my friend the sea conceive of you!  
 What would you give to think such thoughts  
 as ours

Of you and the sea together?" Down they go  
 On the humbled knees of them: at once they  
 draw

Distinction, recognize no mate of theirs  
 In one, despite his mock humility,  
 So plain a match for what he plays with.  
 Next,

The turn of the great ocean-playfellow,  
 When the bard, leaving Bond Street very far  
 From ear-shot, cares not to ventriloquize,  
 But tells the sea its home-truths: "You, my  
 match?

You, all this terror and immensity  
 And what not? Shall I tell you what you are?  
 Just fit to hitch into a stanza, so  
 Wake up and see in motion who's asleep  
 O' the other side of you in England, else  
 Unaware, as folk pace their Bond Street now,  
 Somebody here despises them so much!  
 Between us,—they are the ultimate! to them  
 And their perception go these lordly thoughts:

Since what were ocean—mane and tail, to  
 boot—

Mused I not here, how make thoughts think-  
 able?

Start forth my stanza and astound the world!  
 Back, billows, to your insignificance!  
 Deep, you are done with!"

Learn, my gifted friend,  
 There are two things i' the world, still wiser  
 folk

Accept—intelligence and sympathy.  
 You pant about unutterable power  
 I' the ocean, all you feel but cannot speak?  
 Why, that's the plainest speech about it all.  
 You did not feel what was not to be felt.  
 Well, then, all else but what man feels is  
 nought—

The wash o' the liquor that o'erbrims the cup  
 Called man, and runs to waste adown his side,  
 Perhaps to feed a cataract,—who cares?

I'll tell you: all the more I know mankind,  
 The more I thank God, like my grandmother,  
 For making me a little lower than  
 The angels, honour-clothed and glory-  
 crowned:

This is the honour,—that no thing I know,  
 Feel or conceive, but I can make my own  
 Somehow, by use of hand or head or heart:  
 This is the glory,—that in all conceived,  
 Or felt or known, I recognize a mind  
 Not mine but like mine,—for the double joy,—  
 Making all things for me and me for Him.  
 There's folly for you at this time of day!

So think it! and enjoy your ignorance  
 Of what—no matter for the worthy's name—  
 Wisdom set working in a noble heart,  
 When he, who was earth's best geometer  
 Up to that time of day, consigned his life  
 With its results into one matchless book,  
 The triumph of the human mind so far,  
 All in geometry man yet could do:

And then wrote on the dedication-page  
 In place of name the universe applauds,  
 "But, God, what a geometer art Thou!"  
 I suppose Heaven is, through Eternity,  
 The equalizing, ever and anon,  
 In momentary rapture, great with small,

Omniscience with intelligency, God  
With man,—the thunder-glow from pole to  
pole

Abolishing, 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  
I' 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  
Decidedly on some one path to Heaven,  
Touch segment in the circle whence all lines  
Lead 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  
Handle a state of things which mend we might,  
Mar we may, but which meanwhile helps so far.  
Therefore my end is—save society !

“And that's all?” twangs the never-failing  
taunt

O' the foe—“No novelty, creativeness,  
Mark of the master that renews the age?”  
“Nay, all that?” rather will demur 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 further 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 !

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 friends!  
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 rapped your tampering knuckles twenty years.  
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?  
Why, even prove that, by some miracle,  
Destruction were the proper work to choose,  
And that a torch best remedies what's wrong  
I' the temple, whence the long procession  
wound

Of powers and beauties, earth's achievements  
all,

The human strength that strove and over  
threw,—

The human love that, weak itself, crowned  
strength,—

The instinct crying “God, is whence I  
came!”—

The reason laying down the law “And such  
His will i' the world must be!”—the leap  
and shout

Of genius “For I hold His very thoughts,  
The meaning of the mind of Him!”—nay,  
more,

The ingenuities, each active force

That turning in a circle on itself  
Looks neither up nor down but keeps the spot,  
Mere creature-like, and, for religion, works,  
Works only and works ever, makes and shapes  
And changes, still wrings more of good from  
less,  
Still stamps some bad out, where was worst  
before,

So leaves the handiwork, the act and deed,  
Were it but house and land and wealth, to show  
Here was a creature perfect in the kind—  
Whether as bee, beaver, or behemoth,  
What's the importance? he has done his work  
For work's sake, worked well, earned a  
creature's praise ;—

I say, concede that same fane, whence deploys  
Age after age, all this humanity,  
Diverse but ever dear, out of the dark  
Behind the altar into the broad day  
By the portal—enter, and, concede there mocks  
Each lover of free motion and much space  
A perplexed length of apse and aisle and  
nave,—

Pillared roof and carved screen, and what  
carè I?—

Which irk the movement and impede the  
march,—

Nay, possibly, bring flat upon his nose  
At some odd break-neck angle, by some freak  
Of old-world artistry, that personage  
Who, could he but have kept his skirts from  
grief

And catching at the hooks and crooks about,  
Had stepped out on the daylight of our time  
Plainly the man of the age,—still, still, I bar  
Excessive conflagration in the case.

“ Shake the flame freely ! ” shout the multi-  
tude :

The architect approves I stuck my torch  
Inside a good stout lantern, hung its light  
Above the hooks and crooks, and ended so.  
To save society was well : the means  
Whereby to save it,—there begins the doubt  
Permitted you, imperative on me ;  
Were mine the best means? Did I work aright  
With powers appointed me?—since powers  
denied

Concern me nothing.

Well, my work reviewed  
Fairly, leaves more hope than discouragement.  
First, there's the deed done : what I found,  
I leave,—

What tottered, I kept stable : if it stand  
One month, without sustainment, still thank  
me

The twenty years' sustainer ! Now, observe,  
Sustaining is no brilliant self-display  
Like knocking down or even setting up :  
Much bustle these necessitate ; and still  
To vulgar eye, the mightier of the myth  
Is Hercules, who substitutes his own  
For Atlas' shoulder and supports the globe  
A whole day,—not the passive and obscure  
Atlas who bore, ere Hercules was born,  
And is to go on bearing that same load  
When Hercules turns ash on Cæta's top.

'Tis the transition-stage, the tug and strain,  
That strike men : standing still is stupid-like.  
My pressure was too constant on the whole  
For any part's eruption into space  
Mid sparkles, crackling, and much praise of  
me.

I saw that, in the ordinary life,  
Many of the little make a mass of men  
Important beyond greatness here and there ;  
As certainly as, in life exceptional,  
When old things terminate and new com-  
mence,

A solitary great man's worth the world.  
God takes the business into His own hands  
At such time : who creates the novel flower  
Contrives to guard and give it breathing-room :  
I merely tend the corn-field, care for crop,  
And weed no acre thin to let emerge  
What prodigy may stifle there perchance,  
—No, though my eye have noted where he  
lurks.

Oh those mute myriads that spoke loud to me—  
The eyes that craved to see the light, the  
mouths

That sought the daily bread and nothing more,  
The hands that supplicated exercise,  
Men that had wives, and women that had  
babes,

And all these making suit to only live !  
Was I to turn aside from husbandry,

Leave hope of harvest for the corn, my care,  
To play at horticulture, rear some rose  
Or poppy into perfect leaf and bloom  
When, mid the furrows, up was pleased to  
sprout

Some man, cause, system, special interest  
I ought to study, stop the world meanwhile?  
"But I am Liberty, Philanthropy,  
Enlightenment, or Patriotism, the power  
Whereby you are to stand or fall!" cries each:  
"Mine and mine only be the flag you flaunt!"  
And, when I venture to object "Meantime,  
What of yon myriads with no flag at all—  
My crop which, who flaunts flag must tread  
across?"

"Now, this it is to have a puny mind!"  
Admire my mental prodigies: "down—  
down—"

Ever at home o' the level and the low,  
There bides he brooding! Could he look above,  
With less of the owl and more of the eagle eye,  
He'd see there's no way helps the little cause  
Like the attainment of the great. Dare first  
The chief emprise; dispel yon cloud between  
The sun and us; nor fear that, though our  
heads

Find earlier warmth and comfort from his ray,  
What lies about our feet, the multitude,  
Will fail of benefaction presently.

Come now, let each of us awhile cry truce  
To special interests, make common cause  
Against the adversary—or perchance  
Mere dullard to his own plain interest!  
Which of us will you choose?—since needs  
must be

Some one o' the warring causes you incline  
To hold, i' the main, has right and should  
prevail:

Why not adopt and give it prevalence?  
Choose strict Faith or lax Incredulity,—  
King, Caste and Cultus—or the Rights of Man,  
Sovereignty of each Proudhon<sup>1</sup> o'er himself,  
And all that follows in just consequence!  
Go free the stranger from a foreign yoke;  
Or stay, concentrate energy at home;  
Succeed!—when he deserves, the stranger  
will.

<sup>1</sup> "La Propriété, c'est le vol."

Comply with the Great Nation's impulse, print  
By force of arms,—since reason pleads in vain,  
And, mid the sweet compulsion, pity weeps,—  
Hohenstiel-Schwangau on the universe!  
Snub the Great Nation, cure the impulsive  
itch

With smartest fillip on a restless nose  
Was ever launched by thumb and finger! Bid  
Hohenstiel-Schwangau first repeal the tax  
On pig-tails and pomatum, and then mind  
Abstruser matters for next century!  
Is your choice made? Why then, act up to  
choice!

Leave the illogical touch now here now there  
I' the way of work, the tantalizing help  
First to this, then the other opposite:  
The blowing hot and cold, sham policy,  
Sure ague of the mind and nothing more,  
Disease of the perception or the will,  
That fain would hide in a fine name! Your  
choice,  
Speak it out and condemn yourself thereby!"

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, o' the average, do men  
Live in this world? Some score, say com-  
putists.

Quintuple 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:  
Since, counsellor, I also have my cause,  
My flag, my faith in its effect, my hope  
In its eventual triumph for the good  
O' the world. And once upon a time, when I  
Was like all you, mere voice and nothing  
more,

Myself took wings, soared sunward, and  
thence sang

"Look where I live i' the loft, come up to me,  
Groundlings, nor grovel longer! gain this  
height,

And prove you breathe here better than  
below!

Why, what emancipation far and wide

Will follow in a trice ! They too can soar,  
 Each tenant of the earth's circumference  
 Claiming to elevate humanity,  
 They also must attain such altitude,  
 Live in the luminous circle that surrounds  
 The planet, not the leaden orb itself.  
 Press out, each point, from surface to yon  
 verge  
 Which one has gained and guaranteed your  
 realm !”  
 Ay, still my fragments wander, music-fraught,  
 Sighs of the soul, mine once, mine now, and  
 mine  
 For ever ! Crumbled arch, crushed aqueduct,  
 Alive with tremors in the shaggy growth  
 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,—  
 Hear ye not still—“ Be Italy again ” ?  
 And ye, what strikes the panic to your heart ?  
 Decrepit council-chambers, — where some  
 lamp  
 Drives the unbroken black three paces off  
 From where the greybeards huddle in debate,  
 Dim crows and capes, and midmost glimmers  
 one  
 Like tarnished gold, and what they say is  
 doubt,  
 And what they think is fear, and what  
 suspends  
 The breath in them is not the plaster-patch  
 Time disengages from the painted wall  
 Where Rafael moulderingly bids adieu,  
 Nor tick of the insect turning tapestry  
 Which a queen's finger traced of old, to dust ;  
 But some word, resonant, redoubtable,  
 Of who once felt upon his head a hand  
 Whereof the head now apprehends his foot.  
 “ Light in Rome, Law in Rome, and Liberty  
 O' the soul in Rome—the free Church, the  
 free State !  
 Stamp out the nature that's best typified  
 By its embodiment in Peter's Dome,

The scorpion-body with the greedy pair  
 Of outstretched nippers, either colonnade  
 Agape for the advance of heads and hearts !”  
 There's one cause for you ! one and only one,  
 For I am vocal through the universe,  
 I' the workshop, manufactory, exchange  
 And market-place, sea-port and custom-house  
 O' the frontier : listen if the echoes die—  
 “ Unfettered commerce ! Power to speak  
 and hear,  
 And print and read ! The universal vote !  
 Its rights for labour !” This, with much  
 beside,  
 I spoke when I was voice and nothing more,  
 But altogether such an one as you  
 My censors. “ Voice, and nothing more,  
 indeed !”  
 Re-echoes round me : “ that's the censure,  
 there's  
 Involved the ruin of you soon or late !  
 Voice,—when its promise beat the empty air :  
 And nothing more,—when solid earth's your  
 stage,  
 And we desiderate performance, deed  
 For word, the realizing all you dreamed  
 In the old days : now, for deed, we find at  
 door  
 O' the council-chamber posted, mute as  
 mouse,  
 Hohenstiel-Schwangau, sentry and safeguard  
 O' the greybeards all a-chuckle, cowl to cape,  
 Who challenge Judas,—that's endearment's  
 style,—  
 'To stop their mouths or let escape grimace,  
 While they keep cursing Italy and him.  
 The power to speak, hear, print and read is  
 ours ?  
 Ay, we learn where and how, when clapped  
 inside  
 A convict-transport bound for cool Cayenne !  
 The universal vote we have : its urn,  
 We also have where votes drop, fingered-o'er  
 By the universal Prefect. Say, Trade's free  
 And Toil turned master out o' the slave it  
 was :  
 What then ? These feed man's stomach, but  
 his soul  
 Craves finer fare, nor lives by bread alone,

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 average  
Your twenty years of life, my computists ?

“Not bread alone ” but bread before all else  
For these : the bodily want serve first, said I ;

If earth-space and the life-time help not here,  
Where is the good of body having been ?

But, helping body, if we somewhat baulk  
The soul of finer fare, such food's to find

Elsewhere and afterward—all indicates,  
Even this self-same fact that soul can starve

Yet body still exist its twenty years :

While, stint the body, there's an end at once  
O' the revel in the fancy that Rome's free,

And superstition's fettered, and one prints  
Whate'er one pleases and who pleases reads

The same, and speaks out and is spoken to,  
And divers hundred thousand fools may vote

A vote untampered with by one wise man,  
And so elect Barabbas deputy

In lieu of his concurrent. I who trace

The purpose written on the face of things,  
For my behoof and guidance—(whoso needs

No such sustainment, sees beneath my signs,  
Proves, what I take for writing, penmanship,

Scribble and flourish with no sense for me  
O' the sort I solemnly go spelling out,—

Let him ! there's certain work of mine to show  
Alongside his work : which gives warrant

Of shrewder vision in the workman—judge !)  
I who trace Providence without a break

I' the plan of things, drop plumb on this plain  
print

Of an intention with a view to good,  
That man is made in sympathy with man

At outset of existence, so to speak ;

But in dissociation, more and more,

Man from his fellow, as their lives advance

In culture ; still humanity, that's born

A mass, keeps flying off, fining away

Ever into a multitude of points,

And ends in isolation, each from each :

Peerless above i' the sky, the pinnacle,—

Absolute contact, fusion, all below

At the base of being. How comes this about ?

This stamp of God characterizing man

And nothing else but man in the universe—

That, while he feels with man (to use man's  
speech)

I' the little things of life, its fleshly wants

Of food and rest and health and happiness,

Its simplest spirit-motions, loves and hates,

Hopes, fears, soul-cravings on the ignoblest  
scale,

O' the fellow-creature,—owns the bond at  
base,—

He tends to freedom and divergency

In the upward progress, plays the pinnacle

When life's at greatest (grant again the phrase !

Because there's neither great nor small in life).

“Consult thou for thy kind that have the eyes

To see, the mouths to eat, the hands to work,

Men with the wives, and women with the  
babes !”

Prompt Nature. “Care thou for thyself alone

I' the conduct of the mind God made thee with !

Think, as if man had never thought before !

Act, as if all creation hung attent

On the acting of such faculty as thine,

To take prime pattern from thy masterpiece !”

Nature prompts also : neither law obeyed

To the uttermost by any heart and soul

We know or have in record : both of them

Acknowledged blindly by whatever man

We ever knew or heard of in this world.

“Willi you have why and wherefore, and the  
fact

Made plain as pikestaff?" modern Science asks.

"That mass man sprung from was a jelly-lump  
Once on a time; he kept an after course  
Through fish and insect, reptile, bird and beast,  
Till he attained to be an ape at last  
Or last but one. And if this doctrine shock  
In aught the natural pride" . . . Friend,  
banish fear,

The natural humility replies!

Do you suppose, even I, poor potentate,  
Hohenstiel-Schwangau, who once ruled the  
roast,—

I was born able at all points to ply  
My tools? or did I have to learn my trade,  
Practise as exile ere perform as prince?  
The world knows something of my ups and  
downs:

But grant me time, give me the management  
And manufacture of a model me,  
Me fifty-fold, a prince without a flaw,—  
Why, there's no social grade, the sordidest,  
My embryo potentate should blink and scape.  
King, all the better he was cobbler once,  
He should know, sitting on the throne, how  
tastes

Life to who sweeps the doorway. But life's  
hard,

Occasion rare; you cut probation short,  
And, being half-instructed, on the stage  
You shuffle through your part as best you can,  
And bless your stars, as I do. God takes  
time.

I like the thought He should have lodged me  
once

I' the hole, the cave, the hut, the tenement,  
The mansion and the palace; made me learn  
The feel o' the first, before I found myself  
Lofrier i' the last, not more emancipate;  
From first to last of lodging, I was I,  
And not at all the place that harboured me.

Do I refuse to follow farther yet

I' the backwardness, repine if tree and flower,  
Mountain or streamlet were my dwelling-place  
Before I gained enlargement, grew mollusc?

As well account that way for many a thrill  
Of kinship, I confess to, with the powers  
Called Nature: animate, inanimate.

In parts or in the whole, there's something  
there

Man-like that somehow meets the man in me.  
My pulse goes altogether with the heart  
O' the Persian, that old Xerxes, when he stayed  
His march to conquest of the world, a day  
I' the desert, for the sake of one superb  
Plane-tree which queened it there in solitude:  
Giving her neck its necklace, and each arm  
Its armet, suiting soft waist, snowy side,  
With cincture and apparel. Yes, I lodged  
In those successive tenements; perchance  
Taste yet the straitness of them while I stretch  
Limb and enjoy new liberty the more.  
And some abodes are lost or ruinous;  
Some, patched-up and pieced-out, and so  
transformed

They still accommodate the traveller  
His day of lifetime. O you count the links,  
Descry no bar of the unbroken man?  
Yes,—and who welds a lump of ore, suppose  
He likes to make a chain and not a bar,  
And reach by link on link, link small, link  
large,

Out to the due length—why, there's fore-  
thought still

Outside o' the series, forging at one end,  
While at the other there's—no matter what  
The kind of critical intelligence  
Believing that last link had last but one  
For parent, and no link was, first of all,  
Fitted to anvil, hammered into shape.  
Else, I accept the doctrine, and deduce  
This duty, that I recognize mankind,  
In all its height and depth and length and  
breadth.

Mankind i' the main have little wants, not  
large:

I, being of will and power to help, i' the 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,  
 Did only computists confess 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!  
 Full time to mend as well as mar: why wait  
 The slow and sober uprising all around  
 O' the building? Let us run up, right to roof,  
 Some sudden marvel, piece of perfectness,  
 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!"

But, no: I sadly let the voices wing  
 Their way i' the upper vacancy, nor test  
 Truth on this solid as I promised once.  
 Well, and what is there to be sad about?  
 The world's the world, life's life, and nothing  
 else.

'Tis part of life, a property to prize,  
 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  
 Enough success in fancy turning fact,  
 To keep the sanguine kind in countenance  
 And justify the hope that busies them:  
 Failure enough,—to who can follow change  
 Beyond their vision, see new good prove ill  
 I' the consequence, see blacks and whites of life  
 Shift square indeed, but leave the chequered  
 face

Unchanged i' the main,—failure enough for  
 such,

To bid ambition keep the whole from change,  
 As their best service. I hope nought beside.  
 No, my brave thinkers, whom I recognize,  
 Gladly, myself the first, as, in a sense,  
 All that our world's worth, flower and fruit  
 of man!

Such minds myself award supremacy  
 Over the common insignificance,  
 When only Mind's in question,—Body bows

To quite another government, you know.  
 Be Kant crowned king o' the castle in the air!  
 Hans Slouch,—his own, and children's mouths  
 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

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  
 Is put upon its mettle, plays its part  
 Precisely through such hindrance everywhere.  
 Finds some mysterious give and take i' the  
 case,

Some gain by opposition, he foregoes  
 Should he unfetter the medicament.  
 So with this thought of yours that fain would  
 work

Free in the world: it wants just what it finds—  
 The ignorance, stupidity, the hate,  
 Envy and malice and uncharitableness  
 That bar your passage, break the flow of you  
 Down from those happy heights where many  
 a cloud

Combined to give you birth and bid you be  
 The royalest of rivers: on you glide  
 Silverly till you reach the summit-edge,  
 Then over, on to all that ignorance,  
 Stupidity, hate, envy, bluffs and blocks,  
 Posted to fret you into foam and noise.  
 What of it? Up you mount in minute mist,  
 And bridge the chasm that crushed your  
 quietude,

A spirit-rainbow, earthborn jewelry  
 Outsparkling the insipid firmament



Blue above Terni and its orange-trees.  
Do not mistake me! You, too, have your  
rights!

Hans must not burn Kant's house above his  
head

Because he cannot understand Kant's book :  
And still less must Hans' pastor burn Kant's  
self

Because Kant understands some books too  
well.

But, justice seen to on this little point,  
Answer me, is it manly, is it sage  
To stop and struggle with arrangements here  
It took so many lives, so much of toil,  
To tinker up into efficiency?

Can't you contrive to operate at once,—  
Since time is short and art is long,—to show  
Your quality i' the world, whate'er you boast,  
Without this fractious call on folks to crush  
The world together just to set you free,  
Admire the capers you will cut perchance,  
Nor mind the mischief to your neighbours?

“Age!

Age and experience bring discouragement,”  
You taunt me: I maintain the opposite.  
Am I discouraged who,—perceiving health,  
Strength, beauty, as they tempt the eye of soul,  
Are uncombinable with flesh and blood,—  
Resolve to let my body live its best,  
And leave my soul what better yet may be  
Or not be, in this life or afterward?  
—In either fortune, wiser than who waits  
Till magic art procure a miracle.  
In virtue of my very confidence  
Mankind ought to outgrow its babyhood,  
I prescribe rocking, deprecate rough hands,  
While thus the cradle holds it past mistake.  
Indeed, my task's the harder—equable  
Sustainment everywhere, all strain, no push—  
Whereby friends credit me with indolence,  
Apathy, hesitation. “Stand stock-still  
If able to move briskly? ‘All a-strain’—  
So must we compliment your passiveness?  
Sound asleep, rather!”

Just the judgment passed  
Upon a statue, luckless like myself,

I saw at Rome once! 'Twas some artist's  
whim

To cover all the accessories close  
I' the group, and leave you only Laocoön  
With neither sons nor serpents to denote  
The purpose of his gesture. Then a crowd  
Was called to try the question, criticize  
Wherefore such energy of legs and arms,  
Nay, eyeballs, starting from the socket.

One—

I give him leave to write my history—  
Only one said “I think the gesture strives  
Against some obstacle we cannot see.”  
All the rest made their minds up. “'Tis a  
yawn

Of sheer fatigue subsiding to repose :  
The statue's ‘Somnolency’ clear enough!”

There, my arch stranger-friend, my audience  
both

And arbitress, you have one half your wish,  
At least: you know the thing I tried to do!  
All, so far, to my praise and glory—all  
Told as befits the self-apologist,—

Who ever promises a candid sweep  
And clearance of those errors miscalled crimes  
None knows more, none laments so much as he,  
And ever rises from confession, proved  
A god whose fault was—trying to be man.  
Just so, fair judge,—if I read smile aright—  
I condescend to figure in your eyes  
As biggest heart and best of Europe's friends,  
And hence my failure. God will estimate  
Success one day; and, in the mean time—  
you!

I dare say there's some fancy of the sort  
Frolicking round this final puff I send  
To die up yonder in the ceiling-rose,—  
Some consolation-stakes, we losers win!  
A plague of the return to “I—I—I  
Did this, meant that, hoped, feared the other  
thing!”

Autobiography, adieu! The rest  
Shall make amends, be pure blame, history  
And falsehood: not the ineffective truth,  
But Thiers-and-Victor-Hugo exercise.  
Hear what I never was, but might have been

If the better world where goes tobacco-smoke !  
Here lie the dozen volumes of my life :  
(Did I say "lie" ? the pregnant word will  
serve).

Cut on to the concluding chapter, though !  
Because the little hours begin to strike.  
Hurry Thiers-Hugo to the labour's end !

Something like this the unwritten chapter  
reads.

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—mildly to make mention—knaves or  
fools,

Each of them with his promise flourished full  
If the face of you by word and impudence,  
Or filtered slyly out by nod and wink  
And nudge upon your sympathetic rib—  
That not one minute more did knave or fool,  
Mean to keep faith and serve as he had sworn  
Hohenstiel-Schwangau, once her Head away.  
Why should such swear except to get the  
chance,

When time should ripen and confusion bloom,  
Of putting Hohenstiellers-Schwangaese  
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

Rather than his way : way superlative,  
Only,—by some infatuation,—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—  
Catching each vaunter of the villany  
He meant to perpetrate when time was ripe,  
Once the Head-servant fairly out of doors,—  
And, caging here a knave and there a fool,  
Cry "Mistress of your servants, these and me,  
Hohenstiel-Schwangau ! I, their trusty Head,  
Pounce on a pretty scheme concocting here  
That's stopped, extinguished by my vigilance.  
Your property is safe again : but mark !  
Safe in these hands, not yours, who lavish  
trust

Too lightly. Leave my hands their charge  
awhile !

I know your business better than yourself :  
Let me alone about it ! Some fine day,  
Once we are rid of the embarrassment,  
You shall look up and see your longing  
crowned !"

Such fancy might have tempted him be false,  
But this man chose truth and was wiser so.  
He recognized that for great minds is the  
world

There is no trial like the appropriate one  
Of leaving little minds their liberty  
Of littleness to blunder on through life,  
Now, aiming at right ends by foolish means,  
Now, at absurd achievement through the aid  
Of good and wise endeavour—to acquiesce  
In folly's life-long privilege, though with  
power

To do the little minds the good they need,  
Despite themselves, by just abolishing  
Their right to play the part and fill the place  
If the scheme of things He schemed who  
made alike

Great minds and little minds, saw use for  
each.

Could the orb sweep those puny particles  
It just half-lights at distance, hardly leads

I' the leash—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 i' the heritage  
Of heaven! No! in less senatorial phrase,  
The man endured to help, not save outright  
The multitude by substituting him  
For them, his knowledge, will and way, for  
God's:

Nor change the world, such as it is, and was  
And will be, for some other, suiting 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  
O' the special gold, whate'er the form it take,  
Head-work or heart-work, fined and thrice-  
refined

I' the crucible of life, whereto 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 ore, gold's opposite,  
At the very purest, so compensating  
Man's Adversary—what if we believe?—  
For earlier stern exclusion of his stuff.  
See the sage, with the hunger for the truth,  
And 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  
I' the crystal clarity of air so long,  
Until a stumble, and the man's one mire!  
Philanthropy 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 i' the greenest  
tree,

Our topmost of performance, yours and mine,  
What will be done i' the dry ineptitude  
Of ordinary mankind, bark and bole,  
All seems ashamed of but their mother-earth?

Therefore throughout Head's term of servitude  
He did the appointed service, and forbore  
Extraneous action that were duty else,  
Done by some other servant, idle now  
Or mischievous: no matter, each his own—  
Own task, and, in the end, own praise or  
blame!

He suffered them strut, prate and brag their  
best,

Squabble at odds on every point save one,  
And there shake hands,—agree to trifle time,  
Obstruct advance with, each, his cricket-cry  
“Wait till the Head be off the shoulders here!  
Then comes my King, my Pope, my Autocrat,  
My Socialist Republic to her own—

To-wit, that property of only me,  
Hohenstiel-Schwangan who conceits herself  
Free, forsooth, and expects I keep her so!”  
—Nay, suffered when, perceiving with dismay  
Head's silence paid no tribute to their noise,  
They turned on him. “Dumb menace in  
that mouth,

Malice in that unstridulosity!

He cannot but intend some stroke of state  
Shall signalize his passage into peace  
Out of the creaking,—hinder transference  
O' the Hohenstiellers-Schwangauese to king,  
Pope, autocrat, or socialist republic! That's  
Exact the cause his lips unlocked would cry!  
Therefore be stirring: brave, beard, bully  
him!

Dock, by the million, of its friendly joints,  
The electoral body short at once! who did,  
May do again, and undo us beside.

Wrest from his hands the sword for self-  
defence,

The right to parry any thrust in play  
We peradventure please to meditate!”  
And so forth; creak, creak, creak: and ne'er  
a line

His locked mouth oped the wider, till at last  
O' the long degraded and insulting day,  
Sudden the clock told it was judgment-time,  
Then he addressed himself to speak indeed  
To the fools, not knaves: they saw him walk  
straight down

Each step of the eminence, as he first engaged,  
And stand at last o' the level,—all he swore.

“ People, and not the people’s varletry,  
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  
your good,

With clearer brain and stouter arm than they,  
Or you, or haply 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 ap-  
proved,

Grant them, and I shall forthwith operate—  
Ponder it well !—to the extremest stretch  
O’ the power you trust me : if with unsuccess,  
God wills it, and there’s nobody to blame.”

Whereon the people answered with a shout  
“ The trusty one ! no tricksters any more ! ”  
How could 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,

Weapons outflourished in the wind, my faith !  
Heavily did he let his fist fall plumb

On each perturber 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 prowl and  
prey

For glory and a little gain beside,  
Passing for eagle in the dusk of the age,—

To florid head-top, foamy patriotism  
And tribunitial daring, breast laid bare

Thro’ confidence in rectitude, with hand  
On private pistol in the pocket : these

And all the dupes 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  
howl or whine

Its worst outside the building, wind conceives  
Meant to be pulled together and become

Its natural playground so. What foolishness  
Of dust or feather proved importunate

And fell ’twixt thumb and finger, found them  
gripe

To detriment of bulk and buoyancy.

Then followed silence and submission. Next,  
The inevitable comment came on work

And work’s cost : he was censured as profuse  
Of human life and liberty : too swift

And thorough his procedure, who had lagged  
At the outset, lost the opportunity

Through timid scruples as to right and wrong.  
“ There’s no such certain mark of a small  
mind ”

(So did Sagacity explain the fault)

“ As when it needs must square away and  
sink

To its own small dimensions, private scale

Of right and wrong,—humanity ? 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 i' 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 she unwill the thing she willed before ?  
I hold to the letter and obey the bond  
And leave her to perdition loyally.'

Whence followed thrice the expenditure we  
blame

Of human life and liberty : for want  
O' the by-blow, came deliberate butcher's-  
work !"

"Elsewhere go carry your complaint !" bade  
he.

"Least, largest, there's one law for all the  
minds,

Here or above : be true at any price !  
'Tis just o' the great scale, that such happy  
stroke

Of falsehood would be found a failure. Truth  
Still stands unshaken at her base by me,  
Reigns paramount i' the world, for the large  
good

O' the long late generations,—I and you  
Forgotten like this buried foolishness !  
Not so the good I rooted in its grave."

This is why he refused to break his oath,  
Rather appealed to the people, gained the  
power

To act as he thought best, then used it, once  
For all, no matter what the consequence  
To knaves and fools. As thus began his  
sway,

So, through its twenty years, one rule of right  
Sufficed him : govern for the many first,

The poor mean multitude, all mouths and  
eyes :

Bid the few, better favoured in the brain,  
Be patient nor presume on privilege,  
Help him or else be quiet,—never crave  
That he help them,—increase, forsooth, the  
gulf

Yawning so terribly 'twixt mind and mind  
I' the world here, which his purpose was to  
block

At bottom, were it by an inch, and bridge,  
If by a filament, no more, at top.  
Equalize things a little ! And the way  
He took to work that purpose out, was plain  
Enough to intellect and honesty  
And—superstition, style it if you please,  
So long as you allow there was no lack  
O' the quality imperative in man—  
Reverence. You see deeper ? thus saw he,  
And by the light he saw, must walk : how  
else

Was he to do his part ? a man's, with might  
And main, and not a faintest touch of fear,  
Sure he was in the hand of God who comes  
Before and after, with a work to do  
Which no man helps nor hinders. Thus the  
man,—

So timid when the business was to touch  
The uncertain order of humanity,  
Imperil, for a problematic cure  
Of grievance on the surface, any good  
I' the deep of things, dim yet discernible—  
This same man, so irresolute before,  
Show him a true excrescence to cut sheer,  
A devil's-graft on God's foundation-stock,  
Then—no complaint of indecision more !  
He wrenched out the whole canker, root and  
branch,

Deaf to who cried that earth would tumble in  
At its four corners if he touched a twig.  
Witness that lie of lies, arch-infamy,  
When the Republic, with her life involved  
In just this law—"Each people rules itself  
Its own way, not as any stranger please"—  
Turned, and for first proof she was living, bade  
Hohenstiel-Schwangau fasten on the throat  
Of the first neighbour that claimed benefit  
O' the law herself established : "Hohenstiel

For Hohenstiellers ! Rome, by parity  
Of reasoning, for Romans? That's a jest  
Wants proper treatment,—lancet-puncture  
suits

The proud flesh : Rome ape Hohenstiel for-  
sooth !”

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 infamy triumphant. Well :  
Sagacity suggested, make this speech !

“ The work was none of mine : suppose wrong  
wait,

Stand over for redressing? Mine for me,  
My predecessors' work on their own head !  
Meantime there's plain advantage, should we  
leave

Things as we find them. Keep Rome  
manacled

Hand and foot : no fear of unruliness !  
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 thereat who  
may,

So shall things be, for such my pleasure is—  
Hohenstiel-Schwangau's.’ How that reads  
in Rome

I' the Capitol where Brennus broke his pate,  
And lends a flourish to our journalists !”

Only, it was nor read nor flourished of,  
Since, not a moment did such glory stay  
Excision of the canker ! Out it came,  
Root and branch, with much roaring, and  
some blood,

And plentiful abuse of him from friend  
And foe. Who cared? Not Nature who  
assuaged

The pain and set the patient on his legs  
Promptly: the better ! had it been the worse,  
'Tis Nature you must try conclusions with,  
Not he, since nursing canker kills the sick  
For certain, while to cut may cure, at least.

“ Ah,” groaned a second time Sagacity,  
“ Again the little mind, precipitate,

Rash, rude, when even in the right, as here !  
The great mind knows the power of gentleness,  
Only tries force because persuasion fails.

Had this man, by prelusive trumpet-blast,  
Signified ‘ Truth and Justice mean to come,  
Nay, fast approach your threshold ! Ere they  
knock,

See that the house be set in order, swept  
And garnished, windows shut, and doors  
thrown wide !

The free State comes to visit the free Church :  
Receive her ! or . . . or . . . never mind  
what else !”

Thus moral suasion heralding brute force,  
How had he seen the old abuses die,  
And new life kindle here, there, everywhere,  
Roused simply by that mild yet potent spell—  
Beyond or beat of drum or stroke of sword—  
Public opinion !”

“ How, indeed ?” he asked,

“ When all to see, after some twenty years,  
Were your own fool-face waiting for the sight,  
Faced by as wide a grin from ear to ear  
O' the knaves who, while the fools were  
waiting, worked—

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,—

That what had been the glory of the world

When thereby came the world's good, grew  
its plague

Now that the champion-armour, donned to  
dare

The dragon once, was clattered up and down  
Highway and by-path of the world at peace,  
Merely to mask marauding, or for sake  
O' the shine and rattle that apprized the fields  
Hohenstiel-Schwangau was a fighter yet,  
And would be, till the weary world suppressed  
Her peccant 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 discomfiture  
Taking its true shape of beneficence,  
Hohenstiel-Schwangau, half-sad and part-  
wise,

Sat: if with wistful eye reverting oft  
To each pet weapon, rusty on its peg,  
Yet, with a sigh of satisfaction too  
That, peacefulness become the law, herself  
Got the due share of godsend 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,  
As naturally, quite another law.

Are we content? The world is satisfied.  
Discontent? Then the world must give us  
leave

To strike right, left, and exercise our arm  
Torpid of late through overmuch repose,  
And show its strength is still superlative  
At somebody's expense in life or limb:  
Which done,—let peace succeed and last a  
year!"

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! 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 hod 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  
feel

In being gently forced down, pinioned fast  
To the easy arm-chair by the pleading arms  
O' 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—in verse and prose  
And speech,—to vaunt new victories shall  
prove

A plague o' the future,—so that words suffice  
For present comfort, and no deeds denote  
That—tired of illimitable line on line  
Of boulevard-building, tired o' the theatre  
With the tuneful 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 yawn and sigh, 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  
Despite the petting of the universe!  
Come, you're a city-builder: what's the way  
Wisdom takes when time needs that she entice  
Some fierce tribe, castled on the mountain-  
peak,

Into the quiet and amenity  
O' the meadow-land below? By crying 'Done

With fight now, down with fortress?' Rather  
—'Dare

On, dare ever, not a stone displace!'   
Cries Wisdom: 'Cradle of our ancestors,  
Be bulwark, give our children safety still!  
Who of our children please may stoop and taste  
O' the valley-fatness, unafraid,—for why?  
At first alarm they have thy mother-ribs  
To run upon for refuge: foes forget  
Scarcely that Terror on her vantage-coign,  
Couchant supreme among the powers of air,  
Watches—prepared to pounce—the country  
wide!

Meanwhile the encouraged valley holds its own,  
From the first hut's adventure in descent,  
Half home, half hiding place,—to dome and  
spire .

Befitting the assured metropolis:  
Nor means offence to the fort which caps the  
crag,

All undismantled of a turret-stone,  
And bears the banner-pole that creaks at times  
Embarrassed by the old emblazonment,  
When festal days are to commemorate:  
Otherwise left untenanted, no doubt,  
Since, never fear, our myriads from below  
Would rush, if needs were, man the walls again,  
Renew the exploits of the earlier time  
At moment's notice! But till notice sound,  
Inhabit we in ease and opulence!

And so, till one day thus a notice sounds,  
Not trumpeted, but in a whisper-gust  
Fitfully 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  
Obsolete long since. Climb and study there  
How to paint barbican and battlement  
I' the scenes of our new theatre! We fight  
Now—by forbidding neighbours to sell steel  
Or buy wine, not by blowing out their brains!  
Moreover, while we let time sap the strength  
O' the walls omnipotent in menace once,  
Neighbours would seem to have prepared sur-  
prise—

Run up defences in a mushroom-growth,  
For all the world like what we boasted: brief—  
Hohenstiel-Schwangau's policy is peace!"

Ay, so Sagacity advised him filch  
Folly from fools: handsomely substitute  
The dagger o' lath, while gay they sang and  
danced,  
For that long dangerous sword they liked to  
feel,  
Even at feast-time, clink and make friends start.  
No! he said "Hear the truth, and bear the  
truth,  
And bring the truth to bear on all you are  
And do, assured that only good comes thence  
Whate'er 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 be. You want  
Glory? Why so do I, and so does God.  
Where is it found,—in this paraded shame,—  
One particle of glory? Once you warred  
For liberty against the world, and won:  
There was the glory. Now, you fain would  
war

Because the neighbour prospers overmuch,—  
Because there has been silence half-an-hour,  
Like Heaven on earth, without a cannon-shot  
Announcing Hohenstieler-Schwangauese  
Are minded to disturb the jubilee,—  
Because the loud tradition echoes faint,  
And who knows but posterity may doubt  
If the great deeds were ever done at all,  
Much less believe, were such to do again,  
So the event would follow: therefore, prove  
The old power, at the expense of somebody!  
Oh Glory,—gilded bubble, bard and sage  
So nickname rightly,—would thy dance en-  
dure

One moment, would thy vaunting make believe  
Only one eye thy ball was solid gold,  
Hadst thou less breath to buoy thy vacancy  
Than a whole multitude expends in praise,  
Less range for roaming than from head to head  
Of a whole people? Flit, fall, fly again,  
Only, fix never where the resolute hand  
May prick thee, prove the glassy lie thou art!  
Give me real intellect to reason with,  
No multitude, no entity that apes  
One wise man, being but a million fools!  
How and whence wishest glory, thou wise one?



Wouldst get it,—didst thyself guide Providence,—

By stinting of his due each neighbour round  
In strength and knowledge and dexterity  
So as to have thy littleness grow large  
By all those somethings once, turned nothings  
now,

As children make a molehill mountainous  
By scooping out a trench around their pile,  
And saving so the mudwork from approach?  
Quite otherwise the cheery game of life,  
True yet mimetic warfare, whereby man  
Does his best with his utmost, and so ends  
A victor most of all in fair defeat.

Who thinks,—would he have no one think beside?

Who knows, who does,—save his must learning die

And action cease? Why, so our giant proves  
No better than a dwarf, once rivalry  
Prostrate around him. Let the whole race stand  
For him to try conclusions fairly with!

Show me the great man would engage his peer  
Rather by grinning 'Cheat, thy gold is brass!'

Than granting 'Perfect piece of purest ore!  
Still, is it less good mintage, this of mine?'

Well, and these right and sound results of soul  
I the strong and healthy one wise man,—shall  
such

Be vainly sought for, scornfully renounced  
I the multitude that make the entity—

The people?—to what purpose, if no less,  
In power and purity of soul, below

The reach of the unit than, by multiplied  
Might of the body, vulgarized the more,

Above, in thick and threefold brutishness?  
See! you accept such one wise man, myself:

Wiser or less wise, still I operate  
From my own stock of wisdom, nor exact

Of other sort of natures you admire,  
That whoso rhymes a sonnet pays a tax,

Who paints a landscape dips brush at his cost,  
Who scores a septett true for strings and wind

Mulcted must be—else how should I impose  
Properly, attitudinize aright,

Did such conflicting claims as these divert  
Hohenstiel-Schwangau from observing me?

Therefore, what I find facile, you be sure,

With effort or without it, you shall dare—

You, I aspire to make my better self  
And truly the Great Nation. No more war  
For war's sake, then! and,—seeing, wickedness  
Springs out of folly,—no more foolish dread  
O' the neighbour waxing too inordinate  
A rival, through his gain of wealth and ease!  
What?—keep me patient, Powers!—the  
people here,

Earth presses to her heart, nor owns a pride  
Above her pride i' the race all flame and air  
And aspiration to the boundless Great,  
The incommensurably Beautiful—  
Whose very falterings groundward come of  
flight

Urged by a pinion all too passionate  
For heaven and what it holds of gloom and  
glow:

Bravest of thinkers, bravest of the brave  
Doers, exalt in Science, rapturous  
In Art, the—more than all—magnetic race  
To fascinate their fellows, mould mankind  
Hohenstiel - Schwangau - fashion, — these,  
what?—these

Will have to abdicate their primacy  
Should such a nation sell them steel untaxed,

And such another take itself, on hire  
For the natural sen'night, somebody for lord

Unpatronized by me whose back was turned?  
Or such another yet would fain build bridge,

Lay rail, drive tunnel, busy its poor self  
With its appropriate fancy: so there's—flash—

Hohenstiel-Schwangau up in arms at once!  
Genius has somewhat of the infantine:

But of the childish, not a touch nor taint  
Except through self-will, which, being foolish-

ness,  
Is certain, soon or late, of punishment

Which Providence avert!—and that it may  
Avert what both of us would so deserve,

No foolish dread o' the neighbour, I enjoin!  
By consequence, no wicked war with him,

While I rule!

“Does that mean—no war at all  
When just the wickedness I here proscribe  
Comes, haply, from the neighbour? Does  
my speech

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  
 month,  
 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 broach the  
 blood  
 O' the world. For truth and right, and only  
 right  
 And truth,—right, truth, on the absolute scale  
 of God,  
 No pettiness of man's admeasurement,—  
 In such case only, and for such one cause,  
 Fight your hearts out, whatever fate betide  
 Hands energetic to the uttermost!  
 Lie not! Endure no lie which needs your  
 heart  
 And hand to push it out of mankind's path—  
 No lie that lets the natural forces work  
 Too long ere lay it plain and pulverized—  
 Seeing man's life lasts only twenty years!  
 And such a lie, before both man and God,  
 Proving, at this time present, Austria's rule  
 O'er Italy,—for Austria's sake the first,  
 Italy's next, and our sake last of all,  
 Come with me and deliver Italy!  
 Smite hip and thigh until the oppressor leave  
 Free from the Adriatic to the Alps  
 The oppressed one! We were they who laid  
 her low  
 In the old bad day when Villany braved Truth  
 And Right and laughed 'Henceforward, God  
 deposed,  
 Satan we set to rule for evermore  
 I' the world!'—whereof to stop the conse-  
 quence,  
 And for atonement of false glory there  
 Gaped at and gabbled over by the world,  
 I purpose to get God enthroned again  
 For what the world will gird at as sheer shame  
 I' the cost of blood and treasure. 'All for  
 nought—  
 Not even, say, some patch of province, splice

O' the frontier?—some snug honorarium-fee  
 Shut into glove and pocketed apace?'  
 (Questions Sagacity) 'in deference  
 To the natural susceptibility  
 Of folks at home, unwitting of that pitch  
 You soar to, and misdoubting if Truth, Right  
 And the other such augustnesses repay  
 Expenditure in coin o' the realm,—but prompt  
 To recognize the cession of Savoy  
 And Nice as marketable value!' No,  
 Sagacity, go preach to Metternich,  
 And, sermon ended, stay where he resides!  
 Hohenstiel-Schwangau, you and I must march  
 The other road! war for the hate of war,  
 Not love, this once!" So Italy was free.

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 poise  
 The ball o' 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  
 At foot o' the mountain. Thus he ruled,  
 gave proof  
 The world had gained a point, progressive so,  
 By choice, this time, as will and power con-  
 curred,  
 O' the fittest man to rule; not chance of birth,  
 Or such-like dice-throw. Oft Sagacity  
 Was at his ear: "Confirm this clear advance,  
 Support this wise procedure! You, elect  
 O' the people, mean to justify their choice  
 And out-king all the kingly imbeciles;  
 But that's just half the enterprise: remains  
 You find them a successor like yourself,  
 In head and heart and eye and hand and aim,  
 Or all done's undone; and whom hope to  
 mould  
 So like you as the pupil Nature sends,  
 The son and heir's completeness which you  
 lack?  
 Lack it no longer! Wed the pick o' the world,  
 Where'er you think you find it. Should she be

A queen,—tell Hohenstiellers-Schwangauese  
 'So do the old enthroned decrepitudes  
 Acknowledge, in the rotten hearts of them,  
 Their knell is knolled, they hasten to make  
 peace  
 With the new order, recognize in me  
 Your right to constitute what king you will,  
 Cringe therefore crown in hand and bride on  
 arm,  
 To both of us: we triumph, I suppose !'  
 Is it the other sort of rank?—bright eye,  
 Soft smile, and so forth, all her queenly boast?  
 Undaunted the exordium—'I, the man  
 O' the people, with the people mate myself:  
 So stand, so fall. Kings, keep your crowns  
 and brides !  
 Our progeny (if Providence agree)  
 Shall live to tread the baubles underfoot  
 And bid the scarecrows consort with their kin.  
 For son, as for his sire, be the free wife  
 In the free state !'"

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  
 As that God drops his seed of heavenly flame  
 Just where He wills on earth: sometimes  
 where man  
 Seems to tempt—such the accumulated store  
 Of faculties—one spark to fire the heap ;  
 Sometimes where, fire-ball-like, it falls upon  
 The naked unpreparedness of rock,  
 Burns, beaconing the nations through their  
 night.  
 Faculties, fuel for the flame? All helps  
 Come, ought to come, or come not, crossed  
 by chance,  
 From culture and transmission. What's your  
 want  
 I' the son and heir? Sympathy, aptitude,  
 Teachableness, the fuel for the flame?  
 You'll have them for your pains: but the  
 flame's self,  
 The novel thought of God shall light the  
 world?

No, poet, though your offspring rhyme and  
 chime  
 I' the cradle,—painter, no, for all your pet  
 Draws his first eye, beats Salvatore's boy,—  
 And thrice no, statesman, should your progeny  
 Tie bib and tucker with no tape but red,  
 And made a foolscap kite of protocols !  
 Critic and copyist and bureaucrat  
 To heart's content ! The seed o' the apple-  
 tree  
 Brings forth another tree which bears a crab:  
 'Tis the great gardener grafts the excellence  
 On wildings where he will.

“How plain I view,  
 Across those misty years 'twixt me and  
 Rome”—

(Such the man's answer to Sagacity)  
 “The little wayside temple, half-way down  
 To a mild river that makes oxen white  
 Miraculously, un-mouse-colours skin,  
 Or so the Roman country people dream !  
 I view that sweet small shrub-embedded shrine  
 On the declivity, was sacred once  
 To a transmuting Genius of the land,  
 Could touch and turn its dunnest natures  
 bright,  
 —Since Italy means the Land of the Ox, we  
 know.

Well, how was it the due succession fell  
 From priest to priest who ministered i' the cool  
 Calm fane o' the Clitumnian god? The sire  
 Brought forth a son and sacerdotal sprout,  
 Endowed instinctively with good and grace  
 To suit the gliding gentleness below—  
 Did he? Tradition tells another tale.  
 Each priest obtained his predecessor's staff,  
 Robe, fillet and insignia, blamelessly,  
 By springing out of ambush, soon or late,  
 And slaying him: the initiative rite  
 Simply was murder, save that murder took,  
 I' the case, another and religious name.  
 So it was once, is now, shall ever be  
 With genius and its priesthood in this world:  
 The new power slays the old—but handsomely.  
 There he lies, not diminished by an inch  
 Of stature that he graced the altar with,  
 Though somebody of other bulk and build

Cries 'What a goodly personage lies here  
 Reddening the water where the bulrush roots!  
 May I conduct the service in his place,  
 Decently and in order, as did he,  
 And, as he did not, keep a wary watch  
 When meditating 'neath yon willow shade!'  
 Find out your best man, sure the son of him  
 Will prove best man again, and, better still  
 Somehow than best, the grandson-prodigy!  
 You think the world would last another day  
 Did we so 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 o' the plan: 'tis we wish steadiness;  
 Nature prefers a motion by unrest,  
 Advancement through this force which jostles  
 that.

And so, since much remains i' 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 you believe, 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 mode the most discredited of all,  
 By just the men and women who make boast  
 They are kings and queens thereby! Mere  
 self-defence

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 took to cure the prejudice,  
 And prove there's nothing so unproveable  
 As who is who, what son of what a sire,  
 And,—inferentially,—how faint the chance  
 That the next generation needs to fear  
 Another fool o' the selfsame type as he  
 Happily regnant 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 stank 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 *pendule*  
 warns!

Eh? Why, this wild work wanders past all  
 bound

And bearing! Exile, Leicester-square, the  
 life

I' the old gay miserable time, rehearsed,  
 Tried 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 bud-mouthed arbitress? A nod  
 Out-Homering Homer! Stay—there flits the  
 clue

I fain would find the end of! Yes,—“Mean-  
 while,

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—

Doff spectacles, wipe pen, shut book,  
decamp !)

You see 'tis easy in heroics ! 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 dubious knowledge, half-experience :  
each

And all the interlocutors alike  
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 organ 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 peradventure should have  
been :

To renovate a people, mend or end  
That bane come of a blessing meant the  
world—

Inordinate culture of the sense made quick  
By soul,—the lust o' 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 bids his votaries, famishing for truth,  
Feed on a lie.

Alack, one lies 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 gorget nor a beak filed fine,  
Steel spurs, and the whole armoury 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.

"Deflect" indeed ! nor merely words from  
thoughts

But names from facts : "Clitumnus"<sup>1</sup> did I  
say ?

As if it had been his ox-whitening wave  
Whereby folk practised that grim cult of old—  
The murder of their temple's priest by who  
Would qualify for his succession. Sure—  
Nemi 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 daybreak : 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 ?

<sup>1</sup> An Italian river supposed to turn cattle  
white.

## FIFINE AT THE FAIR.

1872

[For an analysis of this remarkable poem, see Dr. Berdoo's "Browning Cyclopædia" (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) and Mr. Nettleship's "Essays on Browning's Poetry."]

DONE ELVIRE.

Vous plait-il, don Juan, nous éclaircir ces  
beaux mystères?

DON JUAN.

Madame, à vous dire la vérité . . .

DONE ELVIRE.

Ah ! que vous savez mal vous défendre 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  
me jurez-vous que vous êtes toujours dans les  
mêmes sentimens pour moi, que vous m'aimez  
toujours avec une ardeur sans égale, et que rien  
n'est capable de vous détacher de moi que la  
mort ?—MOLIÈRE, *Don Juan*, acte i. sc. 3.

DONNA ELVIRA.

Don Juan, might you please to help one give a  
guess,  
Hold up a candle, clear this fine mysterious-  
ness?

DON JUAN.

Madam, if needs I must declare the truth,—in  
short . . .

DONNA ELVIRA.

Fie, for a man of mode, accustomed at the court  
To such a style of thing, how awkwardly my  
lord  
Attempts defence ! You move compassion,  
that's the word—  
Dumb-founded and chap-fallen ! Why don't  
you arm your brow  
With noble impudence ? Why don't you swear  
and vow  
No sort of change is come to any sentiment  
You ever had for me ? Affection holds the bent,  
You love me now as erst, with passion that  
makes pale  
All ardour else : nor aught in nature can avail  
To separate us two, save what, in stopping  
breath,  
May peradventure stop devotion likewise—  
death !

PROLOGUE.

AMPHIBIAN.

I.

THE fancy I had to-day,  
Fancy which turned a fear !  
I swam far out in the bay,  
Since waves laughed warm and clear

II.

I lay and looked at the sun,  
The noon-sun looked at me :  
Between us two, no one  
Live creature, that I could see.

III.

Yes ! There came floating by  
Me, who lay floating too.  
Such a strange butterfly !  
Creature as dear as new :

IV.

Because the membraned wings  
So wonderful, so wide,  
So sun-suffused, were things  
Like soul and nought beside.

V.

A handbreadth over head !  
All of the sea my own.  
It owned the sky instead :  
Both of us were alone.

VI.

I never shall join its flight,  
For, nought buoys flesh in air.  
If it touch the sea—good night !  
Death sure and swift waits there.

## VII.

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 swims!

## 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:

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## XV.

Which sea, to all intent,  
Gives flesh such noon-disport  
As a finer element  
Affords the spirit-sort.

## XVI.

Whatever they are, we seem:  
Imagine the thing they know;  
All deeds they do, we dream;  
Can heaven be else but so?

## XVII.

And meantime, yonder streak  
Meets the horizon's verge;  
That is the land, to seek  
If we tire or dread the surge:

## XVIII.

Land the solid and safe—  
To welcome again (confess!)  
When, high and dry, we chafe  
The body, and don the dress.

## XIX.

Does she look, pity, wonder  
At one who mimics flight,  
Swims—heaven above, sea under,  
Yet always earth in sight?

## FIFINE AT THE FAIR.

## I.

O TRIP and skip, Elvire! Link arm in arm  
with me!  
Like husband and like wife, together let us see  
The tumbling-troop arrayed, the strollers on  
their stage,  
Drawn up and under arms, and ready to en-  
gage.

## II.

Now, who supposed the night would play  
us such a prank?  
—That what was raw and brown, rough pole  
and shaven plank?

X

Mere bit of hoarding, half by trestle propped,  
 half tub,  
 Would flaunt it forth as brisk as butterfly  
 from grub?  
 This comes of sun and air, of Autumn afternoon,  
 And Pornic and Saint Gille, whose feast affords  
 the boon—  
 This scaffold turned parterre, this flower-bed  
 in full blow,  
 Bateleurs, baladines!<sup>1</sup> We shall not miss the  
 show!  
 They pace and promenade; they presently  
 will dance:  
 What good were else i' the drum and fife? O  
 pleasant land of France!

## III.

Who saw them make their entry? At wink  
 of eve, be sure!  
 They love to steal a march, nor lightly risk  
 the lure.  
 They keep their treasure hid, nor stale (impro-  
 vidant)  
 Before the time is ripe, each wonder of their  
 tent—  
 Yon six-legged sheep, to wit, and he who beats  
 a gong,  
 Lifts cap and waves salute, exhilarates the  
 throng—  
 Their ape of many years and much adventure,  
 grim  
 And grey with pitying fools who find a joke  
 in him.  
 Or, best, the human beauty, Mimi, Toinette,  
 Fifine,  
 Tricot fines down if fat, padding plumps up if  
 lean,  
 Ere, shedding petticoat, modesty, and such  
 toys,  
 They bounce forth, squalid girls transformed  
 to gamesome boys.

## IV.

No, no, thrice, Pornic, no! Perpend the  
 authentic tale!  
 'Twas not for every Gawain to gaze upon the  
 Grail!

<sup>1</sup> Conjurors and dancers.

But whoso went his rounds, when flew bat,  
 flitted midge,  
 Might hear across the dusk,—where both  
 roads join the bridge,  
 Heard by the little port,—creak a slow  
 caravan,  
 A chimneyed house on wheels; so shyly-  
 sheathed, began  
 To broaden out the bud which, bursting  
 unaware,  
 Now takes away our breath, queen-tulip of  
 the Fair!

## V.

Yet morning promised much: for, pitched  
 and slung and reared  
 On terrace 'neath the tower, 'twixt tree and  
 tree appeared  
 An airy structure; how the pennon from its  
 dome,  
 Frenetic<sup>2</sup> to be free, makes one red stretch  
 for home!  
 The home far and away, the distance where  
 lives joy,  
 The cure, at once and ever, of world and  
 world's annoy;  
 Since, what lolis full in front, a furlong from  
 the booth,  
 But ocean-idleness, sky-blue and millpond-  
 smooth?

## VI.

Frenetic to be free! And, do you know,  
 there beats  
 Something within my breast, as sensitive?—  
 repeats  
 The fever of the flag? My heart makes just  
 the same  
 Passionate stretch, fires up for lawlessness,  
 lays claim  
 To share the life they lead: losels, who have  
 and use  
 The hour what way they will,—applaud them  
 or abuse  
 Society, whereof myself am at the beck,  
 Whose call obey, and stoop to burden stiffest  
 neck!

<sup>2</sup> Frenzied.



## VII.

Why is it that when'er a faithful few  
 combine  
 To cast allegiance off, play truant, nor repine,  
 Agree to bear the worst, forego 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?  
 —Seem as they said “ We know a secret  
 passing praise  
 Or blame of such as you ! Remain ! we go  
 our ways  
 With something you o'erlooked, forgot or  
 chose to sweep  
 Clean out of door : our pearl picked from  
 your rubbish-heap.  
 You care not for your loss, we calculate our gain.  
 All's right. Are you content ? Why, so let  
 things remain !  
 To the wood then, to the wild : free life, full  
 liberty ! ”  
 And when they rendezvous beneath the in-  
 clement sky,  
 House by the hedge, reduced to brute-com-  
 panionship,  
 —Misguided ones who gave society the slip,  
 And find too late how boon a parent they  
 despised,  
 What ministration spurned, how sweet and  
 civilized—  
 Then, left alone at last with self-sought  
 wretchedness,  
 No interloper else !—why is it, can we guess?—  
 At somebody's expense, goes up so frank a  
 laugh ?  
 As though they held the corn, and left us only  
 chaff  
 From garners crammed and closed. And we  
 indeed are clever  
 If we get grain as good, by thrashing straw  
 for ever !

## VIII.

Still, truants as they are and purpose yet  
 to be,  
 That nowise needs forbid they venture—as  
 you see—

To cross confine, approach the once familiar  
 roof  
 O' the kindly race their flight estranged :  
 stand half aloof,  
 Sidle half up, press near, and proffer wares  
 for sale  
 —In their phrase—make, in ours, white levy  
 of black mail.  
 They, of the wild, require some touch of us  
 the tame,  
 Since clothing, meat and drink, mean money  
 all the same.

## IX.

If hunger, proverbs say, allures the wolf  
 from wood,  
 Much more the bird must dare a dash at  
 something good :  
 Must snatch up, bear away in beak, the trifle-  
 treasure  
 To wood and wild, and then—O how enjoy  
 at leisure !  
 Was never tree-built nest, you climbed and  
 took, of bird  
 (Rare city-visitant, talked of, scarce seen or  
 heard),  
 But, when you would dissect the structure,  
 piece by piece,  
 You found, enwreathed amid the country-  
 product—fleece  
 And feather, thistle-stuffs and bearded windle-  
 straws<sup>1</sup>—  
 Some shred of foreign silk, unravelling of  
 gauze,  
 Bit, may be, of brocade, mid fur and blow-  
 bell-down :  
 Filched plainly from mankind, dear tribute  
 paid by town,  
 Which proved how oft the bird had plucked  
 up heart of grace,  
 Swooped down at waif and stray, made  
 furtively our place  
 Pay tax and toll, then borne the booty to  
 enrich  
 Her paradise i' the waste ; the how and why  
 of which,  
 That is the secret, there the mystery that  
 stings !

<sup>1</sup> The tufted hair-grass.

## X.

For, what they traffic in, consists of just  
the things  
We,—proud ones who so scorn dwellers with-  
out the pale,  
Bateleurs, baladines, white leviers of black  
mail,—  
I say, they sell what we most pique us that  
we keep!  
How comes it, all we hold so dear they count  
so cheap?

## 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.  
Now tell me: are you worth the cost of a  
cigar?  
Go boldly, enter booth, disburse the coin at bar  
Of doorway where presides the master of the  
troop,  
And forthwith you survey his Graces in a group,  
Live Picture, picturesque no doubt and close  
to life:  
His sisters, right and left; the Grace in  
front, his wife.  
Next, who is this performs the feat of the  
Trapeze?  
Lo, she is launched, look—fie, the fairy!—  
how she flees  
O'er all those heads thrust back,—mouths,  
eyes, one gape and stare,—  
No scrap of skirt impedes free passage through  
the air,  
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. Desiderate aught else  
O' the vendor? As you leave his show, why,  
joke the man!

“You cheat: your six-legged sheep, I re-  
collect, began  
Both life and trade, last year, trimmed  
properly and clipt,  
As the Twin-headed Babe, and Human  
Nondescript!”  
What does he care? You paid his price,  
may pass your jest.  
So values he repute, good fame, and all the  
rest!

## 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  
An onion from the eye! Become, in all  
respects,  
God-fearing householder, subsistent by brain-  
skill,  
Hand-labour; win your bread whatever way  
you will,  
So it be honestly,—and, while I have a purse,  
Means 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  
spurns  
All we so prize? I want, put down in black  
and white,  
What compensating joy, unknown and infinite,  
Turns lawlessness to law, makes destitution—  
wealth,  
Vice—virtue, and disease of soul and body—  
health?

## XIV.

Ah, the slow shake of head, the melancholy  
smile,  
The sigh almost a sob! What's wrong, was  
right erewhile?

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?

xv.

This way, this way, F'fine!

Here's she, shall make my thoughts be surer  
what they mean!

First let me read the signs, pourtray you past  
mistake

The gipsy's foreign self, no swarth our sun  
could bake.

Yet where's a woolly trace degrades the wiry  
hair?

And note the Greek-nymph nose, and—oh,  
my Hebrew pair

Of eye and eye—o'erarched by velvet of the  
mole—

That swin as in a sea, that dip and rise and roll,  
Spilling the light around! While either ear  
is cut

Thin as a dusk-leaved rose carved from a  
cocoa-nut.

And then, her neck! now, grant you had the  
power to deck,

Just as your fancy pleased, the bistre-length  
of neck,

Could lay, to shine against its shade, a  
moonlike row

Of pearls, each round and white as bubble  
Cupids blow

Big out of mother's milk,—what pearl-moon  
would surpass

That string of mock-turquoise, those alman-  
dines<sup>1</sup> of glass,

Where girlhood terminates? for with breasts'  
birth commence

The boy, and page-costume, till pink and  
impudence

End admirably all: complete the creature trips  
Our way now, brings sunshine upon her  
spangled hips,

As here she fronts us full, with pose half-  
frank, half-fierce!

<sup>1</sup> Garnets.

xvi.

Words urged in vain, Elvire! You waste  
your quarte and tierce,

Lunge 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: though mis-  
chievous and mean,

Yet free and flower-like too, with loveliness  
for law,

And self-sustainment made morality.

xvii.

A flaw

Do you account? the lily, of lands which  
travellers know,

That, just as golden gloom supersedes Northern  
snow

I? the chalice, so, about each pistil, spice is  
packed,—

Deliriously-drugged scent, in lieu of odour  
lacked,

With us, by bee and moth, their banquet to  
enhance

At morn and eve, when dew, the chilly sus-  
tenance,

Needs mixture of some chaste and temperate  
perfume?

I ask, is she in fault who guards such golden  
gloom,

Such dear and damning scent, by who cares  
what devices,

And takes the idle life of insects she entices  
When, drowned to heart's desire, they satiate  
the inside

O' the lily, mark her wealth and manifest her  
pride?

xviii.

But, wiser, we keep off, nor tempt the  
acid juice;

Discreet we peer and praise, put rich things  
to right use.

No flavourous venom'd bell,—the rose it is,  
I wot,

Only the rose, we pluck and place, unwrong'd  
a jot,

No worse for homage done by every devotee,  
 I' the proper loyal 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  
 toy the tongue,—  
 O gorgeous poison-plague, on thee no hearts  
 are set !  
 We gather daisy meek, or maiden violet :  
 I think it is Elvire we love, and not Fifine.

## XIX.

“ 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, sick 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  
 as bronze,  
 Here where we stand, shall sit and suffer  
 Louis Onze :  
 The while from yonder tent parade forth, not  
 —oh, no—  
 Bateleurs, baladines ! but range themselves  
 a-row  
 Those well-sung women-worthies whereof  
 loud fame still finds  
 Some echo linger faint, less in our hearts than  
 minds.

## XX.

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 ravage,—call no curse upon, but  
 bless

(Beldame, a moment since) the outbreáking  
 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 fellow-orb as  
 fine  
 I' the body : traced about by jewels which  
 outline,  
 Fire-frame, and keep distinct, perfections—  
 lest 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  
 slain.  
 Hush,—O I know, Elvire ! Be patient,  
 more remain !  
 What say you to Saint . . . Fish ! Whatever  
 Saint you please,  
 Cold-pinnacled aloft o' the spire, prays calm  
 the seas  
 From Pornic Church, and oft at midnight  
 (peasants say)  
 Goes walking out to save from shipwreck :  
 well she may !  
 For think how many a year has she been  
 conversant  
 With nought but winds and rains, sharp  
 courtesy and scant  
 O' the wintry snow that coats the pent-house  
 of her shrine,  
 Covers each knee, climbs near, but spares  
 the smile benign  
 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,  
 eye and eye,  
 Besprent 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 miss her from her post, nearer to God  
half-way

In heaven, and she inquired "Who that  
treads earth can pray?

I doubt if even she, the unashamed ! though,  
sure,

She must have stripped herself only to clothe  
the poor."

XXI.

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—cur-  
tail,

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 curtesy,

smile and pout,  
Submissive-mutinous? No other than Fifine

Points toe, imposes haunch, and pleads with  
tambourine !

XXII.

"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?"

XXIII.

Task 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 yonder-you, who stand beside these,  
braving each

And blinking none, beat her who lured to  
Troy-town beach

The purple prows of Greece,—nay, beat  
Fifine ; whose face,

Mark how I will inflame, when seigneur-  
like I place

I' the tambourine, to spot the strained and  
piteous blank

Of pleading parchment, see, no less than a  
whole franc !

XXIV.

Ah, do you mark the brown o' the cloud,  
made bright with fire

Through and through? as, old wiles suc-  
ceeding to desire,

Quality (you and I) once more compassionate  
A hapless infant, doomed (fie on such partial  
fate !)

To sink the inborn shame, waive privilege of  
sex,

And posture as you see, support the nods  
and becks

Of clowns that have their stare, nor always  
pay its price ;

An infant born perchance as sensitive and  
nice

As any soul of you, proud dames, whom  
destiny

Keeps uncontaminate from stigma of the  
stye

She wallows in ! You draw back skirts from  
filth like her

Who, possibly, braves 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?

XXV.

Ay, who indeed ! Myself know nothing,  
but dare guess

That off she trips in haste to hand the booty  
. . . yes,

'Twixt fold and fold of tent, there looms he,  
dim-discerned,  
The ogre, lord of all those lavish limbs have  
earned !  
—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<sup>1</sup> 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,  
if that squint  
O' the diabolic eye so soften through absinthe,  
That, for once, tambourine, tunic and tricot<sup>2</sup>  
'scape  
Their customary curse " Not half the gain o'  
the ape !"  
Ay, they go in together !

## XXVI.

Yet still her phantom stays  
Opposite, where you stand : as steady 'neath  
our gaze—  
The live 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.

## XXVII.

" What puts it in my head to make your-  
self judge you ?"  
Well, it may be, the name of Helen brought  
to mind  
A certain myth I mused 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

<sup>1</sup> A weight of 100 lbs.    <sup>2</sup> 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 his fancy-fit, must needs take empty  
air,  
Fashion her likeness forth, and set the  
phantom there  
I' the midst for sport, to try conclusions with  
the blind  
And blundering race, the game create for  
Gods, mankind :  
Experiment on these,—establish who would  
yearn  
To give up life for her, who, other-minded,  
spurn  
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 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 !

## XXVIII.

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 glistens more. I have not  
vexed in vain  
Elvire : because she knows, now she has  
stood the test,  
How, this and this being good, herself may  
still be best

O' the beauty in review ; because the flesh  
 that claimed  
 Unduly my regard, she thought, the taste,  
 she blamed  
 In me, 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 allures,  
 And sparks from heaven transpierce earth's  
 coarsest covertures,—  
 All by demonstrating the value of Fifine !

## XXIX.

Partake my confidence ! No creature's  
 made so mean  
 But that, some way, it boasts, could we in-  
 vestigate,  
 Its supreme worth : fulfils, 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,  
 has leaped  
 Or will leap, would we wait, i' the century,  
 some once,  
 To the very throne of things ? — earth's  
 brightest for the nonce,  
 When sunshine shall impinge on just that  
 grain's facette  
 Which fronts 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 reverbe-  
 rate

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-sided ships rowed by the well-  
 greaved Greeks !  
 No Asian mirror, like yon Ptolemaic witch  
 Able to fix sun fast and tame sun down, en-  
 rich,  
 Not burn the world with beams thus flatter-  
 ingly 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 lustrous heaven, revealed, far more than  
 mundane sight  
 Could master, to thy cell, pure Saint ! where,  
 else too bright,  
 So suits thy sense the orb, that, what outside  
 was noon,  
 Pales, through thy lozenged blue, to meek  
 benefic moon !  
 What then ? does that prevent each dunghill,  
 we may pass  
 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 ! Gloze  
 No whit on your premiss : let be, there was  
 no worst  
 Of degradation spared Fifine : ordained from  
 first  
 To last, in body and soul, for one life-long  
 debauch,  
 The Pariah of the North, the European  
 Nautch !

This, far from seek to hide, she puts in evidence  
 Calmly, displays the brand, bids pry without offence  
 Your finger on the place. You comment  
 "Fancy us  
 So operated on, maltreated, mangled thus!  
 Such torture in our case, had we survived an hour?  
 Some other sort of flesh and blood must be, with power  
 Appropriate to the vile, unsensitive, tough-tongued,  
 In lieu of our fine nerve! Be sure, she was not wronged  
 Too much: you must not think she winced at prick as we!"  
 Come, come, that's what you say, or would, were thoughts but free.

## XXXII.

Well then, thus much confessed, what wonder if there steal  
 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, avowed.  
 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,  
 Coiffure, outlandish features, lithe memorable limbs,  
 Piquant entreaty, all that eye-glance 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 o'er gilt 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 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? 'Had I passed in review  
 'The produce of the globe, my man of men were—you!'  
 Do I say, like your Helen? 'Yield yourself up, obey  
 'Implicitly, nor pause to question, to survey  
 'Even the worshipful! prostrate you at my shrine!  
 'Shall you dare controvert what the world counts divine?  
 'Array your private taste, own liking of the sense,  
 'Own longing of the soul, against the impudence  
 'Of history, the blare and bullying of verse?  
 'As if man ever yet saw reason to disburse  
 'The amount of what sense liked, soul longed for,—given, devised  
 'As love, forsooth,—until the price was recognized  
 'As moderate enough by divers fellow-men!  
 'Then, with his warrant safe that these would love too, then,  
 'Sure that particular gain implies a public loss,  
 'And that no smile he buys but proves a slash across  
 '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 uncharitableness,



<p>'Envy and hatred,—then, decides he to          profess          'His estimate of, one, by love discerned,          though dim          'To all the world beside: since what's the          world to him?'          Do I say, like your Queen of Egypt? 'Who          foregoes          'My cup of witchcraft—fault be on the fool!          He knows          'Nothing of how I pack my wine-press, turn          its winch          'Three-times-three, all the time to song and          dance, nor flinch          'From charming on and on, till at the last I          squeeze          'Out the exhaustive drop that leaves behind          mere lees          'And dregs, vapidity, thought essence          heretofore!          'Sup of my sorcery, old pleasures please no          more!          'Be great, be good, love, learn, have potency          of hand          'Or heart or head,—what boots? You die,          nor understand          'What bliss might be in life: you ate the          grapes, but knew          'Never the taste of wine, such vintage as I          brew!          Do I say, like your Saint? 'An exquisitest          touch          'Bides in the birth of things: no after-time          can much          '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 outwarbles brook, while, at          the source, it wins          'That moss and stone dispart, allow its          bubblings breathe?          'What taste excels the fruit, just where sharp          flavours sheathe          'Their sting, and let encroach the honey that          allays?</p>	<p>'And so with soul and sense; when sanctity          betrays          'First fear lest earth below seem real as          heaven above,          'And holy worship, late, change soon to sin-          ful love—          'Where is the plenitude of passion which          endures          'Comparison with that, I ask of amateurs?          Do I say, like Elvire" . . .</p> <p style="text-align: center;">XXXIII.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">(Your husband holds you fast,          Will have you listen, learn your character at          last!)</p> <p>'Do I say?—like her mixed unrest and dis-          content,          Reproachfulness and scorn, with that sub-          mission blent          So strangely, in the face, by sad smiles and          gay tears,—          Quiescence which attacks, rebellion which          endears,—          Say? 'As you loved me once, could you          but love me now!          'Years probably have graved their passage on          my brow,          'Lips turn more rarely red, eyes sparkle less          than erst;          'Such tribute body pays to time; but, un-          amerced,          'The soul retains, nay, boasts old treasure          multiplied.          'Though dew-prime flee,—mature at noon-          day, love defied          'Chance, the wind, change, the rain: love,          strenuous all the more          'For storm, struck deeper root and choicer          fruitage bore,          'Despite the rocking world; yet truth          struck root in vain:          'While tenderness bears fruit, you praise, not          taste again.          'Why? They are yours, which once were          hardly yours, might go          'To grace another's ground: and then—the          hopes we know,</p>
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'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, such acquit  
 'Of rapture if, refused her arm, hand touched her wrist!  
 'Now, what's a smile to you? Poor candle that lights up  
 'The decent household gloom which sends you out to sup.  
 'A tear? worse! warns that health requires you keep aloof  
 'From nuptial chamber, since rain penetrates the roof!  
 'Soul, body got and gained, inalienably safe  
 'Your own, become despised; more worth has any waif  
 'Or stray from neighbour's pale: pouch that, —'tis pleasure, pride,  
 'Novelty, property, and larceny beside!  
 'Preposterous thought! to find no value fixed in things,  
 'To covet all you see, hear, dream of, till fate brings  
 'About that, what you want, you gain; then follows change.  
 'Give you the sun to keep, forthwith must fancy range:  
 'A goodly lamp, no doubt,—yet might you catch her hair  
 'And capture, as she frisks, the fen-fire dancing there!  
 'What do I say? at least a meteor's half in heaven;  
 'Provided filth but shine, my husband hankers even  
 'After putridity that's phosphorescent, cribs

'The rustic's tallow-rush, makes spoil of urchins' squibs,  
 'In short prefers to me—chaste, temperate, serene—  
 'What sputters green and blue, this fizgig called Fifine!'

XXXIV.

So all your sex mistake! Strange that so plain a fact  
 Should raise such dire debate! Few families were racked  
 By torture self-supplied, did Nature grant but this—  
 That women comprehend mental analysis!

XXXV.

Elvire, do you recall when, years ago, our home  
 The intimation reached, a certain pride of Rome,  
 Authenticated piece, in the third, last and best Manner,—whatever fools and connoisseurs contest,—  
 No particle disturbed by rude restorer's touch,  
 The palaced picture-pearl, so long eluding clutch  
 Of creditor, at last, the Rafael might—could we  
 But come to terms—change lord, pass from the Prince to me?  
 I think you recollect my fever of a year:  
 How the Prince would, and how he would not; now,—too dear  
 That promise was, he made his grandsire so long since,  
 Rather to boast "I own a Rafael" than "am Prince!"  
 And now, the fancy soothed—if really sell he must  
 His birthright for a mess of pottage—such a thrust  
 I' the vitals of the Prince were mollified by balm,  
 Could he prevail upon his stomach to bear qualm,  
 And bequeath Liberty (because a purchaser Was ready with the sum—a trifle!) yes, transfer  
 His heart at all events to that land where, at least,

Free institutions reign ! And so, its price  
increased

Five-fold (Americans are such importunates !),  
Soon must his Rafael start for the United  
States.

O alternating bursts of hope now, then despair !  
At last, the bargain's struck, I'm all but  
beggared, there

The Rafael faces me, in fine, no dream at all,  
My housemate, evermore to glorify my wall.  
A week must pass, before heart-palpitations  
sink,

In gloating o'er my gain, so late I edged the  
brink

Of doom ; a fortnight more, I spent in  
Paradise :

"Was outline e'er so true, could colouring  
entice

So calm, did harmony and quiet so avail ?

How right, how resolute, the action tells the  
tale !"

A month, I bid my friends congratulate their  
best :

"You happy Don !" (to me) : "The block-  
head !" (to the rest) :

"No doubt he thinks his daub original, poor  
dupe !"

Then I resume my life : one chamber must  
not coop

Man's life in, though it boast a marvel like  
my prize.

Next year, I saunter past with unaverted eyes,  
Nay, loll and turn my back : perchance to  
overlook

With relish, leaf by leaf, Doré's last picture-  
book.

XXXVI.

Imagine that a voice reproached me from  
its frame :

"Here do I hang, and may ! Your Rafael,  
just the same,

'Tis only you that change : no ecstasies of yore !  
No purposed suicide distracts you any more !"

Prompt would my answer meet such frivolous  
attack :

"You misappropriate sensations. What men  
lack,

And labour to obtain, is hoped and feared about

After a fashion ; what they once obtain, makes  
doubt,

Expectancy's old fret and fume, henceforward  
void.

But do they think to hold such havings un-  
alloyed

By novel hopes and fears, of fashion just as new,  
To correspond i' the scale ? Nowise, I  
promise you !

Mine you are, therefore mine will be, as fit  
to cheer

My soul and glad my sense to-day as this-day-  
year.

So, any sketch or scrap, pochade,<sup>1</sup> caricature,  
Made in a moment, meant a moment to endure,  
I snap at, seize, enjoy, then tire of, throw aside,  
Find you in your old place. But if a servant cried  
'Fire in the gallery !'—methinks, were I  
engaged

In Doré, elbow-deep, picture-books million-  
paged

To the four winds would pack, sped by the  
heartiest curse

Was ever launched from lip, to strew the  
universe.

Would not I brave the best o' the burning,  
bear away

Either my perfect piece in safety, or else stay  
And share its fate, be made its martyr not  
repine ?

Inextricably wed, such ashes mixed with  
mine !"

XXXVII.

For which I get the eye, the hand, the  
heart, the whole  
O' the wondrous wife again !

XXXVIII.

But no, play out your *rôle*  
I' the pageant ! 'Tis not fit your phantom  
leave the stage :

I want you, there, to make you, here, confess  
your wage

Successful warfare, pique those proud ones,  
and advance

Claim to . . . equality ? nay, but predomi-  
nance

<sup>1</sup> A sketch.

In *physique* o'er them all, where Helen heads  
the scene

Closed by its tiniest of tail-tips, pert Fifine.

How ravishingly pure you stand in pale con-  
straint!

My new-created shape, without or touch or  
taint,

Inviolatè of life and worldliness and sin—

Fettered, I hold my flower, her own cup's  
weight would win

From off the tall slight stalk a-top of which  
she turns

And trembles, makes appeal to one who  
roughly earns

Her thanks instead of blame, (did lily only  
know),

By thus constraining length of lily, letting  
snow

Of cup-crown, that's her face, look from its  
guardian stake,

Superb on all that crawls beneath, and mutely  
make

Defiance, with the mouth's white movement  
of disdain,

To all that stoops, retires and hovers round  
again!

How windingly the limbs delay to lead up,  
reach

Where, crowned, the head waits calm: as if  
reluctant, each,

That eye should traverse quick such lengths  
of loveliness,

From feet, which just are found embedded  
in the dress

Deep swathed about with folds and flowings  
virginal,

Up to the pleated breasts, rebellious 'neath  
their pall,

As if the vesture's snow were moulding sleep  
not death,

Must melt and so release; whereat, from the  
fine sheath,

The flower-cup-crown starts free, the face is  
unconcealed,

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

O' the heart of me, Elvire, makes right and  
whole once more

All that was halfitselfwithout you! Asbefore,  
My truant finds its place! Doubtlessly sea-  
shells yearn,

If plundered by sad chance: would pray  
their pearls return,

Let negligently slip away into the wave!

Never may eyes desist, those 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 jut  
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?' 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  
laid 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 i' 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<sup>1</sup> lost-profile, eye-edge so ex-  
quisite.  
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 out  
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  
heart  
By help of the outside form,—a reason for  
our wild  
Diversity in choice,—why each grows re-  
conciled  
To what is absent, what superfluous in the mask  
Of flesh that's meant to yield,—did nature  
ply her task  
As artist should,—precise the features of the  
soul,  
Which, if in any case they found expression,  
whole  
I' the traits, would give a type, undoubtedly  
display  
A novel, true, distinct perfection in its way.  
Never shall I believe any two souls were made  
Similar; granting, then, each soul of every  
grade  
Was meant to be itself, prove in itself com-  
plete  
And, in completion, good,—nay, best o' the  
kind,—as meet

<sup>1</sup> An Italian painter.

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.  
How happens it that here we meet a mystery  
Insoluble to man, a plaguy puzzle? Why  
Each soul is either made imperfect, and de-  
serves  
As rude a face to match; or else a bungler  
swerves,  
And nature, on a soul worth rendering aright,  
Works ill, or proves perverse, or, in her own  
despite,  
—Here too much, there too little,—bids each  
face, more or less,  
Retire from beauty, make approach to ugliness?  
And yet succeeds the same: since, what is  
wanting to success,  
If somehow every face, no matter how deform,  
Evidence, to some one of hearts on earth, that,  
warm  
Beneath the veriest ash, there hides a spark  
of soul  
Which, quickened by love's breath, may yet  
pervade the whole  
O' the grey, and, free again, be fire?—of  
worth the same,  
Howe'er produced, for, great or little, flame  
is flame.  
A mystery, whereof solution is to seek.

## XLIV.

I find it in the fact that each soul, just as weak  
Its own way as its fellow,—departure from  
design  
As fragrant in the flesh,—goes striving to com-  
bine  
With what shall right the wrong, the under or  
above  
The standard: supplement unloveliness by  
love.  
—Ask Plato else! And this corroborates the  
sage,  
That Art,—which I may style the love of  
loving, rage

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 superflux,  
 Contributes to defect, toils on till,—*fiat lux*,—  
 There's the restored, the prime, the individual type!

XLV.

Look, for example now! This piece of broken pipe  
 (Some shipman's solace erst) shall act as crayon; and  
 What tablet better serves my purpose than the sand?  
 —Smooth slab whereon I draw, no matter with what skill,  
 A face, and yet another, and yet another still.  
 There lie my three prime types of beauty!

XLVI.

Laugh your best!  
 "Exaggeration and absurdity?" Confessed!  
 Yet, what may that face mean, no matter for its nose,  
 A yard long, or its chin, a foot short?

XLVII.

"You suppose,  
 Horror?" Exactly! What's the odds if, more or less  
 By yard or foot, the features do manage to express  
 Such meaning in the main? Were I of Gérôme's force,  
 Nor feeble as you see, quick should my crayon course  
 O'er outline, curb, excite, till,—so completion speeds

With Gérôme<sup>1</sup> well at work,—observe how brow recedes,  
 Head shudders back on spine, as if one haled 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 o' 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.

XLVIII.

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 response  
 Like Garrick's to Thalia, however due may be  
 Your homage claimed by that stiff-stoled Melpomene!

XLIX.

And just this one face more! Pardon the bold pretence!  
 May there not lurk some hint, struggle toward evidence  
 In that compressed mouth, those strained nostrils, steadfast eyes  
 Of utter passion, absolute self-sacrifice,

<sup>1</sup> Modern French painter.

Which,—could I but subdue the wild  
grotesque, refine  
That bulge of brow, make blunt that nose's  
aquiline,  
And let, although compressed, a point of pulp  
appear  
I' the mouth,—would give at last the portrait  
of Elvire?

L.

Well, and if so succeed hand-practice on  
awry  
Preposterous art-mistake, shall soul-pro-  
ficiency  
Despair,—when exercised on nature, which  
at worst  
Always implies success, however crossed and  
curst  
By failure,—such as art would emulate in vain?  
Shall any soul despair of setting free again  
Trait after trait, until the type as wholly start  
Forth, visible to sense, as that minutest part,  
(Whate'er the chance) which first arresting  
eye, warned soul  
That, under wrong enough and ravage, lay  
the whole  
O' the loveliness it "loved"—I take the ac-  
cepted phrase?

LI.

So I account for tastes : each chooses, none  
gainsays  
The fancy of his fellow, a paradise for him,  
A hell for all beside. You can but crown the  
brim  
O' the cup ; if it be full, what matters less or  
more?  
Let each, i' the world, amend his love, as I,  
o' the shore  
My sketch, and the result as undisputed be !  
Their handiwork to them, and my Elvire to  
me :  
—Result more beautiful than beauty's self,  
when lo,  
What was my Rafael turns my Michelagnolo !

LII.

For, we two boast, beside our pearl, a  
diamond.  
I' the palace-gallery, the corridor beyond,  
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Upheaves itself a marble, a magnitude man-  
shaped  
As snow might be. One hand,—the Master's,  
—smoothed and scraped  
That mass, he hammered on and hewed at,  
till he hurled  
Life out of death, and left a challenge : for  
the world,  
Death still,—since who shall dare, close to  
the image, say  
If this be purposed Art, or mere mimetic  
play  
Of Nature?—wont to deal with crag or cloud,  
as stuff  
To fashion novel forms, like forms we know,  
enough  
For recognition, but enough unlike the  
same,  
To leave no hope ourselves may profit by her  
game ;  
Death therefore to the world. Step back a  
pace or two !  
And then, who dares 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 blent  
With stuff she needs must quit, her native  
element  
I' the mind o' the Master,—what's the  
creature, dear-divine  
Yet earthly-awful too, so manly-feminine,  
Pretends 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 Eidotheé—  
She who, in elvish sport, spite with benevo-  
lence  
Mixed Mab-wise up, must needs instruct the  
Hero whence  
Salvation dawns o'er that mad misery of his  
isle.  
Yes, she imparts to him, by what a pranksome  
wile

He may surprise her sire, asleep beneath a  
 rock,  
 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: Eidotheé,  
 Whom you shall never face evolved, in earth,  
 in air,  
 In wave; but, manifest i' the soul's domain,  
 why, there  
 She ravishingly moves to meet you, all through  
 aid  
 O' the soul! Bid shine what should, dismiss  
 into the shade  
 What should not be,—and there triumphs the  
 paramount  
 Emprise o' the Master! But, attempt to  
 make account  
 Of what, the sense, without soul's help, per-  
 ceives? I bought  
 That work—(despite plain proof, whose hand  
 it was had wrought  
 I' the rough: I think we trace the tool of triple  
 tooth,  
 Here, there and everywhere)—bought dearly  
 that uncouth  
 Unwieldy bulk, for just ten dollars—"Bulk,  
 would fetch—  
 Converted into lime—some five pauls!"  
 grinned a wretch,  
 Who, bound on business, paused to hear the  
 bargaining,  
 And would have pitied me "but for the fun  
 o' the thing!"

## LIII.

Shall such a wretch be—you? Must—  
 while I show Elvire  
 Shaming all other forms, seen as I see her here  
 I' the soul,—this other-you perversely look  
 outside,  
 And ask me, "Where i' the world is charm  
 to be descried  
 I' the tall thin personage, with paled eye,  
 pensive face,  
 Any amount of love, and some remains of  
 grace?"  
 See yourself in my soul!

## LIV.

And what a world for each  
 Must 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  
 gleams  
 It struck from out that world, its weaklier  
 fellows found  
 So dead and cold; or whether these not so  
 much surround,  
 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.

## LV.

I search but cannot see  
 What purpose serves the soul that strives, or  
 world it tries  
 Conclusions with, unless the fruit of victories  
 Stay, one and all, stored up and guaranteed  
 its own  
 For ever, by some mode whereby shall be  
 made known  
 The gain of every life. Death reads the title  
 clear—  
 What each soul for itself conquered from out  
 things here:  
 Since, in the seeing soul, all worth lies, I  
 assert,—  
 And nought i' the world, which, save for  
 soul that sees, inert  
 Was, is, and would be ever,—stuff for trans-  
 muting,—null  
 And void until man's breath evoke the beau-  
 tiful—  
 But, touched aright, prompt yields each  
 particle its tongue  
 Of elemental flame,—no matter whence flame  
 sprung  
 From gums and spice, or else from straw and  
 rotteness,  
 So long as soul has power to make them  
 burn, express



What lights and warms henceforth, leaves  
only ash behind,  
How'er the chance : if soul be privileged to  
find  
Food so soon that, by first snatch of eye, suck  
of breath,  
It can absorb pure life : or, rather, meeting  
death  
I' the shape of ugliness, by fortunate recoil  
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  
nonce.

## LVI.

I gather heart through just such conquests  
of the soul,  
Through evocation out of that which, on the  
whole,  
Was rough, ungainly, 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 ardour to bring help just where com-  
pletion 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 vaunt?  
Did he then perpetrate the plain abortion  
here?"  
Who cries "His work am I ! full 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 !"

## LVII.

For, you must know, I too achieved  
Eidotheé,  
In silence and by night—dared justify the lines  
Plain to my soul, although, to sense, that  
triple-tine's  
Achievement halt half-way, 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  
recognize  
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.

## LVIII.

And, even as I hold and have Eidotheé,  
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 aught 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 what'er they touched, leaving  
its roughness rough,  
Its blankness bare, and, when the ugliness  
opposed,  
Either struck work or laughed "He doted  
or he dozed !"

## LIX.

While, oh, how all the more will love  
 become intense  
 Hereafter, when "to love" means yearning  
 to dispense,  
 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  
 furnish you rose-flame,  
 Which burn up red, green, blue, nay, yellow  
 more than needs,  
 For me, I nowise doubt; why doubt a time  
 succeeds  
 When each one may impart, and each receive,  
 both share  
 The chemic secret, learn,—where I lit force,  
 why there  
 You drew forth lambent pity,—where I found  
 only food  
 For self-indulgence, you still blew a spark at  
 brood  
 I' the greyest ember, stopped not till self-  
 sacrifice imbued  
 Heaven's face with flame? What joy, when  
 each may supplement  
 The other, changing each as changed, till,  
 wholly blent,  
 Our old things shall be new, and, what we  
 both ignite,  
 Fuse, lose the varicolor in achromatic white!  
 Exemplifying law, apparent even now  
 In the eternal progress,—love's law, which I  
 avow  
 And thus would formulate: each soul lives,  
 longs and works  
 For itself, by itself,—because a lodestar  
 lurks,  
 An other than itself,—in whatsoe'er the niche  
 Of mistiest heaven it hide, whoe'er the  
 Glumdalclich  
 May grasp the Gulliver: or it, or he, or she—  
*Theosutos e broteios eper kekramene*,<sup>1</sup>—

<sup>1</sup> See "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus.

(For fun's sake, where the phrase has fastened,  
 leave it fixed!  
 So soft it says,—“God, man, or both together  
 mixed”!)  
 This, guessed at through the flesh, by parts  
 which prove the whole,  
 This constitutes the soul discernible by soul  
 —Elvire, by me!

## LX.

“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 boast yet on your lip, soul's empire, and  
 accept  
 The rule of sense; the Man, from monarch's  
 throne has sept—  
 Leapt, rather, at one bound, to base, and  
 there lies, Brute.  
 You talk of soul,—how soul, in search of soul  
 to suit,  
 Must needs review the sex, the army, rank  
 and file  
 Of womankind, report no face nor form so  
 vile  
 But that a certain worth, by certain signs,  
 may thence  
 Evolve itself and stand confessed—to soul—  
 by sense.  
 Sense? Oh, the loyal bee endeavours for  
 the hive!  
 Disinterested hunts the flower-field through,  
 alive  
 Not one mean moment, no,—suppose on  
 flower he light,—  
 To his peculiar drop, petal-dew perquisite,  
 Matter-of-course snatched snack: unless he  
 taste, how try?  
 This, light on tongue-tip laid, allows him  
 pack his thigh,  
 Transport all he counts prize, provision for  
 the comb,  
 Food for the future day,—a banquet, but at  
 home!

Soul? Ere you reach Fifine's, some flesh  
 may be to pass!  
 That bombéd brow, that eye, a kindling  
 chrysoptas,  
 Beneath its stiff black lash, inquisitive how  
 speeds  
 Each functionary limb, how play of foot  
 succeeds,  
 And how you let escape or duly sympathize  
 With gastroknemian<sup>1</sup> grace,—true, your soul  
 tastes and tries,  
 And trifles time with these, but, fear not, will  
 arrive  
 At essence in the core, bring honey home to  
 hive,  
 Brain-stock and heart-stuff both—to strike  
 objectors dumb—  
 Since only soul affords the soul fit pabulum!  
 Be frank for charity! Who is it you deceive—  
 Yourself or me or God, with all this make-  
 believe?"

LXI.

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 intervene  
 False shows of things, were reached as easily  
 by thought  
 Reducible to word, as now by yearnings  
 wrought  
 Up with thy fine free force, oh Music, that  
 canst thrud,  
 Electrically win a passage through the lid  
 Of earthly sepulchre, our words may push  
 against,  
 Hardly transpierce as thou! Not dissipate,  
 thou deign'st,  
 So much as tricksily elude what words attempt  
 To heave away, i' the mass, and let the soul,  
 exempt  
 From all that vapoury obstruction, view,  
 instead  
 Of glimmer underneath, a glory overhead.

<sup>1</sup> Pertaining to the calf of the leg.

Not feebly, like our phrase, against the barrier  
 go  
 In inspirative swell the authentic notes I  
 know,  
 By help whereof, I would our souls were  
 found without  
 The pale, above the dense and dim which  
 breeds the doubt!  
 But Music, dumb for you, withdraws her help  
 from me;  
 And, since to weary words recourse again  
 must be,  
 At least permit they rest their burthen here  
 and there,  
 Music-like: cover space! My answer,—  
 need you care  
 If it exceed the bounds, reply to questioning  
 You never meant should plague? Once  
 fairly on the wing,  
 Let me flap far and wide!

LXII.

For this is just the time,  
 The place, the mood in you and me, when  
 all things chime.  
 Clash forth life's common chord, whence, list  
 how there ascend  
 Harmonics far and faint, till our perception  
 end,—  
 Reverberated notes whence we construct the  
 scale  
 Embracing what we know and feel and are!  
 How fail  
 To find or, better, lose your question, in this  
 quick  
 Reply which nature yields, ample and catholic?  
 For, arm in arm, we two have reached, nay,  
 passed, you see,  
 The village-precinct; sun sets mild on Sainte  
 Marie—  
 We only catch the spire, and yet I seem to  
 know  
 What's hid i' the turn o' the hill: how all the  
 graves must glow  
 Soberly, as each warms its little iron cross,  
 Flourished about with gold, and graced (if  
 private loss

Be fresh) with stiff rope-wreath of yellow crisp  
 bead-blooms  
 Which tempt down birds to pay their supper,  
 mid 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 Île Noirmoutier.  
 Thither the waters tend; they freshen as they  
 haste,  
 At feel o' the night-wind, though, by cliff and  
 cliff embraced,  
 This breadth of blue retains its self-possession  
 still;  
 As you and I intend to do, who take our fill  
 Of sights and sounds—soft sound, the count-  
 less hum and skip  
 Of insects we disturb, and that good fellowship  
 Of rabbits our foot-fall sends huddling, each  
 to hide  
 He best knows how and where; and what  
 whirred past, wings wide?  
 That was an owl, their young may justlier  
 apprehend!  
 Though you refuse to speak, your beating  
 heart, my friend,  
 I feel against my arm,—though your bent  
 head forbids  
 A look into your eyes, yet, on my cheek,  
 their lids  
 That ope and shut, soft send a silken thrill  
 the same.  
 Well, out of all and each these nothings,  
 comes—what came  
 Often enough before, the something that would  
 aim  
 Once more at the old mark: the impulse to  
 at last  
 Succeed where hitherto was failure in the past,

And yet again essay the adventure. Clearlier  
 sings  
 No bird to its couched corpse "Into the truth  
 of things—  
 Out of their falseness rise, and reach thou,  
 and remain!"

## LXIV.

"That rise into the true out of the false  
 —explain?"  
 Mayan exampleserve? In yonder bay I bathed,  
 This sunny morning: swam my best, then  
 hung, half swathed  
 With chill, and half with warmth, i' the  
 channel's midmost deep:  
 You know how one—not treads, but stands  
 in water? Keep  
 Body and limbs below, hold head back, uplift  
 chin,  
 And, for the rest, leave care! If brow, eyes,  
 mouth, should win  
 Their freedom,—excellent! If they must  
 brook the surge,  
 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  
 of air  
 I' the nostrils, high and dry. At times, o'er  
 these would run  
 The ripple, even wash the wavelet,—morn-  
 ing's sun  
 Tempted advance, no doubt: and always  
 flash of froth,  
 Fish-outbreak, bubbling by, would find me  
 nothing loth  
 To rise and look around; then all was over-  
 swept  
 With dark and death at once. But trust the  
 old adept!  
 Back went again the head, a merest motion  
 made,  
 Fin-fashion, either hand, and nostril soon  
 conveyed  
 Assurance light and life were still in reach as  
 erst:  
 Always the last and,—wait and watch,—some-  
 times the first.

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  
elf,

And only swim the water, that's native to a fish.  
But there is no denying that, ere I curbed  
my wish,

And schooled my restive arms, salt entered  
mouth and eyes

Often enough—sun, sky, and air so tantalize!  
Still, the adept swims, this accorded, that  
denied;

Can always breathe, sometimes see and be  
satisfied!

LXV.

I liken to this play o' the body,—fruitless  
strife

To slip the sea and hold the heaven,—my  
spirit's life

'Twixt false, whence it would break, and true,  
where it would bide.

I move in, yet resist, am upborne every side  
By what I beat against, an element too gross  
To live in, did not soul duly obtain her  
dose

Of life-breath, and inhale from truth's pure  
plenitude

Above her, snatch and gain enough to just  
illude

With hope that some brave bound may baffle  
evermore

The obstructing medium, make who swam  
henceforward soar:

—Gain scarcely snatched when, foiled by the  
very effort, sowse,

Underneath ducks the soul, her truthward  
yearnings dowse

Deeper in falsehood! ay, but fitted less and less  
To bear in nose and mouth old briny bitterness  
Proved alien more and more: since each ex-  
perience proves

Air—the essential good, not sea, wherein who  
moves

Must thence, in the act, escape, apart from  
will or wish.

Move a mere hand to take waterweed, jelly-fish,

Upward you tend! And yet our business with  
the sea

Is not with air, but just o' the water, watery:  
We must endure the false, no particle of which  
Do we acquaint us with, but up we mount a  
pitch

Above it, find our head reach truth, while  
hands explore

The false below: so much while here we  
bathe,—no more!

LXVI.

Now, there is one prime point (hear and be  
edified!)

One truth more true for me than any truth  
beside—

To-wit, that I am I, who have the power to  
swim,

The skill to understand the law whereby each  
limb

May bear to keep immersed, since, in return,  
made sure

That its mere movement lifts head clean  
through coverture.

By practice with the false, I reach the true?  
Why, thence

It follows, that the more I gain self-confidence,  
Get proof I know the trick, can float, sink,  
rise, at will,

The better I submit to what I have the skill  
To conquer in my turn, even now, and by  
and by

Leave wholly for the land, and there laugh,  
shake me dry

To last drop, saturate with noonday—no need  
more

Of wet and fret, plagued once: on Pornic's  
placid shore,

Abundant air to breathe, sufficient sun to feel!  
Meantime I buoy myself: no whit my senses  
reel

When over me there breaks a billow; nor,  
clate

Too much by some brief taste, I quaff in-  
temperate

The air, o'er top breast-high the wave-envir-  
onment.

Full well I know the thing I grasp, as if intent

To hold,—my wandering wave,—will not be  
grasped at all:  
The solid-seeming grasped, the handful great  
or small  
Must go to nothing, glide through fingers fast  
enough;  
But none the less, to treat liquidity as stuff—  
Though failure—certainly succeeds beyond its  
aim,  
Sends head above, past thing that hands miss,  
all the same.

## LXVII.

So with this wash o' the world, wherein  
life-long we drift;  
We push and paddle through the foam by  
making shift  
To breathe above at whiles when, after deepest  
duck  
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,  
Presume I hold a prize, discover that my pains  
Are run to nought: my hands are baulked, my  
head regains  
The surface where I breathe and look about,  
a space.  
The soul that helped me mount? Swallowed  
up in the race  
O' the tide, come who knows whence, gone  
gaily who knows where!  
I thought the prize was mine; I flattered my-  
self there.  
It did its duty, though: I felt it, it felt me,  
Or, where I look about and breathe, I should  
not be.  
The main point is—the false fluidity was bound  
Acknowledge that it frothed o'er substance,  
nowise found  
Fluid, but firm and true. Man, outcast,  
“howls,”—at rods?—  
If “sent in playful spray a-shivering to his  
gods!”  
Childishest childe, man makes thereby no bad  
exchange.  
Stay with the flat-fish, thou! We like the  
upper range

Where the “gods” live, perchance the dæmons  
also dwell:  
Where operates a Power, which every throb  
and swell  
Of human heart invites that human soul  
approach,  
“Sent” near and nearer still, however “spray”  
encroach  
On “shivering” flesh below, to altitudes,  
which gained,  
Evil proves good, wrong right, obscurity ex-  
plained,  
And “howling” childishness. Whose howl  
have we to thank,  
It all the dogs 'gan bark and puppies whine,  
till sank  
Each yelper's tail 'twixt legs? for Huntsman  
Common-sense  
Came to the rescue, bade prompt thwack of  
thong dispense  
Quiet i' the kennel; taught that ocean might  
be blue,  
And rolling and much more, and yet the soul  
have, too,  
Its touch of God's own flame, which He may  
so expand  
“Who measured the waters i' 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 hounds to bay,  
Go curse, i' the poultry yard, his kind: “there  
let him lay”<sup>1</sup>  
The swan's one addled egg: which yet shall  
put to use,  
Rub breast-bone warm against, so many a  
sterile goose!

## LXVIII.

No, I want sky not sea, prefer the larks to  
shrimps,  
And never dive so deep but that I get a  
glimpse  
O' the blue above, a breath of the air around.  
Elvire,

<sup>1</sup> Compare “Childe Harold,” verse cixxx.

I seize—by catching at the melted beryl here,  
The tawny hair that just has trickled off,—  
Fifine!

Did not we two trip forth to just enjoy the scene,

The tumbling-troop arrayed, the strollers on their stage,

Drawn up and under arms, and ready to engage—

Dabble, and there an end, with foam and froth o'er face,

Till suddenly Fifine suggested change of place?  
Now we taste æther, scorn the wave, and interchange apace

No ordinary thoughts, but such as evidence  
The cultivated mind in both. On what pretence

Are you and I to sneer at wholent help to hand,  
And gave the lucky lift?

LXIX.

Still sour? I understand!

One ugly circumstance discredits my fair plan—

That Woman does the work: I waive the help of Man.

“Why should experiment be tried with only waves,

When solid spars float round? Still some Thalassia saves

Too pertinaciously, as though no Triton, bluff  
As e'er blew brine from conch, were free to help enough!

Surely, to recognize a man, his mates serve best!

Why is there not the same or greater interest  
In the strong spouse as in the pretty partner, pray,

Were recognition just your object, as you say,  
Amid this element o' the false?”

LXX.

We come to terms.

I need to be proved true; and nothing so confirms

One's faith in the prime point that one's alive, not dead,

In all Descents to Hell whereof I ever read,

As when a phantom there, male enemy or friend,

Or merely stranger-shade, is struck, is forced suspend

His passage: “You that breathe, along with us the ghosts?”

Here, why must it be still a woman that accosts?

LXXI.

Because, one woman's worth, in that respect, such hairy hosts

Of the other sex and sort! Men? Say you have the power

To make them yours, rule men, throughout life's little hour,

According to the phrase; what follows? Men, you make,

By ruling them, your own: each man for his own sake

Accepts you as his guide, avails him of what worth

He apprehends in you to sublimate his earth  
With fire: content, if so you convoy him through night,

That you shall play the sun, and he, the satellite,

Pilfer your light and heat and virtue, starry pelf,

While, caught up by your course, he turns upon himself.

Women rush into you, and there remain absorbed.

Beside, 'tis only men completely formed, full-orbed,

Are fit to follow track, keep pace, illustrate so  
The leader: any sort of woman may bestow

Her atom on the star, or clod she counts for such,—

Each little making less bigger by just that much.

Women grow you, while men depend on you at best.

And what dependence! Bring and put him to the test,

Your specimen disciple, a handbreadth separate

From you, he almost seemed to touch before!  
Abate

Complacency you will, I judge, at what's  
divulged !  
Some flabbiness you fixed, some vacancy  
outbulged,  
Some—much—nay, 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?

LXXII.

I wish

Some wind would waft this way a glassy  
bubble-fish  
O' the kind the sea inflates, and show you,  
once detached  
From wave . . . or no, the event is better  
told than watched :  
Still may the thing float free, globose and  
opaline  
All over, save where just the amethysts com-  
bine  
To blue their best, rim-round the sea-flower  
with a tinge  
Earth's violet never knew! Well, 'neath that  
gem-tipped fringe,  
A head lurks—of a kind—that acts as stomach  
too ;  
Then comes the emptiness which out the  
water blew  
So big and belly-like, but, dry of water  
drained,  
Withers away nine-tenths. Ah, but a tenth  
remained !  
That was the creature's self: no more akin  
to sea,  
Poor rudimental head and stomach, you agree,  
Than sea's akin to sun who yonder dips his  
edge.

LXXIII.

But take the rill which ends a race o'er  
yonder ledge  
O' the fissured cliff, to find its fate in smoke  
below !  
Disengage that, and ask—what news of life,  
you know  
It led, that long lone way, through pasture,  
plain and waste ?

All's gone to give the sea ! no touch of earth,  
no taste  
Of air, reserved to tell how rushes used to bring  
The butterfly and bee, and fisher-bird that's  
king  
O' the purple kind, about the snow-soft silver-  
sweet  
Infant of mist and dew ; only these atoms  
fleet,  
Embittered evermore, to make thesea one drop  
More big thereby—if thought keep count  
where sense must stop.

LXXIV.

The full-blown ingrate, mere recipient of  
the brine,  
That takes all and gives nought, is Man ; the  
feminine  
Rillet that, taking all and giving nought in turn,  
Goes headlong to her death i' the sea, without  
concern  
For the old inland life, snow-soft and silver-  
clear,  
That's woman — typified from Fifine to  
Elvire.

LXXV.

Then, how diverse the modes prescribed to  
who would deal  
With either kind of creature ! 'Tis Man, you  
seek to seal  
Your very own? Resolve, for first step, to  
discard  
Nine-tenths of what you are ! To make,  
you must be marred,—  
To raise your race, must stoop,—to teach  
them aught, must learn  
Ignorance, meet half-way what most you  
hope to spurn  
I' the sequel. Change yourself, dissimulate  
the thought  
And vulgarize the word, and see the deed be  
brought  
To look like nothing done with any such intent  
As teach men—though perchance it teach,  
by accident !  
So may you master men : assured that if you  
show  
One point of mastery, departure from the low



And level,—head or heart-revolt at long  
disguise,  
Immurement, stifling soul in mediocrities,—  
If inadvertently a gesture, much more, word  
Reveal the hunter no companion for the  
herd,  
His chance of capture's gone. Success  
means, they may snuff,  
Examine, and report,—a brother, sure enough,  
Disports him in brute-guise; for skin is truly  
skin,  
Horns, hoofs are hoofs and horns, and all,  
outside and in,  
Is veritable beast, whom fellow-beasts resigned  
May follow, made a prize in honest pride,  
behind  
One of themselves and not creation's upstart  
lord!  
Well, there's your prize i' the pound—much  
joy may it afford  
My Indian! Make survey and tell me,—  
was it worth  
You acted part so well, went all-fours upon  
earth  
The live-long day, brayed, belled, and all to  
bring to pass  
That stags should deign eat hay when winter  
stints them grass?

## LXXVI.

So much for men, and how disguise may  
make them mind  
Their master. But you have to deal with  
womankind?  
Abandon stratagem for strategy! Cast quite  
The vile disguise away, try truth clean-opposite  
Such creep-and-crawl, stand forth all man  
and, might it chance,  
Somewhat of angel too!—whate'er inheri-  
tance,  
Actual on earth, in heaven prospective, be  
your boast,  
Lay claim to! Your best self revealed at  
utmost,—  
That's the wise way o' the strong! And  
e'en should falsehood tempt  
The weaker sort to swerve,—at least the lie's  
exempt

From slur, that's loathlier still, of aiming to  
debase  
Rather than elevate its object. Mimic grace,  
Not make deformity your mask! Be sick  
by stealth.  
Nor traffic with disease—malingering in  
health!  
No more of: "Countrymen, I boast me one  
like you—  
My lot, the common strength, the common  
weakness too!  
I think the thoughts you think; and if I have  
the knack  
Of fitting thoughts to words, you perad-  
venture lack,  
Envy me not the chance, yourselves more  
fortunate!  
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  
girdle-girth!  
Be mine the privilege to supplement defect,  
Give dumbness voice, and let the labouring  
intellect  
Find utterance in word, or possibly in deed!  
What though I seem to go before? 'tis you  
that lead!  
I follow what I see so plain—the general mind  
Projected pillar-wise, flame kindled by the  
kind,  
Which dwarfs the unit—me—to insignificance!  
Halt you, I stop forthwith,—proceed, I too  
advance!"

## LXXVII.

Ay, that's the way to take with men you  
wish to lead,  
Instruct and benefit. Small prospect you  
succeed  
With women so! Be all that's great and  
good and wise,  
August, sublime—swell out your frog the  
right ox-size—  
He's buoyed like a balloon, to soar, not  
burst, you'll see!  
The more you prove yourself, less fear the  
prize will flee

The captor. Here you start after no pompous  
stag  
Who condescends be snared, with toss of  
horn, and brag  
Of bray, and ramp of hoof; you have not to  
subdue  
Thé foe through letting him imagine he  
snares you!  
'Tis rather with . . .

LXXVIII.

Ah, thanks! quick—  
where the dipping disk  
Shows red against the rise and fall o' the fin!  
there frisk  
In shoal the—porpoises? Dolphins, they  
shall and must  
Cut through the freshening clear—dolphins,  
my instance just!  
'Tis fable, therefore truth: who has to do  
with these,  
Needs never practise trick of going hands  
and knees  
As beasts require. Art fain the fish to  
captive?  
Gather thy greatness round, Arion! Stand  
in state,  
As when the banqueting thrilled conscious—  
like a rose  
Throughout its hundred leaves at that ap-  
proach it knows  
Of music in the bird—while Corinth grew  
one breast  
A-throb for song and thee; nay, Periander<sup>1</sup>  
pressed  
The Methymnæan<sup>2</sup> hand, and felt a king  
indeed, and guessed  
How Phœbus' self might give that great  
mouth of the gods  
Such a magnificence of song! The pillar  
nods,  
Rocks roof, and trembles door, gigantic,  
post and jamb,  
As harp and voice rend air—the shattering  
dithyramb!<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Tyrant of Corinth.<sup>2</sup> Arion was born at Methymna, in Lesbos.<sup>3</sup> Lyrical chorus.

So stand thou, and assume the robe that  
tingles yet  
With triumph; strike the harp, whose every  
golden fret  
Still smoulders with the flame, was late at  
fingers' end—  
So, standing on the bench o' the ship, let  
voice expend  
Thy soul, sing, unalloyed by meaner mode,  
thine own,  
The Orthian lay; then leap from music's  
lefty throne,  
Into the lowest surge, make fearlessly thy  
launch!  
Whatever storm may threat, some dolphin  
will be staunch!  
Whatever roughness rage, some exquisite  
sea-thing  
Will surely rise to save, will bear—palpi-  
tating—  
One proud humility of love beneath its  
load—  
Stem tide, part wave, till both roll on, thy  
jewell'd road  
Of triumph, and the grim o' the gulph grow  
wonder-white  
I' the phosphorescent wake; and still the  
exquisite  
Sea-thing stems on, saves still, palpitatingly  
thus,  
Lands safe at length its load of love at  
Tænarus,<sup>4</sup>  
True woman-creature!

LXXIX.

Man? Ah, would you prove what power  
Marks man,—what fruit his tree may yield,  
beyond the sour  
And stinted crab, he calls love-apple, which  
remains  
After you toil and moil your utmost,—all,  
love gains  
By lavishing manure?—try quite the other  
plan!  
And, to obtain the strong true product of a  
man,

<sup>4</sup> The spot whither the dolphin carried Arion on his way to Corinth.

Set him to hate a little! Leave cherishing  
 his root,  
 And rather prune his branch, nip off the  
 pettiest shoot  
 Superfluous on his bough! I promise, you  
 shall learn  
 By what grace came the goat, of all beasts  
 else, to earn  
 Such favour with the god o' the grape: 'twas  
 only he  
 Who, browsing on its tops, first stung fertility  
 Into the stock's heart, stayed much growth  
 of tendril-twine,  
 Some faintish flower, perhaps, but gained the  
 indignant wine,  
 Wrath of the red press! Catch the puniest  
 of the kind—  
 Man-animalcule, starved body, stunted mind,  
 And, as you nip the blotch 'twixt thumb and  
 finger-nail,  
 Admire how heaven above and earth below  
 avail  
 No jot to soothe the mite, sore at God's prime  
 offence  
 In making mites at all,—coax from its im-  
 potence  
 One virile drop of thought, or word, or deed,  
 by strain  
 To propagate for once—which nature rendered  
 vain,  
 Who lets first failure stay, yet cares not to 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,  
 must thwart  
 And furify and set a-fizz this counterpart  
 O' the pismire that's surprised to effervescence,  
 if,  
 By chance, black bottle come in contact with  
 chalk cliff,  
 Acid with alkali! Then thrice the bulk,  
 out blows  
 Our insect, does its kind, and cuckoo-spits  
 some rose!

LXXX.

No—'tis ungainly work, the ruling men, at  
 best!  
 The graceful instinct's right: 'tis women stand  
 confessed  
 Auxiliary, the gain that never goes away,  
 Takes nothing and gives all: Elvire, Fifine,  
 'tis they  
 Convince,—if little, much, no matter!—one  
 degree  
 The more, at least, convince unreasonable  
 me  
 That I am, anyhow, a truth, though all else  
 seem  
 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-  
 ing touch of hand  
 Assists 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  
 When, where and how it is I shall see truth  
 return,  
 That I expect to know, because Fifine knows  
 me!—  
 How much more, if Elvire!

LXXXI.

“And why not, only she?  
 Since there can be for each, one Best, no  
 more, such Best,  
 For body and mind of him, abolishes the rest  
 O' the simply Good and Better. You please  
 select Elvire  
 To give you this belief in truth, dispel the  
 fear

Yourself are, after all, as false as what sur-  
rounds ;  
And why not be content ? When we two  
watched the rounds  
The boatman made, 'twixt shoal and sand-  
bank, yesterday,  
As, at dead slack of tide, he chose to push  
his way,  
With oar and pole, across the creek, and  
reach the isle  
After a world of pains—my word provoked  
your smile,  
Yet none the less deserved reply : 'Twere  
wiser wait  
'The turn o' the tide, and find conveyance  
for his freight—  
'How easily—within the ship to purpose  
moored,  
'Managed by sails, not oars ! But no,—the  
man's allured  
'By liking for the new and hard in his  
exploit !  
'First come shall serve ! He makes,—  
courageous and adroit,—  
'The merest willow-leaf of boat do duty, bear  
'His merchandise across : once over, needs  
he care  
'If folk arrive by ship, six hours hence, fresh  
and gay ?'  
No : he scorns commonplace, affects the un-  
usual way ;  
And good Elvire is moored, with not a  
breath to flap  
The yards of her, no lift of ripple to o'erlap  
Keel, much less, prow. What care ? since  
here's a cockle-shell,  
Fifine, that's taut and crank, and carries just  
as well  
Such seamanship as yours !"

LXXXII.

Alack, our life is lent,  
From first to last, the whole, for this experi-  
ment  
Of proving what I say—that we ourselves  
are true !  
I would there were one voyage, and then no  
more to do

But tread the firmland, tempt the uncertain  
sea no more.  
I would we might dispense with change of  
shore for shore  
To evidence our skill, demonstrate—in no  
dream  
It was, we tided o'er the trouble of the stream.  
I would the steady voyage, and not the fitful  
trip,—  
Elvire, and not Fifine,—might test our sea-  
manship.  
But why expend one's breath to tell you,  
change of boat  
Means change of tactics too ? Come see the  
same afloat  
To-morrow, all the change, new stowage fore  
and aft  
O' the cargo ; then, to cross requires new  
sailor-craft !  
To-day, one step from stern to bow keeps  
boat in trim :  
To-morrow, some big stone,—or woe to boat  
and him !—  
Must ballast both. That man stands for  
Mind, paramount  
Throughout the adventure : ay, howe'er you  
make account,  
'Tis mind that navigates,—skips over, twists  
between  
The bales i' the boat,—now gives importance  
to the mean,  
And now abates the pride of life, accepts all  
fact,  
Discards all fiction,—steers Fifine, and cries,  
i' the act,  
"Thou art so bad, and yet so delicate a brown !  
Wouldst tell no end of lies : I talk to smile  
or frown !  
Wouldst rob me : do men blame a squirrel,  
lithe and sly,  
For pilfering the nut she adds to hoard ? Nor I.  
Elvire is true, as truth, honesty's self, alack !  
The worse ! too safe the ship, the transport  
there and back  
Too certain ! one may loll and lounge and  
leave the helm,  
Let wind and tide do work : no fear that  
waves o'erwhelm

The steady-going bark, as sure to feel her way  
Blindfold across, reach land, next year as  
yesterday!

How can I but suspect, the true feat were to slip  
Down side, transfer myself to cockle-shell  
from ship,

And try if, trusting to sea-tracklessness, I class  
With those around whose breast grew oak and  
triple brass:

Who dreaded no degree of death, but, with  
dry eyes,

Surveyed the turgid main and its mon-  
strosities—

And rendered futile so, the prudent Power's  
decree

Of separate earth and disassociating sea;  
Since, how is it observed, if impious vessels leap  
Across, and tempt a thing they should not  
touch—the deep?

(See Horace to the boat, wherein, for Athens  
bound,

When Virgil must embark—Jove keep him  
safe and sound!—

The poet bade his friend start on the watery  
road,

Much re-assured by this so comfortable ode.)

LXXXIII.

Then, never grudge my poor Fifine her  
compliment!

The rakish craft could slip her moorings in  
the tent,

And, hoisting every stitch of spangled canvas,  
steer

Through divers rocks and shoals,—in fine,  
deposit here

Your Virgil of a spouse, in Attica: yea, thrid  
The mob of men, select the special virtue hid  
In him, forsooth, and say—or rather, smile  
so sweet,

“Of all the multitude, you—I prefer to cheat!  
Are you for Athens bound? I can perform  
the trip,

Shove little pinnacle off, while yon superior  
ship,

The Elvire, refits in port!” So, off we push  
from beach

Of Pornic town, and lo, ere eye can wink,  
we reach

The Long Walls, and I prove that Athens is  
no dream,

For there the temples rise! they are, they  
nowise seem!

Earth is not all one lie, this truth attests me  
true!

Thanks therefore to Fifine! Elvire, I'm  
back with you!

Share in the memories! Embark I trust we  
shall

Together some fine day, and so, for good  
and all,

Bid Pornic Town adieu,—then, just the  
strait to cross,

And we reach harbour, safe, in Iostephanos!

LXXXIV.

How quickly night comes! Lo, already  
'tis the land

Turns sea-like; overcrept by grey, the plains  
expand,

Assume significance; while ocean dwindles,  
shrinks

Into a pettier bound: its splash and plaint,  
methinks,

Six steps away, how both retire, as if their  
part

Were played, another force were free to prove  
her art,

Protagonist in turn! Are you unterrified?  
All false, all fleeting too! And nowhere

things abide,

And everywhere we strain that things should  
stay,—the one

Truth, that ourselves are true!

LXXXV.

A word, and I have done.  
Is it not just our hate of falsehood, fleeting-  
ness,

And the mere part, things play, that con-  
stitutes express

The inmost charm of this Fifine and all her  
tribe?

Actors! We also act, but only they inscribe

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, False-  
 hood's bribe,  
 That wins so surely o'er to Ffine and her  
 tribe  
 The liking, nay the love of who hate False-  
 hood 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, stoled 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,—  
 there's an end  
 Of the admiration! Truth, we grieve at or  
 rejoice:  
 'Tis only falsehood, plain in gesture, look and  
 voice,  
 That brings the praise desired, since profit  
 comes thereby.  
 The histrionic truth is in the natural lie.  
 Because the man who wept the tears was, all  
 the time,  
 Happy enough; because the other man,  
 a-grime  
 With guilt, was, at the least, as white as I  
 and you;  
 Because the timid type of bashful maidhood,  
 who  
 Starts at her own pure shade, already num-  
 bers seven  
 Born babes and, in a month, will turn their  
 odd to even;  
 Because the saucy prince would prove, could  
 you unfurl  
 Some yards of wrap, a meek and meritorious  
 girl—

Precisely as you see success attained by each  
 O' the mimes, do you approve, not foolishly  
 impeach  
 The falsehood!

LXXXVI.

That's the first o' the truths  
 found: all things, slow  
 Or quick i' the passage, come at last to that,  
 you know!  
 Each has a false outside, whereby a truth is  
 forced  
 To issue from within: truth, falsehood, are  
 divorced  
 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,  
 Waifs 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  
 from sense,  
 And no obstruction more affects this confi-  
 dence,—  
 When faith is ripe for sight,—why, reason-  
 ably, then  
 Comes the great clearing-up. Wait three-  
 score years and ten!

LXXXVII.

Therefore I prize stage-play, the honest  
 cheating; thence  
 The impulse 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  
 see  
 The tumbling-troop arrayed, the strollers on  
 their stage  
 Drawn up and under arms, and ready to  
 engage.

And if I started thence upon abstruser  
 themes . . .  
 Well, 'twas a dream, pricked too !

LXXXVIII.

A poet never dreams :  
 We prose-folk always do : we miss the proper  
 duct  
 For thoughts on things unseen, which stag-  
 nate and obstruct  
 The system, therefore ; mind, sound in a  
 body sane,  
 Keeps thoughts apart from facts, and to one  
 flowing vein  
 Confines its sense of that which is not, but  
 might be,  
 And leaves the rest alone. What ghosts do  
 poets see ?  
 What dæmons fear ? what man or thing mis-  
 apprehend ?  
 Unchoked, the channel's flush, the fancy's  
 free to spend  
 Its special self aright in manner, time and  
 place.  
 Never believe that who create the busy race  
 O' the brain, bring poetry to birth, such act  
 performed,  
 Feel trouble them, the same, such residue as  
 warmed  
 My prosy blood, this morn,—intrusive fancies,  
 meant  
 For outbreak and escape by quite another  
 vent !  
 Whence follows that, asleep, my dreamings  
 oft exceed  
 The bound. But you shall hear.

LXXXIX.

I smoked. The webs o' the weed,  
 With many a break i' the mesh, were floating  
 to re-form  
 Cupola-wise above : chased thither by soft  
 warm  
 Inflow of air without ; since I—of mind to  
 muse, to clench  
 The gain of soul and body, got by their  
 noon-day drench

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In sun and sea,—had flung both frames o'  
 the window wide,  
 To soak my body still and let soul soar beside.  
 In came the country sounds and sights and  
 smells—that fine  
 Sharp needle in the nose from our fermenting  
 wine !  
 In came a dragon-fly with whir and stir,  
 then out,  
 Off and away : in came,—kept coming, rather,  
 —pout  
 Succeeding smile, and take-away still close  
 on give,—  
 One loose long creeper-branch, tremblingly  
 sensitive  
 To risks which blooms and leaves,—each  
 leaf tongue-broad, each bloom  
 Mid-finger-deep,—must run by prying in the  
 room  
 Of one who loves and grasps and spoils and  
 speculates.  
 All so far 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  
 Of who kept open house,—to fancies manifold  
 From 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 count, a sight to see,  
 a prize  
 To turn to profit, were but fleshly ears and  
 eyes  
 Able to cope with those o' the spirit !

XC.

Therefore,—since  
 Thought hankers after speech, while no speech  
 may evince  
 Feeling like music,—mine, o'erburthened with  
 each gift  
 From every visitant, at last resolved to shift  
 Its burthen to the back of some musician dead  
 And gone, who feeling once what I feel now,  
 instead

Of words, sought sounds, and saved for ever,  
 in the same,  
 Truth that escapes prose,—nay, puts poetry  
 to shame.  
 I read the note, I strike the key, I bid *record*  
 The instrument—thanks greet the veritable  
 word!  
 And not in vain I urge: “O dead and gone  
 away,  
 Assist who struggles yet, thy strength become  
 my stay,  
 Thy record serve as well to register—I felt  
 And knew thus much of truth! With me,  
 must knowledge melt  
 Into surmise and doubt and disbelief, unless  
 Thy music reassure—I gave no idle guess,  
 But gained a certitude I yet may hardly keep!  
 What care? since round is piled a monu-  
 mental heap  
 Of music that conserves the assurance, thou  
 as well  
 Wast certain of the same! thou, master of the  
 spell,  
 Mad’st moonbeams marble, didst *record* what  
 other men  
 Feel only to forget!” Who was it helped  
 me, then?  
 What master’s work first came responsive to  
 my call,  
 Found my eye, fixed my choice?

## XCI.

Why, Schumann’s “Carnival!”  
 My choice chimed in, you see, exactly with  
 the sounds  
 And sights of yestereve when, going on my  
 rounds,  
 Where both roads join the bridge, I heard  
 across the dusk  
 Creak a slow caravan, and saw arrive the husk  
 O’ the spice-nut, which peeled off this morning,  
 and displayed,  
 ‘Twixt tree and tree, a tent whence the red  
 pennon made  
 Its vivid reach for home and ocean-idleness—  
 And where, my heart surmised, at that same  
 moment,—yes,—

Tugging her *tricot* on,—yet tenderly, lest  
 stitch  
 Announce the crack of doom, reveal disaster  
 which  
 Our Pornic’s modest stock of merceries in  
 vain  
 Were ransacked to retrieve,—there, cautiously  
 a-strain,  
 (My heart surmised) must crouch in that tent’s  
 corner, curved  
 Like Spring-month’s russet moon, some girl  
 by fate reserved  
 To give me once again the electric snap and  
 spark  
 Which prove, 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!

## XCII.

I somehow played the piece: remarked on  
 each old theme  
 I’ 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 con-  
 diment  
 Makes palatable now : guests came, sat down,  
 fell-to,  
 Rose up, wiped mouth, went way,—lived,  
 died,—and never knew  
 That generations yet should, seeking sus-  
 tenance,  
 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 forms, the themes—no one without its  
 counterpart  
 Ages ago ; no one but, mumbled the due time  
 I' the mouth of the eater, needs be cooked  
 again in rhyme,  
 Dished up anew in paint, sauce-smothered  
 fresh in sound,  
 To suit the wisdom-tooth, just cut, of the age,  
 that's found  
 With gums obtuse to gust and smack which  
 relished so  
 The meat 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 clung about his heart, long after all the rest  
 O' the natural man, at eye and ear, was caught,  
 confessed  
 The charm of change, although wry lip and  
 wrinkled nose  
 Owned ancient virtue more conducive to repose  
 Than modern nothings roused to somethings  
 by some shred  
 Of pungency, perchance garlic in amber's stead.  
 And so on, till one day, another age, by due  
 Rotation, pries, sniffs, smacks, discovers old  
 is new,  
 And sauce, our sires pronounced insipid,  
 proves again

Sole piquant, may resume 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 save surprise.  
 So I remarked upon our Schumann's victories  
 Over the commonplace, how faded phrase  
 grew fine,  
 And palled perfection—piqued, upstartled by  
 that brine,  
 His pickle—bit 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 move-  
 ment, you prefer,  
 Where dance and shuffle past,—he scolding  
 while she pouts,  
 She canting while he calms,—in those eternal  
 bouts  
 Of age, the dog—with youth, the cat—by  
 rose-festoon  
 Tied teasingly enough—Columbine, Panta-  
 loon :  
 She, toe-tips and *staccato*,—*legato* shakes his  
 poll  
 And shambles in pursuit, the senior. *Fi la  
 folle !*  
 Lie to him ! get his gold and pay its price !  
 begin  
 Your trade betimes, nor wait till you've wed  
 Harlequin  
 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.

XCIII.

And so, I somehow-nohow played  
 The whole o' the pretty piece ; and then  
 . . . whatever weighed  
 My eyes down, furred the films about my  
 wits? suppose,  
 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,—swift  
Or slow, no matter,—still the certainty of  
change,  
Conviction we shall find the false, where'er  
we range,  
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' un-  
conscionable stretch?  
Howe'er it came to pass, I soon was far to  
fetch—  
Gone off in company with Music!

xciv.

Whither bound

Except for Venice? She it was, by instinct  
found  
Carnival-country proper, who far below the  
perch  
Where I was pinnacled; showed, opposite,  
Mark's Church,  
And, underneath, Mark's Square, with those  
two lines of street,  
*Procuratie*-sides, each leading to my feet—  
Since from above I gazed, however I got there.

xcv.

And what I gazed upon was a prodigious Fair,  
Concourse immense of men and women,  
crowned or casqued,  
Turbaned or tiar'd, wreathed, plumed, hatted  
or wigged, but masked—  
Always masked,—only, how? No face-  
shape, beast or bird,  
Nay, fish and reptile even, but someone had  
preferred,  
From out its frontispiece, feathered or scaled  
or curled,  
To make the vizard whence himself should  
view the world,

And where the world believed himself was  
manifest.  
Yet when you came to look, mixed up among  
the rest  
More funnily by far, were masks to imitate  
Humanity's mishap: the wrinkled brow,  
bald pate  
And rheumy eyes of Age, peak'd chin and  
parchment chap,  
Were signs of day-work done, and wage-time  
near,—mishap  
Merely; but, Age reduced to simple greed  
and guile,  
Worn apathetic else as some smooth slab,  
erewhile  
A clear-cut man-at-arms i' the pavement, till  
foot's tread  
Effaced the sculpture, left the stone you saw  
instead,—  
Was not that terrible beyond the mere uncouth?  
Well, and perhaps the next revolting you was  
Youth,  
Stark ignorance and crude conceit, half smirk,  
half stare  
On that frank fool-face, gay beneath its head  
of hair  
Which covers nothing.

xcvi.

These, you are to understand,  
Were the mere hard and sharp distinctions.  
On each hand,  
I soon became aware, flocked the infinitude  
Of passions, loves and hates, man pampers  
till his mood  
Becomes himself, the whole sole face we  
name him by,  
Nor want denotement else, if age or youth  
supply  
The rest of him: old, young,—classed creature:  
in the main  
A love, a hate, a hope, a fear, each soul  
a-strain  
Some one way through the flesh—the face, an  
evidence  
O' the soul at work inside; and, all the more  
intense,  
So much the more grotesque.

XCVII.

“Why should each soul be tasked  
Some one way, by one love or else one hate?”  
I asked.  
When it occurred to me, from all these sights  
beneath  
There rose not any sound: a crowd, yet dumb  
as death!

XCVIII.

Soon I knew why. (Propose a riddle, and  
'tis solved  
Forthwith—in dream!) They spoke; but,—  
since on me devolved  
To see, and understand by sight,—the vulgar  
speech  
Might be dispensed with. “He who cannot  
see, must reach  
As best he may the truth of men by help of  
words  
They please to speak, must fare at will of who  
affords  
The banquet,”—so I thought. “Who sees  
not, hears and so  
Gets to believe; myself it is that, seeing, know,  
And, knowing, can dispense with voice and  
vanity  
Of speech. What hinders then, that, drawing  
closer, I  
Put privilege to use, see and know better still  
These *simulacra*, taste the profit of my skill,  
Down in the midst?”

XCIX.

And plumb I pitched into the square—  
A groundling like the rest. What think you  
happened there?  
Precise the contrary of what one would expect!  
For,—whereas so much more monstrosities  
deflect  
From nature and the type, as you the more  
approach  
Their precinct,—here, I found brutality en-  
croach  
Less on the human, lie the lightlier as I looked  
The nearer on these faces that seemed but  
now so crook'd  
And clawed away from God's prime purpose.  
They diverged

A little from the type, but somehow rather  
urged  
To pity than disgust: the prominent, before,  
Now dwindled into mere distinctness, nothing  
more.  
Still, at first sight, stood forth undoubtedly  
the fact  
Some deviation was: in no one case there  
lacked  
The certain sign and mark,—say hint, say,  
trick of lip  
Or twist of nose,—that proved a fault in work-  
manship,  
Change in the prime design, some hesitancy  
here  
And there, which checked the man and let  
the beast appear;  
But that was all.

C.

All: yet enough to bid each tongue  
Lie in abeyance still. They talked, them-  
selves among,  
Of themselves, to themselves; I saw the  
mouths at play,  
The gesture that enforced, the eye that strove  
to say  
The same thing as the voice, and seldom  
gained its point  
—That this was so, I saw; but all seemed  
out of joint  
I' the vocal medium 'twixt the world and  
me. I gained  
Knowledge by notice, not by giving ear,—  
attained  
To truth by what men seemed, not said: to  
me one glance  
Was worth whole histories of noisy utterance,  
—At least, to me in dream.

CI.

And presently I found  
That, just as ugliness had withered, so un-  
wound  
Itself, and perished off, repugnance to what  
wrong  
Might linger yet i' the make of man. My  
will was strong

I' the matter; I could pick and choose, pro-  
ject my weight :  
(Remember how we saw the boatman trim  
his freight !)  
Determine to observe, or manage to escape,  
Or make divergency assume another shape  
By shift of point of sight in me the observer :  
thus  
Corrected, added to, subtracted from,—dis-  
cuss  
Each variant quality, and brute-beast touch  
was turned  
Into mankind's safeguard ! Force, guile,  
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, nay, 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  
we call  
Superfluous, and cry out against, at festival :  
Wear it in time of war, its clink and clatter  
grate  
O' the ear to purpose then !

## CII.

I found, one must abate  
One's scorn of the soul's casing, distinct from  
the soul's self—  
Which is the centre-drop : whereas the pride  
in pelf,  
The lust to seem the thing it cannot be, the  
greed  
For praise, and all the rest seen outside,—  
these indeed

Are the hard polished cold crystal environ-  
ment  
Of those strange orbs unearthed i' the Druid  
temple, meant  
For divination (so the learned please to  
think)  
Wherein you may admire one dew-drop roll  
and wink,  
All unaffected by—quite alien to—what  
sealed  
And saved it long ago : though how it got  
congealed  
I shall not give a guess, nor how, by power  
' occult,  
The solid surface-shield was outcome and  
result  
Of simple dew at work to save itself amid  
The unwatery force around ; protected thus,  
dew slid  
Safe through all opposites, impatient to absorb  
Its spot of life, and last for ever in the orb  
We, now, from hand to hand pass with  
impunity.

## CIII.

And the delight wherewith I watch this  
crowd must be  
Akin to that which crowns the chemist when  
he winds  
Thread up and-up, till clue be fairly clutched,  
—unbinds  
The composite, ties fast the simple to its mate,  
And, tracing each effect back to its cause,  
elate,  
Constructs in fancy, from the fewest primi-  
tives,  
The complex and complete, all diverse life,  
that lives  
Not only in beast, bird, fish, reptile, insect, but  
The very plants and earths and ores. Just so  
I glut  
My hunger both to be and know the thing  
I am,  
By contrast with the thing I am not ; so,  
through sham  
And outside, I arrive at inmost real, probe  
And prove how the nude form obtained the  
chequered robe.

## CIV.

—Experience, I am glad to master soon  
or late,  
Here, there and everywhere i' the world,  
without debate!  
Only, in Venice why? What reason for  
Mark's Square  
Rather than Timbuctoo?

## CV.

And I became aware,  
Scarcely the word escaped my lips, that  
swift ensued  
In silence and by stealth, and yet with  
certitude,  
A formidable change of the amphitheatre  
Which held the Carnival; although the  
human stir  
Continued just the same amid that shift of  
scene.

## CVI.

For as on edifice of cloud i' the grey and  
green  
Of evening,—built about some glory of the  
west,  
To barricade the sun's departure,—manifest,  
He plays, pre-eminently gold, gilds vapour,  
crag and crest  
Which bend in rapt suspense above the act  
and deed  
They cluster round and keep their very own,  
nor heed  
The world at watch; while we, breathlessly  
at the base  
O' the castellated bulk, note momentarily the  
mace  
Of night fall here, fall there, bring change  
with every blow,  
Alike to sharpened shaft and broadened  
portico  
I' the structure: heights and depths, beneath  
the leaden stress,  
Crumble and melt and mix together, coalesce,  
Re-form, but sadder still, subdued yet more  
and more  
By every fresh defeat, till wearied eyes need  
pore

No longer on the dull impoverished decadence  
Of all that pomp of pile in towering evidence  
So lately:—

## CVII.

Even thus nor otherwise, meseemed  
That if I fixed my gaze awhile on what I  
dreamed  
Was Venice' Square, Mark's Church, the  
scheme was straight unschemed,  
A subtle something had its way within the  
heart  
Of each and every house I watched, with  
counterpart  
Of tremor through the front and outward  
face, until  
Mutation was at end; impassive and stock-  
still  
Stood now the ancient house, grown—new,  
is scarce the phrase,  
Since older, in a sense,—altered to . . .  
what i' the ways,  
Ourselves are wont to see, coerced by city,  
town  
Or village, anywhere i' the world, pace up  
or down  
Europe! In all the maze, no single tenement  
I saw, but I could claim acquaintance with.

## CVIII.

There went  
Conviction to my soul, that what I took of  
late  
For Venice was the world; its Carnival—  
the state  
Of mankind, masquerade in life-long per-  
manence  
For all time, and no one particular feast-day.  
Whence  
'Twas easy to infer what meant my late  
disgust  
At the brute-pageant, each grotesque of greed  
and lust  
And idle hate, and love as impotent for good—  
When from my pride of place I passed the  
interlude  
In critical review; and what, the wonder  
that ensued

When, from such pinnacled pre-eminence, I  
 found  
 Somehow the proper goal for wisdom was  
 the ground  
 And not the sky,—so, slid sagaciously be-  
 times  
 Down heaven's baluster-rope, to reach the  
 mob of mimes  
 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  
 his rough,  
 Even as I gazed, to smooth—only get close  
 enough!  
 —What was all this except the lesson of a life?

## CIX.

And—consequent upon the learning how  
 from strife  
 Grew peace—from evil, good—came know-  
 ledge that, to get  
 Acquaintance with the way o' the world, we  
 must nor fret  
 Nor fume, on altitudes of self-sufficiency,  
 But bid a frank farewell to what—we think—  
 should be,  
 And, with as good a grace, welcome what is—  
 we find.

## CX.

Is—for the hour, observe! Since some-  
 thing to my mind  
 Suggested soon the fancy, nay, certitude that  
 change,  
 Never suspending touch, continued to derange  
 What architecture, we, walled up within the  
 cirque  
 O' the world, consider fixed as fate, not fairy-  
 work.

For those were temples, sure, which trem-  
 blyngly grew blank  
 From bright, then broke afresh in triumph,—  
 ah, but sank  
 As soon, for liquid change through artery and  
 vein  
 O' the very marble wound its way! And first  
 a stain  
 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  
 stole  
 Over the stately fane, and shadow sucked the  
 whole  
 Façade into itself, made uniformly earth  
 What was a piece of heaven; till, lo, a second  
 birth,  
 And the veil broke away because of something  
 new  
 Inside, that pushed to gain an outlet, paused  
 in view  
 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 race  
 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 skies," and not the  
 pavement in the Square.

## CXI.

But are they only temples that subdivide,  
 collapse,  
 And tower again, transformed? Academies,  
 perhaps!

Domes where dwells Learning, seats of  
 Science, bower and hall  
 Which house Philosophy—do these, too, rise  
 and fall,  
 Based though foundations be on steadfast  
 mother-earth,  
 With no chimeric claim to supermundane birth,  
 No boast that, dropped from cloud, they did  
 not grow from ground?  
 Why, these fare worst of all! these vanish  
 and are found  
 Nowhere, by who tasks eye some twice within  
 his term  
 Of threescore years and ten, for tidings what  
 each germ  
 Has burgeoned out into, whereof the promise  
 stunned  
 His ear with such acclaim,—praise-payment  
 to refund  
 The praisers, never doubt, some twice before  
 they die  
 Whose days are long i' the land.

CXII.

Alack, Philosophy!

Despite the chop and change, diminished or  
 increased,  
 Patched-up and plastered-o'er, Religion stands  
 at least  
 I' the temple-type. But thou? Here gape  
 I, all agog  
 These thirty years, to learn how tadpole  
 turns to frog;  
 And thrice at least have gazed with mild  
 astonishment,  
 As, skyward up and up, some fire-new fabric  
 sent  
 Its challenge to mankind that, clustered  
 underneath  
 To hear the word, they straight believe, ay,  
 in the teeth  
 O' the Past, clap hands and hail triumphant  
 Truth's outbreak—  
 Tadpole-frog-theory propounded past mistake!  
 In vain! A something ails the edifice, it  
 lends,  
 It bows, it buries . . . Haste! cry "Heads  
 below" to friends—

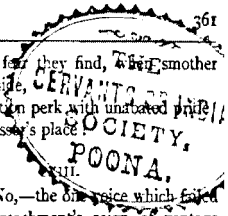
But have no fear they find, ~~the~~ smother  
 shall subside,  
 Some substitution perk with unabated pride  
 I' the predecessor's place!

No,—the ~~one~~ voice which failed

Never, the preaching's cogn of vantage  
 nothing ailed,—  
 That had the luck to lodge i' the house not  
 made with hands!  
 And all it preached was this: "Truth builds  
 upon the sands,  
 Though stationed on a rock: and so her work  
 decays,  
 And so she builds afresh, with like result.  
 Nought stays  
 But just the fact that Truth not only is, but  
 fain  
 Would have men know she needs must be,  
 by each so plain  
 Attempt to visibly inhabit where they dwell."  
 Her works are work, while she is she; that  
 work does well  
 Which lasts mankind their life-time through,  
 and lets believe  
 One generation more, that, though sand run  
 through sieve,  
 Yet earth now reached is rock, and what we  
 moderns find  
 Erected here is Truth, who, 'stablished to her  
 mind  
 I' the fulness of the days, will never change  
 in show  
 More than in substance erst: men thought  
 they knew; we know!

CXIV.

Do you, my generation? Well, let the  
 blocks prove mist  
 I' the main enclosure,—church and college,  
 if they list,  
 Be something for a time, and everything anon,  
 And anything awhile, as fit is off or on,  
 Till they grow nothing, soon to re-appear no  
 less  
 As something,—shape re-shaped, till out of  
 shapelessness



Come shape again as sure! no doubt, or  
 round or square  
 Or polygon its front, some building will be  
 there,  
 Do duty in that nook o' the wall o' the world  
 where once  
 The Architect saw fit precisely to ensconce  
 College or church, and bid such bulwark  
 guard the line  
 O' the barrier round about, humanity's confine.

## CXV.

Leave watching change at work i' the  
 greater scale, on these  
 The main supports, and turn to their interstices  
 Filled up by fabrics too, less costly and less rare,  
 Yet of importance, yet essential to the Fair  
 They help to circumscribe, instruct and regu-  
 late!  
 See, where each booth-front boasts, in letters  
 small or great,  
 Its speciality, proclaims its privilege to stop  
 A breach, beside the best!

## CXVI.

Here History keeps shop,  
 Tells how past deeds were done, so and not  
 otherwise:  
 "Man! hold truth evermore! forget the early  
 lies!"  
 There sits Morality, demure behind her stall,  
 Dealing out life and death: "This is the  
 thing to call  
 Right, and this other, wrong; thus think,  
 thus do, thus say,  
 Thus joy, thus suffer!—not to-day as yester-  
 day—  
 Yesterday's doctrine dead, this only shall  
 endure!  
 Obey its voice and live!"—enjoins the dame  
 demure.  
 While Art gives flag to breeze, bids drum  
 beat, trumpet blow.  
 Inviting eye and ear to yonder raree-show.  
 Up goes the canvas, hauled to height of pole.  
 I think,  
 We know the way—long lost, late learned—  
 to paint! A wink

Of eye, and lo, the pose! the statue on its  
 plinth!  
 How could we moderns miss the heart o' the  
 labyrinth  
 Perversely all these years, permit the Greek  
 seclude  
 His secret till to-day? And here's another feud  
 Now happily composed: inspect this quartett-  
 score!  
 Got long past melody, no word has Music more  
 To say to mortal man! But is the bard to be  
 Behindhand? Here's his book, and now  
 perhaps you see  
 At length what poetry can do!

## CXVII.

Why, that's stability  
 Itself, that change on change we sorrowfully  
 saw  
 Creep o'er the prouder piles! We acquiesced  
 in law  
 When the fine gold grew dim i' the temple,  
 when the brass  
 Which pillared that so brave abode where  
 Knowledge was,  
 Bowed and resigned the trust; but, bear all  
 this caprice,  
 Harlequinade where swift to birth succeeds  
 decease  
 Of hue at every turn o' the tinsel-flag which  
 flames  
 While Art holds booth in Fair? Such glories  
 chased by shames  
 Like these, distract beyond the solemn and  
 august  
 Procedure to decay, evanishment in dust,  
 Of those marmoreal<sup>1</sup> domes,—above vicissi-  
 tude,  
 We used to hope!

## CXVIII.

"So, all is change, in fine," pursued  
 The preachment to a pause. When—"All  
 is permanence!"  
 Returned a voice. Within? without? No  
 matter whence

<sup>1</sup> Marble-like.



The explanation came: for, understand, I ought  
 To simply say—"I saw," each thing I say  
 "I thought."  
 Since ever as, unrolled, the strange scene-  
 picture grew  
 Before me, sight flashed first, though mental  
 comment too  
 Would follow in a trice, come hobblingly to  
 halt.

CXIX.

So, what did I see next but,—much as when  
 the vault  
 I' the west,—wherein we watch the vapoury  
 manifold  
 Transfiguration,—tired turns blaze to black,  
 —behold,  
 Peak reconciled to base, dark ending feud  
 with bright,  
 The multiform subsides, 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,  
 drive at last  
 Things to a shape which suits the close of  
 things, and cast  
 Palpably o'er vexed earth heaven's mantle of  
 repose?

CXX.

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  
 Of saying how, without or dash or shock or  
 trace  
 Of violence, I found unity in the place  
 Of temple, tower,—nay, hall and house and  
 hut,—one blank

Severity of peace in death; to which they sank  
 Resigned enough, till . . . ah, conjecture, I  
 beseech,  
 What special blank did they agree to, all  
 and each?  
 What common shape was that wherein they  
 mutely merged  
 Likes and dislikes of form, so plain before?

CXXI.

I urged

Your step this way, prolonged our path of  
 enterprise  
 To where we stand at last, in order that  
 your eyes  
 Might see the very thing, and save my tongue  
 describe  
 The Druid monument which fronts you.  
 Could I bribe  
 Nature to come in aid, illustrate what I mean,  
 What wants there she should lend to solemn-  
 ize the scene?

CXXII.

How does it strike you, this construction  
 gaunt and grey—  
 Sole object, these piled stones, that gleam  
 unground-away  
 By twilight's hungry jaw, which champs fine  
 all beside  
 I' the solitary waste we grope through? Oh,  
 no guide  
 Need we to grope our way and reach the  
 monstrous door  
 Of granite! Take my word, the deeper you  
 explore  
 That caverned passage, filled with fancies to  
 the brim,  
 The less will you approve the adventure!  
 such a grim  
 Bar-sinister soon blocks abrupt your path,  
 and ends  
 All with a cold dread shape,—shape whereon  
 Learning spends  
 Labour, and leaves the text obscurer for the  
 gloss,  
 While Ignorance reads right—recoiling from  
 that Cross!

Whence came the mass and mass, strange  
 quality of stone  
 Unquarried anywhere i' the region round?  
 Unknown I  
 Just as unknown, how such enormity could be  
 Conveyed by land, or else transported over  
 sea,  
 And laid in order, so, precisely each on each,  
 As you and I would build a grotto where the  
 beach  
 Sheds shell—to last an hour: this building  
 lasts from age  
 To age the same. But why?

## CXXIII.

Ask Learning! I engage  
 You get a prosy wherefore, shall help you to  
 advance  
 In knowledge just as much as helps you Ignorance  
 Surmising, in the mouth of peasant-lad or lass,  
 "I heard my father say he understood it  
 was  
 A building, people built as soon as earth was  
 made  
 Almost, because they might forget (they were  
 afraid)  
 Earth did not make itself, but came of Somebody.  
 They laboured that their work might last, and  
 show thereby  
 He stays, while we and earth, and all things  
 come and go.  
 Come whence? Go whither? That, when  
 come and gone, we know  
 Perhaps, but not while earth and all things  
 need our best  
 Attention: we must wait and die to know the  
 rest.  
 Ask, if that's true, what use in setting up the  
 pile?  
 To make one fear and hope: remind us, all  
 the while  
 We come and go, outside there's Somebody  
 that stays;  
 A circumstance which ought to make us mind  
 our ways,

Because,—whatever end we answer by this  
 life,—  
 Nex' time, best chance must be for who, with  
 toil and strife,  
 Manages now to live most like what he was  
 meant  
 Become: since who succeeds so far, 'tis  
 evident,  
 Stands foremost on the file; who fails, has  
 less to hope  
 From new promotion. That's the rule—with  
 even a rope  
 Of mushrooms, like this rope I dangle! those  
 that grew  
 Greatest and roundest, all in life they had  
 to do,  
 Gain a reward, a grace they never dreamed,  
 I think;  
 Since, outside white as milk and inside black  
 as ink,  
 They go to the Great House to make a dainty  
 dish  
 For Don and Donna; while this basket-load,  
 I wish  
 Well off my arm, it breaks,—no starveling of  
 the heap  
 But had his share of dew, his proper length  
 of sleep  
 I' the sunshine: yet, of all, the outcome is—  
 this queer  
 Cribbed quantity of dwarfs which burthen  
 basket here  
 Till I reach home; 'tis there that, having run  
 their rigs,  
 They end their earthly race, are flung as food  
 for pigs.  
 Any more use I see? Well, you must know,  
 there lies  
 Something, the Curé says, that points to  
 mysteries  
 Above our grasp: a huge stone pillar, once  
 upright,  
 Now laid at length, half-lost — discreetly  
 shunning sight  
 I' the bush and briar, because of stories in  
 the air—  
 Hints what it signified, and why was stationed  
 there,

<p>Once on a time. In vain the Curé tasked his lungs— Showed, in a preachment, how, at bottom of the rungs O' the ladder, Jacob saw, where heavenly angels slept Up and down, lay a stone which served him, while he slept, For pillow; when he woke, he set the same upright As pillar, and a-top poured oil: things re- quisite To instruct posterity, there mounts from floor to roof, A staircase, earth to heaven; and also put in proof, When we have scaled the sky, we well may let alone What raised us from the ground, and,—paying to the stone Proper respect, of course,—take staff and go our way, Leaving the Pagan night for Christian break of day. 'For,' preached he, 'what they dreamed, these Pagans wide-awake 'We Christians may behold. How strange, then, were mistake 'Did anybody style the stone,—because of drop 'Remaining there from oil which Jacob poured a-top,— 'Itself the Gate of Heaven, itself the end, and not 'The means thereto!' Thus preached the Curé, and no jot The more persuaded people but that, what once a thing Meant and had right to mean, it still must mean. So cling Folk somehow to the prime authoritative speech, And so distrust report, it seems as they could reach Far better the arch-word, whereon their fate depends, Through rude charactery, than all the grace it lends</p>	<p>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 beasts 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 Entrusted 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 Curés so refine To insipidity, that, when heart sinks, we strive And strike from the old stone the old restora- tive. 'Which is?'—why, go and ask our grandames how they used To dance around it, till the Curé 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 briar it— 'bides 'Its time to rise again!' (so somebody derides, That's pert from Paris) 'since, yon spire, you keep erect '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,</p>
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Doffs cap, and takes the road. I leave in  
Learning's clutch  
More money for his book, but scarcely gain  
as much.

## CXXIV.

To this it was, this same primæval monu-  
ment,  
That, in my dream, I saw building with  
building blent  
Fall : each on each they fast and founderingly  
went  
Confusion-ward ; but thence again subsided  
fast,  
Became the mound you see. Magnificently  
massed  
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, diversified and beautiful before.  
And yet simplicity appeared to speak no more  
Nor less to me than spoke the compound.  
At the core,  
One and no other word, as in the crust of late,  
Whispered, which, audible through the transi-  
tion-state,  
Was no loud utterance in even the ultimate  
Disposure. For as some imperial chord  
subsists,  
Steadily underlies the accidental mists  
Of music springing thence, that run their  
mazy race  
Around, and sink, absorbed, back to the triad  
base,—  
So, out of that one word, each variant rose  
and fell  
And left the same "All's change, but perma-  
nence as well."  
—Grave note whence—list aloft!—harmonics  
sound, that mean :  
"Truth inside, and outside, truth also ; and  
between  
Each, falsehood that is change, as truth is  
permanence.

The individual soul works through the shows  
of sense,  
(Which, ever proving false, still promise to be  
true)

Up to an outer soul as individual too ;  
And, through the fleeting, lives to die into  
the fixed,  
And reach at length 'God, man, or both  
together mixed,'  
Transparent through the flesh, by parts which  
prove a whole,  
By hints which make the soul discernible by  
soul—  
Let only soul look up, not down, not hate  
but love,  
As truth successively takes shape, one grade  
above  
Its last presentment, tempts as it were truth  
indeed  
Revealed this time ; so tempts, till we attain  
to read  
The signs aright, and learn, by failure, truth  
is forced  
To manifest itself through falsehood ; whence  
divorced  
By the excepted eye, at the rare season, for  
The happy moment, truth instructs us to  
abhor  
The false, and prize the true, obtainable  
thereby.  
Then do we understand the value of a lie ;  
Its purpose served, its truth once safe de-  
posited,  
Each lie, superfluous now, leaves, in the  
singer's stead,  
The indubitable song ; the historic personage  
Put by, leaves prominent the impulse of his  
age ;  
Truth sets aside speech, act, time, place,  
indeed, but brings  
Nakedly forward now the principle of things  
Highest and least."

## CXXV.

Wherewith change ends. What  
change to dread  
When, disengaged at last from every veil,  
instead

Of type remains the truth? once—falsehood:  
but anon

*Theosuton e broticion eper kekramenon,*  
Something as true as soul is true, though  
veils between

Prove false and fleet away. As I mean, did  
he mean,

The poet whose bird-phrase sits, singing in  
my ear

A mystery not unlike? What through the  
dark and drear

Brought comfort to the Titan? Emerging  
from the nymph,

“God, man, or mixture” proved only to be  
a nymph:

“From whom the clink on clink of metal”  
(money, judged

Abundant in my purse) “struck” (bumped  
at, till it budged)

“The modesty, her soul’s habitual resident”  
(Where late the sisterhood were lively in  
their tent)

“As out of winged car” (that caravan on  
wheels)

“Impulsively she rushed, no slippers to her  
heels,”

And “Fear not, friends we flock!” soft  
smiled the sea-Fifine--

Primitive of the veils (if he meant what I  
mean)

The poet’s Titan learned to lift, ere “Three-  
formed Fate,

*Moirai Trimorphoi*” stood unmasked the  
Ultimate.

CXXVI.

Enough o’ the dream! You see how  
poetry turns prose.

Announcing wonder-work, I dwindle at the  
close

Down to mere commonplace old facts which  
everybody knows.

So dreaming disappoints! The fresh and  
strange at first,

Soon wears to trite and tame, nor warrants  
the outburst

Of heart with which we hail those heights,  
at very brink

Of heaven, whereto one least of lifts would  
lead, we think,

But wherefrom quick decline conducts our  
step, we find,

To homely earth, old facts familiar left  
behind.

Did not this monument, for instance, long  
ago

Say all it had to say, show all it had to show,  
Nor promise to do duty more in dream?

CXXVII.

Awaking so,

What if we, homeward-bound, all peace and  
some fatigue,

Trudge, soberly complete our tramp of near  
a league,

Last little mile which makes the circuit just,  
Elvire?

We end where we began: that consequence  
is clear.

All peace and some fatigue, wherever we  
were nursed

To life, we bosom us on death, find last is first  
And thenceforth final too.

CXXVIII.

“Why final? Why the more

Worth credence now than when such truth  
proved false before?”

Because a novel point impresses now: each lie  
Redounded to the praise of man, was victory

Man’s nature had both right to get, and might  
to gain,

And by no means implied submission to the  
reign

Of other quite as real a nature, that saw fit  
To have its way with man, not man his way  
with it.

This time, acknowledgment and acquiescence  
quell

Their contrary in man; promotion proves as  
well

Defeat: and Truth, unlike the False with  
Truth’s outside,

Neither plumes up his will nor puffs him out  
with pride.

I fancy, there must lurk some cogency i' 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 plumes 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 brings  
 To bear 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  
 Alike from first to last. But, if time's pressure, light's  
 Or rather, dark's approach, wrest thoroughly the rights  
 Of rule away, and bid the soul submissive bear  
 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,

## CXXIX.

And as with the last essence so with its first faint type.  
 Inconstancy means raw, 'tis faith alone means ripe  
 I' the soul which runs its round : no matter how it range  
 From Helen to Fifine, Elvire bids back the change  
 To permanence. Here, too, love ends where love began.  
 Such ending looks like law, because the natural man  
 Inclines the other way, feels lordlier free than bound.  
 Poor pabulum for pride when the first love is found  
 Last also ! and, so far from realizing gain,  
 Each step aside just proves divergency in vain.  
 The wanderer brings home no profit from his quest  
 Beyond the sad surmise that keeping house were best  
 Could life begin anew. His problem posed aright  
 Was—"From the given point evolve the infinite !"  
 Not—"Spend thyself in space, endeavouring to joint  
 Together, and so make infinite, point and point :  
 Fix into one Elvire a Fair-ful of Fifines !"  
 Fifine, the foam-flake, she : Elvire, the sea's self, means  
 Capacity at need to shower how many such !  
 And yet we left her calm profundity, to clutch  
 Foam-flutter, bell on bell, that, bursting at a touch,  
 Blistered us for our pains. But wise, we want no more  
 O' the fickle element. Enough of foam and roar !  
 Land-locked, we live and die henceforth : for here's the villa-door.

## CXXX.

How pallidly you pause o' the threshold!  
 Hardly night,  
 Which drapes you, ought to make real flesh  
 and blood so white!  
 Touch me, and so appear alive to all intents!  
 Will the saint vanish from the sinner that  
 repents?  
 Suppose you are a ghost! A memory, a  
 hope,  
 A fear, a conscience! Quick! Give back  
 the hand I grope  
 I' the dusk for!

## CXXXL

That is well. Our double horoscope  
 I cast, while you concur. Discard that simile  
 O' the fickle element! Elvire is land not sea—  
 The solid land, the safe. All these word-  
 bubbles came  
 O' the sea, and bite like salt. The unlucky  
 bath's to blame.  
 This hand of yours on heart of mine, no more  
 the bay  
 I beat, nor bask beneath the blue! In  
 Pornic, say,  
 The Mayor shall catalogue me duly domiciled,  
 Contributable, good-companion of the guild  
 And mystery of marriage. I stickle for the  
 town,  
 And not this tower apart; because, though,  
 half-way down,  
 Its mullions wink o'erwebbed with bloomy  
 greenness, yet  
 Who mounts to staircase top may tempt the  
 parapet,  
 And sudden there's the sea! No memories  
 to arouse,  
 No fancies to delude! Our honest civic  
 house  
 Of the earth be earthy too!—or graced per-  
 chance with shell  
 Made prize of long ago, picked haply where  
 the swell  
 Menaced a little once—or seaweed-branch  
 that yet  
 Dampens and softens, notes a freak of wind,  
 a fret

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Of wave: though, why on earth should sea-  
 change mend or mar  
 The calm contemplative householders that  
 we are?  
 So shall the seasons fleet, while our two  
 selves abide:  
 E'en past astonishment how sunrise and  
 springtide  
 Could tempt one forth to swim; the more if  
 time appoints  
 That swimming grow a task for one's  
 rheumatic joints.  
 Such honest civic house, behold, I constitute  
 Our villa! Be but flesh and blood, and  
 smile to boot!  
 Enter for good and all! then fate bolt fast  
 the door,  
 Shut you and me inside, never to wander  
 more!

## CXXXII.

Only,—you do not use to apprehend attack!  
 No doubt, the way I march, one idle arm,  
 thrown slack  
 Behind me, leaves the open hand defenceless  
 at the back,  
 Should an impertinent on tiptoe steal, and  
 stuff  
 —Whatever can it be? A letter sure enough,  
 Pushed betwixt palm and glove! That  
 largess of a franc?  
 Perhaps unconsciously,—to better help the  
 blank  
 O' the nest, her tambourine, and, laying egg,  
 persuade  
 A family to follow, the nest-egg that I laid  
 May have contained,—but just to foil sus-  
 picious folk,—  
 Between two silver whites a yellow double  
 yolk!  
 Oh, threaten no farewell! five minutes shall  
 suffice  
 To clear the matter up. I go, and in a  
 trice  
 Return; five minutes past, expect me! If  
 in vain—  
 Why, slip from flesh and blood, and play the  
 ghost again!

2 A

## EPILOGUE.

## THE HOUSEHOLDER.

## I.

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 blaspheming 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.

## II.

“Never mind, hie away from this old house—  
 Every crumbling brick embrowned with  
 sin and shame !

Quick, in its corners ere certain shapes arouse !  
 Let them—every devil of the night—lay  
 claim,

Make and mend, or rap and rend, for me !  
 Good-bye !

God be their guard from disturbance at  
 their glee,

Till, crash, comes down the carcass in a heap !”  
 quoth I :

“Nay, but there's a decency required !”  
 quoth She.

## III.

“Ah, but if you knew how time has dragged,  
 days, nights !

All the neighbour-talk with man and maid  
 —such men !

All the fuss and trouble of street-sounds,  
 window-sights :

All the worry of flapping door and echoing  
 roof ; and then,

All the fancies . . . Who were they had  
 leave, dared try

Darker arts that almost struck despair in me ?  
 If you knew but how I dwelt down here !”

quoth I :

“And was I so better off up there ?”  
 quoth She.

## IV.

“Help and get it over ! *Re-united to his wife*  
 (How draw up the paper lets the parish-  
 people know ?)

*Lies M., or N., departed from this life,*  
*Day the this or that, month and year the*  
*so and so.*

What i' the way of final flourish ? Prose,  
 verse ? Try !

*Affliction sore long time he bore, or, what is*  
*it to be ?*

*Till God did please to grant him ease.* Do  
 end !” quoth I :

“I end with—Love is all and Death is  
 nought !” quoth She.



# RED COTTON NIGHT-CAP COUNTRY,

OR

## TURF AND TOWERS.

1873.

[This poem is founded on a somewhat disagreeable story told at great length in the French newspapers at the time (1871). In the early proofs the real names of the young goldsmith and his leman appeared, but before publication imaginary names were substituted. "Turf" stands for the self-indulgent life, and "Towers"<sup>B</sup> typify the life of struggle and self-mastery.]

TO

MISS THACKERAY.

### RED COTTON NIGHT-CAP COUNTRY

OR

#### TURF AND TOWERS.

I.

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 Ven-  
dôme—

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.

Even as we met where we have met so oft,  
Now meet we on this unpretending beach  
Below the little village: little, ay!  
But pleasant, may my gratitude subjoin?

Meek, hitherto un-Murrayed bathing-place,  
Best loved of sea-coast-nook-ful 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?—

Of that, my naked sole makes lawful prize,  
Bruising the acrid aromatics out,  
Till, what they preface, good salt savours sting  
From, first, the sifted sands, then sands in slab,  
Smooth save for pipy wreath-work of the worm:  
(Granite and mussel-shell are ground alike  
To glittering paste,—the live worm troubles  
yet.)

Then, dry and moist, the varech<sup>1</sup> limit-line,  
Burnt cinder-black, with brown uncrumpled  
swathe

Of berried softness, sea-swoln thrice its size ;  
And, lo, the wave protrudes a lip at last,  
And flecks my foot with froth, nor tempts in  
vain.

Such is Saint-Rambert, wilder very much  
Than Joyeux, that famed Joyous-Gard of yours.

<sup>1</sup> Kelp, seaweeds.

Some five miles farther down; much homelier  
too—

Right for me,—right for you the fine and fair!  
Only, I could endure a transfer—wrought  
By angels famed still, through our countryside,  
For weights they fetched and carried in old  
time

When nothing like the need was—transfer,  
just

Of Joyeux church, exchanged for yonder prig,  
Our brand-new stone cream-coloured master-  
picce.

Well—and you know, and not since this one  
year,

The quiet seaside country? So do I:  
Who like it, in a manner, just because  
Nothing is prominently likeable  
To vulgar eye without a soul behind,  
Which, breaking surface, brings before the ball  
Of sight, a beauty buried everywhere.

If we have souls, know how to see and use,  
One place performs, like any other place,  
The proper service every place on earth  
Was framed to furnish man with: serves alike  
To give him note that, through the place he  
sees,

A place is signified he never saw,  
But, if he lack not soul, may learn to know.  
Earth's ugliest walled and ceiled imprisonment  
May suffer, through its single rent in roof,  
Admittance of a cataract of light  
Beyond attainment through earth's palace-  
panes

Pinholed athwart their windowed filagree  
By twinklings sobered from the sun outside.  
Doubtless the High Street of our village here  
Imposes hardly as Rome's Corso could:  
And our projected race for sailing-boats  
Next Sunday, when we celebrate our Saint,  
Falls very short of that attractiveness,  
That artistry in festive spectacle,  
Paris ensures you when she welcomes back  
(When shall it be?) the Assembly from Ver-  
sailles;

While the best fashion and intelligence  
Collected at the counter of our Mayor  
(Dry goods he deals in, grocery beside)

What time the post-bag brings the news from  
Vire,—

I fear me much, it scarce would hold its own,  
That circle, that assorted sense and wit,  
With Five o'clock Tea in a house we know.

Still, 'tis the check that gives the leap its lift.  
The nullity of cultivated souls,  
Even advantaged by their news from Vire,  
Only conduces to enforce the truth  
That, thirty paces off, this natural blue  
Broods o'er a bag of secrets, all unbroached,  
Beneath the bosom of the placid deep,  
Since first the Post Director sealed them safe;  
And formidable I perceive this fact—  
Little Saint-Rambert touches the great sea.  
From London, Paris, Rome, where men are  
men,

Not mice, and mice not Mayors presumably,  
Thought scarce may leap so fast, alight so far.  
But this is a pretence, you understand,  
Disparagement in play, to parry thrust  
Of possible objector: nullity  
And ugliness, the taunt be his, not mine  
Nor yours,—I think we know the world too  
well!

Did you walk hither, jog it by the plain,  
Or jaunt it by the highway, braving bruise  
From springless and uncushioned vehicle?  
Much, was there not, in place and people  
both,

To lend an eye to? and what eye like yours—  
The learned eye is still the loving one!  
Our land: its quietude, productiveness,  
Its length and breadth of grain-crop, meadow-  
ground,

Its orchards in the pasture, farms a-field  
And hamlets on the road-edge, nought you  
missed

Of one and all the sweet rusticities!  
From stalwart strider by the waggon-side,  
Brightening the acre with his purple blouse,  
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!  
Oh, you observed! and how that nimble play  
Of finger formed the sole exception, bobbed

The 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  
His confidence in war he means to wage,  
God aiding and the rural populace.  
No : rain and wind must rub the rags away  
And let the lazy land untroubled snore.

Ah, in good truth? and did the drowsihead  
So suit, so soothe the learned loving eye,  
That you were minded to confer a crown,  
(Does not the poppy boast such?)—call the  
land

By one slow hither-thither stretching, fast  
Subsiding-into-slumber sort of name,  
Symbolic of the place and people too,  
“*White Cotton Night-cap Country?*” Ex-  
cellent!

For they do, all, dear women young and old,  
Upon the heads of them bear notably  
This badge of soul and body in repose ;  
Nor its fine thimble fits the acorn-top,  
Keeps woolly ward above that oval brown,  
Its placid feature, more than muffler makes  
A safeguard, circumvents intelligence  
In—what shall evermore be named and famed,  
If happy nomenclature aught avail,  
“*White Cotton Night-cap Country.*”

Do I hear—

Oh, better, very best of all the news—  
You mean to catch and cage the winged word,  
And make it breed and multiply at home  
Till Norman idlesse stock our England too?  
Normandy shown minute yet magnified  
In one of those small books, the truly great,  
We never know enough, yet know so well?  
How I foresee the cursive diamond-dints,—  
Composite pen that plays the pencil too,—

As, touch the page and up the glamour goes,  
And filmy o'er grain-crop, meadow-ground,  
O'er orchard in the pasture, farm a-field  
And hamlet on the road-edge, floats and forms  
And falls, at lazy last of all, the Cap  
That crowns the country ! we, awake outside,  
Farther than ever from the imminence  
Of what cool comfort, what close coverture  
Your magic, deftly weaving, shall surround  
The unconscious captives with. Be theirs to  
drowse  
Trammeled, and ours to watch the trammel-  
trick !  
Ours be it, as we con the book of books,  
To wonder how is winking possible !

All hail, “*White Cotton Night-cap Country,*”  
then !

And yet, as on the beach you promise book,—  
On beach, mere razor-edge 'twixt earth and  
sea,

I stand at such a distance from the world  
That 'tis the whole world which obtains  
regard,

Rather than any part, though part presumed  
A perfect little province in itself,  
When wayfare made acquaintance first there-  
with.

So standing, therefore, on this edge of things,  
What if the backward glance I gave, return  
Loaded with other spoils of vagrancy  
Than I despatched it for, till I propose  
The question—puzzled by the sudden store  
Officious fancy plumps beneath my nose—  
“Which sort of Night-cap have you glorified?”

You would be gracious to my ignorance :  
“What other Night-cap than the normal  
one?—

Old honest guardian of man's head and hair  
In its elastic yet continuous, soft,  
No less persisting, circumambient gripe,—  
Night's notice, life is respited from day !  
Its form and fashion vary, suiting so  
Each seasonable want of youth and age.  
In infancy, the rosy naked ball  
Of brain, and that faint golden fluff it bears,  
Arc smothered from disaster,—nurses know

By what foam-fabric; but when youth succeeds,  
 The sterling value of the article  
 Discards adornment, cap is cap henceforth  
 Unfeathered by the futile row on row.  
 Manhood strains hard a sturdy stocking-stuff  
 O'er well-deserving head and ears: the cone  
 Is tassel-tipt, commendably takes pride,  
 Announcing workday done and wages  
 pouched,  
 And liberty obtained to sleep, nay, snore  
 Unwise, he peradventure shall essay  
 The sweets of independency for once—  
 Waive its advantage on his wedding-night:  
 Fool, only to resume it, night the next,  
 And never part companionship again.  
 Since, with advancing years, night's solace  
 soon  
 Intrudes upon the daybreak dubious life  
 Persuades it to appear the thing it is,  
 Half-sleep; and so, encroaching more and  
 more,  
 It lingers long past the abstemious meal  
 Of morning, and, as prompt to serve, pre-  
 cedes  
 The supper-summons, gruel grown a feast.  
 Finally, when the last sleep finds the eye  
 So tired it cannot even shut itself,  
 Does not a kind domestic hand unite  
 Friend to friend, lid from lid to part no more,  
 Consigned alike to that receptacle  
 So bleak without, so warm and white within?

“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, undignified—  
 The Never-night-capped—more experienced  
 folk  
 Laugh you back answer—What should Night-  
 cap be  
 Save Night-cap pure and simple? Sorts of  
 such?  
 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, is not there, while we two pace the beach,  
 This blessed moment, at your Kensington,  
 A special Fiddle-Show and rare array  
 Of all the sorts were ever set to cheek,  
 'Stablished on clavicle, sawn bow-hand-wise,  
 Or touched lute-fashion and forefinger-  
 plucked?  
 I doubt not there be duly catalogued  
 Achievements all and some of Italy,  
 Guarnerius, Straduarus,<sup>1</sup>—old and new,  
 Augustly rude, refined to finicking,  
 This mammoth with his belly full of blare,  
 That mouse of music—inch-long silvery  
 wheeze.

And here a specimen has effloresced  
 Into the scroll-head, there subsides supreme,  
 And with the tail-piece satisfies mankind.  
 Why should I speak of woods, grains, stains  
 and streaks,  
 The topaz varnish or the ruby gum?  
 We preferably pause where tickets teach  
 “Over this sample would Corelli<sup>2</sup> croon,  
 Grieving, by minors, like the cushat-dove,  
 Most dulcet Giga,<sup>3</sup> dreamiest Saraband.”<sup>4</sup>  
 “From this did Paganini comb the fierce  
 Electric sparks, or to tenuity  
 Pull forth the inmost wailing of the wire—  
 No cat-gut could swoon out so much of soul!”

Three hundred violin-varieties  
 Exposed to public view! And dare I doubt  
 Some future enterprise shall give the world  
 Quite as remarkable a Night-cap-show?  
 Methinks, we, arm-in-arm, that festal day,  
 Pace the long range of relics shrined aright,  
 Framed, glazed, each cushioned curiosity,  
 And so begin to smile and to inspect:

<sup>1</sup> Famous fiddle-makers.

<sup>2</sup> A famous fiddler and composer (1653-1713)

<sup>3</sup> Jig.

<sup>4</sup> A Spanish dance.

"Pope's sickly head-sustainment, damped  
with dews

Wrung from the all-unfair fight: such a frame—  
Though doctor and the devil helped their best—  
Fought such a world that, waiving doctor's  
help,

Had the mean devil at its service too!  
Voltaire's imperial velvet! Hogarth eyed  
The thumb-nail record of some alley-phys,  
Then chucklingly clapped yonder cosiness  
On pate, and painted with true flesh and blood!  
Poor hectic Cowper's soothing sarsnet-stripe!"

And so we profit by the catalogue,  
Somehow our smile subsiding more and more,  
Till we decline into . . . but no! shut eyes  
And hurry past the shame unconfined here,  
The hangman's toilet! If we needs must trench,  
For science' sake which craves completeness  
still,

On the sad confine, not the district's self,  
The object that shall close review may be . . .

Well, it is French, and here are we in France:  
It is historic, and we live to learn,  
And try to learn by reading story-books.  
It is an incident of 'Ninety-two,  
And, twelve months since, the Commune  
had the sway.

Therefore resolve that, after all the Whites  
Presented you, a solitary Red  
Shall pain us both, a minute and no more!  
Do not you see poor Louis pushed to front  
Of palace-window, in persuasion's name,  
A spectacle above the howling mob  
Who tasted, as it were, with tiger-smack,  
The outstart, the first spirt of blood on brow,  
The Phrygian symbol, the new crown of thorns,  
The Cap of Freedom? See the feeble mirth  
At odds with that half-purpose to be strong  
And merely patient under misery!

And note the ejaculation, ground so hard  
Between his teeth, that only God could hear,  
As the lean pale proud insignificance  
With the sharp-featured liver-worried stare  
Out of the two grey points that did him stead  
And passed their eagle-owner to the front  
Better than his mob-elbowed undersize,—  
The Corsican lieutenant commented

"Had I but one good regiment of my own,  
How soon should volleys to the due amount  
Lay stiff upon the street-flags this *canaille!*  
As for the droll there, he that plays the  
king

And screws out smile with a Red night-cap on,  
He's done for! Somebody must take his  
place."

White Cotton Night-cap Country: excellent!  
Why not Red Cotton Night-cap Country too?

"Why not say swans are black and black-  
birds white,

Because the instances exist?" you ask.

"Enough that white, not red, predominates,  
Is normal, typical, in cleric phrase

*Quod semel, semper, et ubique.*" Here,

Applying such a name to such a land,  
Especially you find inopportune,

Impertinent, my scruple whether white

Or red describes the local colour best.

"Let be" (you say), "the universe at large

Supplied us with exceptions to the rule,  
So manifold, they bore no passing-by,—

Little Saint-Rambert has conserved at least  
The pure tradition: white from head to heel,  
Where is a hint of the ungracious hue?

See, we have traversed with hop, step and  
jump,

From heel to head, the main-street in a trice,  
Measured the garment (help my metaphor!)

Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;

And were you pricked by that collecting-itch,  
That pruriency for writing o'er your reds

'Rare, rarer, rarest, not rare but unique,'—

The shelf, Saint-Rambert, of your cabinet,  
Unlabelled,—virginal, no Rahab-thread<sup>1</sup>

For blushing token of the spy's success,—

Would taunt with vacancy, I undertake!

What, yonder is your best apology,

Pretence at most approach to naughtiness,

Impingement of the ruddy on the blank?

This is the criminal Saint-Rambertese

Who smuggled in tobacco, half-a-pound!

The Octroi<sup>2</sup> found it out and fined the wretch.

This other is the culprit who despatched

<sup>1</sup> Joshua ii. 18.

<sup>2</sup> Taxes levied at the gates of cities.

A hare, he thought a hedgehog (clods obstruct),  
 Unfurnished with Permission for the Chase!  
 As to the womankind—renounce from those  
 The hope of getting a companion-tinge,  
 First faint touch promising romantic fault!"

Enough: there stands Red Cotton Night-cap  
 shelf—  
 A cavern's ostentatious vacancy—  
 My contribution to the show; while yours—  
 Whites heap your row of pegs from every  
 hedge  
 Outside, and house inside Saint-Rambert  
 here—  
 We soon have come to end of. See, the  
 church  
 With its white steeple gives your challenge  
 point,  
 Perks as it were the night-cap of the town,  
 Starchedly warrants all beneath is matched  
 By all above, one snowy innocence!

You put me on my mettle. British maid  
 And British man, suppose we have it out  
 Here in the fields, decide the question so?  
 Then, British fashion, shake hands hard  
 again,  
 Go home together, friends the more confirmed  
 That one of us—assuredly myself—  
 Looks puffy about eye, and pink at nose?  
 Which "pink" reminds me that the arduous-  
 ness  
 We both acknowledge in the enterprise,  
 Claims, counts upon a large and liberal  
 Acceptance of as good as victory  
 In whatsoever just escapes defeat.  
 You must be generous, strain point, and  
 call  
 Victory, any the least flush of pink  
 Made prize of, labelled scarlet for the nonce—  
 Faintest pretension to be wrong and red  
 And picturesque, that varies by a splotch  
 The righteous flat of insipidity.

Quick to the quest, then—forward, the firm  
 foot!  
 Onward, the quarry-overtaking eye!

For, what is this, by way of march-tune,  
 makes  
 The musicaest buzzing at my ear  
 By reassurance of that promise old  
*Though sins are scarlet they shall be as wool?*  
 Whence—what fantastic hope do I deduce?  
 I am no Liebig: when the dyer dyes  
 A texture, can the red dye prime the white?  
 And if we washed well, wrung the texture  
 hard,  
 Would we arrive, here, there and everywhere,  
 At a fierce ground beneath the surface meek?

I take the first chance, rub to threads what  
 rag  
 Shall flutter snowily in sight. For see!  
 Already these 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-  
 while!  
 There lie, outspread at equidistance, thorpes  
 And villages and towns along the coast,  
 Distinguishable, each and all alike,  
 By white persistent Night-cap, spire on spire.  
 Take the left: yonder town is—what say you  
 If I say "Londres"? Ay, the mother-mouse  
 (Reversing fable, as truth can and will)  
 Which gave our mountain of a London birth!  
 This is the Conqueror's country, bear in mind,  
 And Londres-district blooms with London-  
 pride.  
 Turn round: La Roche, to right, where  
 oysters thrive:  
 Monlieu—the lighthouse is a telegraph;  
 This, full in front, Saint-Rambert; then  
 succeeds  
 Villeneuve, and Pons the Young with Pons  
 the Old,  
 And—ere faith points to Joyeux, out of sight,  
 A little nearer—oh, La Ravissante!

There now is something like a Night-cap  
 spire,  
 Donned by no ordinary Notre-Dame!  
 For, one of the three safety-guards of France,  
 You front now, lady! Nothing intercepts

The privilege, by crow-flight, two miles far.  
 She and her sisters Lourdes and La Salette  
 Are at this moment hailed the cynosure  
 Of poor dear France, such waves have buffeted  
 Since she eschewed infallibility  
 And chose to steer by the vague compass-box.  
 This same midsummer month, a week ago,  
 Was not the memorable day observed  
 For reinstatement of the misused Three  
 In old supremacy for evermore?  
 Did not the faithful flock in pilgrimage  
 By railway, diligence and steamer—nay  
 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 to 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 couple of the common cures  
 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,  
 Which goes to crown some Virgin every year.  
 But this year, poor Pope was in prison-house,  
 And money had to go for something else;  
 And therefore, though their present seemed  
 the Pope's,

The faithful of our province raised the sum  
 Preached and prayed out of—nowise purse  
 alone.

Gentle and simple paid in kind, not cash,  
 The most part: the great lady gave her brooch,  
 The peasant-girl her hair-pin; 'twas the rough  
 Bluff farmer mainly who,—admonished well  
 By wife to care lest his new colewort-crop  
 Stray sorrowfully sparse like last year's seed,—  
 Lugged from reluctant pouch the fifty-franc,  
 And had the Curé's hope that rain would  
 cease.

And so, the sum in evidence at length,  
 Next step was to obtain the donative  
 By the spontaneous bounty of the Pope—  
 No easy matter, since his Holiness  
 Had turned a deaf ear, long and long ago,  
 To much entreaty on our Bishop's part,  
 Commendably we boast. "But no," quoth  
 he,

"Image and image needs must take their  
 turn:

Here stand a dozen as importunate."  
 Well, we were patient; but the cup ran o'er  
 When—who was it pressed in and took the  
 prize

But our own offset, set far off indeed  
 To grow by help of our especial name,  
 She of the Ravissante—in Martinique!

"What?" cried our patience at the boiling-  
 point,

"The daughter crowned, the mother's head  
 goes bare?

Bishop of Raimbaux!"—that's our diocese—  
 "Thou hast a summons to repair to Rome,  
 Be efficacious at the Council there:

Now is the time or never! Right our wrong!  
 Hie thee away, thou valued Morillon,  
 And have the promise, thou who hast the  
 vote!"

So said, so done, so followed in due course  
 (To cut the story short) this festival,  
 This famous Twenty-second, seven days since.

Oh, but you heard at Joyeux! Pilgrimage,  
 Concourse, procession with, to head the host,  
 Cardinal Mirecourt, quenching lesser lights:  
 The leafy street-length through, decked end  
 to end

With August-stripping, and adorned with flags  
 That would have waved right well but that it  
 rained

Just this picked day, by some perversity.  
 And so were placed, on Mother and on Babe,  
 The pair of crowns: the Mother's, you must  
 see!

Miranda, the great Paris goldsmith, made  
 The marvel,—he's a neighbour: that's his  
 park

Before you, tree-topped wall we walk toward

His shop it was turned out the masterpiece,  
Probably at his own expenditure ;  
Anyhow, his 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 forage in New-York,  
This jeweller, and country-gentleman,  
And most undoubted devotee beside !  
Worthily wived, too : since his wife it was  
Bestowed "with friendly hand"—befitting  
phrase !

The lace which trims 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 devotions at high-tide  
That festal morning, never had a mind  
To trudge the little league and join the crowd—  
Even for me is miracle vouchsafed !  
How pointless proves the sneer at miracles !  
As if, contrariwise to all we want  
And reasonably look to find, they graced  
Merely those graced-before, grace helps no  
whit,

Unless, made whole, they need physician still.  
I—sceptical in every inch of me—  
Did I deserve that, from the liquid name  
"Miranda,"—faceted as lovelily  
As his own gift, the gem,—a shaft should shine,  
Bear me along, another Abaris,<sup>1</sup>  
Nor let me light till, lo, the Red is reached,  
And yonder lies in luminosity !

Look, lady ! where I bade you glance but now !  
Next habitation, though two miles away,—  
No tenement for man or beast between,—  
That, park and domicile, is country-seat  
Of this same good Miranda ! I accept  
The augury. Or there, or nowhere else,  
Will I establish that a Night-cap gleams  
Of visionary Red, not White for once !

<sup>1</sup> A priest of Apollo who cured diseases.

"Heaven" saith the sage "is with us, here  
inside

Each man : "Hell also," simpleness sub-  
joins,

By White and Red describing human flesh.

And yet as we continue, quicken 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<sup>2</sup>  
With bands of beet and turnip and luzern,  
Limited only by each colour's end,  
Shelves down,—we stand upon an emi-  
nence,—

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 sleeps and sets to slumber that broad blue !  
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 !  
The boundary, the park-wall, ancient brick,  
Upholds a second wall of tree-heads high  
Which overlean its top, a solid green.  
That surely ought to shut in mysteries !  
A jeweller—no unsuggestive 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 authentic story-books ?

<sup>2</sup> Striped like a scallop-shell.



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,  
 Make it their mistress, marry for their wife,  
 And find out, some day, it was false the  
 while,  
 As ever wife or mistress, man too fond  
 Has named his Pilgrim, Hermit, Ace of  
 Hearts.

Beside—what style of edifice begins  
 To grow in sight at last and top the scene ?  
 That grey roof, with the range of *lucarnes*,<sup>1</sup>  
 four  
 I count, and that erection in the midst—  
 Clock-house, or chapel-spire, or what, above ?  
 Conventual, that, beyond manorial, 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  
 Caen,  
 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,  
 A National Domain : which, bought and sold  
 And resold, needs must change, with owner-  
 ship,  
 Both outside show and inside use ; at length  
 The message, three-and-twenty years ago,  
 Became the purchase of rewarded worth  
 Impersonate in Father—I must stoop  
 To French phrase for precision's sake, I fear—  
 Father Miranda, goldsmith of renown :

By birth a Madrilene,<sup>2</sup> by domicile  
 And sojourning accepted French at last.  
 His energy it was which, trade transferred  
 To Paris, throve as with a golden thumb,  
 Established in the Place Vendôme. He  
 bought  
 Not building only, but belongings far  
 And wide, at Gonthier there, Monlieu, 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 to say  
 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 islet, 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 railwork of the gate : a park  
 —Yes, but à l'Anglaise, as they compliment !  
 Grass like green velvet, gravel-walks like gold,  
 Bosses of shrubs, embosomings of flowers,  
 Lead you—through sprinkled trees of tiny  
 breed  
 Disporting, within reach of coverture,  
 By some habitual acquiescent 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 coquetry  
 Of coloured brick and carved stone ! Stucco ?  
 Well,  
 The daintiness is cheery, that I know,  
 And all the sportive floral framework fits  
 The lightsome purpose of the architect.

<sup>1</sup> Roof windows.<sup>2</sup> Of Madrid.

Those *lucarnes* which I called conventual, late,  
Those are the outlets in the *mansarde*-roof;<sup>1</sup>  
And, underneath, what long light elegance  
Of windows here suggests how brave inside  
Lurk eyeballed gems they play the eyelids to!  
Festive arrangements look through such, be  
sure!

And now the tower a-top, I took for clock's  
Or bell's abode, turns out a quaint device,  
Pillared and temple-treated Belvedere—  
Pavilion safe within its railed-about  
Sublimity of area—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 cloistered high,  
Alone in April kiss when Spring arrives!  
Or no, he mounts there by himself to meet  
Winds, welcome wafts of sea-smell, first  
white bird

That flaps thus far to taste the land again,  
And all the promise of the youthful year;  
Then he descends, unbosoms straight his store  
Of blessings in the bud, 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 surprise  
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.  
No doubt next turn will treat us to . . . Aha,  
Again our expectation proves at fault!  
Still the bright graceful modern—not to say  
Modish adornment, meets us: *Parc Anglais*,  
Tree-sprinkle, shrub-embossment as before.  
See, the sun splits on yonder bauble world  
Of silvered glass concentrating, every side,  
All the adjacent wonder, made minute  
And touched grotesque by ball-convexity!

<sup>1</sup> High French roof with rooms in it, first  
used in the Louvre. Mansard was an architect,  
died 1666.

Just so, a sense that something is amiss,  
Something is out of sorts in the display,  
Affects us, past denial, everywhere.  
The right erection for the Fields, the Wood,  
(Fields—but *Elysées*, wood—but *de Boulogne*)  
Is peradventure wrong for wood and fields  
When Vire, not Paris, plays the Capital.

So may a good man have deficient taste;  
Since Son and Heir Miranda, he it was  
Who, six years now elapsed, achieved the  
work

And truly made a wilderness to smile.  
Here did their domesticity reside,  
A happy husband and as happy wife,  
Till . . . how can I in conscience longer  
keep

My little secret that the man is dead  
I, for artistic purpose, talk about  
As if he lived still? No, these two years now,  
Has he been dead. You ought to sympathize,  
Not mock the sturdy effort to redeem  
My pledge, and wring you out some tragedy  
From even such a perfect commonplace!  
Suppose I boast the death of such desert  
My tragic bit of Red? Who contravenes  
Assertion that a tragedy exists  
In any stoppage of benevolence,  
Utility, devotion above all?

Benevolent? There never was his like:  
For poverty, he had an open hand  
. . . Or stop—I use the wrong expression  
here—

An open purse, then, ever at appeal;  
So that the unreflecting rather taxed  
Profusion than penuriousness in alms.  
One, in his day and generation, deemed  
Of use to the community? I trust  
Clairvaux thus renovated, regalized,  
Paris expounded thus to Normandy,  
Answers that question. Was the man devout?  
After a life—one mere munificence  
To Church and all things churchly, men or  
mice,—

Dying, his last bequeathment gave land, goods,  
Cash, every stick and stiver, to the Church,  
And notably to that church yonder, that  
Beloved of his soul, La Ravissante—

Wherefrom, the latest of his gifts, the Stone  
Gratefully bore me as on arrow-flash  
To Clairvaux, as I told you.

“ Ay, to find

Your Red desiderated article,  
Where every scratch and scrape provokes my  
White

To all the more superb a prominence !  
Why, 'tis the story served up fresh again—  
How it befell the restive prophet old  
Who came and tried to curse, but blessed the  
land.

Come, your last chance ! he disinherited  
Children : he made his widow mourn too much  
By this endowment of the other Bride—  
Nor understood that gold and jewelry  
Adorn her in a figure, not a fact.  
You make that White, I want, so very white,  
'Tis I say now—some trace of Red should be  
Somewhere in this Miranda-sanctitude !”

Not here, at all events, sweet mocking friend !  
For he was childless ; and what heirs he had  
Were an uncertain sort of Cousinry  
Scarce claiming kindred so as to withhold  
The donor's purpose though fantastical :  
Heirs, for that matter, wanting no increase  
Of wealth, since rich already as himself ;  
Heirs that had taken trouble off his hands,  
Bought that productive goldsmith-businesshe,  
With abnegation wise as rare, renounced  
Precisely at a time of life when youth,  
Nigh on departure, bids mid-age discard  
Life's other loves and likings in a pack,  
To keep, in lucre, comfort worth them all.  
This Cousinry are they who boast the shop  
Of “ Firm-Miranda, London and New-York.”  
Cousins are an unconscionable kind ;  
But these—pretension surely on their part  
To share inheritance were too absurd !

“ Remains then, he dealt wrongly by his wife,  
Despoiled her somehow by such testament ?”  
Farther than ever from the mark, fair friend !  
The man's love for his wife exceeded bounds  
Rather than failed the limit. 'Twas to live  
Hers and hers only, to abolish earth

Outside—since Paris holds the pick of earth—  
He turned his back, shut eyes, stopped ears  
to all

Delicious Paris tempts her children with,  
And fled away to this far solitude—  
She peopling solitude sufficiently !  
She, partner in each heavenward flight sublime,  
Was, with each condescension to the ground,  
Duly associate also : hand in hand,  
. . . Or side by side, I say by preference—  
On every good work sidelingly they went.  
Hers was the instigation—none but she  
Willed that, if death should summon first her  
lord,

Though she, sad 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 black, yet scarce discouraging :  
Fresh Paris-manufacture ! (Vire's would do ?  
I doubt it, but confess my ignorance.)

Her figure ? somewhat small and darlinglike.  
Her face ? well, singularly colourless,

For first thing : which scarce suits a blonde,  
you know.

Pretty you would not call her : though perhaps  
Attaining to the ends of prettiness  
And somewhat more, suppose enough of soul.  
Then she is forty full : you cannot judge  
What beauty was her portion at eighteen,  
The age she married at. So, colourless  
I stick to, and if featureless I add,  
Your notion grows completer : for, although  
I noticed that her nose was aquiline,  
The whole effect amounts with me to—blank !  
I never saw what I could less describe.  
The eyes, for instance, unforgettable  
Which ought to be, are out of mind as sight.

Yet is there not conceivably a face,  
A set of wax-like features, blank at first,  
Which, as you bendingly grow warm above,  
Begins to take impressment from your breath ?  
Which, as your will itself were plastic here  
Nor needed exercise of handicraft,  
From formless moulds itself to correspond  
With all you think and feel and are—in fine  
Grows a new revelation of yourself,  
Who know now for the first time what you  
want ?

Here has been something that could wait  
awhile,

Learn your requirement, nor take shape before,  
But, by adopting it, make palpable  
Your right to an importance of your own,  
Companions somehow were so slow to see !  
—Far delicater solace to conceit  
Than should some absolute and final face,  
Fit representative of soul inside,  
Summon you to surrender—in no way  
Your breath's impressment, nor, in stranger's  
guise,

Yourself—or why of force to challenge you ?  
Why should your soul's reflection rule your  
soul ?

("You" means not you, nor me, nor anyone  
Framed, for a reason I shall keep suppressed,  
To rather want a master than a slave :  
The slavish still aspires to dominate !)  
So, all I say is, that the face, to me  
One blur of blank, might flash significance

To who had seen his soul reflected there  
By that symmetric silvery phantom-like  
Figure, with other five processional.  
The first, a black-dressed matron—maybe,  
maid—

Mature, and dragonish 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  
Tripped, trotted, turned the march to merri-  
ment,

But ambled at their mistress' heel—for why ?  
A rod of guidance marked the *Châtelaine*,  
And ever and anon would sceptre wave,  
And silky subject leave meandering.  
Nay, one great naked sheep-face stopped to  
ask

Who was the stranger, snuffed inquisitive  
My hand that made acquaintance with its nose,  
Examined why the hand—of man at least—  
Patted so lightly, warmly, so like life !  
Are they such silly natures after all ?  
And thus accompanied, the paled-off space,  
Isleted shrubs and verdure, gained the group ;  
Till, as I gave a furtive glance, and saw  
Her back-hair was a block of solid gold,  
The gate shut out my harmless question—Hair  
So young and yellow, crowning sanctity,  
And claiming solitude . . . can hair be false ?

"Shut in the hair and with it your last hope  
Yellow might on inspection pass for Red !—  
Red, Red, where is the tinge of promised Red  
In this old tale of town and country life,  
This rise and progress of a family ?

First comes the bustling man of enterprise,  
The fortune-founding father, rightly rough,  
As who must grub and grab, play pioneer.  
Then, with a light and airy step, succeeds  
The son, surveys the fabric of his sire  
And enters home, unsmirched from top to toe.  
Polish and education qualify

Their fortunate possessor to confine  
His occupancy to the first-floor suite  
Rather than keep exploring needlessly  
Where dwelt his sire content with cellarage :  
Industry bustles underneath, no doubt,  
And supervisors should not sit too close.

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 lazuli.  
 More fit by far the ignoble we replace  
 By objects suited to such visitant  
 Than that we desecrate her dignity  
 By neighbourhood of vulgar table, chair,  
 Which haply helped old age to smoke and  
 doze.

The end is, an exchange of city-stir  
 And too intrusive burgess-fellowship,  
 For rural isolated 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 scout the upstart, twit him with each  
 trick  
 Of townish trade-mark that stamps word and  
 deed,  
 And most of all resent that here town-dross  
 He daubs with money-colour to deceive!'<sup>1</sup>  
 Rashly objected! Is there not the Church  
 To intercede and bring benefic truce  
 At outset? She it is shall equalize  
 The labourers i' the vineyard, last as first.  
 Pay court to her, she stops impertinence.  
 'Duke, once your sires crusaded it, we know:  
 Our friend the newcomer observes, no less,  
 Your chapel, rich with their emblazonry,  
 Wants roofing—might he but supply the  
 means!  
 Marquise, you gave the honour of your name,  
 Titular patronage, abundant will  
 To what should be an Orphan Institute:  
 Gave everything but funds, in brief; and these,  
 Our friend, the lady newly resident,  
 Proposes to contribute, by your leave!<sup>2</sup>  
 Brothers and sisters lie they in thy lap,  
 Thou none-excluding, all-collecting Church!

Sure, one has half a foot i' the hierarchy  
 Of birth, when 'Nay, my dear,' laughs out  
 the Duke,  
 'I'm the crown's cushion-carrier, but the  
 crown—  
 Who gave its central glory, I or you?'  
 When Marquise jokes 'My quest, forsooth?  
 Each doit  
 I scrape together goes for Peter-pence  
 To purvey bread and water in his bonds  
 For Peter's self imprisoned—Lord, how long?  
 Yours, yours alone the bounty, dear my dame,  
 You plumped the purse which, poured into the  
 plate,  
 Made the Archbishop open brows so broad!  
 And if you really mean to give that length  
 Of lovely lace to edge the robe!' . . . Ah,  
 friends,  
 Gem better serves so than by calling crowd  
 Round shop-front to admire the million's-  
 worth!  
 Lace gets more homage than from *lorgnette*-  
 stare,  
 And comment coarse to match, (should one  
 display  
 One's robe a trifle o'er the *baignoire*-edge,)<sup>1</sup>  
 'Well may she line her slippers with the like,  
 If minded so! their shop it was produced  
 That wonderful *parure*,<sup>2</sup> the other day,  
 Whereof the Baron said it beggared him.'  
 And so the paired Mirandas built their house,  
 Enjoyed their fortune, sighed for family,  
 Found friends would serve their purpose quite  
 as well,  
 And come, at need, from Paris—anyhow,  
 With evident alacrity, from Vire—  
 Endeavour at the chase, at least succeed  
 In smoking, eating, drinking, laughing, and  
 Preferring country, oh so much to town!  
 Thus lived the husband; though his wife  
 would sigh  
 In confidence, when Countesses were kind,  
 'Cut off from Paris and society!'  
 White, White, I once more round you in the  
 ears!  
 Though you have marked it, in a corner, yours

<sup>1</sup> Box in theatre.<sup>2</sup> Set of jewels.

Henceforth,—Red-lettered 'Failure' very plain,

I shall acknowledge, on the snowy hem  
Of ordinary Night-cap! Come, enough!  
We have gone round its cotton vastitude,  
Or half-round, for the end's consistent still,  
A *cul-de-sac* with stoppage at the sea.

Here we return upon our steps. One look  
May bid good morning—properly good  
night—

To civic bliss, Miranda and his mate!  
Are we to rise and go?"

No, sit and stay!

Now comes my moment, with the thrilling  
throw

Of curtain from each side a shrouded case.  
Don't the rings shriek an ominous "Ha! ha!  
*So* you take Human Nature upon trust?"

List but with like trust to an incident  
Which speedily shall make quite Red enough  
Burn out of yonder spotless napery!

Sit on the little mound here, whence you seize  
The whole of the gay front sun-satisfied,  
One laugh of colour and embellishment!  
Because it was there,—past those laurustines,<sup>1</sup>  
On that smooth gravel-sweep 'twixt flowers  
and sward,—

There tragic death befell; and not one grace  
Outspread before you but is registered  
In that sinistrous coil these last two years  
Were occupied in winding smooth again.

"True?" Well, at least it was concluded so,  
Sworn to be truth, allowed by Law as such  
(With my concurrence, if it matter here)  
A month ago: at Vire they tried the case.

## II.

Monsieur Léonce Miranda, then, . . . but  
stay!

Permit me a preliminary word,  
And, after, all shall go so straight to end!

Have you, the travelled lady, found yourself  
Inside a ruin, fane or bath or cirque,

<sup>1</sup> Laurels.

Renowned in story, dear through youthful  
dream?

If not,—imagination serves as well.  
Try fancy-land, go back a thousand years,  
Or forward, half the number, and confront  
Some work of art gnawn hollow by Time's  
tooth,—

Hellenic temple, Roman theatre,  
Gothic cathedral, Gallic Tuileries,  
But ruined, one and whichsoe'er you like.  
Obstructions choke what still remains intact,  
Yet proffer change that's picturesque in turn;  
Since little life begins where great life ends,  
And vegetation soon amalgamates,  
Smooths novel shape from out the shapeless  
old,

Till broken column, battered cornice block  
The centre with a bulk half weeds and  
flowers,

Half relies you devoutly recognize.  
Devoutly recognizing,—hark, a voice  
Not to be disregarded! "Man worked here  
Once on a time; here needs again to work;  
Ruins obstruct, which man must remedy."  
Would you demur "Let Time fulfil his task,  
And, till the scythe-sweep find no obstacle,  
Let man be patient"?

The reply were prompt:

"Glisteningly beneath the May-night moon,  
Herbage and floral coverture bedeck  
Yon splintered mass amidst the solitude:  
Wolves occupy the background, or some  
snake

Glides by at distance; picturesque enough!  
Therefore, preserve it? Nay, pour daylight  
in,—

The mound proves swarming with humanity.  
There never was a thorough solitude,  
Now you look nearer: mortal busy life  
First of all brought the crumbings down on  
pate,

Which trip man's foot still, plague his passage  
much,

And prove—what seems to you so picturesque  
To him is . . . but experiment yourself  
On how conducive to a happy home  
Will be the circumstance your bed for base

Boasts tessellated pavement,—equally  
 Affected by the scorpion for his nest,—  
 While what o'erroofs bed is an architrave,  
 Marble, and not unlikely to crush man  
 To mummy, should its venerable prop,  
 Some fig-tree-stump, play traitor underneath.  
 Be wise! Decide! For conservation's sake,  
 Clear the arena forthwith! lest the tread  
 Of too-much-tried impatience trample out  
 Solid and unsubstantial to one blank  
 Mud-mixture, picturesque to nobody,—  
 And, task done, quarrel with the parts intact  
 Whence came the filtered fine dust, whence  
 the crash

Bides but its time to follow. Quick conclude  
 Removal, time effects so tardily,  
 Of what is plain obstruction; rubbish cleared,  
 Let partial-ruin stand while ruin may,  
 And serve world's use, since use is manifold.  
 Repair wreck, stanchion<sup>1</sup> wall to heart's  
 content,

But never think of renovation pure  
 And simple, which involves creation too.  
 Transform and welcome! Yon tall tower  
 may help

(Though built to be a belfry and nought else)  
 Some Father Secchi<sup>2</sup> to tick Venus off  
 In transit: never bring there bell again,  
 To damage him aloft, brain us below,  
 When new vibrations bury both in brick!"

Monsieur Léonce Miranda, furnishing  
 The application at his cost, poor soul!  
 Was instanced how,—because the world lay  
 strewn

With ravage of opinions in his path,  
 And neither he, nor any friendly wit,  
 Knew and could teach him which was firm,  
 which frail,

In his adventure to walk straight through life  
 The partial-ruin,—in such enterprise,  
 He straggled into rubbish, struggled on,  
 And stumbled out again observably.

"Yon buttress still can back me up," he  
 judged:

And at a touch down came both he and it.

<sup>1</sup> Prop.

<sup>2</sup> The famous astronomer.

"A certain statue, I was warned against,  
 Now, by good fortune, lies well under foot,  
 And cannot tempt to folly any more:"  
 So, lifting eye, aloft since safety lay,  
 What did he light on? the Idalian shape,  
 The undeposed, erectly Victrix still!  
 "These steps ascend the labyrinthine stair  
 Whence, darkling and on all-fours, out I  
 stand  
 Exalt and safe, and bid low earth adieu—  
 For so instructs 'Advice to who would  
 climb:'"  
 And all at once the climbing landed him  
 —Where, is my story.

Take its moral first.

Do you advise a climber? Have respect  
 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!  
 Are not they crumbling of their own accord?  
 Meantime, let poets, painters keep a prize!  
 Beside, a sage pedestrian picks his way."

A sage pedestrian—such as you and I!  
 What if there trip, in merry carelessness,  
 And come to grief, a weak and foolish child?  
 Be cautious how you counsel climbing, then!

Are you adventurous and climb yourself?  
 Plant the foot warily, accept a staff,  
 Stamp only where you probe the standing-  
 point,

Move forward, well assured that move you  
 may:

Where you mistrust advance, stop short, there  
 stick!

This makes advancing slow and difficult?  
 Hear what comes of the endeavour of brisk  
 youth

To foot it fast and easy! Keep this same  
 Notion of outside mound and inside mash,  
 Towers yet intact round turfy rottenness,  
 Symbolic partial-ravage,—keep in mind!  
 Here fortune placed his feet who first of all  
 Found no incumbrance, till head found . . .  
 But hear!

This son and heir then of the jeweller,  
 Monsieur Léonce Miranda, at his birth,  
 Mixed the Castilian passionate blind blood  
 With answerable gush, his mother's gift,  
 Of spirit, French and critical and cold.  
 Such mixture makes a battle in the brain,  
 Ending as faith or doubt gets uppermost;  
 Then will has way a moment, but no more:  
 So nicely-balanced are the adverse strengths,  
 That victory entails reverse next time.  
 The tactics of the two are different  
 And equalize the odds: for blood comes first,  
 Surrounding life with undisputed faith.  
 But presently, a new antagonist,  
 By scarce-suspected passage in the dark,  
 Steals spirit, fingers at each crevice found  
 Athwart faith's stronghold, fronts the as-  
 tonished man:  
 "Such pains to keep me far, yet here stand I,  
 Your doubt inside the faith-defence of you!"

With faith it was friends bulwarked him  
 about

From infancy to boyhood; so, by youth,  
 He stood impenetrably circuted,  
 Heaven-high and low as hell: what lacked  
 he thus,

Guarded against aggression, storm or sap?  
 What foe would dare approach? Historic  
 Doubt?

Ay, were there some half-knowledge to attack!  
 Batter doubt's best, sheer ignorance will beat.  
 Acumen metaphysic?—drills its way  
 Through what, I wonder! A thick feather-  
 bed

Of thoughtlessness, no operating tool—  
 Framed to transpiercethe flint-stone—fumbles  
 at,

With chance of finding an impediment!  
 This Ravissante, now: when he saw the  
 church

For the first time, and to his dying-day,  
 His firm belief was that the name fell fit  
 From the Delivering Virgin, niched and  
 known;

As if there wanted records to attest  
 The appellation was a pleasantry,  
 A pious rendering of Rare Vissante,

The proper name which erst our province  
 bore.

He would have told you that Saint Aldabert  
 Founded the church, (Heaven early favoured  
 France,)

About the second century from Christ;  
 Though the true man was Bishop of Raim-  
 baux,

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 decrepitude 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 routing 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,  
 Was borne—this time, by angels—back again.  
 And, reinaugurated, miracle

Succeeded miracle, a lengthy list,  
 Until indeed the culmination came—  
 Archbishop Chaumont prayed a prayer and  
 vowed

A vow—gained prayer and paid vow  
 properly—

For the conversion of Prince Vertgalant.  
 These facts, sucked in along with mother's-  
 milk,

Monsieur Léonce Miranda would dispute  
 As soon as that his hands were flesh and bone  
 Milk-nourished 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.



Coldness grows warmth, the critical becomes  
Unquestioning acceptance. "Share and share  
Alike in facts, to truth add other truth!  
Why with old truth needs new truth dis-  
agree?"

Thus doubt was found invading faith, this  
time,

By help of not the spirit but the flesh:  
Fat Rabelais chuckled, where faith lay in wait  
For lean Voltaire's grimace—French, either  
foe.

Accordingly, while round about our friend  
Ran faith without a break which learned eye  
Could find at two-and-twenty years of age,  
The twenty-two-years-old frank footstep soon  
Assured itself there spread a standing-space  
Flowery and comfortable, nowise rock  
Nor pebble-pavement roughed for champion's  
tread

Who scorns discomfort, pacing at his post.  
Fall, long-limbed, shoulder right and shoulder  
left,

And 'twixt *acromia*<sup>1</sup> such a latitude,  
Black heaps of hair on head, and blacker bush  
O'er-rioting chin, cheek and throat and chest,—  
His brown meridional temperament  
Told him—or rather pricked into his sense  
Plainer than language—"Pleasant station  
here!

Youth, strength, and lustihood can sleep on  
turf

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 austere.  
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, brisk as any  
bee?"

Nor Rabelais nor Voltaire, but Sganarelle,<sup>2</sup>  
You comprehend, was pushing through the  
chink!

<sup>1</sup> Shoulder-blades.

<sup>2</sup> See Molière.

That stager in the saint's correct costume,  
Who ever has his speech in readiness  
For thickhead juvenility at fault:  
"Go pace yon 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 bold 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.'

Saint Eldobert—I much approve his mode;  
With sinner Vertgalant I sympathize;  
But histrionic 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 sham beads threaded on a lie—  
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 benefic 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 leads  
Downward, perhaps, but fiddles all the way!

Therefore, no sooner does our candidate  
For saintship spotlessly emerge soul-cleansed  
From First Communion to mount guard at  
post,

Paris-proof, top to toe, than up there starts  
The Spirit of the Boulevard—you know Who—  
With jocund "So, a structure fixed as fate,  
Faith's tower joins on to tower, no ring more  
round,

Full fifty years at distance, too, from youth!  
Once reach that precinct 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  
pester age,

However age esteem the courtesy;  
And Eldobert was something past his prime,  
Stocked Caen with churches ere he tried hand  
here.

Saint-Sauveur, Notre-Dame, Saint-Pierre,  
Saint-Jean

Attest his handiwork commenced betimes.  
He probably would preach that turf is mud.  
Suppose it mud, through mud one picks a  
way,

And when, clay-clogged, the struggler steps  
to stone,

He uncakes shoe, arrives in manlier guise  
Than carried pick-a-back by Eldobert  
Big-baby-fashion, lest his leathers leak!  
All that parade about Prince Vertgalant  
Amounts to—your Castilian helps enough—  
*Inveni ovem qua pericrat:*

But ask the pretty votive statue-thing  
What the lost sheep's meantime amusements  
were

Till the Archbishop found him! That stays  
blank:

They washed the fleece well and forgot the rest.  
Make haste, since time flies, to determine,  
though!"

Thus opportunely took up parable,—  
Admonishing Miranda just emerged  
Pure from The Ravissante and Paris-proof,—  
Saint Sganarelle: then slipped aside, changed  
mask,

And made re-entry as a gentleman  
Born of the Boulevard, with another speech  
I spare you.

So, the year or two revolved,  
And ever the young man was dutiful  
To altar and to hearth: had confidence  
In the whole Ravissantish history.  
Voltaire? Who ought to know so much of  
him,—

Old sciolist, whom only boys think sage,—  
As one whose father's house upon the Quai

Neighbour'd the very house where that  
Voltaire

Died mad and raving, not without a burst  
Of squibs and crackers too significant?  
Father and mother hailed their best of sons,  
Type of obedience, domesticity,  
Never such an example inside doors!

Outside, as well not keep too close a watch;  
Youth must be left to some discretion there.  
And what discretion proved, I find deposed  
At Vire, confirmed by his own words: to wit,

How, with the sprightliness of twenty-five,  
Five—and not twenty, for he gave their names  
With laudable precision—were the few  
Appointed by him unto mistress-ship;

While, meritoriously the whole long week  
A votary of commerce only, week  
Ended, "at shut of shop on Saturday,  
Do I, as is my wont, get drunk," he writes  
In airy record to a confidant.

"Bragging and lies!" replied the apologist:  
"And do I lose by that?" laughed Somebody  
At the Court-edge a-tiptoe, mid the crowd,  
In his own clothes, a-listening to men's Law.

Thus while, prospectively a combatant,  
The volunteer bent brows, clenched jaws,  
and fierce

Whistled the march-tune "Warrior to the  
wall!"

Something like flowery laughs round his feet  
Tangled him of a sudden with "Sleep first!"  
And fairly flat upon the turf sprawled he  
And let strange creatures make his mouth  
their home.

Anyhow, 'tis the nature of the soul  
To seek a show of durability,  
Nor, changing, plainly be the slave of change.  
Outside the turf, the towers: but, round the  
turf,

A tent may rise, a temporary shroud,  
Mock-faith to suit a mimic dwelling-place:  
Tent which, while screening jollity inside  
From the external circuit—evermore

A menace to wholags when he should march—  
Yet stands a-tremble, ready to collapse  
At touch of foot: turf is acknowledged grass,  
And grass, though pillow, held contemptible

Compared with solid rock, the rampired ridge.  
To truth a pretty homage thus we pay  
By testifying—what we dally with,  
Falsehood, (which, never fear we take for  
truth !)  
We may enjoy, but then—how we despise !

Accordingly, on weighty business bound,  
Monsieur Léonce Miranda stooped to play,  
But, with experience, soon reduced the game  
To principles, and thenceforth played by rule:  
Rule, dignifying sport as sport, proclaimed  
No less that sport was sport and nothing more.  
He understood the worth of womankind,—  
To furnish man—provisionally—sport:  
Sport transitive—such earth's amusements are:  
But, seeing that amusements pall by use,  
Variety therein is requisite.

And since the serious work of life were  
wronged

Should we bestow importance on our play,  
It follows, in such womankind-pursuit,  
Cheating is lawful chase. We have to spend  
An hour—they want a lifetime thrown away:  
We seek to tickle sense—they ask for soul,  
As if soul had no higher ends to serve !  
A stag-hunt gives the royal creature law  
Bat-fowling is all fair with birds at roost,  
The lantern and the clapnet suit the hedge.  
Which must explain why, bent on Boulevard  
game,

Monsieur Léonce Miranda decently  
Was prudent in his pleasure—passed himself  
Off on the fragile fair about his path  
As the gay devil rich in mere good looks,  
Youth, hope—what matter though the purse  
be void ?

“ If I were only young Miranda, now,  
Instead of a poor clerkly drudge at desk  
All day, poor artist vainly bruising brush  
On palette, poor musician scraping gut  
With horsehair teased that no harmonics come!  
Then would I love with liberality,  
Then would I pay !—who now shall be repaid,  
Repaid alike for present pain and past,  
If Mademoiselle permit the contre-danse,  
Sing ‘ Gay in garret youth at twenty lives,’  
And afterward accept a lemonade !”

Such sweet facilities of intercourse  
Afford the Winter-Garden and Mabilite !  
“ Oh, I unite ”—runs on the confidence,  
Poor fellow, that was read in open Court,  
—“ Amusement with discretion : never fear  
My *escapades* cost more than market-price !  
No durably-attached Miranda-dupe,  
Sucked dry of substance by two clinging  
lips,  
Promising marriage, and performing it !  
Trust me, I know the world, and know myself,  
And know where duty takes me—in good  
time !”

Thus fortified and realistic, then,  
At all points thus against illusion armed,  
He wisely did New Year inaugurate  
By playing truant to the favoured five :  
And sat installed at “ The Varieties,”—  
Playhouse appropriately named,—to note  
(Prying amid the turf that's flowery there)  
What primrose, firstling of the year, might  
push  
The snows aside to deck his button-hole—  
Unnoticed by that outline sad, severe,  
(Though fifty good long years removed from  
youth)  
That tower and tower,—our image, bear in  
mind !

No sooner was he seated than, behold,  
Out burst a polyanthus ! He was 'ware  
Of a young woman niched in neighbourhood ;  
And ere one moment flitted, fast was he  
Found captive to the beauty evermore,  
For life, for death, for heaven, for hell, her  
own.

Philosophy, bewail thy fate ! Adieu,  
Youth realistic and illusion-proof !  
Monsieur Léonce Miranda,—hero late  
Who “ understood the worth of womankind,”  
“ Who found therein — provisionally —  
sport,”—  
Felt, in the flitting of a moment, fool  
Was he, and folly all that seemed so wise,  
And the best proof of wisdom's birth would be  
That he made all endeavour, body, soul,  
By any means, at any sacrifice

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 fair

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?

Out stepped and properly down flung himself

Monsieur Léonce Miranda at her feet—

And never left them after, so to speak,

For twenty years, till his last hour of life,

When he released them, as precipitate.

Love proffered and accepted then and there!

Such potency in word and look has truth.

Truth I say, truth I mean: this love was true,  
And the rest happened by due consequence.

By which we are to learn that there exists

A falsish false, for truth's inside the same,

And truth that's only half true, falsish truth.

The better for both parties! folk may taunt

That half your rock-built wall is rubble-heap:

Answer them, half their flowery turf is stones!

Our friend had hitherto been decking coat

If not with stones, with weeds that stones befit,

With dandelions—“primrose-buds,” smirked  
he;

This proved a polyanthus on his breast,

Prize-lawful or prize-lawless, flower the same.

So with his other instance of mistake:

Was Christianity the Ravissante?

And what a flower of flowers he chanced on  
now!

To primrose, polyanthus I prefer

As illustration, from the fancy-fact

That out of simple came the composite

By culture: that the florist bedded thick

His primrose-root in ruddle,<sup>1</sup> bullock's blood,

Ochre and devils'-dung, for aught I know,

Until the pale and pure grew fiery-fine,

Ruby and topaz, rightly named anew.

This lady was no product of the plain;

Social manure had raised a rarity.

Clara de Millefleurs (note the happy name)

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 forth-  
with,—

However broad his chest and black his beard,

And comely his belongings,—all through love

Protested in a world of ways save one

Hinting 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,

Somewhere or other must a screw be slack!”

Truth is the proper policy: from truth—

Whate'er the force wherewith you fling your  
speech,—

<sup>1</sup> Red earth or chalk.

Be sure that speech will lift you, by rebound,  
Somewhere above the lowness of a lie !  
Monsieur Léonce Miranda heard too true  
A tale—perhaps I may subjoin, too trite !  
As the meek martyr takes her statted stand  
Above our pity, claims 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 aureole for the  
front !  
So, half timidity, composure half,  
Clara de Millefleurs told her martyrdom.

Of poor though noble parentage, deprived  
Too early of a father's guardianship,  
What wonder if the prodigality  
Of nature in the girl, whose mental gifts  
Matched 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  
Defames Mimetic 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 mimetic, some malicious thrust  
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  
Scarcely so much as circumvented, say !  
Caged unsuspecting artless innocence !

Monsieur Léonce Miranda tell the rest !—  
The rather that he told it in a style  
To puzzle Court Guide students, much more  
me.

"Brief, she became the favourite of Lord N.,  
An aged but illustrious Duke, thereby

Breaking the heart of his competitor  
The Prince of O. Behold her palaced straight  
In splendour, clothed in diamonds" (phrase  
how fit !),

"Giving tone to the City by the Thames !  
Lord N., the aged but illustrious Duke,  
Was even on the point of wedding her,  
Giving his name to her" (why not to us?)  
"But that her better angel interposed.  
She fled from such a fate to Paris back,  
A fortnight since : conceive Lord N.'s de-  
spair !

Duke as he is, there's no invading France.  
He must restrict pursuit to postal plague  
Of writing letters daily, duly read  
As darily she hands them to myself,  
The privileged supplanter, who therewith  
Light a cigar and see abundant blue"—  
(Either of heaven or else Havanna-smoke.)  
"Think ! she, who helped herself to diamonds  
late,

In passion of disinterestedness  
Now—will accept no tribute of my love  
Beyond a paltry ring, three Louis'-worth !  
Little she knows I have the rummaging  
Of old Papa's shop in the Place Vendôme !"  
So wrote entrancedly to confidant  
Monsieur Léonce Miranda. Surely now,  
If Heaven, that sees all, understands no less,  
It finds temptation pardonable here,  
It mitigates the promised punishment,  
It recognizes that to tarry just  
An April hour amid such dainty turf  
Means no rebellion against task imposed  
Of journey to the distant wall one day ?  
Monsieur Léonce Miranda puts the case !  
Love, he is purposed to renounce, abjure ;  
But meanwhile, is the case a common one ?  
Is it the vulgar sin, none hates as he ?  
Which question, put directly to "his dear"  
(His brother—I will tell you in a trice)  
Was doubtless meant, by due meandering,  
To reach, to fall not unobserved before  
The auditory cavern 'neath the cope  
Of Her, the placable, the Ravissante.  
But here's the drawback, that the image smiles,  
Smiles on, smiles ever, says to supplicant  
"Ay, ay, ay"—like some kindly weathercock

Which, stuck fast at Set Fair, Favonian  
Breeze,<sup>1</sup>

Still warrants you from rain, though Auster's  
lead

Bring down the sky above your cloakless mirth.

Had he proposed this question to, nor "dear"

Nor Ravissante, but prompt to the Police,

The Commissary of his Quarter, now—

There had been shaggy eyebrows elevate

With twinkling apprehension in each orb

Beneath, and when the sudden shut of mouth

Relaxed,—lip pressing lip, lest out should  
plump

The pride of knowledge in too frank a flow,—

Then, fact on fact forthcoming, dose were dealt

Of truth remedial in sufficiency

To save a chicken threatened with the pip,

Head-staggers and a tumble from its perch.

Alack, it was the lady's self that made

The revelation, after certain days

—Nor so unwisely! As the haschisch-man

Prepares a novice to receive his drug,

Adroitly hides the soil with sudden spread

Of carpet ere he seats his customer :

Then shows him how to smoke himself about

With Paradise ; and only when, at puff

Of pipe, the Houri dances round the brain

Of dreamer, does he judge no need is now

For circumspection and punctiliousness ;

He may resume the serviceable scrap

That made the votary unaware of muck.

Just thus the lady, when her brewage—love—

Was well a-fume about the novice-brain,

Saw she might boldly pluck from underneath

Her lover the preliminary lie.

Clara de Millefleurs, of the noble race,

Was Lucie Steiner, child to Dominique

And Magdalen Commercy ; born at Sierck,

About the bottom of the Social Couch.

The father having come and gone again,

The mother and the daughter found their way

To Paris, and professed mode-merchandize,

Were milliners, we English roughlier say ;

And soon a fellow-lodger in the house,

Monsieur Ulysse Muhlhausen, young and  
smart,

Tailor by trade, perceived his housemate's  
youth,

Smartness, and beauty over and above.

Courtship was brief, and marriage followed  
quick,

And quicklier—impecuniosity.

The young pair quitted Paris to reside

At London : which repaid the compliment

But scurvily, since not a whit the more

Trade prospered by the Thames than by the  
Seine.

Failing all other, as a last resource,

"He would have trafficked in his wife,"—  
she said.

If for that cause they quarrelled, 'twas, I fear,

Rather from reclamation of her rights

To wifely independence, than as wronged

Otherwise by the course of life proposed :

Since, on escape to Paris back again

From horror and the husband,—ill-exchanged

For safe maternal home recovered thus,—

I find her domiciled and dominant

In that apartment, Coliseum Street,

Where all the splendid magic met and mazed

Monsieur Léonce Miranda's venturesome eye.

Only, the same was furnished at the cost

Of someone notable in days long since,

Carlino Centofanti : he it was

Found entertaining unawares—if not

An angel, yet a youth in search of one.

Why this revelation after reticence ?

Wherefore, beginning "Millefleurs," end at  
all

Steiner, Muhlhausen, and the ugly rest ?

Because the unsocial purse-comptrolling  
wight,

Carlino Centofanti,—made aware

By misadventure that his bounty, crumbs

From table, comforted a visitant,—

Took churlish leave, and left, too, debts to  
pay.

Loaded with debts, the lady needs must bring

Her soul to bear assistance from a friend

Beside that paltry ring, three Louis'-worth ;

And therefore might the little circumstance

That Monsieur Léonce had the rummaging

<sup>1</sup> West wind.

Of old Papa's shop in the Place Vendôme  
Pass, perhaps, not so unobservably.

Frail shadow of a woman in the flesh,  
These very eyes of mine saw yesterday,  
Would I re-tell this story of your woes,  
Would I have heart to do you detriment  
By pinning all this shame and sorrow plain  
To that poor *chignon*,—staying with me still,  
Though form and face have well-nigh faded  
now,—

But that men read it, rough in brutal print,  
As two years since some functionary's voice  
Rattled all this—and more by very much—  
Into the ear of vulgar Court and crowd?  
Whence, by reverberation, rumblings grew  
To what had proved a week-long roar in  
France,

Had not the dreadful cannonry drowned all.  
Was, now, the answer of your advocate  
More than just this? "The shame fell long  
ago,

The sorrow keeps increasing: God forbid  
We judge man by the faults of youth in age!"  
Permit me the expression of a hope

Your youth proceeded like your avenue,  
Stepping by bush, and tree, and taller tree,  
Until, columnar, at the house they end.  
So might your creeping youth columnar rise  
And reach, by year and year, symmetrical,  
To where all shade stops short, shade's ser-  
vice done.

Bushes on either side, and boughs above,  
Darken, deform the path else sun would  
streak;

And, cornered half-way somewhere, I suspect  
Stagnation and a horse-pond: hurry past!  
For here's the house, the happy half-and-half  
Existence—such as stands for happiness  
True and entire, howe'er the squeamish talk!  
Twenty years long, you may have loved this  
man;

He must have loved you; that's a pleasant life,  
Whatever was your right to lead the same.

The white domestic pigeon pairs secure,  
Nay, does mere duty by bestowing egg  
In authorized compartment, warm and safe,  
Boarding about, and gilded spire above,

Hoisted on pole, to dogs' and cats' despair!  
But I have spied a veriest trap of twigs  
On tree-top, every straw a thievery,  
Where the wild dove—despite the fowler's  
snare,

The sportsman's shot, the urchin's stone,—  
crooned gay,  
And solely gave her heart to what she hatched,  
Nor minded a malignant world below.

Throw first stone forsooth? 'Tis mere assault  
Of playful sugarplum against your cheek,  
Which, if it makes cheek tingle, wipes off  
rouge!

You, my worst woman? Ah, that touches  
pride,

Puts on his mettle the exhibitor  
Of Night-caps, if you taunt him "This, no  
doubt,—

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 aurorally beside such blanched  
Divineness as the women-wreaths named  
White:

While hell, eruptive and fuliginous,  
Sickens to very pallor as I point  
Her place to a Red clout called woman too!  
Hail, heads that ever had such glory once  
Touch you a moment, like God's cloven  
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 fetid rag may fall!  
Let slink into the sewer the cupping-cloth!

Lucie, much solaced, I re-finger you,  
The medium article; if ruddy-marked  
With iron-mould, your cambrie,—clean at  
least

From poison-speck of rot and purulence.  
Lucie Muhlhausen said—"Such thing am I:  
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,  
 Durably diamond, or evaporate—  
 Sluggish solution through a minute's slip.  
 Monsieur 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 sparkingly 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 much I have to fear,  
 I venture happiness on what I hope,  
 And love her from this day for evermore:  
 No prejudice to old profound respect  
 For certain Powers! I trust they bear in  
 mind

A most peculiar case, and straighten out  
 What's crooked there, before we close ac-  
 counts.

Renounce the world for them—some day I  
 will:

Meantime, to me let her become the world!"

Thus mutely might our friend soliloquize  
 Over the tradesmen's bills, his Clara's gift—  
 In the apartment, Coliseum Street,  
 Carlino Centofanti's legacy,  
 Provided rent and taxes were discharged—  
 In face of Steiner now, De Millefleurs once,  
 The tailor's wife and runaway confessed.

On such a lady if election light,  
 (According to a social prejudice)  
 If henceforth "all the world" she constitute  
 For any lover,—needs must he renounce  
 Our world in ordinary, walked about  
 By couples loving as its laws prescribe,—  
 Renunciation sometimes difficult.  
 But, in this instance, time and place and  
 thing

Combined to simplify experiment,  
 And make Miranda, in the current phrase,  
 Master the situation passably.

For first facility, his brother died—  
 Who was, I should have told you, confidant,  
 Adviser, referee and substitute,  
 All from a distance: but I knew how soon  
 This younger brother, lost in Portugal,  
 Had to depart and leave our friend at large.  
 Cut off abruptly from companionship  
 With brother-soul of bulk about as big,  
 (Obvious recipient—by intelligence  
 And sympathy, poor little pair of souls—  
 Of much affection and some foolishness)  
 Monsieur Léonce Miranda, meant to lean  
 By nature, needs must shift the leaning-place  
 To his love's bosom from his brother's neck,  
 Or fall flat unrelieved of freight sublime.

Next died the lord of the Aladdin's cave,  
 Master o' the mint and keeper of the keys  
 Of chests chokeful with gold and silver  
 changed

By Art to forms where wealth forgot itself,  
 And caskets where reposed each pullet-egg  
 Of diamond, slipping flame from fifty slants.

In short, the father of the family  
 Took his departure also from our scene,  
 Leaving a fat succession to his heir  
 Monsieur Léonce Miranda,—“fortunate  
 If ever man was, in a father's death,”  
 (So commented the world,—not he, too kind,  
 Could that be, rather than scarce kind  
 enough)

Indisputably fortunate so far,  
 That little of incumbrance 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,



Continuance of disguise and subterfuge,  
Retention of first falsehood as to name  
And nature in the lady, might have proved  
Too necessary for abandonment.  
Monsieur Léonce Miranda probably  
Had else been loath to cast the mask aside,  
So politic, so self-preservative,  
Therefore so pardonable—though so wrong!  
For see the bugbear in the background!

Breathe

But ugly name, and wind is sure to waft  
The husband news of the wife's whereabouts:  
From where he lies perdue in London town,  
Forth steps the needy tailor on the stage,  
Deity-like from dusk 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  
A moment, tells a tale, then goes for good!

Monsieur Ulysse Muhlhausen proved no less  
Nor more than "Gustave," lodging opposite  
Monsieur Léonce Miranda's diamond-cave  
And ruby-mine, and lacking little thence  
Save that its gnome would keep the captive  
safe,

Never return his Clara to his arms.  
For why? He was become the man in vogue,  
The indispensable to who went clothed  
Nor cared encounter Paris-fashion's blame,—  
Such miracle could London absence work.  
Rolling in riches—so translate "the vogue"—  
Rather his object was to keep off claw  
Should griffin scent the gold, should wife lay  
claim

To lawful portion at a future day,  
Than tempt his partner from her private  
spoils.

Best forage each for each, nor coupled hunt!

Pursuantly, one morning,—knock at door  
With knuckle, dry authoritative cough,  
And easy stamp of foot, broke startlingly  
On household slumber, Coliseum Street:  
"Admittance in the name of Law!" In  
marched

The Commissary and subordinate.  
One glance sufficed them. "A marital pair:  
We certify, and bid good morning, sir!  
Madame, a thousand pardons!" Whereupon  
Monsieur Ulysse Muhlhausen, otherwise  
Called "Gustave" for conveniency of trade,  
Deposing in due form complaint of wrong,  
Made his demand of remedy—divorce  
From bed, board, share of name, and part in  
goods.

Monsieur Léonce Miranda owned his fault,  
Protested his pure ignorance, from first  
To last, of rights infringed in "Gustave's"  
case:

Submitted him to judgment. Law decreed  
"Body and goods be henceforth separate!"  
And thereupon each party took its way,  
This right, this left, rejoicing, to abide  
Estranged yet amicable, opposites  
In life as in respective dwelling-place.  
Still does one read on his establishment  
Huge-lettered "Gustave,"—gold-out-glitter-  
ing  
"Miranda, goldsmith," just across the street—  
"A first-rate hand at riding-habits"—say  
The instructed—"special cut of chamber-  
robes."

Thus by a rude in seeming—rightlier judged  
Beneficent surprise, publicity  
Stopped further fear and trembling, and what  
tale

Cowardice thinks a covert: one bold splash  
Into the mid-shame, and the shiver ends,  
Though cramp and drowning may begin  
perhaps.

To cite just one more point which crowned  
success:

Madame, Miranda's mother, most of all  
An obstacle to his projected life  
In licence, as a daughter of the Church,  
Duteous, exemplary, severe by right—  
Moreover one most thoroughly beloved  
Without a rival till the other sort  
Possessed her son,—first storm of anger spent,  
She seemed, though grumblingly and grudg-  
ingly,

To let be what needs must be, acquiesce.  
 "With Heaven—accommodation possible!"  
 Saint Sganarelle had preached with such effect,  
 She saw now mitigating circumstance.  
 "The erring one was most unfortunate,  
 No question: but worse Magdalens repent.  
 Were Clara free, did only Law allow,  
 What fitter choice in marriage could have  
 made  
 Léonce or anybody?" 'Tis alleged  
 And evidenced, I find, by advocate  
 "Never did she consider such a tie  
 As baleful, springe to snap whate'er the cost."  
 And when the couple were in safety once  
 At Clairvaux, motherly, considerate,  
 She shrank not from advice. "Since safe  
 you be,  
 Safely abide! for winter, I know well,  
 Is troublesome in a cold country-house.  
 I recommend the south room, that we styled,  
 Your sire and I, the winter-chamber."

Chance

Or purpose,—who can read the mystery?—  
 Combined, I say, to bid "Entrench yourself,  
 Monsieur Léonce Miranda, on this turf,  
 About this flower, so firmly that, as tent  
 Rises on every side around you both,  
 The question shall become,—Which arrogates  
 Stability, this tent or those far towers?  
 May not the temporary structure suit  
 The stable circuit, co-exist in peace?—  
 Always until the proper time, no fear!  
 'Lay flat your tent!' is easier said than done."

So, with the best of auspices, betook  
 Themselves Léonce Miranda and his bride—  
 Provisionary—to their Clairvaux house,  
 Never to leave it—till the proper time.

I told you what was Clairvaux-Priory  
 Ere the improper time: an old demesne  
 With memories,—relic half, and ruin whole,—  
 The very place, then, to repair the wits  
 Worn out with Paris-traffic, when its lord,  
 Miranda's father, took his month of ease  
 Purchased by industry. What contrast here!  
 Repose, and solitude, and healthy ways.

That ticking 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 spruce,  
 The large and lumbbersome and—might he  
 breathe

In whisper to his own ear—dignified  
 And gentry-fashioned 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 roof-tile nor yet floor-brick, undismayed  
 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  
 dread!"

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,  
 Pronounce,—or am I wrong?—for bidding  
 stay

The old-world inconvenience, fresh as found.  
 All folk of individuality

Prefer to be reminded now and then,  
 Though at the cost of vulgar cosiness,  
 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 acceptance 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 circumstance,  
Proprietors, not tenants for a term.  
Despite a certain marking, here and there,  
Of fleecy black or white distinguishment,  
These vulgar sheep wore the flock's 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 apparition there.  
And let me call remark upon the list  
Of notabilities invoked, in Court  
At Vire, 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," 'tis said.  
Three, and three only, answered the appeal.  
First, Monsieur Vaillant, music-publisher,  
"Begs Madame will accept civilities."  
Next, Alexandre Dumas,—sire, not son,—  
"Sends 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 beauteous *Bagatelle*  
Close to the wood of Boulogne, Hertford  
hight,

Assures of homages and compliments  
Affectionate"—not now Miranda but  
"Madame Muhlhausen." (Was this friend,  
the Duke

Redoubtable in rivalry before?)  
Such was the evidence when evidence  
Was wanted, then if ever, to the worth  
Whereat acquaintances in Paris prized  
Monsieur Léonce Miranda's household charm.  
No wonder, then, his impulse was to live,  
In Norman solitude, the Paris life:  
Surround himself with Art transported thence,  
And nature like those famed Elysian Fields:  
Then, warm up the right colour out of both,  
By Boulevard friendships tempted to come  
taste

How Paris lived again in little there.

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, deteriorate the orb  
Entire, your own: poor profit, dismal loss!  
Write books, paint pictures, or make music  
—since

Your nature leans to such life-exercise!  
Ay, 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 wail of wonder-  
ment—

"Here's something done was never done  
before!"

To be the very breath that moves the age  
Means not to have breath drive you bubble-  
like

Before it—but yourself to blow: that's strain;  
Strain'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 chace that tempt  
In 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 *seigneur*-like—  
Now, not too lavish of acknowledgment,  
Now, self-indulgently profuse of pay,  
Always Art's *seigneur*, not Art's serving-man  
Whate'er 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,  
Forgets 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 excuse 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'Ingegno's<sup>1</sup> piece of work—  
So to become musician that his ear  
Should judge, by its own ticking and turmoil,  
Who made the Solemn Mass might well die  
deaf—

So cultivate a literary knack  
That, by experience how it wiles the time,  
He might imagine how a poet, rapt  
In rhyming wholly, grew so poor at last  
By carelessness about his banker's-book,  
That the Sieur Boileau (to provoke our smile)  
Began abruptly,—when he paid devoir  
To Louis Quatorze as he dined in state,—  
"Sire, send a drop of broth to Pierre Corneille  
Now dying and in want of sustenance!"  
—I say, these half-hour playings at life's toil,  
Diversified by billiards, riding, sport—  
With now and then a visitor—Dumas,  
Hertford—to check no aspiration's flight—  
While Clara, like a diamond in the dark,  
Should extract shining from what else were  
shade,

And multiply chance rays a million-fold,—  
How could he doubt that all offence outside,—  
Wrong to the towers, which, pillowed on the  
turf,  
He thus shut eyes to,—were as good as gone?

So, down went Clairvaux-Priory to dust,  
And up there rose, in lieu, yon structure gay  
Above the Norman ghosts: and where the  
stretch  
Of barren country girdled house about,

<sup>1</sup> Genius.

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  
think?

And I think: only, let us wait, nor want  
Two things at once—her turn will come in  
time.

A cork-float danced upon the tide, we saw,  
This morning, blinding-bright with briny  
dews:

There was no disengaging soaked from sound,  
Earth-product from the sister-element.  
But when we turn, the tide will turn, I think,  
And bare on beach will lie exposed the buoy:  
A very proper time to try, with foot  
And even finger, which was buoying wave,  
Which merely buoyant substance,—power to  
lift,

And power to be sent skyward passively.  
Meanwhile, no separation of the pair!

III.

And so slept pleasantly away five years  
Of Paradisiac dream; till, as there flit  
Premonitory symptoms, pricks 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.

Monsieur Léonce Miranda's last of cares,  
Ere he composed himself, had been to make  
Provision that, while sleeping safe he lay,  
Somebody else should, dragon-like, let fall  
Never a lid, coiled round the apple-stem,  
But watch the precious fruitage. Somebody  
Kept shop, in short, played Paris-substitute.  
Himself, shrewd, well-trained, early-exer-  
cised,

Could take in, at an eye-glance, luck or loss—  
Know commerce throve, though lazily uplift  
On elbow merely: leave his bed, forsooth?  
Such active service was the substitute's.

But one October morning, at first drop  
Of appled gold, first summons 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  
bole

Too near the quick,—it withers to the root—  
Leafy, prolific, golden apple-tree,  
“Miranda,” 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  
Sardanapalus' self might emulate,—  
Did your good father's money go for this?  
Where are the fruits of education, where  
The morals which at first distinguished you,  
The faith which promised to adorn your age?  
And why such wastefulness outbreking now,  
When heretofore you loved economy?  
Explain this pulling-down and building-up  
Poor Clairvaux, which your father bought  
because

Clairvaux he found it, and so left to you,  
Not a gilt-gingerbread big baby-house!  
True, we could somehow shake head and  
shut eye

To what was past prevention on our part—  
This reprehensible illicit bond:  
We, in a manner, winking, watched consort  
Our modest well-conducted pious son  
With Dalilah: we thought the smoking flax  
Would smoulder soon away and end in snuff.  
Is spark to strengthen, prove consuming fire?  
No lawful family calls Clairvaux ‘home’—  
Why play that fool of Scripture whom the  
voice

Admonished ‘Whose to-night shall be those  
things

Provided for thy morning jollity?

To take one specimen of pure caprice  
Out of the heap conspicuous in the plan,—  
Puzzle of change, I call it,—titled big  
‘Clairvaux Restored:’ what means this Bel-  
vedere?

This Tower, stuck like a fool's-cap on the  
roof—

Do you intend to soar to heaven from thence?  
Tower, truly! Better had you planted turf—  
More fitly would you dig yourself a hole  
Beneath it for the final journey's help!  
O we poor parents—could we prophesy!”

Léonce was found affectionate enough

To man, to woman, child, bird, beast,  
alike;

But all affection, all one fire of heart  
Flaming toward Madame-mother. Had she  
posed

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, throw away the one!”—  
He might have made the choice and marred  
my tale.

But, much I apprehend, the problem put  
Was “Keep both halves, yet do no detriment  
To either! Prize 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 bent o'er her *béziq*ue;

While Monsieur Curé 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.  
At Quai Rousseau, things comfortable thus,  
Why should poor Clairvaux prove so trouble-  
some?

She played at cards, he built a Belvedere.

But here's the difference: she had reached  
the Towers

And there took pastime: he was still on  
Turf—

Though fully minded that, when once he  
marched,  
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 unseemly words were interchanged  
Which crystallize what else evaporates,  
And make mere misty petulance grow hard  
And sharp inside each softness, heart and  
soul.

Monsieur Léonce Miranda flung at last  
Out of doors, fever-flushed : and there the  
Seine

Rolled at his 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 Léonce to bed—where else?  
And there he lies a month 'twixt life and  
death,

Raving. "Remorse of conscience!" friends  
opine.

"Sirs, it may partly prove so," represents  
Beaumont—(the family physician, he  
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  
'Will you leave me, then, me, me, me for  
her?'

Since cold Seine could not quench this flame,  
since flare

Of fever does not redden it away,—

Be rational, indulgent, mute—should chance  
Come to the rescue—Providence, I mean—  
The while I blister and phlebotomize!"

Well, somehow rescued by whatever power,  
At month's end, back again conveyed himself  
Monsieur Léonce Miranda, worn to rags,  
Nay, tinder : stuff irreparably spoiled,  
Though kindly hand should stitch and patch  
its best.

Clairvaux in Autumn is restorative.  
A friend stitched on, patched ever. All the  
same,

Clairvaux looked greyer than a month ago.  
Unglossed was shrubby, unglorified  
Each copse, 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

Sulked field and pasture with persistent rain.  
Nobody came so far from Paris now :  
Friends did their duty by an invalid  
Whose convalescence claimed entire repose.

Only a single ministrant was staunch  
At quiet reparation of the stuff—  
Monsieur Léonce Miranda, worn to rags :  
But she was Clara and the world beside.

Another month, the year packed up his plagues  
And sullenly departed, pedlar-like,

As apprehensive old-world ware might show  
To disadvantage when the new-comer,  
Merchant of novelties, young 'Sixty-eight,  
With brand-new bargains, whistled o'er the  
lea.

Things brightened somewhat o'er the Christ-  
mas hearth,

As Clara plied assiduously her task.

"Words are but words and wind. Why let  
the wind

Sing in your ear, bite, sounding, to your brain?  
Old folk and young folk, still at odds, of course!

Age quarrels because spring puts forth a leaf  
While winter has a mind that boughs stay bare :

Or rather—worse than quarrel—age describ-

Propriety in preaching life to death.  
'Enjoy nor youth, nor Clairvaux, nor poor  
me?'

Dear Madame, you enjoy your age, 'tis  
thought!

Your number Thirty-three on Quai Rousseau  
Cost fifty times the price of Clairvaux, tipped  
Even with our prodigious Belvedere;

You entertain the Curé,—we, Dumas:

We play charades, while you prefer *béaique*:

Do lead your own life and let ours alone!

Cross Old Year shall have done his worst,  
my friend!

Here comes gay New Year with a gift, no  
doubt.

Look up and let in light that longs to shine—  
One flash of light, and where will darkness  
hide?

Your cold makes me too cold, love! Keep  
me warm!"

Whereat Léonce Miranda raised his head  
From his two white thin hands, and forced a  
smile,

And spoke: "I do look up, and see your light  
Above me! Let New Year contribute  
warmth—

I shall refuse no fuel that may blaze."

Nor did he. Three days after, just a spark

From Paris, answered by a snap at Caen

Or whither reached the telegraphic wire:

"Quickly to Paris! On arrival, learn  
Why you are wanted!" Curt and critical!

Off starts Léonce, one fear from head to foot;  
Caen, Rouen, Paris, as the railway helps;  
Then come the Quai and Number Thirty-  
three.

"What is the matter, concierge?"—a grim-  
mace!

He mounts the staircase, makes for the main  
seat

Of dreadful mystery which draws him there—

Bursts in upon a bedroom known too well—

There lies all left now of the mother once.

Tapests define the stretch of rigid white,

Nor want there ghastly velvets of the grave.

A blackness sits on either side at watch,

Sisters, good souls but frightful all the same,  
Silent: a priest is spokesman for his corpse.

"Dead, through Léonce Miranda! stricken  
down

Without a minute's warning, yesterday!

What did she say to you, and you to her,

Two months ago? This is the consequence!

The doctors have their name for the disease;

I, you, and God say—heart-break, nothing  
more!"

Monsieur Léonce Miranda, like a stone

Fell at the bedfoot and found respite so,

While the priest went to tell the company.

What follows you are free to disbelieve.

It may be true or false that this good priest

Had taken his instructions,—who shall  
blame?—

From quite another quarter than, perchance,

Monsieur Léonce Miranda might suppose

Would offer solace in such pressing need.

All he remembered of his kith and kin

Was they were worthily his substitutes

In commerce, did their work and drew their  
pay.

But *they* remembered, in addition, this—

They fairly might expect inheritance,

As nearest kin, called Family by law

And gospel both. Now, since Miranda's life

Showed nothing like abatement of distaste

For conjugality, but preference

Continued and confirmed of that smooth  
chain

Which slips and leaves no knot behind, no  
heir—

Presumption was, the man, become mature,

Would at a calculable day discard

His old and outworn . . . what we blush  
to name,

And make society the just amends;

Scarce by a new attachment—Heaven forbid!

Still less by lawful marriage: that's reserved

For those who make a proper choice at  
first—

Not try both courses and would grasp in age

The very treasure youth preferred to spurn.

No! putting decently such thought aside,

The penitent must rather give his powers

To such a reparation of the past

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 admonish-  
ment—

“No flattery of self! You murdered her!  
The grey lips, silent now, reprove by mine.  
You wasted all your living, rioted  
In harlotry—she warned and I repeat!  
No warning had she, for she needed none:  
If this should be the last yourself receive?”  
Done for the best, no doubt, though  
clumsily,—

Such, and so startling, the reception here,  
You hardly wonder if down fell at once  
The tawdry tent, pictorial, musical,  
Poetical, besprent with hearts and darts;  
Its cobweb-work, betinseled stitchery,  
Lay dust about our sleeper on the turf,  
And showed the outer towers distinct and  
dread.

Senseless he fell, and long he lay, and much  
Seemed salutary in his punishment  
To planners and performers of the piece.  
When pain ends, pardon prompt may operate.  
There was a good attendance close at hand,  
Waiting the issue in the great saloon,  
Cousins with consolation and advice.

All things thus happily performed to point,  
No wonder at success commensurate.  
Once swooning stopped, once anguish sub-  
sequent  
Raved out,—a sudden resolution chilled

His blood and changed his swimming eyes  
to stone,

As the poor fellow raised himself upright,  
Collected strength, looked, once for all, his  
look,

Then, turning, put officious help aside  
And passed from out the chamber. “For  
affairs!”

So he announced himself to the saloon:  
“We owe a duty to the living too!”—  
Monsieur Léonce Miranda tried to smile.  
How did the hearts of Cousinry rejoice  
At their stray sheep returning thus to fold,  
As, with a dignity, precision, sense,  
All unsuspected in the man before,  
Monsieur Léonce Miranda made minute  
Detail of his intended scheme of life  
Thenceforward and for ever. “Vanity  
Was ended: its redemption must begin—  
And, certain, would continue; but since life  
Was awfully uncertain—witness here!—  
Behoved him lose no moment but discharge  
Immediate burthen of the world's affairs  
On backs that kindly volunteered to crouch.  
Cousins, with easier conscience, blamelessly  
Might carry on the goldsmith's trade, in  
brief,

Uninterfered with by its lord who late  
Was used to supervise and take due tithe.  
A stipend now sufficed his natural need:  
Themselves should fix what sum allows man  
live.

But half a dozen words concisely plain  
Might, first of all, make sure that, on demise,  
Monsieur Léonce Miranda's property  
Passed by bequeathment, every particle,  
To the right heirs, the cousins of his heart.  
As for that woman—they would understand!  
This was a step must take her by surprise.  
It were too cruel did he snatch away  
Decent subsistence. She was young, and  
fair,

And . . . and attractive! Means must be  
supplied

To save her from herself, and from the world,  
And . . . from anxieties might haunt him else  
When he were fain have other thoughts in  
mind.”



It was a sight to melt a stone, that thaw  
Of rigid disapproval into dew  
Of sympathy, as each extended palm  
Of cousin hasted to enclose those five  
Cold fingers, tendered so mistrustfully,  
Despairingly of condonation now !  
You would have thought,—at every fervent  
shake,

In reassurance of those timid tips,—  
The penitent had squeezed, considerate,  
By way of fee into physician's hand  
For physicking his soul, some diamond knob.

And now let pass a week. Once more behold  
The same assemblage in the same saloon,  
Waiting the entry of protagonist  
Monsieur Léonce Miranda. "Just a week  
Since the death-day,—was ever man trans-

formed

Like this man?" questioned cousin of his mate.  
Last seal to the repentance had been set  
Threedays before, at Sceaux in neighbourhood  
Of Paris, where they laid with funeral pomp  
Mother by father. Let me spare the rest:  
How the poor fellow, in his misery,  
Buried hot face and bosom, where heaped snow  
Offered assistance, at the grave's black edge,  
And there lay, till uprooted by main force  
From where he prayed to grow and ne'er again  
Walk earth unworthily as heretofore.  
It is not with impunity priests teach  
The doctrine he was dosed with from his  
youth—

"Pain to the body—profit to the soul;  
Corporeal pleasure—so much woe to pay  
When disembodied spirit gives account."  
However, woe had done its worst, this time.  
Three days allow subsidence of much grief.  
Already, regular and equable,  
Forward went purpose to effect. At once  
The testament was written, signed and sealed.  
Disposure of the commerce—that took time,  
And would not suffer by a week's delay;  
But the immediate, the imperious need,  
The call demanding of the Cousinry  
Co-operation, what convened them thus,  
Was—how and when should deputation march  
To Coliseum Street, the old abode

Of wickedness, and there acquaint—oh,  
shame!

Her, its old inmate, who had followed up  
And lay in wait in the old haunt for prey—  
That they had rescued, they possessed Léonce,  
Whose loathing at recapture equalled theirs  
Upbraid that sinner with her sinfulness,  
Impart the fellow-sinner's firm resolve  
Never to set eyes on her face again:  
Then, after stipulations strict but just,  
Hand her the first instalment,—moderate  
Enough, no question,—of her salary:  
Admonish for the future, and so end.—  
All which good purposes, decided on  
Sufficiently, were waiting full effect  
When presently the culprit should appear.

Somehow appearance was delayed too long:  
Chatting and chirping sunk inconspicuously  
To silence, nay, uneasiness, at length  
Alarm, till—anything for certitude!—  
A peeper was commissioned to explore,  
At keyhole, what the laggard's task might be—  
What caused so palpable a disrespect!

Back came the tiptoe cousin from his quest.  
"Monsieur Léonce was busy," he believed,  
"Contemplating—those love-letters, perhaps,  
He always carried, as if precious stones,  
About with him. He read, one after one,  
Some sort of letters. But his back was  
turned.

The empty coffer open at his side,  
He leant on elbow by the mantelpiece  
Before the hearth-fire; big and blazing too."

"Better he shovelled them all in at once,  
And burned the rubbish!" was a cousin's  
quip,  
Warming his own hands at the fire the  
while.  
I told you, snow had fallen outside, I think.

When suddenly a cry, a host of cries,  
Screams, hubbub and confusion thrilled the  
room.  
All by a common impulse rushed thence,  
reached

The late death-chamber, tricked with trap-  
pings still,  
Skulls, cross-bones, and such moral broi-  
dery. Madame Muhlhausen might have played the  
witch,  
Dropped down the chimney and appalled  
Léonce  
By some proposal "Parting touch of hand!"  
If she but touched his foolish hand, you  
know!!

Something had happened quite contrariwise.  
Monsieur Léonce Miranda, one by one,  
Had read the letters and the love they held,  
And, that task finished, had required his  
soul

To answer frankly what the prospect seemed  
Of his own love's departure—pledged to part!  
Then, answer being unmistakable,  
He had replaced the letters quietly,  
Shut coffer, and so, grasping either side  
By its convenient handle, plunged the  
whole—

Letters and coffer and both hands to boot,  
Into the burning grate and held them there.  
"Burn, burn and purify my past!" said he,  
Calmly, as if he felt no pain at all.

In vain they pulled him from the torture-  
place:

The strong man, with the soul of tenfold  
strength,  
Broke from their clutch: and there again  
smiled he,

The miserable hands re-bathed in fire—  
Constant to that ejaculation "Burn,  
Burn, purify!" And when, combining force,  
They fairly dragged the victim out of reach  
Of further harm, he had no hands to hurt—  
Two horrible remains of right and left,  
"Whereof the bones, phalanges formerly,  
Carbonized, were still crackling with the  
flame,"

Said Beaumont. And he fought them all the  
while:

"Why am I hindered when I would be  
pure?

Why leave the sacrifice still incomplete?

She holds me, I must have more hands to  
burn!"

They were the stronger, though, and bound  
him fast.

Beaumont was in attendance presently.

"What did I tell you? Preachment to the  
deaf!

I wish he had been deafer when they preached,  
Those priests! But wait till next Republic  
comes!"

As for Léonce, a single sentiment  
Possessed his soul and occupied his tongue—  
Absolute satisfaction at the deed.

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' febricity  
Which followed,—never did he vary tale—  
Remaining happy beyond utterance.

"Ineffable beatitude"—I quote  
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.  
Purified now and henceforth, all the past  
Reduced to ashes with the flesh defiled!

Why all those anxious faces round his bed?  
What was to pity in their patient, pray,  
When doctor came and went, and Cousins  
watched?

—Kindness, but in pure waste!" he said and  
smiled.

And if a trouble would at times disturb  
The ambrosial mood, it came from other  
source

Than the corporeal transitory pang.  
"If sacrifice be incomplete!" cried he—  
"If ashes have not sunk reduced to dust,  
To nullity! If atoms coalesce

Till something grow, grow, get to be a shape  
I hate, I hoped to burn away from me!

She is my body, she and I are one,  
Yet, all the same, there, there at bed-foot  
stands

The woman wound about my flesh and blood,  
There, the arms open, the more wonderful,  
The whiter for the burning . . . Vanish  
thou!

Avaunt, fiend's self found in the form I wore!"

"Whereat," said Beaumont, "since his hands  
were gone,

The patient in a frenzy kicked and licked  
To keep off some imagined visitant.

So will it prove as long as priests may preach  
Spiritual terrors!" groaned the evidence  
Of Beaumont that his patient was stark mad—  
Produced in time and place: of which anon.

"Mad, or why thus insensible to pain?

Body and soul are one thing, with two names  
For more or less elaborated stuff."

Such is the new *Religio Medici*.

Though antiquated faith held otherwise,

Explained that body is not soul, but just

Soul's servant: that, if soul be satisfied,

Possess already joy or pain enough,

It uses to ignore, as master may,

What increase, joy or pain, its servant brings—

Superfluous contribution: soul, once served,

Has nought to do with body's service more.

Each, speculated on exclusively,

As if its office were the only one,

Body or soul, either shows service paid.

In joy and pain, that's blind and objectless—

A servant's toiling for no master's good—

Or else shows good received and put to use,

As if within soul's self grew joy and pain,

Nor needed body for a ministrant.

I note these old unscientific ways:

Poor Beaumont cannot: for the Commune  
ruled

Next year, and ere they shot his priests, shot  
him.

Monsieur Léonce Miranda raved himself

To rest; lay three long months in bliss or bale,

Inactive, anyhow: more need that heirs,

His natural protectors, should assume

The management, bestir their cousinship,

And carry out that purpose of reform

Such tragic work now made imperative.

A deputation, with austerity,

Nay, sternness, bore her sentence to the fiend

Aforesaid,—she at watch for turn of wheel

And fortune's favour, Street—you know the  
name.

A certain roughness seemed appropriate:

"You—

Steiner, Muhlhausen, whatsoever your name,

Cause whole and sole of this catastrophe!"—

And so forth, introduced the embassy.

"Monsieur Léonce Miranda was divorced

Once and for ever from his—ugly word.

Himself had gone for good to Portugal:

They came empowered to act and stipulate.

Hold! no discussion! Terms were settled

now:

So much of present and prospective pay,

But also—good engagement in plain terms

She never seek renewal of the past!"

This little harmless tale produced effect.

Madame Muhlhausen owned her sentence just,

Its execution gentle. "Stern their phrase,

These kinsfolk with a right she recognized—

But kind its import probably, which now

Her agitation, her bewilderment

Rendered too hard to understand, perhaps.

Let them accord the natural delay,

And she would ponder and decide. Meantime,

So far was she from wish to follow friend

Who fled her, that she would not budge from  
place—

Now that her friend was fled to Portugal,—

Never! *She* leave this Coliseum Street?

No, not a footstep!" she assured them.

So—

They saw they might have left that tale untold  
When, after some weeks more were gone to  
waste,

Recovery seemed incontestable,

And the poor mutilated figure, once

The gay and glancing fortunate young spark,

Miranda, humble and obedient took

The doctor's counsel, issued sad and slow

From precincts of the sick-room, tottered  
down,

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  
her ;

The Cousinry knew nothing of the kind.”

I will not scandalize you and recount  
How matters made the morning pass away.  
Not one reproach, not one acknowledgment,  
One explanation : all was understood !  
Matters at end, the home-uneasiness  
Cousins were feeling at this jaunt prolonged  
Was ended also by the entry of—

Not simply him whose exit had been made  
By mild command of doctor “Out with you !  
I warrant we receive another man !”

But—would that I could say, the married pair !  
And, quite another man assuredly,  
Monsieur Léonce Miranda took on him  
Forthwith to bid the trio, priest and nuns,  
Constant in their attendance all this while,  
Take his thanks and their own departure too ;  
Politely but emphatically. Next,  
The Cousins were dismissed : “No protest,  
pray !

Whatever I engaged to do is done,  
Or shall be—I but follow your advice :  
Love I abjure : the lady, you behold,  
Is changed as I myself ; her sex is changed :  
This is my Brother—He will tend me now,  
Be all my world henceforth as brother should.  
Gentlemen, of a kinship I revere,  
Your interest in trade is laudable ;  
I purpose to indulge it : manage mine,  
My goldsmith-business in the Place Vendôme,

Wholly—through purchase at the price ad-  
judged

By experts I shall have assistance from.  
If, in conformity with sage advice,  
I leave a busy world of interests  
I own myself unfit for—yours the care  
That any world of other aims, wherein  
I hope to dwell, be easy of access  
Through ministration of the moneys due,  
As we determine, with all proper speed,  
Since I leave Paris to repair my health.  
Say farewell to our Cousins, Brother mine !”

And, all submissiveness, as brother might,  
The lady curtseyed gracefully, and dropt  
More than mere curtsey, a concluding phrase  
So silver-soft, yet penetrative too,  
That none of it escaped the favoured ears :  
“Had I but credited one syllable,  
I should to-day be lying stretched on straw,  
The produce of your miserable *rente!*  
Whereas, I hold him—do you comprehend?”  
Cousin regarded cousin, turned up eye,  
And took departure, as our Tuscans laugh,  
Each with his added palm-breadth of long  
nose,—

Curtailed but imperceptibly, next week,  
When transfer was accomplished, and the trade  
In Paris did indeed become their own,  
But bought by them and sold by him on terms  
‘Twixt man and man,—might serve ‘twixt  
wolf and wolf,  
Substitute “bit and clawed” for “signed and  
sealed”—

Our ordinary business-terms, in short.  
Another week, and Clairvaux broke in bloom  
At end of April, to receive again  
Monsieur Léonce Miranda, gentleman,  
Ex-jeweller and goldsmith : never more,—  
According to the purpose he professed,—  
To quit this paradise, his property,  
This Clara, his companion : so it proved.

The Cousins, each with elongated nose,  
Discussed their bargain, reconciled them soon  
To hard necessity, disbursed the cash,  
And hastened to subjoin, wherever type  
Proclaimed “Miranda” to the public, “Called

Now Firm-Miranda." There, a colony,  
 They flourish underneath the name that still  
 Maintains the old repute, I understand.  
 They built their Clairvaux, dream-Château, in  
 Spain,  
 Perhaps—but Place Vendôme is waking 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,  
 New loosened as necessity of life!  
 In all this revocation and resolve,  
 Farbesin'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 feet 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 traveller soon, beside:  
 That was untrue. They told him "One fair  
 stride  
 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.  
 "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 their pretty trial, proof of paste  
 Or precious stone, by delicate approach  
 Of eye askance, fine feel of finger-tip,  
 Or touch of tongue inquisitive for cold.  
 I tried my jewels in a crucible:  
 Fierce fire has felt them, licked them, left  
 them sound.  
 Don't tell me that my earthly love is sham,  
 My heavenly fear a clever counterfeit!  
 Each may oppose each, yet be true alike!"

To build up, independent of the towers,  
 A durable pavilion o'er 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 never try complete abandonment  
 Of one or other?" so he thought, not said.  
 And to such engineering feat, I say,  
 Monsieur Léonce Miranda saw the means  
 Precisely in this revocation prompt  
 Of just those benefits of worldly wealth  
 Conferred upon his Cousinry—all but!

This Clairvaux—you would know, were you  
 at top  
 Of yonder crowning grace, its Belvedere—  
 Is situate in one angle-niche of three  
 At equidistance from Saint-Rambert—there  
 Behind you, and The Ravissante, beside—  
 There: steeple, steeple, 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 is 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 girlishness  
 Grew nubile and she trembled into May,  
 And our Miranda climbed to clasp the Spring  
 A-tiptoe o'er the sea, those wafts of warmth,  
 Those cloudlets scudding under the bare blue,  
 And all that new sun, that fresh hope about  
 His airy place of observation,—friend,  
 Feel with me that if just then, just for once,  
 Some angel,—such as the authentic pen  
 Yonder records a daily visitant  
 Of ploughman Claude, rheumatic in the joints,  
 And spinster Jeanne, with megrim troubled  
 sore,—  
 If such an angel, with nought else to do,  
 Had taken station on the pinnacle  
 And simply said "Léonce, look straight be-  
 fore!  
 Neither to right hand nor to left: for why?  
 Being a stupid soul, you want a guide

To turn the goodness in you to account  
And make stupidity submit itself.  
Go to Saint-Rambert! Straightway get such  
guide!

There stands a man of men. You, jeweller,  
Must needs have heard how once the biggest  
block

Of diamond 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,—  
Labelled 'quartz-crystal, price one halfpenny.'  
Haste and secure that ha'p'worth, on your  
life!

That man will read you rightly head to foot,  
Mark the brown face of you, the bushy beard,  
The breadth 'twixt shoulder blades, 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  
hound,—

Give your opinion of the policy  
Of Monsieur Rouher,—will he succour Rome?  
Your estimate of what may outcome be  
From Œcumenical 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,  
Paces 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 pityingly teach  
Your body to repair maltreatment, give  
Advice that you should make those stumps to  
stir

With artificial hands of caoutchouc,  
So would he soon supply your crippled soul  
With crutches, from his own intelligence,  
Able to help you onward in the path  
Of rectitude 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  
Cousinry—

All which amount of justice will include  
Justice to God. Go and consult his voice!"  
Since angel would not say this simple truth,  
What hinders that my heart relieve itself,  
Milsand, who maketh warm my wintry world,  
And wise my heaven, if there we consort too?  
Monsieur Léonce Miranda turned, alas,  
Or was turned, by no angel, t'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  
Quantities to exact their opposites,  
Value to zero, then bring zero back  
To value of supreme preponderance?  
How substitute thing meant for thing ex-  
pressed?

Detect the wire-thread through that fluffy silk  
Men 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 unbelieve  
According to your True thus disengaged  
From all his heap of False called reason first?

No : hand once used to hold a soft thick twist,  
 Cannot now grope its way by wire alone :  
 Childhood may catch the knack, scarce  
 Youth, not Age !

That's the reply rewards you. Just as well  
 Remonstrate to yon peasant in the blouse  
 That, had he justified 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 tread the surface of the globe,  
 Since one meridian suits the faulty 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?"

Therefore the course to take is—spare your  
 pains,  
 And trouble uselessly with discontent  
 Nor soul nor body, by parading proof  
 That neither haply 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 taunt "The born Norwegian breeds no  
 bile!"

And as with body, so proceed with soul :  
 Nor less discerningly, where faith you found,  
 However foolish and fantastic, grudge  
 To play the doctor and amend mistake,  
 Because a wisdom were conceivable  
 Whence faith had sprung robust above disease.  
 Far beyond human help, that source of things !  
 Since, in the first stage, so to speak,—first stare  
 Of apprehension at the invisible,—  
 Begins divergency of mind from mind.  
 Superior from inferior : leave this first !  
 Little you change there ! What comes after—  
 ward—

From apprehended thing, each inference

With practicality concerning life,  
 This you may test and try, confirm the right  
 Or contravene the wrong which reasons there.  
 The offspring of the sickly faith must prove  
 Sickly act also : stop a monster-birth !  
 When water's in the cup and not the cloud,  
 Then is the proper time for chemic test :  
 Belief permits your skill to operate  
 When, drop by drop condensed from misty  
 heaven,

'Tis wrung out, lies a bowlful in the fleece.  
 How dew by spoonfuls came, let Gideon say :  
 What purpose water serves, your word or two  
 May teach him, should he fancy it lights fire.

Concerning, then, our vaporous Ravissante—  
 How fable first precipitated faith—  
 Silence you get upon such point from me.  
 But when I see come posting to the pair  
 At Clairvaux, for the cure of soul-disease,  
 This Father of the Mission, Parish-priest,  
 This Mother of the Convent, Nun I know—  
 They practise in that second stage of things ;  
 They boast no fresh distillery of faith ;  
 'Tis dogma in the bottle, bright and old,  
 They bring ; and I pretend to pharmacy.  
 They undertake the cure with all my heart !  
 He trusts them, and they surely trust them-  
 selves.

I ask no better. Never mind the cause,  
*Fons et origo* of the malady :  
 Apply the drug with courage ! Here's our  
 case.

Monsieur Léonce Miranda asks of God,  
 —May a man, living in illicit tie,  
 Continue, by connivance of the Church,  
 No matter what amends he please to make  
 Short of forthwith relinquishing the sin ?  
 Physicians, what do you propose for cure ?

Father and Mother of the Ravissante,  
 Read your own records, and you find pre-  
 scribed

As follows, when a couple out of sorts  
 Rather than gravely suffering, sought your skill  
 And thereby got their health again. Perpend !  
 Two and a half good centuries ago,  
 Luc de la Maison Rouge, a nobleman

Of Claise, (the river gives this country name)  
And, just as noblewoman, Maude his wife,  
Having been married many happy years  
Spent in God's honour and man's service too,  
Conceived, while yet in flower of youth and  
hope,

The project of departing each from each  
Forever, and dissolving marriage-bonds  
That both might enter a religious life.  
Needing, before they came to such resolve,  
Divine illumination,—course was clear,—  
They visited your church in pilgrimage,  
On Christmas morn: communicating straight,  
They heard three Masses proper for the day,  
“It is incredible with what effect”—  
Quoth the Cistercian monk I copy from—  
And, next day, came, again communicants,  
Again heard Masses manifold, but now  
With added thanks to Christ for special grace  
And consolation granted: in the night,  
Had been divorce from marriage, manifest  
By signs and tokens. So, they made great  
gifts,

Left money for more Masses, and returned  
Homeward rejoicing—he, to take the rules,  
As Brother Dionysius, Capucin;  
She, to become first postulant, then nun  
According to the rules of Benedict,  
Sister Scolastica:<sup>1</sup> so ended they,  
And so do I—not end nor yet commence  
One note or comment. What was done was  
done.

Now, Father of the Mission, here's your case!  
And, Mother of the Convent, here's its cure!  
If separation was permissible,  
And that decree of Christ “What God hath  
joined

Let no man put asunder” nullified  
Because a couple, blameless in the world,  
Had the conceit that, still more blamelessly,  
Out of the world, by breach of marriage-  
vow,  
Their life was like to pass,—you oracles  
Of God,—since holy Paul says such you are,—  
Hesitate, not one moment, to pronounce  
When questioned by the pair now needing  
help

<sup>1</sup> Sister of St. Benedict.

“Each from the other go, you guilty ones,  
Preliminary to your least approach  
Nearer the Power that thus could strain a point  
In favour of a pair of innocents  
Who thought their wedded hands not clean  
enough

To touch and leave unsullied their souls'  
snow!  
Are not your hands found filthy by the world,  
Mere human law and custom? Not a step  
Nearer till hands be washed and purified!”

What they did say is immaterial, since  
Certainly it was nothing of the kind.  
There was no washing 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 put 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  
coin,

And nothing like a smutch perceptible.  
Monsieur Léonce Miranda might compound  
For sin?—no, surely! but by gifts—prepare  
His soul the better for contrition, say!  
Gift followed upon gift, at all events.

Good counsel was rejected, on one part:  
Hard money, on the other—may we hope  
Was unreflectingly consigned to purse?

Two years did this experiment engage  
Monsieur Léonce Miranda: how, 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 nature: generosity,—  
Susceptibility to human ills,  
Corporeal, mental,—self-devotedness  
Made up Miranda—whether strong or weak  
Elsewhere, may be inquired another time.



In mercy he was strong, at all events,  
 Enough ! 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 Cousinry.

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 ;  
 Steadily the main stream went pouring on  
 From mill to mouth of sack—held wide and  
 close

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,  
 That in these same two years, expenditure  
 At quiet Clairvaux rose to the amount  
 Of Forty Thousand English Pounds: whereof  
 A trifle went, no inappropriate close  
 Of bounty, to supply the Virgin's crown  
 With that stupendous jewel from New-York,  
 Now blazing as befits the Star of Sea.

Such signs of grace, outward and visible,  
 I rather give you, for your sake and mine,  
 Than put in evidence the inward strife,  
 Spiritual effort to compound for fault  
 By payment of devotion—thank the phrase !  
 That payment was as punctual, do not doubt,  
 As its far easier fellow. Yesterday  
 I trudged the distance from The Ravissante  
 To Clairvaux, with my two feet: but our  
 friend,

The more to edify the country-folk,

Was wont to make that journey on both knees.  
 " Maliciously perverted incident ! "  
 Snarled the retort, when this was told at  
 Vire:

" The man paid mere devotion as he passed,  
 Knelt decently at just each wayside shrine ! "  
 Alas, my lawyer, I trudged yesterday—  
 On my two feet, and with both eyes wide  
 ope,—

The distance, and could find no shrine at all !  
 According to his lights, I praise the man.  
 Enough ! incessant was devotion, say—  
 With her, you know of, praying at his side.  
 Still, there be relaxations of the tense ;  
 Or life indemnifies itself for strain,  
 Or finds its very strain grow feebleness.  
 Monsieur Léonce Miranda's days were passed  
 Much as of old, in simple work and play.  
 His first endeavour, on recovery  
 From that sad ineffectual sacrifice,  
 Had been to set about repairing loss :  
 Never admitting, loss was to repair.  
 No word at any time escaped his lips  
 —Betrayed a lurking presence, in his heart,  
 Of sorrow ; no regret for mischief done—  
 Punishment suffered, he would rather say.  
 Good-tempered schoolboy-fashion, he pre-  
 ferred

To laugh away his flogging, fair price paid  
 For pleasure out of bounds : if needs must be,  
 Get pleasure and get flogged a second time !  
 A sullen subject would have nursed the scars  
 And made excuse, for throwing grammar by,  
 That bench was grown uneasy to the seat.  
 No : this poor fellow cheerfully got hands  
 Fit for his stumps, and what hands failed to do,  
 The other members did in their degree—  
 Unwonted service. With his mouth alone  
 He wrote, nay, painted pictures—think of  
 that !

He played on a piano pedal-keyed,  
 Kicked out—if it was Bach's—good music  
 thence.

He rode, that's readily conceivable,  
 But then he shot and never missed his bird,  
 With other feats as dexterous : I infer  
 He was not ignorant what hands are worth,  
 When he resolved on ruining his own.

So the two years passed somehow—who shall say

Foolishly,—as one estimates mankind,  
The work they do, the play they leave un-  
done?—

Two whole years spent in that experiment  
I told you of, at Clairvaux 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  
back,

And bitted jaw to satisfaction,—since  
The partner of his days must stay at home,  
Teased by some trifling legacy of March  
To throat or shoulder,—visit duly paid  
And "farewell" given and received again,—  
As chamber-door considerably closed  
Behind him, still five minutes were to spend.  
How better, than by clearing, two and two,  
The staircase-steps and coming out aloft  
Upon the platform yonder (raise your eyes!)  
And tasting, just as those two years before,  
Spring's bright advance upon the tower a-top,  
The feature of the front, the Belvedere?

Look at it for a moment while I breathe.

#### IV.

Ready to hear the rest? How good you are!

Now for this Twentieth splendid day of Spring,  
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—ere his elastic foot arrive—  
Your longest, far and wide, o'er fronting space.  
Yon white streak—Havre lighthouse! Name  
and name,

How the mind runs from each to each relay,  
Town after town, till Paris' self be touched,  
Superlatively big with life and death  
To all the world, that very day perhaps!  
He who stepped out upon the platform here,  
Pinnacled over the expanse, gave thought  
Neither to Rouher nor Ollivier, Roon  
Nor Bismarck, Emperor nor King, but just  
To steeple, church, and shrine, The Ravis-  
sante!

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 apprehend  
Alike both speech and thoughts 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 condemn 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,

Men 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? Rise, 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 undemanded pain !’ I said.

Did not you prompt me? ‘ Purchase now by  
pain

Pleasure hereafter in the world to come !’

I could not pluck my heart out, as you bade

Unbidden, I burned 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 loss enough to mortal me?

But she, the less authoritative voice,

Oh, how distinct enunciating, how

Plain dealing! Gain she gave was gain  
indeed !

That, you deny : that, you contemptuous call  
Acorns, swine's food not man's meat ! ‘ Spurn  
the draff !’

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,

Worth acorns 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 !

Your soldier ! do I 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 enmity,

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 forfeiture.  
 You find in me deficient soldiership :  
 Want the whole life or none. I grudge that  
 whole,  
 Because I am not sure of recompense :  
 Because I want faith. Whose the fault? I  
 ask.

If insufficient faith have done thus much,  
 Contributed thus much of sacrifice,  
 More would move mountains, you are warrant.  
 Well,

Grant, you, the grace, I give the gratitude !  
 And what were easier? 'Ask and have' folk  
 call

Miranda's method: 'Have, nor need to ask !'  
 So do they formulate your quality  
 Superlative beyond my human grace.  
 The Ravissante, you ravish men away  
 From puny aches and petty pains, assuaged  
 By man's own art with small expenditure  
 Of pill or potion, unless, put to shame,  
 Nature is roused and sets things right herself.  
 Your miracles are grown our commonplace ;  
 No day but pilgrim hobbles his last mile,  
 Kneels down and rises up, flings crutch away,  
 Or else appends it to the reverend heap  
 Beneath you, votive cripple-carpentry.  
 Some few meet failure—oh, they wanted  
 faith,

And may betake themselves to La Salette,  
 Or seek Lourdes, so that hence the scandal  
 limp !

The many get their grace and go their way  
 Rejoicing, with a tale to tell,—most like,  
 A staff to borrow, since the crutch is gone,  
 Should the first telling happen at my house,  
 And teller wet his whistle with my wine.  
 I tell this to a doctor and he laughs :  
 'Give me permission to cry—Out of bed,  
 You loth rheumatic sluggard! Cheat you  
 chair

Of laziness, its gouty occupant !—  
 You should see miracles performed. But now,  
 I give advice, and take as fee ten francs,  
 And do as much as does your Ravissante.  
 Send her that case of cancer to be cured  
 I have refused to treat for any fee,

Bring back my would-be patient sound and  
 whole,  
 And see me laugh on t'other side my mouth !'  
 Can he be right, and are you hampered thus?  
 Such pettiness restricts a miracle  
 Wrought by the Great Physician, who hears  
 prayer,

Visibly seated in your mother-lap !  
 He, out of nothing, made sky, earth, and sea,  
 And all that in them is—man, beast, bird, fish,  
 Down to this insect on my parapet.  
 Look how the marvel of a minim crawls !  
 Were I to kneel among the halt and maimed,  
 And pray 'Who mad'st the insect with ten  
 legs,

Make me one finger grow where ten were  
 once !'  
 The very priests would thrust me out of  
 church.

'What folly does the madman dare expect?  
 No faith obtains—in this late age, at least—  
 Such cure as that! We ease rheumatics,  
 though !'

"Ay, bring the early ages back again,  
 What prodigy were unattainable?  
 I read your annals. Here came Louis Onze,  
 Gave thrice the sum he ever gave before  
 At one time, some three hundred crowns, to  
 wit—

On pilgrimage to pray for—health, he found?  
 Did he? I do not read it in Commines.<sup>1</sup>  
 Here sent poor joyous Marie-Antoinette  
 To thank you that a Dauphin dignified  
 Her motherhood—called Duke of Normandy  
 And Martyr of the Temple, much the same  
 As if no robe of hers had dressed you rich ;  
 No silver lamps, she gave, illumine your shrine !  
 Here, following example, fifty years  
 Ago, in gratitude for birth again  
 Of yet another destined King of France,  
 Did not the Duchess fashion with her hands,  
 And frame in gold and crystal, and present  
 A bouquet made of artificial flowers?  
 And was he King of France, and is not he  
 Still Count of Chambord?

<sup>1</sup> Philippe de Commines, the famous chronicler  
 (1445-1509).

“Such the days of faith,  
 And such their produce to encourage mine !  
 What now, if I too count without my host ?  
 I too have given money, ornament,  
 And ‘artificial flowers’—which, when I  
     plucked,  
 Seemed rooting at my heart and real enough :  
 What if I gain thereby nor health of mind,  
 Nor youth renewed which perished in its  
     prime,  
 Burnt to a cinder ’twixt the red-hot bars,  
 Nor gain to see my second baby-hope  
 Of managing to live on terms with both  
 Opposing potentates, the Power and you,  
 Crowned with success ? I dawdle out my days  
 In exile here at Clairvaux, with mock love,  
 That gives—while whispering ‘Would I dared  
     refuse !’—  
 What the loud voice declares my heart’s free  
     gift :  
 Mock worship, mock superiority  
 O’er those I style the world’s benighted ones,  
 That irreligious sort I pity so,  
 Dunas and even Hertford who is Duke.

“Impiety ? Not if I know myself !  
 Not if you know the heart and soul I bare,  
 I bid you cut, hack, slash, anatomize,  
 Till peccant part be found and flung away !  
 Demonstrate where I need more faith !

Describe  
 What act shall evidence sufficiency  
 Of faith, your warrant for such exercise  
 Of power, in my behalf, as all the world  
 Except poor praying me declares profuse ?  
 Poor me ? It is that world, not me alone,  
 That world which prates of fixed laws and  
     the like,  
 I fain would save, poor world so ignorant !  
 And your part were—what easy miracle ?  
 Oh, Lady, could I make your want like mine !”

Then his face grew one luminosity.

“Simple, sufficient ! Happiness at height !  
 I solve the riddle, I persuade mankind.  
 I have been just the simpleton who stands—  
 Summoned to claim his patrimonial rights—

At shilly-shally, may he knock or no  
 At his own door in his own house and home  
 Whereof he holds the very title-deeds !  
 Here is my title to this property,  
 This power you hold for profit of myself  
 And all the world at need—which need is now !

“My title—let me hear who controverts !  
 Count Mailleville built yon church. Why  
     did he so ?

Because he found your image. How came  
     that ?

His shepherd told him that a certain sheep  
 Was wont to scratch with hoof and scrape  
     with horn

At ground where once the Danes had razed a  
     church.

Thither he went, and there he dug, and thence  
 He disinterred the image he conveyed  
 In pomp to Londres yonder, his domain.

You liked the old place better than the new.  
 The Count might surely have divined as much :  
 He did not ; someone might have spoke a  
     word :

No one did. A mere dream had warned  
     enough

That back again in pomp you best were borne :  
 No dream warned, and no need of convoy was ;  
 An angel caught you up and clapped you  
     down—

No mighty task, you stand one *mètre* high,  
 And people carry you about at times.

Why, then, did you despise the simple course ?  
 Because you are the Queen of Angels : when  
 You front us in a picture, there flock they,  
 Angels around you, here and everywhere.

“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 !  
 Faith without flaw ! I trust your potency,  
 Benevolence, your will to save the world—

By such a simplest of procedures, too !  
 Not even by affording angel-help,  
 Unless it please you : there’s a simpler mode :  
 Only suspend the law of gravity,

And, while at back, permitted to propel,  
The air helps onward, let the air in front  
Cease to oppose my passage through the midst!

“Thus I bestride the railing, leg o’er leg,  
Thus, lo, 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 enswathes me in beatitude,  
You lift along the votary—who vaults,  
Who, in the twinkling of an eye, revives,  
Dropt safely in the space before the church—  
How crowded, since this morn is market-day!  
I shall not need to speak. The news will run  
Like wild-fire. ‘Thousands saw Miranda’s  
flight!’

’Tis telegraphed to Paris in a trice.  
The Boulevard is one buzz ‘Do you believe?  
Well, this time, thousands saw Miranda’s  
flight:  
You know him, goldsmith in the Place Ven-  
dôme.’

In goes the Empress to the Emperor:  
‘Now—will you hesitate to make disgorge  
Your wicked King of Italy his gains,  
Give the Legations to the Pope once more?’  
Which done,—why, grace goes back to  
operate,  
They themselves set a good example first,  
Resign the empire twenty years usurped,  
And Henry, the Desired One, reigns o’er  
France!

Regenerated France makes all things new!  
My house no longer stands on Quai Rousseau  
But Quai rechristened Alacoque:<sup>1</sup> a quai  
Where Renan burns his book, and Veuillot<sup>2</sup>  
burns

Renan beside, since Veuillot rules the roast,  
Re-edits now indeed ‘The Universe.’<sup>3</sup>  
O blessing, O superlatively big  
With blessedness beyond all blessing dreamed  
By man! for just that promise has effect,  
‘Old things shall pass away and all be new!’  
Then, for a culminating mercy-feat,

<sup>1</sup> Margaret Mary Alacoque, foundress of a religious order, *d.* 1690.

<sup>2</sup> An Ultramontane writer.

<sup>3</sup> M. Veuillot’s paper.

Wherefore should I dare dream impossible  
That I too have my portion in the change?  
My past with all its sorrow, sin and shame,  
Becomes a blank, a nothing! There she  
stands,  
Clara de Millefleurs, all deodorized,  
Twenty years’ stain wiped off her innocence!  
There never was Muhlhausen, nor at all  
Duke Hertford: nought that was, remains,  
except  
The beauty,—yes, the beauty is unchanged!  
Well, and the soul too, that must keep the  
same!

And so the trembling little virgin hand  
Melts into mine, that’s back again, of course!  
—Think not I care about my poor old self!  
I only want my hand for that one use,  
To take her hand, and say ‘I marry you—  
Men, women, angels, you behold my wife!  
There is no secret, nothing wicked here,  
Nothing she does not wish the world to  
know!’

None of your married women have the right  
To mutter ‘Yes, indeed, she beats us all  
In beauty,—but our lives are pure at least!’  
Bear witness, for our marriage is no thing  
Done in a corner! ’Tis The Ravissante  
Repairs the wrong of Paris. See, She smiles,  
She beckons, She bids ‘Hither, both of you!’  
And may we kneel? And will you bless us  
both?  
And may I worship you, and yet love her?  
Then!”—

A sublime spring from the balustrade  
About the tower so often talked about,  
A flash in middle air, and stone-dead lay  
Monsieur Léonce Miranda on the turf.

A gardener who watched, at work the while  
Dibbling a flower-bed for geranium-shoots,  
Saw the catastrophe, and, straightening back,  
Stood up and shook his brows. “Poor soul,  
poor soul!  
Just what I prophesied the end would be!  
Ugh—the Red Night-cap!” (as he raised the  
head)

“This must be what he meant by those  
strange words

While I was weeding larkspurs yesterday,  
 'Angels would take him!' Mad!"

No! sane, I say.

Such being the conditions of his life,  
 Such end of life was not irrational.  
 Hold a belief, you only half-believe,  
 With all-momentous issues either way,—  
 And I advise you imitate this leap,  
 Put faith to proof, be cured or killed at once!  
 Call you men, killed through cutting cancer  
 out,

The worse for such an act of bravery?  
 That's more than *I* know. In my estimate,  
 Better lie prostrate on his turf at peace,  
 Than, wistful, eye, from out the tent, the tower,  
 Racked with a doubt "Will going on bare  
 knees

All the way to The Ravissante and back,  
 Saying my Ave Mary all the time,  
 Somewhat excuse if I postpone my march?  
 —Make due amends for that one kiss I gave  
 In gratitude to her who held me out  
 Superior Fricquot's sermon, hot from press,  
 A-spread with hands so sinful yet so smooth?"

And now, sincerely do I pray she stand,  
 Clara, with interposing sweep of robe,  
 Between us and this horror! Any screen  
 Turns white by contrast with the tragic pall;  
 And her dubiety distracts at least,  
 As well as snow, from such decided black.  
 With womanhood, at least, we have to do:  
 Ending with Clara—is the word too kind?

Let pass the shock! There's poignancy  
 enough

When what one parted with, a minute since,  
 Alive and happy, is returned a wreck—  
 All that was, all that seemed about to be,  
 Razed out and ruined now for evermore,  
 Because a straw descended on this scale  
 Rather than that, made death o'erbalance life.  
 But think of cage-mates in captivity,  
 Inured to day long, night-long vigilance  
 Each of the other's tread and angry turn  
 If behind prison-bars the jailer knocked:  
 These whom society shut out, and thus

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Penned in, to settle down and regulate  
 By the strange law, the solitary life—  
 When death divorces such a fellowship,  
 Theirs may pair off with that prodigious woe  
 Imagined of a ghastly brotherhood—  
 One watcher left in lighthouse out at sea  
 With leagues of surf between the land and him  
 Alive with his dead partner on the rock;  
 One galley-slave, whom curse and blow  
 compel  
 To labour on, ply oar—beside his chain,  
 Encumbered with a corpse-companion now.  
 Such these: although, no prisoners, self-  
 entrenched  
 They kept the world off from their barricade.

Memory, gratitude was poignant, sure,  
 Though pride brought consolation of a kind.  
 Twenty years long had Clara been—of whom  
 The rival, nay, the victor, past dispute?  
 What if in turn The Ravissante at length  
 Proved victor—which was doubtful—anyhow,  
 Here lay the inconstant with, conspicuous too,  
 The fruit of his good fortune!

"Has he gained  
 By leaving me?" she might soliloquize:  
 "All love could do, I did for him. I learned  
 By heart his nature, what he loved and loathed,  
 Leaned to with liking, turned from with dis-  
 taste.

No matter what his least velleity,  
 I was determined he should want no wish,  
 And in conformity administered  
 To his requirement; most of joy I mixed  
 With least of sorrow in life's daily draught,  
 Twenty years long, life's proper average.  
 And when he got to quarrel with my cup,  
 Would needs outsweeten honey, and discard  
 That gall-drop we require lest nectar cloy,—  
 I did not call him fool, and vex my friend,  
 But quietly allowed experiment,  
 Encouraged him to spice his drink, and now  
 Grate *lignum vitæ*,<sup>1</sup> now bruise so-called  
 grains  
 Of Paradise,<sup>2</sup> and pour now, for perfume,

<sup>1</sup> Guaiacum wood, good for rheumatism.

<sup>2</sup> Name for an aromatic drug.

Distilment rare, the rose of Jericho,  
 Holy-thorn, passion-flower, and what know I?  
 Till beverage obtained the fancied smack.  
 'Twas wild-flower-wine that neither helped  
 nor harmed  
 Who sipped and held it for restorative—  
 What harm? But here has he been through  
 the hedge  
 Straying in search of simples, while my back  
 Was turned a minute, and he finds a prize,  
 Monkshood and belladonna! O my child,  
 My truant little boy, despite the beard,  
 The body two feet broad and six feet long,  
 And what the calendar counts middle age—  
 You wanted, did you, to enjoy a flight?  
 Why not have taken into confidence  
 Me, that was mother to you?—never mind  
 What mock disguise of mistress held you  
 mine!  
 Had you come laughing, crying, with request,  
 'Make me fly, mother!' I had run upstairs  
 And held you tight the while I danced you  
 high  
 In air from tower-top, singing 'Off we go  
 (On pilgrimage to Lourdes some day next  
 month)  
 And swift we soar (to Rome with Peter-pence)  
 And low we light (at Paris where we pick  
 Another jewel from our store of stones  
 And send it for a present to the Pope)!'   
 So, dropt indeed you were, but on my  
 knees,  
 Rolling and crowing, not a whit the worse  
 For journey to your Ravissante 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 sur-  
 prise!  
 What weariness to me will work become  
 Now that I need not seem surprised again!  
 This boudoir, for example, with the doves  
 (My stupid maid has damaged, dusting one)  
 Embossed in stucco o'er the looking-glass  
 Beside the toilet-table! dear—dear me!"

Here she looked up from her absorbing grief,  
 And round her, crow-like grouped, the  
 Cousinry,  
 (She grew aware) sat witnesses at watch.  
 For, two days had elapsed since fate befell  
 The courser in the meadow, stretched so  
 stark.  
 They did not cluster on the tree-tops, close  
 Their sooty ranks, caw and confabulate  
 For nothing; but, like calm determined crows,  
 They came to take possession of their corpse.  
 And who shall blame them? Had not they  
 the right?

One spoke. "They would be gentle, not  
 austere.  
 They understood and were compassionate.  
 Madame Muhlhause lay too abject now  
 For aught but the sincerest pity; still,  
 Since plain speech salves the wound it seems  
 to make,  
 They must speak plainly—circumstances  
 spoke!  
 Sin had conceived and brought forth death  
 indeed.  
 As the commencement so the close of things:  
 Just what might be expected all along!  
 Monsieur Léonce Miranda launched his youth  
 Into a cesspool of debauchery,  
 And if he thence emerged all dripping slime,  
 Where was the change except from thin to  
 thick,  
 One warm rich mud-bath, Madame?—you,  
 in place  
 Of Paris-drainage and distilment, you  
 He never needed budge from, boiled to rags!  
 True, some good instinct left the natural man,  
 Some touch of that deep dye wherewith  
 imbued  
 By education, in his happier day,  
 The hopeful offspring of high parentage  
 Was fleece-marked moral and religious  
 sheep,—  
 Some ruddle, faint remainder, (we admit)  
 Stuck to Miranda, rubbed he ne'er so rude  
 Against the goatly coarseness: to the last,  
 Moral he styled himself, religious too!  
 Which means—what ineradicable good



You found, you never left till good's self proved

Perversion and distortion, nursed to growth  
So monstrous, that the tree-stock, dead and dry,

Were seemlier far than such a heap grotesque  
Of fungous flourishing excrescence. Here  
Sap-like affection, meant for family,  
Stole off to feed one sucker fat—yourself;  
While branchage, trained religiously aloft  
To rear its head in reverence to the sun,  
Was pulled down earthward, pegged and picketed,

By topiary contrivance, till the tree  
Became an arbour where, at vulgar ease,  
Sat superstition grinning through the loops.  
Still, nature is too strong or else too weak  
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 years ago, when both hands burnt to  
ash,

—A branch broke loose, by loss of what  
choice twigs!

As for his mind—behold our register  
Of all its moods, from the incipient mad,  
Nay, mere erratic, to the stark insane,  
Absolute idiocy or what is worse!

All have we catalogued—extravagance  
In worldly matters, luxury absurd,  
And zeal as crazed in its expenditure  
Of nonsense called devotion. Don't we know  
—We Cousins, bound in duty to our kin,—  
What nummeries were practised by you  
two

At Clairvaux? Not a servant got discharge  
But came and told his grievance, testified  
To acts which turn religion to a farce.  
And as the private mock, so patent—see—  
The public scandal! Ask the neighbour-  
hood—

Or rather, since we asked them long ago,  
Read what they answer, depositions down,

Signed, sealed and sworn to! Brief, the  
man was mad.

We are his heirs and claim our 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,  
Had you obeyed our call two years ago,  
Restrained a certain insolence of eye,  
A volubility of tongue, that time,  
Your prospects had been none the worse,  
perhaps.

Still, fear not but a decent competence  
Shall smooth the way for your declining age!  
What we propose, then . . .”

Clara dried her eyes,  
Sat up, surveyed the consistory, spoke  
After due pause, with something of a smile.

“Gentlemen, kinsfolk of my friend defunct,  
In thus addressing me—of all the world!—  
You much misapprehend what part I play.  
I claim no property you speak about.  
You might as well address the park-keeper,  
Harangue him on some plan advisable  
For covering the park with cottage-plots.  
He is the servant, no proprietor,  
His business is to see the sward kept trim,  
Untrespassed over by the indiscreet:  
Beyond that, he refers you to myself—  
Another servant of another kind—  
Who again—quite as limited in act—  
Refer you, with your projects,—can I else?  
To who in mastery is ultimate,  
The Church. The Church is sole adminis-  
trant,

Since sole possessor of what worldly wealth  
Monsieur Léonce Miranda late possessed.  
Often enough has he attempted, nay,  
Forced me, well-nigh, to occupy the post  
You seemingly suppose I fill,—receive  
As gift the wealth entrusted me as grace.  
This—for quite other reasons than appear  
So cogent to your perspicacity—  
This I refused; and, firm as you could wish,  
Still was my answer ‘We two understand

Each one the other. I am intimate  
—As how can be mere fools and knaves—  
or, say,

Even your Cousins?—with your love to me,  
Devotion to the Church. Would Providence  
Appoint, and make me certain of the same,  
That I survive you (which is little like,  
Seeing you hardly overpass my age  
And more than match me in abundant health)  
In such case, certainly I would accept  
Your bounty: better I than alien hearts  
Should execute your planned benevolence  
To man, your proposed largess to the Church.  
But though I be survivor,—weakly frame,  
With only woman's wit to make amends,—  
When I shall die, or while I am alive,  
Cannot you figure me an easy mark  
For hypocritical rapacity,  
Kith, kin and generation, couching low,  
Ever on the alert to pounce on prey?  
Far be it I should say they profited  
By that first frenzy-fit themselves induced,—  
Cold-blooded scenical buffoons at sport  
With horror and damnation o'er a grave:  
That were too shocking—I absolve them  
there!

Nor did they seize the moment of your swoon  
To rifle pocket, wring a paper thence,  
Their Cousinly dictation, and enrich  
Thereby each mother's son as heart could  
wish,

Had nobody supplied a codicil.

But when the pain, poor friend! had pro-  
strated

Your body, though your soul was right once  
more,

I fear they turned your weakness to account!  
Why else to me, who agonizing watched,  
Sneak, cap in hand, now bribe me to forsake  
My maimed Léonce, now bully, cap on head,  
The impudent pretension to assuage  
Such sorrows as demanded Cousins' care?—  
*For you rejected, hated, fled me, far  
In foreign lands you laughed at me!*—they  
judged.

And, think you, will the unkind ones hesitate  
To try conclusions with my helplessness,—  
To pounce on and misuse your derelict,

Helped by advantage that bereavement lends  
Folk, who, while yet you lived, played tricks  
like these?

You only have to die, and they detect,  
In all you said and did, insanity!  
Your faith was fetish-worship, your regard  
For Christ's prime precept which endows the  
poor

And strips the rich, a craze from first to last!  
They so would limn your likeness, paint your  
life,

That if it ended by some accident,—  
For instance, if, attempting to arrange  
The plants below that dangerous Belvedere  
I cannot warn you from sufficiently,  
You lost your balance and fell headlong—  
fine

Occasion, such, for crying *Suicide!*  
*Non compos mentis*, naturally next,  
Hands over Clairvaux to a Cousin-tribe  
Who nor like me nor love The Ravissante:  
Therefore be ruled by both! Life-interest  
In Clairvaux,—conservation, guardianship  
Of earthly good for heavenly purpose,—give  
Such and no other proof of confidence!  
Let Clara represent the Ravissante!

—To whom accordingly, he then and there  
Bequeathed each stick and stone, by testa-  
ment

In holograph, mouth managing the quill:  
Go, see the same in Londres, if you doubt!"

Then smile grew laugh, as sudden up she  
stood

And out she spoke: intemperate the speech!  
"And now, sirs, for your special courtesy,  
Your candle held up to the character  
Of Lucie Steiner, whom you qualify  
As coming short of perfect womanhood.  
Yes, kindly critics, truth for once you tell!  
True is it that through childhood, poverty,  
Sloth, pressure of temptation, I succumbed,  
And, ere I found what honour meant, lost  
mine.

So was the sheep lost, which the Shepherd  
found

And never lost again. My friend found me;  
Or better say, the Shepherd found us both—

Since he, my friend, was much in the same  
 mire  
 When first we made acquaintance. Each  
 helped each,—  
 A two-fold extrication from the slough ;  
 And, saving me, he saved himself. Since  
 then,  
 Unsmirched we kept our cleanliness of coat.  
 It is his perfect constancy, you call  
 My friend's main fault—he never left his love !  
 While as for me, I dare your worst, impute  
 One breach of loving bond, these twenty  
 years,  
 To me whom only cobwebs bound, you count !  
 'He was religiously disposed in youth !'  
 That may be, though we did not meet at  
 church.  
 Under my teaching did he, like you scamps,  
 Become Voltairian—fools who mock his faith ?  
 'Infirm of body !' I am silent there :  
 Even yourselves acknowledge service done,  
 Whatever motive your own souls supply  
 As inspiration. Love made labour light."

Then laugh grew frown, and frown grew  
 terrible.  
 Do recollect what sort of person shrieked—  
 "Such was I, saint or sinner, what you  
 please :  
 And who is it casts stone at me but you ?  
 By your own showing, sirs, you bought and  
 sold,  
 Took what advantage bargain promised bag,  
 Abundantly did business, and with whom ?  
 The man whom you pronounce imbecile, push  
 indignantly aside if he presume  
 To settle his affairs like other folk !  
 How is it you have stepped into his shoes  
 And stand there, bold as brass, 'Miranda,  
 late,  
 Now, Firm-Miranda' ? Sane, he signed  
 away  
 That little birthright, did he ? Hence to  
 trade !  
 I know and he knew who 'twas dipped and  
 ducked,  
 Truckled and played the parasite in vain,  
 As now one, now the other, here you cringed,

Were feasted, took our presents, you—those  
 drops  
 Just for your wife's adornment ! you—that  
 spray  
 Exactly suiting, as most diamonds would,  
 Your daughter on her marriage ! No word  
 then  
 Of somebody the wanton ! Hence, I say,  
 Subscribers to the *Siècle*, every snob—  
 For here the post brings me the *Univers* !  
 Home and make money in the Place  
 Vendôme,  
 Sully yourselves no longer by my sight,  
 And, when next Schneider wants a new  
*parure*,  
 Be careful lest you stick there by mischance  
 That stone beyond compare entrusted you  
 To kindle faith with, when, Miranda's gift,  
 Crowning the very crown, the Ravissante  
 Shall claim it ! As to Clairvaux—talk to  
 Her !  
 She answers by the Chapter of Raimbaux !"  
 Vituperative, truly ! All this wrath  
 Because the man's relations thought him mad !  
 Whereat, I hope you see the Cousinry  
 Turn each to other, blankly dolorous,  
 Consult a moment, more by shrug and shrug  
 Than mere man's language,—finally conclude  
 To leave the reprobate untroubled now  
 In her unholy triumph, till the Law  
 Shall right the injured ones ; for gentlemen  
 Allow the female sex, this sort at least,  
 Its privilege. So, simply "Cockatrice !"—  
 "Jezebel !"—"Queen of the Camellias !"—  
 cried  
 Cousin to cousin, as yon hinge a-creak  
 Shut out the party, and the gate returned  
 To custody of Clairvaux. "Pretty place !  
 What say you, when it proves our property,  
 To trying a concurrence with La Roche,  
 And laying down a rival oyster-bed ?  
 Where the park ends, the sea begins, you  
 know."  
 So took they comfort till they came to Vire.

But I would linger, fain to snatch a look  
 At Clara as she stands in pride of place,  
 Somewhat more satisfying than my glance

So furtive, so near futile, yesterday,  
Because one must be courteous. Of the  
masks

That figure in this little history,  
She only has a claim to my respect,  
And one-eyed, in her French phrase, rules  
the blind.

Miranda hardly did his best with life :  
He might have opened eye, exerted brain,  
Attained conception as to right and law  
In certain points respecting intercourse  
Of man with woman—love, one likes to say ;  
Which knowledge had dealt rudely with the  
claim

Of Clara to play representative  
And from perdition rescue soul, forsooth !  
Also, the sense of him should have sufficed  
For building up some better theory  
Of how God operates in heaven and earth,  
Than would establish Him participant  
In doings yonder at the Ravissante.  
The heart was wise according to its lights  
And limits ; but the head refused more sun,  
And shrank into its mew and craved less  
space.

Clara, I hold the happier specimen,—  
It may be, through that artist-preference  
For work complete, inferiorly proposed,  
To incompletion, though it aim aright.  
Morally, no ! Aspire, break bounds ! I say,  
Endeavour to be good, and better still,  
And best ! Success is nought, endeavour's  
all.

But intellect adjusts the means to ends,  
Tries the low thing, and leaves it done, at  
least ;

No prejudice to high thing, intellect  
Would do and will do, only give the means.  
Miranda, in my picture-gallery,  
Presents a Blake ; be Clara—Meissonier !  
Merely considered so by artist, mind !

For, break through Art and rise to poetry,  
Being Art to tremble nearer, touch enough  
The verge of vastness to inform our soul  
What orb makes transit through the dark  
above,

And there's the triumph !—there the incom-  
plete,

More than completion, matches the im-  
mense,—

Then, Michelagnolo against the world !  
With this proviso, let me study her  
Approvingly, the finished little piece !  
Born, bred, with just one instinct,—that of  
growth,—

Her quality was, caterpillar-like,  
To all-unerringly select a leaf  
And without intermission feed her fill,  
Become the Painted-peacock, or belike  
The Brimstone-wing, when time of year  
should suit ;

And 'tis a sign (say entomologists)  
Of sickness, when the creature stops its meal  
One minute, either to look up at heaven,  
Or turn aside for change of aliment.

No doubt there was a certain ugliness .  
In the beginning, as the grub grew worm :  
She could not find the proper plant at once,  
But crawled and fumbled through a whole  
parterre.

Husband Muhlhausen served for stuff not  
long :

Then came confusion of the slimy track  
From London, "where she gave the tone  
awhile,"

To Paris : let the stalks start up again,  
Now she is off them, all the greener they !  
But, settled on Miranda, how she sucked,  
Assimilated juices, took the tint,  
Mimicked the form and texture of her food !  
Was he for pastime ? Who so frolic-fond  
As Clara ? Had he a devotion-fit ?

Clara grew serious with like qualm, be sure !  
In health and strength he,—healthy too and  
strong,

She danced, rode, drove, took pistol-practice,  
fished,

Nay, "managed sea-skiff with consummate  
skill."

In pain and weakness, he,—she patient  
watched

And wiled the slow drip-dropping hours away.  
She bound again the broken self-respect,  
She picked out the true meaning from mistake,  
Praised effort in each stumble, laughed "Well-  
climbed !"

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  
hand?

Paint!—the last Exposition warrants me,  
Plenty of people must ply brush with toes.  
And as for music—look, what folk nickname  
A lyre, those ancients played to ravishment,—  
Over the *pendule*, see, Apollo grasps  
A three-stringed gimcrack which no Liszt  
could coax

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 he smiled "Let us love, love's wrong comes  
right,

Shows reason last of all! Necessity  
Must meanwhile serve for plea—so, mind  
not much

Old Fricquot'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 nowise doubt she inwardly believed  
Smiling and sighing had the same effect  
Upon the venerated 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,  
Upon unlimited Miranda-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  
stalk

Bestowing any hoarded succulence  
On earwig and blackbeetle squat beneath  
Clairvaux, that stalk whereto her hermitage  
She tacked by golden throw of silk, so fine,  
So anything but feeble, that her sleep  
Inside it, through last winter, two years long,  
Recked little of the storm and strife without.  
"But—loved him?" Friend, I do not praise  
her love!

True love works never for the loved one so,  
Nor spares skin-surface, smoothening 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 pettier love  
The nice eye can distinguish grade and grade.  
Shall mine degrade the velvet green and puce  
Of caterpillar, palmer-worm—or what—

Ball in and out of ball, each ball with brush  
Of Venus' eye-fringe round the turquoise egg  
That nestles soft,—compare such paragon  
With any scarabæus of the brood  
Which, born to fly, keeps wing in wing-case,  
walks

Persistently a-trundling dung on earth?

Egypt may venerate such hierophants,  
Not I—the couple yonder, Father Priest  
And Mother Nun, who came and went and  
came,

Beset this Clairvaux, trundled money-muck  
To midden and the main heap oft enough,  
But never bade unshut from sheath the gauze,  
Nor showed that, who would fly, must let fall  
filth,

And warn "Your jewel, brother, is a blotch:  
Sister, your lace trails ordure! Leave your  
sins,

And so best gift with Crown and grace with  
Robe!"

The superstition is extinct, you hope?  
It were, with my good will! Suppose it so,  
Bethink you likewise of the latest use

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 despoiled, none overlooked ;  
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 generousities  
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 Châtelaine 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 assent  
 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.*

# THE INN ALBUM.

1875

[For the alleged foundation of this story, see *Notes and Queries*, March 25, 1876.]

## THE INN ALBUM.

I.

'THAT oblong book's the Album; hand it here!

Exactly! page on page of gratitude  
For breakfast, dinner, supper, and the view!  
I praise these poets: they leave margin-space;

Each stanza seems to gather skirts around,  
And primly, trimly, keep the foot's confine,  
Modest and maidlike; lubber prose o'er-sprawls

And straddling stops the path from left to right.

Since I want space to do my cipher-work,  
Which poem spares a corner? What comes first?

'*Hail, calm acclivity, salubrious spot!*'

(Open the window, we burn daylight, boy!)  
Or see—succincter beauty, brief and bold—

'*If a fellow can dine On rumpsteaks and port wine,*

*He needs not despair Of dining well here—'*

'*Here!*' I myself could find a better rhyme!  
That bard's a Browning; he neglects the form:

But ah, the sense, ye gods, the weighty sense!  
Still, I prefer this classic. Ay, throw wide!  
I'll quench the bits of candle yet unburnt.

A minute's fresh air, then to cipher-work!  
Three little columns hold the whole account:  
*Ecarts*, after which Blind Hookey, then  
Cutting-the-Pack, five hundred pounds the cut.

'Tis easy reckoning: I have lost, I think."

Two personages occupy this room  
Shabby-genteel, that's parlour to the inn

Perched on a view-commanding eminence;  
—Inn which may be a veritable house  
Where somebody once lived and pleased  
good taste

Till tourists found his coign of vantage out,  
And fingered blunt the individual mark  
And vulgarized things comfortably smooth.  
On a sprig-pattern-papered wall there brays  
Complaint to sky Sir Edwin's dripping stag;  
His couchant coast-guard creature corre-sponds;

They face the Huguenot and Light o' the World.

Grim o'er the mirror on the mantelpiece,  
Varnished and confined, *Salmo ferox* glares  
—Possibly at the List of Wines which, framed  
And glazed, hangs somewhat prominent on  
peg.

So much describes the stuffy little room—  
Vulgar flat smooth respectability:  
Not so the burst of landscape surging in,  
Sunrise and all, as he who of the pair  
Is, plain enough, the younger personage  
Draws sharp the shrieking curtain, sends aloft  
The sash, spreads wide and fastens back to  
wall

Shutter and shutter, shows you England's  
best.

He leans into a living glory-bath  
Of air and light where seems to float and  
move

The wooded watered country, hill and dale  
And steel-bright thread of stream, a-smoke  
with mist,

A-sparkle with May morning, diamond drift  
O' the sun-touched dew. Except the red-  
roofed patch

Of half a dozen dwellings that, crept close



For hill-side shelter, make the village-clump,  
This inn is perched above to dominate—  
Except such sign of human neighbourhood,  
(And this surmised rather than sensible)  
There's nothing to disturb absolute peace,  
The reign of English nature—which means  
art

And civilized existence. Wildness' self  
Is just the cultured triumph. Presently  
Deep solitude, be sure, reveals a Place  
That knows the right way to defend itself:  
Silence hems round a burning spot of life.

Now, where a Place burns, must a village  
brood,

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:<sup>1</sup> heralds leave out  
half!)

Is dear to lovers of the picturesque,  
And epics have 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,—ay,  
For tender sentiment,—themselves incline  
Rather to handsweep large and liberal;  
Then go, but not without success achieved  
—Haply 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,  
'*Foxgloves: a study*'—so inspires the scene,  
The air, which now the younger personage  
Inflates him with till lungs o'erfraught are  
fain

Sigh 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 eyes them, elbows wide, each hand to  
check.

<sup>1</sup> Famous author on heraldry.

His fellow, the much older—either say  
A youngish-old man or man oldish-young—  
Sits at the table: wicks are noisome-deep  
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 pauses o'er 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  
The first 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,—‘*pound  
or so*;

*Dinner, Apollinaris,—what they please,  
Attendance not included;*’ last looms large  
‘*Defacement of our Album, late enriched  
With*’—let's see what! Here, at the window,  
though!

Ay, breathe the morning and forgive your  
luck!

Fine enough country for a fool like me  
To own, as next month I suppose I shall!

Uh? True fool's-fortune! so console yourself.  
Let's see, however—hand the book, I say!  
Well, you've improved the classic byromance.  
Queer reading! Verse with parenthetical  
prose—

'Hail, calm acclivity, salubrious spot!'  
(Three-two fives) 'life how profitably spent'  
(Five-nought, five-nine fives) 'yonder humble  
cot,'

(More and more noughts and fives) 'in mild  
content;

And did my feelings find the natural vent  
In friendship and in love, how blest my lot!

Then follow the dread figures—five! 'Con-  
tent!'

That's apposite! Are you content as he—  
Simpkin the sonneteer? *Ten thousand pounds*  
Give point to his effusion—by so much  
Leave me the richer and the poorer you  
After our night's play; who's content the most,  
I, you, or Simpkin?"

So the polished snob.

The elder man, refinement every inch  
From brow to boot-end, quietly replies:

"Simpkin's no name I know. I had my  
whim."

"Ay, had you! And such things make  
friendship thick.

Intimates I may boast we were; henceforth,  
Friends—shall it not be?—who discard re-  
serve,

Use plain words, put each dot upon each i,  
Till death us twain do part? The bargain's  
struck!

Old fellow, if you fancy—(to begin—)

I failed to penetrate your scheme last week,  
You wrong your poor disciple. Oh, no airs!  
Because you happen to be twice my age

And twenty times my master, must perforce  
No blink of daylight struggle through the web

There's no unwinding? You entoil my legs,  
And welcome, for I like it: blind me,—no!

A very pretty piece of shuttle-work  
Was that—your mere chance question at the  
club—

'Do you go anywhere this Whitsuntide?

*I'm off for Paris, there's the Opera—there's  
The Salon, there's a china-sale,—beside  
Chantilly; and, for good companionship,  
There's Such-and-such and So-and-so. Sup-  
pose*

*We start together?' 'No such holiday!'  
I told you: 'Paris and the rest be hanged!  
Why plague me who am pledged to home-  
delights?*

*I'm the engaged now; through whose fault  
but yours?*

*On duty. As you well know. Don't I drowse  
The week away down with the Aunt and Niece?*

*No help: it's leisure, loneliness and love.  
Wish I could take you; but fame travels  
fast,—*

*A man of much newspaper-paragraph,  
You scare domestic circles; and beside*

*Would not you like your lot, that second taste  
Of nature and approval of the grounds!*

*You might walk early or lie late, so shirk  
Week-day devotions: but stay Sunday o'er,  
And morning church is obligatory:*

*No mundane garb permissible, or dread  
The butler's privileged monition! No!*

*Pack off to Paris, nor wipe tear away!*

*Whereon how artlessly the happy flash  
Followed, by inspiration! 'Tell you what—*

*Let's turn their flank, try things on t'other  
side!*

*Inns for my money! Liberty's the life!  
We'll lie in hiding: there's the crow-nest nook,*

*The tourist's joy, the Inn they rave about,  
Inn that's out—out of sight and out of mind*

*And out of mischief to all four of us—  
Aunt and niece, you and me. At night arrive;*

*At morn, find time for just a Pisgah-view  
Of my friend's Land of Promise; then depart.*

*And while I'm whizzing onward by first  
train,*

*Bound for our own place (since my Brothe-  
r sulks*

*And says I shun him like the plague) yourself—  
Why, you have stepped thence, start from  
platform, gay*

*Despite the sleepless journey,—love lends  
wings,—*

*Hug aunt and niece who, none the wiser, wait*

*The faithful advent! Eh?' 'With all my heart,'*

Said I to you; said I to mine own self:

*'Does he believe I fail to comprehend*

*He wants just one more final friendly snack  
At friend's exchequer ere friend runs to earth,  
Marries, renounces yielding friends such sport?'*

And did I spoil sport, pull face grim,—nay, grave?

Your pupil does you better credit! No!

I parleyed with my pass-book,—rubbed my pair

At the big balance in my banker's hands,—  
Folded a cheque cigar-case-shape,—just wants  
Filling and signing,—and took train, resolved  
To execute myself with decency

And let you win—if not Ten thousand quite,  
Something by way of wind-up-farewell burst  
Of firework-nosegay! Where's your fortune fled?

Or is not fortune constant after all?

You lose ten thousand pounds: had I lost half  
Or half that, I should bite my lips, I think.  
You man of marble! Strut and stretch my best  
On tiptoe, I shall never reach your height.  
How does the loss feel! Just one lesson  
more!"

The more refined man smiles a frown away.

"The lesson shall be—only boys like you

Put such a question at the present stage.

I had a ball lodge in my shoulder once,

And, full 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 corn, this preface leads to speech,

This boy stands forth a hero. *'There, my lord!*

*Our play was true play, fun not earnest! I*

*Empty your purse, inside out, while my poke*

*Bulges to bursting? You can badly spare*

*A doit, confess now, Duke though brother be!*

*While I'm gold-daubed so thickly, spangles drop*

*And show my father's warehouse-apron: pshaw!*

*Enough! We've had a palpitating night!*

*Good morning! Breakfast and forget our dreams!*

*My mouth's shut, mind! I tell nor man nor mouse.'*

There, see! He don't deny it! Thanks, my boy!

Here and welcome—only, not on me

Make trial of your 'prentice-hand! Enough!

We've played, I've lost and owe ten thousand pounds,

Whereof I muster, at the moment,—well,

What's for the bill here and the back to town.

Still, I've my little character to keep:

You may expect your money at month's end."

The young man at the window turns round quick—

A clumsy giant handsome creature; grasps

In his large red the little lean white hand

Of the other, looks him in the sallow face.

"I say now—is it right to so mistake

A fellow, force him in mere self-defence

To spout like Mister *Mild Activity*

In album-language? You know well enough

Whether I like you—*like's* no album-word

Anyhow: point me to one soul beside

In the wide world I care one straw about!

I first set eyes on you a year ago;

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,

Seeing myself and nobody more sage

Until I met you, and you made me man

Such as the sort is and the fates allow.

I do think, since we two kept company,

I've learnt to know a little—all through you!

It's nature if I like you. Taunt away!

As if I need you teaching me my place—

The snob I am, the Duke your brother is,

When just the good you did was—teaching me

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-perch,  
Burnish his black to gold in sun and air,  
Nor pick up stray plumes, strive to match in  
strut

Regular peacocks 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—ay,  
boy

Had his adventure, 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  
High on a rock, and so expend my days  
Pursuing chemistry or botany

Or, very like, astronomy because  
I noticed stars shone when I passed the place:  
Letting my cash accumulate the while  
In England—to lay out in lump at last  
As Ruskin should direct me! All or some  
Of which should I have done or tried to do,  
And preciously repented, one fine day,  
Had you discovered Timon, climbed his rock  
And scaled his tower, some ten years thence,  
suppose,

And coaxed his story from him! Don't I see  
The pair conversing! It's a novel writ  
Already, I'll be bound,—our dialogue!

'*What?*' cried the elder and yet youthful  
man—

*So did the eye flash 'neath the lordly front,  
And the imposing presence swell with scorn,  
As the haught high-bred bearing and dispose  
Contrasted with his interlocutor*

*The flabby low-born who, of bulk before,  
Had steadily increased, one stone per week,  
Since his abstinence from horse-exercise:—  
'What? you, as rich as Rothschild, left, you  
say,*

*London the very year you came of age,  
Because your father manufactured goods—*

*Commission-agent hight of Manchester—  
Partly, and partly through a baby case  
Of disappointment I've pumped out at last—  
And here you spend life's prime in gaining  
flesh*

*And giving science one more asteroid?'*

Brief, my dear fellow, you instructed me,  
At Alfred's and not Istria! proved a snob  
May turn a million to account although  
His brother be no Duke, and see good days  
Without the girl he lost and someone gained.  
The end is, after one year's tutelage,  
Having, by your help, touched society,  
Polo, Tent-pegging, Hurlingham, the Rink—  
I leave all these delights, by your advice,  
And marry my young pretty cousin here  
Whose place, whose oaks ancestral you behold.  
(Her father was in partnership with mine—  
Does not his purchase look a pedigree?)  
My million will be tails and tassels smart  
To this plump-bodied kite, this house and  
land

Which, set a-soaring, pulls me, soft as sleep,  
Along life's pleasant meadow,—arm left free  
To lock a friend's in,—whose but yours, old  
boy?

Arm in arm glide we over rough and smooth,  
While hand, to pocket held, saves cash from  
cards.

Now, if you don't esteem ten thousand pounds  
(—Which I shall probably discover snug  
Hid somewhere in the column-corner capped  
With '*Credit*,' based on '*Balance*,'—which,  
I swear,

By this time next month I shall quite forget  
Whether I lost or won—ten thousand pounds,  
Which at this instant I would give . . . let's  
see,

For Galopin<sup>1</sup>—nay, for that Gainsborough  
Sir Richard won't sell, and, if bought by me,  
Would get my glance and praise some twice  
a year,—)

Well, if you don't esteem that price dirt-cheap  
For teaching me Dalmatia was mistake—  
Why then, my last illusion-bubble breaks,  
My one discovered phoenix proves a goose,  
My cleverest of all companions—oh,

<sup>1</sup> A racehorse.

Was worth nor ten pence nor ten thousand pounds!

Come! Be yourself again! So endeth here  
The morning's lesson! Never while life lasts  
Do I touch card again. To breakfast now!  
To bed—I can't say, since you needs must  
start

For station early—oh, the down-train still,  
First plan and best plan—townward trip be  
hanged!

You're due at your big brother's—pay that  
debt,

Then owe me not a farthing! Order eggs—  
And who knows but there's trout obtainable?"

The fine man looks well-nigh malignant:  
then—

"Sir, please subdue your manner! Debts  
are debts:

I pay mine—debts of this sort—certainly.  
What do I care how you regard your gains,  
Want them or want them not? The thing I  
want

Is—not to have a story circulate  
From club to club—how, bent on clearing out  
Young So-and-so, young So-and-so cleaned  
me,

Then set the empty kennel flush again,  
Ignored advantage and forgave his friend—  
For why? There was no wringing blood  
from stone!

Oh, don't be savage! You would hold your  
tongue,

Bite it in two, as man may; but those small  
Hours in the smoking-room, when instance  
apt

Rises to tongue's root, tingles on to tip,  
And the thinned company consists of six  
Capital well-known fellows one may trust!  
Next week, it's in the 'World.' No, thank  
you much.

I owe ten thousand pounds: I'll pay them!"

"Now,—

This becomes funny. You've made friends  
with me:

I can't help knowing of the ways and means!

Or stay! they say your brother closets up  
Correggio's long-lost Leda: if he means  
To give you that, and if you give it me . . ."

"I polished snob off to aristocrat?  
You compliment me! father's apron still  
Sticks out from son's court-vesture; still silk  
purse

Roughs finger with some bristle sow-ear-  
born!

Well, neither I nor you mean harm at heart!  
I owe you and shall pay you: which premised,  
Why should what follows sound like flattery?"

The fact is—you do compliment too much  
Your humble master, as I own I am;

You owe me no such thanks as you protest.  
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  
Goes love to show skill for skill's sake. You  
see,

I'm old and understand things: too absurd  
It were you pitched and tossed away your life,  
As diamond were Scotch-pebble! all the  
more,

That I myself misused 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  
Or left opaque,—no brilliant named and  
known.

Whate'er my inner stuff, my outside's blank;  
I'm nobody—or rather, look that same—

I'm—who I am—and know it; but I hold  
*What* in my hand out for the world to see?

What ministry, what mission, or what book  
—I'll say, book even? Not a sign of these!

I began—laughing—'All these when I like!  
I end with—well, you've hit it!—'This boy'.

*cheque*  
*For just as many thousands as he'll spare!*

The first—I could, and would not; your  
spare cash

I would, and could not: have no scruple,  
pray,

But, as I hoped to pocket yours, pouch mine  
—When you are able !”

“Which is—when to be ?

I’ve heard, great characters require a fall  
Of fortune to show greatness by uprise :  
*They touch the ground to jollily 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  
cash,

While I do nothing but receive and spend.

But you, spontaneous generator, hatch  
A wind-egg ; cluck, and forth struts Capital  
As Interest to me from egg of gold.

I am grown curious : pay me by all means !  
How will you make the money ?”

“Mind your own—

Not my affair. Enough : or money, or  
Money’s worth, as the case may be, expect  
Ere month’s end,—keep but patient for a  
month !

Who’s for a stroll to station ? Ten’s the time ;  
Your man, with my things, follow in the trap ;  
At stoppage of the down-train, play the arrived  
On platform, and you’ll show the due fatigue  
Of the night-journey,—not much sleep,—  
perhaps,

Your thoughts were on before you—yes, in-  
deed,

You join them, being happily awake  
With thought’s sole object as she smiling sits  
At breakfast-table. I shall dodge meantime  
In and out station-precinct, wile away  
The hour till up my engine pants and smokes.  
No doubt, she goes to fetch you. Never fear !  
She gets no glance at me, who shame such  
saints !”

## II.

So, they ring bell, give orders, pay, depart  
Amid profuse acknowledgment from host  
Who well knows what may bring the younger  
back.

They light cigar, descend in twenty steps  
The “*calm acclivity*,” inhale—beyond

Tobacco’s balm—the better smoke of turf  
And wood fire,—cottages at cookery

’T the morning,—reach the main road straiten-  
ing on

’Twixt wood and wood, two black walls full  
of night

Slow to disperse, though mists thin fast before  
The advancing foot, and leave the flint-dust  
fine

Each speck with its fire-sparkle. Presently  
The road’s end with the sky’s beginning mix  
In one magnificence of glare, due East,  
So high the sun rides,—May’s the merry  
month.

They slacken pace : the younger stops abrupt,  
Discards cigar, looks his friend full in face.

“All right ; the station comes in view at end ;  
Five minutes from the beech-clump, there you  
are !

I say : let’s halt, let’s borrow yonder gate  
Of its two magpies, sit and have a talk !

Do let a fellow speak a moment ! More

I think about and less I like the thing—

No, you must let me ! Now, be good for  
once !

Ten thousand pounds be done for, dead and  
damned !

We played for love, not hate : yes, hate ! I  
hate

Thinking you beg or borrow or reduce

To strychnine some poor devil of a lord

Licked at Unlimited Loo. I had the cash

To lose—you knew that !—lose and none the  
less

Whistle to-morrow : it’s not every chap

Affords to take his punishment so well !

Now, don’t be angry with a friend whose  
fault

Is that he thinks—upon my soul, I do—

Your head the best head going. Oh, one  
sees

Names in the newspaper—great this, great  
that,

Gladstone, Carlyle, the Laureate :—much I  
care !

Others have their opinion, I keep mine :

Which means—by right you ought to have  
the things

I want a head for. Here's a pretty place,  
My cousin's place, and presently my place,  
Not yours! I'll tell you how it strikes a  
man.

My cousin's fond of music and of course  
Plays the piano (it won't be for long!)  
A brand-new bore she calls a '*semi-grand*,'  
Rosewood and pearl, that blocks the drawing-  
room,

And cost no end of money. Twice a week  
Down comes Herr Somebody and seats him-  
self,

Sets to work teaching—with his teeth on  
edge—

I've watched the rascal. '*Does he play first-  
rate?*'

I ask: '*I rather think so,*' answers she—  
'*He's What's-his-Name!*'—'*Why give you  
lessons then?*'—

'*I pay three guineas and the train beside.*'—  
'*This instrument, has he one such at  
home?*'—

'*He? Has to practise on a table-top,  
When he can't hire the proper thing.*'—'*I see!  
You've the piano, he the skill, and God  
The distribution of such gifts.*' So here:  
After your teaching, I shall sit and strum  
Polkas on this piano of a Place  
You'd make resound with *Rule Britannia!*"

"Thanks!

I don't say but this pretty cousin's place,  
Appendaged with your million, tempts my  
hand  
As key-board I might touch with some effect."

"Then, why not have obtained the like?  
House, land,

Money, are things obtainable, you see,  
By clever head-work: ask my father else!  
You, who teach me, why not have learned,  
yourself?

Played like Herr Somebody with power to  
thump

And flourish and the rest, not bend demure  
Pointing out blunders—'*Sharp, not natural!*'

VOL. II.

*Permit me—on the black key use the thumb!*"

There's some fatality, I'm sure! You say  
'*Marry the cousin, that's your proper move!*'  
And I do use the thumb and hit the sharp:  
You should have listened to your own head's  
hint,

As I to you! The puzzle's past my power,  
How you have managed—with such stuff,  
such means—

Not to be rich nor great nor happy man:  
Of which three good things where's a sign at  
all?

Just look at Dizzy!<sup>1</sup> Come,—what tripped  
your heels?

Instruct a goose that boasts wings and can't  
fly!

I wager I have guessed it!—never found  
The old solution of the riddle fail!

'*Who was the woman?*' I don't ask, but—  
'*Where*

*I the path of life stood she who tripped you?"*

"Goose

You truly are! I own to fifty years.  
Why don't I interpose and cut out—you?  
Compete with five-and-twenty? Age, my  
boy!"

"Old man, no nonsense!—even to a boy  
That's ripe at least for rationality  
Rapped into him, as may be mine was, once!  
I've had my small adventure lesson me  
Over the knuckles!—likely, I forget  
The sort of figure youth cuts now and then,  
Competing with old shoulders but young head  
Despite the fifty grizzling years!"

"Aha?

Then that means—just the bullet in the blade  
Which brought Dalmatia on the brain,—that  
too,

Came of a fatal creature? Can't pretend  
Now for the first time to surmise as much!  
Make a clean breast! Recount! a secret's  
safe

'*Twixt you, me and the gate-post!*"

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Disraeli.

“—Can’t pretend,  
Neither, to never have surmised your wish !  
It’s no use,—case of unextracted ball—  
Winces 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—per-  
haps !  
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  
On much the same main points of interest—  
Both of us measured girth of mossy trunk,  
Stript ivy from its strangled prey, clapped  
hands  
At squirrel, sent a fir-cone after crow,  
And so forth,—never mind what time betwixt.  
So in our lives ; allow I entered mine  
Another way than you : ’tis possible  
I ended just by knocking head against  
That plaguy low-hung branch yourself began  
By getting bump from ; as at last you too  
May stumble o’er that stump which first of all  
Bade me walk circumspectly. Head and feet  
Are vulnerable both, and I, foot-sure,  
Forgot that ducking down saves brow from  
bruise.

I, early old, played young man four years  
since  
And failed confoundedly : so, hate alike  
Failure and who caused failure,—curse her  
cant !”

“Oh, I see ! You, though somewhat past  
the prime,  
Were taken with a rosebud beauty ! Ah—  
But how should chits distinguish ? She ad-  
mired  
Your marvel of a mind, I’ll undertake !  
But as to body . . . nay, I mean . . . that is,  
When years have told on face and figure . . .”

“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 be-  
neath  
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  
About the man of middle age you found  
A formidable peer at twenty-one ?  
So much for your mock-modesty ! and yet  
I back your first against this second sprout  
Of observation, insight, what you please.  
My middle age, Sir, had too much success !  
It’s odd : my case occurred four years ago—  
I finished just while you commenced that  
turn  
I’ the wood of life that takes us to the wealth  
Of honeysuckle, heaped for who can reach.  
Now, I don’t boast : it’s bad style, and beside,  
The feat proves easier than it looks : I plucked  
Full many a flower unnamed in that bouquet  
(Mostly of peonies and poppies, though !)  
Good nature sticks into my button-hole.  
Therefore it was with nose in want of snuff  
Rather than Ess or Psidium,<sup>1</sup> that I chanced  
On what—so far from ‘*rosebud beauty*’ . . .  
Well—  
She’s dead : at least you never heard her  
name ;

<sup>1</sup> Scents.



She was no courtly creature, had nor birth  
Nor breeding—mere fine-lady-breeding; but  
Oh, such a wonder of a woman! Grand  
As a Greek statue! Stick fine clothes on that,  
Style that a Duchess 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 stares

The cockney stranger at a certain bust  
With drooped eyes,—she's the thing I have  
in mind,—

Down at my Brother's. All sufficient prize—  
Such outside! Now,—confound me for a  
prig!—

Who cares? I'll make a clean breast once  
for all!

Beside, 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  
By this time I shall have to answer for—  
So say the good folk: and they don't guess  
half—

For the worst is, let once collecting-itch  
Possess you, and, with perspicacity,  
Keeps growing such a greediness that theft  
Follows at no long distance,—there's the fact!  
I knew that on my Leporello<sup>1</sup>-list  
Might figure this, that, and the other name  
Of feminine desirability,  
But if I happened to desire inscribe,  
Along with these, the only Beautiful—  
Here was the unique specimen to snatch  
Or now or never. 'Beautiful' I said—

<sup>1</sup> Don Giovanni's valet.

'Beautiful' say in cold blood,—boiling then  
To tune of '*Haste, secure what'er the cost  
This rarity, die in the act, be damned,  
So you complete collection, crown your list!*'  
It seemed as though the whole world, once

aroused  
By the first notice of such wonder's birth,  
Would break bounds to contest my prize  
with me

The first discoverer, should she but emerge  
From that safe den of darkness where she  
dozed

Till I stole in, that country-parsonage  
Where, country-parson's daughter, mother-  
less,

Brotherless, sisterless, for eighteen years  
She had been vegetating lily-like.

Her father was my brother's tutor, got  
The living that way: him I chanced to see—  
Her I saw—her the world would grow  
one eye

To see, I felt no sort of doubt at all!  
'Secure her!' cried the devil: '*afterward  
Arrange for the disposal of the prize!*'

The devil's doing! yet I seem to think—  
Now, when all's done,—think with '*a head  
reposed*'

In French phrase—hope I think I meant to do  
All requisite for such a rarity

When I should be at leisure, have due time  
To learn requirement. But in evil day—  
Bless me, at week's end, long as any year,

The father must begin '*Young Somebody,  
Much recommended—for I break a rule—  
Comes here to read, next Long Vacation.*'

'Young!'  
That did it. Had the epithet been '*rich,*'  
'Noble,' '*a genius,*' even '*handsome,*'—but  
—'*Young!*'

"I say—just a word! I want to know—  
You are not married?"

"I?"

"Nor ever were?"

"Never! Why?"

"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!

Nay, all of it's one curse, my life's mistake  
Which, nourished with manure 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 womankind,  
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

Must correspond in folly just as far  
Beyond the common,—and a mind to match,—

Not made to puzzle conjurers like me  
Who, therein, proved the fool who fronts  
you, Sir,

And begs leave to cut short the ugly rest!

'Trust me!' I said: she trusted. 'Marry  
me!'

Or rather, '*We are married: when, the rite?*'

That brought on the collector's next-day qualm  
At counting acquisition's cost. There lay  
My marvel, there my purse more light by  
much

Because of its late lie-expenditure:  
Ill-judged such moment to make fresh demand—

To cage as well as catch my rarity!

So, I began explaining. At first word

Outbroke the horror. '*Then, my truths were  
lies!*'

I tell you, such an outbreak, such new strange  
All-unsuspected 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,*

*Earnest! Forget all else but—heart has loved,  
Does love, shall love you ever! take the hand!*  
Not she! no marriage for superb disdain,  
Contempt incarnate!"

"Yes, it's different,—  
It's only like in being four years since.  
I see now!"

"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 nun, or what?"

"Why, married in a month  
Some parson, some smug 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  
'Countrified' with a vengeance! leads the  
life

Respectable and all that drives you mad:  
Still—where, I don't know, and that's best  
for both."

"Well, that she did not like you, I conceive.  
But why should you hate her, I want to  
know?"

"My good young friend,—because or her or  
else

Malicious Providence I have to hate.

For, what I tell you proved the turning-point

Of my whole life and fortune toward success

Or failure. If I drown, I lay the fault

Much on myself who caught at reed not rope,  
But more on reed which, with a packthread's  
pith,

Had buoyed me till the minute's cramp could  
thaw

And I strike out afresh and so be saved.

It's easy saying—I had sunk before,  
Disqualified myself by idle days

And busy nights, long since, from holding  
hard

On cable, even, had fate cast me such !

You boys don't know how many times men  
fail

Perforce o' the little to succeed i' the large,  
Husband their strength, let slip the petty  
prey,

Collect the whole power for the final pounce.  
My fault 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 what'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

Unopened as it went. Inexorable

She fled, I don't know where, consoled her-  
self

With the smug curate-creature : chop 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 worshipped for his pains, the  
sneak !"

"Well, but your turning-point of life,—  
what's here

To hinder you contesting Finsbury

With Orton,<sup>1</sup> 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

Ice in me melt, grow steam, drive to effect

Any or all the fancies sluggish here

I' the head that needs the hand she would  
not take

And I shall never lift now. Lo, your wood—  
Its turnings 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 frown  
forbids :

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

Recounting 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,

<sup>1</sup> Arthur Orton, the Tichborne claimant.

I prophesy good luck to both of us !  
 For see now !—back to ‘*balmy eminence*’  
 Or ‘*calm acclivity*,’ or what’s the word !  
 Bestow you there an hour, concoct 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—

(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  
 Duke).

If she grows gracious, I return for you ;  
 If thunder’s in the air, why—bear your doom,  
 Dine on rump-steaks and port, and shake  
 the dust

Of aunty from your shoes as off you go  
 By evening-train, nor give the thing a thought  
 How you shall pay me—that’s as sure as fate,  
 Old fellow ! Off with you, face left about !  
 Yonder’s the path I have to pad. You see,  
 I’m in good spirits, God knows why ! Perhaps  
 Because the woman did not marry you  
 —Who look so hard at me,—and have the  
 right,  
 One must be fair and own.”

The two stand still

Under an oak.

“Look here !” resumes the youth.

“I never quite knew how I came to like  
 You—so much—whom I ought not court at  
 all :

Nor how you had a leaning just to me  
 Who am assuredly not worth your pains.  
 For there must needs be plenty such as you  
 Somewhere about,—although I can’t say  
 where,—

Able and willing to teach all you know ;  
 While—how can you have missed a score  
 like me

With money and no wit, precisely each

A pupil for your purpose, were it—ease  
 Fool’s poke of tutor’s *honorarium-fee* ?  
 And yet, howe’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—  
 Winged and ambitious to fly high : why not ?  
 There’s something in ‘Don Quixote’ to the  
 point,

My shrewd old father used to quote and  
 praise—

‘*Am I born man?*’ asks Sancho : ‘*being man,*  
*By possibility I may be Pope !*’

So, Pope I meant to make myself, by step  
 And step, whereof the first should be to find  
 A perfect woman ; and I tell you this—  
 If what I fixed on, in the order due  
 Of undertakings, as next step, had first  
 Of all disposed itself to suit my tread,  
 And I had been, the day I came of age,  
 Returned at head of poll for Westminster  
 —Nay, and moreover summoned by the  
 Queen

At week’s end, when my maiden-speech bore  
 fruit,

To form and head a Tory ministry—  
 It would not have seemed stranger, no, nor  
 been

More strange to me, as now I estimate,  
 Than what did happen—sober truth, nodream.  
 I saw my wonder of a woman,—laugh,  
 I’m past that !—in Commemoration-week.  
 A plenty have I seen since, fair and foul,—  
 With eyes, too, helped by your sagacious wink ;  
 But one to match that marvel—no least trace,  
 Least touch of kinship 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

Would she but take, but try them—any test  
Of will, and some poor test of power beside :  
So did the strings within my brain grow tense  
And capable of . . . hang similitudes !  
She answered kindly but beyond appeal.  
*'No sort of hope for me, who came too late.  
She was another's. Love went—mine to her,  
Hers just as loyally 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 fancy there had been some talk before  
Of somebody—her father or the like—  
To coach me in the holidays,—that's how  
I came to get the sight and speech of her,—  
But I had sense enough to break off sharp,  
Save both of us the pain."

"Quite right there !"

"Eh ?

Quite wrong, it happens ! Now comes worst  
of all !

Yes, I did sulk aloof and let alone  
The lovers—I disturb the angel-mates ?"

"Seraph paired off with cherub !"

"Thank you ! While

I never plucked up courage to inquire  
Who he was, even,—certain-sure of this,  
That nobody I knew of had blue wings  
And wore a star-crown as he needs must do,—  
Some little lady,—plainish, pock-marked  
girl,—

Finds out my secret in my woeful face,  
Comes up to me at the Apollo Ball,  
And pityingly pours her wine and oil  
This way into the wound : *'Dear f-f-friend,  
Why waste affection thus on—must I say,  
A somewhat worthless object ? Who's her  
choice—*

*Irrevocable as deliberate—  
Out of the wide world ? I shall name no  
names—  
But there's a person in society,*

*Who, blessed with rank and talent, has grown  
grey*

*In idleness 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 we ought to say,  
Consummately a liar and a rogue,  
Since—show me where's the woman won  
without*

*The help of this one lie which she believes—  
That—never mind how things have come to  
pass,*

*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  
scamp,*

*Continuing descent from bad to worse,  
Must leave his fine and fashionable prey  
(Who—fathered, brothered, husbanded,—are  
hedged*

*About with thorny danger) and apply  
His arts to this poor country ignorance  
Who sees forthwith in the first rag of man  
Her model hero ! Why continue waste  
On 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-friends'  
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,—  
still,  
Prominent beak and dark-hued skin are  
facts :  
And 'parson's daughter'—'young man coach-  
able'—  
'Elder'y party'—'four years since'—were  
facts

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, some-  
times!

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. Sup-  
pose

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'd rather shake than feel shake me, I know—  
Had moved *my* dainty mistress to admire  
An altogether new Ideal—deem  
Idolatry less due to life's decline  
Productive of experience, powers mature  
By dint of usage, the made man—no boy  
That's all to make! I was the earlier bird—  
And what I found, I let fall; what you  
missed  
Who is the fool that blames you for?”

“Myself—

For nothing, everything! For finding out  
She, whom I worshipped, was a worshipper  
In turn of . . . but why stir up settled mud?  
She married him—the fifty-years-old rake—  
How you have teased the talk from me! At  
last

My secret's told you. I inquired no more,  
Nay, stopped ears when informants unshut  
mouth;

Enough that she and he live, deuce take  
where,

Married and happy, or else miserable—  
It's 'Cut-the-pack;' she turned up ace or  
knave,

And I left Oxford, England, dug my hole  
Cut in Dalmatia, till you drew me thence  
Badger-like,—'Back to London' was the  
word—

'Do things, a many, there, you fancy hard,  
*l'll undertake are easy!*'—the advice.

I took it, had my twelvemonth's fling with  
you—

(Little hand holding large hand pretty tight  
For all its delicacy—eh, my lord?),  
Until when, t'other day, I got a turn  
Somehow and gave up tired: and 'Rest!  
bade you,

'Marry your cousin, double your estate,  
And take your ease by all means!' So, I loll  
On this the springy sofa, mine next month—  
Or should loll, 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  
the sum

For stirring up the black depths! There's  
repose

Or, at least, silence when misfortune seems  
All that one has to bear; but folly—yes,  
Folly, it all was! Fool to be so meek,  
So humble,—such a coward rather say!

Fool, to adore the adorer of a fool!  
Not to have faced him, tried (a useful hint)  
My big and bony, here, against the bunch  
Of lily-coloured five with signet-ring,  
Most like, for little-finger's sole defence—

Much as you flaunt the blazon there! I grind  
My teeth, that bite my very heart, to think—  
To know I might have made that woman mine  
But for the folly of the coward—know—

Or what's the good of my apprenticeship  
This twelvemonth to a master in the art?  
Mine—had she been mine—just one moment  
mine

For honour, for dishonour—anyhow,  
So that my life, instead of stagnant . . . Well,  
You've poked and proved stagnation is not  
sleep—

Hang you!”

“Hang *you* for an ungrateful goose!

All this means—I who since I knew you first  
Have helped you to conceit yourself this cock  
O' the dunghill with all hens to pick and  
choose—

Ought to have helped you when sbell first  
was chipped

Bychick that wanted prompting '*Use the spur!*'  
 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*  
*Reverence such a jewel as your luck*  
*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 youth 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 acclivity*'  
 In rumination manifold—perhaps  
 About ten thousand pounds I have to pay!"

## III.

Now, as the elder lights the fresh cigar  
 Conducive to resource, and saunteringly  
 Betakes him to the left-hand backward path,—  
 While, much sedate, the younger strides away  
 To right and makes for—*islanded in lawn*  
 And edged with shrubbery—the brilliant bit  
 Of Barry's building that's the Place,—a pair  
 Of women, at this nick of time, one young,  
 One very young, are ushered with due pomp  
 Into the same Inn-parlour—"*disengaged*  
*Entirely now!*" the obsequious landlord  
 smiles,  
 "*Since the late occupants—whereof but one*  
*Was quite a stranger*"—(smile enforced by  
 bow)  
 "*Left, a full two hours since, to catch the train,*  
*Probably for the stranger's sake!*" (Bow,  
 smile,  
 And lacking out from door soft-closed behind.)

Woman and girl, the two, alone inside,  
 Begin their talk: the girl, with sparkling eyes—  
 "Oh, I forewent him purposely! but you,  
 Who joined at—journeyed from the Junction  
 here—

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,  
 Do I love? If to marry mean—let go  
 All I now live for, should my marriage be?"

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 lights and shades, murmurs and silences,  
Sun-warmth, dew-coolness, — squirrel, bee  
and bird,  
High, higher, highest, till the blue proclaims  
'Leave 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 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 overstretched you and was  
just  
One fairy tent with pitcher-leaves that held  
Wine, and a flowery wealth of suns and moons,  
And magic fruits whereon 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 bird-bee-and-squirrel 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 repose  
Death sells 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,

Fear sinks to freezing. Could I sacrifice—  
Assured my lover simply loves my soul—  
One nose-breadth of fair feature? No, in-  
deed!

Your own love . . ."

"The preliminary hour—  
Don't waste it!"

"But I can't begin at once!  
The angel's self that comes to hear 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  
through,

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  
course:

Who would not? Lapped four years in fairy-  
land,

Out comes, by no less wonderful a chance,  
The changeling, touched athwart her trellised  
bliss

Of blush-rose bower 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 my leave to 'drop' the elm-tree  
there,

Some morning before breakfast. Gentleness  
Goes with the strength, of course. He's  
honest too,

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-earnest way  
I like; the iron's crude,—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 . . .  
nay,

He runs into extremes, I'll say at once,  
Lest you say! Well, I understand he wants  
Someone to serve, something to do: and both  
Requisites so abound in me and mine

That here's the obstacle which stops consent:  
The smoothness is too smooth, and I mistrust  
The unseen cat beneath the counterpane.

Therefore I thought 'Would she but judge for  
me,

Who, judging for herself succeeded so?'  
Do I love him, does he love me, do both  
Mistake for knowledge—easy ignorance?—  
Appeal to its proficient in each art!

I got rough-smooth through a piano-piece,  
Rattled away last week till tutor came,  
Heard me to end, then grunted 'Ach, mein  
Gott!

Sagen Sie "easy"? Every note is wrong.  
All thumped mit wrist: we'll trouble fingers  
now.

The Fraulein will please roll up Raff again,

*And exercise at Czerny for one month!*

Am I to roll up cousin, exercise  
At Trollope's novels for one month? Pro-  
nounce!"

"Now, place each in the right position first,  
Adviser and advised one! I perhaps  
Am three—nay, 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 fault. Already, these four years,  
Your merest glimpses at the world without  
I 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 preening plumage! Here's to  
spy

—Your cousin! You have scanned him all  
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  
wing?

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!"

Do you remember, at the library

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  
Reclined 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  
Than even he who, loving you his wife,  
Would turn up nose at who impertinent,  
Frivolous, forward—*loves* that excellence  
Of all the earth he bows in worship to!  
And who's this paragon of privilege?  
Simply a country parson: his the charm  
That worked the miracle! Oh, too absurd  
But that you stand before me as you stand!  
Such beauty does prove something, every-  
thing!

Beauty's the prize-flower which dispenses eye  
From peering into what has nourished root—  
Dew or manure: the plant best knows its  
place.

Enough, from teaching youth and tending age  
And hearing sermons,—haply writing tracts,—  
From such strange love-besprinkled compost,  
lo,

Out blows this triumph! Therefore love's  
the soil

Plants find or fail of. You, with wit to find,  
Exercise wit on the old friend's behalf,

Keep me from failure! Scan and scrutinize  
This cousin! Surely he's as worth your pains  
To study as my elm-tree, crow and all,  
You still keep staring at. I read your  
thoughts."

"At last?"

"At first! '*Would, tree, a-top of thee  
I winged were, like crow perched moveless  
there,  
And so could straightway soar, escape this bore,  
Back to my nest where broods whom I love  
best—*

*The parson o'er his parish—garish—rarish—'*  
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 aright, and sings not soul just so?"  
"Or rather so? '*Cool comfortable elm  
That men make coffins out of,—none for me  
At thy expense, so thou permit I glide  
Under thy ferny feet, and there sleep, sleep,  
Nor dread awaking though in heaven itself!*'"

The younger looks with face struck sudden  
white.

The elder answers its inquiry.

"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 sad 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!

I cannot visit the old house and home,  
 Encounter the old sociality  
 Aljured for ever. Peril quite enough  
 In even this first—last, I pray it prove—  
 Renunciation of my solitude!  
 Back, 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 wants a word  
 with me*  
*Up at the inn: time, tide and train won't  
 wait:*

*I must go see her—on and off again—  
 You'll keep me company?'* Ten minutes' talk,  
 With you in presence, ten more afterward  
 With who, alone, convoys me station-bound,  
 And I see clearly—and say honestly  
 To-morrow: pen shall play tongue's part,  
 you know.  
 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  
 obtuse."

And after one more look, with face still white,  
 The younger does go, while the elder stands  
 Occupied by the elm at window there.

## IV.

Occupied by the elm; and, as its shade  
 Has crept clock-hand-wise till it ticks at fern  
 Five inches further to the South, the door  
 Opens abruptly, someone enters sharp,  
 The elder man returned to wait the youth:  
 Never observes the room's new occupant,  
 Throws hat on table, stoops quick, elbow-  
 propped  
 Over the Album wide there, bends down brow  
 A cogitative minute, whistles shrill,  
 Then,—with a cheery-hopeless laugh-and-lose  
 Air of defiance to fate visibly  
 Casting the toils about him,—mouths once  
 more

"*Hail, calm acclivity, salubrious spot!*"

Then clasps-to cover, sends book spinning off  
 T'other side table, looks up, starts erect  
 Full-face with her who,—roused from that  
 abstruse

Question, "*Will next tick tip the fern or  
 no?'*—

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 slowlier, but at last—

"You here! I felt, I knew it would befall!  
 Knew, by some subtle undividable  
 Trick of the trickster, I should, silly-sooth,  
 Late or soon, somehow be allured to leave  
 Safe hiding and come take of him arrears,  
 My torment due on four years' respite! Time  
 To pluck the bird's healed breast of down  
 o'er wound!

Have your success! Be satisfied this sole  
 Seeing you has undone all heaven could do  
 These four years, puts me back to you and  
 hell!

What will next trick be, next success? No  
 doubt

When I shall think to glide into the grave,  
 There will you wait disguised as beckoning  
 Death,

And catch and capture me for evermore!  
 But, God, though I am nothing, be thou all!  
 Contest 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,

Lay perdue paralysing me,—drugged, drowed  
And damnified my soul and body both!

Down and down, see where you have dragged  
me to,

You and your malice! I was, four years  
since,

—Well, a poor creature! I become a knave.  
I squandered my own pence: I plump my  
purse

With other people's pounds. I practised play  
Because I liked it: play turns labour now  
Because there's profit also in the sport.  
I gamed with men of equal age and craft:  
I steal here with a boy as green as grass  
Whom I have tightened hold on slow and  
sure

This long while, just to bring about to-day  
When the boy beats me hollow, buries me  
In ruin who was sure to beggar him.  
O time indeed I should look up and laugh  
'*Surely she closes 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, I it was allured you—only I  
—I, and none other—to this spectacle—  
Your triumph, my despair—you woman-fiend  
That front me! Well, I have my wish, then!  
See

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  
beads—

Babies, I've pleased to pity in my time:  
How they protrude and glow immense with  
hate!

The long triumphant nose attains—retains  
Just the perfection; and there's scarlet-skein  
My ancient enemy, her lip and lip,

Sense-free, sense-frighting lips clenched 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  
come?

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 Greek statue, fools 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 fifth  
act

Of tragedy should freeze blood, end the farce,  
I never doubted all was joke. I kept,  
May be, an eye alert on paragraphs,  
Newspaper-notice,—let no inquest slip,  
Accident, disappearance: sound and safe  
Were you, my victim, not of mind to die!  
So, my worst fancy that could spoil the smooth  
Of pillow, and arrest descent of sleep  
Was '*Into what dim hole can she have dived,  
She and her wrongs, her woe that's wearing  
flesh*

*And blood away?*' Whereas, see, sorrow  
swells!

Or, fattened, fulsome, have you fed on me,  
Sucked out my substance? How much  
gloss, I pray,

O'erbloomed those hair-swathes when there  
crept from you

To me that craze, else unaccountable,  
Which urged me to contest our county-seat  
With whom but my own brother's nominee?  
Did that mouth's pulp glow ruby from carmine  
While I misused my moment, pushed,—one  
word,—

One hair's breadth more of gesture,—idiot-  
like

Past passion, floundered 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 fact divides us. Love  
Suits me no longer. I have suffered shame,  
Betrayal: past is past; the future—yours—  
Shall never be contaminate by mine.

*I might have spared me this confession, not  
—Oh, never by some hideousest of lies,  
Easy, impenetrable! No! but say,  
By just the quiet answer—"I am cold."  
Falsehood awaunt, each shadow of thee, hence!  
Had happier fortune willed . . . but dreams  
are vain.*

*Now, leave me—yes, for pity's sake!* Aha,  
Who fails to see the curate as his face  
Reddened and whitened, wanted handkerchief  
At wrinkling brow and twinkling eye, until  
Out burst the proper 'Angel, whom the fiend  
Has thought to smirch,—thy whiteness, at one  
wipe

*Of holy cambric, shall disgrace the swan!  
Mine be the task' . . . and so forth! Fool?  
not he!*

Cunning in flavours, rather! What but sour  
Suspected makes the sweetness doubly sweet,  
And what stings love from faint to flamboyant  
But the fear-sprinkle? Even horror helps—  
'Love's flame in me by such recited wrong  
Drenched, quenched, indeed? It burns the  
fièr celier thence!

Why, I have known men never love their  
wives  
Till somebody — myself, suppose — had  
'drenched  
And quenched love,' so the blockheads whined:  
as if

The fluid fire that lifts the torpid limb  
Were a wrong done to palsy. But I thrilled  
No palsied person: half my age, or less,  
The curate was, I'll wager: o'er young blood  
Your beauty triumphed! Eh, but—was it *he*?  
Then, it *was* he, I heard of! None beside!  
How frank you were about the audacious boy  
Who fell upon you like a thunderbolt—  
Passion and protestation! He it was

Reserved *in petto!* Ay, and 'rich' beside—  
'Rich'—how supremely did disdain curl  
nose!

All that I heard was—'wedded to a priest';  
Informants sunk youth, riches and the rest.  
And so my lawless love departed loves,  
That loves might come together with a rush!  
Surely this last achievement sucked me dry:  
Indeed, that way my wits went. Mistress-  
queen,

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) sixpence,  
just

The moment when he hoped to hang himself!  
Be satisfied you beat him!"

She replies—

"Beat him! I do. To all that you confess  
Of abject 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-abject's but half truth;  
Add to all-abject knave as perfect fool!  
*So* is it you probed human nature, *so*  
Prognosticated of me? Lay these words  
To heart then, or where God meant heart  
should lurk!

That moment when you first revealed your-  
self,  
My simple impulse prompted—end forthwith  
The ruin of a life uprooted thus  
To surely perish! How should such spoiled  
tree

Henceforward baulk the wind of its worst  
sport,  
Fail to go falling deeper, falling down  
From sin to sin until some depth were reached  
Doomed to the weakest by the wickedest  
Of weak and wicked human kind? But when,  
That self-display made absolute,—behold  
A new revelation!—round you pleased to  
veer,

Propose me what should prompt annul the  
past,

Make me '*amends by marriage*'—in your  
phrase,

Incorporate me henceforth, body and soul,  
With soul and body which mere brushing past  
Brought leprosy upon me—'*marry*' these !  
Why, then despair broke, re-assurance  
dawned,

Clear-sighted was I that who hurled contempt  
As I—thank God !—at the contemptible,  
Was scarce an utter weakling. Rent away  
By treason from my rightful pride of place,  
I was not destined to the shame below.

A cleft had caught me : I might perish there,  
But thence to be dislodged and whirled at last  
Where the black torrent sweeps the sewage—  
no !

'*Bare breast be on hard rock,*' laughed out my  
soul

In gratitude, '*how'er rock's grip may grind!*  
*The plain rough wretched holdfast shall suffice*  
*This wreck of me !*' The wind,—I broke in  
bloom

At passage of,—which stripped me bole and  
branch,

Twisted me up and tossed me here,—turns  
back,

And, playful ever, would replant the spoil ?  
Be satisfied, not one least leaf that's mine  
Shall henceforth help wind's sport to exercise !  
Rather I give such remnant to the rock  
Which never dreamed a straw would settle  
there.

Rock may not thank me, may not feel my  
breast,

Even : enough that *I* feel, hard and cold,  
Its safety my salvation. Safe and saved,  
I lived, live. When the tempter shall persuade  
His prey to slip down, slide off, trust the  
wind,—

Now that I know if God or Satan be  
Prince of the Power of the Air,—then, then,  
indeed,

Let my life end and degradation too !"

"Good !" he smiles, "true Lord Byron !  
'*Tree and rock :*'

'*Rock*'—there's advancement ! He's at first  
a youth,

Rich, worthless therefore ; next he grows a  
priest :

Youth, riches prove a notable resource,  
When to leave me for their possessor gluts  
Malice abundantly ; and now, last change,  
The young rich parson represents a rock  
—Bloodstone, no doubt. He's Evangelical ?  
Your Ritualists prefer the Church for spouse !"

She speaks.

"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  
Were straitening fast to poverty, beside  
The ailments which await in such a case.

Limited every way, a perfect man  
Within the bounds built up and up since birth  
Breast-high about him till the outside world  
Was blank save o'erhead one blue bit of sky—  
Faith : he had faith in dogma, small or great,  
As in the fact that if he clave his skull  
He'd find a brain there : who proves such a  
fact

No falsehood by experiment at price  
Of soul and body ? The one rule of life  
Delivered him in childhood was '*Obeys!*  
*Labour!*' He had obeyed and laboured—  
tame,

True to the mill-track blinked on from above.  
Some scholarship he may have gained in  
youth :

Gone—dropt or flung behind. Some blossom-  
flake,

Spring's boon, descends on every vernal head,  
I used to think ; but January joins  
December, as his year had known no May  
Trouble its snow-deposit,—cold and old !  
I heard it was his will to take a wife,  
A helpmate. Duty bade him tend and teach—  
How ? with experience null, nor sympathy  
Abundant,—while himself worked dogma  
dead,

Who would play ministrant to sickness, age,

Womankind, childhood? These demand a wife.

Supply the want, then! theirs the wife; for him—

No coarsest sample of the proper sex  
But would have served his purpose equally  
With God's own angel,—let but knowledge  
match

Her coarseness: zeal does only half the work.  
I saw this—knew the purblind honest drudge  
Was wearing out his simple blameless life,  
And wanted help beneath a burthen—borne  
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 who 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 aspirant to their toil and pain:  
Can he endure them?—that's the point, and  
not

—Will he? Who would not, rather! Where-  
upon,

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  
Extorted alms, you straightway spat upon.  
Not so my husband,—for I gained my suit,  
And had my value put at once to proof.  
Ask him! These four years I have died  
away

In village-life. The village? Ugliness  
At best and filthiness at worst, inside.  
Outside, sterility—earth sown with salt  
Or what keeps even grass from growing fresh.  
The life? I teach the poor and learn, myself,  
That commonplace to such stupidity  
Is all-recondite. Being brutalized  
Their true need is brute-language, cheery grunts  
And kindly cluckings, no articulate  
Nonsense that's elsewhere knowledge. Tend  
the sick,

VOL. II.

Sickened myself at pig-perversity,  
Cat-craft, dog-snarling,—may be, snap-  
ping . . .”

“Brief:

You eat that root of bitterness called Man  
—Raw: I prefer it cooked, with social sauce!  
So, he was not the rich youth after all!  
Well, I mistook. But somewhere needs  
must be  
The compensation. If not young nor  
rich . . .”

“You interrupt.”

“Because you've daubed enough  
Bistre for background. Play the artist now,  
Produce your figure well-relieved in front!  
The contrast—do not I anticipate?  
Though neither rich nor young—what then?  
'Tis all

Forgotten, all this ignobility,  
In the dear home, the darling word, the smile,  
The something sweeter . . .”

“Yes, you interrupt.

I have my purpose and proceed. Who lives  
With beasts assumes beast-nature, look and  
voice,  
And, much more, thought, for beasts think.  
Selfishness

In us met selfishness in them, deserved  
Such answer as it gained. My husband, bent  
On saving his own soul by saving theirs,—  
They, bent on being saved if saving soul  
Included body's getting bread and cheese  
Somehow in life and somehow after death,—  
Both parties were alike in the same boat,  
One danger, therefore one equality.  
Safety induces culture: culture seeks  
To institute, extend and multiply  
The difference between safe man and man,  
Able to live alone now; progress means  
What but abandonment of fellowship?  
We were in common danger, still stuck close.  
No new books,—were the old ones mastered  
yet?

No pictures and no music: these divert

—What from? the staving danger off! You  
 paint  
 The waterspout above, you set to words  
 The roaring of the tempest round you?  
 Thanks!  
 Amusement? Talk at end of the tired day  
 Of the more tiresome morrow! I transcribed  
 The page on page of sermon-scrawlings—  
 stopped  
 Intellect's eye and ear to sense and sound—  
 Vainly: the sound and sense would penetrate  
 To brain and plague there in despite of me  
 Maddened to know more moral good were  
 done  
 Had we two simply sallied forth and preached  
 I' the 'Green' they call their grimy,—I with  
 twang  
 Of long-disused guitar,—with cut and slash  
 Of much-misvalued horsewhip he,—to bid  
 The peaceable come dance, the peace-breaker  
 Pay in his person! Whereas—Heaven and  
 Hell,  
 Excite with that, restrain with this! So dealt  
 His drugs my husband; as he dosed himself,  
 He drenched his cattle: and, for all my part  
 Was just to dub the mortar, never fear  
 But drugs, hand pestled at, have poisoned  
 nose!  
 Heaven he let pass, left wisely undescribed:  
 As applicable therefore to the sleep  
 I want, that knows no waking—as to what's  
 Conceived of as the proper prize to tempt  
 Souls less world-weary: there, no fault to  
 find!  
 But Hell he made explicit. After death,  
 Life: man created new, ingeniously  
 Perfect for a vindictive purpose now  
 That man, first fashioned in beneficence,  
 Was proved a failure; intellect at length  
 Replacing old obtuseness, memory  
 Made mindful of delinquent's bygone deeds  
 Now that remorse was vain, which life-long  
 lay  
 Dormant when lesson might be laid to heart;  
 New gift of observation up and down  
 And round man's self, new power to apprehend  
 Each necessary consequence of act

In man for well or ill—things obsolete—  
 Just granted to supplant the idiocy  
 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, ere-  
 while  
 Unvisited by one compunctious dream  
 During sin's drunken slumber, startled up,  
 Stung through and through by sin's signi-  
 ficance  
 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 burthen now that back  
 Supported torture to no use at all,  
 And live imperishably potent—since  
 Life's potency was impotent to ward  
 One plague off which made earth a hell  
 before.  
 This doctrine, which one healthy view of  
 things,  
 One sane 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  
 boot,  
 Had dissipated once and evermore,—  
 This doctrine I have dosed our flock withal.  
 Why? Because none believed it. *They*  
 desire  
 Such Heaven and dread such Hell, whom  
 every day  
 The alehouse tempts from one, a dog-fight bids  
 Defy the other? All the harm is done  
 Ourselves—done my poor husband who in  
 youth  
 Perhaps read Dickens, done myself who still  
 Could play both Bach and Brahms. Such  
 life I lead—  
 Thanks to you, knave! You learn its  
 quality—  
 Thanks to me, fool!"



He eyes her earnestly,  
But she continues.

“—Life which, thanks once more  
To you, arch-knave as exquisitest fool,  
I acquiescingly—I gratefully  
Take back again to heart! and hence this  
speech

Which yesterday had spared you. Four  
years long

Life—I began to find intolerable,  
Only this moment. Ere your entry just,  
The leap of heart which answered, spite of  
me,

A friend's first summons, first provocative,  
Authoritative, nay, compulsive call  
To quit, though for a single day, my house  
Of bondage—made return seem horrible.  
I heard again a human lucid laugh  
All trust, no fear; again saw earth pursue  
Its narrow busy way amid small cares,  
Smaller contentments, much weeds, some few  
flowers,—

Never suspicious of a thunderbolt  
Avenging presently each daisy's death.  
I recognized the beech-tree, knew the thrush  
Repeated his old music-phrase,—all right,  
How wrong was I, then! But your entry  
broke

Illusion, bade me back to bounds at once.  
I honestly submit my soul: which sprang  
At love, and losing love lies signed and  
sealed

'*Failure.*' No love more? then, no beauty  
more

Which tends to breed love! Purify my powers,  
Effortless till some other world procure  
Some other chance of prize! or, if none be,—  
Nor second world nor chance,—undesecrate  
Die then this aftergrowth of heart, surmised  
Where May's precipitation left June blank!  
Better have failed in the high aim, as I,  
Than vulgarly in the low aim succeed  
As, God be thanked, I do not! Ugliness  
Had I called beauty, falsehood—truth, and  
you

—My lover! No—this earth's unchanged  
for me,

By his enchantment whom God made the  
Prince  
O' the Power o' the Air, into a Heaven:  
there is  
Heaven, since there is Heaven's simulation  
—earth.

I sit possessed in patience; prison-roof  
Shall break one day and Heaven beam over-  
head.”

His smile is done with; he speaks bitterly.

“Take my congratulations, and permit  
I wish myself had proved as teachable!  
—Or, no! until you taught me, could I  
learn

A lesson from experience ne'er till now  
Conceded? Please you listen while I show  
How thoroughly you estimate my worth  
And yours—the immeasurably superior! I  
Believed at least in one thing, first to last,—  
Your love to me: I was the vile and you  
The precious; I abused you, I betrayed,  
But doubted—never! Why else go my way  
Judas-like plodding to this Potter's Field  
Where fate now finds me? What has dinned  
my ear

And dogged my step? The spectre with the  
shriek

'*Such she was, such were you, whose punish-  
ment*

*Is just!*' And such she was not, all the  
while!

She never owned a love to outrage, faith  
To pay with falsehood! For, my heart  
knows this—

Love once and you love always. Why, it's  
down

Here in the Album: every lover knows  
Love may use hate but—turn to hate, itself—  
Turn even to indifference—no, indeed!

Well, I have been spell-bound, deluded like  
The witless negro by the Obeah-man  
Who bids him wither: so, his eye grows dim,  
His arm slack, arrow misses aim and spear  
Goes wandering wide,—and all the woe be-  
cause

He proved untrue to Fetish, who, he finds,

Was just a feather-phantom! I wronged love,  
Am ruined,—and there was no love to  
wrong!"

"No love? Ah, dead love! I invoke thy  
ghost  
To show the murderer where thy heart  
poured life

At summons of the stroke he doubts was dealt  
On pasteboard and pretence! Not love, my  
love?

I changed for you the very laws of life:  
Made you the standard of all right, all fair.  
No genius but you could have been, no sage,  
No sufferer—which is grandest—for the truth!  
My hero—where the heroic only hid  
To burst from hiding, brighten earth one day!  
Age and decline were man's maturity;  
Face, form were nature's type: more grace,  
more strength,

What had they been but just superfluous  
gauds,

Lawless divergence? I have danced through  
day

On tiptoe at the music of a word,  
Have wondered where was darkness gone as  
night

Burst out in stars at brilliance of a smile!  
Lonely, I placed the chair to help me seat  
Your fancied presence; in companionship,  
I kept my finger constant to your glove  
Glued to my breast; then—where was all  
the world?

I schemed—not dreamed—how I might die  
some death

Should save your finger aching! Who creates  
Destroys, he only: I had laughed to scorn  
Whatever angel tried to shake my faith

And make you seem unworthy: you yourself  
Only could do that! With a touch 'twas done.  
'Give me all, trust me wholly!' At the word,

I did give, I did trust—and thereupon  
The touch did follow. Ah, the quiet smile,  
The masterfully-folded arm in arm,

As trick obtained its triumph one time more!  
In turn, my soul too triumphs in defeat:

Treason like faith moves mountains: love is  
gone!"

He paces to and fro, stops, stands quite close  
And calls her by her name. Then—

"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 abase—  
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!"

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,  
Which flung him prone and fastened him  
from hurt,

Haply to others, surely to himself.  
I wake and would not you had spared one  
pang.

All's well that ends well!"

Yet again her name.

"Had *you* no fault? Why must you change,  
forsooth,

Parts, why reverse positions, spoil the play?  
Why did your nobleness look up to me,  
Not down on the ignoble thing confessed?

Was it your part to stoop, or lift the low?  
Wherefore did God exalt you? Who would  
teach

The brute man's tameness and intelligence  
Must never drop the dominating eye:  
Wink—and what wonder if the mad fit  
break,

Followed by stripes and fasting? Sound and  
sane,

My life, chastised now, couches at your foot.

Accept, redeem me! Do your eyes ask  
'How?'

I stand here penniless, a beggar; talk  
What idle trash I may, this final blow  
Of fortune fells me. I disburse, indeed,  
This boy his winnings? when each bubble-  
scheme

That danced athwart 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 lost, am also found  
Incapable of one least touch of mean  
Expedient, I who teemed with plot and  
wile—

That family of snakes your eye bids flee!  
Listen! Our troublesomest dreams die off  
In daylight: I awake, and dream is—where?  
I rouse up from the past: one touch dispels  
England and all here. I secured long since  
A certain refuge, solitary home  
To hide in, should the head strike work one  
day,

The hand forget its cunning, or perhaps  
Society grow savage,—there to end  
My life's remainder, which, say what fools  
will,

Is or should be the best of life,—its fruit,  
All tends to, root and stem and leaf and  
flower.

Come with me, love, loved once, loved only,  
come,  
Blend loves there! Let this parenthetical  
doubt

Of love, in me, have been the trial-test  
Appointed to all flesh at some one stage  
Of soul's achievement,—when the strong  
man doubts

His strength, the good man whether good-  
ness be,

The artist in the dark seeks, fails to find  
Vocation, and the saint forswears his shrine.  
What if the lover may elude, no more  
Than these, probative dark, must search the  
sky

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  
pretence

Of union with a nature and its needs  
Repugnant to your needs and nature! Nay,  
False, beyond falsity you reprehend  
In me, is such mock marriage with such mere  
Man-mask as—whom you witless wrong,  
beside,

By that expenditure of heart and brain  
He recks no more of than would yonder  
tree

If watered with your life-blood: rains and  
dews

Answer its ends sufficiently, while me  
One drop saves—sends 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  
and 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 perdition's deep of deeps  
To light and life and love!—that's love for  
you—

Love that already dares match might 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;  
Hatred, revilement—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:

*Its ghost knows no forgetting!*' Heart of mine,  
Would that I dared remember! Too unwise  
Were he who lost a treasure, did himself  
Enlarge 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—'How your glove  
 Burst and displayed the long thin lily-streak!'<sup>13</sup>  
 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 runnel hides itself in sand,  
 Moistens the hard grey grimly comic speech.

"Ay—give the baffled angler even yet  
 His supreme triumph as he hauls 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  
 trust,

This time, with who trusts me,—not simply bid  
 Me trust you, me who ruined but myself,  
 In trusting but myself! Since, thanks to you,  
 I know the feel of sin and shame,—be sure,  
 I shall obey you and impose them both

On one who happens to be ignorant  
 Although my husband—for the lure is love,  
 Your love! Try other tackle, fisher-friend!  
 Repentance, expiation, hopes and fears,  
 What you had been, may yet be, would I but  
 Prove helpmate to my hero—one and all  
 These silks and worsteds round the hook  
 seduce

Hardly the late torn throat and mangled  
 tongue.

Pack up, I pray, the whole assortment prompt!

Who wonders at variety of wile  
 In the Arch-cheat? You are the Adversary!  
 Your fate is of your choosing: have your  
 choice!

Wander the world,—God has some end to  
 serve

Ere he suppress you! He waits: I endure,  
 But interpose no finger-tip, forsooth,  
 To stop your passage to the pit. Enough  
 That I am stable, uninvolved by you  
 In the rush downwards: free I gaze and  
 fixed;

Your smiles, your tears, prayers, curses move  
 alike

My crowned contempt. You kneel? Pro-  
 strate 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  
 Had hardly braved the awful Aunt at broach  
 Of proposition—so has world-repute  
 Preceded the illustrious stranger! Ah!"

Quick the voice changes to astonishment,  
 Then horror, as the youth stops, sees, and  
 knows.

The man who knelt starts up from kneeling,  
 stands  
 Moving no muscle, and confronts the stare.

One great red outbreak buries—throat and  
 brow—

The lady's proud pale queenliness of scorn:  
 Then her great eyes that turned so quick,  
 become

Intenser: quail at gaze, not they indeed!

v.

It is the young man shatters silence first.

"Well, my lord—for indeed my lord you are,  
I little guessed how rightly—this last proof  
Of lordship-paramount confounds too much  
My simple head-piece! Let's see how we  
stand

Each to the other! how we stood i' the game  
Of life an hour ago,—the magpies, stile  
And oak-tree witnessed. Truth exchanged  
for truth—

My lord confessed his four-years-old affair—  
How he seduced and then forsook the girl  
Who married somebody and left him sad.  
My pitiful experience was—I loved

A girl whose gown's hem had I dared to touch  
My finger would have failed me, palsy-fixed.  
She left me, sad enough, to marry—whom?  
A better man,—then possibly not you!

How does the game stand? Who is who and  
what

Is what, o' the board now, since an hour  
went by?

My lord's '*seduced, forsaken, sacrificed,*'  
Starts up, my lord's familiar instrument,  
Associate and accomplice, mistress-slave—  
Shares his adventure, follows on the sly!  
—Ay, and since 'bag and baggage' is a  
phrase—

Baggage lay hid in carpet-bag belike,  
Was 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 refunding 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 weds thine till lucre us do part?*'

But pity me the snobbish simpleton,  
You two aristocratic tip-top swells

At swindling! Quits, I cry! Decamp con-  
tent

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, '*Come,*  
*my boy—*

*Out with it! You've been crossed in love, I  
think:*

*I recognize the lover's hangdog look;  
Make a clean breast and match my confidence,  
For, I'll be frank, I too have had 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—'*Here's Othello*' 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 knelt, 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  
He knelt to ask your leave to rise a grade  
I' the mystery of humbug: well he may!

For how you beat him! Half an hour ago,

I held your master for my best of friends ;  
 And now I hate him ! Four years since, you  
 seemed  
 My heart's one love: well, and you so remain !  
 What's he to you in craft ?”

She looks him through.

“My friend, 'tis just that friendship have its  
 turn—

Interrogate thus me whom one, of foes  
 The worst, has questioned and is answered by.  
 Take you as frank an answer ! answers both  
 Begin alike so far, divergent soon  
 World-wide—I own superiority  
 Over you, over him. As him I searched,  
 So do you stand seen through and through  
 by me

Who, this time, proud, report your crystal  
 shrines

A dewdrop, plain as amber prisons round  
 A spider in the hollow heart his house !  
 Nowise are you that thing my fancy feared  
 When out you stepped on me, a minute  
 since,

—This man's confederate ! no, you step not  
 thus

Obsequiously at beck and call to help  
 At need some second scheme, and supplement  
 Guile by force, use my shame to pinion me  
 From struggle and escape ! I fancied that !  
 Forgive me ! Only by strange chance,—most  
 strange

In even this strange world,—you enter now,  
 Obtain your knowledge. Me you have not  
 wronged

Who never wronged you—least of all, my  
 friend,

That day beneath the College tower and trees,  
 When I refused to say,—“*not friend but,  
 love!*”

Had I been found as free as air when first  
 We met, I scarcely could have loved you.  
 No—

For where was that in you which claimed  
 return

Of love? My eyes were all too weak to probe  
 This other's seeming, but that seeming loved

The soul in me, and lied—I know too late !  
 While your truth was truth : and I knew at  
 once

My power was just my beauty—bear the  
 word—

As I must bear, of all my qualities,  
 To name the poorest one that serves my soul  
 And simulates myself ! So much in me  
 You loved, I know : the something that's  
 beneath

Heard not your call,—uncalled, no answer  
 comes !

For, since in every love, or soon or late  
 Soul must awake and seek out soul for soul,  
 Yours, overlooking mine then, would, some  
 day,

Take flight to find some other ; so it proved—  
 Missing me, you were ready for this man.

I apprehend the whole relation : his—  
 The soul wherein you saw your type of worth  
 At once, true object of your tribute. Well  
 Might I refuse such half-heart's homage !

Love

Divining, had assured you I no more  
 Stand his participant in infamy  
 Than you—I need no love to recognize  
 As simply dupe and nowise fellow-cheat !  
 Therefore accept one last friend's-word,—  
 your friend's,

All men's friend, save a felon's. Ravel out  
 The bad embroilment howso'er you may,  
 Distribute as it please you praise or blame  
 To me—so you but fling this mockery far—  
 Renounce this rag-and-feather hero-sham,  
 This poodle clipt to pattern, lion-like !  
 Throw him his thousands back, and lay to  
 heart

The lesson I was sent,—if man discerned  
 Ever God's message,—just to teach. I  
 judge—

To far another issue than could dream  
 Your cousin,—younger, fairer, as befits—  
 Who summoned me to judgment's exercise.  
 I find you, save in folly, innocent.

And in my verdict lies your fate ; at choice  
 Of mine your cousin takes or leaves you  
 ‘*Take!*’

I bid her—for you tremble back to truth.

She turns the scale,—one touch of the pure hand  
 Shall so press down, emprison past relapse  
 Farther vibration 'twixt veracity—  
 That's honest solid earth—and falsehood, theft  
 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 farther ! Spare to spurn—  
 Safe let him slink hence till some subtler Eve  
 Than I, anticipate the snake—bruise head  
 Ere he bruise heel—or, wavier than the first,  
 Some Adam purge earth's garden of its pest  
 Before the slaver spoil the Tree of Life !

“ You ! 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  
 claim.  
 Hence quickly ! Keep the cash but leave  
 unsoiled  
 The heart I rescue and would lay to heal  
 Beside another's ! Never let her know  
 How near came taint of your companionship ! ”

“ 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 hid snake has conceived a purpose.

“ Ah—  
 Innocence should be crowned with ignorance?  
 Desirable indeed, but difficult !  
 As if yourself, now, had not glorified  
 Your helpmate by imparting him a hint  
 Of how a monster made the victim bleed  
 Ere crook and courage saved her—hint, I  
 say,—  
 Not the whole horror,—that were needless  
 risk,—  
 But just such inkling, fancy of the fact,  
 As should suffice to qualify henceforth

The shepherd, when another lamb would  
 stray,  
 For warning ‘*Ware the wolf!*’ No doubt  
 at all,  
 Silence is generosity,—keeps wolf  
 Unhunted by flock's warder ! Excellent,  
 Did—generous to me, mean—just to him !  
 But, screening the deceiver, lamb were found  
 Outraging the deceitless ! So,—he knows !  
 And yet, unharmed I breathe—perchance,  
 repent—  
 Thanks to the mercifully-politic ! ”

“ Ignorance is not innocence but sin—  
 Witness yourself ignore what after-pangs  
 Pursue the plague-infected. Merciful  
 Am I? Perhaps ! The more contempt, the  
 less  
 Hatred ; and who so worthy of contempt  
 As you that rest assured I cooled the spot  
 I could not cure, by poisoning, forsooth,  
 Whose hand I pressed there? Understand  
 for once  
 That, sick, of all the pains corroding me  
 This burnt the last and nowise least—the need  
 Of simulating soundness. I resolved—  
 No matter how the struggle tasked weak  
 flesh—  
 To hide the truth away as in a grave  
 From—most of all—my husband : he nor  
 knows  
 Nor ever shall be made to know your part,  
 My part, the devil's part,—I trust, God's part  
 In the foul matter. Saved, I yearn to save  
 And not destroy : and what destruction like  
 The abolishing of faith in him, that's faith  
 In me as pure and true? Acquaint some child  
 Who takes yon tree into his confidence,  
 That, where he sleeps now, was a murder  
 done,  
 And that the grass which grows so thick, he  
 thinks,  
 Only to pillow him is product just  
 Of what lies festering beneath ! 'Tis God  
 Must bear such secrets and disclose them.  
 Man?  
 The miserable thing I have become  
 By dread acquaintance with my secret—*you—*

That thing had he become by learning *me*—  
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,  
Settle accounts with, pay ten thousand pounds  
Before we part—as, by his face, I fear,  
Results from your appearance on the scene.  
Grant me a minute’s parley with my friend  
Which scarce admits of a third personage!  
The room from which you made your entry first  
So opportunely—still untenanted—  
What if you please return there? Just a word  
To my young friend first—then, a word to you,  
And you depart to fan away each fly  
From who, grass-pillowed, sleeps so sound  
at home!”

“So the old truth comes back! A whole-  
some change,—  
At last the altered eye, the rightful tone!  
But even to the truth that drops disguise  
And stands forth grinning malice which but now  
Whined so contritely—I refuse assent  
Just as to malice. I, once gone, come back?  
No, my lord! I enjoy the privilege  
Of being absolutely loosed from you  
Too much—the knowledge that your power  
is null  
Which was omnipotence. A word of mouth,  
A wink of eye would have detained me once,  
Body and soul your slave; and now, thank  
God,  
Your fawningest of prayers, your frightfullest  
Of curses—neither would avail to turn  
My footstep for a moment!”

“Prayer, then, tries  
No such adventure. Let us cast about  
For something novel in expedient: take  
Command,—what say you? I profess myself  
One fertile in resource. Commanding, then,  
I bid—not only wait there, but return

Here, where I want you! Disobey and—  
good!  
On your own head the peril!”

“Come!” breaks in  
The boy with his good glowing face. “Shut up!  
None of this sort of thing while I stand here  
—Not to stand that! No bullying, I beg!  
I also am to leave you presently  
And never more set eyes upon your face—  
You won’t mind that much; but—I tell you  
frank—  
I do mind having to remember this  
For your last word and deed—my friend who  
were!

Bully a woman you have ruined, eh?  
Do you know,—I give credit all at once  
To all those stories everybody told  
And nobody but I would disbelieve:  
They all seem likely now,—nay, certain, sure!  
I dare say you did cheat at cards that night  
The row was at the Club: ‘*sauter la coupe*’—  
That was your ‘cut,’ for which your friends  
‘cut’ you;  
While I, the booby, ‘cut’—acquaintanceship  
With who so much as laughed when I said  
‘*luck!*’

I dare say you had bets against the horse  
They doctored at the Derby; little doubt,  
That fellow with the sister found you shirk  
His challenge and did kick you like a ball,  
Just as the story went about! Enough:  
It only serves to show how well advised,  
Madam, you were in bidding such a fool  
As I, go hang. You see how the mere sight  
And sound of you suffice to tumble down  
Conviction topsy-turvy: no,—that’s false,—  
There’s no unknowing what one knows; and  
yet

Such is my folly that, in gratitude  
For . . . well, I’m stupid; but you seemed  
to wish

I should know gently what I know, should  
slip

Softly from old to new, not break my neck  
Between beliefs of what you were and are.  
Well then, for just the sake of such a wish  
To cut no worse a figure than needs must



In even eyes like mine, I'd sacrifice  
Body and soul! But don't think danger—  
pray!—

Menaces either! He do harm to us?  
Let me say 'us' this one time! You'd allow  
I lent perhaps my hand to rid your ear  
Of some cur's yelping—hand that's fortified,  
Into the bargain, with a horsewhip? Oh,  
One crack and you shall see how curs decamp!  
My lord, you know your losses and my gains.  
Pay me my money at the proper time!  
If cash be not forthcoming,—well, yourself  
Have taught me, and tried often, I'll engage,  
The proper course: I post you at the Club,  
Pillory the defaulter. Crack, to-day,  
Shall, slash, to-morrow, slice through flesh  
and bone!

There, Madam, you need mind no cur, I  
think!"

"Ah, what a gain to have an apt no less  
Than grateful scholar! Nay, he brings to  
mind

My knowledge till he puts me to the blush,  
So long has it lain rusty! Post my name!  
That were indeed a wheal from whipcord!  
Whew!

I wonder now if I could rummage out  
—Just to match weapons—some old scorpion-  
scourge!

Madam, you hear my pupil, may applaud  
His triumph o'er the master. I—no more  
Bully, since I'm forbidden: but entreat—  
Wait and return—for my sake, no! but just  
To save your own defender, should he chance  
Get thwacked thro' awkward flourish of his  
thong.

And what if—since all waiting's weary  
work—

I help the time pass 'twixt your exit now  
And entry then? for—pastime proper—here's  
The very thing, the Album, verse and prose  
To make the laughing minutes launch away!  
Each of us must contribute. I'll begin—  
'Hail, calm acclivity, salubrious spot!'

I'm confident I beat the bard,—for why?  
My young friend owns me an Iago—him  
Confessed, among the other qualities,

A ready rhymmer. Oh, he rhymed! Here goes!  
—Something to end with 'horsewhip!' No,  
that rhyme

Beats me; there's 'cowslip,' 'boltsprit,'  
nothing else!

So, Tennyson take my benison,—verse for  
bard,

Prose suits the gambler's book best! Dared  
and done!"

Wherewith he dips pen, writes a line or two,  
Closes and clasps the cover, gives the book,  
Bowing the while, to her who hesitates,  
Turns half away, turns round again, at last  
Takes it as you touch carrion, then retires.  
The door shuts fast the couple.

## VI.

With a change  
Of his whole manner, opens out at once  
The Adversary.

"Now, my friend, for you!  
You who, protected late, aggressive grown,  
Brandish, it seems, a weapon I must 'ware!  
Plain speech in me becomes respectable  
Henceforth, because courageous; plainly,  
then—

(Have lash well loose, hold handle tight and  
light!)

Throughout my life's experience, you indulged  
Yourself and friend by passing in review  
So courteously but now, I vainly search  
To find one record of a specimen  
So perfect of the pure and simple fool  
As this you furnish me. Ingratitude  
I lump with folly,—all's one lot,—so—fool!  
Did I seek you or you seek me? Seek? sneak  
For service to, and service you would style—  
And did style—godlike, scarce an hour ago!  
Fool, there again, yet not precisely there  
First-rate in folly: since the hand you kissed  
Did pick you from the kennel, did plant firm  
Your footstep on the pathway, did persuade  
Your awkward shamble to true gait and pace,  
Fit for the world you walk in. Once a-strut  
On that firm pavement which your cowardice

Was for renouncing as a pitfall, next  
Came need to clear your brains of their  
conceit

They cleverly could distinguish who was who,  
Whatever folk might tramp the thoroughfare.  
Men, now—familiarily you read them off,  
Each phys at first sight! O you had an eye!  
Who couched it? made you disappoint each  
fox

Eager to strip my gosling of his fluff  
So golden as he cackled 'Goose trusts lamb?'  
'Ay, but I saved you—wolf defeated fox—  
Wanting to pick your bones myself!' then,  
wolf

Has got the worst of it with goose for once.  
I, penniless, pay you ten thousand pounds  
(—No gesture, pray! I pay ere I depart.)  
And how you turn advantage to account  
Here's the example. Have I proved so  
wrong

In my peremptory '*debt must be discharged*?'  
O you laughed lovelily, were loth to leave  
The old friend out at elbows—pooh, a thing  
Not to be thought of! I must keep my cash,  
And you forget your generosity!

Ha ha, I took your measure when I laughed  
My laugh to that! First quarrel—nay, first  
faint

Pretence at taking umbrage—'*Down with  
debt,*

*Both interest and principal!—The Club,  
Exposure and expulsion!—stamp me out!*'

That's the magnanimous magnificent  
Renunciation of advantage! Well,  
But whence and why did you take umbrage,  
Sir?

Because your master, having made you know  
Somewhat of men, was minded to advance,  
Expound you women, still a mystery!

My pupil potted with a cloud on brow,  
A clod in breast: had loved, and vainly  
loved:

Whence blight and blackness, just for all the  
world

As Byron used to teach us boys. Thought  
I—

'Quick rid him of that rubbish! Clear the  
cloud,

*And set the heart a-pulsing!*'—heart, this  
time:

'Twas nothing but the head I doctored late  
For ignorance of Man; now heart's to dose.  
Palsied by over-palpitation due

To Woman-worship—so, to work at once  
On first avowal of the patient's ache!

This morning you described your malady,—  
How you dared love a piece of virtue—lost

To reason, as the upshot showed: for scorn  
Fitably repaid your stupid arrogance;

And, parting, you went two ways, she re-  
sumed

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 paragon of purity had plumped

Into these arms at their first outspread—  
'fallen

*My victim,*' 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 uncovenanted for,  
Never so much as put in question. Life—

Implied by marriage—throw that trifle in

And round the bargain off, no otherwise

Than if, when we played cards, because you  
won

My money you should also want my head!

That, I demurred to: we but played '*for  
love*'—

She won my love; had she proposed for  
stakes

'*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,

The remedy's applied, no farther: which

Here's the sick man's first *honorarium* for—

Posting his medicine-monger at the Club!

That being, Sir, the whole you mean my fee—

In gratitude for such munificence

I'm bound in common honesty to spare

No droplet of the draught: so,—pinch your  
nose,

Pull no wry faces!—drain it to the dregs!  
 I say 'She went off'—'went off,' you subjoin,  
 'Since not to wedded bliss, as I supposed,  
 Sure to some convent: solitude and peace  
 Help her to hide the shame from mortal view,  
 With prayer and fasting.' No, my sapient  
 Sir!

Far wiselier, straightway she betook herself  
 To a prize-portent from the donkey-show  
 Of leathern long-ears that compete for palm  
 In clerical absurdity: since he,  
 Good ass, nor practises the shaving-trick,  
 The candle-crotchet, nonsense which repays  
 When you've young ladies congregant,—but  
 schools

The poor,—toils, moils and grinds the mill  
 nor means

To stop and munch one thistle in this life  
 Till next life smother him with roses: just  
 The parson for her purpose! Him she  
 stroked

Over the muzzle; into mouth with bit,  
 And on to back with saddle,—there he stood,  
 The serviceable beast who heard, believed  
 And meekly bowed him to the burden,—  
 borne

Off in a canter to seclusion—ay,  
 The lady's lost! But had a friend of mine  
 —While friend he was—imparted his sad case  
 To sympathizing counsellor, full soon  
 One cloud at least had vanished from his  
 brow.

'Don't fear!' had followed reassuringly—  
 'The lost will in due time turn up again,  
 Probably just when, weary of the world,  
 You think of nothing less than settling-down  
 To country life and golden days, beside  
 A dearest best and brightest virtuous'est  
 Wife: who needs no more hope to hold her  
 own

Against the naughty-and-repentant—no,  
 Than water-gruel against Roman punch!'—  
 And as I prophesied, it proves! My  
 youth,—

Just at the happy moment when, subdued  
 To spooniness, he finds that youth fleets fast,  
 That town-life tires, that men should drop  
 boys'-play,

That property, position have, no doubt,  
 Their exigency with their privilege,  
 And if the wealthy wed with wealth, how dire  
 The double duty!—in, behold, there beams  
 Our long-lost lady, form and face complete!  
 And where's my moralizing pupil now,  
 Had not his master missed a train by chance?  
 But, by your side instead of whirled away,  
 How have I spoiled scene, stopped catas-  
 trophe,

Struck flat the stage-effect I know by heart!  
 Sudden and strange the meeting—improvised?  
 Bless you, the last event she hoped or  
 dreamed!

But rude sharp stroke will crush out fire from  
 flint—

Assuredly from flesh. 'Tis you?' 'Myself?'  
 'Changed?' 'Changeless.' 'Then, what's  
 earth to me?' 'To me

What's heaven?' 'So,—thine!' 'And  
 thine!' 'And likewise mine!'

Had laughed 'Amen' the devil, but for me  
 Whose intermeddling hinders this hot haste,  
 And bids you, ere concluding contract,  
 pause—

Ponder one lesson more, then sign and seal  
 At leisure and at pleasure,—lesson's price  
 Being, if you have skill to estimate,  
 —How say you?—I'm discharged my debt  
 in full!

Since paid you stand, to farthing uttermost,  
 Unless I fare like that black majesty  
 A friend of mine had visit from last Spring.  
 Coasting along the Cape-side, he's becalmed  
 Off an uncharted bay, a novel town  
 Untouched at by the trader: here's a chance!  
 Out paddles straight the king in his canoe,  
 Comes over bulwark, says he means to buy  
 Ship's cargo—being rich and having brought  
 A treasure ample for the purpose. See!

Four dragons, stalwart blackies, guard the  
 same

Wrapped round and round: its hulls, a  
 multitude,—

Palm-leaf and cocoa-mat and goat's-hair cloth  
 All duly braced about with bark and board,—  
 Suggest how brave, 'neath coat, must kernel  
 be!

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 sixpence  
cracked

Or copper; '*what I've said is calumny;*  
*The lady's spotless!*' 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!  
Man, since you have instruction, blush no  
more!

Such your five minutes' profit by my pains,  
'Tis simply now—demand and be possessed!  
Which means—you may possess—may strip  
the tree

Of fruit desirable to make one wise.  
More I nor wish nor want: your act's your  
act,

My teaching is but—there's the fruit to pluck  
Or let alone at pleasure. Next advance  
In knowledge were beyond you! Don't  
expect

I bid a novice—pluck, suck, send sky-high  
Such fruit, once taught that neither crab nor  
sloe

Falls readier prey to who but robs a hedge,  
Than this gold apple to my Hercules.  
Were you no novice but proficient—then,  
Then, truly, I might prompt you—Touch  
and taste,

Try flavour and be tired as soon as I!  
Toss on the prize to greedy mouths agape,  
Betake yours, sobered as the satiate grow,  
To wise man's solid meal of house and land,  
Consols and cousin! but my boy, my boy,  
Such lore's above you!

Here's the lady back!  
So, Madam, you have conned the Album-  
page

And come to thank its last contributor?  
How kind and condescending! I retire  
A moment, lest I spoil the interview,  
And mar my own endeavour to make friends—  
You with him, him with you, and both with  
me!

If I succeed—permit me to inquire  
Five minutes hence! Friends bid good-bye,  
you know."  
And out he goes.

## VII.

She, face, form, bearing, one  
Superb composure—

"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  
He now exacts of me? A silent blush!  
That's well, though better would white  
ignorance

Beseem your brow, undesecrate before—  
Ay, when I left you! I too learn at last  
—Hideously learned as I seemed so late—  
What sin may swell to. Yes,—I needed learn  
That, when my prophet's rod became the  
snake

I fled from, it would, one day, swallow up  
—Incorporate whatever serpentine  
Falsehood and treason and unmanliness  
Beslime earth's pavement: such the power  
of Hell,

And so beginning, ends no otherwise  
The Adversary! I was ignorant,  
Blameworthy—if you will; but blame I take  
Nowise upon me as I ask myself  
—*You*—how can you, whose soul I seemed  
to read

The limpid eyes through, have declined so  
deep

Even with him for consort? I revolve  
Much memory, pry into the looks and words  
Of that day's walk beneath the College wall,

And nowhere can distinguish, in what gleams  
Only pure marble through my dusky past,  
A dubious 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  
soul

Now were another's. My own right in me,  
For well or ill, consigned away—my face  
Fronted the honest path, deflection whence  
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 no less, seemed  
best

Buried away for ever. Take it now  
Its power to pain is past! Four years—that  
day—

Those limes 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  
By some man's soul—the weaker woman's-  
want!

So had I missed the momentary thrill  
Of finding me in presence of a god,  
But gained the god's own feeling when he  
gives

Such thrill to what turns life from death before.  
'*Gods many and Lords many,*' says the  
Book:

You would have yielded up your soul to me

—Not to the false god who has burned its clay  
In his own image. I had shed my love  
Like Spring dew on the clod all flowery  
thence,

Not sent up a wild vapour to the sun  
That drinks and then disperses. Both of us  
Blameworthy,—I first meet my punishment—  
And not so hard to bear. I breathe again!  
Forth from those arms' entwining leprosy  
At last I struggle—uncontaminate:

Why must I leave *you* pressing to the breast  
That's all one plague-spot? Did you love  
me once?

Then take love's last and best return! I  
think,

Womanliness means only motherhood;  
All love begins and ends there,—roams  
enough,

But, having run the circle, rests at home.

Why is your expiation yet to make?

Pull shame with your own hands from your  
own head

Now,—never wait the slow envelopment  
Submitted to by unelastic age!

One fierce throe frees the sapling: flake on  
flake

Lull till they leave the oak snow-stupefied.

Your heart retains its vital warmth—or why  
That blushing reassurance? Blush, young  
blood!

Break from beneath this icy premature

Captivity of wickedness—I warn

Back, in God's name! No fresh encroach-  
ment here!

This May breaks all to bud—no Winter now!

Friend, we are both forgiven! Sin no more!

I am past sin now, so shall you become!

Meanwhile I testify that, lying once,

My foe lied ever, most lied last of all.

He, waking, whispered to your sense asleep

The wicked counsel,—and assent might seem;

But, roused, your healthy indignation breaks

The idle dream-pact. You would die—not  
dare

Confirm your dream-resolve,—nay, find the  
word

That fits the deed to bear the light of day!

Say I have justly judged you! then farewell

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  
luck—

From first to last I blunder. Still, one more  
Turn at the target, try to speak my thought!  
Since he could guess my purpose, won't you  
read

Right what he set down wrong? He said—  
let's think!

Ay, so!—he did begin by telling heaps  
Of tales about you. Now, you see—suppose  
Anyone told me—my own mother died  
Before I knew her—told me—to his cost!—  
Such tales about my own dead mother: why,  
You would not wonder surely if I knew,  
By nothing but my own heart's help, he lied,  
Would you? No reason's wanted in the case.  
So with you! In they burnt on me, his tales,  
Much as when madhouse-inmates crowd  
around,

Make captive any visitor and scream  
All sorts of stories of their keeper—he's  
Both dwarf and giant, vulture, wolf, dog, cat,  
Serpent and scorpion, yet man all the same;  
Sane people soon see through the gibberish!  
I just made out, you somehow lived some-  
where

A life of shame—I can't distinguish more—  
Married or single—how, don't matter much:  
Shame which himself had caused—that point  
was clear,

That fact confessed—that thing to hold and  
keep.

Oh, and he added some absurdity

—That you were here to make me—ha, ha,  
ha!—

Still love you, still of mind to die for you,  
Ha, ha—as if that needed mighty pains!

Now, foolish as . . . but never mind myself  
—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 choke, who cares?—

I believe somehow in your purity  
Perfect as ever! Else what use is God?

He is God, and work miracles He can!  
Then, what shall I do? Quite as clear, my  
course!

They've got a thing they call their Labyrinth  
I' the garden yonder: and my cousin played  
A pretty trick once, led and lost me deep  
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  
In sorry plight enough, I promise you!  
So here: I won my way to truth through  
lies—

Said, as I saw light,—if her shame be shame  
I'll rescue and redeem her,—shame's no  
shame?

Then, I'll avenge, protect—redeem myself  
The stupidest of sinners! Here I stand!

Dear,—let me once dare call you so,—you  
said

Thus ought you to have done, four years ago,  
Such things and such! Ay, dear, and what  
ought I?

You were revealed to me: where's gratitude,  
Where's memory even, where the gain of you  
Discernible in my low after-life

Of fancied consolation? why, no horse  
Once fed on corn, will, missing corn, go  
munch

Mere thistles like a donkey! I missed you,  
And in your place found—him, made him  
my love,

Ay, did I,—by this token, that he taught  
So much best-nature that I meant . . . God  
knows

Whether I bow me to the dust enough! . . .  
To marry—yes, my cousin here! I hope  
That was a master-stroke! Take heart of  
hers,  
And give her hand of mine with no more  
heart

Than now you see upon this brow I strike!  
What atom of a heart do I retain  
Not all yours? Dear, you know it! Easily  
May she accord me pardon when I place  
My brow beneath her foot, if foot so deign,  
Since uttermost indignity is spared—  
Mere marriage and no love! And all this  
time

Not one word to the purpose! Are you free?  
Only wait! only let me serve—deserve  
Where you appoint and how you see the  
god!

I have the will—perhaps the power—at least  
Means that have power against the world.  
For time—

Take my whole life for your experiment!  
If you are bound—in marriage, say—why,  
still,

Still, sure, there's something for a friend to  
do,

Outside? A mere well-wisher, understand!  
I'll sit, my life long, at your gate, you know,  
Swing it wide open to let you and him  
Pass freely,—and you need not look, much  
less

Fling me a '*Thank you—are you there, old  
friend!*'

Don't say that even: I should drop like shot!  
So I feel now at least: some day, who knows?  
After no end of weeks and months and years  
You might smile '*I believe you did your  
best!*'

And that shall make my heart leap—leap  
such leap

As lands the feet in Heaven to wait you  
there!

Ah, there's just one thing more! How pale  
you look!

Why? Are you angry? If there's, after all,

Worst come to worst—if still there some-  
how be

The shame—I said was no shame,—none, I  
swear!—

In that case, if my hand and what it holds,—  
My name,—might be your safeguard now—  
at once—

Why, here's the hand—you have the heart!  
Of course—

No cheat, no binding you, because I'm bound,  
To let me off probation by one day,

Week, month, year, lifetime! Prove as you  
propose!

Here's the hand with the name to take or  
leave!

That's all—and no great piece of news, I  
hope!"

"Give me the hand, then!" she cries hastily.  
"Quick, now! I hear his footstep!"

Hand in hand

The couple face him as he enters, stops  
Short, stands surprised a moment, laughs  
away

Surprise, resumes the much-experienced man.

"So, you accept him?"

"Till us death do part!"

"No longer? Come, that's right and rational!  
I fancied there was power in common sense,  
But did not know it worked thus promptly.

Well—

At last each understands the other, then?  
Each drops disguise, then? So, at supper-  
time

These masquerading people doff their gear,  
Grand Turk his pompous turban, Quakeress  
Her stiff-starched bib and tucker,—make-  
believe

That only bothers when, ball-business done,  
Nature demands champagne and *mayonnaise*.

Just so has each of us sage three abjured  
His and her moral pet particular

Pretension to superiority,  
And, cheek by jowl, we henceforth munch

and joke!

Go, happy pair, paternally dismissed  
 To live and die together—for a month,  
 Discretion can award no more! Depart  
 From whatsoever the calm sweet solitude  
 Selected—Paris not improbably—  
 At month's end, when the honeycomb's left  
 wax,

—You, daughter, with a pocketful of gold  
 Enough to find your village boys and girls  
 In duffel cloaks and hobnailed shoes from May  
 To—what's the phrase?—Christmas-come-  
 never-mas!

You, son and heir of mine, shall re-appear  
 Ere Spring-time, that's the ring-time, lose  
 one leaf,

And—not without regretful smack of lip  
 The while you wipe it free of honey-smear—  
 Marry the cousin, play the magistrate,  
 Stand for the county, prove perfection's pink—  
 Master of hounds, gay-coated dine—nor die  
 Sooner than needs of gout, obesity,  
 And sons at Christ Church! As for me,—ah  
 me,

I abdicate—retire on my success,  
 Four years well occupied in teaching youth  
 —My son and daughter the exemplary!  
 Time for me to retire now, having placed  
 Proud on their pedestal the pair: in turn,  
 Let them do homage to their master! You,—  
 Well, your flushed cheek and flashing eye  
 proclaim

Sufficiently your gratitude: you paid  
 The *honorarium*, the ten thousand pounds  
 To purpose, did you not? I told you so!  
 And you, but, bless me, why so pale—so faint  
 At influx of good fortune? Certainly,  
 No matter how or why or whose the fault,  
 I save your life—save it, nor less nor more!  
 You blindly were resolved to welcome death  
 In that black boor-and-bumpkin-haunted hole  
 Of his, the prig with all the preachments!

You

Installed as nurse and matron to the crones  
 And wenches, while there lay a world outside  
 Like Paris (which again I recommend)  
 In company and guidance of—first, this,  
 Then—all in good time—some new friend as  
 fit—

What 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' frisky 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  
 Scares 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—Iago! Ay, and worse—  
 The lady, all at once grown lunatic,  
 In suicidal monomania vowed,  
 To save her soul, she needs must starve her-  
 self!

They're cured now, both, and I tell nobody.  
 Why don't you speak? Nay, speechless, each  
 of you

Can spare,—without unclasping plighted  
 troth,—

At least one hand to shake! Left-hands  
 will do—

Yours first, my daughter! Ah, it guards—  
 it gripes

The precious Album fast—and prudently!  
 As well obliterate the record there  
 On page the last: allow me tear the leaf!  
 Pray, now! And afterward, to make amends,  
 What if all three of us contribute each  
 A line to that prelusive fragment,—help  
 The embarrassed bard who broke out to  
 break down

Dumbfounded at such unforeseen success?  
 'Hail, calm acclivity, salubrious spot'

You begin—*place aux dames!* I'll prompt  
 you then!

'Here do I take the good the gods allot!'

Next you, Sir! What, still sulky? Sing, O  
 Muse!



'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 alteration-itch!

No, I protest against erasure. Read,  
My friend!" (she gasps out). "Read and  
quickly read

'Before us death do 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 stupefying 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  
Aloud that licence—or that warrant, say.

"One against two—and two that urge their  
odds

To uttermost—I needs must try resource!  
Madam, 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 fool-foe: I was fain  
Let the boy touch me with the buttoned foil,  
And him the infection gains, he too must needs  
Catch up the butcher's cleaver. Be it so!  
Since play turns earnest, here's my serious  
fence.

He loves you; he demands your love: both  
know

What love means in my language. Love him  
then!

Pursuant to a pact, love pays my debt:  
Therefore, deliver me from him, thereby  
Likewise delivering from me yourself!

For, hesitate—much more, refuse consent—  
I tell the whole truth to your husband.  
Flat

Cards lie on table, in our gamester-phrase!  
Consent—you stop my mouth, the only way.'

"I did well, trusting instinct: knew you  
hand

Had never joined with his in fellowship  
Over this pact of infamy. You know—  
As he was known through every nerve of me.  
Therefore I 'stopped his mouth the only way'  
But my way! none was left for you, my  
friend—

The loyal—near, the loved one! No—no—  
no!

Threaten? Chastise? The coward would  
but quail.

Conquer who can, the cunning of the snake!  
Stamp out his slimy strength from tail to  
head,

And still you leave vibration of the tongue.  
His malice had redoubled—not on me  
Who, myself, choose my own refining fire—  
But on poor unsuspecting innocence;  
And,—victim,—to turn executioner  
Also—that feat effected, forky tongue  
Had done indeed its office! Once snake's  
'mouth'

Thus 'open'—how could mortal 'stop it'?"

"So!"

A tiger-flash—yell, spring, and scream:  
halloo!

Death's out and on him, has and holds him  
—ugh!

But *ne trucidet coram populo*

*Juvenis senem!* 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 lay, 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 she dies,

Begins outside a voice that sounds like song,  
And is indeed half song though meant for  
speech

Muttered in time to motion—stir of heart

That unsubduably must bubble forth

To match the fawn-step as it mounts the stair.

"All's ended and all's over! Verdict found  
'Not guilty'—prisoner forthwith set free,  
Mid cheers the Court pretends to disregard!  
Now Portia, now for Daniel, late severe,  
At last appeased, benignant! 'This young  
man—

Hem—has the young man's foibles but no  
fault.

He's virgin soil—a friend must cultivate.

I think no plant called 'love' grows wild—a  
friend

May introduce, and name the bloom, the  
fruit!"

Here somebody dares wave a handkerchief—

She'll want to hide her face with presently!

Good-bye then! 'Cigno fedel, cigno fedel,

Addio!' Now, was ever such mistake—

Ever such foolish ugly omen? Pshaw!

Wagner, beside! 'Amo te solo, te

Solo amai!' That's worth fifty such!

But, mum, the grave face at the opened door!"

And so the good gay girl, with eyes and  
cheeks

Diamond and damask,—cheeks so white ere-  
while

Because of a vague fancy, idle fear

Chased on reflection!—pausing, taps discreet;

And then, to give herself a countenance,

Before she comes upon the pair inside,

Loud—the oft-quoted, long-laughed-over  
line—

"'Hail, calm acclivity, salubrious spot!"

Open the door!"

No: let the curtain fall!

# PACCHIAROTTO

AND

## HOW HE WORKED IN DISTEMPER,

ET CETERA.

1876.

[Pacchiarotto, born Siena, 1474, was an insignificant painter, who once obtained a little credit for pictures really painted by Pacchia. He was a reformer and conspirator as well as an inferior artist.]

### PROLOGUE.

I.

O the old wall here ! How I could pass  
Life in a long Midsummer day,  
My feet confined to a plot of grass,  
My eyes from a wall not once away !

II.

And lush and lithe do the creepers clothe  
Yon wall I watch, with a wealth of green :  
Its bald red bricks draped, nothing loth,  
In lappets of tangle they laugh between.

III.

Now, what is it makes pulsate the robe ?  
Why tremble the sprays ? What life o'er-  
brims  
The body,—the house, no eye can probe,—  
Divined as, beneath a robe, the limbs ?

IV.

And there again ! But my heart may guess  
Who tripped behind ; and she sang perhaps :  
So, the old wall throbb'd, and its life's excess  
Died out and away in the leafy wraps.

V.

Wall upon wall are between us : life  
And song should away from heart to  
heart.

I—prison-bird, with a ruddy strife  
At breast, and a lip whence storm-notes  
start—

VI.

Hold on, hope hard in the subtle thing  
That's spirit : though cloistered fast, soar  
free ;  
Account as wood, brick, stone, this ring  
Of the rueful neighbours, and—forth to  
thee !

### OF PACCHIAROTTO, AND HOW HE WORKED IN DISTEMPER.

I.

QUERY : was ever a quainter  
Crotchet than this of the painter  
Giacomo Pacchiarotto  
Who took " Reform " for his motto ?

II.

He, pupil of old Fungaio,  
Is always confounded (heigho !)  
With Pacchia, contemporaneous  
No question, but how extraneous  
In the grace of soul, the power  
Of hand,—undoubted dower  
Of Pacchia who decked (as *we* know,  
My Kirkup ! ) San Bernardino,

1 A well-known Englishman long resident in  
Florence.

Turning the small dark Oratory  
 To Siena's Art-laboratory,  
 As he made its straitness roomy  
 And glorified its gloomy,  
 With Bazzi<sup>1</sup> and Beccafumi.<sup>2</sup>  
 (Another heigho for Bazzi :  
 How people miscall him Razzi !)

## III.

This Painter was of opinion  
 Our earth should be his dominion  
 Whose Art could correct to pattern  
 What Nature had slurred—the slattern !  
 And since, beneath the heavens,  
 Things lay now at sixes and sevens,  
 Or, as he said, *sopra-sotto*<sup>3</sup>—  
 Thought the painter Pacchiarotto  
 Things wanted reforming, therefore.  
 “Wanted it”—ay, but wherefore ?  
 When earth held one so ready  
 As he to step forth, stand steady  
 In the middle of God's creation  
 And prove to demonstration  
 What the dark is, what the light is,  
 What the wrong is, what the right is,  
 What the ugly, what the beautiful,  
 What the restive, what the dutiful,  
 In Mankind profuse around him ?  
 Man, devil as now he found him,  
 Would presently soar up angel  
 At the summons of such evangel,  
 And owe—what would Man *not* owe  
 To the painter Pacchiarotto ?  
 Ay, look to thy laurels, Giotto !

## IV.

But Man, he perceived, was stubborn,  
 Grew regular brute, once cub born ;  
 And it struck him as expedient—  
 Ere he tried to make obedient  
 The wolf, fox, bear and monkey,  
 By piping advice in one key—  
 That his pipe should play a prelude  
 To something heaven-tinged not hell-hued,

<sup>1</sup> Italian painter of the fifteenth century.

<sup>2</sup> Sieneſe painter of the ſixteenth century.

<sup>3</sup> Upside-down.

Something not harsh but docile,  
 Man-liquid, not Man-fossil—  
 Not fact, in short, but fancy.  
 By a laudable necromancy  
 He would conjure up ghosts—a circle  
 Deprived of the means to work ill  
 Should his music prove distasteful  
 And pearls to the swine go wasteful.  
 To be rent of swine—that *was* hard !  
 With fancy he ran no hazard :  
 Fact might knock him o'er the mazzard.<sup>4</sup>

## V.

So, the painter Pacchiarotto  
 Constructed himself a grotto  
 In the quarter of Stalloreggi—  
 As authors of note allege ye.  
 And on each of the whitewashed sides of it  
 He painted—(none far and wide so fit  
 As he to perform in fresco)—  
 He painted nor cried *quiesco*  
 Till he peopled its every square foot  
 With Man—from the Beggar barefoot  
 To the Noble in cap and feather :  
 All sorts and conditions together.  
 The Soldier in breastplate and helmet  
 Stood frowningly—hail fellow well met—  
 By the Priest armed with bell, book and candle  
 Nor did he omit to handle  
 The Fair Sex, our brave distemperer :  
 Not merely King, Clown, Pope, Emperor—  
 He diversified too his Hades  
 Of all forms, pinched Labour and paid Ease,  
 With as mixed an assemblage of Ladies.

## VI.

Which work done, dry,—he rested him,  
 Cleaned pallet, washed brush, divested him  
 Of the apron that suits *frescanti*,<sup>5</sup>  
 And, bonnet on ear stuck jaunty,  
 This hand upon hip well planted,  
 That, free to wave as it wanted,  
 He addressed in a choice oration  
 His folk of each name and nation,  
 Taught its duty to every station.  
 The Pope was declared an aſrant  
 Impoſtor at once, I warrant.

<sup>4</sup> The head.

<sup>5</sup> Painters in fresco.

The Emperor—truth might tax him  
 With ignorance of the maxim  
 "Shear sheep but nowise flay them!"  
 And the Vulgar that obey them,  
 The Ruled, well-matched with the Ruling,  
 They failed not of wholesome schooling  
 On their knavery and their fooling.  
 As for Art—where's decorum? Pooh-pooed  
 it is  
 By Poets that plague us with lewd ditties,  
 And Painters that pester with nudities!

## VII.

Now, your rater and debater  
 Is balked by a mere spectator  
 Who simply stares and listens  
 Tongue tied, while eye nor glistens  
 Nor brow grows hot and twitchy,  
 Nor mouth, for a combat itchy,  
 Quivers with some convincing  
 Reply—that sets him wincing?  
 Nay, rather—reply that furnishes  
 Your debater with just what burnishes  
 The crest of him, all one triumph,  
 As you see him rise, hear him cry "Humph!  
 Convinced am I? This confutes me?  
 Receive the rejoinder that suits me!  
 Confutation of vassal for prince meet—  
 Wherein all the powers that convince meet,  
 And mash my opponent to mincemeat!"

## VIII.

So, off from his head flies the bonnet,  
 His hip loses hand planted on it,  
 While t'other hand, frequent in gesture,  
 Slinks modestly back beneath vesture,  
 As,—hop, skip and jump,—he's along with  
 Those weak ones he late proved so strong  
 with!  
 Pope, Emperor, lo, he's beside them,  
 Friendly now, who late could not abide them,  
 King, Clown, Soldier, Priest, Noble, Burgess;  
 And his voice, that out-roared Boanerges,  
 How minikin-mildly it urges  
 In accents how gentled and ginged  
 Its word in defence of the injured!  
 "O call him not culprit, this Pontiff!  
 Be hard on this Kaiser ye won't if

Ye take into con-si-der-ation  
 What dangers attend elevation!  
 The Priest—who expects him to descant  
 On duty with more zeal and less cant?  
 He preaches but rubbish he's reared in.  
 The Soldier, grown deaf (by the mere din  
 Of battle) to mercy, learned tipling  
 And what not of vice while a stripling.  
 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 dolt-head?"

## IX.

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 heel to laced poll's-hood!  
 What's their frailty beside our own falsehood?  
 The boldest, most brazen of . . . trumpets,  
 How kind can they be to their dumb pets!  
 Of their charms—how are most frank, how  
 few venal!  
 While as for those charges of Juvenal—  
*Que nemo dixisset in toto*  
*Nisi (ædipol) ore illoto—*  
 He dismissed every charge with an "*Apape!*"

## X.

Then, cocking (in Scotch phrase) his cap  
 a-gee,  
 Right hand disengaged from the doubtlet  
 —Like landlord, in house he had sub-let  
 Resuming of guardianship gestion,  
 To call tenants' conduct in question—  
 Hop, skip, jump, to inside from outside  
 Of chamber, he lords, ladies, louts eyed  
 With such transformation of visage  
 As fitted the censor of this age.  
 No longer an advocate tepid  
 Of frailty, but champion intrepid  
 Of strength, not of falsehood but verity,  
 He, one after one, with asperity  
 Stripped bare all the cant-clothed abuses,  
 Disposed of sophistic excuses,

Forced folly each shift to abandon,  
And left vice with no leg to stand on.  
So crushing the force he exerted,  
That Man at his foot lay converted !

## XI.

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  
For misdeeds *non verbis sed factis* ?  
“With folk all alive be my practice  
Henceforward ! O mortar, paint-pot O,  
Farewell to ye !” cried Pacchiarotto,  
“Let only occasion *interpose* !”

## XII.

It did so : for, pat to the purpose  
Through causes I need not examine,  
There fell upon Siena a famine.  
In vain did the magistrates busily  
Seek succour, fetch grain out of Sicily,  
Nay, throw mill and bakehouse wide open—  
Such misery followed as no pen  
Of mine shall depict ye. Faint, fainter  
Waxed hope of relief : so, our painter,  
Emboldened by triumph of recency,  
How could he do other with decency  
Than rush in this strait to the rescue,  
Play schoolmaster, point as with fescue<sup>1</sup>  
To each and all slips in Man’s spelling  
The law of the land ?—slips now telling  
With monstrous effect on the city,  
Whose magistrates moved him to pity  
As, bound to read law to the letter,  
They minded their hornbook no better.

## XIII.

I ought to have told you, at starting,  
How certain, who itched to be carting  
Abuses away clean and thorough  
From Siena, both province and borough,  
Had formed themselves into a company  
Whose swallow could bolt in a lump any

<sup>1</sup> Straw or stick used as a pointer in teaching reading.

Obstruction of scruple, provoking  
The nicer throat’s coughing and choking :  
Fit Club, by as fit a name dignified  
Of “Freed Ones”—“*Bardotti*!”—which sig-  
nified

“Spare-Horses” that walk by the waggon  
The team has to drudge for and drag on.  
This notable club Pacchiarotto  
Had joined long since, paid scot and lot to,  
As free and accepted “*Bardotto*.”  
The Bailiwick watched with no quiet eye  
The outrage thus done to society,  
And noted the advent especially  
Of Pacchiarotto their fresh ally.

## XIV.

These Spare-Horses forthwith assembled :  
Neighed words whereat citizens trembled  
As oft as the chiefs, in the Square by  
The Duomo, proposed a way whereby  
The city were cured of disaster.  
“Just substitute servant for master,  
Make Poverty Wealth and Wealth Poverty,  
Unloose Man from overt and covert tie,  
And straight out of social confusion  
True Order would spring !” Brave illusion—  
Aims heavenly attained by means earthy !

## XV.

Off to these at full speed rushed our worthy,—  
Brain practised and tongue no less tutored,  
In argument’s armour accoutred,—  
Sprang forth, mounted rostrum and essayed  
Proposals like those to which “Yes” said  
So glibly each personage painted  
O’ the wall-side wherewith you’re acquainted.  
He harangued on the faults of the Bailiwick :  
“Red soon were our State-candle’s paly  
wick,

If wealth would become but interfluous,  
Fill voids up with just the superfluous ;  
If ignorance gave way to knowledge  
—Not pedantry picked up at college  
From Doctors, Professors *et cetera*—  
(*They say* : ‘*kai ta loipa*’—like better a  
Long Greek string of *kappas*, *taus*, *lambdas*,  
Tacked on to the tail of each damned  
ass)—

No knowledge we want of this quality,  
 But knowledge indeed—practicality  
 Through insight's fine universality!  
 If you shout '*Bailiffs, out on ye all! Fie,  
 Thou Chief of our forces, Amalfi,  
 Who shieldiest the rogue and the clotpoll!*'  
 If you pounce on and poke out, with what pole  
 I leave ye to fancy, our Siena's  
 Beast-litter of sloths and hyenas—"  
 (Whoever to scan this is ill able  
 Forgets the town's name's a dissyllable)  
 "If, this done, ye did—as ye might—place  
 For once the right man in the right place,  
 If you listened to me . . ."

## XVI.

At which last "If"

There flew at his throat like a mastiff  
 One Spare-Horse—another and another!  
 Such outbreak of tumult and pother,  
 Horse-faces a-laughing and fleering,  
 Horse-voices a-mocking and jeering,  
 Horse-hands raised to collar the caitiff  
 Whose impudence ventured the late "If"—  
 That, had not fear sent Pacchiarotto  
 Off tramping, as fast as could trot toe,  
 Away from the scene of discomfort—  
 Had he stood there stock-still in a dumb fit  
 —sure  
 Am I he had paid in his person  
 Till his mother might fail to know her son,  
 Though she gazed on him never so wistful,  
 In the figure so tattered and tristful.  
 Each mouth full of curses, each fist full  
 Of cuffs—behold, Pacchiarotto,  
 The pass which thy project has got to,  
 Of trusting, nigh ashes still hot—tow!  
 (The paraphrase—which I much need—is  
 From Horace<sup>1</sup> "*per ignes incedis.*")

## XVII.

Right and left did he dash helter-skelter  
 In agonized search of a shelter.  
 No purlieu so blocked and no alley  
 So blind as allowed him to rally

<sup>1</sup> *Odes* II. i, 6.

His spirits and see—nothing hampered  
 His steps if he trudged and not scampered  
 Up here and down there in a city  
 That's all ups and downs, more the pity  
 For folk who would outrun the constable.  
 At last he stopped short at the one stable  
 And sure place of refuge that's offered  
 Humanity. Lately was coffered  
 A corpse in its sepulchre, situate  
 By St. John's Observance. "Habituate  
 Thyself to the strangest of bedfellows,  
 And, kicked by the live, kiss the dead  
 fellows!"

So Misery counselled the craven.  
 At once he crept safely to haven  
 Through a hole left unbricked in the struc-  
 ture.

Ay, Misery, in have you tucked your  
 Poor client and left him conterminous  
 With—pah!—the thing fetid and verminous!  
 (I gladly would spare you the detail,  
 But History writes what I retail.)

## XVIII.

Two days did he groan in his domicile:  
 "Good Saints, set me free and I promise I'll  
 Abjure all ambition of preaching  
 Change, whether to minds touched by teach-  
 ing  
 —The smooth folk of fancy, mere figments  
 Created by plaster and pigments,—  
 Or to minds that receive with such rudeness  
 Dissuasion from pride, greed and lewdness,  
 —The rough folk of fact, life's true specimens  
 Of mind—'*haud in posse sed esse mens*'  
 As it was, is, and shall be for ever  
 Despite of my utmost endeavour.  
 O live foes I thought to illumine,  
 Henceforth lie untroubled your gloom in!  
 I need my own light, every spark, as  
 I couch with this sole friend—a carcase!"

## XIX.

Two days thus he maundered and rambled;  
 Then, starved back to sanity, scrambled  
 From out his receptacle loathsome.  
 "A spectre!"—declared upon oath some

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 convent of monks, the Observancy.

## XX.

Thus far is a fact: I reserve fancy  
For Fancy's more proper employment:  
And now she 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 rinsing,  
Nay, rubbing with drugs odoriferous,  
Till, rid of his garments pestiferous  
And robed by the help of the Brotherhood  
In odds and ends,—this gown and t'other  
hood,—  
His empty inside first well-garnished,—  
He delivered a tale round, unvarnished.

## XXI.

"Ah, Youth!" ran the Abbot's admonish-  
ment,  
"Thine error scarce moves my astonish-  
ment.  
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 quill be!  
Earth is earth and not heaven, and ne'er  
will be.*'  
Man's work is to labour and leaven—  
As best he may—earth here with heaven;  
'Tis work for work's sake that he's need-  
ing:  
Let him work on and on as if speeding  
Work's end, but not dream of succeeding!  
Because if success were intended,  
Why, heaven would begin ere earth ended.  
A Spare-Horse? Be rather a thill-horse,<sup>1</sup>  
Or—what's the plain truth—just a mill-  
horse!

<sup>1</sup> Thill=shaft.

Earth's a mill where we grind and wear  
mufflers:

A whip awaits shirkers and shufflers  
Who slacken their pace, sick of lugging  
At what don't advance for their tugging.  
Though round goes the mill, we must still  
post

On and on as if moving the mill-post.  
So, grind 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 Abbot;  
Stick thou, Son, to daub-brush and dab-pot!  
But, soft! I scratch hard on the scab hot?  
Though cured of thy plague, there may linger  
A pimple I fray with rough finger?  
So soon could my homily transmute  
Thy brass into gold? Why, the man's mute!"

## XXII.

"Ay, Father, I'm mute with admiring  
How Nature's indulgence untiring  
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 grinned '*Art thou so in a hurry  
That out of warm light thou must skurry  
And join me down here in the dungoon  
Because, above, one's Jack and one—John,  
One's swift in the race, one—a hobbler,  
One's a crowned king, and one—a capped  
cobbler,  
Rich and poor, sage and fool, virtuous, vicious?  
Why complain? Art thou so unsuspecting  
That all's for an hour of essaying  
Who's fit and who's unfit for playing*'



*His part in the after-construction  
—Heaven's Piece whereof Earth's the In-  
duction?*

*Things rarely go smooth at Rehearsal.  
Wait patient the change universal,  
And act, and let act, in existence!  
For, as thou art clapped hence or hissed hence,  
Thou hast thy promotion or otherwise.  
And why must wise thou have thy brother wise  
Because in rehearsal thy cue be  
To shine by the side of a booby?  
No polishing 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 tries men and gods with  
No problem for weak wits to solve meant,  
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 allotted!  
Lest haply thyself prove besotted  
When stript, for thy pains, of that costume  
Of sage, which has bred the imposthume  
I prick to relieve thee of,—Vanity!*

## XXIII.

“So, Father, behold me in sanity!  
I'm back to the palette and mahlstick:  
And as for Man—let each and all stick  
To what was prescribed them at starting!  
Once planted as fools—no departing  
From folly one inch, *secularum*  
*In secula!* Pass me the jorum,  
And push me the platter—my stomach  
Retains, through its fasting, still some ache—  
And then, with your kind *Benedicite*,  
Good-bye!”

## XXIV.

I have told with simplicity  
My tale, dropped those harsh analytics,  
And tried to content you, my critics,  
Who greeted 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, tongs and bellows,  
(I threw up the window) “your pleasure?”

## XXV.

Then he who directed the measure—  
An old friend—put leg forward nimbly,  
“We critics as sweeps out your chimbley!  
Much soot to remove from your flue, sir!  
Who spares coal in kitchen an't you, sir!  
And neighbours complain it's no joke, sir,  
—You ought to consume your own smoke,  
sir!”

## XXVI.

Ah, rogues, but my housemaid suspects you—  
Is confident oft she detects you  
In bringing more filth into my house  
Than ever you found there! I'm pious  
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—ay, 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 tinkling,  
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.  
“That chord now—a groan or a grunt is't?  
Schumann's self was no worse contrapuntist.  
No ear! or if ear, so tough-gristled—  
He thought that he sung while he whistled!”

## XXVII.

So, this time I whistle, not sing at all,  
My story, the largess I fling at all  
And every the rough there whose *aubade*<sup>1</sup>  
Did its best to amuse me,—nor so bad!  
Take my thanks, pick up largess, and scamper  
Off free, ere your mirth gets a damper  
You've Monday, your one day, your fun-day,  
While mine is a year that's all Sunday.

<sup>1</sup> Serenade.

I've seen you, times—who knows how many?—

Dance in here, strike up, play the zany,  
 Make mouths at the tenant, hoot warning  
 You'll find him decamped next May-morning;  
 Then scuttle away, glad to 'scape hence  
 With—kicks? no, but laughter and ha'pence!  
 Mine's freehold, by grace of the grand Lord  
 Who lets out the ground here,—my landlord:  
 To him I pay quit-rent—devotion;  
 Nor hence shall I budge, I've a notion,  
 Nay, here shall my whistling and singing  
 Set all his street's echoes a-ringing  
 Long after the last of your number  
 Has ceased my front-court to encumber  
 While, treading down rose and ranunculus,  
 You *Tommy-make-room-for-your-Uncle* us!  
 Troop, all of you—man or homunculus,  
 Quick march! for Xanthippe, my housemaid,  
 If once on your pates she a souse made  
 With what, pan or pot, bowl or *skoramis*  
 First comes to her hand—things were more  
 amiss!

I would not for worlds be your place in—  
 Recipient of slops from the basin!  
 You, Jack-in-the-Green, leaf-and-twiggy-  
 ness  
 Won't save a dry thread on your priggish-  
 ness!  
 While as for Quilp-Hop-o'-my-thumb there,  
 Banjo-Byron that twangs the strum-strum  
 there—  
 He'll think, as the pickle he curses,  
 I've discharged on his pate his own verses!  
 "Dwarfs are saucy," says Dickens: so,  
 sauced in  
 Your own sauce, . . .<sup>1</sup>

## XXVIII.

But, back to my Knight of the Pencil,  
 Dismissed to his fresco and stencil!<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> No, please! For

"Who would be satirical  
 On a thing so very small?"  
 —*Printer's Devil*. [Note by R. B.]

<sup>2</sup> A thin plate with patterns cut out so as to be transferred to a substance placed underneath the plate.

Whose story—begun with a chuckle,  
 And throughout timed by raps of the  
 knuckle,—

To small enough purpose were studied  
 If it ends with crown cracked or nose  
 bloodied.

Come, critics,—not shake hands, excuse  
 me!

But—say have you grudged to amuse me  
 This once in the forty-and-over  
 Long years since you trampled my clover  
 And scared from my house-eaves each sparrow  
 I never once harmed by that arrow

Of song, *karterotaton belos*,<sup>3</sup>  
 (Which Pindar declares the true *melos*!)

I was forging and filing and finishing,  
 And no whit my labours diminishing  
 Because, though high up in a chamber  
 Where none of your kidney may clamber  
 Your hullabaloo would approach me?  
 Was it "grammar" wherein you would  
 "coach" me—

You,—pacing in even that paddock  
 Of language allotted you *ad hoc*,  
 With a clog at your fetlocks,—you—scorners  
 Of me free of all its four corners?  
 Was it "clearness of words which convey  
 thought?"

Ay, if words never needed enswathe aught  
 But ignorance, impudence, envy  
 And malice—what word-swathe would then  
 vie

With yours for a clearness crystalline?  
 But had you to put in one small line  
 Some thought big and bouncing—as noddle  
 Of goose, born to cackle and waddle  
 And bite at man's heel as goose-wont is,  
 Never felt plague its puny *os frontis*—  
 You'd know, as you hissed, spat and  
 sputtered,  
 Clear cackle is easily uttered!

## XXIX.

Lo, I've laughed out my laugh on this  
 mirth-day!  
 Beside, at week's end, dawrfs my birth-day,

<sup>3</sup> The strongest dart.

<sup>4</sup> Method.

That *heldone*, *hieron emar*<sup>1</sup>—  
(More things in a day than you deem  
are !)

—*Tei gar Apollona chrusaora*

*Egeinato Leto*.<sup>2</sup> So, gray or ray  
Betide me, six days hence, I'm vexed here  
By no sweep, that's certain, till next year !  
"Vexed?"—roused from what else were  
insipid ease !

Leave snoring a-bed to Pheidippides !  
We'll up and work ! won't we, Euripides ?

### AT THE "MERMAID."

The figure that thou here seest . . . Tut !  
Was it for gentle Shakespeare put ?

B. JONSON. (*Adapted.*)

#### I.

I—"Next Poet?" No, my hearties,  
I nor am nor fain would be !  
Choose your chiefs and pick your parties,  
Not one soul revolt to me !  
I, forsooth, sow song-sedition ?  
I, a schism in verse provoke ?  
I, blown up by bard's ambition,  
Burst—your bubble-king ? You joke.

#### II.

Come, be grave ! The sherris mantling  
Still about each mouth, mayhap,  
Breeds you insight—just a scantling—  
Brings me truth out—just a scrap.  
Look and tell me ! Written, spoken,  
Here's my life-long work : and where  
—Where's your warrant or my token  
I'm the dead king's son and heir ?

#### III.

Here's my work : does work discover—  
What was rest from work—my life ?  
Did I live man's hater, lover ?  
Leave the world at peace, at strife ?

<sup>1</sup> The seventh, a holy day.

<sup>2</sup> On which the golden-sworded Apollo was  
born of Latona.

Call earth ugliness or beauty ?  
See things there in large or small ?  
Use to pay its Lord my duty ?  
Use to own a lord at all ?

#### IV.

Blank of such a record, truly  
Here's the work I hand, this scroll,  
Yours to take or leave ; as duly,  
Mine remains the unproffered soul.  
So much, no whit more, my debtors—  
How should one like me lay claim  
To that largess elders, betters  
Sell you cheap their souls for—fame ?

#### V.

Which of you did I enable  
Once to slip inside my breast,  
There to catalogue and label  
What I like least, what love best,  
Hope and fear, believe and doubt of,  
Seek and shun, respect—deride ?  
Who has right to make a rout of  
Rarities he found inside ?

#### VI.

Rarities or, as he'd rather,  
Rubbish such as stocks his own :  
Need and greed (O strange) the Father  
Fashioned not for him alone !  
Whence—the comfort set a-strutting,  
Whence—the outcry "Haste, behold !  
Bard's breast open wide, past shutting,  
Shows what brass we took for gold !"

#### VII.

Friends, I doubt not he'd display you  
Brass—myself call orichalc,<sup>3</sup>—  
Furnish much amusement ; pray you  
Therefore, be content I baulk  
Him and you, and bar my portal !  
Here's my work outside : opine  
What's inside me mean and mortal !  
Take your pleasure, leave me mine !

<sup>3</sup> Bronze.

## VIII.

Which is—not to buy your laurel  
 As last king did, nothing loth.  
 Tale adorned and pointed moral  
 Gained him praise and pity both.  
 Out rushed sighs and groans by dozens,  
 Forth by scores oaths, curses flew :  
 Proving you were cater-cousins,  
 Kith and kindred, king and you !

## IX.

Whereas do I ne'er so little  
 (Thanks to sherris) leave ajar  
 Bosom's gate—no jot nor tittle  
 Grow we nearer than we are.  
 Sinning, sorrowing, despairing,  
 Body-ruined, spirit-wrecked,—  
 Should I give my woes an airing,—  
 Where's one plague that claims respect ?

## X.

Have you found your life distasteful ?  
 My life did, and does, smack sweet.  
 Was your youth of pleasure wasteful ?  
 Mine I saved and hold complete.  
 Do your joys with age diminish ?  
 When mine fail me, I'll complain.  
 Must in death your daylight finish ?  
 My sun sets to rise again.

## XI.

What, like you, he proved—your Pilgrim—  
 This our world a wilderness,  
 Earth still grey and heaven still grim,  
 Not a hand there his might press,  
 Not a heart his own might throb to,  
 Men all rogues and women—say,  
 Dolls which boys' heads duck and bob to,  
 Grown folk drop or throw away ?

## XII.

My experience being other,  
 How should I contribute verse  
 Worthy of your king and brother ?  
 Balaam-like I bless, not curse.  
 I find earth not grey but rosy,  
 Heaven not grim but fair of hue.  
 Do I stoop ? I pluck a posy.  
 Do I stand and stare ? All's blue.

## XIII.

Doubtless I am pushed and shoved by  
 Rogues and fools enough : the more  
 Good luck mine, I love, am loved by  
 Some few honest to the core.  
 Scan the near high, scout the far low !  
 " But the low come close : " what then ?  
 Simpletons ? My match is Marlowe ;  
 Sciolists ? My mate is Ben.

## XIV.

Womankind—" the cat-like nature,  
 False and fickle, vain and weak "—  
 What of this sad nomenclature  
 Suits my tongue, if I must speak ?  
 Does the sex invite, repulse so,  
 Tempt, betray, by fits and starts ?  
 So becalm but to convulse so,  
 Decking heads and breaking hearts ?

## XV.

Well may you blaspheme at fortune !  
 I " threw Venus " <sup>1</sup> (Ben, expound !)  
 Never did I need importune  
 Her, of all the Olympian round.  
 Blessings on my benefactress !  
 Cursings suit—for aught I know—  
 Those who twitched her by the back tress,  
 Tugged and thought to turn her—so !

## XVI.

Therefore, since no leg to stand on  
 Thus I'm left with,—joy or grief  
 Be the issue,—I abandon  
 Hope or care you name me Chief !  
 Chief and king and Lord's anointed,  
 I ?—who never once have wished  
 Death before the day appointed :  
 Lived and liked, not poohed and pished !

## XVII.

" Ah, but so I shall not enter,  
 Scroll in hand, the common heart—  
 Stopped at surface : since at centre  
 Song should reach *Welt-schmerz*, world-  
 smart ! "

<sup>1</sup> The best cast in dice (three sixes) is called Venus.

"Enter in the heart?" Its shelly  
Cuirass guard mine, fore and aft!  
Such song "enters in the belly  
And is cast out in the draught."

## XVIII.

Back then to our sherris-brewage!  
"Kingship" quotha? 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.

## I.

SHALL I sonnet-sing 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?"

## II.

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;

## III.

"For a ticket, apply to the Publisher."  
No: thanking the public, I must decline.  
A peep through my window, if folk prefer;  
But, please you, no foot over threshold of  
mine!

## IV.

I have mixed with a crowd and heard free talk  
In a foreign land where an earthquake  
chanced:  
And a house stood gaping, nought to baulk  
Man's eye wherever he gazed or glanced.

## V.

The whole of the frontage shaven sheer,  
The inside gaped: exposed to day,

Right and wrong and common and queer,  
Bare, as the palm of your hand, it lay.

## VI.

The owner? Oh, he had been crushed, no  
doubt!  
"Odd tables and chairs for a man of wealth!  
What a parcel of musty old books about!  
He smoked,—no wonder he lost his health!"

## VII.

"I doubt if he bathed before he dressed.  
A brasier?—the pagan, he burned perfumes!  
You see it is proved, what the neighbours  
gessed:  
His wife and himself had separate rooms."

## VIII.

Friends, the goodman of the house at least  
Kept house to himself till an earthquake  
came:  
'Tis the fall of its frontage permits you  
feast  
On the inside arrangement you praise or  
blame.

## IX.

Outside should suffice for evidence:  
And whoso desires to penetrate  
Deeper, must dive by the spirit-sense—  
No optics like yours, at any rate!

## X.

"Hoity toity! A street to explore,  
Your house the exception! 'With this  
same key  
Shakespeare unlocked his heart,' once more!"  
Did Shakespeare? If so, the less Shake-  
speare he!

## SHOP.

## I.

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!

## II.

What gimcracks, genuine Japanese :  
 Gape-jaw and goggle-eye, the frog ;  
 Dragons, owls, monkeys, beetles, geese ;  
 Some crush-nosed human-hearted dog :  
 Queer names, too, such a catalogue !

## III.

I thought " And he who owns the wealth  
 Which blocks the window's vastitude,  
 —Ah, could I peep at him by stealth  
 Behind his ware, pass shop, intrude  
 On house itself, what scenes were viewed !

## IV.

" If wide and showy thus the shop,  
 What must the habitation prove ?  
 The true house with no name a-top—  
 The mansion, distant one remove,  
 Once get him off his traffic-groove !

## V.

" Pictures he likes, or books perhaps ;  
 And as for buying most and best,  
 Commend me to these City chaps !  
 Or else he's social, takes his rest  
 On Sundays, with a Lord for guest.

## VI.

" Some suburb-palace, parked about  
 And gated grandly, built last year :  
 The four-mile walk to keep off gout ;  
 Or big seat sold by bankrupt peer :  
 But then he takes the rail, that's clear.

## VII.

" Or, stop ! I wager, taste selects  
 Some out o' the way, some all-unknown  
 Retreat : the neighbourhood suspects  
 Little that he who rambles lone  
 Makes Rothschild tremble on his throne !"

## VIII.

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 !

## IX.

Nowise ! At back of all that spread  
 Of merchandize, woe's me, I find  
 A hole i' the wall where, heels by head,  
 The owner couched, his ware behind,  
 —In cupboard suited to his mind.

## X.

For why ? He saw no use of life  
 But, while he drove a roaring trade,  
 To chuckle " Customers are rife !"  
 To chafe " So much hard cash outlaid  
 Yet zero in my profits made !

## XI.

" 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 !"

## XII.

'Twas lodging best to live most nigh  
 (Cramp, coffinlike as crib might be)  
 Receipt of Custom ; ear and eye  
 Wanted no outworld : " Hear and see  
 The bustle in the shop !" quoth he.

## XIII.

My fancy of a merchant-prince  
 Was different. Through his wares we  
 groped  
 Our darkling way to—not to mince  
 The matter—no black den where moped  
 The master if we interloped !

## XIV.

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 !"

## XV.

What might he deal in ? Gems, suppose !  
 Since somehow business must be done  
 At cost of trouble,—see, he throws  
 You choice of jewels, everyone,  
 Good, better, best, star, moon and sun !

## XVI.

Which lies within your power of purse?  
 This ruby that would tip aright  
 Solomon's sceptre? Oh, your nurse  
 Wants simply coral, the delight  
 Of teething baby,—stuff to bite!

## XVII.

How'er your choice fell, straight you  
 took  
 Your purchase, prompt your money rang  
 On counter,—scarce the man forsook  
 His study of the "Times," just swang  
 Till-ward his hand that stopped the clang,—

## XVIII.

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.

## XIX.

And whither went he? Ask himself,  
 Not me! To change of scene, I think.  
 Once sold the ware and pursed the pelf,  
 Chaffer was scarce his meat and drink,  
 Nor all his music—money-chink.

## XX.

Because a man has shop to mind  
 In time and place, since flesh must live,  
 Needs spirit lack all life behind,  
 All stray thoughts, fancies fugitive,  
 All loves except what trade can give?

## XXI.

I want to know a butcher paints,  
 A baker rhymes for his pursuit,  
 Candlestick-maker much acquaints  
 His soul with song, or, haply mute,  
 Blows out his brains upon the flute!

## XXII.

But—shop each day and all day long!  
 Friend, your good angel slept, your star  
 VOL. II.

Suffered eclipse, fate did you wrong!  
 From where these sorts of treasures are,  
 There should our hearts be—Christ, how  
 far!

## PISGAH-SIGHTS. I.

## I.

OVER the ball of it,  
 Peering and prying,  
 How I see all of it,  
 Life there, outlying!  
 Roughness and smoothness,  
 Shine and defilement,  
 Grace and uncouthness:  
 One reconciliation.

## II.

Orbed as appointed,  
 Sister with brother  
 Joins, ne'er disjointed  
 One from the other.  
 All's lend-and-borrow;  
 Good, see, wants evil,  
 Joy demands sorrow,  
 Angel weds devil!

## III.

"Which things must—*why* be?"  
 Vain our endeavour!  
 So shall things aye be  
 As they were ever.  
 "Such things should *so* be!"  
 Sage our desistence!  
 Rough-smooth let globe be,  
 Mixed—man's existence!

## IV.

Man—wise and foolish,  
 Lover and scorner,  
 Docile and mulish—  
 Keep each his corner!  
 Honey yet gall of it!  
 There's the life lying,  
 And I see all of it,  
 Only, I'm dying!

## PISGAH-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 discernor,  
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,  
Fancy you hate so!

## V.

Praising, reviling,  
Worst head and best head,  
Past me defiling,  
Never arrested,

Wanters, abounders,  
March, in gay mixture,  
Men, my surrounders!  
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,—lest  
Glowworm I prove thee,  
Star that now sparklest!

## 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,  
Wish my friend would,—by a word, a  
wink,—  
Bid me stop that foolish mouth,—you brute  
you!  
He keeps absent,—why, I cannot think.

## VIII.

Never mind! Though foolishness may flout  
me,  
One thing's sure enough: 'tis neither  
frost,  
No, nor fire, shall freeze or burn from  
out me  
Thanks for truth—though falsehood, gained  
—though lost.

## IX.

All my days, I'll go the softer, sadlier,  
For that dream's sake! How forget the  
thrill  
Through and through me as I thought “The  
gladlier  
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 he, 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  
With—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?  
No May to sow seed here, no June to reveal it,  
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 sight and rough to touch: the glory  
is the dower.

## II.

You, forsooth, a flower? Nay, my love, a  
jewel—

Jewel at no mercy of a moment in your  
prime!

Time may fray the flower-face: kind be time  
or cruel,

Jewel, from each facet, flash your laugh at  
time!

## BIFURCATION.

WE were two lovers; let me lie by her,  
My tomb beside her tomb. On hers in-  
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 either 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  
friend.

So, truth turned falsehood: ‘*How I loathe a  
flower,*

*How prize the pavement!*’ still caressed 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 broadway, were the best—  
Who doubts? But one or other was to choose.  
I chose the darkling half, and wait the rest  
In that new world where light and darkness  
fuse.”

Inscribe on mine—“I loved her: love’s track  
lay

O’er sand and pebble, as all travellers know.  
Duty led through a smiling country, gay  
With greensward where the rose and lily blow.

‘*Our roads are diverse: farewell, love!*’ said  
she;

‘*Tis duty I abide by: homely sward  
And not the rock-rough picturesque for me!*

*Above, where both roads join, I wait reward.  
Be you as constant to the path whereon*

*I leave you planted!*’ But man 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 I lay flat, if moss disguised the rock,

Thence, if flint pierced, I rose and cried  
‘*All’s well!*’

*Duty be mine to tread in that high sphere  
Where love from duty ne’er disparts, I trust,*

*And two halves make that whole, whereof—  
since here*

*One must suffice a man—why, this one must!”*

Inscribe 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, white  
awhile,

Softening, sweetening, till sweet and soft  
Increase so round this heart of mine, that oft

I could believe your moonbeam-smile has past  
 The pallid limit, lies, transformed at last  
 To sunlight and salvation—warms the soul  
 It sweetens, softens! Would you pass that  
 goal,  
 Gain love's birth at the limit's happier verge,  
 And, where an iridescence lurks, but urge  
 The hesitating pallor on to prime  
 Of dawn!—true blood-streaked, sun-warmth,  
 action-time,  
 By heart-pulse ripened to a ruddy 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  
 Companions God's throne they lamp before,  
 —Leaves earth a mute waste only wandered  
 o'er

By that pale soft sweet disempassioned moon  
 Which smiles me slow forgiveness! Such  
 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 eyes above for—what, if born, would  
 blind

Mine with redundant bliss, as flash may find  
 The inert nerve, sting awake the palsied limb,  
 Bid with life's ecstasy sense overbrim  
 And suck back death in the resurging joy—  
 Love, the love whole and sole without alloy!

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—

Forbearance, then repulsion, then disdain.  
 Avert the rest! I rise, see!—make, again

Once more, the old departure for some track  
 Untried yet through a world which brings me  
 back

Ever thus fruitlessly to find your feet,  
 To fix your eyes, to pray the soft and sweet  
 Which smile there—take from his new pil-  
 grimage

Your outcast, once your inmate, and assuage  
 With love—not placid pardon now—his thirst  
 For a mere drop from out the ocean erst  
 He drank at! Well, the quest shall be re-  
 newed.

Fear nothing! Though I linger, unembued  
 With any drop, my lips thus close. I go!  
 So did I leave you, I have found you so,  
 And doubtlessly, if fated to return,  
 So shall my pleading persevere and earn  
 Pardon—not love—in that same smile, I learn,  
 And lose the meaning of, to learn once more,  
 Vainly!

What fairy track do I explore?

What magic hall return to, like the gem  
 Centuply-angled o'er a diadem?

You dwell there, hearted; from your mid-  
 most home

Rays forth—through that fantastic world I  
 roam

Ever—from centre to circumference,  
 Shaft upon coloured shaft: this crimsons  
 thence,

That purples out its precinct 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,

Fire quenched in flint; irradiation, late  
 Triumphant through the distance, finds its fate,  
 Merged in your blank pure soul, alike the  
 source

And tomb of that prismatic glow: divorce  
 Absolute, all-conclusive! Forth I fared,  
 Treading the lambent flamelet: little cared  
 If now its flickering took the topaz tint,  
 If now my dull-caked path gave sulphury hint  
 Of subterranean rage—no stay nor stint

To yellow, since you sanctioned that I bathe,  
 Burnish me, soul and body, swim and swathe  
 In yellow license. Here I reek 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  
 Scarce recognition, no approval, some  
 Mistrust, more wonder at a man become  
 Monstrous in garb, nay—flesh disguised as well,  
 Through his adventure. Whatso'er befell,  
 I followed, wheresoe'er it wound, that vein  
 You authorized should leave your whiteness, stain  
 Earth's sombre stretch beyond your midmost place  
 Of vantage,—trode that tinct whereof the trace  
 On garb and flesh repel you! Yes, I plead  
 Your own permission — your command, indeed,  
 That who would worthily retain the love  
 Must share the knowledge shrined those eyes above,  
 Go boldly on adventure, break through bounds  
 O' the quintessential whiteness that surrounds  
 Your feet, obtain experience of each tinge  
 That bickers forth to broaden out, impinge  
 Plainer his foot its pathway all distinct  
 From every other. Ah, the wonder, linked  
 With fear, as exploration manifests  
 What agency it was first tipped the crests  
 Of unnamed wildflower, soon protruding grew  
 Portentous mid the sands, as when his hue  
 Betrays him and the burrowing snake gleams through ;  
 Till, last . . . but why parade more shame  
 and pain?  
 Are not the proofs upon me? Here again  
 I pass into your presence, I receive  
 Your smile of pity, pardon, and I leave . . .  
 No, not this last of times I leave you, mute,  
 Submitted to my penance, so my foot  
 May yet again adventure, tread, from source  
 To issue, one more ray of rays which course

Each other, at your bidding, from the sphere  
 Silver and sweet, their birthplace, down that drear  
 Dark of the world,—you promise shall return  
 Your pilgrim jewelled as with drops o' the urn  
 The rainbow paints from, and no smatch at all  
 Of ghastliness at edge of some cloud-pall  
 Heaven cowers before, as earth awaits the fall  
 O' the bolt and flash of doom. Who trusts  
 your word  
 Tries the adventure: and returns—absurd  
 As frightful—in that sulphur-steeped disguise  
 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 statuesque 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  
 Straightway efface itself to smooth, the gruff  
 Grind down and grow a whisper,—did man's  
 truth  
 Subdue, for sake of chivalry and ruth,  
 Its rapier-edge to suit the bulrush-spear  
 Womanly falsehood fights with! O that ear  
 All fact pricks rudely, that thrice-superfine  
 Femininity of sense, with right divine  
 To waive all process, take result stain-free  
 From out the very muck wherein . . .

Ah me!  
 The true slave's querulous outbreak! All  
 the rest  
 Be resignation! Forth at your behest  
 I fare. Who knows but this—the crimson-  
 quest—  
 May deepen to a sunrise, not decay  
 To that cold sad sweet smile?—which I  
 obey.

## APPEARANCES.

## I.

AND so you found that poor room dull,  
 Dark, hardly to your taste, my dear?  
 Its features seemed unbeautiful:  
 But this I know—'twas there, not here,  
 You plighted troth to me, the word  
 Which—ask that poor room how it heard.

## II.

And this rich room obtains 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 even!  
 Don't we both know how it ends?  
 How the greenest 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:  
 Trellis-work may haply flower  
 Twice the size.

## III.

What makes glad Life's Winter?  
 New buds, old blooms after.  
 Sad the sighing "How suspect  
 Beams would ere mid-Autumn splinter,  
 Roof-tree scarce support a rafter,  
 Walls lie wrecked?"

## IV.

You are young, my princess!  
 I am hardly older:  
 Yet—I steal a glance behind.  
 Dare I tell you what convinces  
 Timid me that you, if bolder,  
 'Bold—are blind?

## V.

Where we plan our dwelling  
 Grooms a graveyard surely!  
 Headstone, footstone moss may drape,—  
 Name, date, violets hide from spelling,—  
 But, though corpses rot obscurely,  
 Ghosts escape.

## VI.

Ghosts! O breathing Beauty,  
 Give my frank word pardon!  
 What if I—somehow, somewhere—  
 Pledged my soul to endless duty  
 Many a time and oft? Be hard on  
 Love—laid there?

## VII.

Nay, blame grief that's fickle,  
 Time that proves a traitor,  
 Chance, change, all that purpose warps,—  
 Death who spares to thrust the sickle  
 Laid Love low, through flowers which  
 later  
 Shroud the corpse!

## VIII.

And you, my winsome lady,  
 Whisper with like frankness!  
 Lies nothing buried long ago?  
 Are you—which shimmer mid the shady  
 Where moss and violet run to rankness—  
 Tombs or no?

## IX.

Who taxes you with murder?  
 My hands are clean—or nearly!  
 Love being mortal needs must pass.  
 Repentance? Nothing were absurder.  
 Enough: we felt Love's loss severely;  
 Though now—alas!

## X.

Love's corpse lies quiet therefore,  
 Only Love's ghost plays truant,  
 And warns us have in wholesome awe  
 Durable mansionry ; that's wherefore  
 I weave but trellis-work, pursuant  
 —Life, to law.

## XI.

The solid, not the fragile,  
 Tempts rain and hail and thunder.  
 If bower stand firm at Autumn's close,  
 Beyond my hope,—why, boughs were agile ;  
 If bower fall flat, we scarce need wonder  
 Wreathing—rose !

## XII.

So, truce to the protesting,  
 So, muffled be the kisses !  
 For, would we but avow the truth,  
 Sober is genuine joy. No jesting !  
 Ask else Penelope, Ulysses—  
 Old in youth !

## XIII.

For why should ghosts feel angered ?  
 Let all their interference  
 Be faint march-music in the air !  
 "Up ! Join the rear of us the vanguard !  
 Up, lovers, dead to all appearance,  
 Laggard pair !"

## XIV.

The while you clasp me closer,  
 The while I press you deeper,  
 As safe we chuckle,—under breath,  
 Yet all the slyer, the jocosier,—  
 "So, life can boast its day, like leap-year,  
 Stolen from death !"

## 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  
 coyed me,  
 Loved—and lied !

## XVI.

Ay, 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 !  
 Mere flesh—their spirit interfused you !  
 Hence, I say !

## XVII.

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  
 That's all your very own ! Undone me—  
 Ghost-bereft !

HERVÉ RIEL.<sup>1</sup>

[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  
 ninety-two,  
 Did 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,  
 Came crowding ship on ship to Saint-Malo  
 on the Rance,<sup>2</sup>  
 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 ;

<sup>1</sup> First published (*Cornhill Magazine*) in 1871.

<sup>2</sup> The river which runs into the English Channel at St. Malo.

And they signalled to the place  
 "Help the winners of a race!  
 Get us guidance, give us harbour, take us  
 quick—or, quicker still,  
 Here's the English can and will!"

## III.

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk  
 and leapt on board;  
 "Why, what hope or chance have ships  
 like these to pass?" laughed they:  
 "Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the  
 passage scarred and scored,—  
 Shall the 'Formidable' here, with her twelve  
 and eighty guns,  
 Think to make the river-mouth by the  
 single narrow way,  
 Trust to enter—where 'tis ticklish for a craft  
 of twenty tons,  
 And with flow at full beside?  
 Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.  
 Reach the mooring? Rather say,  
 While rock stands or water runs,  
 Not a ship will leave the bay!"

## IV.

Then was called a council straight.  
 Brief and bitter the debate:  
 "Here's the English at our heels; would  
 you have them take in tow  
 All that's left us of the fleet, linked together  
 stern and bow,  
 For a prize to Plymouth Sound?  
 Better run the ships aground!"  
 (Ended Damfreville his speech).  
 "Not a minute more to wait!  
 Let the Captains all and each  
 Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the  
 vessels on the beach!  
 France must undergo her fate.

## V.

Give the word!" But no such word  
 Was ever spoke or heard;  
 For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck  
 amid all these  
 —A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate—  
 first, second, third?

No such man of mark, and meet  
 With his betters to compete!  
 But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tour-  
 ville for the fleet,  
 A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the  
 Croisickese.<sup>1</sup>

## VI.

And "What mockery or malice have we  
 here?" cries Hervé Riel:  
 "Are you mad, you Malouins?<sup>2</sup> Are you  
 cowards, fools, or rogues?  
 Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took  
 the soundings, tell  
 On my fingers every bank, every shallow,  
 every swell  
 'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the  
 river disembogues?  
 Are you bought by English gold? Is it love  
 the lying's for?  
 Morn and eve, night and day,  
 Have I piloted your bay,  
 Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of  
 Solidor.  
 Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were  
 worse than fifty Hogues!  
 Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs,  
 believe me there's a way!  
 Only let me lead the line,  
 Have the biggest ship to steer,  
 Get this 'Formidable' clear,  
 Make the others follow mine,  
 And I lead them, most and least, by a passage  
 I know well,  
 Right to Solidor past Grève,  
 And there lay them safe and sound;  
 And if one ship misbehave,—  
 —Keel so much as grate the ground,  
 Why, I've nothing but my life,—here's my  
 head!" cries Hervé Riel.

## VII.

Not a minute more to wait.  
 "Steer us in, then, small and great!

<sup>1</sup> Native of Le Croisic, a village at the mouth of the Loire.

<sup>2</sup> 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 entry like a hound,  
Keeps the passage, as its inch of way were  
the wide sea's profound!  
See, safe thro' shoal and rock,  
How they follow in a flock,  
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that  
grates the ground,  
Not a spar that comes to grief!  
The peril, see, is past.  
All are harboured to the last,  
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!"—  
sure as fate,  
Up the English come,—too late!

## VIII.

So, the storm subsides to calm:  
They see the green trees wave  
On the heights o'erlooking Grève.  
Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.  
"Just our rapture to enhance,  
Let the English rake the bay,  
Gnash their teeth and glare askance  
As they cannonade away!  
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on  
the Rance!"  
How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's  
countenance!  
Out burst all with one accord,  
"This is Paradise for Hell!  
Let France, let France's King  
Thank the man that did the thing!"  
What a shout, and all one word,  
"Hervé Riel!"  
As he stepped in front once more,  
Not a symptom of surprise  
In the frank blue Breton eyes,  
Just the same man as before.

## IX.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,  
I must speak out at the end,

Though I find the speaking hard.  
Praise is deeper than the lips:  
You have saved the King his ships,  
You must name your own reward.  
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!  
Demand whate'er you will,  
France remains your debtor still.  
Ask to heart's content and have! or my  
name's not Damfreville."

## X.

Then a beam of fun outbroke  
On the bearded mouth that spoke,  
As the honest heart laughed through  
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:  
"Since I needs must say my say,  
Since on board the duty's done,  
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point,  
what is it but a run?—  
Since 'tis ask and have, I may—  
Since the others go ashore—  
Come! A good whole holiday!  
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call  
the Belle Aurore!"  
That he asked and that he got,—nothing  
more.

## XI.

Name and deed alike are lost:  
Not a pillar nor a post  
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it  
befell;  
Not a head in white and black  
On a single fishing-smack,  
In memory of the man but for whom had  
gone to wrack  
All that France saved from the night whence  
England bore the bell.  
Go to Paris: rank on rank  
Search the heroes flung pell-mell  
On the Louvre, face and flank!  
You shall look long enough ere you come  
to Hervé Riel.  
So, for better and for worse,  
Hervé Riel, accept my verse!  
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once  
more  
Save the squadron, honour France, love thy  
wife the Belle Aurore!



## A FORGIVENESS.

I AM indeed the personage you know.  
As for my wife,—what happened long ago,—  
You have a right to question me, as I  
Am bound to answer.

(“Son, a fit reply!”)

The monk half spoke, half ground through  
his clenched teeth,  
At the confession-grate I knelt beneath.)

Thus then all happened, Father! Power and  
place

I had as still I have. I ran life's race,  
With the whole world to see, as only strains  
His strength some athlete whose prodigious  
gains

Of good appal him: happy to excess,—  
Work freely done should balance happiness  
Fully enjoyed; and, since beneath my roof  
Housed she who made home heaven, in  
heaven's behoof

I went forth every day, and all day long  
Worked for the world. Look, how the  
labourer's song

Cheers him! Thus sang my soul, at each  
sharp throe  
Of labouring flesh and blood—“She loves  
me so!”

One day, perhaps such song so knit the  
nerve

That work grew play and vanished. “I  
deserve

Haply my heaven an hour before the time!”  
I laughed, as silverly the clockhouse-chime  
Surprised me passing through the postern-  
gate

—Not the main entry where the menials  
wait

And wonder why the world's affairs allow  
The master sudden leisure. That was how  
I took the private garden-way for once.

Forth from the alcove, I saw start, ensconce  
Himself behind the porphyry vase, a man.

My fancies in the natural order ran:

“A spy,—perhaps a foe in ambuscade,—  
A thief,—more like, a sweetheart of some  
maid

Who pitched on the alcove for tryst perhaps.”

“Stand there!” I bid.

Whereat my man but wraps

His face the closelier with uplifted arm  
Whereon the cloak lies, strikes in blind alarm  
This and that pedestal as,—stretch and  
stoop,—

Now in, now out of sight, he thrids the group  
Of statues, marble god and goddess ranged  
Each side the pathway, till the gate's ex-  
changed

For safety: one step thence, the street, you  
know!

Thus far I followed with my gaze. Then,  
slow,

Near on admiringly, I breathed again,  
And—back to that last fancy of the train—  
“A danger risked for hope of just a word  
With—which of all my nest may be the  
bird

This poacher covets for her plumage, pray?  
Carmen? Juana? Carmen seems too gay  
For such adventure, while Juana's grave  
—Would scorn the folly. I applaud the  
knave!

He had the eye, could single from my brood  
His proper fledgeling!”

As I turned, there stood

In face of me, my wife stone-still stone-  
white.

Whether one bound had brought her,—at  
first sight

Of what she judged the encounter, sure to be  
Next moment, of the venturesome man and  
me,—

Brought her to clutch and keep me from my  
prey:

Whether impelled because her death no day  
Could come so absolutely opportune  
As now at joy's height, like a year in June

Stayed at the fall of its first ripened rose :  
Or whether hungry for my hate—who  
knows?—

Eager to end an irksome lie, and taste  
Our tingling true relation, hate embraced  
By hate one naked moment :—anyhow  
There stone-still stone-white stood my wife,  
but now

The woman who made heaven within my  
house.

Ay, she who faced me was my very spouse  
As well as love—you are to recollect !

“Stay!” she said. “Keep at least one  
soul unspocked

With crime, that’s spotless hitherto—your  
own !

Kill me who court the blessing, who alone  
Was, am, and shall be guilty, first to last !

The man lay helpless in the toils I cast  
About him, helpless as the statue there  
Against that strangling bell-flower’s bondage :  
tear

Away and tread to dust the parasite,  
But do the passive marble no despite !

I love him as I hate you. Kill me ! Strike  
At one blow both infinitudes alike

Out of existence—hate and love ! Whence  
love ?

That’s safe inside my heart, nor will remove  
For any searching of your steel, I think.

Whence hate ? The secret lay on lip, at  
brink

Of speech, in one fierce tremble to escape,  
At every form wherein your love took shape,  
At each new provocation of your kiss.

Kill me !”

We went in.

Next day after this,

I felt as if the speech might come. I  
spoke—

Easily, after all.

“The lifted cloak

Was screen sufficient : I concern myself  
Hardly with laying hands on who for self—

Whate’er the ignoble kind—may prowl and  
brave

Cuffing and kicking proper to a knave

Detected by my 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  
rise

Which changed for me a barber’s basin  
straight

Into—Mambrino’s helm ? I hesitate

Nowise to say—God’s sacramental cup !

Why should I blame the brass which, bur-  
nished up,

Will blaze, to all but me, as good as gold ?

To me—a warning I was overbold

In judging metals. The Hidalgo waked

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, lame and halt,

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 “curtain” ? That of death on life, I  
meant :

My “word,” permissible in death’s event,

Would be—truth, soul to soul ; for, otherwise,  
Day by day, three years long, there had to

rise

And, night by night, to fall upon our stage—

Ours, doomed to public play by heritage—

Another curtain, when the world, perforce

Our critical assembly, in due course

Came and went, witnessing, gave praise or  
blame

To art-mimetic. It had spoiled the game

If, suffered to set foot behind our scene,

The world had witnessed how stage-king and  
queen,

Gallant and lady, but a minute since

Enarming each the other, would evince

No sign of recognition as they took

His way and her way to whatever nook

Waited them in the darkness either side

Of that bright stage where lately groom and  
bride

Had fired the audience to a frenzy-fit  
Of sympathetic rapture—every whit  
Earned as the curtain fell on her and me,  
—Actors. Three whole years, nothing was  
to see

But calm and concord; where a speech was  
due

There came the speech: when smiles were  
wanted too

Smiles were as ready. In a place like mine,  
Where foreign and domestic cares combine,  
There's audience every day and all day long;  
But finally the last of the whole throng  
Who linger lets one see his back. For her—  
Why, liberty and liking: I aver,  
Liking and liberty! For me—I breathed,  
Let my face rest from every wrinkle wreathed  
Smile-like about the mouth, unlearned my  
task

Of personation till next day bade mask,  
And quietly betook me from that world  
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  
hour

Not claimed 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 bending male and female loyalty,  
Our lord the king down staircase, while, held  
high

At arm's length did the twisted tapers' flare  
Herald his passage from our palace, where  
Such visiting left glory evermore.

Again the ascent in public, till at door  
As we two stood by the saloon—now blank  
And disencumbered 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’  
sake!”

“Follow me thither!” I replied.

We break

The gloom a little, as with guiding lamp  
I lead the way, leave warmth and cheer, by  
damp

Blind disused serpentine ways afar  
From where the habitable chambers are,—  
Ascend, descend stairs tunnelled through the  
stone,—

Always in silence,—till I reach the lone  
Chamber sepulchred for my very own  
Out of the palace-quarry. When a boy,  
Here was my fortress, stronghold from annoy,  
Proof-positive of ownership; in youth  
I garnered up my gleanings here—uncouth  
But precious relics of vain hopes, vain fears;  
Finally, this became in after years

My closet of entrenchment to withstand  
Invasion of the foe on every hand—  
The multifarious herd in bower 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  
ceased

To deck me on the day that, golden-fleeced,  
I touched ambition's height,—'twas here,  
released

From glory (always symbolled by a chain?)  
No sooner was I privileged to gain  
My secret domicile than glad I flung  
That last toy on the table—gazed where hung  
On hook my father's gift, the arquebuss—  
And asked myself “Shall I envisage thus  
The new prize and the old prize, when I  
reach

Another year's experience?—own that each

Equalled advantage—sportsman's—states-  
man's tool?

That brought me down an eagle, this—a  
fool!"

Into which room on entry, I set down  
The lamp, and turning saw whose rustled  
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  
wedge

Her soul from mine,—though daily, smile to  
smile,

We stood before the public,—all the while

Not once had I distinguished, in that face

I paid observance to, the faintest 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—  
not

An idler impulse—prompts inquiry. What,

And will you disbelieve in power to bid

Our spirit back to bounds, as though we chid

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 cheek and  
brow.)

"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 shroud

Away, that steals to muffle ere is just

My penance-fire 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 new pang more exquisite  
Than all preceding torture, proves me right!

I loved you yet I lost you! May I go

Burn to the ashes, now my shame you know?"

I think there never was such—how express?—

Horror coquetting with voluptuousness,

As in those arms of Eastern workmanship—

Yataghan, 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 artificer

Throughout his quaint devising. Why prefer,

Except for love's sake, that a blade should  
writhe

And bicker like a flame?—now play the scythe

As if some broad neck tempted,—now contract

And needle off into a fineness lacked

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

Is diapered more delicate round throat

Than this below the handle! These denote

—These mazy lines meandering, to end

Only in flesh they open—what intend

They else but water-purlings—pale contrast

With the life-crimson where they blend at last?

And mark the handle's dim pellucid green,  
Carved, the hard jadestone, as you pinch a

bean,

Into a sort of parrot-bird! He pecks

A grape-bunch; his two eyes are ruby-specks

Pure from the mine: seen this way,—glassy  
blank,

But turn them,—to the inmost fire, that shrank

From sparkling, sends a red dart right to aim!  
Why did I choose such toys? Perhaps the  
game

Of peaceful men is warlike, just as men  
War-wearied get amusement from that pen  
And paper we grow sick of—statesfolk tired  
Of merely (when such measures are required)  
Dealing out doom to people by three words,  
A signature and seal: we play with swords  
Suggestive of quick process. That is how  
I came to like the toys described you now,  
Store of which glittered on the walls and  
strewed

The table, even, while my wife pursued  
Her purpose to its ending. "Now you know  
This shame, my three years' torture, let me go,  
Burn to the very ashes! You—I lost,  
Yet you—I loved!"

The thing I pity most  
In men is—action prompted by surprise  
Of anger: men? nay, bulls—whose onset lies  
At instance of the firework and the goad!  
Once the foe prostrate, —trampling once  
bestowed,—

Prompt follows placability, regret,  
Atonement. Trust me, blood-warmth never  
yet

Betokened strong will! As no leap of pulse  
Pricked me, that first time, so did none  
convulse

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  
vase!"

"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 dross, 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 clamorous enough—  
Men's eyes to shut before my broidered stuff  
With the huge hole there, my emblazoned wall  
Blank where a scutcheon hung,—by, worse  
than all,

Each day's procession, my paraded life  
Robbed and impoverished through the want-  
ing wife

—Now that my life (which means—my work)  
was grown

Riches indeed! Once, just this worth alone  
Seemed work to have, that profit gained  
thereby

Of good and praise would—how reward-  
ingly!—

Fall at your feet,—a crown I hoped to cast  
Before your love, my love should crown at last.

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 fiends weave ropes of  
 sand  
 Rather than taste pure hell in idleness.  
 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  
 Importantly the past. No hate assumed  
 The mask of love at any time ! There  
 gloomed  
 A moment when love took hate's semblance,  
 urged  
 By causes you declare ; but love's self purged  
 Away a fancied wrong I did both loves  
 —Yours and my own : by no hate's help, it  
 proves,  
 Purgation was attempted. Then, you rise  
 High by how many a grade ! I did despise—  
 I do but hate you. Let hate's punishment  
 Replace contempt's ! First step to which  
 ascent—  
 Write down your own words I re-utter you !  
 ' *I loved my husband and I hated—who  
 He was, I took up as my first chance, mere  
 Mud-ball to fling and make love foul with !*  
 Here  
 Lies paper ! "

"Would my blood for ink suffice !"

"It may : this minion from a land of spice,  
 Silk, feather—every bird of jewelled breast—  
 This poignard's beauty, ne'er so lightly prest  
 Love your heart there . . ."

"Thus?"

"It flows, I see.  
 Dip there the point and write !"

"Dictate to me !  
 Nay, I remember."

And she wrote the words.  
 I read them. Then—"Since love, in you,  
 affords  
 License for hate, in me, to quench (I say)  
 Contempt—why, hate itself has passed away  
 In vengeance—foreign to contempt. Depart  
 Peacefully to that death which Eastern art  
 Imbued this weapon with, if tales be true !  
 Love will succeed to hate. I pardon you—  
 Dead in our chamber !"

True as truth the tale.  
 She died ere morning ; then, I saw how pale  
 Her cheek was ere it wore day's paint-disguise,  
 And what a hollow darkened 'neath her  
 eyes,  
 Now that I used my own. She sleeps, as erst  
 Beloved, in this your church : ay, yours !

Immersed  
 In thought so deeply, Father? Sad, perhaps?  
 For whose sake, hers or mine or his who  
 wraps  
 —Still plain I seem to see !—about his head  
 The idle cloak,—about his heart (instead  
 Of cuirass) some fond hope he may elude  
 My vengeance in the cloister's solitude?  
 Hardly, I think ! As little helped his brow  
 The cloak then, Father—as your grate helps  
 now !

### CENCIAJA.

[Cencigaga is a bundle of rags—a trifle.  
 The Italian proverb may be translated thus :  
 "Every poor creature will be pressing into  
 the company of his betters." See the  
 "Browning Cyclopædia," p. 97.]

Ogni cencio vuol entrare in bucato.  
 —*Italian Proverb.*

MAY I print, Shelley, how it came to pass  
 That when your Beatrice seemed—by lapse  
 Of many a long month since her sentence fell—  
 Assured of pardon for the parricide,—  
 By intercession of staunch friends, or, say,  
 By certain pricks of conscience in the Pope  
 Conniver at Francesco Cenci's guilt,—

Suddenly all things changed and Clement  
grew

“Stern,” as you state, “nor to be moved nor  
bent,

But said these three words coldly ‘*She must  
die*;

Subjoining ‘*Pardon? Paolo Santa Croce  
Murdered his mother also yestereve,  
And he is fled: she shall not flee at least!*’

—So, to the letter, sentence was fulfilled?

Shelley, may I condense verbosity  
That lies before me, into some few words  
Of English, and illustrate your superb  
Achievement by a rescued anecdote,  
No great things, only new and true beside?  
As if some mere familiar of a house  
Should venture to accost the group at gaze  
Before its Titian, famed the wide world  
through,

And supplement such pictured masterpiece  
By whisper “Searching in the archives here,  
I found the reason of the Lady’s fate,

And how by accident it came to pass  
She wears the halo and displays the palm:  
Who, haply, else had never suffered—no,  
Nor graced our gallery, by consequence.”  
Who loved the work would like the little news:

Who lauds your poem lends an ear to me  
Relating how the penalty was paid  
By one Marchese dell’ Oriolo, called  
Onofrio Santa Croce otherwise,  
For his complicity in matricide  
With Paolo his own brother,—he whose crime  
And flight induced “those three words—She  
must die.

Thus I unroll you then the manuscript.

“God’s justice”—(of the multiplicity  
Of such communications extant still,  
Recording, each, injustice done by God  
In person of his Vicar-upon-earth,  
Scarce one but leads off to the self-same  
tune)—

“God’s justice, tardy though it prove per-  
chance,

Rests never on the track until it reach  
Delinquency. In proof I cite the case  
Of Paolo Santa Croce.”

VOL. II.

Many times

The youngster,—having been importunate  
That Marchesine Costanza, who remained  
His widowed mother, should supplant the heir  
Her elder son, and substitute himself  
In sole possession of her faculty,—  
And meeting just as often with rebuff,—  
Blinded by so exorbitant a lust  
Of gold, the youngster straightway tasked his  
wits,  
Casting about to kill the lady—thus.

He first, to cover his iniquity,  
Writes to Onofrio Santa Croce, then  
Authoritative lord, acquainting him  
Their mother was contamination—wrought  
Like hell-fire in the beauty of their House  
By dissoluteness and abandonment  
Of soul and body to impure delight.  
Moreover, since she suffered from disease,  
Those symptoms which her death made mani-  
fest

Hydroptic, he affirmed were fruits of sin  
About to bring confusion and disgrace  
Upon the ancient lineage and high fame  
O’ the family, when published. Duty bound,  
He asked his brother—what a son should do?

Which when Marchese dell’ Oriolo heard  
By letter, being absent at his land  
Oriolo, he made answer, this, no more:  
“It must behove a son,—things haply so,—  
To act as honour prompts a cavalier  
And son, perform his duty to all three,  
Mother and brothers”—here advice broke off.

By which advice informed and fortified,  
As he professed himself—since bound by birth  
To hear God’s voice in primogeniture—  
Paolo, who kept his mother company  
In her domain Subiaco, straightway dared  
His whole enormity of enterprise  
And, falling on her, stabbed the lady dead;  
Whose death demonstrated her innocence,  
And happened,—by the way,—since Jesus  
Christ

Died to save man, just sixteen hundred years.  
Costanza was of aspect beautiful

Exceedingly, and seemed, although in age  
Sixty about, to far surpass her peers  
The coëtaneous dames, in youth and grace.

Done the misdeed, its author takes to flight,  
Foiling thereby the justice of the world :  
Not God's however,—God, be sure, knows  
well

The way to clutch a culprit. Witness here!  
The present sinner, when he least expects,  
Snug-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:  
Enough, he promptly met with his deserts,  
And, ending thus, permits we end with him,  
And push forthwith to this important point—  
His matricide fell out, of all the days,  
Precisely when the law-procedure closed  
Respecting Count Francesco Cenci's death  
Chargeable on his daughter, sons and wife.  
"Thus patricide was matched with matricide,"  
A poet not inelegantly rhymed :  
Nay, fratricide—those Princes Massimi !—  
Which so disturbed the spirit of the Pope  
That all the likelihood Rome entertained  
Of Beatrice's pardon vanished straight,  
And she endured the piteous death.

Now see

The sequel—what effect commandment had  
For strict inquiry into this last case,  
When Cardinal Aldobrandini (great  
His efficacy—nephew to the Pope)  
Was bidden crush—ay, though his very hand  
Got soil i' the act—crime spawning every-  
where!

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 spawns everywhere."

And, every cranny searched accordingly,  
There comes to light—Olynx-eyed Cardinal!—  
Onofrio's unconsidered writing-scrap,  
The letter in reply to Paolo's prayer,  
The word of counsel that—things proving so,  
Paolo should act the proper knightly part,  
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 foot-ball, 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 Barigel,—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,  
Be, 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,  
but scrub

The floor of Justice, so to speak,—go try  
His best in prison with the criminal :  
Promising, as reward for by-work done  
Fairly on all-fours, that, success obtained  
And crime avowed, or such connivency  
With crime as should procure a decent death—  
Himself will humbly beg—which means,  
procure—  
The Hat and Purple from his relative  
The Pope, and so repay a diligence  
Which, meritorious in the Cenci-case,  
Mounts plainly here to Purple and the Hat.

Whereupon did my lord the Governor  
So masterfully exercise the task  
Enjoined him, that he, day by day, and week  
By week, and month by month, from first to  
last  
Toiled for the prize : now, punctual at his  
place,  
Played Judge, and now, assiduous at his post,



Inquisitor — pressed cushion and scoured plank,  
Early and late. Noon's fervour and night's chill,  
Nought moved whom morn would, purpling,  
make amends !

So that observers laughed as, many a day,  
He left home, in July when day is flame,  
Posted to Tordinona-prison, plunged  
Into a vault where daylong night is ice,  
There passed his eight hours on a stretch,  
content,

Examining Onofrio : all the stress  
Of all examination steadily  
Converging into one pin-point,—he pushed  
Tentative now of head and now of heart.  
As when the nuthatch taps and tries the  
nut

This side and that side till the kernel sound,—  
So did he press the sole and single point  
—What was the very meaning of the phrase  
'Do as beseems an honoured cavalier'?

Which one persistent question-torture,—  
plied  
Day by day, week by week, and month by  
month,  
Morn, noon and night,—fatigued away a mind  
Grown imbecile by darkness, solitude,  
And one vivacious memory gnawing there  
As when a corpse is confined with a snake  
—Fatigued Onofrio into what might seem  
Admission that perchance his judgment groped  
So blindly, feeling for an issue—ought  
With semblance of an issue from the toils  
Cast of a sudden round feet late so free,  
He possibly might have envisaged, scarce  
Recoiled from—even were the issue death  
—Even her death whose life was death and  
worse !

Always provided that the charge of crime,  
Each jot and tittle of the charge were true.  
In such a sense, belike, he might advise  
His brother to expurgate crime with . . .  
well,

With blood, if blood must follow on 'the  
course

*Taken as might beseem a cavalier.*

Whereupon process ended, and report  
Was made without a minute of delay  
To Clement who, because of those two crimes  
O' the Massimi and Cenci flagrant late,  
Must needs impatiently desire result.

Result obtained, he bade the Governor  
Summon the Congregation and despatch.  
Summons made, sentence passed accordingly  
—Death by beheading. When his death-  
decree

Was intimated to Onofrio, all  
Man could do—that did he to save himself.  
'Twas much, the having gained for his defence  
The Advocate o' the Poor, with natural help  
Of many noble friendly persons fain  
To disengage a man of family,  
So young too, from his grim entanglement :  
But Cardinal Aldobrandini ruled  
There must be no diversion of the law.  
Justice is justice, and the magistrate  
Bears not the sword in vain. Who sins must die.

So, the Marchese had his head cut off,  
With Rome to see, a concourse infinite,  
In Place Saint Angelo beside the Bridge :  
Where, demonstrating magnanimity  
Adequate to his birth and breed,—poor boy !—  
He made the people the accustomed speech,  
Exhorted them to true faith, honest works,  
And special good behaviour as regards  
A parent of no matter what the sex,  
Bidding each son take warning from himself.  
Truly, it was considered in the boy  
Stark staring lunacy, no less, to snap  
So plain a bait, be hooked and hauled ashore  
By such an angler as the Cardinal !  
Why make confession of his privy  
To Paolo's enterprise ? Mere sealing lips—  
Or, better, saying "When I counselled him  
'To do as might beseem a cavalier,'  
What could I mean but 'Hide our parent's  
shame

*As Christian ought, by aid of Holy Church !  
Bury it in a convent—ay, beneath  
Enough dotation to prevent its ghost  
From troubling earth !*" Mere saying thus,  
—'tis plain.

Not only were his life the recompense,  
But he had manifestly proved himself  
True Christian, and in lieu of punishment  
Got praise of all men. So the populace.

Anyhow, when the Pope made promise good  
(That of Aldobrandini, near and dear)  
And gave Taverna, who had toiled so much,  
A Cardinal's equipment, some such word  
As this from mouth to ear went saucily :  
"Taverna's cap is dyed in what he drew  
From Santa Croce's veins !" So joked the  
world.

I add : Onofrio left one child behind,  
A daughter named Valeria, dowered with  
grace  
Abundantly of soul and body, doomed  
To life the shorter for her father's fate.  
By death of her, the Marquisate returned  
To that Orsini House from whence it came :  
Oriolo having passed as donative  
To Santa Croce from their ancestors.

And no word more ? By all means !  
Would you know  
The authoritative answer, when folk urged  
"What made Aldobrandini, hound-like  
staunch,  
Hunt out of life a harmless simpleton ?"  
The answer was—"Hatred implacable,  
By reason they were rivals in their love."  
The Cardinal's desire was to a dame  
Whose favour was Onofrio's. Pricked with  
pride,  
The simpleton must ostentatiously  
Display a ring, the Cardinal's love-gift,  
Given to Onofrio as the lady's gage ;  
Which ring on finger, as he put forth hand  
to draw a tapestry, the Cardinal  
Saw and knew, gift and owner, old and  
young ;  
Whereon a fury entered him—the fire  
He quenched with what could quench fire  
only—blood.  
Nay, more : "there want not who affirm to  
boot,  
The unwise boy, a certain festal eve,

Feigned ignorance of who the wight might be  
That pressed too closely on him with a  
crowd.

He struck the Cardinal a blow : and then,  
To put a face upon the incident,  
Dared next day, smug as ever, go pay court  
I' the Cardinal's antechamber. Mark and  
mend,  
Ye youth, by this example how may greed  
Vainglorious operate in worldly souls !"

So ends the chronicler, beginning with  
"God's justice; tardy though it prove per-  
chance,

Rests never till it reach delinquency."  
Ay, or how otherwise had come to pass  
That Victor rules, this present year, in Rome?

## FILIPPO BALDINUCCI ON THE PRIVILEGE OF BURIAL.

A REMINISCENCE OF A. D. 1676.

[Baldinucci, who was born at Florence in  
1624, is the author of a History of Italian  
Art, in the course of which, under the name  
of the painter Buti, he records the events  
which form the subject-matter of this poem.]

### I.

"No, boy, we must not"—so began  
My Uncle (he's with God long since)  
A-petting me, the good old man !  
"We must not"—and he seemed to wince,  
And lost that laugh whereto had grown  
His chuckle at my piece of news,  
How cleverly I aimed my stone—  
"I fear we must not pelt the Jews !"

### II.

"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  
Would always spare religious shops  
Whenever he o'erflowed his banks !"

III.

“ I'll tell you ”—and his eye regained  
 Its twinkle—“ tell you something choice !  
 Something may help you keep unstained  
 Your honest zeal to stop the voice  
 Of unbelief with stone-throw—spite  
 Of laws, which modern fools enact,  
 That we must suffer Jews in sight  
 Go wholly unmolested ! Fact !

IV.

“ 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 stye.

V.

“ There, anyhow, Jews stow away  
 Their dead ; and,—such their insolence,—  
 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 !

VI.

“ For, what should join their plot of ground  
 But a good Farmer's Christian field ?  
 The Jews had hedged their corner round  
 With bramble-bush to keep concealed  
 Their doings : for the public road  
 Ran betwixt this their ground and that  
 The Farmer's, where he ploughed and sowed,  
 Grew corn for barn and grapes for vat.

VII.

“ So, properly to guard his store  
 And gall the unbelievers too,  
 He builds a shrine and, what is more,  
 Procures 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 !

VIII.

“ Which shrine he fixed,—who says him  
 nay?—  
 A-facing with its picture-side  
 Not, as you'd think, the public way,  
 But just where sought these hounds to  
 hide  
 Their carrion from that very truth  
 Of Mary's triumph : not a hound  
 Could act his mummeries uncouth  
 But Mary shamed the pack all round !

IX.

“ 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,  
 Curse Christians, and so home, no doubt !

X.

“ Whereas, each phyz upturned beholds  
 Mary, I warrant, soaring brave !  
 And in a trice, beneath the folds  
 Of filthy garb which gowns each knave,  
 Down drops it—there to hide grimace,  
 Contortion of the mouth and nose  
 At finding Mary in the place  
 They'd keep for Pilate, I suppose !

XI.

“ At last, they will not brook—not they!—  
 Longer such outrage on their tribe :  
 So, in some hole and corner, lay  
 Their heads together—how to bribe  
 The meritorious Farmer's self  
 To straight undo his work, restore  
 Their chance to meet and muse on self—  
 Pretending sorrow, as before !

## XII.

“Forthwith, a posse, if you please,  
Of Rabbi This and Rabbi That  
Almost go down upon their knees  
To get him lay the picture flat.  
The spokesman, eighty years of age,  
Grey as a badger, with a goat’s  
Not only beard but bleat, ’gins wage  
War with our Mary. Thus he dotes :—

## XIII.

“‘Friends, grant a grace! How Hebrews  
toil  
Through life in Florence—why relate  
To those who lay the burden, spoil  
Our paths of peace? We hear our fate.  
But when with life the long toil ends,  
Why must you—the expression craves  
Pardon, but truth compels me, friends!—  
Why must you plague us in our graves?

## XIV.

“‘Thoughtlessly plague, I would believe!  
For how can you—the lords of ease  
By nurture, birthright—e’en conceive  
Our luxury to lie with trees  
And turf,—the cricket and the bird  
Left for our last companionship:  
No harsh deed, no unkindly word,  
No frowning brow nor scornful lip!

## XV.

“‘Death’s luxury, we now rehearse  
While, living, through your streets we fare  
And take your hatred: nothing worse  
Have we, once dead and safe, to bear!  
So we refresh our souls, fulfil  
Our works, our daily tasks; and thus  
Gather you grain—earth’s harvest—still  
The wheat for you, the straw for us.

## XVI.

“‘What flouting in a face, what harm,  
In just a lady borne from bier  
By boys’ heads, wings for leg and arm?  
You question. Friends, the harm is here—

*That just when our last sigh is heaved,  
And we would fain thank God and you  
For labour done and peace achieved,  
Back comes the Past in full review!*

## XVII.

“‘At sight of just that simple flag,  
Starts the foe-feeling serpent-like  
From slumber. Leave it lulled, nor drag—  
Though fangless—forth, what needs must  
strike  
When stricken sore, though stroke be vain  
Against the mailed oppressor! Give  
Play to our fancy that we gain  
Life’s rights when once we cease to live!

## XVIII.

“‘Thus much to courtesy, to kind,  
To conscience! Now to Florence folk!  
There’s core beneath this apple-rind,  
Beneath this white-of-egg there’s yolk!  
Beneath this prayer to courtesy,  
Kind, conscience—there’s a sum to pouch!  
How many ducats down will buy  
Our shame’s removal, sirs? Avouch!

## XIX.

“‘Removal, not destruction, sirs!  
Just turn your picture! Let it front  
The public path! Or memory errs,  
Or that same public path is wont  
To witness many a chance befall  
Of lust, theft, bloodshed—sins enough,  
Wherein our Hebrew part is small.  
Convert yourselves!’—he cut up rough.

## XX.

“‘Look you, how soon a service paid  
Religion yields the servant fruit!  
A prompt reply our Farmer made  
So following: ‘Sirs, to grant your suit  
Involves much danger! How? Transpose  
Our Lady? Stop the chastisement,  
All for your good, herself bestows?  
What wonder if I grudge consent?

XXI.

“—Yet grant it: since, what cash I take  
Is so much saved from wicked use.  
We know you! And, for Mary's sake,  
A hundred ducats shall induce  
Concession to your prayer. One day  
Suffices: Master Buti's brush  
Turns Mary round the other way,  
And deluges your side with slush.

XXII.

“Down with the ducats therefore!’ Dump,  
Dump, dump it falls, each counted piece,  
Hard gold. Then out of door they stump,  
These dogs, each brisk as with new lease  
Of life, I warrant,—glad he'll die  
Henceforward just as he may choose,  
Be buried and in clover lie!  
Well said Esaias—‘stiff-necked Jews!’

XXIII.

“Off posts without a minute's loss  
Our Farmer, once the cash in poke  
And summons Buti—ere its gloss  
Have time to fade from off the joke—  
To chop and change his work, undo  
The done side, make the side, now  
blank,  
Recipient of our Lady—who,  
Displaced thus, had these dogs to thank!

XXIV.

“Now, boy, you're hardly to instruct  
In technicalities of Art!  
My nephew's childhood sure has sucked  
Along with mother's-milk some part  
Of painter's-practice—learned, at least,  
How expeditiously is plied  
A work in fresco—never ceased  
When once begun—a day, each side.

XXV.

“So, Buti—(he's with God)—begins:  
First covers up the shrine all round  
With hoarding; then, as like as twins,  
Paints, t'other side the burial-ground,

New Mary, every point the same  
Next, sluices over, as agreed,  
The old; and last—but, spelt Ah!  
By telling you? Not I, indeed!

XXVI.

“Well, ere the week was half at end,  
Out came the object of this zeal,  
This fine alacrity to spend  
Hard money for mere dead men's weal!  
How think you? That old spokesman  
Jew  
Was High Priest, and he had a wife  
As old, and she was dying too,  
And wished to end in peace her life!

XXVII.

“And he must humour dying whims,  
And soothe her with the idle hope  
They'd say their prayers and sing their  
hymns  
As if her husband were the Pope!  
And she did die—believing just  
This privilege was purchased! Dead  
In comfort through her foolish trust!  
‘Stiff-necked ones,’ well Esaias said!

XXVIII.

“So, Sabbath morning, out of gate  
And on to way, what sees our arch  
Good Farmer? Why, they hoist their freight—  
The corpse—on shoulder, and so, march!  
‘Now for it, Buti!’ In the nick  
Of time 'tis pully-haully, hence  
With hoarding! O'er the wayside quick  
There's Mary plain in evidence!

XXIX.

“And here's the convoy halting: right!  
O they are bent on howling psalms  
And growling prayers, when opposite!  
And yet they glance, for all their qualms,  
Approve that promptitude of his,  
The Farmer's—duly at his post  
To take due thanks from every phyz,  
Sour smirk—nay, surly smile almost!

XXX.

“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,  
Wrapt somehow in their godless rites ;  
Till, rites at end, up-waking, lo  
They lift their faces ! What delights  
The mourners as they turn to go ?

XXXI.

“Ha, ha, he, he ! On just the side  
They drew their purse-strings to make quit  
Of Mary,—Christ the Crucified  
Fronted them now—these biters 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 !

XXXII.

“Out they break, on they bustle, where,  
A-top of wall, the Farmer waits  
With Buti : never fun so rare !  
The Farmer has the best : he rates  
The rascal, as the old High Priest  
Takes on himself to sermonize—  
Nay, sneer ‘*We Jews supposed, at least,  
Theft was a crime in Christian eyes !*’

XXXIII.

“‘*Theft ?*’ cries the Farmer. ‘*Eat your  
words !  
Show me what constitutes a breach  
Of faith in aught was said or heard !  
I promised you in plainest speech  
I’d take the thing you count disgrace  
And put it here—and here ’tis put !  
Did you suppose I’d leave the place  
Blank, therefore, just your rage to glut ?*’

XXXIV.

“‘*I guess you dared not stipulate  
For such a damned impertinence !  
So, quick, my greybeard, out of gate  
And in at Ghetto ! Haste you hence !*

*As long as I have house and land,  
To spite you irreligious chaps  
Here shall the Crucifixion stand—  
Unless you down with cash, perhaps !*

XXXV.

“So snickered he and Buti both.  
The Jews said nothing, interchanged  
A glance or two, renewed their oath  
To keep ears stopped and hearts es-  
tranged  
From grace, for all our Church can do ;  
Then off they scuttle : sullen jog  
Homewards, against our Church to brew  
Fresh mischief in their synagogue.

XXXVI.

“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  
No outrage on our faith, when free  
To wreak their malice ! Here they  
took  
So base a method—plague o’ me  
If I record it in my Book !

XXXVII.

“For, next day, while the Farmer sat  
Laughing with Buti, in his shop,  
At their successful joke,—rat-tat,—  
Door opens, and they’re like to drop  
Down to the floor as in there stalks  
A six-foot-high herculean-built  
Young he-Jew with a beard that baulks  
Description. ‘*Help ere blood be spilt !*’

XXXVIII.

—“Screamed Buti : for he recognized  
Whom but the son, no less no more,  
Of that High Priest his work surprised  
So pleasantly the day before !  
Son of the mother, then, whereof  
The bier he lent a shoulder to,  
And made the moans about, dared scoff  
At sober Christian grief—the Jew !

## XXXIX.

“‘Sirs, I salute you! Never rise!  
No apprehension!’ (Buti, white  
And trembling like a tub of size,  
Had tried to smuggle out of sight  
The picture’s self—the thing in oils,  
You know, from which a fresco’s dashed  
Which courage speeds while caution spoils)  
‘Stay and be praised, sir, unabashed!’

## XL.

“‘Praised,—ay, and paid too: for I come  
To buy that very work of yours.  
My poor abode, which boasts—well, some  
Few specimens of Art, secures  
Haply, a masterpiece indeed  
If I should find my humble means  
Suffice the outlay. So, proceed!  
Propose—ere prudence intervenes!’

## XLI.

“On Buti, cowering like a child,  
These words descended from aloft,  
In tone so ominously mild,  
With smile terrifically soft  
To that degree—could Buti dare  
(Poor fellow) use his brains, think twice?  
He asked, thus taken unaware,  
No more than just the proper price!

## XLII.

“‘Done!’ cries the monster. ‘I disburse  
Forthwith your moderate demand.  
Count on my custom—if no worse  
Your future work be, understand,  
Than this I carry off! No aid!  
My arm, sir, lacks nor bone nor thews:  
The burden’s easy, and we’re made,  
Easy or hard, to bear—we Jews!’

## XLIII.

“Crossing himself at such escape,  
Buti by turns the money eyes  
And, timidly, the stalwart shape  
Now moving doorwards; but, more wise,

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!

## XLIV.

“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!

## XLV.

“‘Stay, dog Jew . . . gentle sir, that is!  
Resolve me! Can it be, she crowned,—  
Mary, by miracle,—Oh bliss!—  
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!’

## XLVI.

“Round—like a serpent that we took  
For worm and trod on—turns his bulk  
About the Jew. First dreadful look  
Sends Buti in a trice to skulk  
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 gutturals rolled—

## XLVII.

“‘Ay, sir, a miracle was worked,  
By quite another power, I trow,  
Than ever yet in canvas lurked,  
Or you would scarcely face me now!  
A certain impulse did suggest  
A certain grasp with this right-hand,  
Which probably had put to rest  
Our quarrel,—thus your throat once  
spanned!’

## XLVIII.

“ *But I remembered me, subdued  
That impulse, and you face me still!  
And soon a philosophic mood  
Succeeding (hear it, if you will!)  
Has altogether changed my views  
Concerning Art. Blind prejudice!  
Well may you Christians tax us Jews  
With scrupulosity too nice!*

## XLIX.

“ *For, don't I see,—let's issue join!—  
Whenever I'm allowed pollute  
(I—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?*

## L.

“ *“Jew, since it must be, take in pledge  
Of payment ‘—so a Cardinal  
Has sighed to me as if a wedge  
Entered his heart—’ this best of all  
My treasures!’ Leda, Ganymede  
Or Antiope: swan, eagle, ape,  
(Or what's the beast of what's the breed)  
And Jupiter in every shape!*

## LI.

“ *Whereat if I presume to ask  
'But, Eminence, though Titian's whisk  
Of brush have well performed its task,  
How comes it these false godships frisk  
In presence of—what yonder frame  
Pretends to image? Surely, odd  
It seems, you let confront The Name  
Each beast the heathen called his god!’*

## LII.

“ *Benignant smiles me pity straight  
The Cardinal. ’Tis Truth, we prize!  
Art's the sole question in debate!  
These subjects are so many lies.*

We treat them with a proper scorn  
When we turn lies—called gods for-  
sooth—  
To lies' fit use, now Christ is born.  
Drawing and colouring are Truth.

## LIII.

“ *“Think you I honour lies so much  
As scruple to parade the charms  
Of Leda—Titian, every touch—  
Because the thing within her arms  
Means Jupiter who had the praise  
And prayer of a benighted world?  
He would have mine too, if, in days  
Of light, I kept the canvas furled!’*

## LIV.

“ *So ending, with some easy gibe.  
What power has logic! I, at once,  
Acknowledged error in our tribe  
So squeamish that, when friends ensconce  
A pretty picture in its niche  
To do us honour, deck our graves,  
We fret and fume and have an itch  
To strangle folk—ungrateful knaves!*

## LV.

“ *No, sir! Be sure that—what's its  
style,  
Your picture?—shall possess ungrudged  
A place among my rank and file  
Of Ledas and what not—be judged  
Just as a picture! and (because  
I fear me much I scarce have bought  
A Titian) Master Buti's flaws  
Found there, will have the laugh flaws  
ought!’*

## LVI.

“ *So, with a scowl, it darkens door—  
This bulk—no longer! Buti makes  
Prompt glad re-entry; there's a score  
Of oaths, as the good Farmer wakes  
From what must needs have been a trance,  
Or he had struck (he swears) to ground  
The bold bad mouth that dared advance  
Such doctrine the reverse of sound!*



## LVII.

"Was magic here? Most like! For, since,  
Somehow our city's faith grows still  
More and more lukewarm, and our Prince  
Or loses heart or wants the will  
To check increase of cold. 'Tis *'Live  
And let live! Languidly repress  
The Dissident! In short,—contrive  
Christians must bear with Jews: no less!'*

## LVIII.

"The end seems, any Israelite  
Wants any picture,—pishes, poohs,  
Purchases, hangs it full in sight  
In any chamber he may choose!  
In Christ's crown, one more thorn we rue!  
In Mary's bosom, one more sword!  
No, boy, you must not pelt a Jew!  
O Lord, how long? How long, O Lord?"

## EPILOGUE.

μεστοί . . .

οὐδ' ἀμφορῆς οἴνου μέλαρος ἀνθοσμίου.

## I.

"The poets pour us wine—"  
Said the dearest poet<sup>1</sup> I ever knew,  
Dearest and greatest and best to me.  
You clamour athirst for poetry—  
We pour. "But when shall a vintage be"—  
You cry—"strong grape, squeezed gold  
from screw,  
Yet sweet juice, flavoured flowery-fine?  
That were indeed the wine!"

## II.

One pours your cup—stark strength,  
Meat for a man; and you eye the pulp  
Strained, turbid still, from the viscous<sup>2</sup> blood  
Of the snaky bough: and you grumble "Good!  
For it swells resolve, breeds hardihood;  
Despatch it, then, in a single gulp!"  
So, down, with a wry face, goes at length  
The liquor: stuff for strength.

<sup>1</sup> His wife. See Mrs. Browning's "Wine of Cyprus."

<sup>2</sup> Sticky.

## III.

One pours your cup—sheer sweet,  
The fragrant fumes of a year condensed:  
Suspicion of all that's ripe or rathe,  
From the bud on branch to the grass in swathe.<sup>3</sup>  
"We suck mere milk of the seasons," saith  
A curl of each nostril—"dew, dispensed  
Nowise for nerving man to feat:  
Boys sip such honeyed sweet!"

## IV.

And thus who wants wine strong,  
Waves each sweet smell of the year away;  
Who likes to swoon as the sweets suffice  
His brain with a mixture of beams and dews  
Turned syrupy drink—rough strength the schews:  
"What though in our veins your wine-  
stock stay?  
The lack of the bloom does our palate wrong,  
Give us wine sweet, not strong!"

## V.

Yet wine is—some affirm—  
Prime wine is found in the world some-  
where,  
Of potable strength with sweet to match.  
You double your heart its dose, yet catch—  
As the draught descends—a violet-smatch,  
Softness—however it came there,  
Through drops expressed by the fire and  
worm:  
Strong sweet wine—some affirm.

## VI.

Body and bouquet both?  
'Tis easy to ticket a bottle so;  
But what was the case in the cask, my friends?  
Cask? Nay, the vat—where the maker  
mends  
His strong with his sweet (you suppose) and  
blends  
His rough with his smooth, till none can  
know  
How it comes you may tipple, nothing loth,  
Body and bouquet both.

<sup>3</sup> The line or ridge of grass thrown together by the scythe.

## 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  
 way  
 Till themselves produce home-made, at a  
 pinch:  
 No! You are the world, and wine ne'er  
 purled  
 Except to please the world!

## VIII.

"For, oh the common heart!  
 And, ah the irremissible sin  
 Of poets who please themselves, not us!  
 Strong wine yet sweet wine pouring thus,  
 How please still—Pindar and Æschylus!—  
 Drink—dipt into by the bearded chin  
 Alike and the bloomy lip—no part  
 Denied the common heart!

## IX.

"And might we get such grace,  
 And did you moderns but stock our vault  
 With the true half-brandy half-attar-gul,<sup>1</sup>  
 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!"

## X.

If I paid myself with words  
 (As the French say well) I were dupe indeed!  
 I were found in belief that you quaffed and  
 bowed  
 At your Shakespeare the, whole day long,  
 caroused  
 In your Milton pottle-deep nor drowsed  
 A moment of night—toped on, took heed  
 Of nothing like modern cream-and-curds.  
 Pay me with deeds, not words!

<sup>1</sup> Essence of roses.

## XI.

For—see your cellarage!  
 There are forty barrels with Shakespeare's  
 brand.  
 Some five or six are abroach: 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  
 Embellied in butts which bungs still glue?  
 You hate your bard! A fig for your rage!  
 Free him from cellarage!

## XIII.

'Tis said I brew stiff drink,  
 But the deuce a flavour 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  
 Commingles the racy with Springtide's  
 rare!  
 "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 nonce!  
 Stuff you should stow away, ensconce  
 In the deep and dark, to be found fast-  
 fixed  
 At the century's close: such time strength  
 spends  
 A-sweetening for my friends!

## XV.

And then—why, what you quaff  
 With a smack of lip and a cluck of tongue,  
 Is leakage and leavings—just what haps  
 From the tun some learned taster taps  
 With a promise “Prepare your watery chaps !  
 Here’s the properest wine for old and young !  
 Dispute its perfection—you make 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 lo,  
 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 !  
*You fatten, with oceans of drink undrained ?*  
*You feed—who would choke did a cobweb*  
*smutch*  
 The Age you love so much ?

## XVIII.

A mine’s beneath a moor :  
 Acres of moor roof fathoms of mine  
 Which diamonds dot where you please to dig ;  
 Yet who plies spade for the bright and big ?  
 Your product is—truffles, you hunt with a pig !  
 Since bright-and-big, when a man would  
 dine,  
 Suits badly : and therefore the Koh-i-noor  
 May sleep in mine ’neath moor !

## XIX.

Wine, pulse in might from me !  
 It may never emerge in must from vat,  
 Never fill cask nor furnish can,  
 Never end sweet, which strong began—

God’s gift to gladden the heart of man ;  
 But spirit’s at proof, I promise that !  
 No sparing of juice spoils what should be  
 Fit brewage—mine for me.

## XX.

Man’s thoughts and loves and hates !  
 Earth is my vineyard, these grew 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.

But someone says “Good Sir !”  
 (’Tis a worthy versed in what concerns  
 The making such labour turn out well)  
 “You don’t suppose that the nosegay-smell  
 Needs always come from the grape ? Each bell  
 At your foot, each bud that your culture  
 spurns,  
 The very cowslip would act like myrrh  
 On the stiffest brew—good Sir !

## XXII.

“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 !  
 So, fancies frolic it o’er the earth  
 Where thoughts have rightlier birth.

## XXIII.

“Nay, thoughtlings they themselves :  
 Loves, hates—in little and less and less !  
 Thoughts ? *‘What is a man beside a mount !*  
 Loves ? *‘Absent—poor lovers the minutes*  
*count !’*  
 Hates ? *‘Fie—Popé’s letters to Martha*  
*Blount !’*  
 These furnish a wine for a children’s-feast :  
 Insipid to man, they suit the elves  
 Like thoughts, loves, hates themselves.”

## XXIV.

And, friends, beyond dispute  
 I too have the cowslips dewy and dear.  
 Punctual as Springtide forth peep they :  
 I leave them to make my meadow gay.  
 But I ought to pluck and impound them, eh?  
 Not let them alone, but deftly shear  
 And shred and reduce to—what may suit  
 Children, beyond dispute ?

## XXV.

And, here's May-month, all bloom,  
 All bounty : what if I sacrifice ?  
 If I out with shears and shear, nor stop  
 Shearing till prostrate, lo, the crop ?  
 And will you prefer it to ginger-pop  
 When I've made you wine of the memories  
 Which leave as bare as a churchyard tomb  
 My meadow, late all bloom ?

## XXVI.

Nay, what ingratitude  
 Should I hesitate to amuse the wits  
 That have pulled so long at my flask, nor  
 grudged  
 The headache that paid their pains, nor budged

From bunghole before they sighed and judged  
 "Too rough for our taste, to-day, befits  
 The racy and right when the years conclude !"  
 Out on ingratitude !

## XXVII.

Grateful or ingrate—none,  
 No cowslip of all my fairy crew  
 Shall help to concoct what makes 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.  
 I may use up my nettles, ere I've done ;  
 But of cowslips—friends get none !

## XXVIII.

Don't nettles make a broth  
 Wholesome for blood grown lazy and thick ?  
 Maws out of sorts make mouths out of taste.  
 My Thirty-four Port—no need to waste  
 On a tongue that's fur and a palate—paste !  
 A magnum for friends who are sound !  
 The sick—  
 I'll posset and cosset them, nothing loth,  
 Henceforward with nettle-broth !

## THE AGAMEMNON OF ÆSCHYLUS.

1877.

MAY I be permitted to chat a little, by way of recreation, at the end of a somewhat toilsome 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 literal at every cost save that 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 archaic workmanship, is no violence: but I would be tolerant for once,—in the case of so immensely famous an original,—of even a clumsy attempt to furnish me with the very turn of each phrase in as Greek a fashion as English will bear: while, with respect to amplifications and embellishments,—anything rather than, with the good farmer, experience that most signal of mortifications, “to gape for Æschylus 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—*πόνος*, or *μέγας*, or *τέλος*, with its congeners, recurring four times in three lines: for though such substitution may be in itself perfectly justifiable, yet this exercise of ingenuity ought to be within the competence of the unaided English reader if he likes to show himself ingenious. Learning Greek teaches Greek, and nothing else: certainly not common sense, if that have failed to precede the teaching. Further,—if I obtained a mere strict bald version of thing by thing, or at least word pregnant with thing, I should hardly look for an impossible transmission of the reputed magniloquence and sonority of the Greek; and this with the less regret, inasmuch as there is abundant musicality elsewhere, but 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 Æschylus, *ξυμβαλεῖν ὀρθότιος*, “not easy to understand,” in the opinion of his stoutest advocate among the

ancients; while, I suppose, even modern scholarship sympathizes with that early declaration 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, Syriasms, Hellenisms, and the whole of such bag and baggage.”<sup>1</sup> For, over and above the purposed 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, if need 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 so 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, moods, and persons, with which the original teems,—will not only suffice to display what an eloquent friend maintains to be 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 unapproached masters of the grand style: τῆν ἐξέφρασην ἐστὶν ἡ ἀριστεία, because it is so

<sup>1</sup> “Quis Æschylum possit affirmare Græce nunc scienti magis patere explicabilem quam Evangelia aut Epistolas Apostolicas? Unus ejus Agamemnon obscuritate superat quantum est librorum sacrorum cum suis Hebraïsmis et Syriasmis et tota Hellenisticæ suppellectili vel farragine.”—SALMASIUS *de Hellenisticâ*, Epist. Dedic.

admirably kept in its right degree of prominence, because it is so simple and so well subordinated, because it draws its force directly from the pregnancy of the matter which it conveys . . . not a word wasted, not a sentiment capriciously thrown in, stroke on stroke!"<sup>1</sup> 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 innocency 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 galené;" he said also that Shelley was indignant at "Firenze" having displaced the Dantesque "Fiorenza," and would contemptuously English the intruder "Firence." I supposed I was doing a simple thing enough: but there has been till lately much astonishment at *os* and *us*, *ai* and *oi*, representing the same letters in Greek. Of a sudden, however, whether in translation or out of it, everybody seems committing the offence, although the adoption of *u* for *v* still presents such difficulty that it is a wonder how we have hitherto escaped "Eyrípides." But there existed a sturdy Briton who, Ben Jonson informs us, wrote "The Life of the Emperor Anthony Pie"—whom we now acquiesce in as Antoninus Pius: for "with time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin." Yet there is, on all sides, much profession of respect for what Keats called "vowelled Greek"—"consonanted," one would expect; and, in a criticism upon a late admirable translation of something of my own, it was deplored that, in a certain verse corresponding in measure to the fourteenth of the sixth Pythian Ode, "neither Professor Jebb in his Greek, nor Mr. Browning in his English, could emulate that matchlessly musical γόνον ἰδὼν κάλλιστον ἀνδρῶν." Now, undoubtedly, "Seeing her son the fairest of men" has more sense than sound to boast of: but then, would not an Italian roll us out "Rimirando il figliuolo bellissimo degli uomini!" whereat Pindar, no less than Professor Jebb and Mr. Browning, τρακτῆρος ὄχεται τυχῶν.

<sup>1</sup> *Poems by Matthew Arnold*, Preface.

It is recorded in the annals of Art<sup>2</sup> that there was once upon a time, practising so far north as Stockholm, a painter and picture-cleaner—sire of a less unhappy son—Old Muytens: and the annalist, Baron de Tessé, has not concealed his profound dissatisfaction at Old Muytens' conceit "to have himself had something to do with the work of whatever master of eminence might pass through his hands." Whence it was,—the Baron goes on to deplore,—that much detriment was done to that excellent piece "The Recognition of Achilles," by Rubens, through the perversity of Old Muytens, "who must needs take on him to beautify every nymph of the twenty by the bestowment of a widened eye and an enlarged mouth." I, at least, have left eyes and mouths everywhere as I found them, and this conservatism is all that claims praise for—what is, after all, ἀκέραιος ἄμισθος ἀοιδά. No, neither "uncommanded" nor "unrewarded:" since it was commanded of me by my venerated friend Thomas Carlyle, and rewarded will it indeed become if I am permitted to dignify it by the prefatory insertion of his dear and noble name. R. B.

LONDON: October 1st, 1877.

## THE AGAMEMNON OF ÆSCHYLUS.

### PERSONS.

Warder.  
Choros of Old Men.  
KLUTAINNESTRA.  
TALTHUBIOS, *Herald*.  
AGAMEMNON.  
KASSANDRA.  
AIGISTHOS.

### WARDER.

THE gods I ask deliverance from these labours,

Watch of a year's length whereby, slumbering through it

On the Atreidai's roofs on elbow,—dog-like—  
I know of nightly star-groups the assemblage,  
And those that bring to men winter and summer

<sup>2</sup> *Lettres à un jeune Prince*, traduites du Suédois.

Bright dynasts, as they pride them in the  
æther

—Stars, when they wither, and the uprisings  
of them.

And now on ward I wait the torch's token,  
The glow of fire, shall bring from Troia  
message

And word of capture: so prevails audacious  
The man's-way-planning hoping heart of  
woman.

But when I, driven from night-rest, dew-  
drenched hold to

This couch of mine—not looked upon by  
visions,

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 slumber such song-remedy infusing,  
I wail then, for this House's fortune groaning,  
Not, as of old, after the best ways governed.

Now, lucky be deliverance from these labours,  
At good news—the appearing dusky fire!

(O hail, thou lamp of night, a day-long  
lightness

Revealing, and of dances the ordainment!

Halloo, halloo!

To Agamemnon's wife I show, by shouting,  
That, from bed starting up at once, i' the  
household

Joyous acclaim, good-omened to this torch-  
blaze,

She send aloft, if haply Ilion's city  
Be taken, as the beacon boasts announcing.

Ay, and, for me, myself will dance a pre-  
lude,

For, that my masters' dice drop right, I'll  
reckon:

Since thrice-six has it thrown to me, this  
signal.

Well, may it hap that, as he comes, the  
loved hand

O' 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,

VOL. II.

Most plain would speak. So, willing I  
myself speak

To those who know: to who know not—I'm  
blankness.

CHOROS.

The tenth year this, since Priamos' great match,  
King Menelaos, Agamemnon King,

—The strenuous yoke-pair of the Atreidai's  
honour

Two-throned, two-sceptred, whereof Zeus  
was donor—

Did from this land the aid, the armament  
despatch,

The thousand-sailored force of Argives  
clamouring

“Ares” from out the indignant breast, as  
fling

Passion forth vultures which, because of grief  
Away,—as are their young ones,—with the  
thief,

Lofty above their brood-nests wheel in ring,  
Row round and round with oar of either  
wing,

Lament the bedded chicks, lost labour that  
was love:

Which hearing, one above

—Whether Apollon, Pan or Zeus—that wail,  
Sharp-piercing bird-shriek of the guests who  
fare

Housemates with gods in air—

Suchanone sends, against who these assail,

What, late-sent, shall not fail

Of punishing—Erinus. Here as there,

The Guardian of the Guest, Zeus, the excel-  
ling one,

Sends against Alexandros either son

Of Atreus: for that wife, the many-husbanded,  
Appointing many a tug that tries the limb,

While the knee plays the prop in dust, while,  
shred

To morsels, lies the spear-shaft; in those grim  
Marriage-prolusions when their Fury wed  
Danaoi and Troes, both alike. All's said:

Things are where things are, and, as fate has  
willed,

So shall they be fulfilled.

Not gently-grieving, not just doling out

The drops of expiation—no, nor tears distilled—

Shall he we know of bring the hard about  
To soft—that intense ire

At those mock rites unsanctified by fire.

But we pay nought here : through our flesh,  
age-weighed,

Left out from who gave aid

In that day,—we remain,

Staying on staves a strength

The equal of a child's at length.

For when young marrow in the breast doth  
reign,

That's the old man's match,—Ares out of  
place

In either : but in oldest age's case,

Foliage a-fading, why, he wends his way

On three feet, and, no stronger than a child,

Wanders about gone wild,

A dream in day.

But thou, Tundareus' daughter, Klutaim-  
nestra queen,

What need? What new? What having  
heard or seen,

By what announcement's tidings, everywhere  
Settest thou, round about, the sacrifice  
a-flare?

For, of all gods the city-swaying,

Those supernal, those infernal,

Those of the fields', those of the mart's  
obeying,—

The altars blaze with gifts ;

And here and there, heaven-high the torch  
uplifts

Flame—medicated with persuasions mild,

With foul admixture unbeguiled—

Of holy unguent, from the clotted chrism

Brought from the palace, safe in its abysm.

Of these things, speaking what may be indeed

Both possible and lawful to concede,

Healer do thou become!—of this solicitude

Which, now, stands plainly forth of evil mood,

And, then . . . but from oblations, hope,  
to-day

Gracious appearing, wards away

From soul the insatiate care,

The sorrow at my breast, devouring there!

Empowered am I to sing

The omens, what their force which, journeying,

Rejoiced the potentates :

(For still, from God, inflates

My breast song-suasion : age,

Born to the business, still such war can wage)

—How the fierce bird against the Teukris land

Despatched, with spear and executing hand,

The Achaian's two-throned empery—o'er  
Hellas' youth

Two rulers with one mind :

The birds' king to these kings of ships, on  
high,

—The black sort, and the sort that's white  
behind,—

Appearing by the palace, on the spear-throw  
side,

In right sky-regions, visible far and wide,—

Devouring a hare-creature, great with young,

Baulked of more racings they, as she from  
whom they sprung!

Ah, Linos,<sup>1</sup> say—ah, Linos, song of wail!

But may the good prevail!

The prudent army-prophet seeing two

The Atreidai, two their tempers, 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  
Priamos :

But all before its towers,—the people's wealth  
that was,

Of flocks and herds,—as sure, shall booty-  
sharing thence

Drain to the dregs away, by battle violence.

Only, have care lest grudge of any god disturb

With cloud the unsullied shine of that great  
force, the curb

Of Troia, struck with damp

Beforehand in the camp!

For envyingly is

The virgin Artemis

Toward—her father's flying hounds—this  
House—

The sacrificers of the piteous

<sup>1</sup> Taught Hercules music.



And cowering 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!

“Thus ready is the beautiful one with help  
To those small dewdrop-things fierce lions  
whelp,

And udder-loving litter of each brute  
That roams the mead; and therefore makes  
she suit,

The fair one, for fulfilment to the end  
Of things these signs portend—  
Which partly smile, indeed, but partly scowl—  
The phantasms of the fowl.

I call Leios Paian<sup>1</sup> to avert  
She work the Danaoi hurt

By any thwarting waftures, long and fast  
Holdings from sail of ships:

And sacrifice, another than the last,  
She for herself precipitate—  
Something unlawful, feast for no man's  
lips,

Builder of quarrels, with the House cognate—

Having in awe no husband: for remains  
A frightful, backward-darting in the path,  
Wily house-keeping chronicler of wrath,  
That has to punish that old children's fate!”

Such things did Kalchas,—with abundant  
gains

As well,—vociferate,  
Predictions from the birds, in journeying,  
Above the abode of either king.

With these, symphonious, sing—  
Ah, Linos, say—ah, Linos, song of wail!  
But may the good prevail!

Zeus, whos'er he be,—if that express  
Aught dear to him on whom I call—  
So do I him address.

I cannot liken out, by all  
Admeasurement of powers,  
Any but Zeus for refuge at such hours,  
If veritably needs I must  
From off my soul its vague care-burthen  
thrust.

<sup>1</sup> Apollo.

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 thrice-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 masterfully teach.

In sleep, before the heart of each,  
A woe-remembering travail sheds in dew  
Discretion,—ay, 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,  
Disparaging no seer—

With bated breath to suit misfortune's inrush  
here

—(What time it laboured, that Achaian host,  
By stay from sailing,—every pulse at length  
Emptied of vital strength,—

Hard over Kalchis shore-bound, current-croft  
In Aulis station,—while the winds which  
post

From Strumon, ill-delayers, famine-fraught,  
Tempters of man to sail where harbourage is  
naught,

Spendthrifts of ships and cables, turning time  
To twice the length,—these carded, by delay,  
To less and less away

The Argeians' flowery prime:

And when a remedy more grave and grand,  
Than aught before,—yea, for the storm and  
dearth,—

The prophet to the foremost in command  
Shrieked forth, as cause of this

Adducing Artemis,  
So that the Atreidai striking staves on earth  
Could not withhold the tear)—

Then did the king, the elder, speak this  
clear.

"Heavy the fate, indeed,—to disobey!  
 Yet heavy if my child I slay,  
 The adornment of my household: with the  
 tide  
 Of virgin-slaughter, at the altar-side,  
 A father's hands defiling: which the way  
 Without its evils, say?  
 How shall I turn fleet-fugitive,  
 Failing of duty to allies?  
 Since for a wind-abating sacrifice  
 And virgin blood,—'tis right they strive,  
 Nay, madden with desire.  
 Well may it work them—this that they re-  
 quire!"

But when he underwent necessity's  
 Yoke-trace,—from soul blowing unhallowed  
 change  
 Unclean, abominable, — thence — another  
 man—  
 The audacious mind of him began  
 Its wildest range.  
 For this it is gives mortals hardihood—  
 Some vice-devising miserable mood  
 Of madness, and first woe of all the brood.  
 The sacrificer of his daughter—strange!—  
 He dared become, to expedite  
 Woman-avenging warfare,—anchors weighed  
 With such prelusive rite!

Prayings and callings "Father"—naught they  
 made  
 Of these, and of the virgin-age,—  
 Captains heart-set on war to wage!  
 His ministrants, vows done, the father bade—  
 Kid-like, above the altar, swathed in pall,  
 Take her—lift high, and have no fear at  
 all,  
 Head-downward, and the fair mouth's guard  
 And frontage hold,—press hard  
 From utterance a curse against the House  
 By dint of bit—violence bridling speech.  
 And as to ground her saffron-vest she shed,  
 She smote the sacrificers all and each  
 With arrow sweet and piteous,  
 From the eye only sped,—  
 Significant of will to use a word,  
 Just as in pictures: since, full many a time,

In her sire's guest-hall, by the well-heaped  
 board  
 Had she made music,—lovingly with chime  
 Of her chaste voice, that unpolluted thing,  
 Honoured the third libation, — paian that  
 should bring  
 Good fortune to the sire she loved so well.

What followed—those things I nor saw nor  
 tell.  
 But Kalchas' arts,—whate'er they indicate,—  
 Miss of fulfilment never: it is fate.  
 True, justice makes, in sufferers, a desire  
 To know the future woe preponderate.  
 But—hear before is need?  
 To that, farewell and welcome! 'tis the same,  
 indeed,  
 As grief beforehand: clearly, part for part,  
 Conformably to Kalchas' art,  
 Shall come the event.  
 And be they as they may, things subsequent,—  
 What is to do, prosperity betide  
 E'en as we wish it!—we, the next allied,  
 Sole guarding barrier of the Apian land.

I am come, reverencing power in thee,  
 O Klutaimnestra! For 'tis just we bow  
 To the ruler's wife,—the male-seat man-  
 bereaved.  
 But if thou, having heard good news,—or  
 none,—  
 For good news' hope dost sacrifice thus wide,  
 I would hear gladly: art thou mute,—no  
 grudge!

## KLUTAIMNESTRA.

Good-news-announcer, may—as is the by-  
 word—  
 Morn become, truly,—news from Night his  
 mother!  
 But thou shalt learn joy past all hope of  
 hearing.  
 Priamos' city have the Argeioi taken.

## CHOROS.

How sayest? The word, from want of faith,  
 escaped me.

<p>KLUTAIMNESTRA. Troia the Achaioi hold : do I speak plainly ?</p>	<p>And,—so upsoaring as to stride sea over, The strong lamp-voyager, and all for joyance— Did the gold-glorious splendour, any sun like, Pass on—the pine-tree—to Makistos' watch- place ;</p>
<p>CHOROS. Joy overcreeps me, calling forth the tear-drop.</p>	<p>Who did not,—tardy,—caught, no wits about him,</p>
<p>KLUTAIMNESTRA. Right ! for, that glad thou art, thine eye convicts thee.</p>	<p>By sleep,—decline his portion of the missive. And far the beacon's light, on stream Euripos Arriving, made aware Messapios' warders, And up they lit in turn, played herald onwards, Kindling with flame a heap of grey old heather.</p>
<p>CHOROS. For—what to thee, of all this, trusty token ?</p>	<p>And, strengthening still, the lamp, decaying nowise, Springing o'er Plain Asopos,—full-moon- fashion</p>
<p>KLUTAIMNESTRA. What's here ! how else ? unless the god have cheated.</p>	<p>Effulgent,—toward the crag of Mount Kit- hairon,</p>
<p>CHOROS. Haply thou flattering shows of dreams re- spectest ?</p>	<p>Roused a new rendering-up of fire the escort— And light, far escort, lacked no recognition O' the guard—as burning more than burnings told you.</p>
<p>KLUTAIMNESTRA. No fancy would I take of soul sleep-burthened.</p>	<p>And over Lake Gorgopis light went leaping, And, at Mount Aigioplanktos safe arriving, Enforced the law—"to never stint the fire- stuff."</p>
<p>CHOROS. But has there puffed thee up some unwinged omen ?</p>	<p>And they send, lighting up with ungrudged vigour,</p>
<p>KLUTAIMNESTRA. As a young maid's my mind thou mockest grossly.</p>	<p>Of flame a huge beard, ay, the very foreland So as to strike above, in burning onward, The look-out which commands the Strait Saronic.</p>
<p>CHOROS. Well, at what time was—even sacked, the city ?</p>	<p>Then did it dart until it reached the outpost Mount Arachnaïos here, the city's neighbour ; And then darts to this roof of the Atreidai This light of Ide's fire not unforefathered !</p>
<p>KLUTAIMNESTRA. Of this same mother Night—the dawn, I tell thee.</p>	<p>Such are the rules prescribed the flambeau- bearers :</p>
<p>CHOROS. And who of messengers could reach this swiftness ?</p>	<p>He beats that's first and also last in running. ■ Such is the proof and token I declare thee, My husband having sent me news from Troia.</p>
<p>KLUTAIMNESTRA. Hephaistos<sup>1</sup>—sending a bright blaze from Ide. Beacon did beacon send, from fire the poster, Hitherward : Ide to the rock Hermaian Of Lemnos : and a third great torch o' the island Zeus' seat received in turn, the Athoan summit.</p>	<p>CHOROS. The gods, indeed, anon will I pray, woman ! But now, these words to hear, and sate my wonder Thoroughly, I am fain—if twice thou tell them.</p>

<sup>1</sup> Vulcan's festival.

## KLUTAIMNESTRA.

Troia do the Achaiol hold, this same day.  
 I think a noise—no mixture—reigns i' the  
 city.  
 Sour wine and unguent pour thou in one  
 vessel—  
 Standers-apart, not lovers, wouldst thou style  
 them :  
 And so, of captives and of conquerors, part-  
 wise  
 The voices are to hear, of fortune diverse.  
 For those, indeed, upon the bodies prostrate  
 Of husbands, brothers, children upon parents  
 —The old men, from a throat that's free no  
 longer,  
 Shriekingly wail the death-doom of their  
 dearest :  
 While these—the after-battle hungry labour,  
 Which prompts night-faring, marshals them  
 to breakfast  
 On the town's store, according to no billet  
 Of sharing, but as each drew lot of fortune.  
 In the spear-captured Troic habitations  
 House they already: from the frosts upæthral  
 And dews delivered, will they, luckless  
 creatures,  
 Without a watch to keep, slumber all night  
 through.  
 And if they fear the gods, the city-guarders,  
 And the gods' structures of the conquered  
 country,  
 They may not—capturers—soon in turn be  
 captive.  
 But see no prior lust befall the army  
 To sack things sacred—by gain-cravings  
 vanquished !  
 For there needs homeward the return's salva-  
 tion,  
 To round the new limb back o' the double  
 race-course.  
 And guilty to the gods if came the army,  
 Awakened up the sorrow of those slaughtered  
 Might be—should no outbursting evils hap-  
 pen.  
 But may good beat—no turn to see i' the  
 balance !  
 For, many benefits I want the gain of.

## CHOROS.

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 o'er-roofing snare, that neither great  
 thing might,  
 Nor any of the young ones, overpass  
 Captivity's great sweep-net—one and all  
 Of Ate held in thrall !  
 Ay, Zeus I fear—the guest's friend great—  
 who was  
 The doer of this, and long since bent  
 The bow on Alexandros with intent  
 That neither wide o' the white  
 Nor o'er the stars the foolish dart should light.  
 The stroke of Zeus—they have it, as men say !  
 This, at least, from the source track forth we  
 may !  
 As he ordained, so has he done.  
 " No "—said someone—  
 " The gods think fit to care  
 Nowise for mortals, such  
 As those by whom the good and fair  
 Of things denied their touch  
 Is trampled ! " but he was profane.  
 That they do care, has been made plain  
 To offspring of the over-bold,  
 Outbreathing " Ares " greater than is just—  
 Houses that spill with more than they can hold,  
 More than is best for man. Be man's what  
 must  
 Keep harm off, so that in himself he find  
 Sufficiency—the well-endowed of mind !  
 For there's no bulwark in man's wealth to him  
 Who, through a surfeit, kicks—into the dim  
 And disappearing—Right's great altar.  
 Yes—  
 It urges him, the sad persuasiveness,  
 Ate's insufferable child that schemes

Treason beforehand : and all cure is vain.  
 It is not hidden : out it glares again,  
 A light dread-lamping-mischief, just as gleams  
 The badness of the bronze ;  
 Through rubbing, puttings to the touch,  
 Black-clotted is he, judged at once.  
 He seeks—the boy—a flying bird to clutch,  
 The insufferable brand  
 Setting upon the city of his land  
 Whereof not any god hears prayer ;  
 While him who brought about such evils  
 there,  
 That unjust man, the god in grapple throws.  
 Such an one, Paris goes  
 Within the Atreidai's house—  
 Shamed the guest's board by robbery of the  
 spouse.

And, leaving to her townsmen throngs  
 a-spread

With shields, and spear-thrusts of sea-arma-  
 ment,  
 And bringing Ilion, in a dowry's stead,  
 Destruction—swiftly through the gates she  
 went,

Daring the undareable. But many a groan  
 outbroke

From prophets of the House as thus they  
 spoke.

“ Woe, woe the House, the House and  
 Rulers,—woe

The marriage-bed and dints

A husband's love imprints !

There she stands silent ! meets no honour—no  
 Shame—sweetest still to see of things gone  
 long ago !

And, through desire of one across the main,  
 A ghost will seem within the house to reign :  
 And hateful to the husband is the grace  
 Of well-shaped statues : from—in place of  
 eyes

Those blanks—all Aphrodite dies.

“ But dream-appearing mournful fantasies—  
 There they stand, bringing grace that's vain.  
 For vain 'tis, when brave things one seems  
 to view ;

The fantasy has floated off, hands through ;

Gone, that appearance,—nowise left to  
 creep,—

On wings, the servants in the paths of sleep !”  
 Woes, then, in household and on hearth, are  
 such

As these—and woes surpassing these by  
 much.

But not these only : everywhere—

For those who from the land

Of Hellas issued in a band,

Sorrow, the heart must bear,

Sits in the home of each, conspicuous there.

Many a circumstance, at least,

Touches the very breast.

For those

Whom any sent away,—he knows :

And in the live man's stead,

Armour and ashes reach

The house of each.

For Ares, gold-exchanger for the dead,

And balance-holder in the fight o' the spear,

Due-weight from Ilion sends—

What moves the tear on tear—

A charred scrap to the friends :

Filling with well-packed ashes every urn,

For man—that was—the sole return.

And they groan—praising much, the while,

Now this man as experienced in the strife,

Now that, fallen nobly on a slaughtered pile,

Because of—not his own—another's wife.

But things there be, one barks,

When no man harks :

A surreptitious grief that's grudge

Against the Atreidai who first sought the judge.

But some there, round the rampart, have

In Ilian earth, each one his grave :

All fair-formed as at birth,

It hid them—what they have and hold—the  
 hostile earth.

And big with anger goes the city's word,

And pays a debt by public curse incurred.

And ever with me—as about to hear

A something night-involved—remains my  
 fear :

Since of the many-slayers—not

Unwatching are the gods.

The black Erinues, at due periods—  
 Whoever gains the lot  
 Of fortune with no right—  
 Him, by life's strain and stress  
 Back-again-beaten from success,  
 They strike blind: and among the out-of-sight  
 For who has got to be, avails no might.  
 The being praised outrageously  
 Is grave, 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 unespied.  
 Neither a city-sacker would 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  
 That, having, at announcements of the flame  
 Thus novel, felt his own heart fired thereby,  
 He then shall at a change of evidence,  
 Be worsted just the same?  
 It is conspicuous in a woman's nature,  
 Before its view to take a grace for granted:  
 Too trustful,—on her boundary, usurpature  
 Is swiftly made;  
 But swiftly, too, decayed,  
 The glory perishes by woman vaunted.

KLUTAIMNESTRA.

Soon shall we know—of these light-bearing  
 torches,  
 And beacons and exchanges, fire with fire—  
 If they are true, indeed, or if, dream-fashion,  
 This gladsome light came and deceived our  
 judgment.  
 Yon herald from the shore I see, o'ershadowed  
 With boughs of olive: dust, mud's thirsty  
 brother,  
 Close neighbours on his garl, thus testify me  
 That neither voiceless, nor yet kindling for  
 thee  
 Mountain-wood-flame, shall he explain by  
 fire-smoke:  
 But either tell out more the joyance, speak-  
 ing. . . .

Word contrary to which, I aught but love it!  
 For may good be—to good that's known—  
 appendage!

CHOROS.

Whoever prays for aught else to this city  
 —May he himself reap fruit of his mind's error!

HERALD.

Ha, my forefathers' soil of earth Argeian!  
 Thee, in this year's tenth light, am I re-  
 turned to—  
 Of many broken hopes, on one hope chancing;  
 For never prayed I, in this earth Argeian  
 Dying, to share my part in tomb the dearest.  
 Now, hail thou earth, and hail thou also, sun-  
 light,  
 And Zeus, the country's lord, and king the  
 Puthian  
 From bow no longer urging at us arrows!  
 Enough, beside Skamandros, can'st thou  
 adverse:  
 Now, contrary, be saviour thou and healer,  
 O king Apollon! And gods conquest-grant-  
 ing,  
 All—I invoke too, and my tutelary  
 Hermes, dear herald, heralds' veneration,—  
 And Heroes our forthsenders,—friendly, once  
 more  
 The army to receive, the war-spear's leavings!  
 Ha, mansions of my monarchs, roofs beloved,  
 And awful seats, and deities sun-fronting—  
 Receive with pomp your monarch, long time  
 absent!  
 For he comes bringing light in night-time to  
 you,  
 In common with all these—king Agamemnon.  
 But kindly greet him—for clear shows your  
 duty—  
 Who has dug under Troia with the mattock  
 Of Zeus the Avenger, whereby plains are out-  
 ploughed,  
 Altars unrecognizable, and gods' shrines,  
 And the whole land's seed thoroughly has  
 perished.  
 And such a yoke-strap having cast round  
 Troia,  
 The elder king Atreides, happy man—he

Comes to be honoured, worthiest of what  
mortals

Now are. Nor Paris nor the accomplice-  
city

Outvaunts their deed as more than they are  
done-by :

For, in a suit for rape and theft found guilty,  
He missed of plunder and, in one destruction,  
Fatherland, house and home has mowed to  
atoms :

Debts the Priamidai have paid twice over.

CHOROS.

Hail, herald from the army of Achaians !

HERALD.

I hail :—to die, will gainsay gods no longer !

CHOROS.

Love of this fatherland did exercise thee ?

HERALD.

So that I weep, at least, with joy, my eyes full.

CHOROS.

What, of this gracious sickness were ye gainers ?

HERALD.

How now ? instructed, I this speech shall  
master.

CHOROS.

For those who loved you back, with longing  
stricken.

HERALD.

This land yearned for the yearning army,  
say'st thou ?

CHOROS.

So as to set me oft, from dark mind, groaning.

HERALD.

Whence came this ill mind—hatred to the  
army ?

CHOROS.

Of old, I use, for mischief's physic, silence.

HERALD.

And how, the chiefs away, did you fear any ?

CHOROS.

So that now,—late thy word,—much joy were  
—dying !

HERALD.

For well have things been worked out : these,  
—in much time,

Some of them, one might say, had luck in  
falling,

While some were faulty : since who, gods  
excepted,

Goes, through the whole time of his life, un-  
grieving ?

For labours should I tell of, and bad lodg-  
ments,

Narrow deck ways ill-strewn, too,—what the  
day's woe

We did not groan at getting for our portion ?

As for land-things, again, on went more  
hatred !

Since beds were ours hard by the foemen's  
ramparts,

And, out of heaven and from the earth, the  
meadow

Dews kept a-sprinkle, an abiding damage  
Of vestures, making hair a wild-beast matting.

Winter, too, if one told of it—bird-slaying—  
Such as, unbearable, Idaian snow brought—

Or heat, when waveless, on its noontide  
couches

Without a wind, the sea would slumber falling  
—Why must one mourn these ? O'er and

gone is labour :

O'er and gone is it, even to those dead ones,  
So that no more again they mind uprising.

Why must we tell in numbers those deprived  
ones,

And the live man be vexed with fate's fresh  
outbreak ?

Rather, I bid full farewell to misfortunes !

For us, the left from out the Argeian army,  
The gain beats, nor does sorrow counter-

balance.

So that 'tis fitly boasted of, this sunlight,

By us, o'er sea and land the aery flyers,

“Troia at last taking, the band of Argives

Hang up such trophies to the gods of  
Hellas

Within their domes—new glory to grow  
ancient!”

Such things men having heard must praise  
the city

And army-leaders: and the grace which  
wrought them—

Of Zeus, shall honoured be. Thou hast my  
whole word.

CHOROS.

O'ercome by words, their sense I do not gain-  
say.

For, aye this breeds youth in the old—“to  
learn well.”

But these things most the house and Klutaim-  
nestra

Concern, 'tis likely: while they make me  
rich, too.

KLUTAIMNESTRA.

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  
fire-bearers

Persuaded—Troia to be sacked now, thinkest?  
Truly, the woman's way,—high to lift heart  
up!”

By such words I was made seem wit-  
bewildered:

Yet still I sacrificed; and, — female-song  
with,—

A shout one man and other, through the city,  
Set up, congratulating in the gods' seats,  
Soothing the incense-eating flame right  
fragrant.

And now, what's more, indeed, why need'st  
thou tell me?

I of the king himself shall learn the whole  
word:

And,—as may best be,—I my revered husband  
Shall hasten, as he comes back, to receive:  
for—

What's to a wife sweeter to see than this light  
(Her husband, by the god saved, back from  
warfare)

So as to open gates? This tell my husband—  
To come at soonest to his loving city.

A faithful wife at home may he find, coming!  
Such an one as he left—the dog o' the house-  
hold—

Trusty to him, adverse to the ill-minded,  
And, in all else, the same: no signet-impress  
Having done harm to, in that time's duration.  
I know nor pleasure, nor blameworthy con-  
verse

With any other man more than—bronze-  
dippings!

HERALD.

Such boast as this—brimful of the veracious—  
Is, for a high-born dame, not bad to send  
forth!

CHOROS.

Ay, she spoke thus to thee—that hast a  
knowledge

From clear interpreters—a speech most  
seemly.

But speak thou, herald! Meneleos I ask of:  
If he, returning, back in safety also  
Will come with you—this land's beloved  
chieftain?

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,  
sundered.

The man has vanished from the Achaic army,  
He and his ship too. I announce no falsehood.

CHOROS.

Whether forth-putting openly from Ilion,  
Or did storm—wide woe—snatch him from  
the army?

HERALD.

Like topping bowman, thou hast touched the  
target,

And a long sorrow hast succinctly spoken.



CHOROS.

Whether, then, of him, as a live or dead man  
Was the report by other sailors bruited?

HERALD.

Nobody knows so as to tell out clearly  
Excepting Helios who sustains earth's nature.

CHOROS.

How say'st thou then, did storm the naval  
army  
Attack and end, by the celestials' anger?

HERALD.

It suits not to defile a day auspicious  
With ill-announcing speech: distinct each  
god's due:

And when a messenger with gloomy visage  
To a city bears a fall'n host's woes—God  
ward off!—

One popular wound that happens to the city,  
And many sacrificed from many households—  
Men, scourged by that two-thonged whip  
Ares loves so,

Double spear-headed curse, bloody yoke-  
couple,—  
Of woes like these, doubtless, who'er comes  
weighted,

Him does it suit to sing the Erinues' paian.  
But who, of matters saved a glad-news-bringer,  
Comes to a city in good estate rejoicing. . . .

How shall I mix good things with evil, telling  
Of storm against the Achaioi, urged by gods'  
wrath?

For they swore league, being arch-foes before  
that,

Fire and the sea: and plighted troth approved  
they,

Destroying the unhappy Argæan army.

At night began the bad-wave-outbreak evils:  
For, ships against each other Threikian breezes  
Shattered: and these, butted at in a fury

By storm and typhoon, with surge rain-  
resounding,—

Off they went, vanished, thro' a bad herd's  
whirling.

And, when returned the brilliant light of  
Helios,

We view the Aigaian sea on flower with  
corpses

Of men Achaian and with naval ravage.

But us indeed, and ship, unhurt i' the hull too,

Either someone outstole us or outprayed us—

Some god—no man it was the tiller touching.

And Fortune, saviour, willing on our ship sat.

So as it neither had in harbour wave-surge

Nor ran aground against a shore all rocky.

And then, the water-Haides having fled  
from

In the white day, not trusting to our fortune,

We chewed the cud in thoughts—this novel  
sorrow

O' the army labouring and badly pounded.

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,

Not yet disposed to quite destroy the line-  
age—

Some hope is he shall come again to house-  
hold.

Having heard such things, know, thou truth  
art hearing!

CHOROS.

Who may he have been that named thus  
wholly with exactitude—

(Was he someone whom we see not, by fore-  
castings of the future

Guiding tongue in happy mood?)

—Her with battle for a bridegroom, on all  
sides contention-wooded,

Helena? Since—mark the suture!—

Ship's-Hell, Man's-Hell, City's-Hell,

From the delicately-pompous curtains that  
pavilion well,

Forth, by favour of the gale

Of earth-born Zephuros did she sail.

Many shield-bearers, leaders of the pack,  
Sailed too upon their track,

Theirs who had directed oar,  
Then visible no more,  
To Simois' leaf-luxuriant shore—  
For sake of strife all gore!

To Iliion Wrath, fulfilling her intent,  
This marriage-care—the rightly named so—  
sent :

In after-time, for the tables' abuse  
And that of the hearth-partaker Zeus,  
Bringing to punishment  
Those who honoured with noisy throat  
The honour of the bride, the hymenæal note  
Which did the kinsfolk then to singing urge.  
But, learning a new hymn for that which  
was,

The ancient city of Priamos  
Groans probably a great and general dirge,  
Denominating Paris  
"The man that miserably marries :"—  
She who, all the while before,  
A life, that was a general dirge  
For citizens' unhappy slaughter, bore.

And thus a man, by no milk's help,  
Within his household reared a lion's whelp  
That loved the teat  
In life's first festal stage :  
Gentle as yet,  
A true child-lover, and, to men of age,  
A thing whereat pride warms ;  
And oft he had it in his arms  
Like any new-born babe, bright-faced, to  
hand  
Wagging its tail, at belly's strict command.

But in due time upgrown,  
The custom of progenitors was shown :  
For—thanks for sustenance repaying  
With ravage of sheep slaughtered—  
It made unbidden feast ;  
With blood the house was watered,  
To household came a woe there was no stay-  
ing :  
Great mischief many-slaying !  
From God it was—some priest  
Of Ate, in the house, by nurture thus in-  
creased.

At first, then, to the city of Iliion went  
A soul, as I might say, of windless calm—  
Wealth's quiet ornament,  
An eyes'-dart bearing balm,  
Love's spirit-biting flower.  
But—from the true course bending—  
She brought about, of marriage, bitter ending :  
Ill-resident, ill-mate, in power  
Passing to the Priamidai—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 :  
"Man's great prosperity at height of rise  
Engenders offspring nor 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  
Arrogance, young and strong mid mortals'  
sorrow,  
Or now, or then, when comes the appointed  
morrow.  
And she bears young Satiety ;  
And, fiend with whom nor fight nor war  
can be,  
Unholy Daring—twin black Curses  
Within the household, children like their  
nurses.

But Justice shines in smoke-grimed habita-  
tions,  
And honours the well-omened life ;  
While,—gold-besprinkled stations  
Where the hands' filth is rife,  
With backward-turning eyes  
Leaving,—to holy seats she hies,  
Not worshipping the power of wealth  
Stamped with applause by stealth :  
And to its end directs each thing begun.

Approach then, my monarch, of Troia the  
 sacker, of Atreus the son!  
 How ought I address thee, how ought I  
 revere thee,—nor yet overhitting  
 Nor yet underbending the grace that is fitting?  
 Many of mortals hasten to honour the seem-  
 ing-to-be—  
 Passing by justice: and, with the ill-faring,  
 to groan as he groans all are free.  
 But no bite of the sorrow their liver has  
 reached to:  
 They say with the joyful,—one outside on  
 each, too,  
 As they force to a smile smileless faces.  
 But whoever 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,  
 As they seem, from a well-wishing mind,  
 In watery friendship to fawn and be kind.  
 Thou to me, then, indeed, sending an army  
 for Helena's sake,  
 ('I will not conceal it) wast—oh, by no help  
 of the Muses!—depicted  
 Not well of thy midriff the rudder directing,—  
 convicted  
 Of bringing a boldness they did not desire to  
 the men with existence at stake.  
 But now—from no outside of mind, nor  
 unlovingly—gracious thou art  
 To those who have ended the labour, ful-  
 filling their part;  
 And in time shalt thou know, by inquiry  
 instructed,  
 Who of citizens 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 Priamos: gods who, from no tongue  
 hearing  
 The rights o' the cause, for Ilion's fate man-  
 slaughterous  
 Into the bloody vase, not oscillating,  
 Put the vote-pebbles, while, o' the rival vessel,  
 Hope rose up to the lip-edge: filled it was not.

Bysmoke the captured city is still conspicuous:  
 Ate's burnt offerings live: and, dying with  
 them,  
 The ash sends forth the fulsome blasts of  
 riches.  
 Of these things, to the gods grace many-  
 mindful  
 'Tis right I render, since both nets outrageous  
 We built them round with, and, for sake of  
 woman,  
 It did the city to dust—the Argeian monster,  
 The horse's nestling, the shield-bearing people  
 That made a leap, at setting of the Pleiads,  
 And, vaulting o'er the tower, the raw-flesh-  
 feeding  
 Lion licked up his fill of blood tyrannic.  
 I to the gods indeed prolonged this preface;  
 But—as for *thy* thought, I remember hearing—  
 I say the same, and thou co-pleader hast me.  
 Since few of men this faculty is born with—  
 To honour, without grudge, their friend,  
 successful.  
 For moody, on the heart, a poison seated  
 Its burthen doubles to who gained the sick-  
 ness:  
 By his own griefs he is himself made heavy,  
 And out-of-door prosperity seeing groans at.  
 Knowing, I'd call (for well have I experi-  
 enced)  
 "Fellowship's mirror," "phantom of a  
 shadow,"  
 Those seeming to be mighty gracious to me:  
 While just Odusseus—he who sailed not  
 willing—  
 When joined on, was to me the ready trace-  
 horse.  
 This of him, whether dead or whether living,  
 I say. For other city-and-gods' concern-  
 ment—  
 Appointing common courts, in full assemblage  
 We will consult. And as for what holds  
 seemly—  
 How it may lasting stay well, must be  
 counselled:  
 While what has need of medicines Paionian  
 We, either burning or else cutting kindly,  
 Will make endeavour to turn pain from sick-  
 ness.

And now into the domes 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 re-  
main she!

KLUTAIMNESTRA.

Men, citizens, Argeians here, my worships!  
I shall not shame me, consort-loving manners  
To tell before you: for in time there dies off  
The diffidence from people. Not from others  
Learning, I of myself will tell the hard life  
I bore so long as this man was 'neath Iliion.

First: for a woman, from the male divided,  
To sit at home alone, is monstrous evil—  
Hearing the many rumours back-revenging:  
And for now This to come, now That bring  
after

Woe, and still worse woe, bawling in the  
household!

And truly, if so many wounds had chanced on  
My husband here, as homeward used to  
dribble

Report, he's pierced more than a net to  
speak of!

While, were he dying (as the words abounded)  
A triple-bodied Geruon the Second,  
Plenty above—for loads below I count not—  
Of earth a three-share cloak he'd boast of  
taking,

Once only dying in each several figure!  
Because of suchlike rumours back-revenging,  
Many the halters from my neck, above head,  
Others than I loosed—loosed from neck by  
main force!

From this cause, sure, the boy stands not  
beside me—

« Possessor of our troth-plights, thine and mine  
too—

As ought Orestes: be not thou astonished!  
For, him brings up our well-disposed guest-  
captive

Strophios the Phokian—ills that told on both  
sides

To me predicting—both of thee 'neath Iliion  
The danger, and if anarchy's mob-uproar

Should overthrow thy council; since 'tis born  
with

Mortals,—whoe'er has fallen, the more to  
kick him.

Such an excuse, I think, no cunning carries!  
As for myself—why, of my wails the rushing  
Fountains are dried up: not in them a drop  
more!

And in my late-to-bed eyes I have damage,  
Bewailing what concerned thee, those torch-  
holdings

For ever unattended to. In dreams—why,  
Beneath the light wing-beats o' the gnat, I  
woke up

As he went buzzing—sorrows that concerned  
thee

Seeing, that filled more than their fellow-  
sleep-time.

Now, all this having suffered, from soul  
grief-free

I would style this man here the dog o' the  
stables,

The saviour forestay of the ship, the high  
roof's

Ground-prop, son sole-begotten to his father,  
—Ay, land appearing to the sailors past hope,

Loveliest day to see after a tempest,  
To the wayfaring-one athirst a well-spring,

—The joy, in short, of 'scaping all that's—  
fatal!

I judge him worth addresses such as these are  
—Envy stand off!—for many those old evils

We underwent. And now, to me—dear  
headship!—

Dismount thou from this car, not earthward  
setting

The foot of thine, O king, that's Iliion's spoiler!  
Slave-maids, why tarry?—whose the task  
allotted

To strew the soil o' the road with carpet-  
spreadings.

Immediately be purple-strewn the pathway,  
So that to home un hoped may lead him—  
Justice!

As for the rest, care shall—by no sleep  
conquered—

Dispose things—justly (gods to aid!) ap-  
pointed.

AGAMEMNON.

Offspring of Leda, of my household warder,  
Suitably to my absence hast thou spoken,  
For long the speech thou didst outstretch!

But aptly

To praise—from othersought to go this favour.  
And for the rest,—not me, in woman's fashion,  
Mollify, nor—as mode of barbarous man is—  
To me gape forth a groundward-falling  
clamour!

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 . . . 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.

Vowed'st thou to the gods, in fear, to act thus?

AGAMEMNON.

If any, I well knew resolve I outspoke.

KLUTAIMNESTRA.

What think'st thou Priamos had done, thus  
victor?

AGAMEMNON.

On varied vests—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 unenvied 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—shoes, let someone  
Loose under, quick—foot's serviceable  
carriage!

And me, on these sea-products walking,  
may no

Grudge from a distance, from the god's eye,  
strike at!

For great shame were my strewment-spoiling  
—riches

Spoiling with feet, and silver-purchased  
textures!

Of these things, thus then. But this female-  
stranger

Tenderly take inside! Who conquers mildly  
God, from afar, benignantly 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,—since to hear thee, I am brought about  
thus,—

I go into the palace—purples treading.

KLUTAIMNESTRA.

There is the sea—and what man shall ex-  
haust it?—

Feeding much purple's worth-its-weight-in-  
silver

Dye, ever fresh and fresh, our garments'  
tincture;

At home, such wealth, king, we begin—by  
 gods' 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'erspreading shadow against Seirios dog-  
 star;

And, thou returning to the hearth domestic,  
 Warmth, yea, in winter dost thou show  
 returning.

And when, too, Zeus works, from the green-  
 grape acid,

Wine—then, already, cool in houses cometh—  
 The perfect man his home perambulating!  
 Zeus, Zeus Perfecter, these my prayers perfect  
 thou!

Thy care be—yea—of things thou mayst  
 make perfect!

CHOROS.

Wherefore to me, this fear—

Groundedly stationed here

Fronting my heart, the portent-watcher—flits  
 she?

Wherefore should prophet-play

The uncalled and unpaid lay,

Nor—having spat forth fear, like bad dreams  
 —sits she

On the mind's throne beloved—well-suasive  
 Boldness?

For time, since, by a throw of all the  
 hands,

The boat's stern-cables touched the sands,

Has passed from youth to oldness,—

When under Ilion rushed the ship-borne  
 "bands

And from my eyes I learn—

Being myself my witness—their return.

Yet, all the same, without a lyre, my soul,

Itself its teacher too, chants from within

Erinus' dirge, not having now the whole

Of Hope's dear boldness: nor my inwards  
 sin—

The heart that's rolled in whirls against the  
 mind

Justly presageful of a fate behind.

But I pray—things false, from my hope, may  
 fall

Into the fate that's not-fulfilled-at-all!

Especially at least, of health that's great

The term's insatiable: for, its weight

—A neighbour, with a common wall be-  
 tween—

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,

(With misery freighted over-full)

Nor has fear whelmed the hull.

Then too the gift of Zeus,

Two-handedly profuse,

Even from the furrows' yield for yearly use

Has done away with famine, the disease;

But blood of man to earth once falling—  
 deadly, black—

In times ere these,—

Who may, by singing spells, call back?

Zeus had not else stopped one who rightly  
 knew

The way to bring the dead again.

But, did not an appointed Fate constrain

The Fate from gods, to bear no more than due,

My heart, outstripping what tongue utters,

Would have all out: which now, in darkness,  
 mutters

Moodily grieved, nor ever hopes to find

How she a word in season may unwind

From out the enkindling mind.

KLUTAIMNESTRA.

Take thyself in, thou too—I say, Cassandra!

Since Zeus—not angrily—in household placed  
 thee

Partaker of hand-sprinklings, with the many

Slaves stationed, his the Owner's altar  
 close to.

Descend from out this car, nor be high-minded !

And truly they do say Alkmene's child once bore being sold, slaves' barley-bread his living.

If, then, necessity of this lot o'erbalance,  
Much is the favour of old-wealthy masters :  
For those who, never hoping, made fine harvest

Are harsh to slaves in all things, beyond measure.

Thou hast—with us—such usage as law warrants.

CHOROS.

To thee it was, she paused plain speech from speaking.

Being inside the fatal nets—obeying,  
Thou mayst obey : but thou mayst disobey too !

KLUTAIMNESTRA.

Why, if she is not, in the swallow's fashion,  
Possessed of voice that's unknown and barbaric,

I, with speech—speaking in mind's scope—persuade her.

CHOROS.

Follow ! The best—as things now stand—she speaks of.

Obeys thou, leaving this thy car-enthronement !

KLUTAIMNESTRA.

Well, with this thing at door, for me no leisure  
To waste time : as concerns the hearth mid-  
navelled,

Already stand the sheep for fireside slaying  
By those who never hoped to have such favour.

If thou, then, aught of this wilt do, delay not !  
But if thou, being witless, tak'st no word in,  
Speak thou, instead of voice, with hand as  
Kars do !

CHOROS.

She seems a plain interpreter in need of,  
The stranger ! and her way—a beast's new-  
captured !

VOL. II.

KLUTAIMNESTRA.

Why, she is mad, sure,—hears her own bad senses,—

Who, while she comes, leaving a town new-captured,

Yet knows not how to bear the bit o' the bridle

Before she has out-frothed her bloody fierceness.

Not I—throwing away more words—will shamed be !

CHOROS.

But I,—for I compassionate,—will chafe not.  
Come, O unhappy one, this car vacating,  
Yielding to this necessity, prove yoke's use !

KASSANDRA.

Otototoi, Gods, Earth,—  
Apollon, Apollon !

CHOROS.

Why didst thou "ototoi" concerning Loxias?  
Since he is none such as to suit a mourner.

KASSANDRA.

Otototoi, 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, destroyed 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 Atreidai's roof: if this thou know'st  
not,  
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!

CHOROS.

She seems to be good-nosed, the stranger:  
dog-like,  
She snuffs indeed the victims she will find  
there.

KASSANDRA.

How! How!  
By the witnesses here I am certain now!  
These children bewailing their slaughters—  
flesh dressed in the fire  
And devoured by their sire!

CHOROS.

Ay, we have heard of thy soothsaying glory,  
Doubtless: but prophets none are we in  
scent of!

KASSANDRA.

Ah, gods, what ever does she meditate?  
What this new anguish great?  
Great in the house here she meditates ill  
Such as friends cannot bear, cannot cure it:  
and still  
Off stands all Resistance  
Afar in the distance!

CHOROS.

Of these I witless am—these prophesyings.  
But those I knew: for the whole city bruises  
them.

KASSANDRA.

Ah, unhappy one, this thou consummatest?  
Thy husband, thy bed's common guest,  
In the bath having brightened . . . How  
shall I declare  
Consummation? It soon will be there:

For hand after hand she outstretches,  
At life as she reaches!

CHOROS.

Nor yet I've gone with thee! for—after  
riddles—  
Now, in blind oracles, I feel resourceless.

KASSANDRA.

Eh, eh, papai, papai,  
What this, I espy?  
Some net of Haides undoubtedly!  
Nay, rather, the snare  
Is she who has share  
In his bed, who takes part in the murder  
there!  
But may a revolt—  
Unceasing assault—  
On the Race, raise a shout  
Sacrificial, about  
A victim—by stoning—  
For murder atoning!

CHOROS.

What this Erinus which i' the house thou  
callest  
To raise her cry? Not me thy word en  
lightens!  
To my heart has run  
A drop of the crocus-dye:  
Which makes for those  
On earth by the spear that lie,  
A common close  
With life's descending sun.  
Swift is the curse begun!

KASSANDRA.

How! How!  
See—see quick!  
Keep the bull from the cow!  
In the vesture she catching him, strikes him  
now  
With the black-horned trick,  
And he falls in the watery vase!  
Of the craft-killing cauldron I tell thee the case

CHOROS.

I would not boast to be a topping critic  
Of oracles: but to some sort of evil



I liken these. From oracles, what good speech  
To mortals, beside, is sent?  
It comes of their evils: these arts word-  
abounding that sing the event  
Bring the fear 'tis their office to teach.

KASSANDRA.

Ah me, ah me—  
Of me unhappy, evil-destined fortunes!  
For I bewail my proper woe  
As, mine with his, all into one I throw.  
Why hast thou hither me unhappy brought?  
—Unless that I should die with him—for  
nought!  
What else was sought?

CHOROS.

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!—  
From her unhappy breast  
Keeps moaning Itus, Itus, and his life  
With evils, flourishing on each side, rife.

KASSANDRA.

Ah me, ah me,  
The fate o' the nightingale, the clear re-  
sounder!  
For a body wing-borne have the gods cast  
round her,  
And sweet existence, from misfortunes free:  
But for myself remains a sundering  
With spear, the two-edged thing!

CHOROS.

Whence hast thou this on-rushing god-  
involving pain  
And spasms in vain?  
For, things that terrify,  
With changing unintelligible cry  
Thou strikest up in tune, yet all the while  
After that Orthian style!<sup>1</sup>  
Whence hast thou limits to the oracular road,  
That evils bode?

<sup>1</sup> The Diamastigosis.

KASSANDRA.

Ah me, the nuptials, the nuptials of Paris, the  
deadly to friends!  
Ah me, of Skamandros the draught  
Paternal! There once, to these ends,  
On thy banks was I brought,  
The unhappy! And now, by Kokutos and  
Acheron's shore  
I shall soon be, it seems, these my oracles  
singing once more!

CHOROS.

Why this word, plain too much,  
Hast thou uttered? A babe might learn of  
such!  
I am struck with a bloody bite—here under—  
At the fate woe-wreaking  
Of thee shrill shrieking:  
To me who hear—a wonder!

KASSANDRA.

Ah me, the toils—the toils of the city  
The wholly destroyed: ah, pity,  
Of the sacrificings my father made  
In the ramparts' aid—  
Much slaughter of grass-fed flocks—that  
afforded no cure  
That the city should not, as it does now, the  
burthen endure!  
But I, with the soul on fire,  
Soon to the earth shall cast me and expire.

CHOROS.

To things, on the former consequent,  
Again hast thou given vent:  
And 'tis some evil-meaning fiend doth move  
thee,  
Heavily falling from above thee,  
To melodize thy sorrows—else, in singing,  
Calamitous, death-bringing!  
And of all this the end  
I am without resource to apprehend.

KASSANDRA.

Well then, the oracle from veils no longer  
Shall be outlooking, like a bride new-married:  
Eut bright it seems, against the sun's up-  
risings

Breathing, to penetrate thee: so as, wave-like,

To wash against the rays a woe much greater Than this. I will no longer teach by riddles. And witness, running with me, that of evils Done long ago, I nosing track the footstep! For, this same roof here—never quits a Choros 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 hostile.

Have I missed aught, or hit I like a bowman? False prophet am I,—knock at doors, a babbler? Henceforward witness, swearing now, I know not •

By other's word the old sins of this household!

CHOROS.

And how should oath, bond honourably binding,

Become thy cure? No less I wonder at thee —That thou, beyond sea reared, a strange-tongued city

Shouldst hit in speaking, just as if thou stood'st by!

KASSANDRA.

Prophet Apollon put me in this office.

CHOROS.

What, even though a god, with longing smitten?

KASSANDRA.

At first, indeed, shame was to me to say this.

CHOROS.

For, more relaxed grows everyone who fares well.

KASSANDRA.

But he was athlete to me—huge grace breathing!

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 townsmen 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-lays!

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,

House-guard (ah, me!) to the returning master —Mine, since to bear the slavish yoke behoves me!

The ship's commander, Ilion's desolator, Knows not what things the tongue of the lewd she-dog

Speaking, outspreading, shiny-souled, in fashion

Of Ate hid, will reach to, by ill fortune!

Such things she dares—the female, the male's  
slayer!

She is . . . how calling her the hateful bite-  
beast

May I hit the mark? Some amphisbaina,—  
Skulla

Housing in rocks, of mariners the mischief,  
Revelling Haides' 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 nought persuade, all's one!  
Why?

What is to be will come. And soon thou,  
present,

“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-imag'd.

KASSANDRA.

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.

CHOROS.

For, the fulfiller's scheme I have not gone  
with.

KASSANDRA.

And yet too well I know the speech  
Hellenic.

CHOROS.

For Puthian oracles, thy speech, and hard too.

KASSANDRA.

Papai: what fire this! and it comes upon me!  
Ototoi, Lukeion Apollon, ah me—me!

She, the two-footed lioness 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?

Thee, at least, ere my own fate will I ruin:

Go, to perdition falling! Boons exchange  
we—

Some other Ate in my stead make wealthy!

See there—himself, Apollon stripping from  
me

The oracular garment! having looked upon  
me

—Even in these adornments, laughed by  
friends at,

As good as foes, if the balance weighed: and  
vainly—

For, called crazed stroller,—as I had been  
gipsy,

Beggar, unhappy, starved to death,—I bore it.

And now the Prophet—prophet me undoing,  
Has led away to these so deadly fortunes!

Instead of my sire's altar, waits the hack-block

She struck with first warm bloody sacrificing!

Yet nowise unavenged of gods will death be:

For there shall come another, our avenger,

The mother-slaying scion, father's dooms-  
man:

Fugitive, wanderer, from this land an exile,

Back shall he come,—for friends, copestone  
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, moaning?  
Since at the first I foresaw Iliion'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, Haides' gates—these same I call, I

speak to,  
And pray that on an opportune blow

chancing,  
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

Thou 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 know thou patient art from thy brave  
spirit!

KASSANDRA.

Such things hears no one of the happy-  
fortuned.

CHOROS.

But gloriously to die—for man is grace, sure.

KASSANDRA.

Ah, sire, for thee and for thy noble children!

CHOROS.

But what thing is it? What fear turns thee  
backwards?

KASSANDRA.

Alas, alas!

CHOROS.

Why this "Alas!" if 'tis no spirit's loathing?

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 honour to the House thou speak'st  
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:  
No dirge, mine for myself! The sun I pray to,  
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 un-  
happy.

By throws the wetting sponge has spoiled the picture!

And more by much in mortals this I pity.

The being well-to-do—

Insatiate a desire of this

Born with all mortals is,

Nor any is there who

Well-being forces off, aoints

From roofs whereat a finger points,

"No more come in!" exclaiming. This man, too,

To take the city of Priamos did the celestials give,

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 new punishment he dooms—

Who, being mortal, would not pray

With an unmischievous

Daimon to have been born—who would not, hearing thus?

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 counsellings.

CHOROS I.

I, in the first place, my opinion tell you:

—To cite the townsmen, 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!

CHOROS 3.

And I, of such opinion the partaker,  
Vote—to do something: not to wait—the main point!

CHOROS 4.

'Tis plain to see: for they prelude as though of  
A tyranny the signs they gave the city.

CHOROS 5.

For we waste time; while they,—this waiting's glory

Treading to ground,—allow the hand no slumber.

CHOROS 6.

I know not—chancing on some plan—to tell it:

'Tis for the doer to plan of the deed also.

CHOROS 7.

And I am such another: since I'm schemeless  
How to raise up again by words—a dead man!

CHOROS 8.

What, and, protracting life, shall we give way thus

To the disgracers of our home, these rulers?

CHOROS 9.

Why, 'tis unbearable: but to die is better:  
For death than tyranny is the riper finish!

CHOROS 10.

What, by the testifying "Ah me" of him,  
Shall we prognosticate the man as perished?

CHOROS 11.

We must quite know ere speak these things concerning:

For to conjecture and "quite know" are two things.

CHOROS 12.

This same to praise I from all sides abound in—

Clearly to know—Atreides, what he's doing!

KLUTAIMNESTRA.

Much having been before to purpose spoken,  
The opposite to say I shall not shamed be:

For how should one, to enemies,—in semblance,  
Friends,—enmity proposing,—sorrow's net-  
frame

Enclose, a height superior to outleaping?  
To me, indeed, this struggle of old—not  
mindless

Of an old victory—came: with time, I grant  
you!

I stand where I have struck, things once  
accomplished:

And so have done,—and this deny I shall  
not,—

As that his fate was nor to fly nor ward off.  
A wrap-round with no outlet, as for fishes,

I fence about him—the rich woe of the  
garment:

I strike him twice, and in a double "Ah-me!"  
He let his limbs go—*there!* And to him,  
fallen,

The third blow add I, giving—of Below-  
ground

Zeus, guardian of the dead—the votive favour.  
Thus in the mind of him he rages, falling,

And blowing forth a brisk blood-spatter,  
strikes me

With the dark drop of slaughterous dew—  
rejoicing

No less than, at the god-given dewy-comfort,  
The sown-stuff in its birth-throes from the  
calyx.

Since so these things are,—Argives, my  
revered here,—

Ye may rejoice—if ye rejoice: but I—boast!  
If it were fit on corpse to pour libation,

That would be right—right over and above,  
too!

The cup of evils in the house he, having  
Filled with such curses, himself coming  
drinks of.

CHOROS.

We wonder at thy tongue: since bold-  
mouthed truly

Is she who in such speech boasts o'er her  
husband!

KLUTAIMNESTRA.

Ye test me as I were a witless woman:  
But I—with heart intrepid—to you knowers

Say (and thou—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 adjukest exile to me,  
And citizens' hate, and to have popular  
curses:

Nothing of this against the man here bringing,  
Who, no more awe-checked than as 'twere a  
beast's fate,—

With sheep abundant in the well-fleeced  
graze-flocks,—

Sacrificed *his* child,—dearest fruit of travail  
To me,—as song-spell against Threikian  
blowings.

Not *him* did it behove thee hence to banish  
—Pollution's penalty? But hearing *my* deeds  
Justicer rough thou art! Now, this I tell  
thee:

To threaten thus—me, one prepared to have  
thee

(On like conditions, thy hand conquering)  
o'er me

Rule: but if God the opposite ordain us,  
Thou shalt learn—late taught, certes—to be  
modest.

CHOROS.

Greatly-intending thou art:  
Much-mindful, too, hast thou cried

(Since thy mind, with its slaughter-outpouring  
part,  
Is frantic) that over the eyes, a patch  
Of blood—with blood to match—  
Is plain for a pride!  
Yet still, bereft of friends, thy fate  
Is—blow with blow to expiate!

## KLUTAIMNESTRA.

And this thou hearest—of my oaths, just  
warrant!  
By who fulfilled things for my daughter,  
Justice,  
Ate, Erinus,—by whose help I slew him,—  
Not mine the fancy—Fear will tread my  
palace  
So long as on my hearth there burns a fire,  
Aigisthos as before well-caring for me;  
Since he to me is shield, no small, of boldness.  
Here does he lie—outrager of this female,  
Dainty of all the Chruseids under Ilion;  
And she—the captive, the soothsayer also  
And couchmate of this man, oracle-speaker,  
Faithful bed-fellow,—ay, the sailors' benches  
They wore in common, nor unpunished  
did so,  
Since he is—thus! While, as for her,—  
swan-fashion,  
Her latest having chanted,—dying waiting  
She lies,—to him, a sweetheart: me she  
brought to—  
My bed's by-nicety—the whet of dalliance.

## CHOROS.

Alas, 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  
strife—  
By a woman he withered from life!  
Ah me!  
Law-breaking Helena who, one,  
Hast many, so many souls undone

'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 Danaoi"—  
And wrought immense annoy!

## CHOROS.

Daimon, who fallest  
Upon this household and the double-raced  
Tantalidai, a rule, minded like theirs dis-  
placed,  
Thou rulest me with, now,  
Whose heart thou gallest!  
And on the body, like a hateful crow,  
Stationed, all out of tune, his chant to chant  
Doth Something vaunt!

## 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.

Certainly, great of might  
And heavy of wrath, the Sprite  
Thou tellest of, in the palace  
(Woe, woe!)  
—An evil tale of a fate  
By Ate's malice  
Rendered insatiate!  
Oh, oh,—

King, king, how shall I bewEEP thee?  
 From friendly soul whatever say?  
 Thou liest where webs of the spider o'ersweep  
 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.

## KLUTAIMNESTRA.

Thou boastest 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,  
 Pay the man here as price—  
 A full-grown for the young one's sacrifice.

## CHOROS.

That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,  
 Who shall be witness-bearer?  
 How shall he bear it—how?  
 But the sire's avenging-ghost might be in the  
 deed a sharer.  
 He is forced on and on  
 By the kin-born flowing of blood,  
 —Black Ares: to where, having gone,  
 He shall leave off, flowing done,  
 At the frozen-child's-flesh food.  
 King, king, how shall I bewEEP thee?  
 From friendly soul whatever say?  
 Thou liest where webs of the spider o'ersweep  
 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.

## KLUTAIMNESTRA.

No death "unfit for the free"  
 Do I think this man's to be:  
 For did not himself a slavish curse  
 To his household decree?  
 But the scion of him, myself did nurse—

That much-bewailed Iphigeneia, he  
 Having done well by,—and as well, nor  
 worse,  
 Been done to,—let him not in Haides loudly  
 Bear himself proudly!  
 Being by sword-destroying death amerced  
 For that sword's punishment himself inflicted  
 first.

## CHOROS.

I at a loss am left—  
 Of a feasible scheme of mind bereft—  
 Where I may turn: for the house is falling:  
 I fear the bloody crash of the rain  
 That ruins the roof as it bursts amain:  
 The warning-drop  
 Has come to a stop.  
 Destiny doth Justice whet  
 For other deed of hurt, on other whetstones  
 yet.  
 Woe, earth, earth—would thou hadst taken  
 me  
 Ere I saw the man I see,  
 On the pallet-bed  
 Of the silver-sided bath-vase, dead!  
 Who is it shall bury him, who  
 Sing his dirge? Can it be true  
 That *thou* wilt dare this same to do—  
 Having slain thy husband, thine own,  
 To make his funeral moan:  
 And for the soul of him, in place  
 Of his mighty deeds, a graceless grace  
 To wickedly institute? By whom  
 Shall the tale of praise o'er the tomb  
 At the god-like man be sent—  
 From the truth of his mind as he toils intent?

## KLUTAIMNESTRA.

It belongs not to thee to declare  
 This object of care!  
 By us did he fall—down there!  
 Did he die—down there! and down, no less,  
 We will bury him there, and not beneath  
 The wails of the household over his death:  
 But Iphigeneia,—with kindness,—  
 His daughter,—as the case requires,  
 Facing him full, at the rapid-flowing  
 Passage of Groans shall—both hands throwing  
 Around him—kiss that kindest of sires!



## CHOROS.

This blame comes in the place of blame :  
 Hard battle it is to judge each claim.  
 "He is borne away who bears away :  
 And the killer has all to pay."  
 And this remains while Zeus is remaining,  
 "The doer shall suffer in time"—for, such  
 his ordaining.  
 Who may cast out of the House its cursed  
 brood?  
 The race is to Ate glued !

## KLUTAINNESTRA.

Thou hast gone into this oracle  
 With a true result. For me, then,—I will  
 —To the Daimon of the Pleisthenidai  
 Making an oath—with all these things comply  
 Hard as they are to bear. For the rest—  
 Going from out this House, a guest,  
 May he wear some other family  
 To nought, with the deaths of kin by kin !  
 And,—keeping a little part of my goods,—  
 Wholly am I contented in  
 Having expelled from the royal House  
 These frenzied moods  
 The mutually-murderous.

## AIGISTHOS.

O light propitious of day justice-bringing !  
 I may say truly, now, that men's avengers,  
 The gods from high, of earth behold the  
 sorrows—  
 Seeing, as I have, i' the spun robes of the  
 Erinues,  
 This man here lying,—sight to me how  
 pleasant !—  
 His father's hands' contrivances repaying.  
 For Atreus, this land's lord, of this man father,  
 Thuestes, my own father—to speak clearly—  
 His brother too,—being i' the rule contested,—  
 Drove forth to exile from both town and  
 household :  
 And, coming back, to the hearth turned, a  
 suppliant,  
 Wretched Thuestes found the fate assured him  
 —Not to die, bloodying his paternal threshold  
 Just there : but host-wise this man's impious  
 father

Atreus, soul-keenly more than kindly,—  
 seeming  
 To joyous hold a flesh-day,—to my father  
 Served up a meal, the flesh of his own  
 children.  
 The feet indeed and the hands' top divisions  
 He hid, high up and isolated sitting :  
 But, their unshowing parts in ignorance taking,  
 He forthwith eats food—as thou seest—  
 perdition  
 To the race : and then, 'ware of the deed ill-  
 omened,  
 He shrieked O !—falls back, vomiting, from  
 the carnage,  
 And fate on the Pelopidai past bearing  
 He prays down—putting in his curse together  
 The kicking down o' the feast—that so might  
 perish  
 The race of Pleisthenes entire : and thence is  
 That it is given thee to see this man prostrate.  
 And I was rightly of this slaughter stitch-man :  
 Since me,—being third from ten,—with my  
 poor father  
 He drives out—being then a babe in swathe-  
 bands :  
 But, grown up, back again has justice brought  
 me :  
 And of this man I got hold—being without-  
 doors—  
 Fitting together the whole scheme of ill-will.  
 So, sweet, in fine, even to die were to me,  
 Seeing, as I have, this man i' the toils of  
 justice !

## CHOROS.

Aigisthos, arrogance in ills I love not.  
 Dost thou say—willing, thou didst kill the  
 man here,  
 And, alone, plot this lamentable slaughter ?  
 I say—thy head in justice will escape not  
 The people's throwing—know that !—stones  
 and curses ! •

## AIGISTHOS.

Thou such things soundest—seated at the lower  
 Oarage to those who rule at the ship's mid-  
 bench ?  
 Thou shalt know, being old, how heavy is  
 teaching

To one of the like age—bidden be modest !  
 But chains and old age and the pangs of  
 fasting  
 Stand out before all else in teaching,—  
 prophets  
 At souls'-cure ! Dost not, seeing aught, see  
 this too ?  
 Against goads kick not, lest tript-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 yelp-  
 ings,  
 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—foe, 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.

CHOROS.

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 him ! Orestes, where may he see light  
 now ?  
 That coming hither back, with gracious for-  
 tune,  
 Of both these he may be the all-conquering  
 slayer ?

AIGISTHOS.

But since this to do thou thinkest—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  
 aright 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 chance demand.

KLUTAIMNESTRA.

Nowise, O belovedest of men, may we do  
 other ills !  
 To have reaped away these, even, is a harvest  
 much to me.  
 Go, both thou and these the old men, to the  
 homes appointed each,  
 Ere ye suffer ! It behoved one do these  
 things just as we did :  
 And if of these troubles there should be  
 enough—we may assent  
 —By the Daimon's heavy heel unfortunately  
 stricken ones !  
 So a woman's counsel hath it—if one judge  
 it learning-worth.

AIGISTHOS.

But to think that these at me the idle tongue  
 should thus o'erbloom,  
 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!

AIGISTHOS.

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.

Boast on, bearing thee audacious, like a cock  
 his females by!

KLUTAIMNESTRA.

Have not thou respect for these same idle  
 yelpings! I and thou  
 Will arrange it, o'er this household ruling  
 excellently well.

## LA SAISIAZ.

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.  
 Fretless and free,  
     Soul, clap thy pinion !  
     Earth have dominion,  
 Body, o'er thee !

II.

Wander at will,  
 Day after day,—  
 Wander away,  
 Wandering 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 SAISIAZ.

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.

Petty 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 outspread,  
 Pledged to escape my footstep, challenged  
 my emerging head,  
 (As I climbed or paused from climb-  
 ing, now o'erbranched by shrub and  
 tree,  
 Now built round by rock and boulder, now  
 at just a turn set free,  
 Stationed 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,  
 Bronze 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 pin-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 low walls ap-  
 pear ;  
 Those are vineyards they enclose from ; and  
 the little spire which points  
 —That's Collonge, henceforth your dwell-  
 ing. All the same, howe'er dis-  
 joints  
 Past from present, no less certain you are  
 here, not there : have dared,  
 Done the feat of mountain-climbing,—  
 five days since, we both pre-  
 pared  
 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 foretaste, 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—wheeled to  
 reach the eagle's haunt !"  
 So, you 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 Salève obtains, from Jura and the  
 sunken sun she hides,  
 Due return of blushing "Good Night," rosy  
 as a borne-off bride's,  
 For his masculine "Good Morrow" when,  
 with sunrise still in hold,  
 Gay he hails her, and, magnific, thrilled her  
 black length burns to gold.  
 Up and up we went, how careless—nay, how  
 joyous ! All was new,  
 All was strange. "Call progress toilsome?  
 that were just insulting you !

How the trees must temper noontide ! Ah,  
 the thicket's sudden break !  
 What will be the morning glory, when at  
 dusk thus gleams the lake?  
 Light by light puts forth Geneva : what a  
 land—and, of the land,  
 Can there be a lovelier station than this spot  
 where now we stand?  
 Is it late, and wrong to linger ? True, to-  
 morrow makes amends.  
 Toilsome progress ? child's play, call it—  
 specially when one descends !  
 There, the dread descent is over—hardly our  
 adventure, though !  
 Take the vale where late we left it, pace the  
 grass-path, 'mine,' you know !  
 Proud completion of achievement !" And  
 we paced it, praising still  
 That soft tread on velvet verdure as it wound  
 through hill and hill ;  
 And at very end there met us, coming from  
 Collonge, the pair  
 —All our people of the Chalet—two, enough  
 and none to spare.  
 So, we made for home together, and we  
 reached it as the stars  
 One by one came lamping—chiefly that  
 prepotency of Mars—  
 And your last word was "I owe you this  
 enjoyment !" —met with "Nay :  
 With yourself it rests to have a month of  
 morrows like to-day !"  
 Then the meal, with talk and laughter, and  
 the news of that rare nook  
 Yet untroubled by the tourist, touched on by  
 no travel-book,  
 All the same—though latent—patent, hybrid  
 birth of land and sea,  
 And (our travelled friend assured you)—if  
 such miracle might be—  
 Comparable for completeness of both bless-  
 ings—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 see and vouch for certain, then come  
 back and never tell

<p>Living soul but us; and haply, prove our sky from cloud as clear, There may we four meet, praise fortune just as now, another year!"</p> <p>Thus you charged him on departure: not without the final charge "Mind to-morrow's early meeting! We must leave our journey marge Ample for the wayside wonders: there's the stoppage at the inn Three-parts up the mountain, where the hardships of the track begin; There's the convent worth a visit; but, the triumph crowning all— There's Salève's own platform facing glory which strikes greatness small, —Blanc, supreme above his earth-brood, needles red and white and green, Horns of silver, fangs of crystal set on edge in his demesne. So, some three weeks since, we saw them: so, to-morrow we intend You shall see them likewise; therefore Good Night till to-morrow, friend!" Last, the nothings that extinguish embers of a vivid day: "What might be the Marshal's next move, what Gambetta's counter-play?" Till the landing on the staircase saw escape the latest spark: "Sleep you well!" "Sleep but as well, you!"—lazy love quenched, all was dark.</p> <p>Nothing dark next day at sundawn! Up I rose and forth I fared: Took my plunge within the bath-pool, pacified the watch-dog scared, Saw proceed the transmutation—Jura's black to one gold glow, Trode your level path that let me drink the morning deep and slow, Reached the little quarry—ravage recom- pensed by shrub and fern— Till the overflowing ardours told me time was for return. So, return I did, and gaily. But, for once, from no far mound</p>	<p>Waved salute a tall white figure. "Has her sleep been so profound? Foresight, rather, prudent saving strength for day's expenditure! Ay, the chamber-window's open: out and on the terrace, sure!"</p> <p>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 inrush pale —Mazy Arve: whereon 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,—while 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 to Jura and beyond, All awaits us 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 un- disputed reason "why!"</p> <p>This dread way you had your summons! No premonitory touch, As you talked and laughed ('tis told me) scarce a minute ere the clutch Captured you in cold forever. Cold? nay, warm you were as life When I raised you, while the others used, in passionate poor strife,</p>
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All the means that seemed to promise any  
aid, and all in vain.

Gone you were, and I shall never see that  
earnest face again

Grow transparent, grow transfigured with the  
sudden light that leapt,

At the first word's provocation, from the  
heart-deeps where it slept.

Therefore, paying piteous duty, what seemed  
You have we consigned

Peacefully to—what I think were, of all earth-  
beds, to your mind

Most the choice for quiet, yonder : low walls  
stop the vines' approach,

Lovingly Salève protects you ; village-sports  
will ne'er encroach

On the stranger lady's silence, whom friends  
bore so kind and well

Thither "just for love's sake,"—such their  
own word was : and who can tell?

You supposed that few or none had known  
and loved you in the world :

May be! flower that's full-blown tempts the  
butterfly, not flower that's furled.

But more learned sense unlocked you, loosed  
the sheath and let expand

Bud to bell and outspread flower-shape at  
the least warm touch of hand

—Maybe, throb of heart, beneath which,—  
quickening farther than it knew,—

Treasure oft was disembosomed, scent all  
strange and unguessed hue.

Disembosomed, re-embosomed,—must one  
memory suffice,

Prove I knew an Alpine-rose which all be-  
side named Edelweiss?

Rare thing, red or white, you rest now: two  
days slumbered through; and since

One day more will see me rid of this same  
scene whereat I wince,

Tetchy at all sights and sounds and pettish  
at each idle charm

Proffered me who pace now singly where we  
two went arm in arm,—

I have turned upon my weakness: asked  
"And what, forsooth, prevents

That, this latest day allowed me, I fulfil of  
her intents

One she had the most at heart—that we  
should thus again survey

From Salève Mont Blanc together?" There-  
fore,—dared and done to-day

Climbing,—here I stand : but you—where?

If a spirit of the place  
Broke the silence, bade me question, promised  
answer,—what disgrace

Did I stipulate "Provided answer suit my  
hopes, not fears!"

Would I shrink to learn my life-time's limit  
—days, weeks, months or years?

Would I shirk assurance on each point  
whereat I can but guess—

"Does the soul survive the body? Is there  
God's self, no or yes?"

If I know my mood, 'twere constant—come  
in whatsoe'er uncouth

Shape it should, nay, formidable—so the  
answer were but truth.

Well, and wherefore shall it daunt me, when  
'tis I myself am tasked,

When, by weakness weakness questioned,  
weakly answers—weakly asked?

Weakness never needs be falseness : truth is  
truth in each degree

—Thunderpealed by God to Nature, whis-  
pered by my soul to me.

Nay, the weakness turns to strength and  
triumphs in a truth beyond :

"Mine is but man's truest answer—how were  
it did God respond?"

I shall no more dare to mimic such response  
in futile speech,

Pass off human lisp as echo of the sphere-  
song out of reach,

Than,—because it well may happen yonder,  
where the far-snows blanch

Mute Mont Blanc, that who stands near  
them sees and hears an avalanche,—

I shall pick a clod and throw,—cry "Such  
the sight and such the sound!

What though I nor see nor hear them?  
Others do, the proofs abound!"

<p>Can I make my eye an eagle's, sharpen ear to recognize Sound o'er league and league of silence? Can I know, who but surmise? If I dared no self-deception when, a week since, I and you Walked and talked along the grass-path, passing lightly in review What seemed hits and what seemed misses in a certain fence-play,—strife Sundry minds of mark engaged in "On the Soul and Future Life,"— If I ventured estimating what was come of parried thrust, Subtle stroke, and, rightly, wrongly, estimat- ing could be just —Just, though life so seemed abundant in the form which moved by mine, I might well have played at feigning, fooling, —laughed "What need opine Pleasure must succeed to pleasure, else past pleasure turns to pain, And this first life claims a second, else I count its good no gain?"— Much less have I heart to palter when the matter to decide Now becomes "Was ending ending once and always, when you died?" Did the face, the form I lifted as it lay, reveal the loss Not alone of life but soul? A tribute to yon flowers and moss, What of you remains beside? A memory! Easy to attest "Certainly from out the world that one be- lieves who knew her best Such was good in her, such fair, which fair and good were great perchance Had but fortune favoured, bidden each shy faculty advance; After all—who knows another? Only as I know, I speak." So much of you lives within me while I live my year or week. Then my fellow takes the tale up, not un- willing to aver Duly in his turn "I knew him best of all, as he knew her:</p>	<p>Such he was, and such he was not, and such other might have been But that somehow every actor, somewhere in this earthly scene, Fails." And so both memories dwindle, yours and mine together linked, Till there is but left for comfort, when the last spark proves extinct, 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 pro- duced 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 im- pulse long since sped! Why repine? There's ever someone lives although ourselves be dead!</p> <p>Well, what signifies repugnance? Truth is truth howe'er it strike. Fair or foul the lot apportioned life on earth, we bear alike. Stalwart body idly yoked to stunted spirit, powers, that fain Else would soar, condemned to grovel, ground- lings through the fleshly chain,— Help that hinders, hindrance proved but help disguised when all too late,— Hindrance is the fact acknowledged, howso- e'er explained as Fate, Fortune, Providence: we bear, own life a burthen more or less. Life thus owned unhappy, is there supple- mental happiness Possible and probable in life to come? or must we count</p>
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Life a curse and not a blessing, summed-up  
in its whole amount,  
Help and hindrance, joy and sorrow?  
Why should I want courage here?  
I will ask and have an answer,—with no  
favour, with no fear,—  
From myself. How much, how little, do I  
inwardly believe  
True that controverted doctrine? Is it fact  
to which I cleave,  
Is it fancy I but cherish, when I take upon  
my lips  
Phrase the solemn Tuscan fashioned, and  
declare the soul's eclipse  
Not the soul's extinction? take his "I believe  
and I declare—  
Certain am I—from this life I pass into a  
better, there  
Where that lady lives of whom enamoured  
was my soul"—where this  
Other lady, my companion dear and true, she  
also is?

I have questioned and am answered. Question,  
answer presuppose  
Two points: that the thing itself which  
questions, answers,—*is*, it knows;  
As it also knows the thing perceived outside  
itself,—a force  
Actual ere its own beginning, operative through  
its course,  
Unaffected by its end,—that this thing like-  
wise needs must be;  
Call this—God, then, call that—soul, and  
both—the only facts for me.  
Prove them facts? that they o'erpass  
my power of proving, proves them  
such:  
Fact it is I know I know not something  
which is fact as much.  
What before caused all the causes, what effect  
of all effects  
Haply follows,—these are fancy. Ask the  
rush if it suspects  
Whence and how the stream which floats it  
had a rise, and where and how  
Falls or flows on still! What answer makes  
the rush except that now

Certainly it floats and is, and, no less certain  
than itself,  
*Is* the everyway external stream that now  
through shoal and shelf  
Floats it onward, leaves it—may be—wrecked  
at last, or lands on shore  
There to root again and grow and flourish  
stable evermore.  
—May be! mere surmise not knowledge:  
much conjecture styled belief,  
What the rush conceives the stream means  
through the voyage blind and brief.  
Why, because I doubtless am, shall I as  
doubtless be? "Because  
God seems good and wise." Yet under this  
our life's apparent laws  
Reigns a wrong which, righted once, would  
give quite other laws to life.  
"He seems potent." Potent here, then:  
why are right and wrong at strife?  
Has in life the wrong the better? Happily  
life ends so soon!  
Right predominates in life? Then why two  
lives and double boon?  
"Anyhow, we want it: wherefore want?"  
Because, without the want,  
Life, now human, would be brutish: just  
that hope, however scant,  
Makes the actual life worth leading; take the  
hope therein away,  
All we have to do is surely not endure  
another day.  
This life has its hopes for this life, hopes that  
promise joy: life done—  
Out of all the hopes, how many had complete  
fulfilment? none.  
"But the soul is not the body:" and the  
breath is not the flute;  
Both together make the music: either marred  
and all is mute.  
Truce to such old sad contention whence,  
according as *we* shape  
Most of hope or most of fear, we issue in a  
half-escape:  
"We believe" is sighed. I take the cup of  
comfort proffered thus,  
Taste and try each soft ingredient, sweet  
infusion, and discuss

What their blending may accomplish for the  
 cure of doubt, till—slow,  
 Sorrowful, but how decided! needs must I  
 o'eturn it—so!  
 Cause before, effect behind me—blanks!  
 The midway point I am,  
 Caused, itself—itself efficient: in that narrow  
 space must cram  
 All experience—out of which there crowds  
 conjecture manifold,  
 But, as knowledge, this comes only—things  
 may be as I behold,  
 Or may not be, but, without me and above  
 me, things there 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 distraught,  
 Goodness with triumphant evil, power with  
 failure in the aim,  
 If—(to my own sense, remember! though  
 none other feel the same!)—  
 If you bar me from assuming earth to be a  
 pupil's place,  
 And life, time,—with all their chances,  
 changes,—just probation-space,  
 Mine, for me. But those apparent other  
 mortals—theirs, 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-blind,  
 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—  
 although at man's apparent cost—  
 What is beautiful and what ugly, right to  
 strive for, right to shun,  
 Fit to help and fit to hinder,—prove my  
 forces everyone,  
 Good and evil,—learn life's lesson, hate of  
 evil, love of good,  
 As 'tis set me, understand so much as may  
 be understood—  
 Solve the problem: "From thine appre-  
 hended scheme of things, deduce  
 Praise or blame of its contriver, shown a  
 niggard or profuse  
 In each good or evil issue! nor miscalculate  
 alike  
 Counting one the other in the final balance,  
 which to strike,  
 Soul was born and life allotted: ay, the show  
 of things unfurled  
 For thy summing-up and judgment,—thine,  
 no other mortal's world!"

What though fancy scarce may grapple with  
 the complex and immense  
 —"His own world for every mortal?" Pos-  
 tulate omnipotence!  
 Limit power, and simple grows the complex:  
 shrunk to atom size,  
 That which loomed immense to fancy low  
 before my reason lies,—  
 I survey it and pronounce it work like other  
 work: success  
 Here and there, the workman's glory,—here  
 and there, his shame no less,

Failure as conspicuous. Taunt not "Human work ape work divine?"	Of that perfect piece they sting me to become a-strain for,—if
As the power, expect performance! God's be God's as mine is mine!	Roughness of the long rock-clamber lead not to the last of cliff,
God whose power made man and made man's wants, and made, to meet those wants,	First of level country where is sward my pilgrim-foot can prize,—
Heaven and earth which, through the body, prove the spirit's ministrants,	Plainlier! if this life's conception new life fail to realize,—
Excellently all,—did He lack power or was the will in fault	Though earth burst and proved a bubble glassing hues of hell, one huge
When He let blue heaven be shrouded o'er by vapours of the vault,	Reflex of the devil's doings—God's work by no subterfuge—
Gay earth drop her garlands shrivelled at the first infecting breath	(So death's kindly touch informed me as it broke the glamour, gave
Of the serpent pains which herald, swarming in, the dragon death?	Soul and body both release from life's long nightmare in the grave)
What, no way but this that man may learn and lay to heart how life	Still,—with no more Nature, no more Man as riddle to be read,
Life were with delights would only death allow their taste to life?	Only my own joys and sorrows now to reckon real instead,—
Must the rose sigh "Pluck—I perish!" must the eve weep "Gaze—I fade!"	I must say—or choke in silence—"Howsoever came my fate,
—Every sweet warn "Ware my bitter!" every shine bid "Wait my shade"?	Sorrow did and joy did nowise,—life well weighed,—preponderate."
Can we love but on condition, that the thing we love must die?	By necessity ordained thus? I shall bear as best I can;
Needs there groan a world in anguish just to teach us sympathy—	By a cause all-good, all-wise, all-potent? No, as I am man!
Multitudinously wretched that we, wretched too, may guess	Such were God: and was it goodness that the good within my range
What a preferable state were universal happiness?	Or had evil in admixture or grew evil's self by change?
Hardly do I so conceive the outcome of that power which went	Wisdom—that becoming wise meant making slow and sure advance
To the making of the worm there in yon clod its tenement,	From a knowledge proved in error to acknowledged ignorance?
Any more than I distinguish aught of that which, wise and good,	Power? 'tis just the main assumption reason most revolts at! power
Framed the leaf, its plain of pasture, dropped the dew, its fineness food.	Unavailing for bestowment on its creature of an hour,
Nay, were fancy fact, were earth and all it holds illusion mere,	Man, of so much proper action rightly aimed and reaching aim,
Only a machine for teaching love and hate and hope and fear	So much passion,—no defect there, no excess, but still the same,—
To myself, the sole existence, single truth mid falsehood,—well!	As what constitutes existence, pure perfection bright as brief
If the harsh throes of the prelude die not off into the swell	For yon worm, man's fellow-creature, on yon happier world—its leaf!

No, as I am man, I mourn the poverty I  
must impute :

Goodness, wisdom, power, all bounded, each  
a human attribute !

But, O world outspread beneath me ! only for  
myself I speak,  
Nowise dare to play the spokesman for my  
brothers strong and weak,  
Full 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 writhe they, Job-like couched on  
dung and crazed with blains  
—Wherefore? whereto? ask the whirl-  
wind what the dread voice thence ex-  
plains!  
I shall "vindicate no way of God's to man,"  
nor stand apart,  
"Laugh, be candid!" while I watch it  
traversing the human heart.  
Traversed heart must tell its story uncom-  
mented on : no less  
Mine results in "Only grant a second life, I  
acquiesce  
In this present life as failure, count mis-  
fortune's worst assaults  
Triumph, not defeat, assured that loss so  
much the more exalts  
Gain about to be. For at what moment did  
I so advance  
Near to knowledge as when frustrate of escape  
from ignorance?  
Did not beauty prove most precious when its  
opposite obtained  
Rule, and truth seem more than ever potent  
because falsehood reigned?  
While for love—Oh how but, losing love,  
Does whoso loves succeed  
By the death-pang to the birth-throe—learn-  
ing what is love indeed?  
Only grant my soul may carry high through  
death her cup unspilled,  
Brimming though it be with knowledge, life's  
loss drop by drop distilled,  
I shall boast it mine—the balsam, bless each  
kindly wrench that wrung

From life's tree its inmost virtue, tapped the  
root whence pleasure sprung,  
Barked the bole, and broke the bough, and  
bruised the berry, left all grace  
Ashes in death's stern alembic, loosed elixir  
in its place !

Witness, Dear and True, how little I was  
'ware of—not your worth  
—That I knew, my heart assures me—but of  
what a shade on earth  
Would the passage from my presence of the  
tall white figure throw  
O'er the ways we walked together ! Some-  
what narrow, somewhat slow  
Used to seem the ways, the walking : narrow  
ways are well to tread  
When there's moss beneath the footstep,  
honeysuckle overhead :  
Walking slow to beating bosom surest solace  
soonest gives,  
Liberates the brain o'erloaded—best of all  
restoratives.  
Nay, do I forget the open vast where soon or  
late converged  
Ways though winding?—world-wide heaven-  
high sea where music slept or surged  
As the angel had ascendant, and Beethoven's  
Titan mace  
Smote the immense to storm Mozart would  
by a finger's lifting chase?  
Yes, I knew—but not with knowledge such  
as thrills me while I view  
Yonder precinct which henceforward holds  
and hides the Dear and True.  
Grant me (once again) assurance we shall  
each meet each some day,  
Walk—but with how bold a footstep ! on a  
way—but what a way !  
—Worst were best, defeat were triumph,  
utter loss were utmost gain.  
Can it be, and must, and will it?

Silence ! Out of fact's domain,  
Just surmise prepared to mutter hope, and  
also fear—dispute  
Fact's inexorable ruling "Outside fact, sur-  
mise be mute !"

Well!

Ay, well and best, if fact's self I  
 may force the answer from!  
 'Tis surmise I stop the mouth of. Not above  
 in yonder dome  
 All a rapture with its rose-glow,—not around,  
 where pile and peak  
 Strainingly await the sun's fall,—not beneath,  
 where crickets creak,  
 Birds assemble for their bed-time, soft the  
 tree-top swell subsides,—  
 No, nor yet within my deepest sentient self  
 the knowledge hides.  
 Aspiration, reminiscence, plausibilities of  
 trust  
 —Now the ready "Man were wronged  
 else," now the rash "and God un-  
 just"—  
 None of these I need. Take thou, my soul,  
 thy solitary stand,  
 Umpire to the champions Fancy, Reason, as  
 on either hand  
 Amicable war they wage and play the foe in  
 thy behoof!  
 Fancy thrust and Reason parry! Thine the  
 prize who stand aloof.

FANCY.

I concede the thing refused: henceforth no  
 certainty more plain  
 Than this mere surmise that after body dies  
 soul lives again.  
 Two, the only facts acknowledged late, are  
 now increased to three—  
 God is, and the soul is, and, as certain, after  
 death shall be.  
 Put this third to use in life, the time for  
 using fact!

REASON.

I do:

Find it promises advantage, coupled with the  
 other two.  
 Lite to come will be improvement on the  
 life that's now; destroy  
 Body's thwartings, there's no longer screen  
 betwixt soul and soul's joy.

Why should we expect new hindrance, novel  
 tether? In this first  
 Life, I see the good of evil, why our world  
 began at worst:  
 Since time means amelioration, tardily  
 enough displayed,  
 Yet a mainly onward moving, never wholly  
 retrograde.  
 We know more though we know little, we  
 grow stronger though still weak,  
 Partly see though all too purblind, stammer  
 though we cannot speak.  
 There is no such grudge in God as scared  
 the ancient Greek, no fresh  
 Substitute of trap for dragnet, once a breakage  
 in the mesh.  
 Dragons were, and serpents are, and blind-  
 worms will be: ne'er emerged  
 Any new-created python for man's plague  
 since earth was purged.  
 Failing proof, then, of invented trouble to  
 replace the old,  
 O'er this life the next presents advantage  
 much and manifold:  
 Which advantage—in the absence of a fourth  
 and farther fact  
 Now conceivably surmised, of harm to follow  
 from the act—  
 I pronounce for man's obtaining at this  
 moment. Why delay?  
 Is he happy? happiness will change: anti-  
 cipate the day!  
 Is he sad? there's ready refuge: of all sad-  
 ness death's prompt cure!  
 Is he both, in mingled measure? cease a  
 burthen to endure!  
 Pains with sorry compensations, pleasures  
 stunted in the dole,  
 Power that sinks and pettiness that soars, all  
 halved and nothing whole,  
 Idle hopes that lure man onward, forced  
 back by as idle fears—  
 What a load he stumbles under through his  
 glad sad seventy years,  
 When a touch sets right the turmoil, lifts his  
 spirit where, flesh-freed,  
 Knowledge shall be rightly named so, all  
 that seems be truth indeed!

Grant his forces no accession, nay, no faculty's  
increase,  
Only let what now exists continue, let him  
prove in peace  
Power whereof the interrupted unperfected  
play enticed  
Man through darkness, which to lighten any  
spark of hope sufficed,—  
What shall then deter his dying out of dark-  
ness into light?  
Death itself perchance, brief pain that's pang,  
condensed and infinite?  
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!  
I 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  
change of scene,—  
And I bid him—at suspicion of first cloud  
athwart his sky,  
Flower's departure, frost's arrival—never  
hesitate, but die!

## FANCY.

Then I double my concession: grant, along  
with new life sure,  
This same law found lacking now: ordain  
that, whether rich or poor  
Present life is judged in aught man counts  
advantage—be it hope,  
Be it fear that brightens, blackens most or  
least his horoscope,—  
He, by absolute compulsion such as made  
him live at all,

Go on living to the fated end of life whate'er  
befall.  
What though, as on earth he darkling grovels,  
man descry the sphere,  
Next life's—call it, heaven of freedom, close  
above and crystal-clear?  
He shall find—say, hell to punish who in  
aught curtails the term,  
Fain would act the butterfly before he has  
played out the worm.  
God, soul, earth, heaven, hell,—five facts  
now: what is to desiderate?

## REASON.

Nothing! Henceforth man's existence bows  
to the monition "Wait!  
Take the joys and bear the sorrows—neither  
with extreme concern!  
Living here means nescience simply: 'tis  
next life that helps to learn.  
Shut those eyes, next life will open,—stop  
those ears, next life will teach  
Hearing's office,—close those lips, next life  
will give the power of speech!  
Or, if action more amuse thee than the  
passive attitude,  
Bravely bustle through thy being, busy thee  
for ill or good,  
Reap this life's success or failure! Soon shall  
things be perplexed  
And the right and wrong, now tangled, lie  
unravell'd in the next."

## FANCY.

Not so fast! Still more concession! not alone  
do I declare  
Life must needs be borne,—I also will that  
man become aware  
Life has worth incalculable, every moment  
that he spends  
So much gain or loss for that next life which  
on this life depends.  
Good, done here, be there rewarded,—evil,  
worked here, there amended!  
Six facts now, and all established, plain to  
man the last as first.

## REASON.

There was good and evil, then, defined to man by this decree?  
*Was*—for at its promulgation both alike have ceased to be.  
 Prior to this last announcement “Certainly as God exists,  
 As He made man’s soul, as soul is quenchless by the deathly mists,  
 Yet is, all the same, forbidden premature escape from time  
 To eternity’s provided purer air and brighter clime,—  
 Just so certainly depends it on the use to which man turns  
 Earth, the good or evil done there, whether after death he earns  
 Life eternal,—heaven, the phrase be, or eternal death,—say, hell.  
 As his deeds, so proves his portion, doing ill or doing well!”  
 —Prior to this last announcement, earth was man’s probation-place:  
 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 but 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 not me “Look round us! nothing each side but acknowledged law,

Now styled God’s—no, that he’s edict!  
 Where’s obedience without flaw  
 Paid to either? What’s the advantage  
 man’s mouth? Why, ‘PROBATION’  
 I both see and praise, the worst I follow  
 which, despite professed  
 Seeing, praising, all the same he follows,  
 since he disbelieves  
 In the heart of him that edict which for truth  
 his head receives.  
 There’s evading and persuading and much  
 making law amends  
 Somehow, there’s the nice distinction ’twixt  
 fast foes and faulty friends,  
 —Any consequence except inevitable death  
 when “Die,  
 Whoso 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 eluding? Not  
 because of impotence:  
 Certain laws exist already which to bear  
 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 sward  
 Firm like my first fact to stand on “God  
 there is, and soul there is,”  
 And soul’s earthly life-allotment: 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 begun,

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 cheek  
 You had turned me had I sudden brought the blush into the smile  
 By some word like "Ily 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 plumb-line sunk in life's apparent laws,  
 How I may in any instance fix where change should meetly fall  
 Nor involve, by one revisal, abrogation of them all:  
 —Which again involves as utter change in life thus law-released,  
 Whence the good of goodness vanished when the ill of evil ceased.  
 Whereas, life and laws apparent re-instated, —all we know,  
 All we know not,—o'er our heaven again cloud closes, until, lo—  
 Hope the arrowy, just as constant, comes to pierce its gloom, compelled  
 By a power and by a purpose which, if no one else beheld,  
 I behold in life, so—hope!  
  
 Sad summing-up of all to say!  
*Athaxiusius contra mundum*, why should he hope more than they?  
 So are men made notwithstanding, such magnetic virtue darts  
 From each head their fancy haloes to their unresisting hearts!  
  
 Here I stand, methinks a stone's throw from yon village I this morn

Traversed for the sake of looking one last look at its forlorn  
 Tenement's ignoble fortune: through a crevice, plain its floor  
 Piled with provender for cattle, while a dung-heap blocked the door.  
 In that squalid Bossex, under that obscene red roof, arose,  
 Like a fiery flying serpent from its egg, a soul—Rousseau's.  
 Turn thence! Is it Diodati joins the glimmer of the lake?  
 There I plucked a leaf, one week since,—ivy, plucked for Byron's sake.  
 Famed unfortunates! And yet, because of that phosphoric fame  
 Swathing blackness' self with brightness till putridity looked flame,  
 All the world was witched: and wherefore? what could lie beneath, allure  
 Heart of man to let corruption serve man's head as cynosure?  
 Was the magic in the dictum "All that's good is gone and past;  
 Bad and worse still grows the present, and the worst of all comes last:  
 Which believe—for I believe it?" So preached one his gospel-news;  
 While melodious moaned the other "Dying day with dolphin-hues!  
 Storm, for loveliness and darkness like a woman's eye! Ye mounts  
 Where I climb to 'scape my fellow, and thou sea wherein he counts  
 Not one inch of vile dominion! What were your especial worth  
 Failed ye to enforce the maxim 'Of all objects found on earth  
 Man is meanest, much too honoured when compared with—what by odds  
 Beats him—any dog: so, let him go a-howling to his gods!'  
 Which believe—for I believe it!" such the comfort man received  
 Sadly since perforce he must: for why? the famous bard believed!



Fame! Then, give me fame, a moment! As  
 I gather at a glance  
 Human glory after glory vivifying yon expanse,  
 Let me grasp them all together, hold on high  
 and brandish well  
 Beacon-like above the rapt world ready,  
 whether heaven or hell  
 Send the dazzling summons 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 wave!  
 Know ye whence I plucked the pillar, late  
 with sky for architrave?  
 This the trunk, the central solid Knowledge,  
 kindled core, began  
 Tugging earth-deeps, trying heaven-heights,  
 rooted yonder at Lausanne.  
 This which flits and spits, the aspic,—  
 sparkles in and out the boughs  
 Now, and now condensed, the python, coil-  
 ing round and round allows  
 Scarce the bole its due effulgence, dulled by  
 flake on flake of Wit—  
 Laughter so bejewels Learning,—what but  
 Ferney nourished it?  
 Nay, nor fear—since every resin feeds the  
 flame—that I dispense  
 With yon Bossex terebinth-tree's all-explosive  
 Eloquence:  
 No, be sure! nor, any more than thy resplend-  
 ency, Jean-Jacques,  
 Dare I want thine, Diodati! What though  
 monkeys and macaques  
 Gibber "Byron"? Byron's ivy rears a branch  
 beyond the crew,  
 Green for ever, no deciduous trash macaques  
 and monkeys chew!  
 As Rousseau, then, eloquent, as Byron prime  
 in poet's power,—  
 Detonations, fulgurations, smiles—the rain-  
 bow, tears—the shower,—  
 Lo, I lift the coruscating marvel—Fame!  
 and, famed, declare  
 —Learned for the nonce as Gibbon, witty as  
 wit's self Voltaire . . .

O the sorriest of conclusions to whatever man  
 of sense  
 Mid the millions stands the unit, takes no  
 flare for evidence!  
 Yet the millions have their portion, live their  
 calm or troublous day,  
 Find significance in fireworks: so, by help of  
 mine, they may  
 Confidently lay to heart and lock in head  
 their life long—this:  
 "He there with the brand flamboyant, broad  
 o'er night's forlorn abyss,  
 Crowned by prose and verse; and wield-  
 ing, with Wit's bauble, Learning's  
 rod . . .  
 Well? Why, he at least believed in Soul,  
 was very sure of God.

So the poor smile played, that evening: pallid  
 smile long since extinct  
 Here in London's mid-November! Not so  
 loosely thoughts were linked,  
 Six weeks since as I, descending in the sunset  
 from Salève,  
 Found the chain, I seemed to forge there,  
 flawless till it reached your grave,—  
 Not so filmy was the texture, but I bore it in  
 my breast  
 Safe thus far. And since I found a some-  
 thing in me would not rest  
 Till I, link by link, unravelled any tangle of  
 the chain,  
 —Here it lies, for much or little! I have  
 lived all o'er again  
 That last pregnant hour: I saved it, just as I  
 could save a root  
 Disinterred for re-interment when the time  
 best helps to shoot.  
 Life is stocked with germs of torpid life, but  
 may I never wake  
 Those of mine whose resurrection could not  
 be without earthquake!  
 Rest all such, unraised forever! Be this,  
 sad yet sweet, the sole  
 Memory evoked from slumber! Least part  
 this: then what the whole?

## THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC.

1878.

[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 starved 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 walled about  
Life with disgrace  
Till God's own smile came out:  
That was thy face!

### THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC.

I.

“FAME!” Yes, I said it and you read it.  
First,  
Praise the good log-fire! Winter howls  
without.  
Crowd closer, let us! Ha, the secret  
nursed  
Inside yon hollow, crusted roundabout  
With copper where the clamp was,—how the  
burst  
Vindicates flame the stealthy feeder! Spout  
Thy splendidest—a minute and no more?  
So soon again all sobered as before?

II.

Nay, for I need to see your face! One stroke  
Adroitly dealt, and lo, the pomp revealed!  
Fire in his pandemonium, heart of oak  
Palatial, where he wrought the works  
concealed  
Beneath the solid-seeming roof I broke,  
As redly up and out and off they reeled  
Like disconcerted imps, those thousand sparks  
From fire's slow tunnelling of vaults and arcs!

III.

Up, out, and off, see! Were you never used,—  
You now, in childish days or rather nights,—  
As I was, to watch sparks fly? not amused  
By that old nurse-taught game which gave the  
sprites  
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?

IV.

New long bright life! and happy chance  
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!  
Octogenarian Keats gave up the ghost,  
While—never mind Who was it cumbered  
earth—  
Sank stifled, span-long brightness, in the  
birth.

## 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-curly spiral proves the hulk  
 Was saturate with—ask the chloride's name  
 From somebody who knows ! I shall not  
 sulk  
 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 dun—  
 Conjecture how the sage glows, whom not we  
 But those unborn are to get warmth by !  
 Son  
 O' the coal,—as Job and Hebrew name a  
 spark,—  
 What bard, in thy red soaring, scares the  
 dark ?

## vii.

Oh and the lesser lights, the dearer still  
 That they elude a vulgar eye, give ours  
 The glimpse repaying astronomic skill  
 Which searched sky deeper, passed those  
 patent powers  
 Constellate proudly,—swords, scrolls, harps,  
 that fill  
 The vulgar eye to surfeit,—found best  
 flowers  
 Hid deepest in the dark,—named unplucked  
 grace  
 Of soul, ungathered beauty, form or face !

## viii.

Up with thee, mouldering ash men never  
 knew,  
 But I know ! flash thou forth, and figure  
 bold,  
 Calm and columnar as yon flame I view !  
 Oh and I bid thee,—to whom fortune  
 doled

Scantly all other gifts out—bicker blue,  
 Beauty for all to see, zinc's uncontrolled  
 Flake-brilliance ! Not my fault if these were  
 shown,  
 Grandeur and beauty both, to me alone.

## ix.

No ! as the first was boy's play, this proves  
 mere  
 Stripling's amusement : manhood's sport  
 be grave !  
 Choose rather sparkles quenched in mid  
 career,  
 Their boldness and their brightness could  
 not save  
 (In some old night of time on some lone drear  
 Sea-coast, monopolized by crag or cave)  
 —Save from ignoble exit into smoke,  
 Silence, oblivion, all death-damps that  
 choke !

## x.

Launched by our ship-wood, float we, once  
 adrift  
 In fancy to that land-strip waters wash,  
 We both know well ! Where uncouth 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 serviceable town  
 Tempests but tease now, billows drench, not  
 drown.

## xi.

Croisic, the spit of sandy rock which juts  
 Spitefully northward, bears nor tree nor  
 shrub  
 To tempt the ocean, show what Guérande  
 shuts  
 Behind her, past wild Batz whose Saxons  
 grub  
 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.

## XII.

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 ooze  
Of yon low islet,—to their sun, revered  
In strange stone guise,—a temple. May-  
dawn dews  
Saw the old structure levelled; when  
there peered  
May's earliest eve-star, high and wide once  
more  
Up towered the new pile perfect as before:

## XIII.

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.

## XIV.

And still so much remains of that grey cult,  
That even now, of nights, do women steal  
To the sole Menhir standing, and insult  
The antagonistic church-spire by appeal  
To power discrowned in vain, since each adult  
Believes the gruesome thing she clasps  
may heal  
Whatever plague no priestly help can cure:  
Kiss but the cold stone, the event is sure!

## XV.

Nay more: on May-morns, that primeval rite  
Of temple-building, with its punishment  
For rash precipitation, lingers, spite  
Of all remonstrance; vainly are they shent,  
Those girls who form a ring and, dressed in  
white,  
Dance round it, till some sister's strength  
be spent:  
Touch but the Menhir, straight the rest turn  
roughs  
From gentles, fall on her with fisticuffs.

## XVI.

Oh and, for their part, boys from door to door  
Sing unintelligible words to tunes  
As obsolete: "scraps of Druidic lore,"  
Sigh scholars, as each pale man importunes  
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.

## XVII.

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? Some-  
thing says  
"Fit time for story-telling!" I begin—  
Why not at Croisic, port we first put in?

## XVIII.

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.  
What matters the degree? the kind I trace.  
Druids their temple, Christians have their  
dome:  
So with mankind; and Croisic, I'll engage,  
With Rome yields sort for sort, in age for age.

## XIX.

No doubt, men vastly differ: and we need  
Some strange exceptional benevolence  
Of nature's sunshine to develop seed  
So well, in the less-favoured clime, that  
thence  
We may discern how shrub means tree indeed  
Though dwarfed till scarcely shrub in  
evidence.  
Man in the ice-house or the hot-house ranks  
With beasts or gods: stove-forced, give warmth  
the thanks!

## XX.

While, is there any ice-checked? Such shall  
learn  
I am thankworthy, who propose to slake  
His thirst for tasting how it feels to turn  
Cedar from hyssop-on-the-wall. I wake  
No memories of what is harsh and stern  
In ancient Croisic-nature, much less rake  
The ashes of her last warmth till out leaps  
Live Hervé Riel, the single spark she keeps.

## XXI.

Take these two, see, each outbreak,—spirt  
and spirt  
Of fire from our brave billet's either edge  
Which—call maternal Croisic ocean-girt!  
These two shall thoroughly redeem my  
pledge.  
One flames fierce gules, its feebler rival—  
vert,  
Heralds would tell you: heroes, I allege,  
They both were: soldiers, sailors, statesmen,  
priests,  
Lawyers, physicians—guess what gods or  
beasts!

## XXII.

None of them all, but—poets, if you please!  
“What, even there, endowed with knack  
of rhyme,  
Did two among the aborigines  
Of that rough region pass the ungracious  
time  
Suiling, to rumble-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?”

## XXIII.

Open your ears! Each poet in his day  
Had such a mighty moment of success  
As pinnacled 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 poet-flames, our red and green,  
One at a time, a century between?

## XXIV.

And yet you never heard their names! Assist,  
Clio, Historic Muse, while I record  
Great deeds! Let fact, not fancy, break the  
mist  
And bid each sun emerge, in turn play lord  
Of day, one moment! Hear the annalist  
Tell a strange story, true to the least word!  
At Croisic, sixteen hundred years and ten  
Since Christ, forth flamed yon liquid ruby,  
then.

## XXV.

Know him henceforth as René Gentilhomme  
—Appropriate appellation! noble birth  
And knightly blazon, the device wherefrom  
Was “Better do than say”! In Croisic's  
dearth  
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.

## XXVI.

Which Prince of Condé, whom men called  
“The Duke,”  
—Failing the king, his cousin, of an heir,  
(As one might hold would hap, without  
rebuke,  
Since Anne of Austria, all the world was  
'ware,  
Twenty-three years long sterile, scarce could  
look  
For issue)—failing Louis of so rare  
A godsend, it was natural the Prince  
Should hear men call him “Next King” too,  
nor wince.

## XXVII.

Now, as this reasonable hope, by growth  
Of years, nay, tens of years, looked plump  
almost  
To bursting,—would the brothers, childless  
both,  
Louis and Gaston, give but up the ghost—  
Condé, called “Duke” and “Next King,”  
nothing loth  
Awaited his appointment to the post,  
And wiled away the time, as best he might,  
Till Providence should settle things aright.

## 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  
 Testify 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.

## XXIX.

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 kept it, yielding moderate increase  
 Of songs and sonnets, madrigals, and much  
 Rhyming thought poetry and praised as such.

## XXX.

Rubbish unutterable (bear in mind !)  
 Rubbish not wholly without value, though,  
 Being to compliment the Duke designed  
 And bring the complimenter credit so, —  
 Pleasure with profit happily combined.  
 Thus René Gentilhomme rhymed, rhymed  
 till—lo,  
 This happened, as he sat in an alcove  
 Elaborating rhyme for "love"—not "dove."

## XXXI.

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-  
 ground—  
 Breathed polish and politeness. All-imbued  
 With these, he sat absorbed in one profound  
 Excogitation "Were it best to hint  
 Or boldly boast 'She loves me,—Araminte?'"

## XXXII.

When suddenly flashed lightning, searing sight  
 Almost, so close to eyes ; then, quick on  
 flash,

Followed the thunder, splitting earth down-  
 right  
 Where René sat a-rhyming : with huge crash  
 Of marble into atoms infinite—  
 Marble which, stately, dared the world to  
 dash  
 The stone-thing proud, high-pillared, from  
 its place :  
 One flash, and dust was all that lay at base.

## XXXIII.

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 fowls do : ay, beneath,  
 About his very feet there, lay in dust  
 Earthly presumption paid by heaven's disgust.

## XXXIV.

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  
 eyes  
 Alone, but all the world's. Pebble from sling  
 Prostrates a giant ; so can pulverize  
 Marble pretension—how much more, make  
 moult  
 A peacock-prince his plume—God's thunder-  
 bolt.

## XXXV.

That was enough for René, that first fact  
 Thus flashed into him. Up he looked :  
 all blue  
 And bright the sky above ; earth firm, compact  
 Beneath his footing, lay apparent too ;  
 Opposite stood the pillar : nothing lacked  
 There, but the Duke's crown : see, its  
 fragments strew  
 The earth,—about his feet lie atoms fine  
 Where he sat nursing late his fourteenth  
 line !

## XXXVI.

So, for the moment, all the universe  
 Being abolished, all 'twixt God and him,—  
 Earth's praise or blame, its blessing or its  
 curse,  
 Of one and the same value,—to the brim  
 Flooded with truth for better or for worse,—  
 He pounces on the writing-paper, prim,  
 Keeping its place on table: not a dint  
 Nor speck had damaged "Ode to Araminte."

## XXXVII.

And over the neat crowquill calligraph  
 His pen goes blotting, blurring, 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.

And what is it so terribly he pens,  
 Ruining "Cupid, Venus, wile and smile,  
 Hearts, darts," and all his day's *divinior*  
*mens*  
 Judged necessary to a perfect style?  
 Little recks René, with a breast to cleanse,  
 Of Rhadamanthine law that reigned ere-  
 while:  
 Brimful of truth, truth's outburst will convince  
 (Style or no style) who bears truth's brunt—  
 the Prince.

## XXXIX.

"Condé, called 'Duke,' be called just  
 'Duke,' not more  
 To life's end! 'Next King' thou forsooth  
 wilt be?  
 Ay, when this bauble, as it decked before  
 Thy pillar, shall again, for France to see,  
 Take its proud station there! Let France  
 adore  
 No longer an allusive mock-sun—thee—  
 But keep her homage for Sol's self, about  
 To rise and put pretenders to the rout!

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## XL.

"What? France so God-abandoned that  
 her root  
 Regal, though many a Spring it gavenosign,  
 Lacks power to make the bole, now branch-  
 less, shoot  
 Greenly as ever? Nature, though benign,  
 Thwarts ever the ambitious and astute.  
 In store for such is punishment condign:  
 Sure as thy Duke's crown to the earth was  
 hurled,  
 So sure, next year, a Dauphin glads the  
 world!"

## XLI.

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—handing him the verses, with the due  
 Incline of body: "Sir, God's word to you!"

## XLII.

The Prince read, paled, was silent; all around,  
 The courtier-company, to whom he passed  
 The paper, read, in equal silence bound.  
 René grew also by degrees aghast  
 At his own fit of courage—palely found  
 Way of retreat from that pale presence:  
 classed  
 Once more among the cony-kind. "Oh, son,  
 It is a feeble folk!" saith Solomon.

## XLIII.

Vainly he apprehended evil: since,  
 When, at the year's end, even as foretold,  
 Forth came the Dauphin who discrowned the  
 Prince  
 Of that long-craved mere visionary gold,  
 'Twas no fit time for envy to evince  
 Malice, be sure! The timidest grew bold:  
 Of all that courtier-company not one  
 But left the semblance for the actual sun.

## 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 agape,  
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,  
O prophet! Sure, by miracle announced,  
My babe will prove a prodigy. Who chides  
Henceforth the unchilded monarch shall  
be trounced  
For irreligion : since the fool derides  
Plain miracle by which this prophet pounced  
Exactly on the moment I should lift  
Like Simeon, in my arms, a babe, 'God's  
gift!'"

## XLVI.

"So call the boy! and call this bard and seer  
By a new title! him I raise to rank  
Of 'Royal Poet:' poet without peer!  
Whose fellows only have themselves to thank  
If humbly they must follow in the rear  
My René. He's the master: they must  
clank  
Their chains of song, confessed his slaves;  
for why?  
They poetize, while he can prophesy!"

## XLVII.

So said, so done; our René rose august,  
"The Royal Poet;" straightway put in  
type  
His poem-prophecy, and (fair and just  
Procedure) added,—now that time was ripe  
For proving friends did 'well his word to  
trust,—  
Those attestations, turned to lyre or pipe,  
Which friends broke out with when he dared  
foretell  
The Dauphin's birth: friends trusted, and did  
well.

## XLVIII.

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  
mixed;  
And Latin verses, lovely in their way,  
Described him as "the biforked hill be-  
twixt:  
Since he hath scaled Parnassus at one jump,  
Joining the Delphic quill and Getic trump."

## XLIX.

Whereof came . . . What, it lasts, our spirt,  
thus long  
—The red fire? That's the reason must  
excuse  
My letting flicker René's prophet-song  
No longer; for its pertinacious hues  
Must fade before its fellow joins the throng  
Of sparks departed up the chimney, dues  
To dark oblivion. At the word, it winks,  
Rallies, relapses, dwindles, deathward sinks!

## L.

So does our poet. All this burst of fame,  
Fury of favour, Royal Poetship,  
Prophetship, book, verse, picture—thereof  
came  
—Nothing! That's why I would not let  
outstrip  
Red his green rival flamelet: just the same  
Ending in smoke waits both! In vain we  
rip  
The past, no further faintest trace remains  
Of René to reward our pious pains.

## LI.

Somebody saw a portrait framed and glazed  
At Croisic. "Who may be this glorified  
Mortal unheard-of hitherto?" amazed  
That person asked the owner by his side,  
Who proved as ignorant. The question  
raised  
Provoked inquiry; key by key was tried  
On Croisic's portrait-puzzle, till back flew  
The wards at one key's touch, which key was  
—Who?



## LII.

The other famous poet! Wait thy turn,  
 Thou green, our red's competitor! Enough  
 Just now to note 'twas he that itched to learn  
 (A hundred years ago) how fate could puff  
 Heaven-high (a hundred years before) then  
 spurn  
 To suds so big a bubble in some huff:  
 Since green too found red's portrait,—having  
 heard  
 Hitherto of red's rare self not one word.

## LIII.

And he with zeal addressed him to the task  
 Of hunting out, by all and any means,  
 —Who might the brilliant bard be, born to  
 bask  
 Butterfly-like in shine which kings and  
 queens  
 And baby-dauphins shed? Much need to ask!  
 Is fame so fickle that what perks and preens  
 The eyed wing, one imperial minute, dips  
 Next sudden moment into blind eclipse?

## LIV.

After a vast expenditure of pains,  
 Our second poet found the prize he sought:  
 Urged in his search by something that restrains  
 From undue triumph famed ones who have  
 fought,  
 Or simply, poetizing, taxed their brains:  
 Something that tells such—dear is triumph  
 bought  
 If it means only basking in the midst  
 Of fame's brief sunshine, as thou, René, didst.

## LV.

For, what did searching find at last but this?  
 Quoth somebody "I somehow somewhere  
 seem  
 To think I heard one old De Chevaye is  
 Or was possessed of René's works!" which  
 gleam  
 Of light from out the dark proved not amiss  
 To track, by correspondence on the theme;  
 And soon the twilight broadened into day,  
 For thus to question answered De Chevaye.

## LVI.

"True it is, I did once possess the works  
 You want account of—works—to call them  
 so,—  
 Comprised in one small book: the volume  
 lurks  
 (Some fifty leaves *in duodecimo*)  
 'Neath certain ashes which my soul it irks  
 Still to remember, because long ago  
 That and my other rare shelf-occupants  
 Perished by burning of my house at Nantes.

## LVII.

"Yet of that book one strange particular  
 Still stays in mind with me"—and there-  
 upon  
 Followed the story. "Few the poems  
 are;  
 The book was two-thirds filled up with this  
 one,  
 And sundry witnesses from near and far  
 That here at least was prophesying done  
 By prophet, so as to preclude all doubt,  
 Before the thing he prophesied about."

## LVIII.

That's all he knew, and all the poet  
 learned,  
 And all that you and I are like to hear  
 Of René; since not only book is burned  
 But memory extinguished,—nay, I fear,  
 Portrait is gone too: nowhere I discerned  
 A trace of it at Croisic. "Must a tear  
 Needs fall for that?" you smile. "How  
 fortune fares  
 With such a mediocrity, who cares?"

## LIX.

Well, I care—intimately care to have  
 Experience how a human creature felt  
 In after-life, who bore the burden grave  
 Of certainly believing God had dealt  
 For once directly with him: did not rave  
 —A maniac, did not find his reason  
 melt  
 —An idiot, but went on, in peace or strife,  
 The world's way, lived an ordinary life.

## LX.

How many problems that one fact would solve !  
 An ordinary soul, no more, no less,  
 About whose life earth's common sights  
 revolve,  
 On whom is brought to bear, by thunder-  
 stress,  
 This fact—God tasks him, and will not absolve  
 Task's negligent performer ! Can you guess  
 How such a soul,—the task performed to  
 point,—  
 Goes back to life nor finds things out of joint ?

## LXI.

Does he stand stock-like henceforth ? or  
 proceed  
 Dizzily, yet with course straightforward  
 still,  
 Down-trampling vulgar hindrance?—as the  
 reed  
 Is crushed beneath its tramp when that  
 blind will  
 Hatched in some old-world beast's brain bids  
 it speed  
 Where the sun wants brute-presence to fulfil  
 Life's purpose in a new far zone, ere ice  
 Enwomb the pasture-tract its fortalice.

## LXII.

I think no such direct plain truth consists  
 With actual sense and thought and what  
 they take  
 To be the solid walls of life : mere mists—  
 How such would, at that truth's first  
 piercing, break  
 Into the nullity they are !—slight lists  
 Wherein the puppet-champions wage, for  
 sake  
 Of some mock-mistress, mimic war : laid low  
 At trumpet-blast, there's shown the world,  
 one foe !

## LXIII.

No, we must play the pageant out, observe  
 The tourney-regulations, and regard  
 Success—to meet the blunted spear nor  
 swerve,  
 Failure—to break no bones yet fall on  
 sword ;

Must prove we have—not courage? well then,  
 —nerve !  
 And, at the day's end, boast the crown's  
 award—  
 Be warranted as promising to wield  
 Weapons, no sham, in a true battle-field.

## LXIV.

Meantime, our simulated thunderclaps  
 Which tell us counterfeited truths—these  
 same  
 Are—sound, when music storms the soul,  
 perhaps?  
 —Sight, beauty, every dart of every aim  
 That touches just, then seems, by strange  
 relapse,  
 To fall effectless from the soul it came  
 As if to fix its own, but simply smote  
 And startled to vague beauty more remote ?

## LXV.

So do we gain enough—yet not too much—  
 Acquaintance with that outer element  
 Wherein there's operation (call it such !)  
 Quite of another kind than we the pent  
 On earth are proper to receive. Our hutch  
 Lights up at the least chink : let roof be  
 rent—  
 How inmates huddle, blinded at first spasm,  
 Cognizant of the sun's self through the chasm !

## LXVI.

Therefore, who knows if this our René's quick  
 Subsidence from as sudden noise and glare  
 Into oblivion was impolitic ?  
 No doubt his soul became at once aware  
 That, after prophecy, the rhyming-trick  
 Is poor employment : human praises scare  
 Rather than soothe ears all a-tingle yet  
 With tones few hear and live, but none forget.

## LXVII.

There's our first famous poet. Step thou  
 forth  
 Second consummate songster ! See, the  
 tongue  
 Of fire that typifies thee, owns thy worth  
 In yellow, purple mixed its green among,

No pure and simple resin from the North,  
But composite with virtues that belong  
To Southern culture! Love not more than hate  
Helped to a blaze . . . But I anticipate.

## LXVIII.

Prepare to witness a combustion rich  
And riotously splendid, far beyond  
Poor René's lambent little streamer which  
Only played candle to a Court grown fond  
By baby-birth: this soared to such a pitch,  
Alternately such colours doffed and donned,  
That when I say it dazzled Paris—please  
Know that it brought Voltaire upon his knees!

## LXIX.

Who did it, was a dapper gentleman,  
Paul Desforges Maillard, Croisickese by  
birth,  
Whose birth that century ended which began  
By similar bestowment on our earth  
Of the aforesaid René. Cease to scan  
The ways of Providence! See Croisic's  
dearth—  
Not Paris in its plenitude—suffice  
To furnish France with her best poet twice!

## LXX.

Till he was thirty years of age, the vein  
Poetic yielded rhyme by drops and spirits:  
In verses of society had lain  
His talent chiefly; but the Muse asserts  
Privilege most by treating with disdain  
Epics the bard mouths out, or odes he blurts  
Spasmodically forth. Have people time  
And patience nowadays for thought in rhyme?

## LXXI.

So, his achievements were the quatrain's inch  
Of homage, or at most the sonnet's ell  
Of admiration: welded lines with clinch  
Of ending word and word, to every belle  
In Croisic's bounds; these, brisk as any finch,  
He twittered till his fame had reached as  
well  
Guérande as B&tz; but there fame stopped,  
for—curse  
On fortune—outside lay the universe!

## LXXII.

That's Paris. Well,—why not break bounds,  
and send  
Song onward till it echo at the gates  
Of Paris whither all ambitions tend,  
And end too, seeing that success there sates  
The soul which hungers most for fame?  
Why spend  
A minute in deciding, while, by Fate's  
Decree, there happens to be just the prize  
Proposed there, suiting souls that poetize?

## LXXIII.

A prize indeed, the Academy's own self  
Proposes to what bard shall best indite  
A piece describing how, through shoal and  
shelf,  
The Art of Navigation, steered aright,  
Has, in our last king's reign,—the lucky elf,—  
Reached, one may say, Perfection's haven  
quite,  
And there cast anchor. At a glance one sees  
The subject's crowd of capabilities!

## LXXIV.

Neptune and Amphitrité! Thetis, who  
Is either Tethys or as good—both tag!  
Triton can shove along a vessel too:  
It's Virgil! Then the winds that blow or  
lag,—  
De Maille, Vendôme, Vermandois! Tou-  
louse blew  
Longest, we reckon: he must puff the flag  
To fullest outflare; while our lacking nymph  
Be Anne of Austria, Regent o'er the lymph!

## LXXV.

Promised, performed! Since *irritabilis gens*  
Holds of the feverish impotence that  
strives  
To stay an itch by prompt resource to pen's  
Scratching itself on paper; placid lives,  
Leisurely works mark the *divinior mens*:  
Bees brood above the honey in their  
hives;  
Gnats are the busy bustlers. Splash and  
scrawl,—  
Completed lay thy piece, swift penman Paul!

## LXXVL

To Paris with the product! This despatched,  
 One had to wait the Forty's slow and  
 sure  
 Verdict, as best one might. Our penman  
 scratched

Away perforce the itch that knows no cure  
 But daily paper-friction: more than matched  
 His first feat by a second—tribute pure  
 And heartfelt to the Forty when their voice  
 Should peal with one accord "Be Paul our  
 choice!"

## LXXVII.

Scratch, scratch went much laudation of that  
 sane

And sound Tribunal, delegates august  
 Of Phœbus and the Muses' sacred train—  
 Whom every poetaster tries to thrust  
 From where, high-throned, they dominate  
 the Seine:

Fruitless endeavour,—fail it shall and must!  
 Whereof in witness have not one and all  
 The Forty voices pealed "Our Choice be  
 Paul"?

## LXXVIII.

Thus Paul discounted his applause. Alack  
 For human expectation! Scarcely ink  
 Was dry when, lo, the perfect piece came  
 back  
 Rejected, shamed! Some other poet's  
 clink

"Thetis and Tethys" had seduced the pack  
 Of pedants to declare perfection's pink  
 A singularly poor production. "Whew!  
 The Forty are stark fools, I always knew."

## LXXIX.

First fury over (for Paul's race—to-wit,  
 Brain-vibrios—wriggle clear of protoplasm  
 Into minute life that's one fury-fit),  
 "These fools shall find a bard's enthusiasm  
 Comports with what should counterbalance  
 it—

Some knowledge of the world! No doubt,  
 orgasm  
 Effects the birth of verse which, born, de-  
 mands  
 Prosaic ministration, swaddling-bands!

## 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 meekly let these dotards frown away  
 My bantling 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,  
 Seeing he had it in his power to block  
 The way or smooth the road to all the race  
 Of literators 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 Cæsar from the Jews. As duly heaves  
 A sigh the Chevalier, about to deal  
 With case so customary—turns thr. leaves,  
 Finds 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  
 quill,  
 Dip and indite! "Sir, gratitude immense  
 For this true draught from the Pierian rill!  
 Our Academic clodpoles must be dense  
 Indeed to stand unirrigated still.

No less, we critics dare not give offence  
 To grandees like the Forty: while we  
 mock

We grin and bear. So, here's your piece!  
 La Roque."

## LXXXIV.

"There now!" cries Paul: "the fellow  
can't avoid  
Confessing that my piece deserves the  
palm;  
And yet he dares not grant me space en-  
joyed  
By every scribbler he permits embalm  
His crambo in the Journal's corner! Cloyed  
With stuff like theirs, no wonder if a  
qualm  
Be caused by verse like mine: though that's  
no cause  
For his defrauding me of just applause.

## LXXXV.

"Aha, he fears the Forty, this poltroon?  
First let him fear *me!* Change smooth  
speech to rough!  
I'll speak my mind out, show the fellow soon  
Who is the foe to dread: insist enough  
On my own merits till, as clear as noon,  
He sees I am no man to take rebuff  
As patiently as scribblers may and must!  
Quick to the onslaught, out sword, cut and  
thrust!"

## LXXXVI.

And thereupon a fierce epistle flings  
Its challenge in the critic's face. Alack!  
Our bard mistakes his man! The gauntlet  
rings  
On brazen visor proof against attack.  
Prompt from his editorial throne up springs  
The insulted magnate, and his mace falls,  
thwack,  
On Paul's devoted brainpan,—quite away  
From common courtesies of fencing-play!

## LXXXVII.

"Sir, will you have the truth? This piece  
of yours  
Is simply execrable past belief.  
I shrank from saying so; but, since nought  
cures  
Conceit but truth, truth's at your service!  
Brief,  
Just so long as 'The Mercury' endures,  
So long are you excluded by its Chief

From corner, nay, from cranny! Play the  
cock  
O' the roost, henceforth, at Croisic!" wrote  
La Roque.

## LXXXVIII.

Paul yellowed, whitened, as his wrath from red  
Waxed incandescent. Now, this man of  
rhyme  
Was merely foolish, faulty in the head  
Not heart of him: conceit's a venial crime.  
"Oh by no means malicious!" cousins said:  
Fussily feeble,—harmless all the time,  
Piddling at so-called satire—well-advised,  
He held in most awe whom he satirized.

## LXXXIX.

Accordingly his kith and kin—removed  
From emulation of the poet's gift  
By power and will—these rather liked, nay,  
loved  
The man who gave his family a lift  
Out of the Croisic level; "disapproved  
Satire so trenchant." Thus our poet sniffed  
Home-incense, though too churlish to unlock  
"The Mercury's" box of ointment was La  
Roque.

## XC.

But when Paul's visage grew from red to white,  
And from his lips a sort of mumbling fell  
Of who was to be kicked,—“And serve him  
right”—  
A gay voice interposed—“did kicking well  
Answer the purpose! Only—if I might  
Suggest as much—a far more potent spell  
Lies in another kind of treatment. Oh,  
Women are ready at resource, you know!

## XCI.

"Talent should minister to genius! Good:  
The proper and superior smile returns.  
Hear me with patience! Have you under-  
stood  
The only method whereby genius earns  
Fit guerdon nowadays? In knightly mood  
You entered lists with visor up; one learn:  
Too late that, had you mounted Roland's crest,  
'Room!' they had roared—La Roque with  
all the rest!

## XCII.

"Why did you first of all transmit your piece  
To those same priggish Forty unprepared  
Whether to rank you with the swans or  
geese

By friendly intervention? If they dared  
Count you a cackler,—wonders never cease!

I think it still more wondrous that you bared  
Your brow (my earlier image) as if praise  
Were gained by simple fighting nowadays!

## XCIII.

"Your next step showed a touch of the true  
means

Whereby desert is crowned: not force but  
wile

Came to the rescue. 'Get behind the scenes!'  
Your friend advised: he writes, sets forth  
your style

And title, to such purpose intervenes  
That you get velvet-compliment three-pile;

And, though 'The Mercury' said 'nay,' nor  
stock

Nor stone did his refusal prove La Roque.

## XCIV.

"Why must you needs revert to the high  
hand,

Imperative procedure—what you call

'Taking on merit your exclusive stand?'

*Stand*, with a vengeance! Soon you went  
to wall,

You and your merit! Only fools command  
When folk are free to disobey them, Paul!

You've learnt your lesson, found out what's  
o'clock,

By this uncivil answer of La Roque.

## XCV.

"Now let me counsel! Lay this piece on shelf  
—Masterpiece though it be! From out  
your desk

Hand me some lighter sample, verse the elf  
Cupid inspired you with, no god grotesque  
Presiding o'er 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!

## XCVI.

"Deïdamia he—Achilles thou!

Ha, ha, these 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!"

## XCVII.

Now, who might be the speaker sweet and  
arch

That laughed above Paul's shoulder as it  
heaved

With the indignant heart?—bade steal a march  
And not continue charging? Who con-  
ceived

This plan which set our Paul, like pea you  
parch

On fire-shovel, skipping, of a load relieved,  
From arm-chair moodiness to esctoire  
Sacred to Phœbus and the tuneful choir?

## XCVIII.

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 mouthing, pleased to disappear,  
Replaced by brand-new bright ones: Arouet,  
For instance, grew Voltaire; Desforges—  
Malcrais.

## XCIX.

"Démouille Malcrais de la Vigne"—because  
The family possessed at Brederac

A vineyard,—few grapes, many hips-and-  
haws,—

Still a nice Breton name. As breast and  
back

Of this vivacious beauty gleamed through  
gauze,

So did her sprightly nature nowise lack

Lustre when draped, the fashionable way,  
In "Malcrais de la Vigne"—more short,  
"Malcrais."

## C.

Out from Paul's *escritoire* behold escape  
The hoarded treasure! verse falls thick and  
fast,

Sonnets and songs of every size and shape.  
The lady ponders on her prize; at last  
Selects one which—Oh angel and yet  
ape!—

Her malice thinks is probably surpassed  
In badness by no fellow of the flock,  
Copies it fair, and "Now for my La Roque!"

## CI.

So, to him goes, with the neat manuscript,  
The soft petitionary letter. "Grant  
A fledgeling novice that with wing unclipt  
She soar her little circuit, habitant  
Of an old manor; buried in which crypt,  
How can the youthful *châtelaine* but pant  
For disemprisonment by one *ad hoc*  
Appointed 'Mercury's' Editor, 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  
Somehow in literary breasts, assuaged  
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 Malcrais* may fill the  
chair

Left vacant by the loss of *Deshoulières*.

## 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 baffle spite  
Tenfold the force of this old fool's? Afraid  
Of Editor La Roque? But come! next flight  
Shall outsoar—*Deshoulières* alone? My  
blade,

*Sappho* herself shall you confess outstript!  
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  
Rose to the pitch of uproar. "*Sappho*?  
Tush!  
Sure 'Malcrais on her Parrot' puts to shame  
*Deshoulières*' pastoral, clay not worth a rush  
Beside this find of treasure, gold in crock,  
Unearthed in Brittany,—nay, ask La Roque!"

## CVI.

Such was the Paris tribute. "Yes," you sneer,  
"Ninnies stock Noodledom, 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  
stares  
Confounded now, I ask you?—just *Voltaire's*!

## CVII.

Ay, sharpest shrewdest 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 blabbed  
Hardly that *Humbug*, whom thy soul  
aroints,

Could thus cross-buttock thee caught un-  
aware,

And dismalest of tumbles proved—*Voltaire's*!

## CVIII.

See his epistle extant yet, wherewith  
 "Henri" in verse and "Charles" in prose  
 he sent

To do her suit and service! Here's the pith  
 Of half a dozen stanzas—stones which went  
 To build that simulated monolith—

Sham love in due degree with homage blent  
 As sham—which in the vast of volumes scares  
 The traveller still: "That stucco-heap—  
 Voltaire's?"

## CIX.

"Oh thou, whose clarion-voice has overflowed  
 The wilds to startle Paris that's one ear!

Thou who such strange capacity hast shown  
 For joining all that's grand with all that's  
 dear,

Knowledge with power to please—De-  
 shoulières grown

Learned as Dacier in thy person! mere  
 Weak fruit of idle hours, these crabs of  
 mine

I dare lay at thy feet, O Muse divine!

## CX.

"Charles was my taskwork only; Henri trod  
 My hero erst; and now, my heroine—she  
 Shall be thyself! True—is it true, great  
 God?

Certainly love henceforward must not be!  
 Yet all the crowd of Fine Arts fail—how  
 odd!—

Tried turn by turn, to fill a void in me!

There's no replacing love with these, alas!

Yet all I can I do to prove no ass.

## CXI.

"I labour to amuse my freedom; but

Should any sweet young creature slavery  
 preach,

And—borrowing thy vivacious charm, the  
 slut!—

Make me, in thy engaging words, a speech,  
 Soon should I see myself in prison shut

With all imaginable pleasure." Reach

The washhand-basin for admirers! There's  
 A stomach-moving tribute—and Voltaire's!

## CXII.

Suppose it a fantastic billet-doux,  
 Adulatory flourish, not worth frown!  
 What say you to the Fathers of Trévoux?

These in their Dictionary have her down  
 Under the heading "Author": "Malcrais,  
 too,

Is 'Author' of much verse that claims  
 renown."

While Jean-Baptiste Rousseau . . . but why  
 proceed?

Enough of this—something too much, indeed!

## CXIII.

At last La Roque, unwilling to be left

Behindhand in the rivalry, broke bounds  
 Of figurative passion; hilt and heft,

Plunged his huge downright love through  
 what surrounds

The literary female bosom; reft

Away its veil of coy reserve with "Zounds!  
 I love thee, Breton Beauty! All's no use!

Body and soul I love,—the big word's loose!"

## CXIV.

*He's greatest now and to de-struct-i-on  
 Nearest.* Attend the solemn word I quote,  
 O Paul! *There's no pause at per-fec-ti-on.*

Thus knolls thy knell the Doctor's bronzed  
 throat!

*Greatness a period hath, no sta-ti-on!*

Better and truer verse none ever wrote  
 (Despite the antique oustretched *a-i-on*)

Than thou, revered and magisterial Donne!

## CXV.

Flat on his face, La Roque, and,—pressed to  
 heart

His dexter hand,—Voltaire with bended  
 knee!

Paul sat and sucked-in triumph; just apart  
 Leaned over him his sister. "Well!"  
 smirks he,

And "Well?" she answers, smiling—woman's  
 art

To let a man's own mouth, not hers,  
 decree



What shall be next move which decides the  
game :

Success? She said so. Failure? His the  
blame.

CXVI.

“Well!” this time forth affirmatively comes  
With smack of lip, and long-drawn sigh  
through teeth

Close clenched o'er satisfaction, as the gums  
Were tickled by a sweetmeat teased be-  
neath

Palate by lubricating tongue: “Well! crumbs  
Of comfort these, undoubtedly! no death  
Likely from famine at Fame's feast! 'tis  
clear

I may put claim in for my pittance, Dear!

CXVII.

“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 garb 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,  
Then, following, licked his heels: exactly so!

CXVIII.

“I like the prospect—their astonishment,  
Confusion: wounded vanity, no doubt,  
Mixed motives; how I see the brows quick  
bent!

‘What, sir, yourself, none other, brought  
about

This change of estimation? Phœbus sent  
His shafts as from Diana?’ Critic pout  
Turns courtier smile: ‘Lo, him we took for  
her!

Pleasant mistake! You bear no malice, sir?’

CXIX.

“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 had time to  
warp

From earnest into sport the words they leapt  
To life with—changed as when maltreated  
harp

Renders in tinkle what some player-prig  
Means for a grave tune though it proves a jig.

CXX.

“What, Paul, and are my pains thus thrown  
away,

My lessons end in loss?” at length fall slow  
The pitying syllables, her lips allay

The satire of by keeping in full flow,  
Above their coral reef, bright smiles at play:

“Can it be, Paul thus fails to rightly know  
And altogether estimate applause  
As just so many asinine hee-haws?”

CXXI.

“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  
furled,

I entered the arena? Yet you croak  
Just as if Phœbé and not Phœbus hurled  
The dart and struck the Python! What, he  
crawls

Humbly in dust before your feet, not Paul's?

CXXII.

“Nay, 'tis no laughing matter though absurd  
If there's an end of honesty on earth!

La Roque sends letters, lying every word!  
Voltaire makes verse, and of himself makes  
mirth

To the remotest age! Rousseau's the third  
Who, driven to despair amid such dearth  
Of people that want praising, finds no one  
More fit to praise than Paul the simpleton!

CXXIII.

“Somebody says—if a man writes at all  
It is to show the writer's kith and kin  
He was unjustly thought a natural;  
And truly, sister, I have yet to win  
Your favourable word, it seems, for Paul  
Whose poetry you count not worth a pin

Though well enough esteemed by these Vol-  
taires,  
Rousseaus and suchlike : let them quack, who  
cares ?”

CXXIV.

“—To Paris with you, Paul! Not one word's  
waste

Further : my scrupulosity was vain !  
Go triumph ! Be my foolish fears effaced  
From memory's record ! Go, to come again  
With glory crowned,—by sister re-embraced,  
Cured of that strange delusion of her brain  
Which led her to suspect that Paris gloats  
On male limbs mostly when in petticoats !”

CXXV.

So laughed her last word, with the little touch  
Of malice proper to the outraged pride  
Of any artist in a work too much  
Shorn of its merits. “By all means be tried  
The opposite procedure ! Cast your crutch  
Away, no longer crippled, nor divide  
The credit of your march to the World's Fair  
With sister Cherry-cheeks who helped you  
there !”

CXXVI.

Crippled, forsooth ! what courser sprightlier  
pranced  
Paris-ward than did Paul? Nay, dreams  
lent wings :

He flew, or seemed to fly, by dreams entranced.  
Dreams? wide-awake realities : no things  
Dreamed merely were the missives that ad-  
vanced

The claim of Malcrais to consort with kings  
Crowned by Apollo—not to say with queens  
Cinctured by Venus for Idalian scenes.

CXXVII.

Sooft he arrives, forthwith is found before  
The outer gate of glory. Bold tic-toc  
Announces there's a giant at the door.

“Ay, sir, here dwells the Chevalier La  
Roque.”

“Lackey ! Malcrais,—mind, no word less  
nor more !—

Desires his presence. I've unearthed the  
brock :

Now, to transfix him !” There stands Paul  
erect,  
Inched out his uttermost, for more effect.

CXXVIII.

A bustling entrance : “Idol of my flame !  
Can it be that my heart attains at last  
Its longing? that you stand, the very same  
As in my visions? . . . Ha ! hey, how ?”  
aghast

Stops short the rapture. “Oh, my boy's to  
blame !

You merely are the messenger ! Too fast  
My fancy rushed to a conclusion. Pooh !  
Well, sir, the lady's substitute is—who ?”

CXXIX.

Then Paul's smirk grows inordinate. “Shake  
hands !

Friendship not love awaits you, master mine,  
Though nor Malcrais nor any mistress stands  
To meet your ardour ! So, you don't divine  
Who wrote the verses wherewith ring the  
land's

Whole length and breadth? Just he  
whereof no line

Had ever leave to blot your Journal—eh?  
Paul Desforges Maillard—otherwise Mal-  
crais !”

CXXX.

And there the two stood, stare confronting  
smirk,

Awhile uncertain which should yield the *pas*.  
In vain the Chevalier beat brain for quirk  
To help in this conjuncture ; at length  
“Bah !

Boh ! Since I've made myself a fool, why  
shirk

The punishment of folly? Ha, ha, ha,  
Let me return your handshake !” Comic sock  
For tragic buskin prompt thus changed La  
Roque.

CXXXI.

“I'm nobody—a wren-like journalist ;  
You've flown at higher game and winged  
your bird,

The golden eagle ! That's the grand acquist !  
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 Maillard, otherwise Malcraix !”

## CXXXII.

Whereupon, arm in arm, and head in air,  
The two begin their journey. Need I say,  
La Roque had felt the talon of Voltaire,  
Had a long-standing little debt to pay,  
And pounced, you may depend, on such a rare  
Occasion for its due discharge ? So, gay  
And grenadier-like, marching to assault,  
They reach the enemy's abode, there halt.

## CXXXIII.

“I'll be announcer !” quoth La Roque : “I  
know,  
Better than you, perhaps, my Breton bard,  
How to procure an audience ! He's not slow  
To smell a rat, this scamp Voltaire ! Discard  
The petticoats too soon,—you'll never show  
Your *haut-de-chausses* and all they've made  
or marred  
In your true person. Here's his servant. Pray,  
Will the great man see Demoiselle Malcraix ?”

## CXXXIV.

Now, the great man was also, no whit less,  
The man of self-respect,—more great man  
he !  
And bowed to social usage, dressed the dress,  
And decorated to the fit degree  
His person ; 'twas enough to bear the stress  
Of battle in the field, without, when free  
From outside foes, inviting friends' attack  
By—sword in hand ? No,—ill-made coat on  
back !

## CXXXV.

And, since the announcement of his visitor  
Surprised him at his toilet,—never glass  
Had such solicitation ! “Black, now—or  
Brown be the killing wig to wear ? Alas,  
Where's the rouge gone, this cheek were  
better for  
A tender touch of ? Melted to a mass,  
All my pomatum ! There's at all events  
A devil—for he's got among my scents !”

## CXXXVI.

So, “barbered ten times o'er,” as Antony  
Paced to his Cleopatra, did at last  
Voltaire proceed to the fair presence : high  
In colour, proud in port, as if a blast  
Of trumpet bade the world “Take note !  
draws nigh  
To Beauty, Power ! Behold the Iconoclast,  
The Poet, the Philosopher, the Rod  
Of iron for imposture ! Ah my God !”

## CXXXVII.

For there stands smirking Paul, and—what  
lights fierce  
The situation as with sulphur flash—  
There grinning stands La Roque ! No  
carte-and-tierce  
Observes the grinning fencer, but, full dash  
From breast to shoulderblade, the thrusts  
transpierce  
That armour against which so idly clash  
The swords of priests and pedants ! Victors  
there,  
Two smirk and grin who have befooled—  
Voltaire !

## CXXXVIII.

A moment's horror ; then quick turn-about  
On high-heeled shoe,—flurry of ruffles,  
flounce  
Of wig-ties and of coat-tails,—and so out  
Of door banged wrathfully behind, goes—  
bounce—  
Voltaire in tragic exit ! vows, no doubt,  
Vengeance upon the couple. Did he  
trounce  
Either, in point of fact ? His anger's flash  
Subsided if a culprit craved his cash.

## CXXXIX.

As for La Roque, he having laughed his laugh  
To heart's content,—the joke defunct at once,  
Dead in the birth, you see,—its epitaph  
Was sober earnest. “Well, sir, for the  
nonce,  
You've gained the laurel ; never hope to graff  
A second sprig of triumph there ! Ensconce  
Yourself again at Croisic : let it be  
Enough you mastered both Voltaire and—me !

## 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

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-  
corn!"

## CXXI.

"Beware us, now we've found who fooled  
us! 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

The tooth leaves when Voltaire is roused  
to bite!

So, keep your counsel, I advise! Adieu!  
Good journey! Ha, ha, ha, Malcraix was—  
you!"

## CXLII.

"—Yes, I'm Malcraix, and somebody be-  
side,

You snickering monkey!" thus winds up  
the tale

Our hero, safe at home, to that black-eyed  
Cherry-cheeked sister, as she soothes the  
pale

Mortified poet. "Let their worst be tried,  
I'm their match henceforth—very man and  
male!

Don't talk to me of knocking-under! man  
And male must end what petticoats began!

## CXLIII.

"How woman-like it is to apprehend  
The world will eat its words! why, words  
transfixed

To stone, they stare at you in print,—at  
end,

Each writer's style and title! Choose  
betwixt

Fool and knave for his name, who should  
intend

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.

## CXLIV.

"No, Dear, allow me! I shall print these  
same

Pieces, with no omitted line, as Paul's,  
Malcraix 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 envious crew: such show their teeth,  
perhaps,

And snarl, but never bite! I know the  
chaps!"

## CXLV.

Oh Paul, oh piteously deluded! Pace  
Thy sad sterility of Croisic flats,  
Watch, from their southern edge, the foamy  
race

Of high-tide as it heaves 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!

## CXLVI.

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!

## CXLVII.

Wherefore? Who does not know how these  
La Roques,

Voltaires, can say and unsay, praise and  
blame,

Prove black white, white black, play at paradox  
And, when they seem to lose it, win the game?

Care not thou what this badger, and that fox,  
His fellow in rascality, call "fame!"

Fiddlepin's end! Thou hadst it,—quack,  
quack, quack!  
Have quietude from geese at Bergerac!

## CXLVIII.

Quietude! 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,—  
Got by no gracious word of great Voltaire  
Or not-so-great La Roque,—is taken back  
By neither, any more than Bergerac!

## CXLIX.

Too true! or rather, true as ought to be!  
No more of Paul the man, Malcrais the  
maid,  
Thenceforth 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 perforce he paid  
A rhyming tribute "After death, survive—  
He hoped he should; and died while yet  
alive!"

## CL.

No, he hoped nothing of the kind, or held  
His peace and died in silent good old  
age.  
Him it was, curiosity impelled  
To seek if there were extant still some  
page  
Of his great predecessor, rat who belled  
The cat once, and would never deign  
engage  
In after-combat with mere mice,—saved from  
More sonnetteering,—René Gentilhomme.

## CLI.

Paul's story furnished forth that famous  
play  
Of Piron's "Métromanie": there you'll  
find

He's Francaieu, while Demoiselle Malcrais  
Is Demoiselle No-end-of-names-behind!  
As for Voltaire, he's Damis. Good and gay  
The plot and dialogue, and all's designed  
To spite Voltaire: at "Something" such the  
laugh  
Of simply "Nothing!" (see his epitaph).

## CLII.

But truth, truth, that's the gold! and all the  
good  
I find in fancy is, it serves to set  
Gold's inmost glint free, gold which comes  
up rude  
And rayless from the mine. All fume and  
fret  
Of artistry beyond this point pursued  
Brings out another sort of burnish: yet  
Always the ingot has its very own  
Value, a sparkle struck from truth alone.

## CLIII.

Now, take this sparkle and the other spirt  
Of fitful flame,—twin births of our grey  
brand  
That's sinking 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  
strand,  
Had Fortune pleased posterity to chowse,  
Boast of her brace of beacons luminous.

## CLIV.

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 marred  
And forced to put about the First-rate!  
True,  
Such tacks but for a time: still—small-craft  
ride  
At anchor, rot while Beddoes breasts the  
tide!

## CLV.

Dear, shall I tell you? There's a simple test  
 Would serve, when people take on them  
 to weigh  
 The worth of poets, "Who was better, best,  
 This, that, the other bard?" (bards none  
 gainsay  
 As good, observe! no matter for the rest)  
 "What quality preponderating may  
 Turn the scale as it 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 wailed  
 Or simply had the dumps,—dispute who list,—  
 I count him victor. Where his fellow failed,  
 Mastered 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,  
 One dance of rogues and idiots! Not, to deal  
 More with things lovely? What provoked  
 the spite  
 Of filth incarnate, like the poet's need  
 Of other nutriment than strife and greed!

## CLVIII.

Who knows most, doubts most; entertaining  
 hope,  
 Means recognizing fear; the keener sense  
 Of all comprised within our actual scope  
 Recoils from aught beyond earth's dim  
 and dense.  
 Who, grown familiar with the sky, will grope  
 Henceforward among groundlings? That's  
 offence  
 Just as indubitably: stars abound  
 O'erhead, but then—what flowers make glad  
 the ground!

## CLIX.

So, force is sorrow, and each sorrow,  
 force:  
 What then? since Swiftness gives the  
 charioteer  
 The palm, his hope be in the vivid horse  
 Whose neck God clothed with thunder,  
 not the steer  
 Sluggish and safe! Yoke Hatred, Crime,  
 Remorse,  
 Despair: but ever mid the whirling fear,  
 Let, through the tumult, break the poet's  
 face  
 Radiant, assured his wild slaves win the race!

## CLX.

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 eyelids'  
 wink  
 Punish who sealed so deep into the night  
 Your mouth up, for two poets dead so  
 long,—  
 Here pleads a live pretender: right your  
 wrong!

## I.

What a pretty tale you told me  
 Once upon a time  
 —Said you found it somewhere (scold me!)  
 Was it prose or was it rhyme,  
 Greek or Latin? Greek, you said,  
 While your shoulder propped my head.

## II.

Anyhow there's no forgetting  
 This much if no more,  
 That a poet (pray, no petting!)  
 Yes, a bard, sir, famed of yore,  
 Went where suchlike used to go,  
 Singing for a prize, you know.

## III.

Well, he had to sing, nor merely  
Sing but play the lyre ;  
Playing was important clearly  
Quite as singing : I desire,  
Sir, you keep the fact in mind  
For a purpose that's behind.

## IV.

There stood he, while deep attention  
Held the judges round,  
—Judges able, I should mention,  
To detect the slightest sound  
Sung or played amiss : such ears  
Had old judges, it appears !

## V.

None the less he sang out boldly,  
Played in time and tune,  
Till the judges, weighing coldly  
Each note's worth, seemed, late or soon,  
Sure to smile "In vain one tries  
Picking faults out : take the prize !"

## VI.

When, a mischief ! Were they seven  
Strings the lyre possessed ?  
Oh, and afterwards eleven,  
Thank you ! Well, sir,—who had guessed  
Such ill luck in store ?—it happed  
One of those same seven strings snapped.

## VII.

All was lost, then ! No ! a cricket  
(What "cicada" ? Pooh !)  
—Some mad thing that left its thicket  
For mere love of music—flew  
With its little heart on fire,  
Lighted on the crippled lyre.

## VIII.

So that when (ah joy !) our singer  
For his truant string  
Feels with disconcerted finger,  
What does cricket else but fling  
Fiery heart forth, sound the note  
Wanted by the throbbing throat ?

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## IX.

Ay and, ever to the ending,  
Cricket chirps at need,  
Executes the hand's intending,  
Promptly, perfectly,—indeed  
Saves the singer from defeat  
With her chirrup low and sweet.

## X.

Till, at ending, all the judges  
Cry with one assent  
"Take the prize—a prize who grudges  
Such a voice and instrument ?  
Why, we took your lyre for harp,  
So it shrilled us forth F sharp !"

## XI.

Did the conqueror spurn the creature,  
Once its service done ?  
That's no such uncommon feature  
In the case when Music's son  
Finds his Lotte's power too spent  
For aiding soul-development.

## XII.

No ! This other, on returning  
Homeward, prize in hand,  
Satisfied his bosom's yearning :  
(Sir, I hope you understand !)  
—Said "Some record there must be  
Of this cricket's help to me !"

## XIII.

So, he made himself a statue :  
Marble stood, life-size ;  
On the lyre, he pointed at you  
Perched his partner on the prize ;  
Never more apart you found  
Her, he throned, from him, she crowned.

## XIV.

That's the tale : its application ?  
Somebody I know  
Hopes one day for reputation  
Through his poetry that's—Oh,  
All so learned and so wise  
And deserving of a prize !

## XV.

If he gains one, will some ticket,  
 When his statue's built,  
 Tell the gazer "'Twas a cricket  
 Helped my crippled lyre, whose lilt  
 Sweet and low, when strength usurped  
 Softness' place i' the scale, she chirped?

## XVI.

"For as victory was nighest,  
 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  
 Vacant left, and duly uttered  
 'Love, Love, Love,' whene'er the bass  
 Asked the treble to atone  
 For its somewhat sombre drone."

## XVIII.

But you don't know music! Wherefore  
 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.

1879.

#### 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 last 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 hinders 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: pray God  
I have baulked him quite!

I'll tell you. Certainly much excuse! It  
came of the way they cooped  
Us peasantry up in a ring just here, close  
huddling because tight-hooped  
By the red-coats round us villagers all: they  
meant we should see the sight  
And take the example,—see, not speak, for  
speech was the Captain's right.

"You clowns on the slope, beware!" cried  
he: "This woman about to die  
Gives by her fate fair warning to such ac-  
quaintance 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 con-  
cern.

"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.

- “Is the counsel hard to follow? I gave it  
you plainly a month ago,  
And where was the good? The rebels have  
learned just all that they need to know.  
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.
- “All about all we did and all we were doing  
and like to do!  
Only, I catch a letter by luck, and capture  
who wrote it, too.  
Some of you men look black enough, but the  
milk-white face demure  
Betokens the finger foul with ink: 'tis a  
woman who writes, be sure!
- “Is it ‘Dearie, how much I miss your  
mouth!’—good natural stuff, she pens?  
Some sprinkle of that, for a blind, of course:  
with talk about cocks and hens,  
How ‘robin has built on the apple-tree, and  
our creeper which came to grief  
Through the frost, we feared, is twining  
afresh round casement in famous leaf.’
- “But all for a blind! She soon glides frank  
into ‘Horrid the place is grown  
With Officers here and Privates there, no  
nook we may call our own:  
And Farmer Giles has a tribe to house, and  
lodging will be to seek  
For the second Company sure to come (‘tis  
whispered) on Monday week.’
- “And so to the end of the chapter! There!  
The murder, you see, was out:  
Easy to guess how the change of mind in the  
rebels was brought about!  
Safe in the trap would they now lie snug, had  
treachery made no sign:  
But treachery meets a just reward, no matter  
if fools malign!
- “That traitors had played us false, was  
proved—sent news which fell so pat:  
And the murder was out—this letter of love,  
the sender of this sent that!
- ’Tis an ugly job, though, all the same—a  
hateful, to have to deal  
With a case of the kind, when a woman’s in  
fault: we soldiers need nerves of steel!
- “So, I gave her a chance, despatched post-  
haste a message to Vincent Parkes  
Whom she wrote to; easy to find he was,  
since one of the King’s own clerks,  
Ay, kept by the King’s own gold in the town  
close by where the rebels camp:  
A sort of a lawyer, just the man to betray  
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  
in the rebels’ books,  
Come quick,’ said I, ‘and in person prove  
you are each of you clear of crime,  
Or martial law must take its course: this day  
next week’s the time!’
- “Next week is now: does he come? Not  
he! Clean gone, our clerk, in a trice!  
He has left his sweetheart here in the lurch:  
no need of a warning twice!  
His own neck free, but his partner’s fast in  
‘the noose still, here she stands  
To pay for her fault. ’Tis an ugly job: but  
soldiers obey commands.
- “And hearken wherefore I make a speech!  
Should any acquaintance share  
The folly that led to the fault that is now to  
be punished, let fools beware!  
Look black, if you please, but keep hands  
white: and, above all else, keep wives—  
Or sweethearts or what they may be—from  
ink! Not a word now, on your lives!”
- Black? but the Pit’s own pitch was white to  
the Captain’s face—the brute  
With the bloated cheeks and the bulgy nose  
and the bloodshot eyes to suit!  
He was muddled with wine, they say: more  
like, he was out of his wits with fear;  
He had but a handful of men, that’s true,—a  
riot might cost him dear.

And all that time stood Rosamund Page,  
with pinioned arms and face  
Bandaged about, on the turf marked out for  
the party's firing-place.  
I hope she was wholly with God: I hope  
'twas His angel stretched a hand  
To steady her so, like the shape of stone you  
see in our church-aisle stand.

I hope there was no vain fancy pierced the  
bandage to vex her eyes,  
No face within which she missed without, no  
questions and no replies—  
“Why did you leave me to die?”—“Because  
. . .” Oh, fiends, too soon you grin  
At merely a moment of hell, like that—such  
heaven as hell ended in!

Let mine end too! He gave the word, up  
went the guns in a line.  
Those heaped on the hill were blind as  
dumb,—for, of all eyes, only mine  
Looked over the heads of the foremost rank.  
Some fell on their knees in prayer,  
Some sank to the earth, but all shut eyes,  
with a sole exception there.

That was myself, who had stolen up last,  
had sidled behind the group:  
I am highest of all on the hill-top, there  
stand fixed while the others stoop!  
From head to foot in a serpent's twine am I  
tightened: / touch ground?  
No more than a gibbet's rigid corpse which  
the fetters rust around!

Can I speak, can I breathe, can I burst—  
ought else but see, see, only see?  
And see I do—for there comes in sight—a  
man, it sure must be!—  
Who staggering, stumblingly rises, falls,  
rises, at random flings his weight  
On and on, anyhow onward—a man that's  
mad he arrives too late!

Else why does he wave a something white  
high-flourished above his head?  
Why does not he call, cry,—curse the fool!  
—why throw up his arms instead?

O take this fist in your own face, fool! Why  
does not yourself shout “Stay!  
Here's a man comes rushing, might and  
main, with something he's mad to say”?

And a minute, only a moment, to have hell-  
fire boil up in your brain,  
And ere you can judge things right, choose  
heaven,—time's over, repentance vain!  
They level: a volley, a smoke and the clear-  
ing of smoke: I see no more  
Of the man smoke hid, nor his frantic arms,  
nor the something white he bore.

But stretched on the field, some half-mile off,  
is an object. Surely dumb,  
Deaf, blind were we struck, that nobody  
heard, not one of us saw him come!  
Has he fainted through fright? One may  
well believe! What is it he holds so  
fast?

Turn him over, examine the face! Heyday!  
What, Vincent Parkes at last?

Dead! dead as she, by the self-same shot:  
one bullet has ended both,  
Her in the body and him in the soul. They  
laugh at our plighted troth.  
“Till death us do part?” Till death us do  
join past parting—that sounds like  
Betrothal indeed! O Vincent Parkes, what  
need has my fist to strike?

I helped you: thus were you dead and wed:  
one bound, and your soul reached hers!  
There is clenched in your hand the thing,  
signed, sealed, the paper which plain  
avers  
She is innocent, innocent, plain as print,  
with the King's Arms broad engraved:  
No one can hear, but if anyone high on the  
hill can see, she's saved!

And torn his garb and bloody his lips with  
heart-break—plain it grew  
How the week's delay had been brought  
about: each guess at the end proved  
true.

It was hard to get at the folk in power: such waste of time! and then  
Such pleading and praying, with, all the while, his lamb in the lions' den!

And at length when he wrung their pardon out, no end to the stupid forms—  
The licence and leave: I make no doubt—  
what wonder if passion warms  
The pulse in a man if you play with his heart?—he was something hasty in speech;  
Anyhow, none would quicken the work: he had to beseech, beseech!

And the thing once 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!  
And 'twas "Halt there!" at every turn of the road, since he had to cross the thick  
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 brag Yourself a friend of the King's? then lend 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  
Of Justices ranged to clear a doubt: for "Vincent," thinks he, sounds French!  
It well may have driven him daft, God knows!  
all man can certainly know  
Is—rushing and falling and rising, at last he arrived in a horror—so!

When a word, cry, gasp, would have rescued both! Ay bite me! The worm begins  
At his work once more. Had cowardice proved—that only—my sin of sins!

Friends, look you here! Suppose . . . suppose . . . But mad I am, 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 than happy and his!"—while gleamed  
A light from hell as I spied the pair in a perfectest 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 gibe 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, —loved Vincent, if you will!

And her—why, I said "Good morrow" to her, "Good even," and nothing more:  
The neighbourly way! She was just to me as fifty had been before.  
So, coward it is and coward shall be! There's a friend, now! Thanks! A drink  
Of water I wanted: and now I can walk, get home by myself, I think.

#### PHEIDIPPIDES.

[Pheidippides, when the 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.]

*Χαίρετε, νικῶμεν.*

FIRST I salute this soil of the blessed, river and rock!

Gods of my birthplace, dæmons and heroes, honour to all!

Then I name thee, claim thee for our patron, co-equal in praise	Fresh and fit your message to bear, once lips give it birth!"
—Ay, with Zeus the Defender, with Her of the ægis and spear! <sup>1</sup>	O my Athens—Sparta love thee? Did Sparta respond?
Also, ye of the bow and the buskin, <sup>2</sup> praised be your peer,	Every face of her leered in a furrow of envy, mistrust,
Now, henceforth and forever,—O latest to whom I praise	Malice,—each eye of her gave me its glitter of gratified hate!
Hand and heart and voice! For Athens, leave pasture and flock!	Gravely they turned to take counsel, to cast for excuses. I stood
Present to help, potent to save, Pan—patron I call!	Quivering,—the limbs of me fretting as fire frets, an inch from dry wood:
Archons of Athens, topped by the tettix, <sup>3</sup> see, I return!	"Persia has come, Athens asks aid, and still they debate?
See, 'tis myself here standing alive, no spectre that speaks!	Thunder, thou Zeus! Athené, are Spartans a quarry beyond
Crowned with the myrtle, did you command me, Athens and you,	Swing of thy spear? Phoibos and Artemis, clang them 'Ye must'!"
"Run, Pheidippides, run and race, reach Sparta for aid!	No bolt launched from Olumpus! Lo, their answer at last!
Persia has come, we are here, where is She?" Your command I obeyed,	"Has Persia come,—does Athens ask aid,— may Sparta befriend?
Ran and raced: like stubble, some field which a fire runs through,	Nowise precipitate judgment—too weighty the issue at stake!
Was the space between city and city: two days, two nights did I burn	Count we no time lost time which lags through respect to the Gods!
Over the hills, under the dales, down pits and up peaks.	Ponder that precept of old, 'No warfare, whatever the odds
Into their midst I broke: breath served but for "Persia has come!	In your favour, so long as the moon, half- orbed, is unable to take
Persia bids Athens proffer slaves'-tribute, water and earth;	Full-circle her state in the sky!' Already she rounds to it fast:
Razed to the ground is Eretria—but Athens, shall Athens sink,	Athens must wait, patient as we—who judg- ment suspend."
Drop into dust and die—the flower of Hellas utterly die,	Athens,—except for that sparkle,—thy name, I had mouldered to ash!
Die, with the wide world spitting at Sparta, the stupid, the stander- by?	That sent a blaze through my blood; off, off and away was I back,
Answer me quick, what help, what hand do you stretch o'er destruction's brink?	—Not one word to waste, one look to lose on the false and the vile!
How,—when? No care for my limbs!—there's lightning in all and some—	Yet "O Gods of my land!" I cried, as each hillock and plain,
	Wood and stream, I knew, I named, rushing past them again,
	"Have ye kept faith, proved mindful of honours we paid you erewhile?"

<sup>1</sup> Athené.<sup>2</sup> Apollo and Artemis.<sup>3</sup> The grasshopper, the national emblem.

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 enwreath  
Brows made bold by your leaf! Fade at the  
Persian’s foot,  
You that, our patrons were pledged, should  
never adorn a slave!  
Rather I hail thee, Parnes,—trust to thy wild  
waste tract!  
Treeless, herbless, lifeless mountain! What  
matter if slacked  
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  
from the mute!”

Such my cry as, rapid, I ran over Parnes’  
ridge;  
Gully and gap I clambered and cleared till,  
sudden, a bar  
Jutted, a stoppage of stone against me, block-  
ing the way.  
Right! for I minded the hollow to traverse,  
the fissure across:  
“Where I could enter, there I depart by!  
Night in the fosse?  
Out of the day dive, into the day as bravely  
arise! No bridge  
Better!”—when—ha! what was it I came  
on, of wonders that are?

There, in the cool of a cleft, sat he—majes-  
tical Pan!  
Ivy drooped wanton, kissed his head, moss  
cushioned his hoof:  
All the great God was good in the eyes grave-  
kindly—the curl  
Carved on the bearded cheek, amused at a  
mortal’s awe,  
As, under the human trunk, the goat-thighs  
grand I saw.

“Halt, Pheidippides!”—halt I did, my  
brain of a whirl:

“Hither to me! Why pale in my presence?”  
he gracious began:

“How is it,—Athens, only in Hellas, holds  
me aloof?

“Athens, she only, rears me no fane, makes  
me no feast!

Wherefore? Than I what godship to Athens  
more helpful of old?

Ay, and still, and forever her friend! Test  
Pan, trust me!

Go, bid Athens take heart, laugh Persia to  
scorn, have faith

In the temples and tombs! Go, say to  
Athens, ‘The Goat-God saith:

When Persia—so much as strews not the soil  
—is cast in the sea,

Then praise Pan who fought in the ranks  
with your most and least,

Goat-thigh to greaved-thigh, made one cause  
with the free and the bold!’

“Say Pan saith: ‘Let this, foreshowing the  
place, be the pledge!’”

(Gay, the liberal hand held out this herbage  
I bear

—Fennel—I grasped it a-tremble with dew  
—whatever it bode)

“While, as for thee . . .” But enough!  
He was gone. If I ran hitherto—

Be sure that, the rest of my journey, I ran no  
longer, but flew.

Parnes to Athens—earth no more, the air  
was my road:

Here am I back. Praise Pan, we stand no  
more on the razor’s edge!<sup>1</sup>

Pan for Athens, Pan for me! I too have a  
guerdon rare!

Then spoke Miltiades. “And thee, best  
runner of Greece,

Whose limbs did duty indeed,—what gift is  
promised thyself?

<sup>1</sup> A Greek idiom for a dangerous position.

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  
what thou hast done

Count on a worthy reward! Henceforth be  
allowed thee release

From the racer's toil, no vulgar reward in  
praise or in pelf!'

"I am bold to believe, Pan means reward  
the most to my mind!

Fight I shall, with our foremost, wherever  
this fennel may grow,—

Pound—Pan helping us—Persia to dust, and,  
under the deep,

Whelm her away for ever; and then,—no  
Athens to save,—

Marry a certain maid, I know keeps faith to  
the brave,—

Hie to my house and home: and, when my  
children shall creep

Close to my knees,—recount how the God  
was awful yet kind,

Promised their sire reward to the full—re-  
warding him—so!"

Unforeseeing one! Yes, he fought on the  
Marathon day:

So, when Persia was dust, all cried "To  
Akropolis!

Run, Pheidippides, one race more! the  
meed is thy due!

'Athens is saved, thank Pan,' go shout!"  
He flung down his shield,

Ran like fire once more: and the space 'twixt  
the Fennel-field<sup>1</sup>

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!

<sup>1</sup> Marathon.

So, to this day, when friend meets friend,  
the word of salute

Is still "Rejoice!"—his word which brought  
rejoicing indeed.

So is Pheidippides happy for ever,—the noble  
strong man

Who could race like a God, bear the face  
of a God, whom a God loved so well;

He saw the land saved he had helped to save,  
and was suffered to tell

Such tidings, yet never decline, but, gloriously  
as he began,

So to end gloriously—once to shout, there-  
after be mute:

"Athens is saved!"—Pheidippides dies in  
the shout for his meed.

HALBERT AND HOB.

HERE is a thing that happened. Like wild  
beasts whelped, 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

Softens away: yet, last of their line, the  
wildest and worst were these.

Criminals, then? Why, no: they did not  
murde. 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, grudging agreement : so, father  
and son aye curled

The closelier 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 gibe, and curse

Competed with oath in wager, like pastime  
in hell,—nay, worse :

For pastime turned to earnest, as up there  
sprang 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 parish shell ! ”

Now, the old trunk was tough, was solid as  
stump of oak

Untouched at the core by a thousand years :  
much less had its seventy broke

One whipcord nerve in the muscly mass from  
neck to shoulder-blade

Of the mountainous man, whereon his child's  
rash hand like a feather weighed.

Nevertheless at once did the mammoth shut  
his eyes,

Drop chin to breast, drop hands to sides,  
stand stiffened—arms and thighs

All of a piece—struck mute, much as a sentry  
stands,

Patient to take the enemy's fire : his captain  
so commands.

Whereat the son's wrath flew to fury at such  
sheer scorn

Of his puny strength by the giant eld thus  
acting the babe new-born :

And “ Neither will this turn serve ! ” yelled  
he. “ Out with you ! Trundle, log !

If you cannot tramp and trudge like a man,  
try all-fours like a dog ! ”

Still the old man stood mute. So, logwise,—  
down to floor

Pulled from his fireside place, dragged on  
from hearth to door,—

Was he pushed, a very log, staircase along,  
until

A certain turn in the steps was reached, a  
yard from the house-door-sill.

Then the father opened eyes—each spark of  
their rage extinct,—

Temples, late black, dead-blanchèd,—right-  
hand with left-hand linked,—

He faced his son submissive ; when slow the  
accents came,

They were strangely mild though his son's  
rash hand on his neck lay all the same.

“ Hob, on just such a night of a Christmas  
long ago,

For such a cause, with such a gesture, did I  
drag—so—

My father down thus far : but, softening here,  
I heard

A voice in my heart, and stopped : you wait  
for an outer word.

“ For your own sake, not mine, soften you  
too ! Untrod

Leave this last step we reach, nor brave the  
finger of God !

I dared not pass its lifting : I did well. I  
nor blame

Nor praise you. I stopped here : and, Hob,  
do you the same ! ”

Straightway the son relaxed his hold of the  
father's throat.

They mounted, side by side, to the room  
again : no note

Took either of each, no sign made each to  
either : last

As first, in absolute silence, their Christmas-  
night they passed.



At dawn, the father sate on, dead, in the  
self-same place,  
With an outburst blackening still the old bad  
fighting-face :  
But the son crouched all a-tremble like any  
lamb new-yearned.

When he went to the burial, someone's staff  
he borrowed—tottered and leaned.  
But his lips were loose, not locked,—kept  
muttering, mumbling. “There !  
At his cursing and swearing !” the youngsters  
cried : but the elders thought “In  
prayer.”

A boy threw stones : he picked them up and  
stored them in his vest.

So tottered, muttered, mumbled he, till he  
died, perhaps found rest.

“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

The mastery wherewithal, by a flourish of  
just the adze,

He cleaves, clamps, dovetails in,—no need  
of our nails and brads,—

The manageable pine : 'tis said he could  
shave himself

With the axe,—so all adroit, now a giant  
and now an elf,

Does he work and play at once !”

Quoth my friend the Russ to me,

“Ay, that and more beside on occasion ! It  
scarce may be

You never heard tell a tale told children,  
time out of mind,

By father and mother and nurse, for a moral  
that's behind,

Which children quickly seize. If the incident  
happened at all,

We place it in Peter's time when hearts were  
great not small,

Germanized, Frenchified. I wager 'tis old  
to you

As the story of Adam and Eve, and possibly  
quite as true.”

In the deep of our land, 'tis said, a village  
from out the woods

Emerged on the great main-road 'twixt two  
great solitudes.

Through forestry right and left, black verst<sup>1</sup>  
and verst of pine,

From village to village runs the road's long  
wide bare line.

Clearance and clearance break the else-  
unconquered growth

Of pine and all that breeds and broods there,  
leaving loth

Man's inch of masterdom,—spot of life, spirt  
of fire,—

To star the dark and dread, lest right and  
rule expire

Throughout the monstrous wild, a-hungered  
to resume

Its ancient sway, suck back the world into  
its womb :

Defrauded by man's craft which clove from  
North to South

This highway broad and straight e'en from  
the Neva's mouth

To Moscow's gates of gold. So, spot of life  
and spirt

Of fire aforesaid, burn, each village death-  
begirt

By wall and wall of pine—unprobed un-  
dreamed abyss.

<sup>1</sup> About two-thirds of a mile.

Early one winter morn, in such a village as this,  
 Snow-whitened everywhere except the middle road  
 Ice-roughed by track of sledge, there worked by his abode  
 Ivàn Ivànovitch, the carpenter, employed  
 On a huge shipmast trunk; his axe now trimmed and toyed  
 With branch and twig, and now some chop athwart the bole  
 Changed bole to billets, bared at once the sap 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, on edge  
 Of the hamlet — horse's hoofs galloping.  
 "How, a sledge?  
 What's here?" cried all as—in, up to the open space,  
 Workyard and market-ground, folk's common meeting-place,—  
 Stumbled on, till he fell, in one last bound for life,  
 A horse: and, at his heels, a sledge held—  
 "Dmitri's wife!  
 Back without Dmitri too! and children—  
 where are they?  
 Only a frozen corpse!"

They drew it forth: then—"Nay,  
 Not dead, though like to die! Gone hence a month ago:  
 Home again, this rough jaunt—alone through night and snow—  
 What can the cause be? Hark—Droug, old horse, how he groans:  
 His day's done! Chafe away, keep chafing, for she moans:  
 She's coming to! Give here: see, mother-kin, your friends!"

Cheer up, all safe at home! Warm inside makes amends  
 For outside cold,—sup quick! Don't look as we were bears!  
 What is it startles you? What strange adventure stares  
 Up at us in your face? You know friends—which is which?  
 I'm Vassili, he's Sergei, Ivàn Ivànovitch . . ."

At the word, the woman's eyes, slow-wandering till they neared  
 The blue eyes o'er the bush of honey-coloured beard,  
 Took in full light and sense and—torn to rags, some dream  
 Which hid the naked truth—O loud and long the scream  
 She gave, as if all power of voice within her throat  
 Poured itself wild away to waste in one dread note!  
 Then followed gasps and sobs, and then the steady flow  
 Of kindly tears: the brain was saved, a man might know.  
 Down fell her face upon the good friend's propping knee;  
 His broad hands smoothed her head, as fain to brush it free  
 From fancies, swarms that stung like bees unhived. He soothed—  
 "Loukèria, Louscha!"—still he, fondling, smoothed and smoothed.  
 At last her lips formed speech.

"Ivàn, dear—you indeed!  
 You, just the same dear you! While I . . .  
 O intercede,  
 Sweet Mother, with thy Son Almighty—let his might  
 Bring yesterday once more, undo all done last night!  
 But this time yesterday, Ivàn, I sat like you,  
 A child on either knee, and, dearer than the two,

<p>A babe inside my arms, close to my heart— that's lost In morsels o'er the snow! Father, Son, Holy Ghost, Cannot you bring again my blessed yesterday?"</p> <p>When no more tears would flow, she told her tale : this way.</p> <p>" Maybe, a month ago,—was it not?—news came here, They wanted, deeper down, good workmen fit to rear A church and roof it in. 'We'll go,' my husband said : 'None understands like me to melt and mould their lead.' So, friends here helped us off—Ivàn, dear, you the first! How gay we jingled forth, all five—(my heart will burst)— While Dmitri shook the reins, urged Droug upon his track!</p> <p>" Well, soon the month ran out, we just were coming back, When yesterday—behold, the village was on fire! Fire ran from house to house. What help, as, nigh and nigher, The flames came furious? 'Haste,' cried Dmitri, 'men must do The little good man may : to sledge and in with you, You and our three! We check the fire by laying flat Each building in its path,—I needs must stay for that,— But you . . . no time for talk! Wrap round you every rug, Cover the couple close,—you'll have the babe to hug. No care to guide old Droug, he knows his way, by guess, Once start him on the road : but chirrup, none the less!</p>	<p>The snow lies glib as glass and hard as steel, and soon You'll have rise, fine and full, a marvel of a moon. Hold straight up, all the same, this lighted twist of pitch! Once home and with our friend Ivàn Ivàno- vitch, All's safe : I have my pay in pouch, all's right with me, So I but find as safe you and our precious three! Off, Droug!—because the flames had reached us, and the men Shouted 'But lend a hand, Dmitri—as good as ten!'</p> <p>" So, in we bundled—I, and those God gave me once; Old Droug, that's stiff at first, seemed youth- ful for the nonce : He understood the case, galloping straight ahead. Out came the moon : my twist soon dwindled, feebly red In that unnatural day—yes, daylight, bred between Moon-light and snow-light, lamped those grotto-depths which screen Such devils from God's eye. Ah, pines, how straight you grow Nor bend one pitying branch, true breed of brutal snow! Some undergrowth had served to keep the devils blind While we escaped outside their border!</p> <p style="text-align: right;">" Was that—wind? Anyhow, Droug starts, stops, back go his ears, he snuff, Snorts,—never such a snort! then plunges, knows the sough's Only the wind : yet, no—our breath goes up too straight! Still the low sound,—less low, loud, louder, at a rate</p>
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<p>There's no mistaking more! Shall I lean out—look—learn The truth whatever it be? Pad, pad! At last, I turn—</p> <p>“‘Tis the regular pad of the wolves in pur- suit 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 fore- most—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 first of the band! How he lolls out the length of his tongue, How he laughs and lets gleam his white teeth! He is on me, his paws pry among The wraps and the rugs! O my pair, my twin-pigeons, lie still and seem dead! Stepàn, he shall never have you for a meal, —here's your mother instead! No, he will not be counselled—must cry, poor Stìdpka, so foolish! though first Of my boy-brood, he was not the best: nay, neighbours have called him the worst: He was puny, an undersized slip,—a darling to me, all the same! But little there was to be praised in the boy, and a plenty to blame. I loved him with heart and soul, yes—but, deal him a blow for a fault, He would sulk for whole days. ‘Foolish boy! lie still or the villain will vault, Will snatch you from over my head!’ No use! he cries, screams,—who can hold Fast a boy in a frenzy of fear! It follows— as I foretold!</p>	<p>The Satan-face snatched and snapped: I tugged, I tore—and then His brother too needs must shriek! If one must go, 'tis men The Tsar needs, so we hear, not ailing boys! Perhaps My hands relaxed their grasp, got tangled in the wraps: God, he was gone! I looked: there tumbled the cursed crew, Each fighting for a share: too busy to pursue! That's so far gain at least: Droug, gallop another verst Or two, or three—God sends we beat them, arrive the first! A mother who boasts two boys was ever accounted rich: Some have not a boy: some have, but lose him,—God knows which Is worse: how pitiful to see your weakling pine And pale and pass away! Strong brats, this pair of mine!</p> <p>“O misery! for while I settle to what near seems Content, I am 'ware again of the tramp, and again there gleams— Point and point—the line, eyes, levelled green brassy fire! So soon is resumed your chase? Will nothing appease, nought tire The furies? And yet I think—I am certain the race is slack, And the numbers are nothing like. Not a quarter of the pack! Feasters and those full-fed are staying be- hind . . . Ah why? We'll sorrow for that too soon! Now,— gallop, reach home, and die, Nor ever again leave house, to trust our life in the trap For life—we call a sledge! Teriòscha, in my lap! Yes, I'll lie down upon you, tight-tie you with the strings Here—of my heart! No fear, this time, your mother flings . . .</p>
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Flings? I flung? Never! but think!—a woman, after all

Contending with a wolf! Save you I must and shall,

Terentii!

“How now? What, you still head the race,

Your eyes and tongue and teeth crave fresh food, Satan-face?

There and there! Plain I struck green fire out! Flash again?

All a poor fist can do to damage eyes proves vain! My fist—why not crunch that? He is wanton for . . . O God,

Why give this wolf his taste? Common wolves scrape and prod

The earth till out they scratch some corpse—mere putrid flesh!

Why must this glutton leave the faded, choose the fresh?

Terentii—God, feel!—his neck keeps fast thy bag

Of holy things, saints' bones, this Satan-face will drag

Forth, and devour along with him, our Pope declared

The relics were to save from danger!

“Spurned, not spared!

'Twas through my arms, crossed arms, he—nuzzling now with snout,

Now ripping, tooth and claw—plucked, pulled Terentii out,

A prize indeed! I saw—how could I else but see?—

My precious one—I bit to hold back—pulled from me!

Up came the others, fell to dancing—did the imps!—

Skipped as they scampered round. There's one is grey, and limps:

Who knows but old bad Mārpha,—she always owed me spite

And envied me my births,—skulks out of doors at night

And turns into a wolf, and joins the sisterhood, And laps the youthful life, then slinks from out the wood,

Squats down at door by dawn, spins there demure as erst

—No strength, old crone,—not she!—to crawl forth half a verst!

“Well, I escaped with one: 'twixt one and none there lies

The space 'twixt heaven and hell. And see, a rose-light dyes

The endmost snow: 'tis dawn, 'tis day, 'tis safe at home!

We have outwitted you! Ay, monsters, snarl and foam,

Fight each the other fiend, disputing for a share,—

Forgetful, in your greed, our finest off we bear, Tough Droug and I,—my babe, my boy that shall be man,

My man that shall be more, do all a hunter can To trace and follow and find and catch and crucify

Wolves, wolfkins, all your crew! A thousand deaths shall die

The whimperingest cub that ever squeezed the teat!

‘Take that!’ we'll stab you with,—‘the tenderness we met

When, wretches, you danced round—not this, thank God—not this!

Hellhounds, we baulk you!’

“But—Ah, God above!—Bliss, bliss—Not the band, no! And yet—yes, for Droug knows him! One—

This only of them all has said ‘She saves a son!’

His fellows disbelieve such luck: but he believes,

He lets them pick the bones, laugh at him in their sleeves:

He's off and after us,—one speck, one spot, one ball

Grows bigger, bound on bound,—one wolf as good as all!

Oh but I know the trick! Have at the snaky tongue!

That's the right way with wolves! Go, tell your mates I wrung

The panting morsel out, left you to howl  
your worst!

Now for it—now! Ah me! I know him—  
thrice-accurst

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  
I guard:

I overspread with flesh the whole of him.  
Too hard

To die this way, torn piecemeal? Move  
hence? Not I—one inch!

Gnaw through me, through and through:  
flat thus I lie nor flinch!

O God, the feel of the fang furrowing my  
shoulder!—see!

It grinds—it grates the bone. O Kirill  
under me,

Could I do more? Beside he knew wolf’s  
way to win:

I clung, closed round like wax: yet in he  
wedged and in,

Past my neck, past my breasts, my heart,  
until . . . how feels

The onion-bulb your knife parts, pushing  
through its peels,

Till out you scoop its clove wherein lie stalk  
and leaf

And bloom and seed unborn?

“That slew me: yes, in brief,

I died then, dead I lay doubtlessly till Droug  
stopped

Here, I suppose. I come to life, I find me  
propped

Thus—how or when or why,—I know not.  
Tell me, friends,

All was a dream: laugh quick and say the  
nightmare ends!

Soon I shall find my house: ’tis over there:  
in proof,

Save for that chimney heaped with snow,  
you’d see the roof

Which holds my three—my two—my one—  
not one?

“Life’s mixed

With misery, yet we live—must live. The  
Satan fixed

His face on mine so fast, I took its print as pitch  
Takes what it cools beneath. Ivàn Ivànovitch,  
’Tis you unharden me, you thaw, disperse  
the thing!

Only keep looking kind, the horror will not  
cling.

Your face smooths fast away each print of  
Satan. Tears

—What good they do! Life’s sweet, and  
all its after-years,

Ivàn Ivànovitch, I owe you! Yours am I!  
May God reward you, dear!”

Down she sank. Solemnly

Ivàn rose, raised his axe,—for fitly, as she  
knelt,

Her head lay: well-apart, each side, her  
arms hung,—dealt

Lightning-swift thunder-strong one blow—  
no need of more!

Headless she knelt on still: that pine was  
sound at core

(Neighbours were used to say)—cast-iron-  
kernelled—which

Taxed for a second stroke Ivàn Ivànovitch.

The man was scant of words as strokes. “It  
had to be:

I could no other: God it was bade ‘Act for me!’”  
Then stooping, peering round—what is it  
now he lacks?

A proper strip of bark wherewith to wipe his  
axe.

Which done, he turns, goes in, closes the  
door behind.

The others mute remain, watching the blood-  
snake wind

Into a hiding-place among the splinter-heaps.

At length, still mute, all move: one lifts,—  
from where it steeps

Redder each ruddy rag of pine,—the head:  
two more

Take up the dripping body: then, mute still  
as before,

Move in a sort of march, march on till  
marching ends

Opposite to the church; where halting,—  
who suspends,

By its long hair, the thing, deposits in its  
place

The piteous head: once more the body  
shows no trace

Of harm done: there lies whole the Louscha,  
maid and wife

And mother, loved until this latest of her  
life.

Then all sit on the bank of snow which  
bounds a space

Kept 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  
sake

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,  
Stàrosta, that's his style,—like Equity Judge

with you,—  
Natural Jurisconsult: then, fenced about with

furs,  
Pomeschik,—Lord of the Land, who wields

—and none demurs—  
A power of life and death. They stoop,

survey the corpse.

Then, straightened on his staff, the Stàrosta  
—the thorp's

Sagaciousest old man—hears what you just  
have heard,

From Droug's first inrush, all, up to Ivàn'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 rouse!

Why was not law observed? What article  
allows

Whoso 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

rash!  
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 'scape: yet, if the

crashing scare  
My children,—as you are,—if sons fly, one

and all,  
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—scarce duty, I require.  
Ivàn Ivànovitch has done a deed that's

named  
Murder by law and me: who doubts, may

seep unblamed!”

All turned to the old Pope. “Ay, children,  
I am old—

How old, myself have got to know no longer.  
Rolled

Quite round, my orb 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.

“The world lies under me : and nowhere I detect  
 So great a gift as this—God's own—of human life.  
 'Shall the dead praise thee ? ' No ! 'The whole live world is rife,  
 God, with thy glory,' rather ! Life then, God's best of gifts,  
 For what shall man exchange ? For life—when so he shifts  
 The weight and turns the scale, lets life for life restore  
 God's balance, sacrifice the less to gain the more,  
 Substitute—for low life, another's or his own—  
 Life large and liker God's who gave it : thus alone  
 May life extinguish life that life may trulier be !  
 How low this law descends on earth, is not for me  
 To trace : complexed becomes the simple, intricate  
 The plain, when I pursue law's winding. 'Tis the straight  
 Outflow of law I know and name : to law, the fount  
 Fresh from God's footstool, friends, follow while I remount.

“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—discrowned, unchilded, 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 scorch,  
 Let fall the same ? Forsooth, her flesh a fire-flake stings :  
 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 fox-dam, hunger-pined, will slay the felon sire  
 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 trow,  
 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  
 'lost'  
 Condemns itself beyond appeal. The sol-  
 dier's post  
 Guards from the foe's attack the camp he  
 sentinels :  
 That he no traitor proved, this and this only  
 tells—  
 Over the corpse of him trod foe to foe's  
 success.  
 Yet—one by one thy crowns torn from thee  
 —thou no less  
 To scare the world, shame God,—livedst ! I  
 hold He saw  
 The unexampled sin, ordained the novel  
 law,  
 Whereof first instrument was first intelli-  
 gence  
 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.  
 Ivàn Ivànovitch, I hold, has done, this day,  
 No otherwise than did, in ages long ago,  
 Moses when he made known the purport of  
 that flow  
 Of fire athwart the law's twain-tables ! I  
 proclaim  
 Ivàn Ivànovitch God's servant !”

At which name

Uprose that creepy whisper from out the  
 crowd, is wont  
 To swell and surge and sink when fellow-  
 men confront  
 A punishment that falls on fellow flesh and  
 blood,  
 Appallingly beheld — shudderingly under-  
 stood,  
 No less, to be the right, the just, the merciful.  
 “God's servant !” hissed the crowd.

When that Amen grew dull  
 And died away and left acquittal plain  
 adjudged,  
 “Amen !” last sighed the lord. “There's  
 none shall say I grudged  
 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 !  
 Ivàn Ivànovitch—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 Inno-  
 cence enshrined,  
 Or I missay ! Go, some ! You others, haste  
 and hide  
 The dismal object there : get done, whate'er  
 betide !”

So, while the youngers raised the corpse, the  
 elders trooped  
 Silently to the house : where halting, some-  
 one stooped,  
 Listened beside the door ; all there was silent  
 too.  
 Then they held counsel ; then pushed door  
 and, passing through,  
 Stood in the murderer's presence.

Ivàn Ivànovitch

Knelt, building on the floor that Kremlin rare  
 and rich

He deftly cut and carved on lazy winter nights.  
 Some five young faces watched, breathlessly,  
 as, to rights,  
 Piece upon piece, he reared the fabric nigh  
 complete.  
 Stèscha, Ivàn's old mother, sat spinning by  
 the heat  
 Of the oven where his wife Kátia stood baking  
 bread.  
 Ivàn's self, as he turned his honey-coloured  
 head,  
 Was just in act to drop, 'twixt fir-cones,—  
 each a dome,—  
 The scooped-out yellow gourd presumably  
 the home  
 Of Kolokol the Big: the bell, therein to hitch,  
 —An acorn-cup—was ready: Ivàn Ivànovitch  
 Turned with it in his mouth.

They told him he was free  
 As air to walk abroad. "How otherwise?"  
 asked he.

#### TRAY.

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 habergeon . . ."  
 Sir Olaf and his bard—!

"That sin-scathed brow" (quoth Bard the  
 second)

"That eye wide ope as though Fate beckoned  
 My hero to some steep, beneath  
 Which precipice smiled tempting death . . .  
 You too without your host have reckoned!

"A beggar-child" (let's hear this third!)  
 "Sat on a quay's edge: like a bird  
 Sang to herself at careless play,  
 And fell into the stream. 'Dismay!  
 Help, you the standers-by!' None 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 he comes 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, prerogativéd  
 With reason, reasoned: 'Why he dived,  
 His brain would show us, I should say.

"John, go and catch—or, if needs be,  
 Purchase—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 daft  
 Midsummer's Day:  
 A broiling blasting June,—was never its like,  
 men say.  
 Corn stood sheaf-ripe already, and trees  
 looked yellow as that; \*  
 Ponds drained dust-dry, the cattle lay foam-  
 ing around each flat.

<p>Inside town, dogs went mad, and folk kept bibbing beer While the parsons prayed for rain. 'Twas horrible, yes—but queer : Queer—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-bowsing there.</p> <p>But the Court House, Quality crammed : through doors ope, 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, one and all, Of a reek with laying down the law in a furnace. Why? Because their lungs breathed flame—the regular crowd forbye— From gentry pouring in—quite a nosegay, to be sure ! How else could they pass the time, six mortal hours endure Till night should extinguish day, when matters might haply mend? Meanwhile no bad resource was—watching begin and end Some trial for life and death, in a brisk five minutes' space, And betting which knave would 'scape, which hang, from his sort of face.</p> <p>So, their Lordships toiled and moiled, and a deal of work was done (I warrant) to justify the mirth of the crazy sun As this and 't'other lout, struck dumb at the sudden show</p>	<p>Of red robes and white wigs, boggled nor answered "Boh !" When asked why he, Tom Styles, should not —because Jack Nokes Had stolen the horse—be hanged : for Judges must have their jokes, And louts must make allowance—let's say, for some blue fly Which punctured a dewy scalp where the frizzles stuck awry— Else Tom had fleered scot-free, so nearly over and done Was the main of the job. Full-measure, the gentles enjoyed their fun, As a twenty-five were tried, rank puritans caught at prayer In a cow-house and laid by the heels,—have at 'em, devil may care !— And ten were prescribed the whip, and ten a brand on the cheek, And five a slit of the nose—just leaving enough to tweak.</p> <p>Well, things at jolly high-tide, amusement steeped in fire, While noon smote fierce the roof's red tiles to heart's desire, The Court a-simmer with smoke, one ferment of oozy flesh, One spirituous humming musk mount-mount- ing until its mesh Entoiled all heads in a fluster, and Serjeant Postlethwayte —Dashing the wig oblique as he mopped his oily pate— Cried "Silence, or I grow grease! No loophole lets in air? Jurymen,—Guilty, Death! Gainsay me if you dare !" —Things at this pitch, I say,—what bubbl without the doors? What laughs, shrieks, hoots and yells, what rudest of uproars? Bounce through the barrier throng a bulk comes rolling vast ! Thumps, kicks,—no manner of use !—spite of them rolls at last</p>
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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 fiend-faces ! yet, all  
 the same,  
 Mixed with a certain . . . eh? 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, javelineers,—all met, if I under-  
 stand,  
 To decide so knotty a point as whether ’twas  
 Jack or Joan  
 Robbed the henroost, 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 parish-  
 stocks 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  
 his life  
 So little as wag 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 quean, unhangd  
 —search near and far !  
 Eh, Tab? The pedlar, 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,—aha, how we two  
 laughed a-good  
 As, stealing round the midden, he came on  
 where I stood  
 With billet 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-livered knavesknew too (I’ve baulked  
 a d—)  
 Our keeping the ‘ Pied Bull ’ was just a mere  
 pretence :  
 Too slow the pounds make food, drink, lodg-  
 ing, from out the pence !  
 There’s not a stoppage to travel has chanced,  
 this ten long year,  
 No break into hall or grange, no lifting of  
 nag or steer,  
 Not a single roguery, from the clipping of a  
 purse  
 To the cutting of a throat, but paid us toll.  
 Od’s curse !  
 When Gipsy Smouch made bold to cheat us  
 of our due,  
 —Eh, Tab? the Squire’s strong-box we helped  
 the rascal 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,  
 ’Twas Scroggs that houghed the mare ! Ay,  
 those were busy days !

"Well, there we flourished brave, like scrip-  
 ture-trees called bays,  
 Faring high, drinking hard, in money up to head  
 —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, sirs, here's life, salvation! Here's—hold  
 but out my breath—  
 When did I speak so long without once  
 swearing? 'Sdeath,  
 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  
 strawy blaze,  
 But sky wide ope, sun, moon, and seven stars  
 out full-flare!  
 Tab, help and tell! I'm hoarse. A mug!  
 or—no, a prayer!  
 Dip for one out of the Book! Who wrote it  
 in the Jail  
 —He plied his pen unhelped by beer, sirs,  
 I'll be bail!  
 "I've got my second wind. In trundles she  
 —that's Tab.  
 'Why, Gammer, what's come now, that—  
 bobbing like a crab  
 On Yule-tide bowl—your head's a-work and  
 both your eyes  
 Break loose? Afeard, you fool? As if the  
 dead can rise!  
 Say—Bagman Dick was found last May with  
 fuddling-cap  
 Stuffed in his mouth: to choke's a natural  
 mishap!  
 'Gaffer, be—blessed,' cries she, 'and Bagman  
 Dick as well!  
 I, you, and he are damned: this Public is our hell:  
 We live in fire: live coals don't feel!—once  
 quenched, they learn—  
 Cinders 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 ups with  
 such a face,  
 Heart sunk inside me. 'Well, pad on, my  
 prate-apace!'  
 "I've been about those laces we need  
 for . . . never mind!  
 If henceforth they tie hands, 'tis mine they'll  
 have to bind.  
 You know who makes them best—the Tinker  
 in our cage,  
 Pulled-up for gospelling, twelve years ago:  
 no age  
 To try another trade,—yet, so he scorned to 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 jail-bird 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—  
*Patmore*—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 "Lawks" 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!

<p>He raised his hand . . . Hast seen, when drinking out the night, And in, the day, earth grow another some- thing quite Under the sun's first stare? I stood a very stone.</p> <p>“ “Woman !” (a fiery tear he put in every tone), “ How should my child frequent your house where lust is sport, Violence—trade? Too true! I trust no vague report. Her angel's hand, which stops the sight of sin, leaves clear The other gate of sense, lets outrage through the ear. What has she heard!—which, heard shall never be again. Better lack food than feast, a Dives in the— wain Or reign or train—of Charles !” (His language was not ours : 'Tis my belief, God spoke : no tinker has such powers). “ Bread, only bread they bring—my laces : if we broke Your lump of leavened sin, the loaf's first crumb would choke !”</p> <p>“ “Down on my marrow-bones ! Then all at once rose he : His brown hair burst a-spread, his eyes were suns to see : Up went his hands : “ Through flesh, I reach, I read thy soul ! So may some stricken tree look blasted, bough and bole, Champed by the fire-tooth, charred without, and yet, thrice-bound With dreriment 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 ?</p>	<p>Who says ‘ How save it ? ’—nor ‘ Why cum- bers it the ground ? ’ Woman, that tree art thou ! All sloughed about with scurf, Thy stag-horns fright the sky, thy snake- roots sting the turf ! Drunkenness, wantonness, theft, murder gnash and gnarl Thine outward, case thy soul with coating like the marle Satan stamps flat upon each head beneath his hoof ! And how deliver such? The strong men keep aloof, Lover and friend stand far, the mocking ones pass by, Tophet gapes wide for prey : lost soul, de- spair and die ! What then? ‘ Look unto me and be ye saved ! ’ saith God : ‘ I strike the rock, outstrets the life-stream at my rod ! Be your sins scarlet, wool shall they seem like,—although As crimson red, yet turn white as the driven snow ! ’”</p> <p>“ “ There, there, there ! All I seem to somehow 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 swoon ? 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 ! ”</p> <p>“ “ Wicked dear Husband, first despair and then rejoice !</p>
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Dear wicked Husband, waste no tick of  
moment more,  
Be saved like me, bald trunk! There's  
greenness yet at core,  
Sap under slough! Read, read!

“Let me take breath, my lords!  
I'd like to know, are these—hers, mine, or  
Bunyan's words?  
I'm 'wildered—scarce with drink,—nowise  
with drink alone!  
You'll say, with heat: but heat's no stuff to  
split a stone  
Like this black boulder—this flint heart of  
mine: the Book—  
That dealt the crashing blow! Sirs, here's  
the fist that shook  
His beard till Wrestler Jem howled like a  
just-lugged bear!  
You had brained 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 sack,  
—Or whose it was,—which held the cup,—  
compared with mine!  
Robbery loads my loins, perjury cracks my  
chine,  
Adultery . . . nay, Tab, you pitched me as  
I flung!  
One word, I'll up with fist . . . No, sweet  
spouse, hold your tongue!

“I'm hasting to the end. The Book, sirs—  
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 Bed-  
ford Town,  
'Destruction'—that's the name, and fire  
shall burn it down!  
O 'scape the wrath in time! Time's now, if  
not too late.

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, thwack—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 fail,—  
To thresh him, hoofs and horns, bat's wing  
and serpent's tail!  
A chance gone by! But then, what else  
does Hopeful ding  
Into the deafest ear 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  
short cut!  
Did Master Faithful need climb the Delight-  
ful Mounts?  
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 flogged, flayed,  
buffeted, lanced with knives,  
Pricked him with swords,—I'll swear, he'd  
full a cat's nine lives,—  
So to his end at last came Faithful,—ha, ha, he!  
Who holds the highest card? for there stands  
hid, you see,

Behind the rabble-rout, 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 gibbet's  
 handy close :  
 Forestall Last Judgment-Day ! Be kindly,  
 not morose !  
 There wants 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  
 shoots across  
 All singing in my heart, all praying in my brain,  
 'It comes of heat and beer!'—hark how he  
 guffaws plain !  
 'To-morrow you'll wake bright, and, in a  
 safe skin, hug  
 Your sound selves, Tab and you, over a  
 foaming jug !  
 You've had such qualms before, time out of  
 mind !' He's right !  
 Did not we kick and cuff and curse away,  
 that night  
 When home we blindly reeled, and left poor  
 humpback Joe  
 I' the lurch to pay for what . . . somebody  
 did, you know !  
 Both of us mandered then 'Lame humpback,  
 —never more  
 Will he come limping, drain his tankard at  
 our door !  
 He'll swing, while—somebody . . . ' Says  
 Tab, 'No, for I'll peach !'  
 'I'm for you, Tab,' cries I, 'there's rope  
 enough for each !'  
 So blubbered we, and bussed, and went to  
 bed upon

The grace of Tab's good thought : by  
 morning, all was gone !  
 We laughed—'What's life to him, a cripple  
 of no account?'  
 Oh, waves increase around—I feel them  
 mount and mount !  
 Hang us ! To-morrow brings Tom Bearward  
 with his bears :  
 One new black-muzzled brute beats Sacker-  
 son, he swears :  
 (Sackerson, for my money !) And, baiting  
 o'er, the Brawl  
 They lead on Turner's Patch,—lads, lasses,  
 up tails all,—  
 I'm i' the thick o' the throng ! That means  
 the Iron Cage,  
 —Means the Lost Man inside ! Where's  
 hope for such as wage  
 War against light? Light's left, light's here,  
 I hold light still,  
 So does Tab—make but haste to hang us  
 both ! You will?"

I promise, when he stopped you might have  
 heard a mouse  
 Squeak, such a death-like hush sealed up the  
 old Mote House.  
 But when the mass of man sank meek upon  
 his knees,  
 While Tab, alongside, wheezed a hoarse  
 "Do hang us, please !"  
 Why, then the waters rose, no eye but ran  
 with tears,  
 Hearts heaved, heads thumped, until, paying  
 all past arrears  
 Of pity and sorrow, at last a regular scream  
 outbroke  
 Of triumph, joy and praise.

My Lord Chief Justice spoke.  
 First mopping brow and cheek, where still,  
 for one that budged,  
 Another bead broke fresh : "What Judge.  
 that ever judged  
 Since first the world began, judged such a  
 case as this?  
 Why, Master Bratts, long since, folk smelt  
 you out, I wis !



<p>I had my doubts, i' faith, each time you played the fox Convicting geese of crime in yonder witness- box— Yea, much did I misdoubt, the thief that stole her eggs Was hardly goosey's self at Reynard's game, i' feggs! Yet thus much was to praise—you spoke to point, direct— Swore 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! Trial three dog-days long! <i>Amicus Curia</i>— 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</p>	<p>Warrants me letting loose,—some house- holder, I mean— Freeholder, better still,—I don't say but— between Now and next Sessions . . . Well! Con- sider 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 is any jail-bird's due: I rather see the fruit of twelve years' pious reign— <i>Astræa Redux</i>, Charles restored his rights again! —Of which, another time! I somehow feel a peace Stealing across the world. May deeds like this increase! 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 of—shall I say, sinner-saints?— ere we catch Their jail-distemper too. Stop tears, or I'll indite All weeping Bedfordshire for turning Bun- yanite!" So, forms were galloped through. If Justice, on the spur, Proved somewhat expeditious, would Quality demur? And happily hanged were they,—why lengthen out my tale?— Where Bunyan's Statue stands facing where stood his Jail.</p>
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# DRAMATIC IDYLS.

## SECOND SERIES.

1880.

"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 at Marathon slaying the Persians with a ploughshare. After the fight was over the figure was seen no more. ]

HERE is a story shall stir you ! Stand up,  
Greeks dead and gone,  
Who breasted, beat Barbarians, stemmed  
Persia rolling on,  
Did the deed and saved the world, for the  
day was Marathon !

No man but did his manliest, kept rank and  
fought away  
In his tribe and file : up, back, out, down—  
was the spear-arm play :  
Like a wind-whipt branchy wood, all spear-  
arms a-swing that day !

But one man kept no rank and his sole arm  
plied no spear,

As a flashing came and went, and a form  
i' the van, the rear,  
Brightened the battle up, for he blazed now  
there, now here.

Nor helmed nor shielded, he ! but, a goat-  
skin all his wear,  
Like a tiller of the soil, with a clown's limbs  
broad and bare,  
Went he ploughing on and on : he pushed  
with a ploughman's share.

Did the weak mid-line give way, as tunnies  
on whom the shark  
Precipitates his bulk ? Did the right-wing  
halt when, stark  
On his heap of slain lay stretched Kallimachos  
Polemarch ?<sup>1</sup>

Did the steady phalanx falter ? To the  
rescue, at the need,  
The clown was ploughing Persia, clearing  
Greek earth of weed,  
As he routed through the Sakian and rooted  
up the Mede.

But the deed done, battle won,—nowhere to  
be descried  
On the meadow, by the stream, at the marsh,  
—look far and wide  
From the foot of the mountain, no, to the  
last blood-plashed seaside,—

<sup>1</sup> General. The commander at Marathon was Miltiades, but Kallimachos had presided at the preliminary council of war and given his casting vote in favour of fighting.

Not anywhere on view blazed the large limbs  
thonged and brown,  
Shearing and clearing still with the share  
before which—down  
To the dust went Persia's pomp, as he 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 Miltiadés

And its end at Paros isle! Woe for The-  
mistokles

—Satrap in Sardis court! Name not the  
clown like these!

### 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 is well known from Macaulay's Essay. He fought the battle of Plassy in 1757. He was impeached for various malfeasances, but acquitted. 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—egad,

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—mouse, nay,  
mouse of all its clan

Sorriest sample, if you take the kitchen's  
estimate for fame;

While the man Clive—he fought Plassy,  
spoiled the clever foreign game,

Conquered and annexed and Englished!

Never mind! As o'er my punch  
(You away) I sit of evenings,—silence, save  
for biscuit-crunch,

Black, unbroken,—thought grows busy, thrids  
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—aloud, I do 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 grant, but surely  
some day born would be)

"—One bold step had gained a province"  
(figurative talk, you see)

"Got no end of wealth and honour,—yet I  
stood stock still no less?"

—"For I was not Clive," you com-  
ment: but it needs no Clive to  
guess

Wealth were handy, honour ticklish, did no  
writing on the wall

Warn me "Trespasser, 'ware man-traps!"  
Him who braves that notice—call

Hero! none of such heroics suit myself who  
read plain words,

Doff my hat, and leap no barrier. Scripture  
says the land's the Lord's:

Louts then—what avail the thousand, noisy  
in a smock-frocked ring,

All-agog to have me trespass, clear the fence,  
be Clive their king?

Higher warrant must you show me ere I set  
one foot before

T'other in that dark direction, though I stand  
for evermore

Poor as Job and meek as Moses. Evermore?  
No! By-and-by

Job grows rich and Moses valiant, Clive turns  
out less wise than I.

<p>Don't object "Why call him friend, then?"          Power is power, my boy, and still          Marks a man,—God's gift magnificent, exercised          for good or ill.          You've your boot now on my hearth-rug,          tread what was a tiger's skin :          Rarely such a royal monster as I lodged the          bullet in !          True, he murdered half a village, so his own          death came to pass ;          Still, for size and beauty, cunning, courage          —ah, the brute he was !          Why, that Clive,—that youth, that green-          horn, that quill-driving clerk, in          fine,—          He sustained a siege in Arcot. . . . But the          world knows ! Pass the wine.</p> <p>Where did I break off at? How bring          Clive in? Oh, you mentioned          "fear" !          Just so : and, said I, that minds me of a story          you shall hear.</p> <p>We were friends then, Clive and I : so, when          the clouds, about the orb          Late supreme, encroaching slowly, surely,          threatened to absorb          Ray by ray its noontide brilliance,—friend-          ship might, with steadier eye          Drawing near, bear what had burned else,          now no blaze—all majesty.          Too much bee's-wing floats my figure? Well,          suppose a castle's new :          None presume to climb its ramparts, none          find foothold sure for shoe          'Tixt those squares and squares of granite          plating the impervious pile          As his scale-mail's warty iron cuirasses a          crocodile.          Reels that castle thunder-smitten, storm-dis-          mantled? From without          Scrambling up by crack and crevice, every          cockney prates about          Towers—the heap he kicks now ! turrets—          just the measure of his cane !          Will that do? Observe moreover—(same          similitude again)—</p>	<p>Such a castle seldom crumbles by sheer stress          of cannonade :          'Tis when foes are foiled and fighting's finished          that vile rains invade,          Grass o'ergrows, o'ergrows till night-birds          congregating find no holes          Fit to build in like the topmost sockets made          for banner-poles.          So Clive crumbled slow in London—crashed          at last.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">A week before,          Dining with him,—after trying churchyard-          chat of days of yore,—          Both of us stopped, tired as tombstones,          head-piece, foot-piece, when they          lean          Each to other, drowsed in fog-smoke, o'er a          coffined Past between.          As I saw his head sink heavy, guessed the          soul's extinguishment          By the glazing eyeball, noticed how the furtive          fingers went          Where a drug-box skulked behind the honest          liquor,—“One more throw          Try for Clive!” thought I: “Let's ven-          ture some good rattling question!”          So—          “Come, Clive, tell us”—out I blurted—          “what to tell in turn, years hence,          When my boy—suppose I have one—asks          me on what evidence          I maintain my friend of Plassy proved a          warrior every whit          Worth your Alexanders, Cæsars, Marl-          boroughs and—what said Pitt?—          Frederick the Fierce himself! Clive told me          once”—I want to say—          “Which feat out of all those famous doings          bore the bell away          —In his own calm estimation, mark you, not          the mob's rough guess—          Which stood foremost as evincing what Clive          called courageousness !          Come! what moment of the minute, what          speck-centre in the wide          Circle of the action saw your mortal fairly          deified?</p>
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(Let alone that filthy sleep-stuff, swallow bold  
this wholesome Port !)

If a friend has leave to question,—when were  
you most brave, in short ?”

Up he arched his brows o’ the instant—  
formidably Clive again.

“When was I most brave ? I’d answer, were  
the instance half as plain

As another instance that’s a brain-lodged  
crystal—curse it !—here

Freezing when my memory touches—ugh !—  
the time I felt most fear.

Ugh ! I cannot say for certain if I showed  
fear—anyhow,

Fear I felt, and, very likely, shuddered, since  
I shiver now.”

“Fear !” smiled I. “Well, that’s the rarer :  
that’s a specimen to seek,

Ticket up in one’s museum, *Mind-Freaks*,  
*Lord Clive’s Fear, Unique !*”

Down his brows dropped. On the table  
painfully he pored as though

Tracing, in the stains and streaks there,  
thoughts encrusted long ago.

When he spoke ’twas like a lawyer reading  
word by word some will,

Some blind jungle of a statement,—beating  
on and on until

Out there leaps fierce life to fight with.

“This fell in my factor-days.

Desk-drudge, slaving at St. David’s, one  
must game, or drink, or craze.

I chose gaming : and,—because your high-  
flown gamesters hardly take

Umbrage at a factor’s elbow if the factor  
pays his stake,—

I was winked at in a circle where the company  
was choice,

Captain This and Major That, men high of  
colour, loud of voice,

Yet indulgent, condescending to the modest  
juvenile

Who not merely risked but lost his hard-  
earned guineas with a smile.

“Down I sat to cards, one evening,—had  
for my antagonist

Somebody whose name’s a secret—you’ll  
know why—so, if you list,

Call him Cock o’ the Walk, my scarlet son  
of Mars from head to heel !

Play commenced : and, whether Cocky  
fancied that a clerk must feel

Quite sufficient honour came of bending over  
one green baize,

I the scribe with him the warrior,—guessed  
no penman dared to raise

Shadow of objection should the honour stay  
but playing end

More or less abruptly,—whether disinclined  
he grew to spend

Practice strictly scientific on a booby born to  
stare

At—not ask of—lace-and-ruffles if the hand  
they hide plays fair,—

Anyhow, I marked a movement when he  
bade me ‘Cut !’

“I rose.

‘Such the new manœuvre, Captain ? I’m a  
novice : knowledge grows.

What, you force a card, you cheat, Sir ?’

“Never did a thunder-clap

Cause emotion, startle Thyrsis locked with  
Chloe in his lap,

As my word and gesture (down I flung my  
cards to join the pack)

Fired the man of arms, whose visage, simply  
red before, turned black.

When he found his voice, he stammered  
‘That expression once again !’

“‘Well, you forced a card and cheated !’

“‘Possibly a factor’s brain,

Busied with his all-important balance of  
accounts, may deem

Weighing words superfluous trouble : *cheat*  
to clerly ears may seem

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 !  
Beg my pardon, or be sure a kindly bullet  
through your skull  
Lets in light and teaches manners to what  
brain it finds ! Choose quick—  
Have your life snuffed out or, kneeling, pray  
me trim yon candle-wick !'

“ ‘ Well, you cheated !’

“ Then outbroke 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,  
leave the pair a space !  
Let civilians be instructed : henceforth simply  
ply the pen,  
Fly the sword ! This clerk's no swordsman ?  
Suit him with a pistol, then !  
Even odds ! A dozen paces 'twixt the most  
and least expert  
Make a dwarf a giant's equal : nay, the  
dwarf, if he's alert,  
Likelier hits the broader target !'

“ Up we stood accordingly.

As they handed me the weapon, such was  
my soul's thirst to try  
Then and there conclusions with this bully,  
tread on and stamp out  
Every spark of his existence, that,—crept  
close to, curled about  
By that toying tempting teasing fool-fore-  
finger's middle joint,—  
Don't you guess ?—the trigger yielded. Gone  
my chance ! and at the point  
Of such prime success moreover : scarce an  
inch above his head  
Went my ball to hit the wainscot. He was  
living, I was dead.

“ Up he marched in flaming triumph—'twas  
his right, mind !—up, within  
Just an arm's length. ‘ Now, my clerkling,’  
chuckled Cocky with a grin  
As the levelled piece quite touched me,  
‘ Now, Sir Counting - House, re-  
peat  
That expression which I told you proved bad  
manners ! Did I cheat ?’

“ ‘ Cheat you did, you knew you cheated, and,  
this moment, know as well.  
As for me, my homely breeding bids you—  
fire and go to Hell !’

“ Twice the muzzle touched my forehead.  
Heavy barrel, flurried wrist,  
Either spoils a steady lifting. Thrice : then,  
‘ Laugh at Hell who list,  
I can't ! God's no fable either. Did this  
boy's eye wink once ? No !  
There's no standing him and Hell and God  
all three against me,—so,  
I did cheat !’

“ And down he threw the pistol,  
out rushed—by the door  
Possibly, but, as for knowledge if by chimney,  
roof or floor,  
He effected disappearance—I'll engage no  
glance was sent  
That way by a single starrer, such a blank  
astonishment  
Swallowed up their senses : as for speaking—  
mute they stood as mice.

“ Mute not long, though ! Such reaction,  
such a hubbub in a trice !  
‘ Rogue and rascal ! Who'd have thought it ?  
What's to be expected next,  
When His Majesty's Commission serves a  
sharper as pretext  
For . . . But where's the need of wasting  
time now ? Nought requires delay :  
Punishment the Service cries for : let disgrace  
be wiped away

Publicly, in good broad daylight! Resignation? No, indeed

Drum and fife must play the Rogue's March, rank and file be free to speed

Tardy marching on the rogue's part by ap-  
pliance in the rear

—Kicks administered shall right this wronged  
civilian,—never fear,

Mister Clive, for—though a clerk—you bore  
yourself—suppose we say—

Just as would beseem a soldier!

“Gentlemen, attention—pray!  
First, one word!”

“I passed each speaker  
severally 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,  
really seemed to mark

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!  
Look into the case, at least!”

Who dared interpose between the altar's  
victim and the priest?

Yet he spared me! You eleven! Whoso-  
ever, all or each,

To the disadvantage of the man who spared  
me, utters speech

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—To his face, behind his back,—that speaker  
has to do with me:

Me who promise, if positions change and  
mine the chance should be,

Not to imitate your friend and waive advan-  
tage!”

“Twenty-five

Years ago this matter happened: and 'tis  
certain,” added Clive,

“Never, to my knowledge, did Sir Cocky  
have a single breath

Breathed against him: lips were closed  
throughout his life, or since his  
death,

For if he be dead or living I can tell no  
more than you.

All I know is—Cocky had one chance more;  
how he used it,—grew

Out of such unlucky habits, or relapsed, and  
back again

Brought the late-ejected devil with a score  
more in his train,—

That's for you to judge. Reprieval I pro-  
cured, at any rate.

Ugh—the memory of that minute's fear  
makes gooseflesh rise! Why prate

Longer? You've my story, there's your  
instance: fear I did, you see!”

“Well”—I hardly kept from laughing—  
“if I see it, thanks must be

Wholly to your Lordship's candour. Not  
that—in a common case—

When a bully caught at cheating thrusts a  
pistol in one's face,

I should underrate, believe me, such a trial  
to the nerve!

'Tis no joke, at one-and-twenty, for a youth  
to stand nor swerve.

Fear I naturally look for—unless, of all men  
alive,

I am forced to make exception when I come  
to Robert Clive.

Since at Arcot, Plassy, elsewhere, he and  
death—the whole world knows—

Came to somewhat closer quarters.”

Quarters? Had we come to blows,  
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  
could wag his tongue.

"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  
Undefended in your bulwark? Thus laid  
open,—not to flinch  
—That needs courage, you'll concede  
me. Then, look here! Suppose the  
man,

Checking his advance, his weapon still ex-  
tended, not a span  
Distant from my temple,—curse him!—  
quietly had bade me 'There!

Keep your life, calumniator!—worthless life  
I freely spare:

Mine you freely would have taken—murdered  
me and my good fame

Both at once—and all the better! Go, and  
thank your own bad aim

Which permits me to forgive you! What if,  
with such words as these,

He had cast away his weapon? How should  
I have borne me, please?

Nay, I'll spare you pains and tell you. This,  
and only this, remained—

Pick his weapon up and use it on myself.  
I so had gained

Sleep—the earlier, leaving England probably  
to pay on still

Rent and taxes for half India, tenant at the  
Frenchman's will."

"Such the turn," said I, "the matter takes  
with you? Then I abate

—No, by not one jot nor tittle,—of your act  
my estimate.

Fear—I wish I could detect there: courage  
fronts me, plain enough—

Call it desperation, madness—never mind!  
for here's in rough

Why, had mine been such a trial, fear had  
overcome disgrace.

True, disgrace were hard to bear: but such a  
rush against God's face

—None of that for me, Lord Plassy, since  
I go to church at times,

Say the creed my mother taught me! Many  
years in foreign climes

Rub some marks away—not all, though!  
We poor sinners reach life's brink,

Overlook what rolls beneath it, recklessly  
enough, but think

There's advantage in what's left us—ground  
to stand on, time to call

'Lord, have mercy!' ere we topple over—do  
not leap, that's all!"

Oh, he made no answer,—re-absorbed into  
his cloud. I caught

Something like "Yes—courage: only fools  
will call it fear."

If aught

Comfort you, my great unhappy hero Clive,  
in that I heard,

Next week, how your own hand dealt  
you doom, and uttered just the  
word

"Fearfully courageous!"—this, be sure, and  
nothing else I groaned.

I'm no Clive, nor parson either: Clive's  
worst deed—we'll hope condoned.

### MULÉYKEH.

If a stranger passed the tent of Hóseyñ, he  
cried "A churl's!"

Or haply "God help the man who has  
neither salt nor bread!"

—"Nay," would a friend exclaim, "he needs  
nor pity nor scorn "

More than who spends small thought on the  
shore-sand, picking pearls,



—Holds but in light esteem the seed-sort,  
bears instead  
On his breast a moon-like prize, some orb  
which of night makes morn.

“What if no flocks and herds enrich the son  
of Sinán?

They went when his tribe was mulct, 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,  
Muléykeh, peerless mare, owned master the  
match of you,  
And you are my prize, my Pearl: I laugh  
at men’s land and gold!’

“So in the pride of his soul laughs Hóseyñ—  
and right, I say.

Do the ten steeds run a race of glory? Out-  
stripping all,  
Ever Muléykeh 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, Hóseyñ, I say, to laugh!”

“Boasts he Muléykeh the Pearl?” the  
stranger replies: “Be sure

On him I waste nor scorn nor pity, but  
lavish both

On Duhl the son of Sheybán, who withers  
away in heart

For envy of Hóseyñ’s luck. Such sickness  
admits no cure.

A certain poet has sung, and sealed the same  
with an oath,

‘For the vulgar—flocks and herds! The  
Pearl is a prize apart.’”

Lo, Duhl the son of Sheybán comes riding  
to Hóseyñ’s tent,

And he casts his saddle down, and enters  
and “Peace!” bids he.

“You are poor, I know the cause: my  
plenty shall mend the wrong.

’Tis said of your Pearl—the price of a hundred  
camels spent

In her purchase were scarce ill paid such  
prudence is far from me

Who proffer a thousand. Speak! Long  
parley may last too long.”

Said Hóseyñ “You feed young beasts a  
many, of famous breed,  
Slit-eared, unblemished, fat, true offspring  
of Múzenem:

There stumbles no weak-eyed she in the line  
as it climbs the hill.

But I love Muléykeh’s face: her forefront  
whitens indeed

Like a yellowish wave’s cream-crest. Your  
camels—go gaze on them!

Her fetlock is foam-splashed too. Myself  
am the richer still.”

A year goes by: lo, back to the tent again  
rides Duhl.

“You are open-hearted, ay—moist-handed,  
a very prince.

Why should I speak of sale? Be the mare  
your simple gift!

My son is pined to death for her beauty:  
my wife prompts ‘Fool,

Beg for his sake the Pearl! Be God the  
rewarder, since

God pays debts seven for one: who squanders  
on Him shows thrift.”

Said Hóseyñ “God gives each man one life,  
like a lamp, then gives

That lamp due measure of oil: lamp lighted  
—hold high, wave wide

Its comfort for others to share! once quench  
it, what help is left?

The oil of your lamp is your son: I shine  
while Muléykeh lives.

Would I beg your son to cheer my dark if  
Muléykeh died?

It is life against life: what good avails to the  
life-bereft?”

Another year, and—hist! What craft is it  
 Duhl designs?  
 He alights 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 Hóseyn's grasp the Pearl,  
 by whatever the wrench.

“He was hunger-bitten, I heard: I tempted  
 with half my store,  
 And a gibe was all my thanks. Is he  
 generous like Spring dew?  
 Account the fault to me who chattered with  
 such an one!  
 He has killed, to feast chance comers, the  
 creature he rode: nay, more—  
 For a couple of singing-girls his robe has he  
 torn in two:  
 I will beg! Yet I nowise gained by the tale  
 of my wife and son.

“I swear by the Holy House, my head will I  
 never wash  
 Till I filch his Pearl away. Fair dealing I  
 tried, then guile,  
 And now I resort to force. He said we must  
 live or die:  
 Let him die, then,—let me live! Be bold—  
 but not too rash!  
 I have found me a peeping-place: breast,  
 bury your breathing while  
 I explore for myself! Now, breathe! He  
 deceived me not, the spy!

“As he said—there lies in peace Hóseyn—  
 how happy! Beside  
 Stands tethered the Pearl: thrice winds her  
 headstall about his wrist:  
 'Tis therefore he sleeps so sound—the moon  
 through the roof reveals.  
 And, loose on his left, stands too that other,  
 known far and wide,

Buhéyseh, her sister born: fleet is she yet  
 ever missed  
 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 bush 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 girth, has clipped  
 The headstall away from the wrist he leaves  
 thrice bound as before,  
 He springs on the Pearl, is launched on the  
 desert like bolt from bow.  
 Up starts our plundered man: from his breast  
 though the heart be ripped,  
 Yet his mind has the mastery: behold, in a  
 minute more,  
 He is out and off and away on Buhéyseh,  
 whose worth we know!

And Hóseyn—his blood turns flame, he has  
 learned long since to ride,  
 And Buhéyseh does her part,—they gain—  
 they are gaining fast  
 On the fugitive pair, and Duhl has Ed-Dárraj  
 to cross and quit,  
 And to reach the ridge El-Sabán,—no safety  
 till that be spied!  
 And Buhéyseh is, bound by bound, but a  
 horse-length off at last,  
 For the Pearl has missed the tap of the heel,  
 the touch of the bit.

She shortens her stride, she chafes at her  
 rider the strange and queer:  
 Buhéyseh is mad with hope—beat sister she  
 shall and must

Though Duhl, of the hand and heel so clumsy, she has to thank.

She is near now, nose by tail—they are neck by croup—joy ! fear !

What folly makes Hóseyñ shout “ Dog Duhl, Damned 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 Muléykeh 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 Hóseyñ looked one long last look as who, all bereaved,

Looks, fain to follow the dead so far as the living may :

Then he turned Buhéyseh’s neck slow homeward, weeping sore.

And, lo, in the sunrise, still sat Hóseyñ upon the ground

Weeping : and neighbours came, the tribesmen of Bénu-Asád

In the vale of green Er-Rass, and they questioned him of his grief ;

And he told from first to last how, serpent-like, Duhl had wound

His way to the nest, and how Duhl rode like an ape, so bad !

And how Buhéyseh did wonders, yet Pearl remained with the thief.

And they jeered him, one and all : “ Poor Hóseyñ is crazed past hope !

How else had he wrought himself his ruin, in fortune’s spite ?

To have simply held the tongue were a task for a boy or girl,

And here were Muléykeh again, the eyed like an antelope,

The child of his heart by day, the wife of his breast by night ! ”—

“ And the beaten in speed ! ” wept Hóseyñ : “ You never have loved my Pearl.”

## PIETRO OF ABANO.

[An Italian physician, born 1246, died 1320. Professor of Medicine at Padua. Accused of the black arts, but died in time to avoid being burnt. A voluminous author on occult and semi-scientific subjects.]

*Petrus Aponensis*—there was a magician !  
When that strange adventure happened,

which I mean to tell my hearers,  
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 promptest of appearers

Where was prince to cure, tower to build as high as Babel,

Star to name or sky-sign read,—yet pouch, for pains, a curse ?

—Curse : for when a vagrant,—foot-sore travel-tattered,

Now a young man, now an old man, Turk or Arab, Jew or Gipsy,—

Proffered folk in passing—O for pay, what mattered ?—

“ I’ll be doctor, I’ll play builder, star I’ll name—sign read ! ”

Soon as prince was cured, tower built, and fate predicted,

“ Who may you be ? ” came the question ; when he answered, “ *Petrus ipse,* ”

“ Just as we divined ! ” cried folk—“ A wretch convicted

Long ago of dealing with the devil—you indeed ! ”

So, they cursed him roundly, all his labour’s payment,

Motioned him—the convalescent prince would—to vacate the presence :

Babylonians plucked his beard and tore his raiment,

Drove him from that tower he built : while, had he peered at stars,

Town howled "Stone the quack who styles  
our Dog-star—Sirius!"

Country yelled "Aroint the churl who pro-  
phesies we take no pleasance

Under vine and fig-tree, since the year's  
delirious,

Bears no crop of any kind,—all through the  
planet Mars!"

Straightway would the whilom youngster  
grow a grisard,

Or, as case might hap, the hoary eld drop  
off and show a stripling.

Town and country groaned—indebted to a  
wizard!

"Curse—nay, kick and cuff him—fit requital  
of his pains!

Gratitude in word or deed were wasted truly!  
Rather make the Church amends by crying

out on, cramping, crippling  
One who, on pretence of serving man, serves  
duly

Man's arch foe: not ours, be sure, but  
Satan's—his the gains!"

Peter grinned and bore it, such disgraceful  
usage:

Somehow, cuffs and kicks and curses seem  
ordained his like to suffer:

Prophet's pay with Christians, now as in the  
Jews' age,

Still is—stoning: so, he meekly took his wage  
and went,

—Safe again was found ensconced in those  
old quarters,

Padua's blackest blindest by-street,—none  
the worse, nay, somewhat tougher:

"Calculating," quoth he, "soon I join the  
martyrs,

Since, who magnify my lore on burning me  
are bent."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Studiando le mie cifre col compasso,  
Rilevo che sarò presto sotterra,  
Perchè del mio saper si fa gran chiasso,  
E gl'ignoranti ni' hanno mosso  
guerra."

Said to have been found in a well at Abano in  
the last century. They were extemporaneously

Therefore, on a certain evening, to his  
alley

Peter slunk, all bruised and broken, sore in  
body, sick in spirit,

Just escaped from Cairo where he launched  
a galley

Needing neither sails nor oars nor help of  
wind or tide,

—Needing but the fume of fire to set  
a-flying

Wheels like mad which whirled you quick  
—North, South, where'er you pleased

require it,—  
That is—would have done so had not priests  
come prying,

Broke his engine up and bastinadoed him  
beside.

As he reached his lodging, stopped there  
unmolested,

(Neighbours feared him, urchins fled him,  
few were bold enough to follow)

While his fumbling fingers tried the lock and  
tested

Once again the queer key's virtue, oped the  
sullen door,—

Someone plucked his sleeve, cried "Master,  
pray your pardon!

Grant a word to me who patient wait you in  
your archway's hollow!

Hard on you men's hearts are: be not your  
heart hard on

Me who kiss your garment's hem, O Lord of  
magic lore!

"Mage—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,

Englished 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 rumpus,  
And war on myself makes each dull rogue  
round.—R. B.

Hinders fowls from laying eggs and worms  
 from spinning silk,  
 Rides upon a he-goat, mounts at need a  
 broomstick :  
 While the price he pays for this (so turns to  
 comic what was tragic)  
 Is—he may not drink—dreads like the Day  
 of Doom's tick—  
 One poor drop of sustenance ordained mere  
 men—that's milk !

“Tell such tales to Padua ! Think me no  
 such dullard !  
 Not from these benighted parts did I derive  
 my breath and being !  
 I am from a land whose cloudless skies are  
 coloured  
 Livelier, suns orb largelier, airs seem incense,  
 —while, on earth—  
 What, instead of grass, our fingers and our  
 thumbs cull,  
 Proves true moly ! sounds and sights there  
 help the body's hearing, seeing,  
 Till the soul grows godlike : brief,—you front  
 no numbscull  
 Shaming by ineptitude the Greece that gave  
 him birth !

“Mark within my eye its iris mystic-lettered—  
 That's my name ! and note my ear—its swan-  
 shaped cavity, my emblem !  
 Mine's the swan-like nature born to fly  
 unfettered  
 Over land and sea in search of knowledge—  
 food for song.  
 Art denied the vulgar ! Geese grow fat on  
 barley,  
 Swans require ethereal provend, undesirous  
 to resemble 'em—  
 Soar to seek Apollo,—favoured with a parley  
 Such as, Master, you grant me—who will not  
 hold you long.

“Leave to learn to sing—for that your swan  
 petitions :  
 Master, who possess the secret, say not nay  
 to such a suitor !  
 All I ask is—bless mine, purest of ambitions !

Grant me leave to make my kind wise, free,  
 and happy ! How ?  
 Just by making me—as you are mine—their  
 model !  
 Geese have goose-thoughts : make a swan  
 their teacher first, then co-adjutor,—  
 Let him introduce swan-notions to each  
 noddle,—  
 Geese will soon grow swans, and men become  
 what I am now !

“That's the only magic—had but fools dis-  
 cernment,  
 Could they probe and pass into the solid  
 through the soft and seeming !  
 Teach me such true magic—now and no  
 adjournment !  
 Teach your art of making fools subserve the  
 man of mind !  
 Magic is the power we men of mind should  
 practise,  
 Draw fools to become our drudges, docile  
 henceforth, never dreaming—  
 While they do our hests for fancied gain—the  
 fact is  
 What they toil and moil to get proves false-  
 hood : truth's behind !

“See now ! you conceive some fabric—say, a  
 mansion  
 Meet for monarch's pride and pleasure : this  
 is truth—a thought has fired you,  
 Made you fain to give some cramped concept  
 expansion,  
 Put your faculty to proof, fulfil your nature's  
 task.  
 First you fascinate the monarch's self : he  
 fancies  
 He it was devised the scheme you execute as  
 he inspired you :  
 He in turn sets slaving insignificances  
 Toiling, molling till your structure stands  
 there—all you ask !

“Soon the monarch's known for what he was  
 —a ninny :  
 Soon the rabble-rout leave labour, take their  
 work-day wage and vanish :

<p>Soon the late puffed bladder, pricked, shows lank and skinny— 'Who was its inflator?' ask we, 'whose the giant lungs?' . <i>Petri en pulmone!</i><sup>1</sup> What though men prove ingrates? Let them—so they stop at crucifixion—buffet, ban and banish! Peter's power's apparent: human praise—its din grates Harsh as blame on ear unused to aught save angels' tongues.</p> <p>"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 enlisted Soldier, scholar, servant, slave—no matter for the style! Only through illusion; ever what seemed profit— Love or lucre—justified obedience to the <i>Ipsè dixi</i>: Work done—palace reared from pavement up to soffit— Was it strange if builders smelt out cheating all the while?</p> <p>"Let them pelt and pound, bruise, bray you in a mortar! What's the odds to you who seek reward of quite another nature? You've enrolled your name where sages of your sort are, —Michael of Constantinople, Hans of Hal- berstadt! Nay and were you nameless, still you've your conviction You it was and only you—what signifies the nomenclature?— Ruled the world in fact, though how you ruled be fiction Fit for fools: true wisdom's magic you—if e'er man—had't!</p> <p style="text-align: center;">1 Lo! the lungs of Peter.</p>	<p>"But perhaps you ask me 'Since each ignoramus While he profits by such magic persecutes the benefactor, What should I expect but—once I render famous You as Michael, Hans and Peter—just one ingrate more? If the vulgar prove thus, whatso'er the pelf be, Pouched through my beneficence—and doom me dungeoned, chained, or racked, or Fairly burned outright—how grateful will yourself be When, his secret gained, you match your— master just before?'</p> <p>"That's where I await you! Please, revert a little! What do folk report about you if not this— which, though chimeric, Still, as figurative, suits you to a tittle— That,—although the elements obey your nod and wink, Fades or flowers the herb you chance to smile or sigh at, While your frown bids earth quake palled by obscuratation atmospheric,— Brief, although through nature nought resists your <i>fiat</i>, There's yet one poor substance mocks you— milk you may not drink!</p> <p>"Figurative language! Take my explana- tion! Fame with fear, and hate with homage, these your art procures in plenty. All's but daily dry bread: what makes moist the ration? Love, the milk that sweetens man his meal— alas, you lack: I am he who, since he fears you not, can love you. Love is born of heart not mind, <i>de corde natus haurit de mente</i>; Touch my heart and love's yours, sure as shines above you Sun by day and star by night though earth should go to wrack!</p>
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PIETRO OF ABANO

"Stage by stage you lift me—kiss by kiss I hallow

Whose but your dear hand my helper, punctual as at each new impulse

I approach my aim? Shell chipped, the eaglet callow

Needs a parent's pinion-push to quit the eyrie's edge:

But once fairly launched forth, denizen of æther, While each effort sunward bids the blood

more freely through each limb pulse, Sure the parent feels, as gay they soar together,

Fully are all pains repaid when love redeems its pledge!"

Then did Peter's tristful visage lighten somewhat,

Vent a watery smile as though inveterate mistrust were thawing.

"Well, who knows?" he slow broke silence. "Mortals—come what

Come there may—are still the dupes of hope there's luck in store.

Many scholars seek me, promise mounts and marvels:

Here stand I to witness how they step 'twixt me and clapperclawing!

Dry bread,—that I've gained me: truly I should starve else:

But of milk, no drop was mine! Well, shuffle cards once more!"

At the word of promise thus implied, our stranger—

What can he but cast his arms, in rapture of embrace, round Peter?

"Hold! I choke!" the mage grunts. "Shall I in the manger

Any longer play the dog? Approach, my calf, and feed!

*Bene* . . . won't you wait for grace?" But sudden incense

Wool-white, serpent-solid, curled up—perfume growing sweet and sweeter

Till it reached the young man's nose and seemed to win sense

Soul and all from out his brain through nostril: yes, indeed!

Presently the young man

"Where am I? Too much bother over books!

has proved amusing. What did Peter prate of?

is clammy!

How my head throbs, how my heart thumps!

Can it be I swooned?

Oh, I spoke my speech out—cribbed from Plato's tractate,

Dosed him with 'the Fair and Good,' swore—Dog of Egypt—I was choos-

ing Plato's way to serve men! What's the hour? Exact eight!

Home now, and to-morrow never mind how Plato mooned!

"Peter has the secret! Fair and Good are products

(So he said) of Foul and Evil: one must bring to pass the other.

Just as poisons grow drugs, steal through sundry odd ducts

Doctors name, and ultimately issue safe and changed.

You'd abolish poisons, treat disease with dainties

Such as suit the sound and sane? With all such kickshaws vain you pother!

Arsenic's the stuff puts force into the faint eyes,

Opium sets the brain to rights—by cark and care deranged.

"What, he's safe within door?—would escape—no question—

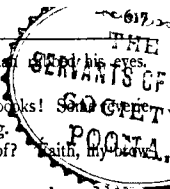
Thanks, since thanks and more I owe, and mean to pay in time befitting.

What most presses now is—after night's digestion,

Peter, of thy precepts!—promptest practice of the same.

Let me see! The wise man, first of all, scorns riches:

But to scorn them must obtain them: none believes in his permitting



Gold to lie ungathered : who picks up, then pitches	In the woe-worn face—for yellowness and dryness,
Gold away—philosophizes : none disputes his claim.	Parchment—with a pair of eyes—one hope their feeble spark.
“So with worldly honours : ’tis by abdicating, Incontestably he proves he could have kept the crown discarded.	“Did I counsel rightly? Have you, in accordance,
Sulla cuts a figure, leaving off dictating : Simpletons laud private life? ‘The grapes are sour,’ laugh we.	Prospered greatly, dear my pupil? Sure, at just the stage I find you,
So, again—but why continue? All’s tumultuous	When your hand may draw me forth from the mad war-dance
Here : my head’s a-whirl with knowledge. Speedily shall be rewarded	Savages are leading round your master—down, not dead.
He who taught me ! Greeks prove ingrates? So insult you us?	Padua wants to burn me : baulk them, let me linger
When your teaching bears its first-fruits, Peter—wait and see !”	Life out—rueful though its remnant—hid in some safe hole behind you !
As the word, the deed proved ; ere a brief year’s passage,	Prostrate here I lie : quick, help with but a finger
Fop—that fool he made the jokes on—now he made the jokes for, <i>gratis</i> :	Lest I house in safety’s self—a tombstone o’er my head !
Hunks—that hoarder, long left lonely in his crass age—	“Lodging, bite and sup, with—now and then—a copper
Found now one appreciative deferential friend :	—Alms for any poorer still, if such there be, —is all my asking.
Powder-paint-and-patch, Hag Jezebel—recovered,	Take me for your bedesman,—nay, if you think proper,
Strange to say, the power to please, got courtship till she cried <i>Jam satis!</i>	Menial merely,—such my perfect passion for repose !
Fop be-flattered, Hunks be-friended, Hag be-lovered—	Yes, from out your plenty Peter craves a pittance
Nobody o’erlooked, save God—he soon attained his end.	—Leave to thaw his frozen hands before the fire whereat you’re basking !
As he lounged at ease one morning in his villa, (Hag’s the dowry) estimated (Hunks’ bequest) his coin in coffer,	Double though your debt were, grant this boon—remittance
Mused on how a fool’s good word (Fop’s word) could fill a	He proclaims of obligation : ’tis himself that owes !”
Social circle with his praise, promote him man of mark,—	“Venerated Master—can it be, such treatment
All at once—“An old friend fain would see your Highness !”	Learning meets with, magic fails to guard you from, by all appearance?
There stood Peter, skeleton and scarecrow, plain writ <i>Phi-lo-so-pher</i>	Strange ! for, as you entered,—what the famous feat meant,
	I was full of,—why you reared that fabric, Padua’s boast.



Nowise for man's pride, man's pleasure, did  
you slyly  
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—nay, defend myself  
against the rabble?  
Wait until the mob, now masters, willy-nilly are  
Servants as they should be: then has gratitude  
full play!  
Surely this experience shows how unbefitting  
'Tis that minds like mine should rot in ease  
and plenty. Geese may gabble,  
Gorge, and keep the ground: but swans are  
soon for quitting  
Earthly fare—as 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-  
maturely!  
Over-haste defrauds you. Thanks! since,—  
even while I speak,—discarding  
Sloth and vain delights, I learn how—swiftly,  
surely—  
Magic sways the sceptre, wears the crown  
and wields the ball!

“Gone again—what, is he? 'Faith, he's  
soon disposed of!  
Peter's precepts work already, put within  
my lump their leaven!  
Ay, we needs must don glove would we pluck  
the rose—doff  
Silken garment would we climb the tree and  
take its fruit.

Why sharp thorn, rough rind? To keep  
unviolated  
Either prize! We garland us, we mount  
from earth to feast in heaven,  
Just because exist what once we estimated  
Hindrances which, better taught, as helps  
we now compute.

“Foolishly I turned disgusted from my  
fellows!  
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 act like virtues  
—Not alone because they guard—sharp  
thorns—the rose we first dishevel,  
Not because they scrape, scratch—rough rind  
—through the dirt-shoes  
Bare feet cling to bole with, while the half-  
moon 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—  
lawless else.  
Ignorant the horse stares, by deficient  
vision  
Takes a man to be a monster, lets him mount,  
then, twice the distance  
Horse could trot unriden, gallops—dream  
Elysian!—  
Dreaming that his dwarfish guide's a giant,—  
jockeys tell's.”

Brief, so worked the spell, he promptly had  
a riddance: •  
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!

Politics the prize now,—such adroit adviser,  
Opportune suggester, with the tact that triples  
and quadruples

Merit in each measure,—never did the Kaiser  
Boast a subject such a statesman, friend, and  
something more!

As he, up and down, one noonday, paced  
his closet

—Council o'er, each spark (his hint) blown  
flame, by colleagues' breath applauded,  
Strokes of statecraft hailed with "*Salomo si  
nisset!*"

(His the nostrum)—every throw for luck  
come double-six,—

As he, pacing, hugged himself in satisfaction,  
Thump—the door went. "What, the Kaiser?  
By none else were I defrauded

Thus of well-earned solace. Since 'tis fate's  
exaction,—

Enter, Liege my Lord! Ha, Peter, you  
here? *Tenor vix!*"

"Ah, Sir, none the less, contain you, nor  
wax irate!

You so lofty, I so lowly,—vast the space  
which yawns between us!

Still, methinks, you—more than ever—at a  
high rate

Needs must prize poor Peter's secret since it  
lifts you thus.

Grant me now the boon whereat before you  
boggled!

Ten long years your march has moved—one  
triumph—(though *e's* short)—*hactinus*,

While I down and down disastrously have  
joggled

Till I pitch against Death's door, the true  
*Nec Ultra Plus.*

"

"Years ago—some ten 'tis—since I sought  
for shelter,

Craved in your whole house a closet, out of  
all your means a comfort.

Now you soar above these: as is gold to  
spelter

So is power—you urged with reason—para-  
mount to wealth.

Power you boast in plenty: let it grant me  
refuge!

Houseroom now is out of question: find for  
me some stronghold—some fort—

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,  
kickers?

Pluck this brand from out the burning!  
Once away, I take my Bible-oath,

Never more—so long as life's weak lamp-  
flame flickers—

No, not once I'll tease you, but in silence  
bear my fate!"

"Gently, good my Genius, Oracle unerring!  
Strange now! can you guess on what—as in  
you peeped—it was I pondered?

You and I are both of one mind in preferring  
Power to wealth, but—here's the point—  
what sort of power, I ask?

Ruling men is vulgar, easy and ignoble:

Rid yourself of conscience, quick you have at  
beck and call the fond herd.

But who wields the crozier, down may fling  
the crow-bill:

That's the power I covet now; soul's sway  
o'er souls—my task!

" 'Well but,' you object, 'you have it, who  
by glamour

Dress up lies to look like truths, mask folly  
in the garb of reason:

Your soul acts on theirs, sure, when the  
people clamour,

Hold their peace, now fight now fondle,—  
earwigged through the brains.'

Possibly! but still the operation's mundane,  
Grosser than a taste demands which—craving  
  manna—kecks at peason—  
Power o'er men by wants material: why  
  should one deign  
Rule by sordid hopes and fears—a grunt for  
  all one's pains?

“No, if men must praise me, let them praise  
  to purpose!  
Would we move the world, not earth but  
  heaven must be our fulcrum—*pou sto!*  
Thus I seek to move it: Master, why *intér-*  
  pose—  
Baulk my climbing close on what's the  
  ladder's topmost round?  
Statecraft 'tis I step from: when by priest-  
  craft hoisted  
Up to where my foot may touch the highest  
  rung which fate allows toe,  
Then indeed ask favour! On you shall be  
  foisted  
No excuse: I'll pay my debt, each penny of  
  the pound!

“Ho, my knaves without there! Lead this  
  worthy downstairs!  
No farewell, good Paul—nay, Peter—what's  
  your name remembered rightly?  
Come, he's humble: out another would have  
  flounced—airs  
Suitors often give themselves when our sort  
  bow them forth.  
Did I touch his rags? He surely kept his  
  distance:  
Yet, there somehow passed to me from him—  
  where'er the virtue might lie—  
Something that inspires my soul—Oh, by  
  assistance  
Doubtlessly of Peter!—still, he's worth just  
  what he's worth!

“'Tis my own soul soars now: soaring—  
  how? By crawling!  
I'll to Rome, before Rome's feet the temporal-  
  supreme lay prostrate!  
'Hands' (I'll say) 'proficient once in pulling,  
  hauling

This and that way men as I was minded—  
  feet now clasp!  
Ay, the Kaiser's self has wrung them in his  
  fervour!  
Now—they only sue to slave for Rome, nor  
  at one doit the cost rate.  
Rome's adopted child—no bone, no muscle,  
  nerve or  
Sinew of me but I'll strain, though out my  
  life I gasp!”

As he stood one evening proudly—(he had  
  traversed  
Rome on horseback—peerless pageant!—  
  claimed the Lateran as new Pope)—  
Thinking “All's attained now! Pontiff!  
  Who could have erst  
Dreamed of my advance so far when, some  
  ten years ago,  
I embraced devotion, grew from priest to  
  bishop,  
Gained the Purple, bribed the Conclave, got  
  the Two-thirds, saw my coop ope,  
Came out—what Rome hails me! O were  
  there a wish-shop,  
Not one wish more would I purchase—lord  
  of all below!

“Ha!—who dares intrude now—puts aside  
  the arras?  
What, old Peter, here again, at such a time,  
  in such a presence?  
Satan sends this plague back merely to  
  embarrass  
Me who enter on my office—little needing you!  
'Faith, I'm touched myself by age, but you look  
  Tithon!  
Were it vain to seek of you the sole prize left—  
  rejuvenescence?  
Well, since flesh is grass which Time must  
  lay his scythe on,  
Say your say arid so depart and make no  
  more ado!”

Peter faltered—coughing first by way of pro-  
  logue—  
“Holiness, your help comes late: a death at  
  ninety little matters.

Padua, build poor Peter's pyre now, on log  
roll log,

Burn away—I've 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!

Save it—tell next age your Master had no rival!  
Scholar's debt discharged in full, be 'Thanks'  
my latest breath!"

"Faugh, the frowsy bundle—scribblings  
harum-scarum

Scattered o'er a dozen sheepskins! What's  
the name of this farrago?

Ha—' *Conciliator Differentiarum*'—

Man and book may burn together, cause the  
world no loss!

Stop—what else? A tractate—eh, ' *De  
Speciebus*

*Ceremonialis Ma-gi-a?*' I dream sure!

Hence, away, go,

Wizard,—quick avoid me! Vain you clasp  
my knee, buss

Hand that bears the Fisher's ring or foot that  
boasts the Cross!

"Help! The old magician clings like an  
octopus!

Ah, you rise now—fuming, fretting, frowning,  
if I read your features!

Frown, who cares? We're Pope—once Pope,  
you can't unpope us!

Good—you muster up a smile: that's better!  
Still so brisk?

All at once grown youthful? But the case is  
plain! Ass—

Here I dally with the fiend, yet know the  
Word—compels all creatures

Earthly, heavenly, hellish. *Apage, Sathanas  
Dicam verbum Salomonis—*" "—*dicite!*"

When—whisk!—

What was changed? The stranger gave his  
eyes a rubbing:

There smiled Peter's face turned back a  
moment at him o'er the shoulder,

As the black door shut, bang! "So he  
'scapes a drubbing!"

(Quoth a boy who, unespied, had stopped to  
hear the talk).

"That's the way to thank these wizards  
when they bid men

*Benedicite!* What ails you? You, a man,  
and yet no bolder?

Foreign Sir, you look but foolish!" " *Idmen,  
idmen!*"

Groaned the Greek. "O Peter, cheese at  
last I know from chalk!"

Peter lived his life out, menaced yet no martyr,  
Knew himself the mighty man he was—such  
knowledge all his guerdon,

Left the world a big book—people but in part err  
When they style a true *Scientia Com-pen-di-um*:

" *Admiracionem incutit*" they sourly

Smile, as fast they shut the folio which my-  
self was somehow spurred on

Once to ope: but love—life's milk which  
daily, hourly,

Blockheads lap—O Peter, still thy taste of  
love's to come!

Greek, was your ambition likewise doomed  
to failure?

True, I find no record you wore purple,  
walked with axe and fasces,

Played some antipope's part: still, friend,  
don't turn tail, you're

Certain, with but these two gifts, to gain  
earth's prize in time!

Cleverness uncurbed by conscience—if you  
ransacked

Peter's book you'd find no potent spell like  
these to rule the masses;

Nor should want example, had I not to transact  
Other business. Go your ways, you'll thrive!

So ends my rhyme.

When these parts Tiberius,—not yet Caesar,  
—travelled,

Passing Padua, he consulted Padua's Oracle  
of Geryon

(God three-headed, thrice wise) just to get unravelled  
 Certain tangles of his future. "Fling at Abano Golden dice," it answered: "dropt within the fount there,  
 Note what sum the pips present!" And still we see each die, the very one,  
 Turn up, through the crystal,—read the whole account there  
 Where 'tis told by Suetonius,—each its highest throw.

Scarce the sportive fancy-dice I fling show  
 "Venus:"  
 Still—for love of that dear land which I so oft in dreams revisit—  
 I have—oh, not sung! but lilted (as—between us—  
 Grows my lazy custom) this its legend.  
 What the lilt?



## DOCTOR —

A RABBI told me: On the day allowed Satan for carping at God's rule, he came, Fresh from our earth, to brave the angel-crowd.

"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—

Robbed 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 baffle Death. Judge between me and these!"

"Thyself shalt judge. Descend to earth in shape

Of mortal, marry, drain from froth to lees

"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 ape!"

How Satan entered on his pilgrimage,  
 Conformed himself to earthly ordinance,  
 Wived and played husband well from youth to age

Intrepidly—I leave untold, advance  
 Through many a married year until I reach  
 A day when—of his father's countenance

The very image, like him too in speech  
 As well as thought and deed,—the union's fruit  
 Attained maturity. "I needs must teach

"My son a trade: but trade, such son to suit,  
 Needs seeking after. He a man of war?  
 Too cowardly! A lawyer wins repute—

"Having to toil and moil, 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  
If this be practicable. Where's my wit?  
Asleep?—since, now I come to think . . .  
Ay, ay!

"Hither, my son! Exactly have I hit  
On a profession for thee. *Medicus*—  
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—thy fleshly sight shall bear  
Me in my spirit-person as I walk  
The world and take my prey appointed there.

"Doctor once dubbed—what ignorance shall  
balk  
Thy march triumphant? Diagnose the gout  
As choleric, and prescribe it cheese for chalk—

"No matter! All's one: cure shall come  
about  
And win thee wealth—fees paid with such  
a roar  
Of thanks and praise alike from lord and lout

"As never stunned man's ears on earth 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!

"Enter, 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 under-  
stand  
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,—how'er himself de-  
spends,—  
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. *Sumat!*—Lo, how sound he  
sleeps—

"The subject you presumed was past the  
power  
Of Galen to relieve!" Or else "How's  
this?

Why call for help so tardily? Clouds lour

“Portentously indeed, Sirs! (Nought’s amiss:  
He’s at the bed-foot merely.) Still, the  
storm  
May pass averted—not by quacks, I wis

“Like you, my masters! You, forsooth, per-  
form  
A miracle? Stand, sciolists, aside!  
Blood, ne’er so cold, at ignorance grows  
warm!”

Which boasting by result was justified,  
Big as might words be: whether drugged or  
left  
Drugless, the patient always lived, not died.

Great the heir’s gratitude, so nigh bereft  
Of all he prized in this world: sweet the  
smile  
Of disconcerted rivals: “Cure?—say, theft

“From Nature in despite of Art—so style  
This off-hand kill-or-cure work! You did  
much,  
I had done more: folk cannot wait awhile!”

But did the case change? was it—“Scarçely  
such  
The symptoms as to warrant our recourse  
To your skill, Doctor! Yet since just a touch

“Of pulse, a taste of breath, has all the force  
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

The coucher by the sick man’s head. “Too  
late  
You send for my assistance. I am bold  
Only by Nature’s leave, and bow to Fate!

“Besides, you have my rivals: lavish gold!  
How comfortably quick shall life depart  
Cosseted by attentions manifold!

VOL. II.

“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 recom-  
pensed  
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*! So, it fell  
That, of a sudden, when the Emperor

Was smit by sore disease, I need not tell  
If any other Doctor’s aid was sought  
To come and forthwith make the sick Prince  
well.

“He will reward thee as a monarch ought.  
Not much imports the malady; but then,  
He clings to life and cries like one distraught

“For thee—who, from a simple citizen,  
Mayst look to rise in rank,—nay, haply wear  
A medal with his portrait,—always when

2 R

"Recovery is quite accomplished. There !  
Pass to the presence !" Hardly has he  
crossed  
The chamber's threshold when he halts, aware

Of who stands sentry by the head. All's lost.  
"Sire, nought avails my art : you near the  
goal,  
And end the race by giving up the ghost."

"How?" cried the monarch: "Names upon  
your roll  
Of half my subjects rescued by your skill—  
Old and young, rich and poor—crowd cheek  
by jowl

"And yet no room for mine? Be saved I  
will !  
Why else am I earth's foremost potentate?  
Add me to these and take as fee your fill

"Of gold—that point admits of no debate  
Between us : save me, as you can and must,—  
Gold, till your gown's pouch cracks beneath  
the weight !"

This touched the Doctor. "Truly a home-  
thrust,  
Parent, you will not parry ! Have I dared  
Entreat that you forego the meal of dust

"—Man that is snake's meat—when I saw  
prepared  
Your daily portion? Never ! Just this once,  
Go from his head, then,—let his life be  
spared !"

Whisper met whisper in the gruff response  
"Fool, I must have my prey : no inch I  
bidge  
From where thou see'st me thus myself en-  
sconce."

"Ah," moaned the sufferer, "by thy look I  
judge  
Wealth fails to tempt thee : what if honours  
prove  
More efficacious? Nought to him I grudge

"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 !"

"Father, you hear him ! Respite ne'er so  
brief  
Is all I beg : go now and come again  
Next day, for aught I care : respect the grief

"Mine will be if thy first-born sues in  
vain !"  
"Fool, I must have my prey !" was all he  
got  
In answer. But a fancy crossed his brain.

"I have it ! Sire, methinks a meteor shot  
Just now across the heavens and neutralized  
Jove's salutary influence : 'neath the blot

"Plumb are you placed now : well that I  
surmised  
The cause of failure ! Knaves, reverse the  
bed !"  
"Stay !" groaned the monarch, "I shall be  
captized—

"Jolt—jolt—my heels uplift where late my  
head  
Was lying—sure I'm turned right round at  
last !  
What do you say now, Doctor?" Nought  
he said :

For why? With one brisk leap the Antic  
passed  
From couch-foot back to pillow,—as before,  
Lord of the situation. Long aghast

The Doctor gazed, then "Yet one trial  
more  
Is left me" inwardly he uttered. "Shame  
Upon thy flinty heart ! Do I implore



"This trifling favour in the idle name  
Of mercy to the moribund? I plead  
The cause of all thou dost affect: my aim

"Befits my author! Why would I succeed?  
Simply that by success I may promote  
The growth of thy pet virtues—pride and  
greed.

"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-  
tried,—

Run to my house with all haste, somebody!  
Bring me that knobstick thence, so often plied

"With profit by the astrologer—shall I  
Disdain its help, the mystic Jacob's-Staff?  
Sire, do but have the courage not to die

"Till this arrive! Let none of you dare  
laugh!

Though rugged 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  
Flail-like. Go fetch it! Or—a word be-  
tween

"Just you and me, friend!—go bid, un-  
abashed,  
My mother, whom you'll find there, bring the  
stick  
Herself—herself, mind!" Out the lackey  
dashed

Zealous upon the errand. Craft and trick  
Are meat and drink to Satan: and he grinned  
—How else?—at an excuse so politic

For failure: scarce would Jacob's-Staff rescind  
Fate's firm decree! And ever as he neared  
The agonizing one, his breath like wind

Froze to the marrow, while his eye-flash  
seared

Sense in the brain up: closer and more close  
Pressing his prey, when at the door appeared

—Who but his Wife the Bad? Whereof one  
dose,

One grain, one mite of the medicament,  
Sufficed him. Up he sprang. One word,  
too gross

To soil my lips with,—and through ceiling  
went

Somehow the Husband. "That a storm's  
dispersed

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 opportunist? Style him first

"And foremost of physicians!" "I've  
imbibed

Elixir surely," smiled the prince,—"have  
gained

New lease of life. Dear Doctor, how you  
bribed

"Death to forego me, boots not: you've  
obtained

My daughter and her dowry. Death, I've  
heard,

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 sundry 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.

Si credere dignum est.—*Georgic.* 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 pines,  
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-comprising sky. No less,  
Light, the least spark, shows air and empti-  
ness.

And thus it proved when—diving into space,  
Striped of all vapour, from each web of mist  
Utterly film-free—entered on her race  
The naked Moon, full-orbed antagonist  
Of night and dark, night's dowry: peak to  
base,

Upstarted mountains, and each valley, kissed  
To sudden life, lay silver-bright: in air  
Flew she revealed, Maid-Moon with limbs  
all bare.

Still as she fled, each depth—where refuge  
seemed—

Opening a lone pale chamber, left distinct  
Those limbs: mid still-re-creating blue, she  
teemed

Herself with whiteness,—virginal, uninct  
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 sailing slow,  
And tethered for a prize: in evidence  
Captive lay fleece on fleece of piled-up snow  
Drowsily patient: flake-heaped how or  
whence,

The structure of that succourable cloud,  
What matter? Shamed she plunged into its  
shroud.

Orbed—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 un-  
draped

Pout of the sister paps—that . . . Once for all,  
Say—her consummate circle thus escaped  
With its innumerable circlets, sank absorbed,  
Safe in the cloud—O naked Moon full-orbed!

But what means this? The downy swathes  
combine,

Conglobe, the smothery coy-caressing stuff  
Curdles about her! Vain each twist and  
twine

Those lithe limbs try, encroached on by a  
fluff

Fitting as close as fits the dented spine  
Its flexile ivory outside-flesh: enough!  
The plummy drifts contract, condense, con-  
stringe,

Till she is swallowed by the feathery springe.

As when a pearl slips lost in the thin foam  
Churned on a sea-shore, and, o'er-frothed,  
conceits

Herself safe-housed in Amphitrite's dome,—  
If, through the bladdery wave-worked yeast,  
she meets

What most she loathes and leaps from,—elf  
from gnome

No gladlier,—finds that safest of retreats  
Bubble about a treacherous hand wide ope  
To grasp her—(divers who pick pearls so  
grobe)—

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-tufts  
packed

Into a billowy wrappage. Sheep far-sought  
For spotless shearings yield such: take the fact  
As learned Virgil gives it,—how the breed  
Whitens itself for ever: yes, indeed!

If one forefather ram, though pure as chalk  
From tinge on fleece, should still display a  
tongue

Black 'neath the beast's moist palate, prompt  
men baulk

The propagating plague: he gets no young:  
They rather slay him,—sell his hide to caulk  
Ships with, first steeped in pitch,—nor hands  
are wrung

In sorrow for his fate: protected thus,  
The purity we love is gained for us.

So did Girl-moon, by just her attribute  
Of unmatched modesty betrayed, lie trapped,  
Bruised to the breast of Pan, half-god half-  
brute,

Raked by his bristly boar-sward while he  
lapped

—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!

Then—does the legend say?—first moon-  
eclipse

Happened, first swooning-fit which puzzled  
sore

The early sages? Is that why she dips  
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, be-  
trayed?

Ha, Virgil? Tell the rest, you! “To the deep  
Of his domain the wildwood, Pan forthwith  
Called her, and so she followed”—in her  
sleep,

Surely?—“by no means spurning 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.

“TOUCH him ne'er so lightly, into song he  
broke:

Soil so quick-receptive,—not one feather-  
seed,

Not one flower-dust fell but straight its fall  
awoke

Vitalizing virtue: song would song succeed  
Sudden as spontaneous—prove a poet-soul!”

Indeed?

Rock's the song-soil rather, surface hard and  
bare:

Sun and dew their mildness, storm and frost  
their rage

Vainly both expend,—few flowers awaken  
there:

Quiet in its cleft broods—what the after age  
Knows and names a pine, a nation's heritage.

## JOCOSERIA.

1883.

WANTING is—what?  
 Summer redundant,  
 Blueness abundant,  
 —Where is the blot?

Beamly the world, yet a blank all the same,  
 —Framework which waits for a picture to  
 frame :

What of the leafage, what of the flower?  
 Rosesembowering with nought they embower!  
 Come then, complete incomplection, O comer,  
 Pant through the blueness, perfect the  
 summer !

Breathe but one breath  
 Rose-beauty above,  
 And all that was death  
 Grows life, grows love,  
 Grows love !

### DONALD.

“WILL you hear my story also,  
 —Huge Sport, brave adventure in plenty?”  
 The boys were a band from Oxford,  
 The oldest of whom was twenty.

The bothy we held carouse in  
 Was bright with fire and candle ;  
 Tale followed tale like a merry-go-round  
 Whereof Sport turned the handle.

In our eyes and noses—turf-smoke :  
 In our ears a tune from the trivet,  
 Whence “Boiling, boiling,” the kettle sang,  
 “And ready for fresh Glenlivet.”

So, feat capped feat, with a vengeance :  
 Truths, though,—the lads were loyal :  
 “Grouse, five score brace to the bag !  
 Deer, ten hours’ stalk of the Royal !”

Of boasting, not one bit, boys !  
 Only there seemed to settle  
 Somehow above your curly heads,  
 —Plain through the singing kettle,

Palpable through the cloud,  
 As each new-puffed Havanna  
 Rewarded the teller’s well-told tale,—  
 This vaunt “To Sport—Hosanna !

“Hunt, fish, shoot,  
 Would a man fulfil life’s duty !  
 Not to the bodily frame alone  
 Does Sport give strength and beauty.

“But character gains in—courage?  
 Ay, Sir, and much beside it !  
 You don’t sport, more’s the pity :  
 You soon would find, if you tried it,

“Good sportsman means good fellow,  
 Sound-hearted he, to the centre ;  
 Your mealy-mouthed mild milksops  
 —There’s where the rot can enter !

“There’s where the dirt will breed,  
 The shabbiness Sport would banish !  
 Oh no, Sir, no ! In your honoured case  
 All such objections vanish.

“’Tis known how hard you studied :  
 A Double-First—what, the jigger !  
 Give me but half your Latin and Greek,  
 I’ll never again touch trigger !

“Still, tastes are tastes, allow me !  
 Allow, too, where there’s keenness  
 For Sport, there’s little likelihood  
 Of a man’s displaying meanness !”

So, put on my mettle, I interposed.  
 "Will you hear my story?" quoth I.  
 "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 name scarce  
 matters :  
 Of the naked fact I am sure enough,  
 Though I clothe it in rags and tatters.

You may recognise Ben by description ;  
 Behind him—a moor's immenseness :  
 Up goes the middle mount of a range,  
 Fringed with its firs in denseness.

Rimming the edge, its fir-fringe, mind !  
 For an edge there is, though narrow ;  
 From end to end of the range, a stripe  
 Of path runs straight as an arrow.

And the mountaineer who takes that path  
 Saves himself miles of journey  
 He has to plod if he crosses the moor  
 Through heather, peat and burnie.

But a mountaineer he needs must be,  
 For, look you, right in the middle  
 Projects bluff Ben—with an end in *ick*—  
 Why planted there, is a riddle :

Since all Ben's brothers little and big  
 Keep rank, set shoulder to shoulder,  
 And only this burliest out must bulge  
 Till it seems—to the beholder

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 sidles 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 foils you, Ben my brother !

But Donald—(that name, I hope, will do)—  
 I wrong him if I call "foiling"  
 The tramp of the callant, whistling the  
 while  
 As blithe 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 :  
 Did a fiend dispute the right of way,  
 Donald would try a tussle.

Lightsomely marched he out of the broad  
 On to the narrow and narrow ;  
 A step more, rounding the angular rock,  
 Reached the front straight as an arrow.

He stepped it, safe on the ledge he stood,  
 When—whom found he full-facing ?  
 What fellow in courage and wariness too,  
 Had scouted ignoble pacing,

And left low safety to timid mates,  
 And made for the dread dear danger,  
 And gained the height where—who could  
 guess  
 He would meet with a rival ranger?

'Twas a gold-red stag that stood and stared,  
 Gigantic and magnific,  
 By the wonder—ay, and the peril—struck  
 Intelligent and pacific :

For a red deer is no fallow deer  
 Grown cowardly through park-feeding ;  
 He batters you like a thunderbolt  
 If you brave his haunts unheeding.

I doubt he could hardly perform *volte-face*  
 Had valour advised discretion :  
 You may walk on a rope, but to turn on a rope  
 No Blondin makes profession.

Yet Donald must turn, would pride permit,  
 Though pride ill brooks retiring :  
 Each eyed each—mute man, motionless  
 beast—  
 Less fearing than admiring.

These are the moments when quite new sense,  
 To meet some need as novel,  
 Springs up in the brain : it inspired resource :  
 —“ Nor advance nor retreat but—grovel !”

And slowly, surely, never a whit  
 Relaxing the steady tension  
 Of eye-stare which binds man to beast,—  
 By an inch and inch declension,

Sank Donald sidewise down and down :  
 Till flat, breast upwards, lying  
 At his six-foot length, no corpse more still,  
 —“ If he cross me ! The trick's worth  
 trying.”

Minutes were an eternity ;  
 But a new sense was created  
 In the stag's brain too ; he resolves ! Slow,  
 sure,  
 With eye-stare unabated,

Feelingly he extends a foot  
 Which tastes the way ere it touches  
 Earth's solid and just escapes man's soft,  
 Nor hold of the same unclutches

Till its fellow foot, light as a feather whisk,  
 Lands itself no less finely :  
 So a mother removes a fly from the face  
 Of her babe asleep supinely.

And now 'tis the haunch and hind foot's  
 turn  
 —That's hard : can the beast quite  
 raise it?

Yes, traversing half the prostrate length,  
 His hoof-tip does not graze it.

Just one more lift ! But Donald, you see,  
 Was sportsman first, man after :  
 A fancy lightened his caution through,  
 —He well-nigh broke into laughter.

“ It were nothing short of a miracle !  
 Unrivalled, unexampled—  
 All sporting feats with this feat matched  
 Were down and dead and trampled !”

The last of the legs as tenderly  
 Follows the rest : or never  
 Or now is the time ! His knife in reach,  
 And his right-hand loose—how clever !

For this can stab up the stomach's soft,  
 While the left-hand grasps the pastern.  
 A rise on the elbow, and—now's the time  
 Or never : this turn's the last turn !

I shall dare to place myself by God  
 Who scanned—for He does—each feature  
 Of the face thrown up in appeal to Him  
 By the agonizing creature.

Nay, I hear plain words : “ Thy gift brings  
 this !”

Up he sprang, back he staggered,  
 Over he fell, and with him our friend  
 —At following game no laggard.

Yet he was not dead when they picked next  
day

From the gully's depth the wreck of him ;  
His fall had been stayed by the stag beneath  
Who cushioned and saved the neck of him

But the rest of his body—why, doctors said,  
Whatever could break was broken ;

Legs, arms, ribs, all of him looked like a  
toast

In a tumbler of port-wine soaken.

"That your life is left you, thank the stag!"

Said they when—the slow cure ended—  
They opened the hospital door, and thence  
—Strapped, spliced, main fractures mended,

And minor damage left wisely alone,—

Like an old shoe clouted and cobbled,  
Out—what went in a Goliath well-nigh,—  
Some half of a David hobbled.

"You must ask an alms from house to house:

Sell the stag's head for a bracket,  
With its grand twelve tines<sup>1</sup>—I'd buy it  
myself—

And use the skin for a jacket!"

He was wiser, made both head and hide

His win-penny: hands and knees on,  
Would manage to crawl—poor crab—by the  
roads

In the misty stalking-season.

And if he discovered a bothy like this,

Why, harvest was sure: folk listened.

He told his tale to the lovers of Sport:

Lips twitched, cheeks glowed, eyes  
glistened.

And when he had come to the close, and  
spread

His spoils for the gazers' wonder,  
With "Gentlemen, here's the skull of the  
stag

I was over, thank God, not under!"—

<sup>1</sup> The branches of a stag's horn.

The company broke out in applause;

"By Jingo, a lucky cripple!

Have a munch of grouse and a hunk of  
bread,

And a tug, besides, at our tippie!"

And "There's my pay for your pluck!"  
cried This,

"And mine for your jolly story!"

Cried That, while T'other—but he was  
drunk—

Hiccapped "A trump, a Tory!"

I hope I gave twice as much as the rest;

For, as Homer would say, "within grate  
Though teeth kept tongue," my whole soul  
growled

—Rightly rewarded,—Ingrate!"

#### SOLOMON AND BALKIS.

SOLOMON King of the Jews and the Queen  
of Sheba Balkis

Talk on the ivory throne, and we well may  
conjecture their talk is

Solely of things sublime: why else has she  
sought Mount Zion,

Climbed the six golden steps, and sat betwixt  
lion and lion?

She proves him with hard questions: before  
she has reached the middle

He smiling supplies the end, straight solves  
them riddle by riddle;

Until, dead-beaten at last, there is left no  
spirit in her,

And thus would she ciose the game whereof  
she was first beginner:

"O wisest thou of the wise, world's marvel  
and well-nigh monster,

One *vulgo* question more to construe or  
*vulgo* conster!

Who are those, of all mankind, a monarch of  
perfect wisdom

Should open to, when they knock at *spheteron*  
*do*—that's his dome?"

The King makes tart reply : " Whom else but the wise his equals  
Should he welcome with heart and voice?—  
since, king though he be, such weak walls  
Of circumstance—power and pomp—divide  
souls each from other  
That whoso 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  
statue, the building—my fellow!  
Gold's gold though dim in the dust: court-  
polish soon turns it yellow.

" But tell me in turn, O thou to thy weakling  
sex superior,  
That for knowledge has travelled so far yet  
seemest no whit the wearier,—  
Who are those, of all mankind, a queen like  
thysel, consummate  
In wisdom, should call to her side with an  
affable ' Up hither, come, mate! "

" The Good are my mates—how else? Why  
doubt it? " the Queen upbridled :  
" Sure even above the Wise,—or in travel  
my eyes have idled,—  
I see the Good stand plain: be they rich,  
poor, shrewd or simple,  
If Good they only are. . . . Permit me to  
drop my wimple! "

And in that bashful jerk of her body, she—  
peace, thou scoffer!—  
Jostled the King's right-hand stretched cour-  
teously help to proffer,  
And so disclosed a portent: all unaware the  
Prince eyed  
The Ring which bore the Name—turned  
outside now from inside!

The truth-compelling Name!—and at once  
" I greet the Wise—Oh,  
Certainly welcome such to my court—with  
this proviso:

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 bade he:  
" See the Name, obey its hest!" And at  
once subjoins 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.

" Ah, Soul," the Monarch sighed, " that  
wouldst soar yet ever crawlst,  
How comes it thou canst discern the greatest  
yet choose the smallest,  
Unless because heaven is far, where wings  
find fit expansion,  
While creeping on all-fours suits, suffices the  
earthly mansion?

" Aspire to the Best! But which? There  
are Bests and Bests so many,  
With a *habitat* each for each, earth's Best as  
much Best as any!  
On Lebanon roots the cedar—soil lofty, yet  
stony and sandy—  
While hyssop, of worth in its way, on the  
wall grows low but handy.

" Above may the Soul spread wing, spurn  
body and sense beneath her;  
Below she must condescend to plodding un-  
buoyed by aether.  
In heaven I yearn for knowledge, account all  
else inanity;  
On earth I confess an itch for the praise of  
fools—that's Vanity.

" It is nought, it will go, it can never presume  
above to trouble me;  
But here,—why, it toys and tickles and teases,  
how'er I redouble me  
In a doggedest of endeavours to play the in-  
different. Therefore, •  
Suppose we resume discourse? Thou hast  
travelled thus far: but wherefore?



"Solely for Solomon's sake, to see whom  
earth styles Sagest?"

Through her blushes laughed the Queen.

"For the sake of a Sage? The gay  
jest!

On high, be communion with Mind—there,  
Body concerns not Balkis:

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 succeeded 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, he her god,

She his idol,—lend your rod,

Chamberlain!—ay, there they are—" *Quis*

*Separabit?*"—plain those two

Touching words come into view,

Apposite for me and you:

Since they witness to incessant

Love like ours: King Francis, he—

Diane the adored one, she—

Prototypes of you and me.

Everywhere is carved her Crescent

With his Salamander-sign—

Flame-fed creature: flame benign

To itself or, if malign,

Only to the meddling curious,

—So, be warned, Sir! Where's my  
head?

How it wanders! What I said

Merely meant—the creature, fed

Thus on flame, was scarce injurious

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.

So, we figure—such our chance is—

I as man and you as . . . What?

Take offence? My Love forgot

He plays woman, I do not?

I—the woman? See my habit,

Ask my people! Anyhow,

Be we what we may, one vow

Binds us, male or female. Now,—

Stand, Sir! Read! "*Quis separabit?*"

Half a mile of pictured way

Past these palace-walls to-day

Traversed, this I came to say.

You must needs begin to love me;

First I hated, then, at best,

—Have it so!—I acquiesced;

Pure compassion did the rest.

From below thus raised above me,

Would you, step by step, descend,

Pity me, become my friend,

Like me, like less, loathe at end?

That's the ladder's round you rose by!

That—my own foot kicked away,

Having raised you: let it stay,

Serve you for retreating? Nay.

Close to me you climbed: as close by,

Keep your station, though the peak

Reached proves somewhat bare and bleak!

Woman's strong if man is weak.

Keep here, loving me forever!

Love's look, gesture, speech, I claim;

Act love, lie love, all the same—

Play as earnest were our game!

Lonely I stood long: 'twas clever

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!  
 Cure what giddiness you feel,  
 This way! Do your senses reel?  
 Not unlikely! What rolls under?  
 Yawning death in yon abyss  
 Where the waters whirl and hiss  
 Round more frightful peaks than this.

Should my buffet dash you thither . . .  
 But be sage! No watery grave  
 Needs await you: seeming brave  
 Kneel on safe, dear timid slave!  
 You surmised, when you climbed hither,  
 Just as easy were retreat  
 Should you tire, conceive unmeet  
 Longer patience at my feet?

Me as standing, you as stooping,—  
 Who arranged for each the pose?  
 Lest men think us friends turned foes,  
 Keep the attitude you chose!  
 Men are used to this same grouping—  
 I and you like statues seen.  
 You and I, no third between,  
 Kneel and stand! That makes the  
 scene.

Mar it—and one buffet . . . Pardon!  
 Needless warmth—wise words in waste!  
 'Twas prostration that replaced  
 Kneeling, then? A proof of taste.  
 Crouch, not kneel, while I mount guard  
 on  
 Prostrate love—become no waif,  
 No stray to waves that chafe  
 Disappointed—love's so safe!

Waves that chafe? The idlest fancy!  
 Peaks that scare? I think we know  
 Walls enclose our sculpture: so  
 Grouped, we pose in Fontainebleau.  
 Up now! Wherefore hesitancy?  
 Arm in arm and cheek by cheek,  
 Laugh with me at waves and peak!  
 Silent still? Why, pictures speak.

See, where Juno strikes Ixion,  
 Primatice speaks plainly! Pooh—  
 Rather, Florentine Le Roux!  
 I've lost head for who is who—  
 So it swims and wanders! Fie on  
 What still proves me female! Here,  
 By the staircase!—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,  
 Somehow, 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  
 him!  
 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?  
 Thanks, friends—Father, thanks! Aghast?

What one word of his confession  
 Would you tell me, though I lured  
 With that royal crown abjured  
 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!

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT AND  
FUSELI.

[Mary Wollstonecraft, the famous author of "A Vindication of the Rights of Woman," and the mother of the second Mrs. Shelley, was born in 1759. She fell in love with Fuseli, the well-known artist, who, however, with the able assistance of Mrs. Fuseli, contrived not to be won. Mary Wollstonecraft then went to Paris, and lived with Mr. Imlay, nor was it till after his desertion of her that she met and eventually married William Godwin. She was barely thirty-nine years old when she died in 1797.]

OH but is it not hard, Dear?

Mine are the nerves to quake at a mouse :  
If a spider drops I shrink with fear :

I should die outright in a haunted house ;  
While for you—did the danger dared bring  
help—

From a lion's den I could steal his whelp,  
With a serpent round me, stand stock-still,  
Go sleep in a churchyard,—so would will  
Give me the power to dare and do  
Valiantly—just for you !

Much amiss in the head, Dear,  
I toil at a language, tax my brain  
Attempting to draw—the scratches here !

I play, play, practise and all in vain :  
But for you—if my triumph brought you pride,  
I would grapple with Greek Plays till I died,  
Paint a portrait of you—who can tell ?  
Work my fingers off for your "Pretty well :"  
Language and painting and music too,  
Easily done—for you !

Strong and fierce in the heart, Dear,  
With—more than a will—what seems a  
power

To pounce on my prey, love outbroke here  
In flame devouring and to devour.  
Such love has laboured its best and worst  
To win me a lover ; yet, last as first,  
I have not quickened his pulse one beat,  
Fixed a moment's fancy, bitter or sweet :  
Yet the strong fierce heart's love's labour's due,  
Utterly lost, was—you !

## ADAM, LILITH, AND EVE.

ONE day it thundered and lightened.  
Two women, fairly frightened,  
Sank to their knees, transformed, transfixed,  
At the feet of the man who sat betwixt ;  
And "Mercy !" cried each—"if I tell the  
truth  
Of a passage in my youth !"

Said This : "Do you mind the morning  
I met your love with scorning ?  
As the worst of the venom left my lips,  
I thought 'If, despite this lie, he strips  
The mask from my soul with a kiss—I crawl  
His slave,—soul, body and all !'"

Said That : "We stood to be married ;  
The priest, or someone, tarried ;  
'If Paradise-door prove locked ?' smiled you.  
I thought, as I nodded, smiling too,  
'Did one, that's away, arrive—nor late  
Nor soon should unlock Hell's gate !'"

It ceased to lighten and thunder.  
Up started both in wonder,  
Looked round and saw that the sky was clear,  
Then laughed "Confess you believed us,  
Dear !"

"I saw through the joke !" the man replied  
They re-seated themselves beside.

## IXION.

[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 Heré, and was permitted to think he had embraced her in the form of a cloud. Zeus banished him, and as a punishment Ixion was tied to a perpetually revolving wheel.]

HIGH in the dome, suspended, of Hell, sad  
triumph, behold us !  
Here the revenge of a God, there the  
amends of a Man.

<p>Whirling forever in torment, flesh once mortal, immortal        Made—for a purpose of hate—able to die and revive,        Pays to the uttermost pang, then, newly for payment replenished,        Doles out—old yet young—agonies ever afresh ;        Whence the result above me : torment is bridged by a rainbow,—        Tears, sweat, blood,—each spasm, ghastly once, glorified now.        Wrung, by the rush of the wheel ordained my place of reposing,        Off in a sparklike spray,—flesh become vapour thro' pain,—        Flies the bestowment of Zeus, soul's vaunted bodily vesture,        Made that his feats observed gain the approval of Man,—        Flesh that he fashioned with sense of the earth and the sky and the ocean,        Framed 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 employment of sense !        Pain's mere minister now to the soul, once pledged to her pleasure—        Soul, if untrammelled by flesh, unapprehensive of pain !        Body, professed soul's slave, which serving beguiled and betrayed her,        Made things false seem true, cheated thro' eye and thro' ear,        Lured thus heart and brain to believe in the lying reported,—        Spurn but the traitorous slave, uttermost at arm, 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 ?</p>	<p>Shall I, with sight thus gained, by torture be taught I was blind once ?        Sisuphos, teaches thy stone—Tantalos, teaches thy thirst        Aught which unaided sense, purged pure, less plainly demonstrates ?        No, for the past was dream : now that the dreamers awake,        Sisuphos scouts low fraud, and to Tantalos treason is folly.        Ask of myself, whose form melts on the murderous wheel,        What is the sin which throe and throe prove sin to the sinner !        Say the false charge was true,—thus do I expiate, say,        Arrogant thought, word, deed,—mere man who conceited me godlike,        Sat beside Zeus, my friend—knelt before Heré, my love !        What were the need but of pitying power to touch and disperse 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 ?        "Ay, but the pain is to punish thee !"        Zeus, once more for a pastime,        Play the familiar, the frank ! Speak and have speech in return !        I was of Thessaly king, there ruled and a people obeyed me :        Mine to establish the law, theirs to obey it or die :        Wherefore ? Because of the good to the people, because of the honour        Thence accruing to me, king, the king's law was supreme.        What of the weakling, the ignorant criminal ?        Not who, excuseless,        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,</p>
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Palm or plane or pine, we laud if lofty,  
 columnar—  
 Loathe if athwart, askew,—leave to the  
 axe and the flame !  
 Where is the vision may penetrate earth and  
 beholding acknowledge  
 Just one pebble at root ruined the straight-  
 ness 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  
 Gnawed, gnarled, warped their worst :  
 passive it lay to offence.  
 King—I was man, no more : what I recog-  
 nized faulty I punished,  
 Laying it prone : be sure, more than a  
 man had I proved,  
 Watch and ward o'er the sapling at birth-  
 time had saved it, nor simply  
 Owned the distortion's excuse,—hindered  
 it wholly : nay, more—  
 Even a man, as I sat in my place to do  
 judgment, and pallid  
 Criminals passing to doom shuddered away  
 at my foot,  
 Could I have probed thro' the face to the  
 heart, read plain a repentance,  
 Crime confessed fools' play, virtue ascribed  
 to the wise,  
 Had I not stayed the consignment to doom,  
 not dealt the renewed ones  
 Life to retrace the past, light to retrieve  
 the misdeed ?  
 Thus had I done, and thus to have done  
 much more it behoves thee,  
 Zeus who madest man—flawless or faulty,  
 thy work !  
 What if the charge were true, as thou mouth-  
 est,—Ixion the cherished  
 Minion of Zeus grew vain, vied with the  
 godships and fell,  
 Forfeit thro' arrogance? Stranger! I clothed,  
 with the *grate* of our human,  
 Inhumanity—gods, natures I likened to  
 ours.

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  
 fulness or nought.  
 "I am thy friend, be mine!" smiled Zeus :  
 "If Heré attract thee,"  
 Blushed the imperial cheek, "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! Heré,  
 my heart for thy heart!"  
 Then broke smile into fury of frown, and the  
 thunder of "Hence, fool!"  
 Then thro' the kiss laughed scorn "Limbs  
 or a cloud was to clasp?"  
 Then from Olumpos to Erebos, then from the  
 rapture to torment,  
 Then from the fellow of gods—misery's  
 mate, to the man!  
 —Man henceforth and forever, who lent from  
 the glow of his nature  
 Warmth to the cold, with light coloured  
 the black and the blank.  
 So did a man conceive of your passion, you  
 passion-protectors!  
 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,  
 falsifies void.  
 Even as—witness the emblem, Hell's sad  
 triumph suspended,  
 Born of my tears, sweat, blood—bursting  
 to vapour above—  
 Arching my torment, an iris ghostlike startles  
 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, e'en  
 in the baffling,  
 When Man's strength proves weak, checked  
 in the body or soul—  
 Whatsoever the medium, flesh or essence,—  
 Ixion's  
 Made for a purpose of hate,—clothing the  
 entity Thou,  
 —Medium 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,  
 Circumbient still, still the poor human  
 array,  
 Pride and revenge and hate and cruelty—all  
 it has burst through,  
 Thought to escape,—fresh formed, found  
 in the fashion it fled,—  
 Never so baffled but—when Man pays the  
 price of endeavour,  
 Thunderstruck, downthrust, Tartaros-  
 doomed 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  
 look and rejoice !  
 What is the influence, high o'er Hell, that  
 turns to a rapture  
 Pain—and despair's murk mists blends in a  
 rainbow of hope ?  
 What is beyond the obstruction, stage by stage  
 tho' it baffle ?  
 Back must I fall, confess " Ever the weak-  
 ness I fled " ?  
 No, for beyond, far, far is a Purity all-  
 unobstructed !  
 Zeus was Zeus—not Man : wrecked by his  
 weakness, I whirl.  
 Out of the wreck I rise—past Zeus to the  
 Potency o'er him !  
 I—to have hailed him my friend ! I—to  
 have clasped her—my love !

Pallid birth of my pain,—where light, where  
 light is, aspiring  
 Thither I rise, whilst thou—Zeus, keep the  
 godship and sink !

### JOCHANAN HAKKADOSH.

[Rabbi Yehudah Hannasi, otherwise Jochanan (John) Hakkadosh, was born in the second Christian century. Hakkadosh means holy.]

" THIS now, this other story makes amends  
 And justifies our Mishna," quoth the Jew  
 Aforesaid. " Tell it, learnedest of friends ! "

A certain morn broke beautiful and blue  
 O'er Schiphaz<sup>1</sup> city, bringing joy and mirth,  
 —So had ye deemed ; while the reverse was  
 true,

Since onesmall house there gave a sorrow birth  
 In such black sort that, to each faithful eye,  
 Midnight, not morning settled on the earth.

How else, when it grew certain thou wouldst  
 die  
 Our much-enlightened master, Israel's prop,  
 Eximious Jochanan Ben Sabbathai ?<sup>2</sup>

Old, yea but, undiminished of a drop,  
 The vital essence pulsed through heart and  
 brain ;  
 Time left unsickled yet the plenteous crop

On poll and chin and cheek, whereof a skein  
 Handmaids might weave—hairs silk-soft,  
 silver-white,  
 Such as the wool-plant's ; none the less in vain

Had Physic striven her best against the spite  
 Of fell disease : the Rabbi must succumb ;  
 And, round the couch whereon in piteous  
 plight

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps Sheeraz.

<sup>2</sup> Probably an imaginary Rabbi.

He lay a-dying, scholars,—awe-struck, dumb  
Throughout the night-watch,—roused them-  
selves and spoke

One to the other: "Ere death's touch benumb

"His active sense,—while yet 'neath Reason's  
yoke

Obedient toils his tongue,—befits we claim  
The fruit of long experience, bid this oak

"Shed us an acorn which may, all the same,  
Grow to a temple-pillar,—dear that day!—  
When Israel's scattered seed finds place and  
name

"Among the envious nations. Lamp us, pray,  
Thou the Enlightener! Partest hence in peace?  
Hailest without regret—much less, dismay—

"The hour of thine approximate release  
From fleshly bondage soul hath found ob-  
struct?  
Calmly envisagest the sure increase

"Of knowledge? Eden's tree must hold  
unplucked  
Some apple, sure, has never tried thy tooth,  
Juicy with sapience thou hast sought, not  
sucked?

"Say, does age acquiesce in vanished youth?  
Still towers thy purity above—as erst—  
Our pleasant follies? Be thy last word—  
truth!"

The Rabbi groaned; then, grimly, "Last as  
first

The truth speak I—in boyhood who began  
Striving to live an angel, and, amerced

"For such presumption, die now hardly man.  
What have I proved of life? To live, indeed,  
That much I learned: but here lies Jochanan

"More luckless than stood David when, to  
speed

His fighting with the Philistine, they brought  
Saul's harness forth: whereat, 'Alack, I need

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"'Armour to arm me, but have never fought  
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 he: while I, contrariwise, 'No trick  
Of weapon helpful on the battle-field

"'Comes unfamiliar to my theoretic:  
But, bid me put in practice what I know,  
Give me a sword—it stings like Moses' stick,

"'A serpent I let drop apace.' E'en 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 failing, 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

"With that same crowd of wailers I outrun  
By promising to teach another cry  
Of more hilarious mood than theirs, the sun

"I look my last at is insulted by.  
What cry,—ye ask? Give ear on every side!  
Witness yon Lover! 'How entrapped am I!

"'Methought, because a virgin's rose-lip  
vied  
With ripe Khubbezleh's,<sup>1</sup> needs must beauty  
mate  
With meekness and discretion in a bride:

"'Bride she became to me who wail—too  
late—  
*Unwise I loved!* That's one cry. 'Mind's  
my gift:  
I might have loaded me with lore, full weight

"'Pressed down and running over at each  
rift  
O' the brain-bag where the famished clung  
and fed.  
I filled it with what rubbish!—would not sift

"'The wheat from chaff, sound grain from  
musty—shed  
Poison abroad as oft as nutriment—  
And sighing say but as my fellows said,

"'Unwise I learned!' That's two. 'In  
dwarf's-play spent  
Was giant's prowess: warrior all unversed  
In war's right waging, I struck brand, was  
lent

"'For steel's fit service, on mere stone—and  
cursed  
Alike the shocked limb and the shivered steel,  
Seeing too late the blade's true use which erst

"'How was I blind to! My cry sweils the  
peal—  
*Unwise I fought!* That's three. But  
wherefore waste  
Breath on the wailings longer? Why reveal

<sup>1</sup> A fanciful name.

"A root of bitterness whereof the taste  
Is noisome to Humanity at large?  
First we get Power, but Power absurdly placed

"In Folly's keeping, who resigns her charge  
To Wisdom when all Power grows nothing  
worth:  
Bones marrowless are mocked with helm and  
targe

"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!"

"Not so!" arose a protest as, pell-mell,  
They pattered from his chamber to the  
street,  
Bent on a last resource. Our Targums<sup>2</sup> tell

That such resource there is. Put case, there  
meet  
The Nine Points of Perfection—rarest  
chance—  
Within some saintly teacher whom the fleet

Years, in their blind implacable advance,  
O'ertake before fit teaching born of these  
Have magnified his scholars' countenance,—

If haply folk compassionating please  
To render up—according to his store,  
Each one—a portion of the life he sees

Hardly worth saving when 'tis set before  
Earth's benefit should the Saint, Hakk-  
dosh,  
Favoured thereby, attain to full fourscore—

If such contribute (Scoffer, spare thy  
"Bosh!")  
A year, a month, a day, an hour—to eke  
Life out,—in him away the gift shall wash

<sup>2</sup> Chaldean versions of the Old Testament developed out of the oral translations and paraphrases of the Scriptures read in the synagogues of the Jews.



That much of ill-spent time recorded, streak  
The twilight of the so-assisted sage  
With a new sunrise: truth, though strange  
to speak!

Quick to the doorway, then, where youth and  
age,  
All Israel, thronging, waited for the last  
News of the loved one. "'Tis the final  
stage:

"Art's utmost done, the Rabbi's feet tread fast  
The way of all flesh!" So announced that apt  
Olive-branch Tsaddik:<sup>1</sup> "Yet, O Brethren,  
cast

"No eye to earthward! Look where heaven  
has clapped  
Morning's extinguisher—yon ray-shot robe  
Of sun-threads—on the constellation mapped

"And mentioned by our Elders,—yea, from  
Job  
Down to Satam,—as figuring forth—what?  
Perpend a mystery! Ye call it *Dob*—

"'The Bear': I trow, a wiser name than that  
Were *Aisch*—'The Bier':<sup>2</sup> a corpse those  
four stars hold,  
Which—are not those Three Daughters weep-  
ing at,

"*Banoth*? I judge so: list while I unfold  
The reason. As in twice twelve hours this Bier  
Goes and returns, about the East-cone rolled,

"So may a setting luminary here  
Be rescued from extinction, rolled anew  
Upon its track of labour, strong and clear,

"About the Pole—that Salem, every Jew  
Helps to build up when thus he saves some Saint  
Ordnained its architect. Ye grasp the clue

<sup>1</sup> A fanciful name.

<sup>2</sup> The Jews called the constellation Kromet-  
rus, or the "Great Bear;" the Bier and the tail  
stars of the Bear they called the *Three Daughters*.  
*Banoth* means daughters.

"To all ye seek? The Rabbi's lamp-flame  
faint

Sinks: would ye raise it? Lend then life  
from yours,  
Spare each his oil-drop! Do I need acquaint

"The Chosen how self-sacrifice ensures  
Ten-fold requital?—urge ye emulate  
The fame of those Old Just Ones death pro-  
cures

"Such praise for, that 'tis now men's sole debate  
Which of the Ten, who volunteered at Rome  
To die for glory to our Race, was great

"Beyond his fellows? Was it thou—the comb  
Of iron carded, flesh from bone, away,  
While thy lips sputtered thro' their bloody foam

"Without a stoppage (O brave Akiba!)<sup>3</sup>  
'Hear, Israel, our Lord God is One'? Or thou,  
Jischab?—who smiledst, burning, since there  
lay,

"Burning along with thee, our Law! I trow,  
Such martyrdom might tax flesh to afford:  
While that for which I make petition now,

"To what amounts it? Youngster, wilt thou  
hoard  
Each minute of long years thou look'st to spend  
In dalliance with thy spouse? Hast thou so  
soared,

"Singer of songs, all out of sight of friend  
And teacher, warbling like a woodland bird,  
There's left no Selah, 'twixt two psalms, to  
lend

<sup>3</sup> Rabbi Akiba was a Jewish teacher, who  
had much to do with the great collection of  
Rabbinical discussions on the law of Moses  
known as the *Mishnah*. The comments on  
the *Mishnah* are called *Gemara*, and both to-  
gether make up the *Talmud*. Akiba took  
part in the famous rebellion against Rome led  
by Barcocheba A.D. 132-135, who was believed  
to be the Messiah. The rebellion failed, and  
Akiba is said to have been scraped to death  
with an iron comb.

"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? Toss some  
rag  
Shall staunch our wound, some minute never  
missed  
From swordsman's lustihood like thine!  
Wilt lag

"In liberal bestowment, show close fist  
When open palm we look for,—thou, wide-  
known  
For statecraft? whom, 'tis said, an if thou list,

"The Shah himself would seat beside his  
throne,  
So valued were advice from thee" . . . But  
here  
He stopped short: such a hubbub! Not alone

From those addressed, but, far as well as  
near,  
The crowd broke into clamour: "Mine, mine,  
mine—  
Lop from my life the excrescence, never fear!

"At me thou lookedst, markedst me! Assign  
To me that privilege of granting life—  
Mine, mine!" Then he: "Be patient! I  
combine

"The needful portions only, wage no strife  
With Nature's law nor seek to lengthen out  
The Rabbi's day unduly. 'Tis the knife

"I stop,—would cut its thread too short.  
About  
As much as helps life last t'ie proper term,  
The appointed Fourscore,—that I crave and  
scout

"A too-prolonged existence. Let the worm  
Change at fit season to the butterfly!  
And here a story strikes me, to confirm

"This judgment. Of our worthies, none  
ranks high  
As Perida<sup>1</sup> 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—  
(feat  
Unparalleled, Uzzean!<sup>2</sup>)—do ye mark?—  
Five hundred times! So might he entrance  
beat

"For knowledge into howsoever dark  
And dense the brain-pan. Yet it happed, at  
close  
Of one especial lecture, not one spark

"Of light was found to have illumed 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 *nil*.

"Out broke a voice from heaven: 'Thy  
patience climbs  
Even thus high. Choose! Wilt thou, rather,  
quick  
Ascend to bliss—or, since thy zeal sublimes

"Such drudgery, will thy back still bear its  
crick,  
Bent o'er thy class,—thy voice drone spite of  
drouth,—  
Five hundred years more at thy desk wilt  
stick?'

<sup>1</sup> A Jewish teacher famous for his patience.

<sup>2</sup> Job.

“ ‘To heaven with me!’ was in the good  
man’s mouth,  
When all his scholars, — cruel-kind were  
they!—

Stopped utterance, from East, West, North  
and South,

“ Rending 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,  
Swordsman, with thy frank offer!—and con-  
clude,

Statist, with thine! One year,—ye will not  
shake

“ My purpose to accept no more. So rude?  
The very boys and girls, forsooth, must press  
And proffer their addition? Thanks! The mood

“ Is laudable, but I reject, no less,  
One month, week, day of life more. Leave  
my gown,

Ye overbold ones! Your life’s gift, you guess,

“ Were good as any? Rudesby, get thee down!  
Set my feet free, or fear my staff! Farewell,  
Seniors and saviours, sharers of renown

“ With Jochanan henceforward!” Straight-  
way fell

Sleep on the sufferer; who awoke in health,  
Hale every way, so potent was the spell.

O the rare Spring-time! Who is he by stealth  
Approaches Jochanan?—embowered that sits  
Under his vine and figtree mid the wealth

Of garden-sights and sounds, since intermits  
Never the turtle’s coo, nor stays nor stints  
The rose her smell. In homage that befits

The musing Master, Tsaddik, see, imprints  
A kiss on the extended foot, low bends  
Forehead to earth, then, all-obsequious, hints

“What if it should be time? A period  
ends—

That of the Lover’s gift—his quarter-year  
Of lustihood: ’tis 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  
caked

With old strong wine’s deposit, offers us

“ Spoilt liquor we recoil from, thirst-unslaked?  
Like earth-smoke from a crevice, out there  
wound

Languors and yearnings: not a sense but  
ached

“ Weighed on by fancied form and feature,  
sound

Of silver word 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  
—brief—

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.

“ Had Age’s hard cold knowledge only spared  
That ignorance of Youth! But now the dream,  
Fresh as from Paradise, alighting fared

"As fares the pigeon, finding what may seem  
Her nest's safe hollow holds a snake inside  
Coiled to enclasp 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 horned band,  
The farmer best affected him? Beside,  
Steer, since his calfhood, got to understand

"Farmers a many in the world so wide  
Were ready with a handful jrst as choice  
Or choicer—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 deafens 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 balm  
Haply in slumber." "This first step o' the  
stair

"To knowledge fails me, but the victor's palm  
Lies on the next to tempt him overleap  
A stumbling-block. Experienced, gather  
calm,

"Thou excellence of Judah, cured 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 Tsaddik: and three moons more  
waxed  
And waned, and not until the Summer-space

Waned likewise, any second visit taxed  
The Rabbi's patience. But at three months'  
end,  
Behold, supine beneath a rock, relaxed

The sage lay musing till the noon should  
spend

Its ardour. Up comes Tsaddik, who but he,  
With "Master, may I warn thee, nor offend,

"That time comes round again? We look  
to see

Sprout from the old branch—not the young-  
ling twig—

But fruit of sycamine: deliver me,

- "To share among my fellows, some plump fig,  
Juicy as seedy! That same man of war,  
Who, with a scantling of his store, made big
- "Thy starveling nature, caused thee, safe from scar,  
To share his gains by long acquaintanceship  
With bump and bruise and all the knocks that are
- "Of battle dowry,—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 swiftest 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 weal too long ignored,
- "Too late attained by preachments all in vain—  
The passive process. Knots get tangled worse  
By toying with: does cut cord close again?
- "Moreover there is blessing in the curse  
Peace-praisers call war. What so sure evolves  
All the capacities of soul, proves nurse
- "Of that self-sacrifice in men which solves  
The riddle—*Wherein differs Man from beast?*  
Foxes boast cleverness and courage 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 into flame: as fares the meteor-mass,  
Whereof no particle but holds inert
- "Some seed of light and heat, however crass  
The enclosure, yet avails not to discharge  
Its radiant birth before there come to pass
- "Some push external,—strong to set at large  
Those dormant fire-seeds, whirl them in a  
trice  
Through heaven and light up earth from  
marge to marge:
- "Since force by motion makes—what erst  
was ice—  
Crash into fervency and so expire,  
Because some Djinn has hit on a device
- "For proving the full 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 it did—  
Show us the evil cured by violence,
- "Submission cures not also! Lift the lid  
From the maturing crucible, we find  
Its slow sure coaxing-out of virtue hid
- "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. E'en the simple cult  
Of Edom's<sup>1</sup> children wisely bids them turn  
Cheek to the smiter with '*Sic Jesus vult.*'

<sup>1</sup> 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 whereon 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 bole  
(Since ye accept in me a sycamine)  
Pluck, 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 unfreed  
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 avow
- “He could effect his purpose, just evince  
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  
Nor hewed, but when the lady of his field  
Required defence because the sun attacked,
- “He, failing to obtain a fitter shield,  
Would interpose his body, and so blaze,  
Blest 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 wishful 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 dubitation! Song’s the boon  
Shall make amends for my untoward mis-  
take  
That Joshua-like thou couldst bid sun and  
moon—

<p>"Fighter and Lover,—which for most men make All they descry in heaven,—stand both stock- still And lend assistance. Poet shalt thou wake!"</p>	<p>"Thou from whose eye hath dropped the envious scale Which hides the truth of things and substitutes Deceptive show, unaided optics fail</p>
<p>Autumn brings Tsaddik. "Ay, there speeds the rill Loaded with leaves: a scowling sky, beside: The wind makes olive-trees up yonder hill</p>	<p>"To transpierce,—hast entrusted to the lute's Soft but sure guardianship some unrevealed Secret shall lift mankind above the brutes</p>
<p>"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</p>	<p>"As only knowledge can?" "A fount un- sealed" (Sighed Jochanan) "should seek the heaven in leaps To die in dew-gems—not find death, con- gealed</p>
<p>"And ripe experimenter! Three months more Have ministered to growth of Song: that graft Into thy sterile stock has found at core</p>	<p>"By contact with the cavern's nether deeps, Earth's secretest foundation where, enswathed In dark and fear, primæval mystery sleeps—</p>
<p>"Moisture, I warrant, hitherto unquaffed By loughs, however florid, wanting sap Of prose-experience which provides the draught</p>	<p>"Petrific fount wherein my fancies bathed And straight turned ice. My dreams of good and fair In soaring upwards had dissolved, unscathed</p>
<p>"Which song-sprouts, wanting, wither: vain we tap A youngling stem all green and immature: Experience must secret the stuff, our hap</p>	<p>"By any influence of the kindly air, Singing, as each took flight, The Future— that's Our destination, mists turn rainbows there,</p>
<p>"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</p>	<p>"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.</p>
<p>"The goodman's eye with promise, soon the pact Is broken, and 'tis flowers,—mere words,— he finds When things,—that's fruit,—he looked for. Well, once cracked</p>	<p>"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</p>
<p>"The nut, how glad my tooth the kernel grinds! Song may henceforth boast substance! There- fore, hail Proser and poet, perfect in both kinds!</p>	<p>"They aimed at—fact—than all at once they found Their film-wings freeze, henceforth unfit to reach And roll in æther, revel—robed and crowned</p>

"As truths, confirmed by falsehood all and each—

Sovereign and absolute and ultimate!  
Up with them, skyward, Youth, ere Age  
inpeach

"Thy least of promises to re-instate  
Adam in Eden! Sing on, ever sing,  
Chirp till thou burst!—the fool cicada'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-fling

"Pitches you past the point was reached of yore  
By Sampsons, Abners, Joabs, Judases,  
The mighty men of valour who, before

"Our little day, did wonders none profess  
To doubt were fable 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

"World-wide and rummage earth, the many-  
nooked,  
Yet find no unit of the human flock  
Caught straying but straight comes back  
hooked and crooked

"By the strong shepherd who, from out his  
stock  
Of aids proceeds to treat each ailing fleece,  
Here stimulate to growth, curtail and dock

"There, baldness or excrescence,—that, with  
grease,  
This, with up-grubbing of the bristly patch  
Born of the tick-bite. How supreme a peace

"Steals o'er the Statist,—while, in wit, a  
match

For shrewd Ahithophel, in wisdom . . . well,  
His name escapes me—somebody, at watch

"And ward, the fellow of Ahithophel  
In guidance of the Chosen!"—at which  
word  
Eyes closed and fast asleep the Rabbi fell.

"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  
Tall tree and lowly shrub. 'Tis so with us  
Mortals: our age stores wealth ye seek in  
vain

"While busy youth culls 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  
amassed  
Experience, now or never, let escape  
Some portion of! For I perceive aghast

"The end approaches, while they jeer and  
jape,  
These sons of Shimei: 'Justify your boast!  
What have ye gained from Death by twelve  
months' rape?'

"Statesman, what cure hast thou for—least  
and most—  
Popular grievances? What nostrum, say,  
Will make the Rich and Poor, expertly dosed,

"Forget disparity, bid each go gay  
That, with his bauble,—with his burden, this?  
Propose an alkahest shall melt away

"Men's lacquer, show by prompt analysis  
Which is the metal, which the make-believe,  
So that no longer brass shall find, gold  
miss



<p>“Coinage and currency? Make haste, retrieve The precious moments, Master!” Whereunto There snarls an “Ever laughing in thy sleeve,</p>	<p>“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</p>
<p>“Pert Tsaddik? Youth indeed sees plain a clue To guide man where life’s wood is intricate: How shall he fail to thrud its thickest through</p>	<p>“Burst into bloom! . . .” “A change indeed, I ween, And change the last!” sighed Tsaddik as he kissed</p>
<p>“When every oak-trunk takes the eye? Elate He goes from bole to brushwood, plunging finds— Smothered in briars—that the small’s the great!</p>	<p>The closing eyelids. “Just as those serene “Princes of Night apprised me! Our acquit Of life is spent, since corners only four Hath Aisch, and each in turn was made desist</p>
<p>“All men are men: I would all minds were minds! Whereas ’tis just the many’s mindless mass That most needs helping: labourers and hinds</p>	<p>“In passage round the Pole (O Mishna’s lore— Little it profits here!) by strenuous tug Of friends who eked out thus to full fourscore</p>
<p>“We legislate for—not the cultured class Which law-makes for itself nor needs the whip And bridle,—proper help for mule and ass,</p>	<p>“The Rabbi’s years. I see each shoulder shrug! What have we gained? Away the Bier may roll!</p>
<p>“Did the brutes know! In vain our states- manship Strives at contenting the rough multitude: Still the ox cries ‘’Tis me thou shouldst equip</p>	<p>To-morrow, when the Master’s grave is dug, “In with his body I may pitch the scroll I hoped to glorify with, text and gloss, My Science of Man’s Life: one blank’s the whole!</p>
<p>“‘With equine trappings!’ or, in humbler mood, ‘Cribful of corn for me! and, as for work— Adequate rumination o’er my food!’</p>	<p>“Love, war, song, statesmanship—no gain, all loss, The stars’ bestowment! We on our return To-morrow merely find—not gold but dross,</p>
<p>“Better remain a Poet! Needs it irk Such an one if light, kindled in his sphere, Fail to transfuse the Mizraim cold and murk</p>	<p>“The body not the soul. Come, friends, we learn At least thus much by our experiment— That—that . . . well, find what, whom it may concern!”</p>
<p>“Round about Goshen? Though light dis- appear, Shut inside,—temporary ignorance Got outside of, lo, light emerging clear</p>	<p>But next day through the city rumours went Of a new persecution; so, they fled All Israel, each man,—this time,—from his tent,</p>
<p>“Shows each astonished starrer the expanse Of heaven made bright with knowledge! That’s the way, The only way—I see it at a glance—</p>	<p></p>

<p>Tsaddik among the foremost. When, the dread Subsiding, Israel ventured back again Some three months after, to the cave they sped</p>	<p>"The strife within me, bred this whole content, This utter acquiescence in my past, Present and future life,—by whom was lent</p>
<p>Where lay the Sage,—a reverential train! Tsaddik first enters. "What is this I view? The Rabbi still alive? No stars remain</p>	<p>"The power to work this miracle at last,— Exceeds my guess. Though—<i>ignorance confirmed</i> <i>By knowledge</i> sounds like paradox, I cast</p>
<p>"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</p>	<p>"Vainly about to tell you—fittier termed— Of calm struck by encountering opposites, Each nullifying either! Henceforth wormed</p>
<p>"Life at him and it stuck? There needs the scourge To teach that urchin manners! Prithee, grant Forgiveness if we pretermit thy dirge</p>	<p>"From out my heart is every snake that bites The dove that else would brood there: doubt, which kills With hiss of 'What if sorrows end delights?'</p>
<p>"Just to explain no friend was ministrant, This time, of life to thee! Some jackanapes, I gather, has presumed to foist his scant</p>	<p>"Fear which stings ease with 'Work the Master wills!'</p>
<p>"Scurvy unripe existence—wilding grapes Grass-green and sorrel-sour—on that grand wine, Mighty as mellow, which, so fancy shapes</p>	<p>Experience which coils round and strangles quick Each hope with 'Ask the Past if hoping skills</p>
<p>"May fitly image forth this life of thine Fed on the last low fattening lees—condensed Elixir, no milk-mildness of the vine!</p>	<p>"To work accomplishment, or proves a trick Wiling thee to endeavour! Strive, fool, stop Nowise, so live, so die—that's law! why kick</p>
<p>"Rightly with Tsaddik wert thou now incensed Had he been witting of the mischief wrought When, for elixir, verjuice he dispensed!"</p>	<p>"Against the pricks?' All out-wormed! Slumber, drop Thy films once more and veil the bliss within! Experience strangle hope? Hope waves a-top</p>
<p>And slowly woke,—like Shushan's flower<sup>1</sup> besought By over-curious handling to unloose The curtained secrecy wherein she thought</p>	<p>"Her wings triumphant! Come what will, I win, Whoever loses! Every dream's assured Of soberest fulfilment. Where's a sin</p>
<p>Her captive bee, mid store of sweets to choose, Would loll, in gold pavilioned lie unteased, Sucking on, sated never,—whose, O whose</p>	<p>"Except in doubting that the light, which lured The unwary into darkness, meant no wrong Had I but marched on bold, nor paused immured</p>
<p>Might seem that countenance, uplift, all eased Of old distraction and bewilderment, Absurdly happy? "How ye have appeared</p>	<p>"By mists I should have pressed thro', passed along My way henceforth rejoicing? Not the boy's Passionate impulse he conceits so strong,</p>

<sup>1</sup> The lily.

"Which, at first touch, truth, bubble-like,  
destroys,—  
Not the man's slow conviction 'Vanity  
Of vanities—alike my griefs and joys !'

"Ice!—thawed (look up) each bird, each  
insect by—  
(Look round) by all the plants that break in  
bloom,  
(Look down) by every dead friend's memory

"That smiles 'Am I the dust within my  
tomb?'  
Not either, but both these—amalgam rare—  
Mix in a product, not from Nature's womb,

"But stuff which He the Operant—who shall  
dare  
Describe His operation?—strikes alive  
And thaumaturgic. I nor know nor care

"How from this tohu-bohu<sup>1</sup>—hopes which  
dive,  
And fears which soar—faith, ruined through  
and through  
By doubt, and doubt, faith treads to dust—  
revive

"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  
Attempered, not this all-inadequate  
Organ which, quivering within me, dies

"—Nay, lives!—what, how,—too soon, or  
else too late—  
I was—I am . . ." ("He babbleth!" Tsaddik  
mused)

"O Thou Almighty who canst re-instate

<sup>1</sup> Void and waste.

"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,  
Because of flesh, the medium that adjusts  
Purity to his visuals, both an aid

"And hindrance,—how to eyes earth's air  
encrusts,  
When purged and perfect to receive truth's  
beam  
Pouring itself on the new sense it trusts

"With all its plenitude of power,—how seen  
The intricacies now, of shade and shine,  
Oppugnant natures—Right and Wrong, we  
deem

"Irreconcilable? O eyes of mine,  
Freed now of imperfection, ye avail  
To see the whole sight, nor may uncombine

"Henceforth 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  
Whereon 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 wasto learn not here—but there—

"On earth, not here! 'Tis there we learn,—  
there prove  
Our parts upon the stuff we needs must spoil,  
Striving at mastery, there bend above

“The spoiled clay potsherds, many a year of  
toil

Attests the potter tried his hand upon,  
Till sudden he arose, wiped free from soil

“His hand cried ‘So much for attempt—anon  
Performance! Taught to mould the living  
vase,  
What matter the cracked pitchers dead and  
gone?’

“Could I impart and could thy mind embrace  
The secret, Tsaddik!” “Secret none to  
me!”

Quoth Tsaddik, as the glory on the face

Of Jochanan was quenched. “The truth I see  
Of what that excellence of Judah wrote,  
Doughty Halaphta. This a case must be

“Wherein, though the last breath have passed  
the throat,

So that ‘The man is dead’ we may pronounce,  
Yet is the Ruach—(thus do we denote

“The imparted Spirit)—in no haste to bounce  
From its entrusted Body,—some three days  
Lingers ere it relinquish to the pounce

“Of hawk-clawed Death his victim. Further  
says

Halaphta, ‘Instances have been, and yet  
Again may be, when saints, whose earthly  
ways

“‘Tend to perfection, very nearly get  
To heaven while still on earth: and, as a fine  
Interval shows where waters pure have met

“‘Waves brackish, in a mixture, sweet with  
brine,  
That’s neither sea nor river but a taste  
Of both—so meet the earthly and divine

“‘And each is either.’ Thus I hold him  
graced—

Dying on earth, half inside and half out,  
Wholly in heaven, who knows? My mind  
embraced

“Thy secret, Jochanan, how dare I doubt?  
Follow thy Ruach, let earth, all it can,  
Keep of the leavings!” Thus was brought about

The sepulture of Rabbi Jochanan:  
Thou hast him,—sinner-saint, live-dead, boy-  
man,—  
Schiphaz, on Bendimir, in Farzistan!

NOTE.—This story can have no better  
authority than that of the treatise, existing  
dispersedly in fragments of Rabbinical writing,  
מִשְׁךְ שֶׁל רַבִּים בְּרִים, from which I might  
have helped myself more liberally. Thus, instead  
of the simple reference to “Moses’ stick,”—but  
what if I make amends by attempting three illus-  
trations, when some thirty might be composed  
on the same subject, equally justifying that  
pithy proverb מִמִּשָּׁה עַר מִשָּׁה לֹא קָם כְּמִשָּׁה.

## I.

MOSES the Meek was thirty cubits high,  
The staff he strode with—thirty cubits long:  
And when he leapt, so muscular and strong  
Was Moses that his leaping neared the sky  
By thirty cubits more: we learn thereby  
He reached full ninety cubits—am I wrong?—  
When, in a fight slurred o’er by sacred song,  
With staff outstretched he took a leap to try  
The just dimensions of the giant Og.  
And yet he barely touched—this marvel  
lacked

Posterity to crown earth’s catalogue  
Of marvels—barely touched—to be exact—  
The giant’s ankle-bone, remained a frog  
That fain would match an ox in stature:  
fact!

## II.

And this same fact has met with unbelief!  
How saith a certain traveller? “Young, I  
chanced

To come upon an object—if thou canst,  
Guess me its name and nature! ‘Twas, in brief,  
White, hard, round, hollow, of such length, in  
chief,

—And this is what especially enhanced  
My wonder—that it seemed, as I advanced,  
Never to end. Bind up within thy sheaf  
Of marvels, this—Posterity! I walked  
From end to end,—four hours walked I,  
who go

A goodly pace,—and found—I have not baulked  
Thine expectation, Stranger? Ay or No?  
‘Twas but Og’s thigh-bone,\* all the while, I  
stalked  
Alongside of: respect to Moses, though!’

## III.

Og's thigh-bone—if ye deem its measure strange,  
 Myself can witness to much length of shank  
 Even in birds. Upon a water's bank  
 Once halting, I was minded to exchange  
 Noon heat for cool. Quoth I "On many a  
 grange  
 I have seen storks perch—legs both long and  
 lank:  
 Yon stork's must touch the bottom of this  
 tank,  
 Since on its top doth wet no plume derange  
 Of the smooth breast. I'll bathe there!" "Do  
 not so!"  
 Warned me a voice from heaven. "A man  
 let drop  
 His axe into that shallow rivulet—  
 As thou accountest—seventy years ago:  
 It fell and fell and still without a stop  
 Keeps falling, nor has reached the bottom  
 yet."

[*Note.*—Dr. Berdoe says the *Hebrew* in this note means—the first quotation, "Collection of Many Fables;" and the second, "From Moses to Moses (Maimonides) there was never one like Moses."]

NEVER THE TIME AND THE  
PLACE.

NEVER the time and the place  
 And the loved one all together!  
 This path—how soft to pace!  
 This May—what magic weather!  
 Where is the loved one's face?  
 In a dream that loved one's face meets  
 mine,  
 But the house is narrow, the place is bleak  
 Where, outside, rain and wind combine  
 With a furtive ear, if I strive to speak,  
 With a hostile eye at my flushing cheek,  
 With a malice that marks each word, each  
 sign!  
 O enemy sly and serpentine,  
 Uncoil thee from the waking man!  
 Do I hold the Past  
 Thus firm and fast  
 Yet doubt if the Future hold I can?  
 This path so soft to pace shall lead  
 Thro' the magic of May to herself indeed!

Or narrow if needs the house must be,  
 Outside are the storms and strangers: we—  
 Oh, close, safe, warm sleep I and she,  
 —I and she!

## PAMBO.

[Pambo was a monk of the Desert in the time of St. Anthony, who, after learning the first verse of the 39th Psalm, refused to learn any more, saying that one was enough for him if he learnt it properly. The poem is apparently based on a passage in Socrates' "Ecclesiastical History," Book iv. c. 18. In Butler's "Lives of the Saints" there is a glowing account of St. Pambo.]

SUPPOSE that we part (work done, comes  
 play)

With a grave tale told in crambo  
 —As our hearty sires were wont to say—  
 Whereof the hero is Pambo?

Do you happen to know who Pambo was?  
 Nor I—but this much have heard of him:  
 He entered one day a college-class,  
 And asked—was it so absurd of him?—

"May Pambo learn wisdom ere practise it?  
 In wisdom I fain would ground me:  
 Since wisdom is centred in Holy Writ,  
 Some psalm to the purpose expound me!"

"That psalm," the Professor smiled, "shall be  
 Untroubled by doubt which dirtieth  
 Pellucid streams when an ass like thee  
 Would drink there—the Nine-and-thirtieth.

"Verse first: *I said I will look to my ways  
 That I with my tongue offend not.*  
 How now? Why stare? Art struck in amaze?  
 Stop, stay! The smooth line hath an end  
 knot! •

"He's gone!—disgusted my text should prove  
 Too easy to need explaining?  
 Had he waited, the blockhead might find I  
 move  
 To matter that pays remaining!"

<p>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?</p> <p>"What? Arms crossed, brow bent, thought- immersed? A student indeed! Why scruple To own that the lesson proposed him first Scarce suited so apt a pupil?</p> <p>"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?"</p> <p>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.</p>	<p>"At the self-same stand,—now old, then young! <i>I will look to my ways</i>—were doing As easy as saying!—<i>that I with my tongue</i> <i>Offend not</i>—and 'scape pooh-pooing</p> <p>"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!"</p> <p>Brother, brother, I share the blame, <i>Arcades sumus ambo!</i> Darkling, I keep my sunrise-aim, Lack not the critic's flambeau, And <i>look to my ways</i>, yet, much the same, <i>Offend with my tongue</i>—like Pambo!</p>
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## FERISHTAH'S FANCIES.

1884.

[Ferishtah is the name of a Persian historian of the seventeenth century, but the poet has not done more than make use of the historian's name. There is no Persian poet called Ferishtah, and the stories are all inventions.]

"His genius was jocular, but, when disposed, he could be very serious."—Article "Shakespeare," JEREMY COLLIER'S *Historical &c. Dictionary*, 2nd edition, 1701.

"You, Sir, I entertain you for one of my Hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say they are Persian: but let them be changed."—*King Lear*, act iii. sc. 6.

### PROLOGUE.

PRAY, Reader, have you eaten ortolans  
Ever in Italy?  
Recall how cooks there cook them: for my  
plan's  
To—Lyre with Spit ally.  
They pluck the birds,—some dozen luscious  
lumps,  
Or more or fewer,—  
Then roast them, heads by heads and rumps  
by rumps,  
Stuck on a skewer.  
But first,—and here's the point I fain would  
press,—  
Don't think I'm tattling!—  
They interpose, to curb its lusciousness,  
—What, 'twixt each fattling?  
First comes plain bread, crisp, brown, a  
toasted square:  
Then, a strong sage-leaf:  
(So we find books with flowers dried here  
and there  
Lest leaf engage leaf.)  
First, food—then, piquancy—and last of all  
Follows the thimbling:  
Through wholesome hard, sharp soft, your  
tooth must bite  
Ere reach the birdling.

VOL. II.

Now, were there only crust to crunch, you'd  
wince:

Unpalatable!

Sage-leaf is bitter-pungent—so's a quince:

Eat each who's able!

But through all three bite boldly—lo, the gust!

Flavour—no fixture—

Flies, permeating flesh and leaf and crust

In fine admixture.

So with your meal, my poem: masticate

Sense, sight and song there!

Digest these, and I praise your peptics' state,

Nothing found wrong there.

Whence springs my illustration who can tell?

—The more surprising

That here eggs, milk, cheese, fruit suffice so  
well

For gormandizing.

A fancy-freak by contrast born of thee,

Delightful Gressoney!

Who laughest "Take what is, trust what  
may be!"

That's Life's true lesson,—eh?

MAISON DELAPIERRE,

GRESSONEY ST. JEAN, VAL D'AOSTA,

*September 12, 83.*

### THE EAGLE. •

DERVISH—(though yet un-derlished, call  
him so

No less beforehand: while he drudged our way,

Other his worldly name was: when he wrote

Those versicles we Persians praise him for,

—True fairy-work—Ferishtah grew his  
style—

Dervish Ferishtah walked the woods one eve,  
And noted on a bough a raven's nest  
Whereof each youngling gaped with callow  
beak

Widened by want; for way? beneath the tree  
Dead lay the mother-bird. "A piteous chance!  
"How shall they 'scape destruction?" sighed  
the sage

—Or sage about to be, though simple still.  
Responsive to which doubt, sudden there  
swooped

An eagle downward, and behold he bore  
(Great-hearted) in his talons flesh wherewith  
He stayed their craving, then resought the sky.  
"Ah, foolish, faithless me!" the observer  
smiled,

"Who toil and moil to eke out life, when lo  
Providence cares for every hungry mouth!"  
To profit by which lesson, home went he,  
And certain days sat musing,—neither meat  
Nor drink would purchase by his handiwork.  
Then,—for his head swam and his limbs grew  
faint,—

Sleep overtook the unwise one, whom in  
dream

God thus admonished: "Hast thou marked  
my deed?

Which part assigned by providence dost judge  
Was meant for man's example? Should he play  
The helpless weakling, or the helpful strength  
That captures prey and saves the perishing?  
Sluggard, arise: work, eat, then feed who  
lack!"

Waking, "I have arisen, work I will,  
Eat, and so following. Which lacks food the  
more,

Body or soul in me? I starve in soul:  
So may mankind: and since men congregate  
In towns, not woods,—to Ispahan forthwith!"

Round us the wild creatures, overhead the trees,  
Underfoot the moss-tracks,—life and love with  
these!

I to wear a fawn-skin, thou to dress in flowers:  
All the long lone Summer-day, that greenwood  
life of ours!

Rich-pavilioned, rather,—still the world with-  
out,—

Inside—gold-roofed silk-walled silence round  
about!

Queen it thou on purple,—I, at watch and ward  
Couched beneath the columns, gaze, thy slave,  
love's guard!

So, for us no world? Let throngs press thee  
to me!

Up and down amid men, heart by heart fare we!  
Welcome squalid vesture, harsh voice, 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 on Dervishhood, not wholly there,—  
Ferishtah, as he crossed a certain bridge,  
Came startled on a well-remembered face.

"Can it be? What, turned melon-seller—thou?  
Clad in such sordid garb, thy seat yon step  
Where dogs brush by thee and express con-  
tempt?

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  
swine?

Wast thou the Shah's Prime Minister, men saw  
Ride on his right-hand while a trumpet blew  
And Persia hailed the Favourite? Yea,  
twelve years

Are past, I judge, since that transcendancy,  
And thou didst peculate and art abased;  
No less, twelve years since, thou didst hold  
in hand

Persia, couldst halve and quarter, since its pulp  
As pleased thee, and distribute—melon-like—  
Portions to whoso played the parasite,

Or suck—thysself—each juicy morsel. How  
Enormous thy abjection,—hell from heaven,  
Made tenfold hell by contrast! Whisper me!

Dost thou curse God for grafting twelve years'  
bliss

Only to prove this day's the direr lot?"



Whereon the beggar raised a brow, once more  
Luminous and imperial, from the rags.  
"Fool, does thy folly think my foolishness  
Dwells rather on the fact that God appoints  
A day of woe to the unworthy one,  
Than 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 Elburz 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,  
אֶת־הַטוֹב נִקְבַּל מֵאֵת הָאֱלֹהִים  
וְאֶת־הָרַע לֹא נִקְבַּל: 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—  
Render back its store of gifts, old looks and  
words of thine  
—Oh, so all unjust—the less deserved, the  
more divine?

## SHAH ABBAS.

ANYHOW, once full Dervish, youngsters came  
To gather up his own words, 'neath a rock  
Or else a palm, by pleasant Nishapur.

Said someone, as Ferishtah paused abrupt,  
Reading a certain passage from the roll  
Wherein is treated of Lord Ali'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—  
Did beauty live in deed as well as word,  
Was this life lived, was this death died—not  
dreamed?'

'Many attested it for fact' saidst thou.  
'Many!' but mark, Sir! Half as long ago  
As such things were,—supposing that they  
were,—  
Reigned 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 all say,—so dost thou say?"

"Wherefore not?"

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 deed as well as word? No fool's report  
Of lion, stag and spider, but immense  
With meaning for mankind,—thy race,—thy-  
self?"

Whereto the Dervish: "First amend, my son,  
Thy faulty nomenclature, call belief  
Belief indeed, not grace with such a name  
The easy acquiescence 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 somewhen Abbas reigned,  
Died, somehow slain,—a useful registry,—

Which therefore we—'believe'? Stand  
forward, thou,

My Yakub, son of Yusuf, son of Zal!  
I advertise thee that our liege, the Shah  
Happily regnant, hath become assured,  
By opportune discovery, that thy sires,  
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 Abbas Shah, the over-nice of soul?  
Whence he appoints thee,—such his clem-  
ency,—

Not death, thy due, but just a double tax  
To pay, on thy particular bed 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!

Why start,  
—The stag's way with the lion hard on  
haunch?

'Believe the story?'—how thy words throng  
fast!

'Who saw this, heard this, said this, wrote  
down this,

That and the other circumstance to prove  
So great a prodigy surprised the world?  
Needs must thou prove me fable can be fact  
Or ere thou coax one piece from out my  
pouch!"

"There we agree, Sir: neither of us knows,  
Neither accepts that tale on evidence  
Worthy to warrant the large word—belief.  
Now I get near thee! Why didst pause  
abrupt,

Disabled by emotion at a tale  
Might match—be frank!—for credibility  
The figment of the spider and the cup?  
—To wit, thy roll's concerning Ali's life,  
Unevidenced—thine own word! Little boots  
Our sympathy with fiction! When I read  
The annals and consider of Tahmasp  
And that sweet sun-surpassing star his love,

I weep like a cut vine-twig, though aware  
Zurah's sad fate is fiction, since the snake  
He saw devour her,—how could such exist,  
Having nine heads? No snake boasts more  
than three!

I weep, then laugh—both actions right alike.  
But thou, Ferishtah, sapiency confessed,  
When at the Day of Judgment God shall ask  
'Didst thou believe?'—what wilt thou plead?  
Thy tears?

(Nay, they fell fast and stain the parchment  
still)

What if thy tears meant love? Love lacking  
ground

—Belief,—avails thee as it would avail  
My own pretence to favour since, forsooth,  
I loved the lady—I, who needs must laugh  
To hear a snake boasts nine heads: they  
have three!"

"Thanks for the well-timed help that's born,  
behold,

Out of thy words, my son,—belief and love!  
Hast heard of Ishak son of Absal? Ay,  
The very same we heard of, ten years since,  
Slain in the wars: he comes back safe and  
sound,—

Though twenty soldiers saw him die at  
Yezdt,—

Just as a single mule-and-baggage boy  
Declared 'twas like he some day would,—for  
why?

The twenty soldiers lied, he saw him stout,  
Cured of all wounds at once by smear of salve,  
A Mubid's manufacture: such the tale.

Now, when his pair of sons were thus apprised  
Effect was twofold on them. 'Hail!' crowed

This:

'Dearer the news than dayspring after night!  
The cure-reporting youngster warrants me  
Our father shall make glad our eyes once more,  
For whom, had outpoured life of mine sufficed  
To bring him back, free broached were every  
vein!'

'Avant, delusive tale-concocter, news  
Cruel as meteor simulating dawn!'

Whimpered the other: 'Who believes this boy  
Must disbelieve his twenty seniors: no,

Return our father shall not! Might my death  
Purchase his life, how promptly would the  
dole

Be paid as due! Well, ten years pass,—aha,  
Ishak is marching homeward,—doubts, not  
he,

Are dead and done with! So, our townfolk  
straight

Must take on them to counsel. 'Go thou  
gay,

Welcome thy father, thou of ready faith!  
Hide thee, contrariwise, thou faithless one,  
Expect paternal frowning, blame and blows!  
So do our townfolk counsel: dost demur?"

"Ferishtah like those simpletons—at loss  
In what is plain as pikestaff? Pish! Suppose  
The trustful son had sighed 'So much the  
worse!

Returning means—retaking heritage  
Enjoyed these ten years, who should say me  
nay?"

How would such trust reward him? Trust-  
lessness

—O' the other hand—were what procured  
most praise

To him who judged return impossible,  
Yet hated heritage procured thereby.

A fool were Ishak if he failed to prize  
Mere head's work less than heart's work: no  
fool he!"

"Is God less wise? Resume the roll!"  
They did.

You groped your way across my room if the  
dear dark dead of night;

At each fresh step a stumble was: but, once  
your lamp alight,

Easy and plain you walked again: so soon all  
wrong grew right!

What lay on floor to trip your foot? Each  
object, late awry,

Looked fitly placed, nor proved offence to foot-  
ing free—for why?

The lamp showed all, discordant late, grown  
simple symmetry.

Be love your light and trust your guide, with  
these explore my heart!

No obstacle to trip you then, strike hands and  
souls apart!

Since rooms and hearts are furnished so,—light  
shows you,—needs love start?

## THE FAMILY.

A CERTAIN neighbour lying sick to death,  
Ferishtahgrieved beneath a palm-tree, whence  
He rose at peace: whereat objected one

"Gudarz our friend gasps in extremity.  
Sure, thou art ignorant how close at hand  
Death presses, or the cloud, which fouled so  
late

Thy face, had deepened down not lightened  
off."

"I judge there will be respite, for I prayed."

"Sir, let me understand, of charity!  
Yestereve, what was thine admonishment?  
'All-wise, all-good, all-mighty—God is such!  
How then should man, the all-unworthy, dare  
Propose to set aside a thing ordained?  
To pray means—substitute man's will for  
God's:

Two best wills cannot be: by consequence,  
What is man bound to but—assent, say I?  
Rather to rapture of thanksgiving; since  
That which seems worst to man to God is best,  
So, because God ordains it, best to man.  
Yet man—the foolish, weak and wicked—  
prays!

Urges 'My best were better, didst Thou  
know'!"

"List to a tale. A worthy householder  
Of Shiraz had three sons, beside a spouse  
Whom, cutting gourds, a serpent bit, whereon  
The offended limb swelled black from foot to  
fork.

The husband called in aid a leech renowned  
World-wide, confessed the lord of surgery,  
And bade him dictate—who forthwith declared  
'Sole remedy is amputation.' Straight

The husband sighed 'Thou knowest: be it so!'

His three sons heard their mother sentenced: 'Pause!'

Outbroke the elder: 'Be precipitate Nowise, I pray thee! Take some gentler way, Thou sage of much resource! I will not doubt But science still may save foot, leg and thigh!' The next in age snapped petulant: 'Too rash! No reason for this maiming! What, Sir Leech, Our parent limps henceforward while we leap? Shame on thee! Save the limb thou must and shalt!'

'Shame on yourselves, ye bold ones!' followed up

The brisk third brother, youngest, pertest too: 'The leech knows all things, we are ignorant; What he proposes, gratefully accept! For me, had I some unguent bound to heal Hurts in a twinkling, hardly would I dare Essay its virtue and so cross the sage By cure his skill pronounces folly. Quick! No waiting longer! There the patient lies: Out then with implements and operate!'"

"Ah, the young devil!"

"Why, his reason chimed Right with the Hakim's."

"Hakim's, ay—but chit's? How? what the skilled eye saw and judged of weight

To overbear a heavy consequence, That—shall a sciolist affect to see? All he saw—that is, all such oaf should see, Was just the mother's suffering."

"In my tale, Be God<sup>d</sup> the Hakim: in the husband's case, Call ready acquiescence—aptitude Angelic, understanding swift and sure: Call the first son—a wise humanity, Slow to conceive but duteous to adopt: See in the second son—humanity, Wrong-headed yet right-hearted, rash but kind.

Last comes the cackler of the brood, our chit

Who, aping wisdom all beyond his years, Thinks to discard humanity itself: Fares like the beast 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 bids God help him, till death touch his eyes And show God granted most, denying all."

Man I am and man would be, Love—nerest man and nothing more.

Bid me seem no other! Eagles boast of pinions —let them soar!

I may put forth angel's plumage, once unmanned, but not before.

Now on earth, to stand suffices,—nay, if kneeling serves, to kneel:

Here you front me, here I find the all of heaven that earth can feel:

Sense looks straight,—not over, under,—perfect sees beyond appeal.

Good you are and wise, full circle: what to me were more outside?

Wiser 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 thine ire

That thou didst curse, nay, cuff and kick—in short,

Confute the announcer? Wipe those drops away

Which start afresh upon thy face at mere

Mention of such enormity: now, speak!"

"He scrupled not to say—(thou warrantest,  
O patient Sir, that I unblamed repeat  
Abominable 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 subtility,  
From out what hole in man's corrupted heart  
Creeps such a maggot: fancies verminous  
Breed in the clots there, but a monster born  
Of pride and folly like this pest—thyself  
Only canst trace to egg-shell it hath chipped."

The sun rode high. "During our igno-  
rance"—

Began Ferishtah—"folk esteemed as God  
Yon orb: for argument, suppose him so,—  
Be it the symbol, not the symbolized,  
I and thou safelier 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-fire, 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  
In little: who first planted what I pluck,  
Obtains my little praise, too: more of both  
Keeps due proportion with more cause for  
each:

So, more and ever more, till most of all  
Completes experience, and the orb, descried  
Ultimate giver of all good, perforce  
Gathers unto himself all love, all praise,  
Is worshipped—which means loved and  
praised at height.

Back to the first good: 'twas the gardener  
gave

Occasion to my palate's pleasure: grace,  
Plain on his part, demanded thanks on mine.  
Go up above this giver,—step by step,  
Gain a conception of what—(how and why,  
Matters not now)—occasioned him to give,

Appointed him the gardener of the ground,—  
I mount by just progression slow and sure  
To some prime giver—here assumed yon  
orb—

Who takes my worship. Whom have I in  
mind,

Thus worshipping, unless a man, my like  
Howe'er above me? Man, I say—how else,  
I being man who worship? Here's my hand  
Lifts first a mustard-seed, then weight on  
weight

Greater and ever greater, till at last  
It lifts a melon, I suppose, then stops—  
Hand-strength expended wholly: so, my love  
First lauds the gardener for the fig his gift,  
Then, looking higher, loves and lauds still  
more,

Who hires the ground, who owns the ground,  
Sheikh, Shah,

On and away, away and ever on,  
Till, at the last, it loves and lauds the orb  
Ultimate cause of all to laud and love.

Where is the break, the change of quality  
In hand's power, soul's impulsion? Gift was  
grace,

The greatest as the smallest. Had I stopped  
Anywhere in the scale, stayed love and  
praise

As so far only fit to follow gift,  
Saying 'I thanked the gardener for his fig,  
But now that, lo, the Shah has filled my purse  
With tomons which avail to purchase me  
A fig-tree forest, shall I pay the same  
With love and praise, the gardener's proper  
fee?'

Justly would whoso bears a brain object  
'Giving is giving, gift claims gift's return,  
Do thou thine own part, therefore: let the  
Shah

Ask more from who has more to pay? Per-  
chance

He gave me from his treasure less by much  
Than the soil's servant: let that be! My part  
Is plain—to meet and match the gift and gift  
With love and love, with praise and praise,  
till both

Cry 'All of us is thine, we can no more!'  
So shall I do man's utmost—man to man:

For as our liege the Shah's sublime estate  
Merely enhaloes, leaves him man the same,  
So must I count that orb I call a fire  
(Keep to the language of our ignorance)  
Something that's fire and more beside. Mere  
fire

—Is it a force which, giving, knows it gives,  
And wherefore, so may look for love and  
praise

From me, fire's like so far, however less  
In all beside? Prime cause this fire shall be,  
Uncaused, all-causing : hence begin the gifts,  
Thither must go my love and praise—to what?  
Fire? Symbol fitly serves the symbolized  
Herein,—that this same object of my thanks,  
While to my mind nowise conceivable  
Except as mind no less than fire, refutes  
Next moment mind's conception : fire is fire—  
While what I needs must thank, must needs  
include

Purpose with power,—humanity like mine,  
Imagined, for the dear necessity,  
One moment in an object which the next  
Confesses unimaginable. Power!  
—What need of will, then? nought opposes  
power :

Why, purpose? any change must be for  
worse :

And what occasion for beneficence  
When all that is, so is and so must be?  
Best being best now, change were for the  
worse.

Accordingly discard these qualities  
Proper to imperfection, take for type  
Mere fire, eject the man, retain the orb,—  
The perfect and, so, inconceivable,—  
And what remains to love and praise? A  
stone

Fair-coloured proves a solace to my eye,  
Rolled by my tongue brings moisture curing  
drouth,

And struck by steel emits a useful spark:  
Shall I return it thanks, the insentient thing?  
No,—man once, man for ever—man in soul  
As man in body : just as this can use  
Its proper senses only, see and hear,  
Taste, like or loathe according to its law  
And not another creature's,—even so

Man's soul is moved by what, if it in turn  
Must move, is kindred soul : receiving good  
—Man's way—must make man's due acknow-  
ledgment,

No other, even while he reasons out  
Plainly enough that, were the man unmanned,  
Made angel of, angelic every way,  
The love and praise that rightly seek and find  
Their man-like object now,—instructed more,  
Would go forth idly, air to emptiness.

Our human flower, sun-ripened, proffers scent  
Though reason prove the sun lacks nose to  
feed

On what himself made grateful : flower and  
man,

Let each assume that scent and love alike  
Being once born, must needs have use!  
Man's part

Is plain—to send love forth,—astray, perhaps:  
No matter, he has done his part."

"Wherefrom

What is to follow—if I take thy sense—  
But that the sun—the inconceivable  
Confessed by man—comprises, all the same,  
Man's every-day conception of himself—  
No less remaining unconceived !"

"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,—  
Dare to accept, in just one case, as truth  
Falseness confessed? Flesh simulating fire—  
Our fellow-man whom we his fellows know  
For dust—instinct with fire unknowable!  
Where's thy man-needed truth—its proof, nay  
print

Of faintest passage on the tablets traced  
By man, termed knowledge? 'Tis conceded  
thee,

We lack such fancied union—fire with flesh :

But even so, to lack is not to gain  
Our lack's suppliance : where's the trace of  
such  
Recorded?"

"What if such a tracing were?  
If some strange story stood,—whate'er its  
worth,—  
That the immensely yearned-for, once befell,  
—The sun was flesh once?—(keep the  
figure!)"

"How?  
An union inconceivable was fact?"

"Son, if the stranger have convinced himself  
Fancy is fact—the sun, besides a fire,  
Holds earthly substance somehow fire per-  
vades  
And yet consumes not,—earth, he under-  
stands,

With essence he remains a stranger to,—  
Fittier thou saidst 'I stand appalled before  
Conception unattainable by me  
Who need it most'—than this—'What? boast  
he holds

Conviction where I see conviction's need,  
Alas,—and nothing else? then what remains  
But that I straightway curse, cuff, kick the  
fool!"

Fire is in the flint : true, once a spark escapes,  
Fire forgets the kinship, soars till fancy shapes  
Some befitting cradle where the babe had birth—  
Wholly heaven's the product, unallied to earth.  
Splendours recognized as perfect in the star!—  
In our flint their home was, housed as now they  
are.

MIHRAB SHAH.

QUOTH an inquirer, "Praise the Merciful!  
My thumb which yesterday a scorpion  
nipped—  
(It swelled and blackened)—lo, is sound  
again!  
By application of a virtuous root

The burning has abated : that is well :  
But now methinks I have a mind to ask,—  
Since this discomfort came of culling herbs  
Normeaning harm,—why needs a scorpion be?  
Yea, there began, from when my thumb last  
throbbled,

Advance in question framing, till I asked  
Wherefore should any evil hap to man—  
From ache of flesh to agony of soul—  
Since God's All-mercy mates All-potency?  
Nay, why permits He evil to Himself—  
Man's sin, accounted such? Suppose a  
world

Purged of all pain, with fit inhabitant—  
Man pure of evil in thought, word and deed—  
Were it not well? Then, wherefore other-  
wise?

Too good result? But He is wholly good!  
Hard to effect? Ay, were He impotent!  
Teach me, Ferishtah!"

Said the Dervish: "Friend,  
My chance, escaped to-day, was worse than  
thine :

I, as I woke this morning, raised my head,  
Which never tumbled but stuck fast on neck.  
Was not I glad and thankful!"

"How could head  
Tumble from neck, unhopped—inform me  
first!

Unless we take Firdausi's tale for truth,  
Who ever heard the like?"

"The like might hap  
By natural law : I let my staff fall thus—  
It goes to ground, I know not why. Suppose,  
Whene'er my hold was loosed, it skyward  
sprang

As certainly, and all experience proved  
That, just as staves when unsupported sink,  
So, unconfined, they soar?"

"Let such be law—  
Why, a new chapter of sad accidents  
Were added to humanity's mischance,  
No doubt at all, and as a man's false step  
Now lays him prone on earth, contrariwise,

Removal from his shoulder of a weight  
Might start him upwards to perdition. 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,  
dost judge,  
Pain once abolished? Come, be true! Our  
Shah—  
How stands he in thy favour? Why that  
shrug?  
Is not he lord and ruler?"

"Easily!  
His mother bore him, first of those four  
wives  
Provided by his father, such his luck:  
Since when his business simply was to breathe  
And take each day's new bounty. There he  
stands—  
Where else had I stood, were his birth-star  
mine?  
No, to respect men's power, I needs must see  
Men's bare hands seek, find, grasp and wield  
the sword  
Nobody else can brandish! Bless his heart,  
'Tis said, he scarcely counts his fingers right!"

"Well, then—his princely doles! from every  
feast  
Off go the feasted with the dish they ate  
And cup they drank from,—nay, a change  
besides  
Of garments" . . .

"Sir, put case, for service done,—  
Or best, for love's sake,—such and such a  
slave  
Sold his allowance of sour lentil soup  
To therewith purchase me a pipe-stick,—  
nay,  
If he, by but one hour, cut short his sleep  
To clout my shoe,—that were a sacrifice!"

"All praise his gracious bearing."

"All praise mine—  
Or would praise did they never make approach  
Except on all-fours, crawling till I bade  
'Now that with eyelids thou hast touched  
the earth,  
Come close and have no fear, poor nothing-  
ness!'  
What wonder that the lady-rose I woo  
And palisade about from every wind,  
Holds herself handsomely? The wilding,  
now,  
Ruffled outside at pleasure of the blast,  
That still lifts up with something of a smile  
Its poor attempt at bloom" . . .

"A blameless life,  
Where wrong might revel with impunity—  
Remember that!"

"The falcon on his fist—  
Reclaimed and trained and belled and beauti-  
fied  
Till she believes herself the Simorgh's  
match—  
She only deigns destroy the antelope,  
Stoops at no carrion-crow: thou marvellest?"  
"So be it, then! He wakes no love in thee  
For any one of divers attributes  
Commonly deemed lovable. All the  
same,  
I would he were not wasting, slow but sure,  
With that internal ulcer" . . .

"Say'st thou so?  
How should I guess? Alack, poor soul!  
But stay—  
Sure in the reach of art some remedy  
Must lie to hand: or if it lurk,—that leech  
Of fame in Tebriz, 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 one  
Odious in spite of every attribute  
Commonly deemed lovable?"



“ Attributes?  
 Faugh!—nay, Ferishtah,—’tis an ulcer, 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 from out the world, what room were  
 left  
 For 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?

Why love,—when all thy kind, save me,  
 suppose,  
 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,—

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  
 judge

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 midriff! that brings flesh  
 Triumphant from the bar whereto arraigned  
 Soul quakes with reason. In the eye of God  
 Pain may have purpose and be justified:  
 Man’s sense avails to only see, in pain,  
 A hateful chance no man but would avert  
 Or, failing, needs must pity. Thanks to God  
 And love to man,—from man take these away,  
 And what is man worth? Therefore, Mihrab  
 Shah,

Tax me my bread and salt twice over, claim  
 Laila my daughter for thy sport,—go on!

Slay my son’s self, maintain thy poetry  
 Beats mine,—thou meritest a dozen deaths!  
 But—ulcer in the stomach,—ah, poor soul,  
 Try a fig-plaster: may it ease thy pangs!”

So, the head aches and the limbs are faint!  
 Flesh is a burthen—even to you!  
 Can I force a smile with a fancy quaint?  
 Why are my ailments none or few?

In the soul of me sits 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  
 Helped, not hindered the inside flame?  
 My dim to-morrow—your plain to-day,  
 Yours the achievement, mine the aim?

So were it rightly, so shall it be!  
 Only, while earth we pace together  
 For the purpose apportioned you and me,  
 Closer we tread for a common tether.

You shall sigh “Wait for his sluggish soul!  
 Shame he should lag, not lamed as I!”  
 May not I smile “Ungained her goal:  
 Body may reach her—by-and-by?”

## A CAMEL-DRIVER.

“How of his fate, the Pilgrims’ soldier-guide  
 Condemned” (Ferishtah questioned), “for  
 he slew  
 The merchant whom he convoyed with his  
 bales  
 —A special treachery?”

“Sir, the proofs werē 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

Which tempted me to rob: but grieve the most  
That he who quickened sin at slumber,—ay,  
Prompted and pestered me till thought grew  
deed,—

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' . . ."

"Idle words."

"Enlighten me!

Wherefore so idle? Punishment by man  
Has thy assent,—the word is on thy lips.  
By parity of reason, punishment  
By God should likelier win thy thanks and  
praise."

"Man acts as man must: God, as God be-  
seems.

A camel-driver, when his beast will bite,  
Thumps her athwart the muzzle: why?"

"How else

Instruct the creature—mouths should munch,  
not bite?"

"True, he is man, knows but man's trick to  
teach.

Suppose some plain word, told her first of all,  
Had hindered any biting?"

"Find him such,

And fit the beast with understanding first!  
No understanding animals like Rakhsh  
Nowadays, Master! Till they breed on earth,  
For teaching—blows must serve."

"Who deals the blow—

What if by some rare method,—magic, say,—  
He saw into the biter's very soul,  
And knew the fault was so repented of  
It could not happen twice?"

"That's something: still,

I hear, methinks, the driver say 'No less  
Take thy fault's due! Those long-necked  
sisters, see,

Lean all a-stretch to know if biting meets  
Punishment or enjoys impunity.  
For their sakes—thwack!"

"The journey home at end,

The solitary beast safe-stabled now,  
In comes the driver to avenge a wrong  
Suffered from six months since,—apparently  
With patience, nay, approval: when the jaws  
Met i' the small of the arm, 'Ha, Ladykin,  
Still at thy frolics, girl of gold?' laughed he:  
'Eat flesh? Rye-grass content thee rather  
with,

Whereof accept a bundle!' Now,—what  
change!

Laughter by no means! Now 'tis 'Fiend,  
thy frisk

Was fit to find thee provender, didst judge?  
Behold this red-hot twy-prong, thus I stick  
To hiss i' the soft of thee!"

"Behold? behold

A crazy noddle, rather! Sure the brute  
Might wellnigh have plain speech coaxed out  
of tongue,

And grow as voluble as Rakhsh himself  
At such mad outrage. 'Could I take thy mind,  
Guess thy desire? If biting was offence  
Wherefore the rye-grass bundle, why each  
day's

Patting and petting, but to intimate  
My playsomeness had pleased thee? Thou  
endowed

With reason, truly!"

"Reason aims to raise

Some makeshift scaffold-vantage midway,  
whence

Man dares, for life's brief moment, peer  
below:

But ape omniscience? Nay! The ladder lent  
To climb by, step and step, until we reach  
The little foothold-rise allowed mankind  
To mount on and thence guess the sun's  
survey—

Shall this avail to show us world-wide truth  
Stretched for the sun's descreying? Reason  
bids

‘Teach, Man, thy beast his duty first of all  
Or last of all, with blows if blows must be,—  
How else accomplish teaching?’ Reason adds  
‘Before man’s First, and after man’s poor  
Last,  
God operated and will operate.’  
—Process of which man merely knows this  
much,—  
That nowise it resembles man’s at all,  
Teaching or punishing.”

“It follows, then,  
That any malefactor I would smite  
With God’s allowance, God himself will spare  
Presumably. No scapegrace? Then, rejoice  
Thou snatch-grace safe in Syria!”

“Friend, such view  
Is but man’s wonderful and wide mistake.  
Man lumps his kind i’ the mass : God singles  
thence  
Unit by unit. Thou and God exist—  
So think!—for certain : think the mass—  
mankind—  
Disparts, disperses, leaves thyself alone !  
Ask thy lone soul what laws are plain to  
thee,—  
Thee and no other,—stand or fall by them !  
That is the part for thee : regard all else  
For what it may be—Time’s illusion. This  
Be sure of—ignorance that sins, is safe.  
No punishment like knowledge ! Instance,  
now !  
My father’s choicest treasure was a book  
Wherein he, day by day and year by year,  
Recorded gains of wisdom for my sake  
When I should grow to manhood. While a  
child,  
Coming upon the casket where it lay  
Unguarded,—what did I but toss the thing  
Into a fire to make more flame therewith,  
Meaning no harm ? So acts man three-years  
old !  
I grieve now at my loss by witlessness,  
But guilt was none to punish. Man mature—  
Each word of his I lightly held, each look  
I turned from—wish that wished in vain—  
nay, will

That willed and yet went all to waste—’tis  
these  
Ranckle like fire. Forgiveness? rather grant  
Forgetfulness ! The past is past and lost.  
However near I stand in his regard,  
So much the nearer had I stood by steps  
Offered the feet which rashly spurned their  
help.  
That I call Hell ; why further punishment?”

When I vexed you and you chid me,  
And I owned my fault and turned  
My cheek the way you bid me,  
And confessed the blow well earned,—

My comfort all the while was  
—Fault was faulty—near, not quite !  
Do you wonder why the smile was?  
O’erpunished wrong grew right.

But faults you ne’er suspected,  
Nay, praised, no faults at all,—  
Those would you had detected—  
Crushed eggs whence snakes could crawl!

## TWO CAMELS.

QUOTH one: “Sir, solve a scruple! No  
true sage  
I hear of, but instructs his scholar thus :  
‘Wouldst thou be wise? Then mortify thy-  
self!  
Baulk of its craving every bestial sense!  
Say “If I relish melons—so do swine!  
Horse, ass and mule consume their provender  
Nor leave a pea-pod : fasting feeds the soul.”’  
Thus they admonish : while thyself, I note,  
Eatest thy ration with an appetite,  
Nor fallest foul of whoso licks his lips  
And sighs—‘Well-saffroned was that barley  
soup!’  
Can wisdom co-exist with—gorge-and-swill,  
I say not,—simply sensual preference  
For this or that fantastic meat and drink?  
Moreover, wind blows sharper than its wont  
This morning, and thou hast already donned  
Thy sheepskin over-garment : sure the sage

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," Ferishtah said,  
"Truth ought to seem as never thought  
before.

How if I give it birth in parable?  
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  
drouth,

In days so many, lest they miss the Fair.  
Each falls to meditation o'er his crib  
Piled high with provender before the start.  
Quoth this: 'My soul is set on winning praise  
From goodman lord and master,—hump to  
hoof,

I dedicate me to his service. How?  
Grass, purslane, lupines and I know not  
what,  
Crammed in my manger? Ha, I see—I  
see!

No, master, spare thy money! I shall trudge  
The distance and yet cost thee not a doit  
Beyond my supper on this mouldy bran.'  
'Be magnified, O master, for the meal  
So opportunely liberal!' quoth that.  
'What use of strength in me but to surmount  
Sands and simooms, and bend beneath thy  
bales

No knee until I reach the glad bazaar?  
Thus I do justice to thy fare: no sprig  
Of toothsome chervil must I leave unchewed!  
Too bitterly should I reproach myself  
Did I sink down in sight of Sebzevar,  
Remembering how the merest mouthful more  
Had heartened me to manage yet a mile!  
And so it proved: the too-astemious brute  
Midway broke down, his pack rejoiced the  
thieves,

His carcass fed the vultures: not so he  
The wisely thankfui, who, good market-  
drudge,

Let down his lading in the market-place,

No damage to a single pack. Which beast,  
Think ye, had praise and patting and a  
brand

Of good-and-faithful-servant fixed on flank?  
So, with thy squeamish scruple. What  
imports

Fasting or feasting? Do thy day's work,  
dare

Refuse no help thereto, since help refused  
Is hindrance sought and found. Win but  
the race—

Who shall object 'He tossed three wine  
cups off,

And, just at starting, Lilith kissed his lips'?

"More soberly,—consider this, my Son  
Put case I never have myself enjoyed,  
Known by experience what enjoyment means,  
How shall I—share enjoyment?—no.  
indeed!—

Supply it to my fellows,—ignorant,  
As so I should be of the thing they crave,  
How it affects them, works for good or ill.  
Style my enjoyment self-indulgence—sin—  
Why should I labour to infect my kind  
With sin's occasion, bid them too enjoy,  
Who else might neither catch nor give again  
Joy's plague, but live in righteous misery?  
Just as I cannot, till myself convinced,  
Impart conviction, so, to deal forth joy  
Adroitly, needs must I know joy myself.  
Renounce joy for my fellows' sake? That's  
joy

Beyond joy; but renounced for mine, not  
theirs?

Why, the physician called to help the sick,  
Cries 'Let me, first of all, discard my health!'

No, Son: the richness hearted in such joy  
Is in the knowing what are gifts we give,  
Not in a vain endeavour not to know!

Therefore, desire joy and thank God for it!

The Adversary said,—a Jew reports,—

החנם רא אוב אלהים:

In Persian phrase, 'Does Job fear God for  
nought?'

Job's creatureship is not abjured, thou fool!

He nowise isolates himself and plays

The independent equal, owns no more

Than himself gave himself, so why thank God?  
 A proper speech were this מַאֲלָהִים  
 'Equals we are, Job, labour for thyself,  
 Nor bid me help thee: bear, as best flesh may,  
 Pains I inflict not nor avail to cure:  
 Beg of me nothing thou thyself mayst win  
 By work, or waive with magnanimity,  
 Since we are peers acknowledged,—scarcely  
 peers,  
 Had I implanted any want of thine  
 Only my power could meet and gratify.'  
 No: rather hear, at man's indifference—  
 'Wherefore did I contrive for thee that ear  
 Hungry for music, and direct thine eye  
 To where I hold a seven-stringed instrument,  
 Unless I meant thee to beseech me play?'"

Once I saw a chemist take a pinch of powder,  
 —Simple dust it seemed—and half-unstop a  
 phial:

—Out dropped harmless dew. "Mixed nothings  
 make"—quoth he—

"Something!" So they did: a thunderclap,  
 but louder—

Lightning-flash, but fiercer—put spectators'  
 nerves to trial:

Sure enough, we learned what was, imagined  
 what might be.

Had I no experience how a lip's mere tremble,  
 Look's half hesitation, cheek's just change of  
 colour,

These effect a heartquake,—how should I con-  
 ceive

What a heaven there may be? Let it but re-  
 semble

Earth myself have known! No bliss that's  
 finer, fuller,

Only—bliss that lasts, they say, and fain would  
 I believe.

## CHERRIES.

"WHAT, I disturb thee at thy morning-meal:  
 Cherries so ripe already? Eat apace!

I recollect thy lesson yesterday.

Yet—thanks, Sir, for thy leave to inter-  
 rupt" . . .

"Friend, I have finished my repast, thank  
 God!"

"There now, thy thanks for breaking fast on  
 fruit!—

Thanks being praise, or tantamount thereto.  
 Prithee consider, have not things degree,  
 Lofty 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-  
 tari?

There is the marvel!"

"Not to man—that's me.

List to what happened late, in fact or dream.

A certain stranger, bound from far away,  
 Still the Shah's subject, found himself before  
 Ispahan palace-gate. As duty bade,

He enters in the courts, will, if he may,

See so much glory as befits a slave

Who only comes, of mind to testify

How great and good is shown our lord the  
 Shah.

In he walks, round he casts his eye about,  
 Looks up and down, admires to heart's content,

Ascends the gallery, tries door and door,

None says his reverence nay: peeps in at each,

Wonders at all the unimagined use,

Gold here and jewels there,—so fast, that  
 hall—

So perfect yon pavilion!—lamps above

Bidding look up from luxuries below,—

Evermore wonder topping wonder,—last—

Sudden he comes upon a cosy nook,

A nest-like little chamber, with his name,

His own, yea, his and no mistake at all,

Plain o'er the entry: what, and he describes

Just those arrangements inside,—oh, the care!—

Suited to soul and body both,—so snug  
The cushion—nay, the pipe-stand furnished  
so!

Whereat he cries aloud,—what think'st thou,  
Friend?

'That these my slippers should be just my  
choice,

Even to the colour that I most affect,  
Is nothing: ah, that lamp, the central sun,  
What must it light within its minaret  
I scarce dare guess the good of! Who lives  
there?

That let me wonder at,—no slipper-toys  
Meant for the foot, forsooth, which kicks  
them—thus!

"Never enough faith in omnipotence,—  
Never too much, by parity, of faith  
In impuissance, man's—which turns to  
strength  
When once acknowledged weakness every  
way.  
How? Hear the teaching of another tale.

"Two men once owed the Shah a mighty  
sum,  
Beggars they both were: this one crossed his  
arms  
And bowed his head,—'whereof,'—sighed  
he,—'each hair  
Proved it a jewel, how the host's amount  
Were idly strewn 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,  
And some five pippins from the seedling  
trees—

Would they were half-a-dozen! anyhow,  
Accept my all, poor beggar that I am!  
'Received in full of all demands!' smiled  
back

The apportioner of every lot of ground  
From inch to acre. Littleness of love  
Befits the littleness of loving thing.  
What if he boasted 'Seeing I am great,

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, twink's 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

With looking after that same love's reward.  
Alas, Friend, what was free from this alloy,—  
Some smatch thereof,—in best and purest  
love

Proffered thy 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 unanalytic. Thank, praise, love  
(Sum up thus) for the lowest favours first,  
The commonest of comforts! aught beside  
Very omnipotence had overlooked  
Such needs, arranging for thy little life.

Nor waste thy power of love in wonder-  
ment

At what thou wiselier lettest shine unsoiled  
By breath of word. That this last cherry  
soothes

A roughness of my palate, that I know:  
His Maker knows why Mushtari was made."

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.

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.

## PLOT-CULTURE.

"AY, but, Ferishtah,"—a disciple smirked,—  
 "That verse of thine 'How twink's thine eye, my Love,  
 Blue as yon star-beam!' much arrides myself  
 Who haply 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!'—  
 What say'st thou, were it scandalous or no?  
 I feel thy shoe sent flying at my mouth  
 For daring—prodigy of impudence—  
 Publish what, secret, were permissible.  
 Well,—one slide further in the imagined  
 slough,—  
 Knee-deep therein, (respect thy reverence!)—  
 Suppose me well aware thy very self  
 Stooped prying through the palm-screen,  
 while I dared  
 Solace me with caressings all the same?  
 Unutterable, nay—unthinkable,  
 Undreamable a deed of shame! Alack,  
 How will it fare shouldst thou impress on me  
 That certainly an Eye is over all  
 And each, to mark the minute's deed, word,  
 thought,  
 As worthy of reward or punishment?  
 Shall I permit my sense an Eye-viewed  
 shame,  
 Broad daylight perpetration,—so to speak,—  
 I had not dared to breathe within the Ear,  
 With black night's help about me? Yet I  
 stand

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A man, no monster, made of flesh not cloud:  
 Why made so, if my making prove offence  
 To Maker's eye and ear?"

"Thou wouldst not stand  
 Distinctly Man,"—Ferishtah made reply,  
 "Not the mere creature,—did no limit-line  
 Round thee about, apportion thee thy place  
 Clean-cut from out and off the illimitable,—  
 Minuteness severed from immensity.  
 All of thee for the Maker,—for thyself,  
 Workings inside the circle that evolve  
 Thine all,—the product of thy cultured plot.  
 So much of grain the ground's lord bids thee  
 yield  
 Bring sacks to granary in Autumn! spare  
 Daily intelligence of this manure,  
 That compost, how they tend to feed the  
 soil:  
 There thou art master sole and absolute  
 —Only, remember doomsday! Twitt'st thou  
 me  
 Because I turn away my outraged nose  
 Shouldst thou obtrude thereon a shovelful  
 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?  
 Keep thy instruction to thyself! My ass—  
 Only from him expect acknowledgment  
 The while he champs my gift, a thistle-  
 bunch,  
 How much he loves the largess: of his love  
 I only tolerate so much as tells  
 By wrinkling nose and inarticulate grunt,  
 The meal, that heartens him to do my work,  
 Tickles his palate as I meant it should."

Not with my Soul, Love!—bid no Soul like mine  
 Lap thee around nor leave the poor Sense  
 room!  
 Soul,—travel-worn, toil-weary,—would confine  
 Along with Soul, Soul's gains from glow and  
 gloom,

Captures from soarings high and divings deep.  
Spoil-laden Soul, how should such memories  
sleep?

Take 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, 'tis  
here—

Not then, 'tis now:—back, memories that in-  
trude!

Make, Love, the universe our solitude,  
And, over all the rest, oblivion roll—  
Sense quenching Soul!

#### A PILLAR AT SEBZEVAR.

“KNOWLEDGE deposed, then!”—groaned  
whom that most grieved

As foolishest of all the company.

“What, knowledge, man's distinctive attri-  
bute,

He doffs that crown to emulate an ass  
Because the unknowing long-ears loves at  
least

Husked lupines, and belike 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 curls were  
crowned

In youth with knowledge,—off, alas, crown  
slipped

Next moment, pushed by better knowledge  
still

Which howise proved more constant: gain,  
to-day,

Was toppling loss to-morrow, lay at last  
—Knowledge, the golden?—lacquered igno-  
rance!

As gain—mistrust it! Not as means to gain:  
Lacquer we learn by: cast in fining-pot,  
We learn,—when what seemed ore assayed  
proves dross,—

Surelier true gold's worth, guess how purity  
I' the lode were precious could one light on  
ore

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:

Love—trust to! Be rewarded for the trust  
In trust's mere act. In love success is sure,

Attainment—no delusion, whatso'er

The prize be: apprehended as a prize,

A prize it is. Thy child as surely grasps

An orange as he fails to grasp the sun  
Assumed his capture. What if soon he finds

The foolish fruit unworthy grasping? Joy  
In shape and colour,—that was joy as true—

Worthy in its degree of love—as grasp  
Of sun were, which had singed his hand  
beside.

What if he said the orange held no juice

Since it was not that sun he hoped to suck?

This constitutes the curse that spoils our life

And sets man maundering of his misery,

That there's no meanest atom he obtains  
Of what he counts for knowledge but he cries

‘Hold here,—I have the whole thing,—know,  
this time,

Nor need search farther!’ Whereas, strew  
his path

With pleasures, and he scorns them while  
he stoops:

‘This fitly call'st thou pleasure, pick up this  
And praise it, truly? I reserve my thanks

For something more substantial.’ Fool not  
thus

In practising with life and its delights!

Enjoy the present gift, nor wait to know

The unknowable. Enough to say ‘I feel  
Love's sure effect, and, being loved, must

love

The love its cause behind,—I can and do!’

Nor turn to try thy brain-power on the fact,  
(Apart from as it strikes thee, here and now—

Its how and why, i' the future and elsewhere)

Except to—yet once more, and ever again,

Confirm thee in thy utter ignorance:

Assured that, whatso'er the quality



Of love's cause, save that love was caused  
 thereby,  
 This—high upon revelation as it seemed  
 A minute since—defies thy longing looks,  
 Withdrawn into the unknowable once more.  
 Wholly distrust thy knowledge, then, and  
 trust  
 As wholly love allied to ignorance!  
 There lies thy truth and safety. Love is  
 praise,  
 And praise is love! Refine the same, contrive  
 An intellectual tribute—ignorance  
 Appreciating ere approbative  
 Of knowledge that is infinite? With us  
 The small, who use the knowledge of our  
 kind  
 Greater than we, more wisely ignorance  
 Restricts its apprehension, sees and knows  
 No more than brain accepts in faith of sight,  
 Takes first what comes first, only sure so far.  
 By Sebzevar a certain pillar stands  
 So aptly that its gnomon tells the hour;  
 What if the townsmen said 'Before we thank  
 Who placed it, for his serviceable craft,  
 And go to dinner since its shade tells noon,  
 Needs must we have the craftsman's purpose  
 clear  
 On half a hundred more recondite points  
 Than a mere summons to a vulgar meal!'   
 Better they say 'How opportune the help!  
 Be loved and praised, thou kindly-hearted  
 sage  
 Whom Hudhud taught,—the gracious spirit-  
 bird,—  
 How to construct the pillar, teach the time!'   
 So let us say—not 'Since we know, we  
 love,'  
 But rather 'Since we love, we know enough.'  
 Perhaps the pillar by a spell controlled  
 Mushtari in his courses? Added grace  
 Surely I count it that the sage devised,  
 Beside celestial service, ministry  
 To all the land, by one sharp shade at noon  
 Falling as folk foresee. Once more then,  
 Friend—  
 (What ever in those careless ears of thine  
 Withal I needs must round thee)—knowledge  
 doubt

Even wherein it seems demonstrable!  
 Love,—in the claim for love, that's gratitude  
 For apprehended pleasure, nowise doubt!  
 Pay its due tribute,—sure that pleasure is,  
 While knowledge may be, at the most. See,  
 now!  
 Eating my breakfast, I thanked God.—'For  
 love  
 Shown in the cherries' flavour? Consecrate  
 So petty an example?' There's the fault!  
 We circumscribe omnipotence. Search sand  
 To unearth water: if first handful scooped  
 Yields thee a draught, what need of digging  
 down  
 Full fifty fathoms deep to find a spring  
 Whereof the pulse might deluge half the  
 land?  
 Drain the sufficient drop, and praise what  
 checks  
 The drouth that glues thy tongue,—what  
 more would help  
 A brimful cistern? Ask the cistern's boon  
 When thou wouldst solace camels: in thy  
 case,  
 Relish the drop and love the loveable!"

"And what may be unloveable?"

"Why, hate!

If out of sand comes sand and nought but  
 sand  
 Affect not to be quaffing at mirage,  
 Nor nickname pain as pleasure. That, belike,  
 Constitutes just the trial of thy wit  
 And worthiness to gain promotion,—hence,  
 Proves the true purpose of thine actual  
 life.  
 Thy soul's environment of things perceived,  
 Things visible and things invisible,  
 Fact, fancy—all was purposed to evolve  
 This and this only—was thy wit of worth  
 To recognize the drop's use, love the same,  
 And loyally declare against mirage  
 Though all the world asseverated dust  
 Was good to drink? Say, 'what made moist  
 my lip,  
 That I acknowledged moisture:' thou art  
 saved!

“For why? The creature and creator stand  
 Rightly related so. Consider well!  
 Were knowledge all thy faculty, then God  
 Must be ignored: love gains him by first leap.  
 Frankly accept the creatureship: ask good  
 To love for: press bold to the tether's end  
 Allotted to this life's intelligence!  
 ‘So we offend?’ Will it offend thyself  
 If,—impuissance praying potency,—  
 Thy child beseech that thou command the sun  
 Rise bright to-morrow—thou, he thinks  
 supreme  
 In power and goodness, why shouldst thou  
 refuse?  
 Afterward, when the child matures, perchance  
 The fault were greater if, with wit full-grown,  
 The stripling dared to ask for a dinar,  
 Than that the boy cried ‘Pluck Sitara<sup>1</sup> down  
 And give her me to play with!’ ‘Tis for him  
 To have no bounds to his belief in thee:  
 For thee it also is to let her shine  
 Lustrous and lonely, so best serving him!”

Ask not one least word of praise!  
 Words declare your eyes are bright?  
 What then meant that summer day's  
 Silence spent in one long gaze?  
 Was my silence wrong or right?

Words of praise were all to seek!  
 Face of you and form of you,  
 Did they find the praise so weak  
 When my lips just touched your cheek—  
 Touch which let my soul come through?

#### A BEAN-STRIPE: ALSO, APPLE- EATING.

“Look, I strew beans” . . .

(Ferishtah, we premise,  
 Strove this way with a scholar's cavilment  
 Who put the peevisish question: “Sir, be  
 frank!

A good thing or a bad thing—Life is which?  
 Shine and shade, happiness and misery

<sup>1</sup> In Persian means a star.

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  
 What colour names each justly in the main,—  
 ‘Black’ I expect, and ‘White’ ensues reply:  
 No hesitation for what speck, spot, splash  
 Of either colour's opposite, intrudes  
 To modify thy judgment. Well, for beans  
 Substitute days,—show, ranged in order,  
 Life—

Then, tell me its true colour! Time is short,  
 Life's days compose a span,—as brief be  
 speech!

Black I pronounce for, like the Indian Sage,—  
 Black—present, past and future, interspersed  
 With blanks, no doubt, which simple folk  
 style Good

Because not Evil: no, indeed? Forsooth  
 Black's shade on White is White too! What's  
 the worst

Of Evil but that, past, it overshades  
 The else-exempted present?—memory,  
 We call the plague! ‘Nay, but our memory  
 fades

And leaves the past unsullied!’ Does it so?  
 Why, straight the purpose of such breathing-  
 space,

Such respite from past ill, grows plain enough!  
 What follows on remembrance of the past?  
 Fear of the future! Life, from birth to death,  
 Means—either looking back on harm escaped,  
 Or looking forward to that harm's return  
 With tenfold power of harming. Black, not  
 White,

Never the whole consummate quietude  
 Life should be, troubled by no fear!—nor  
 hope—

I'll say, since lamplight dies in noontide, hope  
 Loses itself in certainty. Such lot  
 Man's might have been: I leave the conse-  
 quence

To bolder critics of the Primal Cause;  
 Such am not I: but, man—as man I speak:  
 Black is the bean-throw: evil is the Life!”)

“Look, I strew beans”—resumed Ferishtah  
 —“beans

Blackish and whitish; what they figure forth

Shall be man's sum of moments, bad and good,  
 That make up Life,—each moment when he feels  
 Pleasure or pain, his poorest fact of sense,  
 Consciousness anyhow : there's stand the first ;  
 Whence next advance shall be from points to line,  
 Singulars to a series, parts to whole,  
 And moments to the Life. How look they now,  
 Viewed in the large, those little joys and griefs  
 Ranged duly all a-row at last, like beans  
 —These which I strew? This bean was white, this—black,  
 Set by itself,—but see if, good and bad  
 Each following either in companionship,  
 Black have not grown less black and white less white,  
 Till blackish seems but dun, and whitish—grey,  
 And the whole line turns—well, or black to thee  
 Or white belike to me—no matter which :  
 The main result is—both are modified  
 According to our eye's scope, power of range  
 Before and after. Black dost call this bean?  
 What, with a whiteness in its wake, which  
 —see—  
 Suffuses half its neighbour?—and, in turn,  
 Lowers its pearliness late absolute,  
 Frowned upon by the jet which follows hard—  
 Else wholly white my bean were. Choose a joy!  
 Bettered it was by sorrow gone before,  
 And sobered somewhat by the shadowy sense  
 Of sorrow which came after or might come.  
 Joy, sorrow,—by precedence, subsequence—  
 Either on each, make fusion, mix in Life  
 That's both and neither wholly : grey or dun?  
 Dun thou decidest? grey prevails, say I :  
 Wherefore? Because my view is wide enough,  
 Reaches from first to last nor winks at all :  
 Motion achieves 'it : stop short—fast we stick,—  
 Probably at the bean that's blackest.

“ Since—  
 Son, trust me,—this I know and only this—  
 I am in motion, and all things beside  
 That circle round my passage through their midst,—  
 Motionless, these are, as regarding me :  
 —Which means, myself I solely recognize.  
 They too may recognize themselves, not me,  
 For aught I know or care : but plain they serve  
 This, if no other purpose—stuff to try  
 And test my power upon of raying light  
 And lending hue to all things as I go  
 Moonlike through vapour. Mark the flying orb!  
 Think'st thou the halo, painted still afresh  
 At each new cloud-fleece pierced and passed through,  
 This was and is and will be evermore  
 Coloured in permanence? The glory swims  
 Girdling the glory-giver, swallowed straight  
 By night's abysmal gloom, unglorified  
 Behind as erst before the advancer : gloom?  
 Faced by the onward-faring, see, succeeds  
 From the abandoned heaven a next surprise,  
 And where's the gloom now?—silver-smitten straight,  
 One glow and variegation! So with me,  
 Who move and make,—myself,—the black,  
 the white,  
 The good, the bad, of life's environment.  
 Stand still! black stays black : start again!  
 there's white  
 Asserts supremacy : the motion's all  
 That colours me my moment : seen as joy?  
 I have escaped from sorrow, or that was  
 Or might have been : as sorrow?—thence shall be  
 Escape as certain : white preceded black,  
 Black shall give way to white as duff,—so,  
 Deepest in black means white most imminent.  
 Stand still,—have no before, no after!—life  
 Proves death, existence grows impossible  
 To man like me. 'What else is blessed sleep  
 But death, then?' Why, a rapture of release  
 From toil,—that's sleep's approach : as certainly,  
 The end of sleep means, toil is triumphed o'er:

These round the blank unconsciousness  
between

Brightness and brightness, either pushed to  
blaze

Just through that blank's interposition.  
Hence

The use of things external: man—that's I—  
Practise thereon my power of casting light,  
And calling substance,—when the light I  
cast

Breaks into colour,—by its proper name  
—A truth and yet a falsity: black, white,  
Names each bean taken from what lay so  
close

And threw such tint: pain might mean pain  
indeed

Seen 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  
Came of such causes. Passage at an end,—  
Past, present, future pains and pleasures  
fused

So that one glance may gather blacks and  
whites

Into a life-time,—like my bean-streak there,  
Why, white they whirl into, not black—for  
me!"

"Ay, but for me? The indubitable blacks,  
Immeasurable miseries, here, there  
And everywhere i' the world—world outside  
thine

Paled off so opportunely,—body's plague,  
Torment of soul,—where's found thy fellow-  
ship

With wide humanity all round about  
Reeling beneath its burden? "What's despair?  
Behold that man, that woman, child—nay,  
brute!

Will any speck of white unblacken life  
Splashed, spotted, dyed hell-deep now  
from end to end

For him or her or it—who knows? Not I!"

"Nor I, Son! 'It' shall stand for bird,  
beast, fish,

Reptile, and insect even: take the last!

There's the palm-aphis, minute miracle

As wondrous every whit as thou or I:

Well, and his world's the palm-frond, there  
he's born,

Lives, breeds and dies in that circumference,  
An inch of green for cradle, pasture-ground,  
Purlieu and grave: the palm's use, ask of him!

'To furnish these,' replies his wit: ask thine—  
Who see the heaven above, the earth below,  
Creation everywhere,—these, each and all  
Claim certain recognition from the tree

For special service rendered branch and bole,  
Top-tuft and tap-root:—for thyself, thus seen,  
Palms furnish dates to eat, and leaves to shade,  
—Maybe, thatch huts with,—have another use  
Than strikes the aphis. So with me, my Son!  
I know my own appointed patch i' the world,  
What pleasures me or pains there: all out-  
side—

How he, she, it, and even thou, Son, live,  
Are pleased or pained, is past conjecture, once  
I pry beneath the semblance,—all that's fit,  
To practise with,—reach where the fact may lie  
Fathom-deep lower. There's the first and last  
Of my philosophy. Blacks blur thy white?  
Not mine! The aphis feeds, nor finds his leaf  
Untenable because a lance-thrust, nay,  
Lightning strikes sere a moss-patch close  
beside,

Where certain other aphids live and love.  
Restriction to his single inch of white,  
That's law for him, the aphis: but for me,  
The man, the larger-souled, beside my stretch  
Of blacks and whites, I see a world of woe  
All round about me: one such burst of black  
Intolerable o'er the life I count  
White in the main, and, yea—white's faintest  
trace

Were clean abolished once and evermore.  
Thus fare my fellows, swallowed up in gloom  
So far as I discern: how far is that?  
God's care be God's! 'Tis mine—to boast  
no joy

Unsobered by such sorrows of my kind  
As sully with their shade my life that shines."

"Reflected possibilities of pain,  
Forsooth, just chasten pleasure! Pain itself,—  
Fact and not fancy, does not this affect  
The general colour?"

"Here and there a touch  
Taught me, betimes, the artifice of things—  
That all about, external to myself,  
Was meant to be suspected,—not revealed  
Demonstrably a cheat,—but half seen through,  
Lest white should rule unchecked along the  
line:

Therefore white may not triumph. All the  
same,  
Of absolute and irretrievable  
And all-subduing black,—black's soul of  
black

Beyond white's power to disintensify,—  
Of that I saw no sample: such may wreck  
My life and ruin my philosophy  
To-morrow, doubtless: hence the constant  
shade

Cast on life's shine,—the tremor that intrudes  
When firmest seems my faith in white. Dost  
ask

'Who is Ferishtah, hitherto exempt  
From black experience? Why, if God be just,  
Were sundry 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!  
Back are we brought thus to the starting-  
point—

Man's impotency, God's omnipotence,  
These stop my answer. Aphis that I am,  
How leave my inch-allotment, pass at will  
Into my fellow's liberty of range,  
Enter into his sense of black and white,  
As either, seen by me from outside, seems  
Predominatingly the colour? Life,  
Lived by my fellow, shall I pass into  
And myself live there? No—no more than  
pass

From Persia, where in sun since birth I bask  
Daily, to some ungracious land afar,  
Told of by travellers, where the might of snow  
Smothers up day, and fluids lose themselves

Frozen to marble. How I bear the sun,  
Beat though he may unduly, that I know:  
How blood once curdled ever creeps again,  
Baffles conjecture: yet since people live  
Somehow, resist a clime would conquer me,  
Somehow provided for their sake must dawn  
Compensative resource. 'No sun, no  
grapes,—

Then, no subsistence!'—were it wisely said?  
Or this well-reasoned—'Do I dare feel warmth  
And please my palate here with Persia's vine,  
Though, over-mounts,—to trust the tra-  
veller,—

Snow, feather thick, is falling while I feast?  
What if the cruel winter force his way  
Here also?' Son, the wise reply were this:  
When cold from over-mounts spikes through  
and through

Blood, bone and marrow of Ferishtah,—then,  
Time to look out for shelter—time, at least,  
To wring the hands and cry 'No shelter  
serves!'

Shelter, of some sort, no experienced chill  
Warrants that I despair to find."

"No less,  
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  
Chequer the world's predominating black,  
No good oust evil from supremacy,  
So that Life's best was that it led to death.  
How of his testimony?"

"Son, suppose  
My camel told me: 'Threescore days and ten  
I traversed hill and dale, yet never found  
Food to stop hunger, drink to stay my drouth;  
Yet, here I stand alive, which take in proof  
That to survive was found impossible!'  
'Nay, rather take thou, non-surviving beast'  
(Reply were prompt), 'on flank this thwack  
of staff

Nowise affecting flesh that's dead and dry!  
Thou wincest? Take correction twice, amend

Next time thy nomenclature ! Call white—  
white !'

The sourly-Sage, for whom life's best was  
death,

Lived out his seventy years, looked hale,  
laughed loud,

Liked—above all—his dinner,—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, 'White, 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. Dost thou blame  
A soul that strives but to see plain, speak true,  
Truth at all hazards? Oh, this false for real,  
This emptiness which feigns 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,

To cope with fact—wants fiction everywhere!  
Mine tires of falsehood : truth at any cost!"

"Take one and try conclusions—this, sup-  
pose!

God is all-good, all-wise, all-powerful : truth?  
Take it and rest there. What is man? Not  
God :

None of these absolutes therefore,—yet him-  
self, •

A creature with a creature's qualities.  
Make them agree, these two conceptions!  
Each

Abolishes the other. Is man weak,  
Foolish and bad? He must be Ahriman,  
Co-equal with an Ormuzd, Bad with Good,  
Or else a thing made at the Prime Sole Will,  
Doing a maker's pleasure—with results

Which—call, the wide world over, 'what  
must be'—

But, from man's point of view, and only point  
Possible to his powers, call—evidence  
Of goodness, wisdom, strength? we mock  
ourselves

In all that's best of us,—man's blind but sure  
Craving for these in very deed not word,  
Reality and not illusion. Well,—  
Since these nowhere exist—nor there where  
cause

Must have effect, nor here where craving  
means

Craving unfulfilled by fit consequence  
And full supply, aye sought for, never found—  
These—what are they but man's own rule of  
right?

A scheme of goodness recognized by man,  
Although by man unrealizable,—  
Not God's with whom to will were to perform :  
Nowise performed here, therefore never willed.  
What follows but that God, who could the best,  
Has willed the worst,—while man, with power  
to match

Will with performance, were deservedly  
Hailed the supreme—provided . . . here's  
the touch

That breaks the bubble . . . this concept of  
man's

Were man's own work, his birth of heart and  
brain,

His native grace, no alien gift at all.  
The bubble breaks here. Will of man create?  
No more than this my hand which strewed  
the beans

Produced them also from its finger-tips.  
Back goes creation to its source, source prime  
And ultimate, the single and the sole."

"How reconcile discordancy,—unite  
Notion and notion—God that only can  
Yet does not,—man that would indeed  
But just as surely cannot,—both in one?  
What help occurs to thy intelligence?"

"Ah, the beans,—or,—example better yet,—  
A carpet-web I saw once leave the loom  
And lie at gorgeous length in Ispahan!

The weaver plied his work with lengths of silk

Dyed each to match some jewel as it might,  
And wove them, this by that. 'How comes it, friend,'—

(Quoth I)—'that while, apart, this fiery hue,  
That watery dimness, either shocks the eye,  
So blinding bright, or else offends again  
By dulness,—yet the two, set each by each,  
Somehow produce a colour born of both,  
A medium profitable to the sight?'

'Such medium is the end whereat I aim,'—  
Answered my craftsman: 'there's no single tinct

Would satisfy the eye's desire to taste  
The secret of the diamond: join extremes,  
Results a serviceable medium-ghost,  
The diamond's simulation. Even so  
I needs must blend the quality of man  
With quality of God, and so assist  
Mere human sight to understand my Life,  
What is, what should be,—understand thereby  
Wherefore I hate the first and love the last,—

Understand why things so present themselves  
To me, placed here to prove I understand.  
Thus, from beginning runs the chain to end,

And binds me plain enough. By consequence,  
I bade thee tolerate,—not kick and cuff  
The man who held that natures did in fact  
Blend so, since so thyself must have them blend

In fancy, if it take a flight so far."

"A power, confessed past knowledge, nay,  
past thought,  
—Thus thought thus known!"

"To know of, think about—

Is all man's sum of faculty effects  
When exercised on earth's least atom, Son!  
What was, what is, what may such atom be?  
No answer! Still, what seems it to man's sense?

An atom with some certain properties  
Known about, thought of as occasion needs,  
—Man's—but occasions of the universe?

Unthinkable, unknowable to man.

Yet, since to think and know fire through  
and through

Exceeds man, is the warmth of fire unknown,  
Its uses—are they so unthinkable?

Pass from such obvious power to powers un-  
seen,

Undreamed of save in their sure conse-  
quence:

Take that, we spoke of late, which draws to  
ground

The staff my hand lets fall: it draws, at least—  
Thus much man thinks and knows, if nothing  
more."

"Ay, but man puts no mind into such power!  
He neither thanks it, when an apple drops,  
Nor prays it spare his pate while under-  
neath.

Does he thank Summer though it plumped  
the rind?

Why thank the other force—whate'er its  
name—

Which gave him teeth to bite and tongue to  
taste

And throat to let the pulp pass? Force and  
force,

No end of forces! Have they mind like  
man?"

"Suppose thou visit our lord Shalim-Shah,  
Bringing thy tribute as appointed. 'Here  
Come I to pay my due!' Whereat one slave  
Obsequious spreads a carpet for thy foot,  
His fellow offers sweetmeats, while a third  
Prepares a pipe: what thanks or praise have  
they?

Such as befit prompt service. Gratitude  
Goes past them to the Shah whose gracious  
nod

Set all the sweet civility at work;

But for his ordiance, I much suspect,

My scholar had been left to cool his heels  
Uncarpeted, or warm them—likelier still—

With bastinado for intrusion. Slaves

Needs must obey their master: 'force and  
force,

No end of forces,' act as bids some force

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,  
Behoves me pay the same to one aware  
I have my duty, he his privilege.'  
Didst thou expect the slave who charged thy  
pipe  
Would 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 :  
find

Him who accepts the due ! and why look far ?  
Behold thy kindred compass thee about !  
Ere thou wast born and after thou shalt die,  
Heroic man stands forth as Shahan-Shah.  
Rustem and Gew, Gudarz and all the rest,  
How come they short of lordship that's to  
seek

Dead worthies ! but men live undoubtedly  
Gifted as Sindokht, sage Sulayman's match,  
Valiant like Kawah : ay, and while earth lasts  
Such heroes shall abound there—all for thee  
Who profitest by all the present, past,  
And future operation of thy race.

Why, then, o'erburdened with a debt of  
thanks,

Look wistful for some hand from out the  
clouds

To take it, when, all round, a multitude  
Would ease thee in a trice ?"

" Such tendered thanks

Would tumble back to who craved riddance,  
Son !

—Who but my sorry self ? See ! stars are  
out—

Stars which, unconscious of thy gaze beneath,  
Go glorying, and glorify thee too

—Those Seven Thrones, Zurah's beauty,  
weird Parwin !

Whether shall love and praise to stars be  
paid

Or—say—some Mubid who, for good to thee  
Blind at thy birth, by magic all his own  
Opened thine eyes, and gave the sightless  
sight,

Let the stars' glory enter ? Say his charm  
Worked while thyself lay sleeping : as he  
went

Thou wakedst : 'What a novel sense have I !  
Whom shall I love and praise ?' 'The stars,  
each orb

Thou standest rapt beneath,' proposes one :  
'Do not they live their life, and please them-  
selves,

And so please thee ? What more is requisite ?'  
Make thou 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.  
Cannot I close my eyes and bid my brain  
Make whites and blues, conceive without  
stars' help,

New qualities of colour ? were my sight  
Lost or misleading, would yon red—I judge  
A ruby's benefaction—stand for aught  
But green from vulgar glass ? Myself appraise  
Lustre and lustre ; should I overlook  
Fomalhaut and declare some fen-fire king,  
Who shall correct me, lend me eyes he  
trusts

No more than I trust mine ? My mage for  
me !

I never saw him : if he never was,  
I am the arbitrator !' No, my Son !

Let us sink down to thy similitude :  
I eat my apple, relish what is ripe—

The sunny side, admire its rarity  
Since half the tribe is wrinkled, and the  
rest

Hide commonly a maggot in the core,—  
And down Zerdusht goes with due smack of  
lips :

But—thank an apple ? He who made my  
mouth

To masticate, my palate to approve,  
My maw to further the concoction—Him

I thank,—but for whose work, the orchard's  
wealth



Might prove so many gall-nuts—stocks or stones  
For aught that I should think, or know, or care."

"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  
Aught faulty judged, judge justly! Justice  
says:

Be just to fact, or blaming or approving:  
But—generous? No, nor loving!

"Loving! what claim to love has work of mine?  
Concede my life were emptied of its gains  
To furnish forth and fill work's strict confine,  
Who works so for the world's sake—he complains

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.

OH, Love—no, Love! All the noise below,  
Love,

Groanings all and moanings—none of Life  
I lose!

All of Life's a cry just of weariness and woe,  
Love—

"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 splendours: gloom—would else

Barred and banished far—bright-  
edged and blackest shroud!

Thronging th THE FATES.  
they, the Boy, are

Faint reveal  
ones of old APOLLO.

"What"—they spindle grant birth  
deeds so so  
Time upon his the niggardly d  
lies enrolled

"Was it for mere  
and mummie  
So we battled  
sulked or whine

Each of us heard clang  
each was coming:  
Soldiers all, to forward-face,  
lag behind!

"How of the field's fortune? That concerned  
our Leader!

Led, we struck our stroke nor cared for  
doings left and right:  
Each as on his sole head, failer or succeeder,  
Lay the blame or lit the praise: no care  
for cowards: 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  
Sudden turns the blood to ice: a chill wind  
disencharms

All the late enchantment! What if all be  
error—

If the halo irised round my head were,  
Love, thine arms?

PALAZZO GIUSTINIAN-RECANATI,  
VENICE: December 1, 1883.

Supreme o'er all and each : who  
one ?

How recognize him ? Simply **GS WITH CERTAIN PEOPLE**

The Shah—by reasoning 'Since **PORTANCE IN THEIR DAY :**

Behoves me pay the same to  
I have my duty, he his privi

Widst thou expect the slave

TO WIT :

pipe DE VILLE, DANIEL BARTOLI, CHRISTOPHER SMART,  
ould serve as BE BUBB DODINGTON, FRANCIS FURINI, GERARD DE LAIRESSE,  
I save thee CHARLES AVISON.

INTRODUCED BY

sense **DIALOGUE BETWEEN APOLLO AND THE FATES ;**

res tr

CONCLUDED BY

ly tr

**NOTHER BETWEEN JOHN FUST AND HIS FRIENDS.**

1887.

IN MEMORIAM J. MILSAND, OBIT IV. SEPT. MDCCCLXXXVI.

*Absens absentem auditque videtque.*

**APOLLO AND THE FATES.**

**A PROLOGUE.**

(Hymn. in Mercurium, v. 559. Eumenides, vv. 693-4, 697-8. Alcestit, 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.

**THE FATES.** [*Below. Darkness.*

Dragonwise couched in the womb of our  
Mothr,

Coiled at thy nourishing heart's core, Night !

Dominant Dreads, we, one by the other,

Deal to each mortal his dole of light

On earth—the upper, the glad, the bright.

**CLOTHO.**

Even so : thus from my loaded spindle

Plucking a pinch of the fleece, lo, " Birth "

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-purged, weal-pranked,—if it speed, if it  
linger,—

Life's substance and show are determined  
by me,

Who, meting c ., 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.

Spin thee a thread. Live, Admetus!  
Produce him!

LACHESIS.

Go, — brave, wise, good, happy! Now  
chequer the thread!  
He is slaved for, yet loved by a girl I  
unloose him  
A goddess-sent plague. He has conquered,  
is wed,  
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?  
Huddling—no marvel, your enemy eyes you—  
Head by head bat-like, blots under the ban  
Of daylight earth's blessing since time began!

THE FATES.

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 trace to your doleful amuse-  
ment—  
Annulled by a sunbeam!

THE FATES.

Boy, are not we <sup>sed</sup>  
<sub>sed</sub>

APOLLO.

You with the spindle grant birth <sup>ams</sup> the  
inducement  
But yours—with the niggardly d  
dears  
To mankind chance and change, good  
evil? Your shears . . .

ATROPOS.

Ay, mine end the conflict: so much is no fable.  
We spin, draw to length, cut 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  
O'ertook me, and, banished by Zeus, I  
became  
A servant 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 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

Supreme truth this same mortal, the darling thou  
 o' stylest,  
 How from love would advantage,—eke out,  
 The Shy by day,  
 Behoves which 'tis solely thyself reconciest  
 I have friend to endure,—life with hope :  
 midst tho' away  
 gleam from Admetus, he spurns it.  
 For, say—

What's infancy? Ignorance, idleness, mischief:  
 Youth ripens to arrogance, foolishness,  
 greed :  
 Age—impotence, churlishness, rancour : call  
*this* chief  
 Of boons for thy loved one? Much rather  
 bid speed  
 Our function, let live whom thou hatest  
 indeed !

Persuade thee, bright boy-thing! Our eld  
 be instructive !

APOLLO.

And certes youth owns the experience of  
 age.  
 Ye hold then, grave seniors, my beams are  
 productive  
 —They solely—of good that's mere sem-  
 blance, engage  
 Man's eye—gilding evil, Man's true heritage?

THE FATES.

So, even so! From without,—at due distance  
 If viewed,—set a-sparkle, reflecting thy  
 rays,—  
 Life mimics the sun : but withdraw such  
 assistance,  
 The counterfeit goes, the reality stays—  
 An ice-ball disguised as a fire-orb.

APOLLO.

What craze  
 Possesses the fool then whose fancy conceits  
 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 absolve

Such hailing 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 thine, he bethinks him  
 "Once past

The stony, some patch, nay, a smoothness  
 of sward  
 Awaits my tired foot: life turns easy at last"—  
 Thy largess so lures him, he looks for reward  
 Of the labour and sorrow.

APOLLO.

It seems, then—debarred  
 Of illusion—(I needs must acknowledge the  
 plea)  
 Man desponds and despairs. Yet,—still  
 further to draw  
 Due profit from counsel,—suppose there  
 should be  
 Some power in himself, some compensative  
 law  
 By virtue of which, independently . . .

THE FATES.

Faugh!

Strength hid in the weakling!  
 What bowl-shape hast there,  
 Thus laughingly proffered? A gift to our  
 shrine?  
 Thanks—worsted in argument! Not so?  
 Declare  
 Its purpose!

APOLLO.

I proffer earth's product, not mine.  
Taste, try, and approve Man's invention of—  
WINE!

THE FATES.

We feeding suck honeycombs.

APOLLO.

Sustenance meagre!  
Such fare breeds the fumes that show all  
things amiss.  
Quaff wine,—how the spirits rise nimble and  
eager,  
Unscale the dim eyes! To Man's cup  
grant one kiss  
Of your lip, then allow—no enchantment like  
this!

CLOTHO.

Unhook wings, unhood brows! Dost hearken?

LACHESIS.

I listen:  
I see—smell the food these fond mortals  
prefer  
To our feast, the bee's bounty!

ATROPOS.

The thing leaps! But—glisten  
Its best, I withstand it—unless all concur  
In adventure so novel.

APOLLO.

Ye drink?

THE FATES.

We demur.

APOLLO.

Sweet Trine, be indulgent nor scout the con-  
trivance  
Of Man—Bacchus-prompted! The juice,  
I uphold,  
Illuminates gloom without sunny connivance,  
Turns fear into hope and makes cowardice  
bold,—  
Touching all that is leadlike in life turns it  
gold!

THE FATES.

Faith foolish as false!

APOLLO.

sed

But essay it, soft siske  
Then mock as ye may. Lift the chal'd  
lip!

Good: thou next—and thou! Seems the  
web, to you twisters  
Of life's yarn, so worthless?

CLOTHO.

Who guessed that one sip  
Would impart such a lightness of limb?

LACHESIS.

I could skip

In a trice from the pied to the plain in my  
woof!

What parts each from either? A hair's  
breadth, no inch.

Once learn the right method of stepping aloof,  
Though on black next foot falls, firm I fix  
it, nor flinch,  
—Such my trust white succeeds!

ATROPOS.

One could live—at a pinch!

APOLLO.

What beldames? Earth's yield, by Man's  
skill, can effect

Such a cure of sick sense that ye spy the  
relation

Of evil to good? But drink deeper, correct  
Blear sight more convincingly still! Take  
your station

Beside me, drain dregs! Now for edification!

Whose gift have ye gulped? Thank not me  
but my brother,

Blithe Bacchus, our youngest of godships.  
'Twas he

Found all boons to all men, by one god or other  
Already conceded, so judged there must be  
New guerdon to grace the newadvent, you see!

Else how would a claim to Man's homage  
arise?

The plan lay arranged of his mixed woe and  
weal,

Supre  
 tposed—such Zeus' will—with design to  
 make wise  
 he witless—that false things were mingled  
 with real,

Good with bad : such the lot whereto law set  
 the seal.

Now, human of instinct—since Semele's son,  
 Yet minded divinely—since fathered by  
 Zeus,

With nought Bacchus tampered, undid not  
 things done,

Owne'd wisdom anterior, would spare wont  
 and use,

Yet change—without shock to old rule—  
 introduce.

Regard how your cavern from crag-tip to  
 base

Frowns sheer, height and depth adamantine,  
 one death!

I rouse with a beam the whole rampart, dis-  
 place

No splinter—yet see how my flambeau,  
 beneath

And above, bids this gem wink, that crystal  
 unsheath!

Withdraw beam—disclosure once more Night  
 forbids you

Of spangle and sparkle—Day's chance-gift,  
 surmised

Rock's permanent birthright : my potency  
 rids you

No longer of darkness, yet light—recog-  
 nized—

Proves darkness a mask : day lives on though  
 disguised.

If Bacchus by wine's aid avail so to fluster  
 Your sense, that life's fact grows from  
 adverse and thwart

To helpful and kindly by means of a  
 cluster—

Mere hand-squeeze, earth's nature sublimed  
 by Man's art—

Shall Bacchus claim thanks wherein Zeus has  
 no part?

Zeus—wisdom anterior? No, maids, be  
 admonished!

If morn's touch at base worked such  
 wonders, much more

Had noontide in absolute glory astonished  
 Your den, filled a-top to o'erflowing. I pour  
 No such mad confusion. 'Tis Man's to explore

Up and down, inch by inch, with the taper  
 his reason :

No torch, it suffices—held deftly and  
 straight.

Eyes, purblind at first, feel their way in due  
 season,

Accept good with bad, till unseemly debate  
 Turns concord—despair, acquiescence in fate.

Who works this but Zeus? Are not instinct  
 and impulse,

Not concept and incept his work through  
 Man's soul

On Man's sense? Just as wine ere it reach  
 brain must brim pulse,

Zeus' flash stings the mind that speeds  
 body to goal,

Bids pause at no part but press on, reach the  
 whole.

For petty and poor is the part ye envisage  
 When—(quaff away, cummers!)—ye view,  
 last and first,

As evil Man's earthly existence. Come! *Is*  
 age,

*Is* infancy—manhood—so uninterspersed  
 With good—some faint sprinkle?

CLOTHO.

I'd speak if I durst.

APOLLO.

Draughts dregward loose tongue-tie.

LACHESIS.

I'd see, did no web

Set eyes somehow winking.

APOLLO. "

Drains-deep lies their purge

—True collyrium!

ATROPOS.

Words, surging at high-tide, soon ebb  
From starved ears.

APOLLO.

Drink but down to the  
source, they resurge.  
Join hands! Yours and yours too! A dance  
or a dirge?

CHORUS.

Quashed be our quarrel! Sourly and smilingly,  
Bare and gowned, bleached limbs and browned,  
Drive we a dance, three and one, reconcilingly,  
Thanks to the cup where dissension is drowned,  
Defeat proves triumphant and slavery crowned.

Infancy? What if the rose-streak of morning  
Pale and depart in a passion of tears?  
Once to have hoped is no matter for scorning!  
Love once—e'en love's disappointment endears!  
A minute's success pays the failure of years.

Manhood—the actual? Nay, praise the  
potential!  
(Bound upon bound, foot it around!)  
What *is*? No, what *may* be—sing! that's  
Man's essential!  
(Ramp, tramp, stamp and compound  
Fancy with fact—the lost secret is found!)

Age? Why, fear ends there: the contest  
concluded,  
Man *did* live his life, *did* escape from the  
fray:  
Not scratchless but unscathed, he somehow  
eluded  
Each blow fortune dealt him, and conquers  
to-day:  
To-morrow—new chance and fresh strength,  
—might we say?

Laud then Man's life—no defeat but a triumph!  
[*Explosion from the earth's centre.*]

VOL. II.

CLOTHO. He interposed

Ha, loose hands! and mischief

LACHESIS.

I reel in a swor

ATROPOS.

Horror yawns under me, while from on hi  
—humph!

Lightnings astound, thunders resound,  
Vault-roof reverberates, groans the ground!  
[*Silence.*]

APOLLO.

I acknowledge.

THE FATES.

Hence, trickster! Straight  
sobered are we!  
The portent assures 'twas our tongue spoke  
the truth,  
Not thine. While the vapour encompassed  
us three  
We conceived and bore knowledge—a  
bantling uncouth,  
Old brains shudder back from: so—take it,  
rash youth!

Lick the lump into shape till a cry comes!

APOLLO.

I hear.

THE FATES.

Dumb music, dead eloquence! Say it, or  
sing!  
What was quickened in us and thee also?

APOLLO.

I fear.

THE FATES.

Half female, half male—go, ambiguous  
thing!  
While we speak,—perchance sputter—pick up  
what we fling!

Known yet ignored, nor divined nor un-  
guessed,  
Such is Man's law of life. Do we strive  
to declare

2 X

Supposed— is it good in our spinning?  
 or have wise  
 of a sudden: now here and

Chan  
 which decides: all about yet

Flits

—that Man's life be lived, first

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: till death helps him—  
 no lore!

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-  
 gift!

THE FATES.

Content!

Such boon we accord in due measure. Life's  
 term

We lengthen should any be moved for  
 love's sake

To forego life's fulfilment, renounce in the  
 germ

Fruit mature—bliss or woe—either infinite.  
 Take

Or leave thy friend's lot: or his head be the  
 stake!

APOLLO.

On mine, griesly gammers! Admetus, I  
 know thee!

Thou prizest the right these unwittingly  
 give

Thy subjects to rush, pay obedience they owe  
 thee!

Importunate one with another they strive  
 For the glory to die that their king may survive.

Friends rush: and who first in all Phææ  
 appears

But thy father to serve as thy substitute?

CLOTHO.

Bah!

APOLLO.

Ye wince? 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.*]

#### 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 is well worth reading.]

I.

Ay, this same midnight, by this chair of mine.  
 Come and review thy counsels: art thou still

Staunch to their teaching?—not as fools opine  
 Its purport might be, but as subtler skill

Could, through turbidity, the loaded line  
 Of logic casting, sound deep, deeper, till

It touched a quietude and reached a shrine  
 And recognized harmoniously combine

Evil with good, and hailed truth's triumph  
 —thine,

Sage dead long since, Bernard de Mandeville



## II.

Only, 'tis no fresh knowledge that I crave,  
Fuller truth yet, new gainings 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  
Entrusted 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, whensome babe, I saw  
A new-born weakling, starts up strong—not  
weak—

Man every whit, absolved from earning awe,  
Pride, rapture, if the soul attains to wreak  
Its will on flesh, at last can thrust, lift, draw,  
As mind bids muscle—mind which long has  
striven,

Painfully urging body's impotence  
To effort whereby—once law's barrier riven,  
Life's rule abolished—body might dispense  
With infancy's probation, straight be given  
—Not by foiled darings, fond attempts back-  
driven,

Fine faults of growth, brave sins which saint  
when shriven—  
To stand full-statured in magnificence.

## III.

No: as with body so deals law with soul  
That's stung to strength through weakness,  
strives for good  
Through evil,—earth its race-ground, heaven  
its goal,

Presumably: so far I understood  
Thy teaching long ago. But what means this  
—Objected by a mouth which yesterday  
Was magisterial in antithesis  
To half the truths we hold, or trust we may,  
Though tremblingly the while? "No sign"  
—groaned he—

"No stirring of God's finger to denote  
He wills that right should have supremacy  
On earth, not wrong! How helpful could  
we quote

But one poor instance when he interposed  
Promptly and surely and beyond mistake  
Between oppression and its victim, closed  
Accounts with sin for once, and bade us wake  
From our long dream that justice bears no  
sword,

Or else forgets whereto its sharpness serves!  
So might we safely mock at what unnerves  
Faith now, be spared the sapping fear's in-  
crease

That haply evil's strife with good shall cease  
Never on earth. Nay, after earth, comes  
peace

Born out of life-long battle? Man's lip curves  
With scorn: there, also, what if justice swerves  
From dealing doom, sets free by no swift  
stroke

Right fettered here by wrong, but leaves life's  
yoke—

Death should loose man from—fresh laid,  
past release?"

## IV.

Bernard de Mandeville, confute for me  
This parlous friend who captured or set free  
Thunderbolts at his pleasure, yet would draw  
Back, panic-stricken by some puny straw  
Thy gold-rimmed amber-headed cane had  
whisked

Out of his pathway if the object risked  
Encounter, 'scaped thy kick from buckled  
shoe!

As when folk heard thee in old days pooh-  
pooh

Addison's tye-wig preachment, grant this  
friend—

(Whose groan I hear, with guffaw at the end  
Disposing of mock-melancholy)—grant

His bilious mood one potion, ministrant  
Of homely wisdom, healthy wit! For, hear!

"With power and will, let preference appear  
By intervention, ever and aye, help good

When evil's mastery is understood  
In some plain outrage, and triumphant wrong

Tramples weak right to nothingness: nay,  
long

Ere such sad consummation brings despair  
To right's adherents, ah, what help it were

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:  
Ask him—"Suppose the Gardener of Man's  
ground

Plants for a purpose, side by side with good,  
Evil—(and that he does so—look around!  
What does the field show?)—were it under-  
stood

That purposely the noxious plant was found  
Vexing the virtuous, poison close to food,  
If, at first stealing-forth of life in stalk  
And leaflet-promise, quick his spud should  
balk

Evil from budding foliage, bearing fruit?  
Such timely treatment of the offending root  
Might strike the simple as wise husbandry,  
But swift sure extirpation scarce would suit  
Shrewder observers. Seed once sown thrives:  
why

Frustrate its product, miss the quality  
Which sower binds himself to count upon?  
Had seed fulfilled the destined purpose, gone  
Unhindered up to harvest—what know I  
But proof were gained that every growth of  
good

Sprang consequent on evil's neighbourhood?"  
So said your shrewdness: true—so did not  
say

That other sort of theorists who held  
Mere unintelligence prepared the way  
For either seed's upsprouting: you repelled

Their notion that both kinds could sow them-  
selves.

True! but admit 'tis understanding delves  
And drops each germ, what else but folly  
thwarts

The doer's settled purpose? Let the sage  
Concede a use to evil, though there starts  
Full many a burgeon thence, to disengage  
With thumb and finger lest it spoil the  
yield

Too much of good's main tribute! But our  
main

Tough-tendoned mandrake-monster—purge  
the field

Of him for once and all? It follows plain  
Who set him there to grow beholds re-  
pealed

His primal law: his ordinance proves vain:  
And what beseems a king who cannot reign,  
But to drop sceptre valid arm should wield?

## vi.

"Still there's a parable"—retorts my friend—  
"Shows agriculture with a difference!

What of the crop and weeds which solely  
blend

Because, once planted, none may pluck them  
thence?

The Gardener contrived thus? Vain pretence!  
An enemy it was who unawares

Ruined the wheat by interspersing tares.  
Where's our desiderated forethought? Where's  
Knowledge, where power and will in evidence  
'Tis Man's-play merely! Craft foils rectitude,  
Malignity defeats beneficence.

And grant, at very last of all, the feud  
'Twixt good and evil ends, strange thoughts  
intrude

Though good be garnered safely and good's  
foe

Bundled for burning. Thoughts steal: 'even  
so—

Why grant tares leave to thus o'er-top, o'er-  
tower

Their field-mate, boast the stalk and flaunt  
the flower,

Triumph one sunny minute? Knowledge,  
power

And will thus worked? Man's fancy makes  
the fault!

Man, with the narrow mind, must cram inside  
His finite God's infinitude,—earth's vault  
He bids comprise the heavenly far and wide,  
Since Man may claim a right to understand  
What passes understanding. So, succinct  
And trimly set in order, to be scanned  
And scrutinized, lo—the divine lies linked  
Fast to the human, free to move as moves  
Its proper match: awhile they keep the  
grooves,

Discreetly side by side together pace,  
Till sudden comes a stumble incident  
Likely enough to Man's weak-footed race,  
And he discovers—wings in rudiment,  
Such as he boasts, which full-grown, free-  
distent  
Would lift him skyward, fail of flight while  
pent

Within humanity's restricted space.  
Abjure each fond attempt to represent  
The formless, the illimitable! Trace  
No outline, try no hint of human face  
Or form or hand!"

## VII.

Friend, here's a tracing meant  
To help a guess at truth you never knew.  
Bend but those eyes now, using mind's eye too,  
And note—sufficient for all purposes—  
The ground-plan—map you long have yearned  
for—yes,  
Made out in markings—more what artist  
can?—

Goethe's Estate in Weimar,—just a plan!  
A. is the House, and B. the Garden-gate,  
And C. the Grass-plot—you've the whole  
estate

Letter by letter, down to Y. the Pond,  
And Z. the Pig-stye. Do you look beyond  
The algebraic signs, and captious say  
"Is A. the House? But where's the Roof  
to A.,

Where's Door, where's Window? Needs  
must House have such!"

Ay, that were folly. Why so very much  
More foolish than our mortal purblind way

Of seeking in the symbol no mere point  
To guide our gaze through what were else  
inane,

But things—their solid selves? "Is, joint  
by joint,

Orion man-like,—as these dots explain  
His constellation? Flesh composed of suns—  
How can such be?" exclaim the simple ones.  
Look through the sign to the thing signified—  
Shown nowise, point by point at best descried,  
Each an orb's topmost sparkle: all beside  
Its shine is shadow: turn the orb one jot—  
Up flies the new flash to reveal 'twas not  
The whole sphere late flamboyant in your ken!

## VIII.

"What need of symbolizing? Fittier men  
Would take on tongue mere facts—few, faint  
and far,

Still facts not fancies: quite enough they  
are,

That Power, that Knowledge, and that Will,  
—add then

Immensity, Eternity: these jar  
Nowise with our permitted thought and  
speech.

Why human attributes?"

A myth may teach:

Only, who better would expound it thus  
Must be Euripides not Æschylus.

## IX.

Boundingly up through Night's wall dense  
and dark,

Embattled crags and clouds, outbroke the Sun  
Above the conscious earth, and one by one  
Her heights and depths absorbed to the last  
spark

His fluid glory, from the far fine ridge  
Of mountain-granite which, transformed to  
gold,

Laughed first the thanks back, to the vale's  
dusk fold

On fold of vapour-swathing, like a bridge  
Shattered beneath some giant's stamp.  
Night wist

Her work done and betook herself in mist

To marsh and hollow there to bide her time  
Blindly in acquiescence. Everywhere  
Did earth acknowledge Sun's embrace sublime  
Thrilling her to the heart of things: since  
there

No ore ran liquid, no spar branched anew,  
No arrowy crystal gleamed, but straightway  
grew

Glad through the inrush—glad nor more nor  
less

Than, 'neath his gaze, forest and wilderness,  
Hill, dale, land, sea, the whole vast stretch  
and spread,

The universal world of creatures bred  
By Sun's munificence, alike gave praise—  
All creatures but one only: gaze for gaze,  
Joyless and thankless, who—all scowling  
can—

Protests against the innumerable praises?  
Man,

Sullen and silent.

Stand thou forth then, state

Thy wrong, thou sole aggrieved—discon-  
solate—

While every beast, bird, reptile, insect, gay  
And glad acknowledges the bounteous day!

X.

Man speaks now: "What avails Sun's earth-  
felt thrill

To me? Sun penetrates the ore, the plant—  
They feel and grow: perchance with subtler  
skill

He interfuses fly, worm, brute, until  
Each favoured object pays life's ministrant  
By pressing, in obedience to his will,  
Up to completion of the task prescribed,  
So stands and stays a type. Myself imbibed  
Such influence also, stood and stand com-  
plete—

The perfect Man,—head, body, hands and  
feet,

True to the pattern: but does that suffice?  
How of my superadded mind which needs  
—Not to be, simply, but to do, and pleads  
For—more than knowledge that by some  
device

Sun quickens matter: mind is nobly fain

To realize the marvel, make—for sense

As mind—the unseen visible, condense

—Myself—Sun's all-pervading influence

So as to serve the needs of mind, explain

What now perplexes. Let the oak increase

His corrugated strength on strength, the palm

Lift joint by joint her fan-fruit, ball and  
balm,—

Let the coiled serpent bask in bloated  
peace,—

The eagle, like some skyey derelict,

Drift in the blue, suspended, glorying,—

The lion lord it by the desert-spring,—

What know or care they of the power which  
pricked

Nothingness to perfection? I, instead,

When all-developed still am found a thing

All-incomplete: for what though flesh had  
force

Transcending theirs—hands able to unring

The tightened snake's coil, eyes that could  
outcourse

The eagle's soaring, voice whereat the king

Of carnage couched discrowned? Mind  
seeks to see,

Touch, understand, by mind inside of me,

The outside mind—whose quickening I attain

To recognize—I only. All in vain

Would mind address itself to render plain

The nature of the essence. Drag what lurks

Behind the operation—that which works

Latently everywhere by outward proof—

Drag that mind forth to face mine? No! aloof

I solely crave that one of all the beams

Which do Sun's work in darkness, at my will

Should operate—myself for once have skill

To realize the energy which streams

Flooding the universe. Above, around,

Beneath—why mocks that mind my own

... thus found

Simply of service, when the world grows dark.

To half-surmise—were Sun's use understood.

I might demonstrate him supplying food,

Warmth, life, no less the while? To grant  
one spark

Myself may deal with—make it thaw my blood

And prompt my steps, were truer to the mark

Of mind's requirement than a half-surmise  
 That somehow secretly is operant  
 A power all matter feels, mind only tries  
 To comprehend! Once more—no idle  
 vaunt  
 'Man comprehends the Sun's self!'  
 Mysteries  
 At source why probe into? Enough: dis-  
 play,  
 Make demonstrable, how, by night as day,  
 Earth's centre and sky's outspan, all's in-  
 formed  
 Equally by Sun's efflux!—source from whence  
 If just one spark I drew, full evidence  
 Were mine of fire ineffably enthroned—  
 Sun's self made palpable to Man!"

## XI.

Thus moaned  
 Man till Prometheus helped him,—as we  
 learn,—  
 Offered an artifice whereby he drew  
 Sun's rays into a focus,—plain and true,  
 The very Sun in little: made fire burn  
 And henceforth do Man service—glass-con-  
 globed  
 Though to a pin-point circle—all the same  
 Comprising the Sun's self, but Sun disrobed  
 Of that else-unconceived essential flame  
 Borne by no naked sight. Shall mind's eye  
 strive  
 Achingly to companion as it may  
 The supersubtle effluence, and contrive  
 To follow beam and beam upon their way  
 Hand-breadth by hand-breadth, till sense  
 faint—confessed  
 Frustrate, eluded by unknown unguessed  
 Infinitude of action? Idle quest!  
 Rather ask aid from optics. Sense, descry  
 The spectrum—mind, infer immensity!  
 Little? In little, light, warmth, life are  
 blessed—  
 Which, in the large, who sees to bless?  
 Not I  
 More than yourself: so, good my friend,  
 keep still •  
 Trustful with—me? with thee, sage Mande-  
 ville!

WITH DANIEL BARTOLI.<sup>1</sup>

[Born at Ferrara, 1608; died at Rome, 1685.  
 Rector of the College of Jesuits at Rome.  
 He wrote a history of the Jesuits, and various  
 treatises on physics.]

## I.

DON, the divinest women that have walked  
 Our world were scarce those saints of whom  
 we talked.  
 My saint, for instance—worship if you will!  
 'Tis pity poets need historians' 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:  
 For the king's minister had brought to pass  
 That this same duke—so style him—must  
 engage  
 Two of his dukedoms as an heritage  
 After his death to this exorbitant  
 Craver of kingship. "Let who lacks go  
 scant,  
 Who owns much, give the more to!" Why  
 rebuke?  
 So bids the devil, so obeys the duke.

## III.

Now, as it happened, at his sister's house  
 —Duchess herself—indeed the very spouse  
 Of the king's uncle,—while the deed of gift  
 Whereby our duke should cut his rights adrift  
 Was drawing, getting ripe to sign and seal—  
 What does the frozen heart but uncongeal  
 And, shaming his transcendent kin and kith,  
 Whom do the duke's eyes make acquaintance  
 with?

<sup>1</sup> A learned and ingenious writer. "Fu  
 Gesuita e Sacerdote della Compagnia; onde  
 scrisse lunghissime storie, le quali sarebbero  
 lette se non fossero ripiene traboccanti di tutte  
 le superstizioni . . . Egli vi ha ficcati dentro  
 tanti miracoloni, che diviene una noia insop-  
 portabile a chiunque voglia leggere quelle storie:  
 e anche a me, non mi bastò l'animo di prose-  
 guire molto avanti."—*Angelo Cerutti*. (R. B.)

A girl. "What, sister, may this wonder be?"  
 "Nobody! Good as beautiful is she,  
 With gifts that match her goodness, no faint  
 flaw  
 P' 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?  
 Foiled, confess!  
 Drugs, duke, her father deals in—faugh, the  
 scents!—  
 Manna and senna—such medicaments  
 For payment he compounds you. Stay—stay  
 —stay!  
 I'll have no rude speech wrong her! Whither  
 away,  
 The hot-head? Ah, the scapegrace! 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  
 atones  
 For thus much license, and words break no  
 bones!"  
 (Hearts, though, sometimes.)

## IV.

Next morn 'twas "Reason, rate,  
 Rave, sister, on till doomsday! Sure as fate,  
 I wed that woman—what a woman is  
 Now that I know, who never knew till this!"  
 So swore the duke. "I wed her: once  
 again—  
 Rave, rate, and reason—spend your breath  
 in vaig!"

## V.

At once was made a contract firm and fast,  
 Published the banns were, only marriage,  
 last,  
 Required completion when the Church's rite  
 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 all but end—the folk o' the bride  
 Flocked to a summons. Pomp the duke  
 defied:

"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. Courtly 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 or-  
 dains—

Wed for the commonweal's sake! law pre-  
 scribes

One wife: but to submission license bribes  
 Unruly nature: mistresses accept

—Well, at discretion! Prove I so inept  
 A scholar, thus instructed? Dearest, be  
 Wife and all mistresses in one to me,  
 Now, henceforth, and forever!" So smiled  
 he.

## VI.

Good: but the minister, the crafty one,  
 Got ear of what was doing—all but done—  
 Not sooner, though, than the king's very self,  
 Warned by the sister on how sheer a shelf  
 Royalty's ship was like to split. "I bar  
 The abomination! Mix with muck my star?  
 Shall earth behold prodigiously enorbed  
 An upstart marsh-born meteor sun-absorbed?  
 Nuptial me no such nuptials!" "Past dis-  
 pute,

Majesty speaks with wisdom absolute,"

Admired the minister: "yet, all the same,  
I would we may not—while we play his  
game,

The ducal meteor's—also lose our own,  
The solar monarch's: we relieve your throne  
Of an ungracious presence, like enough:  
Baulked of his project he departs in huff,  
And so cuts short—dare I remind the king?—  
Our not so unsuccessful bargaining.  
The contract for eventual heritage  
Happens to *pari passu* reach the stage  
Attained by just this other contract,—each  
Unfixed by signature though fast in speech.  
Off goes the duke in dudgeon—off withal  
Go with him his two dukedoms past recall.  
You save a fool from tasting folly's fruit,  
Obtain small thanks thereby, and lose to  
boot

Sagacity's reward. The jest is grim:  
The man will mulct you—for amercing him?  
Nay, for . . . permit a poor similitude!  
A witless wight in some fantastic mood  
Would drown himself: you plunge into the  
wave,  
Pluck forth the undeserving: he, you save,  
Pulls you clean under also for your pains.  
Sire, little need that I should tax my brains  
To help your inspiration!" "Let him sink!  
Always contriving"—hints the royal wink—  
"To keep ourselves dry while we claim his  
clothes."

## VII.

Next day, the appointed day for plighting  
troths

At eve,—so little time to lose, you see,  
Before the Church should weld indissolubly  
Bond into bond, wed these who, side by side,  
Sit each by other, bold groom, blushing  
bride,—

At the preliminary banquet, graced  
By all the lady's kinsfolk come in haste  
To share her triumph,—lo, a thunderclap!  
"Who importunes now?" "Such is my  
mishap—

In the king's name! No need that any stir  
Except this lady!" bids the minister:  
"With her I claim a word apart, no more:  
For who gainsays—a guard is at the door.

Hold, duke! Submit you, lady, as I bow  
To him whose mouthpiece speaks his pleasure  
now!

It well may happen I no whit arrest  
Your marriage: be it so,—we hope the best!  
By your leave, gentles! Lady, pray you,  
hence!  
Duke, with my soul and body's deference!"

## VIII.

Doors shut, mouth opens and persuasion flows  
Copiously forth. "What flesh shall dare  
oppose

The king's command? The matter in debate  
—How plain it is! Yourself shall arbitrate,  
Determine. Since the duke affects to rate  
His prize in you beyond all goods of earth,  
Accounts as nought old gains of rank and birth,  
Ancestral obligation, recent fame,  
(We know his feats)—nay, ventures to dis-  
claim

Our will and pleasure almost—by report—  
Waives in your favour dukeliness, in short,—  
We—('tis the king speaks)—who might forth-  
with stay

Such suicidal purpose, brush away  
A bad example shame would else record,—  
Lean to indulgence rather. At his word  
We take the duke: allow him to complete  
The cession of his dukedoms, leave our feet  
Their footstool when his own head, safe in  
vault,

Sleeps sound. Nay, would the duke repair  
his fault

Handsomely, and our forfeited esteem  
Recover,—what if wisely he redeem  
The past,—in earnest of good faith, at once  
Give us such jurisdiction for the nonce  
As may suffice—prevent occasion slip—  
And constitute our actual ownership?

Concede this—straightway be the marriage  
blessed

By warrant of this paper! Things at rest,  
This paper duly signed, down drops the bar,  
To-morrow you become—from what you are,  
The druggist's daughter—not the duke's mere  
spouse,

But the king's own adopted: heart and house

Open to you—the idol of a court  
 ‘Which heaven might copy’—sing our poet-  
 sort.

In this emergency, on you depends  
 The issue : plead what bliss the king intends !  
 Should the duke frown, should arguments  
 and prayers,  
 Nay, tears if need be, prove in vain,—who  
 cares ?

We leave the duke to his obduracy,  
 Companionless,—you, madam, follow me  
 Without, where divers of the body-guard  
 Wait signal to enforce the king’s award  
 Of strict seclusion : over you at least  
 Vibratingly the sceptre threats increased  
 Precipitation ! How avert its crash ?”

## IX.

“ Re-enter, sir ! A hand that’s calm, not rash,  
 Averts it !” quietly the lady said.  
 “ Yourself shall witness.”

At the table’s head  
 Where, mid the hushed guests, still the duke  
 sat glued  
 In blank bewilderment, his spouse pursued  
 Her speech to end—syllabled quietude.

## X.

“ Duke, I, your duchess of a day, could take  
 The hand you proffered me for love’s sole sake,  
 Conscious my love matched yours ; as you,  
 myself

Would waive, when need were, all but love—  
 from self

’o potency. What fortune brings about  
 Haply in some far future, finds me out,  
 Faces me on a sudden here and now.

The better ! Read—if beating heart allow—  
 Read this, and bid me rend to rags the shame !  
 I and your conscience—hear and grant our  
 claim !

Never dare alienate God’s gift, you hold  
 Simply in trust for him ! Choose muck for  
 gold ?

Could you so stumble in your choice, cajoled  
 By what I count my least of worthiness  
 —The youth, the beauty,—you renounce  
 them—yes,

With all that’s most too : love as well you  
 lose,

Slain by what slays 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. ’Tis said, the eyes  
 Of all the lookers-on let tears fall fast.

The minister was mollified at last :

“ Take a day,—two days even, ere through  
 pride

You perish,—two days’ counsel—then de-  
 cide !”

## XII.

—“ If I shall save his honour and my soul ?  
 Husband,—this one last time,—you tear the  
 scroll ?

Farewell, duke ! Sir, I follow in your train !”

## XIII.

So she went forth : they never met again  
 The duke and she. The world paid com-  
 pliment

(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.

## XIV.

Of all which was the pleasant consequence,  
 So much and no more—that a fervid youth,  
 Big-hearted boy,—bitten 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

Good soldier-service, managed to beguile  
 The years, no few, until he found a chance :  
 Then, as at trumpet-summons to advance,  
 Outbroke the love that stood at arms so long,



Brooked no withstanding longer. They were wed.

Whereon from camp and court alike he fled,  
Renounced the sun-king, dropped off into night,

Evermore lost, a ruined satellite :

And, oh, the exquisite deliciousness

That lapped him in obscurity! You guess

Such joy is fugitive : she died full soon.

He did his best to die—as sun, so moon

Left him, turned dusk to darkness absolute.

Failing of death—why, saintship seemed to suit :

Yes, your sort, Don! He trembled on the verge

Of monkhood : trick of cowl and taste of scourge

He tried : then, kicked not at the pricks per-verse,

But took again, for better or for worse,

The old way in the world, and, much the same

Man o' the outside, fairly played life's game.

XV.

“Now, Saint Scholastica,<sup>1</sup> what time she fared

In Paynimrie, behold, a lion glared

Right in her path! Her waist she promptly strips

Of girdle, binds his teeth within his lips,

And, leashed all lamblike, to the Soldan's court

Leads him.” Ay, many a legend of the sort

Do you praiseworthy authenticate :

Spare me the rest. This much of no debate

Admits : my lady flourished in grand days

When to be duchess was to dance the hays

Up, down, across the heaven amid its host :

While to be hailed the sun's own self almost—

So close the kinship—was—was—

Saint, for this,

Be yours the feet I stoop to—kneel and kiss!

So human? Then the mouth too, if you will!

Thanks to no legend but a chronicle.

<sup>1</sup> St. Benedict's sister.

XVI.

One leans to like the duke, too : up we'll patch

Some sort of saintship for him—not to match Hers—but man's best and woman's worst amount

So nearly to the same thing, that we count

In man a miracle of faithfulness

If, while unfaithful somewhat, he lay stress

On the main fact that love, when love indeed,

Is wholly solely love from first to last—

Truth—all the rest a lie. Too likely, fast

Enough that necklace went to grace the throat

—Let's say, of such a dancer as makes doat

The senses when the soul is satisfied—

*Trogalia*, say the Greeks—a sweetmeat tried

Approvingly by sated tongue and teeth,

Once body's proper meal consigned beneath

Such unconsidered munching.

XVII.

Fancy's flight

Makes me a listener when, some sleepless night,

The duke reviewed his memories, and aghast

Found that the Present intercepts the Past

With such effect as when a cloud enwraps

The moon and, moon-suffused, plays moon perhaps

To who walks under, till comes, late or soon,

A stumble : up he looks, and lo, the moon

Calm, clear, convincingly herself once more!

How could he 'scape the cloud that thrust between

Him and effulgence? Speak, fool—duke, I mean!

XVIII.

“Who bade you come, brisk-marching bold she-shape,

A terror with those black-balled worlds of eyes,

That black hair bristling solid-built from nape

To crown it coils about? O dread surmise!

Take, tread on, trample under past escape

Your capture, spoil and trophy! Do—devise

Insults for one who, fallen once, ne'er shall rise!

“Mock 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 defame?

Our eagle’s victor was at least no dove,  
No dwarfish knight picked up our giant’s  
glove—

“‘When, putting prowess to the proof, faith  
urged

Her champion to the challenge : had it  
chanced

That merely virtue, wisdom, beauty—merged  
All in one woman—merely these advanced  
Their claim to conquest, —hardly had he  
purged

His mind of memories, dearnesses enhanced  
Rather than harmed by death, nor, disen-  
tranced,

“‘ Promptly had he abjured the old pretence

To prove his kind’s superior—first to last  
Display erect on his heart’s eminence

An altar to the never-dying Past.

For such feat 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-  
ing, bent

No inch of her imperious stature, tall

Assome war-engine from whose top was sent  
One shattering volley out of eye’s black ball,  
And prone lay faith’s defender!’ Mockery  
speaks?

Malice discharged in full? 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’ war-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  
scorn—

A man who had approved himself in youth  
More than a match for—you? for sea-foam-  
born

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 whiling time in flesh-disguise.

Ghosts tired of waiting can play tricks, you  
know!

Tread, trample me—such sport we ghost  
devise,

Waiting the morn-star’s re-appearance—  
though

You think we vanish scared by the cock’s  
crow.”

#### WITH CHRISTOPHER SMART.

[An unfortunate poet (1722–1771) known to all 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 the author was in confinement for unsoundness of mind.]

I.

It seems as if . . . or did the actual chance  
Startle me and perplex? Let truth be said  
How might this happen? ‘Dreaming, blind  
fold led

By visionary hand, did soul’s advance

Precede my body's, gain inheritance  
 Of fact by fancy—so that when I read  
 At length with waking eyes your Song, instead  
 Of mere bewilderment, with me first glance  
 Was but full recognition that in trance  
 Or merely thought's adventure some old day  
 Of dim and done-with boyishness, or—well,  
 Why might it not have been, the miracle  
 Broke 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  
 Indeed of scene ! So—thus it is thou deck'st,  
 High heaven, our low earth's brick-and-  
 mortar work ?

## III.

It was the Chapel. That a star, from murk  
 Which hid, should flashingly emerge at last,  
 Were small surprise : but from broad day I  
 passed  
 Into a presence that turned shine to shade.  
 There fronted me the Rafael Mother-Maid,  
 Never to whom knelt votarist in shrine  
 By Nature's bounty helped, by Art's divine  
 More varied—beauty with magnificence—  
 Than this : from floor to roof one evidence

Of how far earth may rival heaven. No niche  
 Where glory was not prisoned to enrich  
 Man's gaze with gold and gems, no space but  
 glowed  
 With colour, gleamed with carving—hues  
 which owed  
 Their outburst to a brush the painter fed  
 With rainbow-substance—rare shapes never-  
 wed  
 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 supervise, protect,  
 Enforce new lessons with the old, connect  
 Our life with theirs? No merely modern touch  
 Told me that here the artist, doing much,  
 Elsewhere did more, perchance 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  
 The previous decent null and void of best  
 And worst, mere ordinary right and fit,  
 Calm commonplace which neither missed,  
 nor hit  
 Inch-high, inch-low, the placid mark pro-  
 posed.

## V.

Armed with this instance, have I diagnosed  
 Your case, my Christopher? The man was  
 sound  
 And sane at starting : all at once the ground

Gave way beneath his step, a certain smoke  
Curled up and caught him, or perhaps down  
broke

A fireball wrapping flesh and spirit both  
In conflagration. Then—as heaven were loth  
To linger—let earth understand too well  
How heaven at need can operate—off fell  
The flame-robe, and the untransfigured man  
Resumed sobriety,—as he began,  
So did he end nor alter pace, not he !

## VI.

Now, what I fain would know is—could it be  
That he—whoe'er he was that furnished forth  
The Chapel, making thus, from South to  
North,

Rafael touch Leighton, Michelagnolo  
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—(or blame  
Or praise my judgment, thus it fronts you  
full)—

How came it you resume the void and null,  
Subside to insignificance,—live, die  
—Proved plainly two mere mortals who drew  
nigh

One moment—that, to Art's best hierarchy,  
This, to the superhuman poet-pair ?

What if, in one point only, then and there  
The otherwise all-unapproachable  
Allowed impingement? Does the sphere  
pretend

To span the cube's breadth, cover end to end  
The planę with its embrace? No, surely !  
Still,

Contact is contact, sphere's touch no whit less  
Than cube's superimposure. Such success  
Befell Smart only out of throngs between  
Milton and Keats that donned the singing-  
dress—

Smart, solely of such songmen, pierced the  
screen

'Twixt thing and word, lit language straight  
from soul,—

Left no fine film-flake on the naked coal  
Live from the censer—shapely or uncouth,  
Fire-suffused through and through, one blaze  
of truth

Undeaded by a lie,—(you have my  
mind)—

For, think ! this blaze outleapt with black  
behind

And blank before, when Hayley and the  
rest . . .

But let the dead successors worst and best  
Bury their dead : with life be my concern—  
Yours with the fire-flame : what I fain would  
learn

Is just—(suppose me haply ignorant  
Down to the common knowledge, doctors  
vaunt)

Just this—why only once the fire-flame was :  
No matter if the marvel came to pass  
The way folk judged—if power too long  
suppressed

Broke loose and maddened, as the vulga  
guessed,

Or simply brain-disorder (doctors said),  
A turmoil of the particles disturbed  
Brain's workaday performance in your head,  
Spurred spirit to wild action health had  
curbed :

And so verse issued in a cataract  
Whence prose, before and after, unperturbed  
Was wont to wend its way. Concede the  
fact

That here a poet was who always could—  
Never before did—never after would—  
Achieve the feat : how were such fact ex-  
plained ?

## VII.

Was it that when, by rarest chance, there  
fell

Disguise from Nature, so that Truth remained  
Naked, and whoso saw for once could tell  
Us others of her majesty and might  
In large, her lovelinesses infinite  
In little,—straight you used the power where-  
with

Sense, penetrating as through rind to pith

Each object, thoroughly revealed might view  
 And comprehend the old things thus made  
 new,  
 So that while eye saw, soul to tongue could  
 trust  
 Thing which struck word out, and once more  
 adjust  
 Real vision to right language, till heaven's  
 vault  
 Pompous with sunset, storm-stirred sea's  
 assault  
 On the swilled rock-ridge, earth's embosomed  
 brood  
 Of tree and flower and weed, with all the life  
 That flies or swims or crawls, in peace or  
 strife,  
 Above, below,—each had its note and name  
 For Man to know by,—Man who, now—the  
 same  
 As erst in Eden, needs that all he sees  
 Be named him ere he note by what degrees  
 Of strength and beauty to its end Design  
 Ever thus operates—(your thought and mine,  
 No matter for the many dissident)—  
 So did you sing your Song, so truth found vent  
 In words for once with you?

## VIII.

Then—back was furled  
 The robe thus thrown aside, and straight the  
 world  
 Darkened into the old oft-catalogued  
 Repository of things that sky, wave, land,  
 Or show or hide, clear late, accretion-clogged  
 Now, just as long ago, by tellings and  
 Re-tellings to satiety, which strike  
 Muffled upon the ear's drum. Very like  
 None was so startled as yourself when friends  
 Came, hailed your fast-returning wits:  
 "Health mends  
 Importantly, for—to be plain with you—  
 This scribble on the wall was done—in lieu  
 Of pen and paper—with—ha, ha!—your key  
 Denting it on the wainscot! Do you see  
 How wise our caution was? Thus much we  
 stopped  
 Of babble that had else grown print: and  
 lopped

From your trim bay-tree this unsightly  
 bough—  
 Smart's who translated Horace! Write us  
 now" . . .  
 Why, what Smart did write—never after-  
 ward  
 One line to show that he, who paced the  
 sward,  
 Had reached the zenith from his madhouse  
 cell.

## IX.

Was it because you judged (I know full well  
 You never had the fancy)—judged—as  
 some—  
 That who makes poetry must reproduce  
 Thus ever and thus only, as they come,  
 Each strength, each beauty, everywhere  
 diffuse  
 Throughout creation, so that eye and ear,  
 Seeing and hearing, straight shall recognize,  
 At touch of just a trait, the strength appear,—  
 Suggested by a line's lapse see arise  
 All evident the beauty,—fresh surprise  
 Startling at fresh achievement? "So, in-  
 deed,  
 Wallows the whale's bulk in the waste of  
 brine,  
 Nor otherwise its feather-tufts make fine  
 Wild Virgin's Bower when stars faint off to  
 seed!"  
 (My prose—your poetry I dare not give,  
 Purpling too much my mere grey argument.)  
 —Was it because you judged—when fugitive  
 Was glory found, and wholly gone and spent  
 Such power of startling up deaf ear, blind  
 eye,  
 At truth's appearance,—that you humbly bent  
 The head and, bidding vivid work good-bye,  
 Doffed lyric dress and trod the world once  
 more  
 A drab-clothed decent proseman as before?  
 Strengths, beauties, by one word's flash thus  
 laid bare  
 —That was effectual service: made aware  
 Of strengths and beauties, Man but hears the  
 text,  
 Awaits your teaching. Nature? What  
 comes next?

Why all the strength and beauty?—to be shown  
 Thus in one word's flash, thenceforth 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—haply leaving joy behind:  
 And you, the instructor, would you slack pursuit  
 Of the main prize, as poet help mankind  
 Just to enjoy, there leave them? Play the fool,  
 Abjuring a superior privilege?  
 Please simply when your function is to rule—  
 By thought incite to deed? From edge to edge  
 Of earth's round, strength and beauty everywhere  
 Pullulate—and must you particularize  
 All, each and every apparition? Spare  
 Yourself and us the trouble! Ears and eyes  
 Want so much strength and beauty, and no less  
 Nor more, to learn life's lesson by. Oh, yes—  
 The other method's favoured in our day!  
 The end ere the beginning: as you may,  
 Master the heavens before you study earth,  
 Make you familiar with the meteor's birth  
 Ere you descend to scrutinize the rose!  
 I say, o'erstep no least one of the rows  
 That lead man from the bottom where he plants  
 Foot first of all, to life's last ladder-top:

Arrived there, vain enough will seem the vaunts  
 Of those who say—"We scale the skies, then drop  
 To earth—to find, how all things there are loth  
 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 lest fume  
 Offuscate sense: learn earth first ere presume  
 To teach heaven legislation. Law must be  
 Active in earth or nowhere: earth you see,—  
 Or there or not at all, Will, Power and Love  
 Admit discovery,—as below, above  
 Seek next law's confirmation! But reverse  
 The order, where's the wonder things grow worse  
 Than, by the law your fancy formulates,  
 They should be? Cease 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. xv.; also the thin volume of his *Memoirs or Diary* first published in 1784. 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.

AH, George Bubb Dodington Lord Melcombe,—no,  
 Yours was the wrong way!—always understand,  
 Supposing that permissibly, you planned  
 How statesmanship—your trade—in outward show

Might figure as inspired by simple zeal  
 For serving country, king, and commonweal,  
 (Though service tire to death the body, tease  
 The soul from out an o'ertasked patriot-  
 drudge)  
 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. Intends  
 Scripture aught else—let captious folk in-  
 quire—  
 Which teaches "Labourers deserve their hire,  
 And who neglects his household bears the bell  
 Away of sinning from an infidel" ?  
 Wiselier would fools that carp bestow a thought  
 How birds build nests ; at outside, roughly  
 wrought,  
 Twig knots with twig, loam plasters up each  
 chink,  
 Leaving the inmate rudely lodged—you think?  
 Peep but inside ! That specious rude-and-  
 rough  
 Covers a domicile where downy fluff  
 Embeds the ease-deserving architect,  
 Who toiled and moiled not merely to effect  
 'Twixt sprig and spray a stop-gap in the teeth  
 Of wind and weather, guard what swung  
 beneath  
 From upset only, but contrived himself  
 A snug interior, warm and soft and sleek.  
 Of what material? Oh, for that, you seek  
 How nature prompts each volatile ! Thus—  
 pelf  
 Smoothens the human mudlark's lodging,  
 power  
 Demands some hardier wrappage to embrace  
 Robuster heart-beats : rock, not tree nor  
 tower,  
 Contents the building eagle : rook shoves close  
 To brother rook on branch, while crow morose  
 Apart keeps balance perched on topmost  
 bough.  
 No sort of bird but suits his taste somehow :  
 Nay, Darwin tells of such as love the bower—

His bower-birds opportunely yield us yet  
 The lacking instance when at loss to get  
 A feathered parallel to what we find  
 The secret motor of some mighty mind  
 That worked such wonders—all for vanity !  
 Worked them to haply figure in the eye  
 Of intimates as first of—doers' kind?  
 Actors', that work in earnest sportively,  
 Paid by a sourish smile. How says the Sage?  
 Birds born to strut prepare a platform-stage  
 With sparkling stones and speckled shells,  
 all sorts  
 Of slimy rubbish, odds and ends and orts,  
 Whereon to pose and posture and engage  
 The priceless female simper.

11.

I have gone

Thus into detail, George Bubb Dodington,  
 Lest, when I take you presently to task  
 For the wrong way of working, you should ask  
 "What fool conjectures that profession means  
 Performance? that who goes behind the scenes  
 Finds,—acting over,—still the soot-stuff  
 screens  
 Othello's visage, still the self-same cloak's  
 Bugle-bright-blackness half reveals half chokes  
 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  
 wince?  
 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  
 Somewhat the sprightliest-scheming brain  
 that's bent  
 On brave adventure, would but heart consent !)  
 —Here trip you, that—your aim allowed as  
 right—  
 Your means thereto were wrong. Come, we,  
 this night,  
 Profess one purpose, hold one principle,  
 Are at odds only as to—not the will  
 But way of winning solace for ourselves  
 —No matter if the ore for which zeal delves

Be gold or coprolite, 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 wreath 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 pedestalled, serene,—  
O happy consummation!—brought about

By managing with skill the rabble-rout  
For which we labour (never mind the name—  
People or populace, for praise or blame)  
Making them understand—their heaven, their  
hell,

Their every hope and fear is ours as well.  
Man's cause—what other can we have at heart?  
Whence follows that the necessary part  
High o'er Man's head we play,—and freelier  
breathe

Just that the multitude which gasps beneath  
May reach the level where unstifed stand  
Ourselves at vantage to put forth a hand,  
Assist the prostrate public. 'Tis by right  
Merely of such pretence, we reach the height  
Where storms abound, to brave—nay, court  
their stress,

Though all too well aware—of pomp the less,  
Of peace the more! But who are we, to spurn  
For peace' sake, duty's pointing? Up, then  
—earn

Albeit no prize we may but martyrdom!  
Now, such fit height to launch salvation from,  
How get and gain? Since help must needs  
be craved

By would-be saviours of the else-unsaved,  
How coax them to co-operate, lend a lift,  
Kneel down and let us mount?

## III.

You say "Make shift

By sham—the harsh word: preach and teach,  
persuade

Somehow the Public—not despising aid  
Of salutary artifice—we seek

Solely their good: our strength would raise  
the weak,

Our cultivated knowledge supplement  
Their rudeness, rawness: why to us were lent  
Ability except to come in use?

Who loves his kind must by all means induce  
That kind to let his love play freely, press  
In Man's behalf to full performance!"

## IV.

Yes—

Yes, George, we know!—whereat they hear,  
believe,

And bend the knee, and on the neck receive  
Who fawned and cringed to purpose? Not  
so, George!

Try simple falsehood on shrewd folk who forge  
Lies of superior fashion day by day  
And hour by hour? With craftsmen versed  
as they

What chance of competition when the tools  
Only a novice wields? Are knaves such fools?  
Disinterested patriots, spare your tongue  
The tones thrice-silvery, cheek save smiles it  
flung

Pearl-like profuse to swine—a herd, whereof  
No unit needs be taught, his neighbour's trough  
Scarce holds for who but grunts and whines  
the husks

Due to a wrinkled snout that shows sharp  
tusks.

No animal—much less our lordly Man—  
Obeys its like: with strength all rule began,  
The stoutest awes the pasture. Soon succeeds  
Discrimination,—nicer power Man needs  
To rule him than is bred of bone and thew:  
Intelligence must move strength's self. This  
too

Lasts but its time: the multitude at length  
Looks inside for intelligence and strength  
And finds them here and there to pick and  
choose:

"All at your service, mine, see!" Ay, but  
who's

My George, at this late day, to make his boast  
"In strength, intelligence, I rule the roast,  
Beat, all and some, the ungraced who crowd  
your ranks?"

"Oh, but I love, would lead you, gain your  
thanks



By unexampled 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 communion 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-stifed 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,  
 To take his seat upon our backs and ride  
 As statesman conquering and to conquer?  
 Well,

The last expedient, which must needs excel  
 Those old ones—this it is,—at any rate  
 To-day's conception thus I formulate:  
 As simple force has been replaced, just so  
 Must simple wit be: men have got to know  
 Such wit as what you boast is nowise held  
 The wonder once it was, but, paralleled  
 Too plentifully, counts not,—puts to shame  
 Modest possessors like yourself who claim,  
 By virtue of it merely, power and place  
 —Which means the sweets of office. Since  
 our race

Teems with the like of you, some special gift,  
 Your very own, must coax our hands to lift,  
 And backs to bear you: is it just and right  
 To privilege your nature?

v.

"State things quite  
 Other than so"—make answer! "I pretend  
 No such community with men. Perpend

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 shorn of help by robe and book,—  
 Otherwise, elsewhere, for success must look  
 Than chalked-ring, incantation-gibberish.  
 Somebody comes to conjure: that's he?  
 Fish!

He's like the roomful of rapt gazers,—there's  
 No sort of difference in the garb he wears  
 From ordinary dressing,—gesture, speech,  
 Deportment, just like those of all and each  
 That eye their master of the minute. Stay!  
 What of the something—call it how you may—  
 Uncanny in the—quack? 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 mouth, its smile half smug half sinister,  
 Mock-modest boldness masked in diffidence,—  
 What if the man have—who knows how or  
 whence?—

Confederate potency unguessed by us—  
 Prove no such cheat as he pretends?"

vi.

Ay, thus

Had but my George played statesmanship's  
 new card

That carries all! "Since we"—avers the  
 Bard—

"All of us have one human heart"—as good  
 As say—by all of us is understood  
 Right and wrong, true and false—in rough,  
 at least,

We own a common conscience. God, man,  
 beast—

How should we qualify the statesman-shape  
 I fancy standing with our world agape?

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 unscathed, 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 triplex*, breast and back

Binding about, defiant of attack,

An imperturbability that's—well,

Or innocence or impudence—how tell

One from the other? Could ourselves broach lies,

Yet brave mankind with those unaltered eyes,

Those lips that keep the quietude of truth?

Dare we attempt the like? What quick uncouth

Disturbance of thy smug economy,

O coward visage! Straight would all descry

Back on the man's brow the boy's blush once more!

No: he goes deeper—could our sense explore—

Finds conscience beneath conscience such as ours.

Genius is not so rare,—prodigious powers—

Well, others boast such,—but a power like this

Mendacious intrepidity—*quid vis?*

Besides, imposture plays another game,

Admits of no diversion from its aim

Of captivating hearts, sets zeal a-flare

In every shape at every turn,—nowhere

Allows subsidence into ash. By stress

Of what does guile succeed but earnestness,

Earnest word, look and gesture? Touched with aught

But earnestness, the levity were fraught

With ruin to guile's hlm-work. Grave is guile;

Here no act wants its qualifying smile,

Its covert pleasantry to neutralize

The outward ardour. Can our chief despise

Even while most he seems to adulate?

As who should say "What though it be my fate

To deal with fools? Among the crowd must lurk

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. Coarse 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. Sneer at them?

Yourself

'Tis you disparage,—tricky as an elf,

Scorning what most you strain to bring to pass,

Laughingly careless,—triplly cased in brass,—

While pushing strenuous to the end in view.

What follows? Why, you formulate within

The vulgar headpiece this conception "Win

A master-mind to serve us needs we must,

One who, from motives we but take on trust,

Acts strangelier—haply wiselier than we know—

Stronglier, for certain. Did he say 'I throw

Aside my good for yours, in all I do

Care nothing for myself and all for you'—

We should both understand and disbelieve:

Said he 'Your good I laugh at in my sleeve,

My own it is I solely labour at,

Pretending yours the while'—that, even that

We, understanding well, give credence to,

And so will none of it. But here 'tis through

Our recognition of his service, wage

Well earned by work, he mounts to such a stage

Above competitors as all save Bubb

Would agonize to keep. Yet,—here's the rub—

So slightly does he hold by our esteem

Which solely fixed him fast there, that we seem

Mocked every minute to our face, by gibe  
And jest—scorn insuppressive : what ascribe  
The rashness to? Our pay and praise to  
boot—

Do these avail him to tread underfoot  
Something inside us all and each, that stands  
Somehow instead of somewhat which com-  
mands

‘Lie not’? Folk fear to jeopardize their soul,  
Stumble at times, walk straight upon the  
whole,—

That’s nature’s simple instinct : what may be  
The portent here, the influence such as we  
Are strangers to?—

## VII.

Exact the thing I call

Man’s despot, just the Supernatural  
Which, George, was wholly out of—far  
beyond

Your theory and practice. You had conned  
But to reject the precept “To succeed

In gratifying selfishness and greed,  
Asseverate 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  
Home,

The Altar, love of England, hate of Rome”—  
That’s serviceable lying—that perchance  
Had screened you decently : but ’ware  
advance

By one step more in perspicacity  
Of these our dupes! At length they get to see  
As through the earlier, this the latter plea—  
And find the greed and selfishness at source!  
*Ventum est ad triarios* : last resource  
Should be to what but—exquisite disguise  
Disguise-abjuring, truth that looks like lies,  
Frankness so sure to meet with unbelief?  
Say—you hold in contempt—not them in  
chief—

But first and foremost your own self! No use  
In men but to make sport for you, induce  
The puppets now to dance, now stand stock-  
still,

Now knock their heads together, at your will

For will’s sake only—while each plays his part  
Submissive : why? through terror at the  
heart :

“Can it be—this bold man, whose hand we  
saw

Openly pull the wires, obeys some law  
Quite above Man’s—nay, God’s?” On face  
fall they.

This was the secret missed, again I say,  
Out of your power to grasp conception of,  
Much less employ to purpose. Hence the scoff  
That greets your very name : folk see but one  
Fool more, as well as knave, in Dodgington.

## WITH FRANCIS FURINI.

[F. Furini, born at Florence 1600, died  
1649. A famous painter of the nude, who at  
the age of forty became a parish priest and  
a devout liver. He is said to have regretted  
his undraped pictures.]

## I.

NAY, *that*, Furini, never I at least  
Mean to believe! What man you were I  
know,

While you walked Tuscan earth, a painter-  
priest,

Something about two hundred years ago.  
Priest—you did duty punctual as the sun  
That rose and set above Saint Sano’s church,  
Blessing Mugello : of your flock not one  
But showed a whiter fleece because of smirch,  
Your kind hands wiped it clear from : were  
they poor?

Bounty broke bread apace,—did marriage lag  
For just the want of moneys that ensure  
Fit hearth-and-home provision?—straight  
your bag

Unplumped itself,—reached hearts by way  
of palms

Goodwill’s shake had but tickled. All about  
Mugello valley, felt some parish qualms  
At worship offered in bare walls without  
The comfort of a picture?—prompt such need  
Our painter would supply, and throngs to see  
Witnessed that goodness—no unholy greed  
Of gain—had coaxed from Don Furini—he

Whom princes might in vain implore to toil  
For worldly profit—such a masterpiece.

Brief—priest, you poured profuse God's wine  
and oil

Praiseworthy, I know : shall praising cease  
When, priestly vesture put aside, mere man,  
You stand for judgment? Rather—what  
acclaim

—"Good son, good brother, friend in whom  
we scan

No fault nor flaw"—salutes Furini's name,  
The loving as the liberal! Enough :

Only to ope a lily, though for sake  
Of setting free its scent, disturbs the rough

Loose gold about its anther. I shall take  
No blame in one more blazon, last of all—

Good painter were you : if in very deed  
I styled you great—what modern art dares call

My word in question? Let who will take heed  
Of what he seeks and misses in your brain

To balance that precision of the brush  
Your hand could ply so deftly : all in vain

Strives poet's power for outlet when the push  
Is lost upon a barred and bolted gate

Of painter's impotency. Agnolo—  
Thine were alike the head and hand, by fate

Doubly endowed! Who boasts head only—  
woe

To hand's presumption should brush emulate  
Fancy's free passage by the pen, and show

Thought wrecked and ruined where the in-  
expert

Foolhardy fingers half grasped, half let go  
Film-wings the poet's pen arrests unhurt!

No—painter such as that miraculous  
Michael, who deems you? But the ample gift

Of gracing walls else blank of this our house  
Of life with imagery, one bright drift

Poured forth by pencil,—man and woman  
mere,

Glorified till half owned for gods,—the dear  
Fleshy perfection of the human shape,—

This was apportioned you whereby to praise  
Heaven and bless earth. Who clumsily  
essays,

By slighting painter's craft, to prove the ape  
Of poet's pen-creation, just betrays

Two-fold ineptitude.

II.

By such sure ways

Do I return, Furini, to my first  
And central confidence—that he I proved  
Good priest, good man, good painter, and  
rehearsed

Praise upon praise to show—not simply loved  
For virtue, but for wisdom honoured too

Needs must Furini be,—it follows—who  
Shall undertake to breed in me belief

That, on his death-bed, weakness played the  
thief

With wisdom, folly ousted reason quite?

List to the chronicler! With main and  
might—

So fame runs—did the poor soul beg his  
friends

To buy and burn his hand-work, make  
amends

For having reproduced therein—(Ah me!  
Sighs fame—that's friend Filippo)—nudity!

Yes, I assure you : he would paint—not men  
Merely—a pardonable fault—but when

He had to deal with—oh, not mother Eve  
Alone, permissibly in Paradise

Naked and unashamed,—but dared achieve  
Dreadful distinction, at soul-safety's price

By also painting women—(why the need?)  
Just as God made them : there, you have

the truth!

Yes, rosed from top to toe in flush of youth,  
One foot upon the moss-fringe, would some  
Nymph

Try, with its venturesous fellow, if the lymph  
Were chillier than the slab-stepped fountain-

edge ;  
The while a-heap her garments on its ledge

Of boulder lay within hand's easy reach,  
—No one least kid-skin cast around her!

Speech  
Shrinks from enumerating case and case

Of—were it but Diana at the chase,  
With tunic tucked discreetly hunting-high!

No, some Queen Venus set our necks awry,  
Turned faces from the painter's all-too-frank

Triumph of flesh! For—whom had he to  
thank

—Thisself-appointed nature-student? Whence  
 Picked he up practice? By what evidence  
 Did he unhandsomely become adept  
 In simulating bodies? How except  
 By actual sight of such? Himself confessed  
 The enormity: quoth Philip "When I pressed  
 The painter to acknowledge his abuse  
 Of artistry else potent—what excuse  
 Made the infatuated man? I give  
 His very words: 'Did you but know, as I,  
 —O scruple-splitting sickly-sensitive  
 Mild-moral-monger, what the agony  
 Of Art is ere Art satisfy herself  
 In imitating Nature—(Man, poor elf,  
 Striving to match the finger-mark of Him  
 The immeasurably matchless)—gay or grim,  
 Pray, would your smile be? Leave mere  
 fools to tax  
 Art's high-strung brain's intentness as so  
 lax  
 That, in its mid-throe, idle fancy sees  
 The moment for admittance!' Pleadings  
 these—  
 Specious, I grant." So adds, and seems to  
 wince  
 Somewhat, our censor—but shall truth con-  
 vince  
 Blockheads like Baldinucci?<sup>1</sup>

## III.

I resume

My incredulity: your other kind  
 Of soul, Furini, never was so blind,  
 Even through death-mist, as to grope in  
 gloom  
 For cheer beside a bonfire piled to turn  
 Ashes and dust all that your noble life  
 Did homage to life's Lord by,—bid them  
 burn  
 —These Baldinucci blockheads — pictures  
 rife  
 With record, in each rendered loveliness,  
 That one appreciative creature's debt  
 Of thanks to the Creator more or less,  
 Was paid according as heart's-will had met  
 Hand's-power in Art's endeavour to express

<sup>1</sup> Author of a history of Art, and a friend of  
 Furini's.

Heaven's most consummate of achievements,  
 bless  
 Earth by a semblance of the seal God set  
 On woman his supremest work. I trust  
 Rather, Furini, dying breath had vent  
 In some fine fervour of thanksgiving just  
 For this—that soul and body's power you  
 spent—  
 Agonized to adumbrate, trace in dust  
 That marvel which we dream the firmament  
 Copies in star-device when fancies stray  
 Outlining, orb by orb, Andromeda—  
 God's best of beauteous and magnificent  
 Revealed to earth—the naked female form.  
 Nay, I mistake not: wrath that's but luke-  
 warm  
 Would boil indeed were such a critic styled  
 Himself an artist: artist! Ossa piled  
 Topping Olympus—the absurd which crowns  
 The extravagant—whereat one laughs, not  
 frowns.  
 Paints he? One bids the poor pretender take  
 His sorry self, a trouble and disgrace,  
 From out the sacred presence, void the  
 place  
 Artists claim only. What—not merely wake  
 Our pity that suppressed concupiscence—  
 A satyr masked as matron—makes pretence  
 To the coarse blue-fly's instinct—can per-  
 ceive  
 No better reason why she should exist—  
 —God's lily-limbed and blush-rose-bosomed  
 Eve—  
 Than as a hot-bed for the sensualist  
 To fly-blow with his fancies, make pure  
 stuff  
 Breed him back filth—this were not crime  
 enough?  
 But further—fly to style itself—nay, more—  
 To steal among the sacred ones, crouch down  
 Though but to where their garments sweep  
 the floor,—  
 —Still catching some faint sparkle from the  
 crown  
 Crowning transcendent Michael, Leonard,  
 Rafael,—to sit beside the feet of such,  
 Unspurned because unnoticed, then reward  
 Their toleration—mercy overmuch—

By stealing from the throne-step to the fools  
 Curious 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  
 Slept and awoke in marble on that edge  
 Of heaven above our awestruck earth: lust-  
 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-ranks  
 Claim riddance of an interloper: no—  
 This Baldinucci did but grunt and sniff  
 Outside Art's pale—ay, grubbed, where pine-  
 trees grow,  
 For pignuts only.

## v.

You the Sacred! If

Indeed on you has been bestowed the dower  
 Of Art in fulness, graced with head and hand,  
 Head—to look up not downwards, hand—of  
 power  
 To make head's gain the portion of a world  
 Where else the uninstructed ones too sure  
 Would take all outside beauty—film that's  
 furled  
 About a star—for the star's self, endure  
 No guidance to the central glory,—nay,  
 (Sadder) might apprehend the film was fog,  
 Or (worst) wish all but vapour well away,  
 And sky's pure product thickened from earth's  
 bog—  
 Since so, nor seldom, have your worthiest  
 failed  
 To trust their own soul's insight—why? except

For warning that the head of the adept  
 May too much prize the hand, work unassailed  
 By scruple of the better sense that finds  
 An orb within each halo, bids gross flesh  
 Free the fine spirit-pattern, nor enmesh  
 More than is meet a marvel custom blinds  
 Only the vulgar eye to. Now, less fear  
 That you, the foremost of Art's fellowship,  
 Will oft—will ever so offend! But—hip  
 And thigh—smite the Philistine! *You—*  
 slunk here—  
 Connived at, by too easy tolerance,  
 Not to scrape palette simply or squeeze brush,  
 But dub your very self an Artist? Tush—  
 You, of the daubings, is it, dare advance  
 This doctrine that the Artist-mind must needs  
 Own to affinity with yours—confess  
 Provocative acquaintance, more or less,  
 With each impurely-peevisish worm that breeds  
 Inside your brain's receptacle?

## VI.

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—  
 Consciously kleptomaniac—thrust yourself  
 Where your illicit craving after pelf  
 Is tempted most—in the King's treasury?  
 Go elsewhere! Sort with thieves, if thus you  
 feel—

When folk clean-handed simply recognize  
 Treasure whereof the mere sight satisfies—  
 But straight your fingers are on itch to steal!  
 Hence with you!"

Pray, Furini!

## VII.

"Bounteous 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  
 Meted 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 abate

Man's wonder? Nowise! True—true—all too true—

No gift but, in the very plenitude  
Of its perfection, goes maimed, misconstrued  
By wickedness or weakness: still, some few  
Have grace to see Thy purpose, strength to mar  
Thy work by no admixture of their own,  
—Limn truth not falsehood, bid us love alone  
The type untampered 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—  
What would you? For, suppose he has his word

In faith's behalf, no matter how absurd,  
This painter-theologian? One and all  
We lend an ear—nay, Science takes thereto—  
Encourages the meanest who has racked  
Nature until he gains from her some fact,  
To state what truth is from his point of view,  
Mere pin-point though it be: since many such  
Conduce to make a whole, she bids our friend  
Come forward unabashed and haply lend  
His little life-experience to our much  
Of modern knowledge. Since she so insists,  
Up stands Furini.

IX.

"Evolutionists!

At truth I glimpse from depths, you glance  
from heights,

Our stations for discovery opposites,—  
How should ensue agreement? I explain:  
'Tis the tip-top of things to which you strain  
Your vision, until atoms, protoplasm,  
And what and whence and how may be the spasm

Which sets all going, stop you: down perforce  
Needs must your observation take its course,  
Since there's no moving upwards: link by link  
You drop to where the atoms somehow think,  
Feel, know themselves to be: the world's begun,

Such as we recognize it. Have you done

Descending? Here's ourself,—Man's known  
to-day,  
Duly evolved at last,—so far, you say,  
The sum and seal of being's progress. Good!  
Thus much at least is clearly understood—  
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 deified  
Thereby, for compensation! Make survey  
Of Man's surroundings, try creation—nay,  
Try emulation of the minimized  
Minuteness fancy may conceive! Surprised  
Reason becomes by two defeats for one—  
Not only power at each phenomenon  
Baffled, but knowledge also in default—  
Asking what *is* minuteness—yonder vault  
Speckled with suns, or this the millionth—  
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  
began

Righteousness, moral sense except in Man?  
True, he makes nothing, understands no  
whit:

Had the initiator-spasm seen fit  
Thus doubly to endow him, none the worse  
And much the better were the universe.  
What does Man see or feel or apprehend  
Here, there, and everywhere, but faults to  
mend,

Omissions to supply,—one wide disease  
Of things that are, which Man at once would  
ease

Had will but power and knowledge? failing  
both—

Things must take will for deed—Man, no-  
wise loth,

Accepts pre-eminency: mere blind force—  
Mere knowledge undirected in its course  
By any care for what is made or marred  
In either's operation—*these* award  
The crown to? Rather let it deck thy brows,  
Man, whom alone a righteousness endows



Would cure the wide world's ailing ! . Who  
disputes  
Thy claim thereto? Had Spasm more attri-  
butes  
Than power and knowledge in its gift, before  
Man came to pass? The higher that we  
soar,  
The less of moral sense like Man's we find :  
No sign of such before,—what comes behind,  
Who guesses? But until there crown our  
sight  
The quite new—not the old mere infinite  
Of changings,—some fresh kind of sun and  
moon,—  
Then, not before, shall I expect a boon  
Of intuition just as strange, which turns  
Evil to good, and wrong to right, unlearns  
All Man's experience learned since Man was  
he.  
Accept in Man, advanced to this degree,  
The Prime Mind, therefore ! neither wise  
nor strong—  
Whose fault? but were he both, then right,  
not wrong  
As now, throughout the world were para-  
mount  
According to his will,—which I account  
The qualifying faculty. He stands  
Confessed supreme—the monarch whose  
commands  
Could he enforce, how bettered were the  
world !  
He's at the height this moment—to be hurled  
Next moment to the bottom by rebound  
Of his own peal of laughter. All around  
Ignorance wraps him,—whence and how and  
why  
Things are,—yet cloud breaks and lets blink  
the sky  
Just overleaded, not elsewhere ! What assures  
His optics that the very blue which lures  
Comes not of black outside it, doubly dense?  
Ignorance overwraps his moral sense,  
Winds him about, relaxing, as it wraps,  
So much and no more than lets through  
perhaps  
The murmured knowledge — 'Ignorance  
exists.'

x.

"I at the bottom, Evolutionists,  
Advise beginning, rather. I profess  
To know just one fact—my self-conscious-  
ness,—  
'Twixt ignorance and ignorance enisled,—  
Knowledge : before me was my Cause—that's  
styled  
God : after, in due course succeeds the rest,—  
All that my knowledge comprehends — at  
best—  
At worst, conceives about in mild despair.  
Light needs must touch on either darkness :  
where?  
Knowledge so far impinges on the Cause  
Before me, that I know—by certain laws  
Wholly unknown, whate'er I apprehend  
Within, without me, had its rise : thus blend  
I, and all things perceived, in one Effect.  
How far can knowledge any ray project  
On what comes after me—the universe?  
Well, my attempt to make the cloud disperse  
Begins—not from above but underneath :  
I climb, you soar,—who soars soon loses  
breath  
And sinks, who climbs keeps one foot firm  
on fact  
Ere hazarding the next step : soul's first act  
(Call consciousness the soul—some name we  
need)  
Getting itself aware, through stuff decreed  
Thereto (so call the body)—who has stept  
So far, there let him stand, become adept  
In body ere he shift his station thence  
One single hair's breadth. Do I make pre-  
tence  
To teach, myself unskilled in learning? Lo,  
My life's work ! Let my pictures prove I know  
Somewhat of what this fleshly frame of ours  
Or is or should be, how the soul empowers  
The body to reveal its every mood  
Of love and hate, pour forth its plenitude  
Of passion. If my hand attained to give  
Thus permanence to truth else fugitive,  
Did not I also fix each fletting grace  
Of form and feature—save the beauteous face—  
Arrest decay in transitory might



<p>Of bone and muscle—cause the world to bless          For ever each transcendent nakedness          Of man and woman? Were such feats achieved          By sloth, or strenuous labour unrelieved,          —Yet lavished vainly? Ask that underground          (So may I speak) of all on surface found          Of flesh-perfection! Depths on depths to          probe          Of all-inventive artifice, disrobe          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,          Repays his search with still fresh proof—          ‘Externe,          Not inmost, 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,          Evil and good irreconcilable          Above, beneath, about my every side,—          How did this wild confusion far and wide          Tally with my experience when my stamp—          So far from stirring—struck out, each a lamp,          Spark after spark of truth from where I stood—          Pedestalled triumph? Evil there was good,          Want was the promise of supply, defect          Ensured completion,—where and when and          how?          Leave that to the First Cause! Enough that          now,          Here where I stand, this moment’s me and          mine,          Shows me what is, permits me to divine          What shall be. Wherefore? Nay, how          otherwise?          Look at my pictures! What so glorifies</p>	<p>The body that the permeating soul          Finds there no particle elude control          Direct, or fail of duty,—most obscure          When most subservient? Did that Cause          ensure          The soul such raptures as its fancy stings          Body to furnish when, uplift by wings          Of passion, here and now, it leaves the earth,          Loses itself above, where bliss has birth—          (Heaven, be the phrase)—did that same Cause          contrive          Such solace for the body, soul must dive          At drop of fancy’s pinion, condescend          To bury both alike on earth, our friend          And fellow, where minutely exquisite          Low lie the pleasures, now and here—no          herb          But hides its marvel, peace no doubts perturb          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 descry          So far the wonder-working, lack at last          Will, power, benevolence—a protoplast,          No consummator, sealing up the sum          Of all things,—past and present and to come          Perfection? No, I have no doubt at all!          There’s my amount of knowledge—great or          small,          Sufficient for my needs: for see! advance          Its light now on that depth of ignorance          I shrank before from—yonder where the world          Lies wreck-strewn,—evil towering, prone          good—hurled          From pride of place, on every side. For me          (Patience, beseech you!) knowledge can but be          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 halting-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</p>
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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?’ snarl you, ‘Is the fool’s conceit thus  
strong—

Must the whole outside world in soul and sense  
Suffer, that he grow sage at its expense?’

By no means! ‘Tis by merest touch of toe  
I try—not trench 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 you—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-  
type:

As night needs day, as shine needs shade, so  
good

Needs evil: how were pity understood  
Unless by pain? Make evident that pain

Permissibly masks pleasure—you abstain  
From outstretch of the finger-tip that saves

A drowning fly. Who proffers help of hand  
To weak Andromeda exposed on strand

At mercy of the monster? Were all true,  
Help were not wanting: ‘But ‘tis false,’

cry you,

‘Mere fancy-work of paint and brush!’ No  
less,

Were mine the skill, the magic, to impress  
Beholders with a confidence they saw

Life,—veritable flesh and blood in awe

Of just as true a sea-beast,—would they stare  
Simply as now, or cry out, curse and swear.

Or call the gods to help, or catch up stick  
And stone, according as their hearts were

quick

Or sluggish? Well, some old artificer  
Could do 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 need  
seem wrong

To do right’s service, prove men weak or  
strong,

Choosers of evil or of good. ‘No such  
Illusion possible!’ Ah, friends, you touch

Just here my solid standing-place amid  
The wash and welter, whence all doubts are

bid

Back to the ledge they break against in foam,  
Futility: my soul, and my soul’s home

This body,—how each operates on each,  
And how things outside, fact or feigning,

teach

What good is and what evil,—just the  
same,

Be feigning or be fact the teacher,—blame  
Diffidence nowise if, from this I judge

My point of vantage, not an inch I budge.

All—for myself—seems ordered wise and well  
Inside it,—what reigns outside, who can tell?

Contrariwise, who needs be told ‘The space  
Which yields thee knowledge,—do its bounds

embrace

Well-willing and wise-working, each at  
height?

Enough: beyond thee lies the infinite—

Back to thy circumscription!’

“Back indeed!

Ending where I began—thus: retrocede,  
Who will,—what comes first, take first, I

advise!

Acquaint you 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 incommensurably marvellous

Contrivances which furnish forth the house  
Where soul has sway! Though Master keep

aloof,

Signs of His presence multiply from roof

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—  
whence

Light comes—has pushed Him into residence?  
Was such the symbol's meaning,—old, un-  
couth—

That circle of the serpent, tail in mouth?  
Only by looking low, ere looking high,  
Comes penetration of the mystery."

## XI.

Thanks! After sermonizing, psalmody!  
Now praise with pencil, Painter! Fools  
attaint

Your fame, forsooth, because its power in-  
clines

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  
not curse

Nature that loved the form whereon hate  
wreaked

The wrongs you see. No, rather paint some  
full

Benignancy, the first and foremost boon  
Of youth, health, strength,—show beauty's  
May, ere June

Undo the bud's blush, leave a rose to cull  
—No poppy, neither! yet less perfect-pure,  
Divinely-precious with life's dew besprent.

Show saintliness that's simply innocent  
Of guessing sinnership exists to cure

All in good time! In time let age advance  
And teach that knowledge helps—not igno-  
rance—

The healing of the nations. Let my spark  
Quicken your tinder! Burn with—Joan of  
Arc!

Not at the end, nor midway when there grew  
The brave delusions, when rare fancies flew

Before the eyes, and in the ears of her  
Strange voices woke imperiously astrir:

No,—paint the peasant girl all peasant-like,  
Spirit and flesh—the hour about to strike  
When this should be transfigured, that in-  
flamed,

By heart's admonishing "Thy country  
shamed,

Thy king shut out of all his realm except  
One sorry corner!" and to life forth leapt  
The indubitable lightning "Can there be  
Country and king's salvation—all through  
me?"

Memorize that burst's moment, Francis!  
Tush—

None of the nonsense-writing! Fittier brush  
Shall clear off fancy's film-work and let show  
Not what the foolish feign but the wise know—  
Ask Sainte-Beuve<sup>1</sup> else!—or better, Quiche-  
rat,<sup>2</sup>

The downright-digger into truth that's—Bah,  
Bettered by fiction? Well, of fact thus much  
Concerns you, that "of prudishness no touch  
From first to last defaced the maid; anon,  
Camp-use compelling"—what says D'Alençon  
Her fast friend?—"though I saw while she  
undressed

How fair she was—especially her breast—  
Never had I a wild thought!"—as indeed  
I nowise doubt. Much less would she take  
heed—

When eve came, and the lake, the hills around  
Were all one solitude and silence,—found  
Barrièred impenetrably safe about,—

Take heed of interloping eyes shut out,  
But quietly permit the air imbibe  
Her naked beauty till . . . but hear the  
scribe!

*Now as she fain would bathe, one even-tide,  
God's maid, this Joan,<sup>3</sup> from the pool's edge  
she spied*

*The fair blue byrd clowns call the Fisher-king:  
And "Las," sighed she, "my Liege is such a  
thing*

<sup>1</sup> The famous French critic and causeur.

<sup>2</sup> A great authority on Joan of Arc.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Browning's son has painted a picture of Joan bathing.

*As thou, lord but of one poor lonely place  
Out of his whole wide France: were mine the  
grace*

*To set my Dauphin 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  
troth"?

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?

Wipe

Pencil, scrape palette, and retire content!  
“*Omnia non omnibus*”—no harm is meant!

#### WITH GERARD DE LAIRESSE.

[Gerard de Laïresse was a Flemish painter, born at Liège in 1640; he died in 1711. He was a famous figure in his day, extravagant and dissipated. He painted rapidly, and was fond of the violin. He was supposed to be the author of a treatise on Painting which bears his name, but some doubt this.]

#### I.

AH, but—because you were struck blind,  
could bless

Your sense no longer with the actual view  
Of man and woman, those fair forms you drew  
In happier days so duteously and true,—  
Must I account my Gerard de Laïresse  
All sorrow-smitten? He was hindered too  
—Was this no hardship?—from producing,  
plain

To us who still have eyes, the pageantry  
Which passed and passed before his busy brain  
And, captured on his canvas, showed our sky  
Traversed by flying shapes, earth stocked  
with brood

Of monsters,—centaurs bestial, satyrs lewd,—  
Not without much Olympian glory, shapes  
Of god and goddess in their gay escapes  
From the severe serene: or haply paced  
The antique ways, god-counselled, nymph-  
embraced,

Some early human kingly personage.  
Such wonders of the teeming poet's-age  
Were still to be: nay, these indeed began—  
Are not the pictures extant?—till the ban  
Of blindness struck both palette from his  
thumb  
And pencil from his finger.

#### II.

Blind—not dumb,  
Else, Gerard, were my inmost bowels stirred  
With pity beyond pity: no, the word  
Was left upon your unmolested lips:  
Your mouth unsealed, despite of eyes' eclipse,  
Talked all brain's yearning into birth. I lack  
Somehow the heart to wish your practice  
back

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,  
Making acquaintance with his artist-work.  
So my youth's piety obtained success  
Of all-too dubious sort: for, though it irk  
To tell the issue, few or none would guess  
From extant lines and colours, De Laïresse,  
Your faculty, although each deftly-grouped  
And aptly-ordered figure-piece was judged  
Worthy a prince's purchase in its day.  
Bearded experience bears not to be duped  
Like boyish fancy: 'twas a boy that budged  
No foot's breadth from your visioned steps  
away

The while that memorable “Walk” he  
trudged

In your companionship,—the Book must  
say

Where, when and whither,—“Walk,” come  
what come may,

No measurer of steps on this our globe  
Shall ever match for marvels. Faustus' robe,  
And Fortunatus' cap were gifts of price:  
But—oh, your piece of sober sound advice  
That artists should descry abundant worth  
In trivial commonplace, nor groan at dearth

If fortune bade the painter's craft be plied  
In vulgar town and country! Why despond  
Because hemmed round by Dutch canals?

Beyond

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 I 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?"

III.

So commenced

That "Walk" amid true wonders—none to  
you,

But huge to us ignobly common-sensed,  
Purblind, while plain could proper optics view  
In that old sepulchre by lightning split,  
Whereof the lid bore carven,—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,

Confirming that conjecture, close on hand,  
Behold, half out, half in the ploughed-up sand,  
A chariot-wheel explained its bolt-device:  
What other than the Chariot of the Sun  
Ever let drop the like? Consult the tome—  
I bid inglorious carriers-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  
No whit less wondrous. What was there to  
balk

Us, who had eyes, from seeing? You with  
none

Missed not a marvel: wherefore? Let us talk.

<sup>1</sup> *The Art of Painting, etc.*, by Gerard de  
Lairesse. Translated by J. F. Fritsch, 1778.

IV.

Say am I right? Your sealed sense moved  
your mind,

Free from obstruction, to compassionate  
Art's power left powerless, and supply the  
blind

With fancies worth all facts denied by fate.  
Mind could invent things, and to—take away,  
At pleasure, leave out trifles mean and base  
Which vex the sight that cannot say them nay  
But, where mind plays the master, have no  
place.

And bent on banishing was mind, be sure,  
All except beauty from its mustered tribe  
Of objects apparitional which lure  
Painter to show and poet to describe—  
That imagery of the antique song  
Truer than truth's self. Fancy's rainbow-birth  
Conceived mid clouds in Greece, could  
glance along

Your passage o'er Dutch veritable earth,  
As with ourselves, who see, familiar throng  
About our pacings men and women worth  
Nowise a glance—so poets apprehend—  
Since nought avails portraying them in verse:  
While painters turn upon the heel, intend  
To spare their work the critic's ready curse  
Due to the daily and undignified.

V.

I who myself contentedly abide  
Awake, nor want the wings of dream,—who  
tramp

Earth's common surface, rough, smooth, dry  
or damp,

—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 gaze intent  
On Dryope picking the blossoms red,  
As you, whereth her lote-tree writhed and bled,  
Yet lose no gain, no hard fast wide-awake  
Having and holding nature for the sake  
Of nature only—nymph and lote-tree thus  
Gained by the loss of fruit not fabulous,

Apple of English homesteads, where I see  
Nor seek more than crisp buds a struggling bee  
Uncrumpled, caught by sweet he clammers  
through?

Truly, a moot point : make it plain to me,  
Who, bee-like, sate sense with the simply true,  
Nor seek to heighten that sufficiency  
By help of feignings proper to the page—  
Earth's surface-blank whereon the elder age  
Put colour, poetizing—poured rich life  
On what were else a dead ground—nothing-  
ness—

Until the solitary world grew rife  
With Joves and Junos, nymphs and satyrs.  
Yes,

The reason was, fancy composed the strife  
'Twixt sense and soul : for sense, my De  
Lairesse,

Cannot content itself with outward things,  
Mere beauty : soul must needs know whence  
there springs—

How, when and why—what sense but loves,  
nor lists

To know at all.

## VI.

Not one of man's acquits  
Ought he resignedly to lose, methinks :  
So, point me out which was it of the links  
Snapt first, from out the chain which used to  
bind

Our earth to heaven, and yet for you, since  
blind,

Subsisted still efficient and intact?  
Oh, we can fancy too ! but somehow fact  
Has got to—say, not so much push aside  
Fancy, as to declare its place supplied  
By fact unseen but no less fact the same,  
Which mind bids sense accept. Is mind to  
blame,

Or sense,—does that usurp, this abdicate?  
First of all, as you "walked"—were it too late  
For us to walk, if so we willed? Confess  
We have the sober feet still, De Lairesse !  
Why not the freakish brain too, that must  
needs

Supplement nature—not see flowers and weeds  
Simply as such, but link with each and all  
The ultimate perfection—what we call

Rightly enough the human shape divine?  
The rose? No rose unless it disentwine  
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 Protoplast !  
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  
Without your company. Come, walk once  
more

The "Walk" : if I to-day as you of yore  
See just like you the blind—then sight shall cry  
—The whole long day quite gone through—  
victory !

## VIII.

Thunders on thunders, doubling and re-  
doubling

Doom o'er the mountain, while a sharp white  
fire

Now shone, now sheared its rusty herbage,  
troubling

Hardly the fir-boles, now discharged its ire  
Full where some pine-tree's solitary spire  
Crashed down, defiant to the last : till—lo,  
The motive of the malice !—all a-glow,  
Circled with flame there yawned a sudden  
rift

I' the rock-face, and I saw a form erect  
Front and defy the outrage, while—as checked,  
Chidden, beside him dauntless in the drift—  
Covered a heaped 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,

Was it when this—Jove's feathered fury—  
 slipped  
 Gore-glutted from the heart's core whence  
 he ripped—  
 This eagle-hound—neither reproach nor  
 prayer—  
 Baffled, 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.  
 Gather the night again about thee now,  
 Hate on, love ever! Morn is breaking there—  
 The granite ridge pricks through the mist,  
 turns gold  
 As wrong turns right. O laughters manifold  
 Of ocean's ripple at dull earth's despair!

## IX.

But morning's laugh sets all the crags alight  
 Above the baffled tempest: tree and tree  
 Stir themselves from the stupor of the night,  
 And every strangled branch resumes its right  
 To breathe, shakes loose dark's clinging  
 dregs, waves free  
 In dripping glory. Prone the runnels plunge,  
 While earth, distent with moisture like a  
 sponge,  
 Smokes up, and leaves each plant its gem to  
 see,  
 Each grass-blade's glory-glitter. Had I known  
 The torrent now turned river?—masterful  
 Making its rush o'er tumbled ravage—stone  
 And stub which barred the froths and foams:  
 no bull  
 Ever broke bounds in formidable sport  
 More overwhelmingly, till lo, the spasm  
 Sets him to dare that last mad leap: report  
 Who may—his fortunes in the deathly chasm  
 That swallows him in silence! Rather turn  
 Whither, upon the upland, pedestalled  
 Into the broad day-splendour, whom discern  
 These eyes but thee, supreme one, rightly  
 called  
 Moon-maid in heaven above and, here below,  
 Earth's huntress queen? I note the garb  
 succinct

Saving from smirch that purity of snow  
 From breast to knee—snow's self with just  
 the tinct  
 Of the apple-blossom's heart-blush. Ah, the  
 bow  
 Slack-strung her fingers grasp, where, ivory-  
 linked  
 Horn curving blends with horn, a moonlike  
 pair  
 Which mimic the brow's crescent sparkling  
 so—  
 As if a star's live restless fragment winked  
 Proud yet repugnant, captive in such hair!  
 What hope along the hillside, what far bliss  
 Lets the crisp hair-plaits fall so low they kiss  
 Those lucid shoulders? Must a morn so  
 blithe,  
 Needs have its sorrow when the twang and hiss  
 Tell that from out thy sheaf one shaft makes  
 writhe  
 Its victim, thou unerring Artemis?  
 Why did the chamois stand so fair a mark  
 Arrested by the novel shape he dreamed  
 Was bred of liquid marble in the dark  
 Depths of the mountain's womb which ever  
 teemed  
 With novel births of wonder? Not one spark  
 Of pity in that steel-grey glance which  
 gleamed  
 At the poor hoof's protesting as it stamped  
 Idly the granite? Let me glide unseen  
 From thy proud presence: well mayst thou  
 be queen  
 Of all those strange and sudden deaths which  
 damped  
 So oft Love's torch and Hymen's taper lit  
 For happy marriage till the maidens paled  
 And perished on the temple-step, assailed  
 By—what except to envy must man's wit  
 Impute that sure implacable release  
 Of life from warmth and joy? But death  
 means peace.

## X.

Noon is the conqueror,—not a spray, nor leaf,  
 Nor herb, nor blossom but has rendered up  
 Its morning dew: the valley seemed one cup  
 Of cloud-smoke, but the vapour's reign was  
 brief,

Sun-smitten, see, it hangs—the filmy haze—  
Grey-garmenting the herbless mountain-side,  
To soothe the day's sharp glare: while far  
and wide

Above unclouded burns the sky, one blaze  
With fierce immitigable blue, no bird  
Ventures to spot by passage. E'en of peaks  
Which still presume there, plain each pale  
point speaks

In wan transparency of waste incurred  
By over-daring: far from me be such!  
Deep in the hollow, rather, where combine  
Tree, shrub and briar to roof with shade and  
cool

The remnant of some lily-strangled pool,  
Edged round with mossy fringing soft and fine.  
Smooth lie the bottom slabs, and overhead  
Watch elder, bramble, rose, and service-tree  
And one beneficent rich barberry  
Jewelled all over with fruit-pendants red.  
What have I seen! O Satyr, well I know  
How sad thy case, and what a world of woe  
Was hid by the brown visage furry-framed  
Only for mirth: who otherwise could think—  
Marking thy mouth gape still on laughter's  
brink,

Thine eyes a-swim with merriment unnamed  
But haply guessed at by their furtive wink?  
And all the while a heart was panting sick  
Behind that shaggy bulwark of thy breast—  
Passion it was that made those breath-bursts  
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 in disdain,  
Saw but that poor uncouth outside of thee,  
And, from her circling sisters, mocked a pain  
Echo had pitied—whom Pan loved in vain—  
For she was wishful to partake thy glee,  
Mimic thy mirth—who loved her not again,  
Savage for Lyda's sake. She crouches  
there—

Thy cruel beauty, slumberously laid  
Supine on heaped-up beast-skins, unaware  
Thy steps have traced her to the briery glade,  
Thy greedy hands disclose the cradling lair,  
Thy hot eyes reach and revel on the maid!

## XI.

Now, what should this be for? The sun's  
decline

Seems as he lingered lest he lose some act  
Dread and decisive, some prodigious fact  
Like thunder from the safe sky's sapphirine  
About to alter earth's conditions, packed  
With fate for nature's self that waits, aware  
What mischief unsuspected in the air  
Menaces momentarily a cataract.  
Therefore it is that yonder space extends  
Untrenched upon by any vagrant tree,  
Shrub, weed well nigh; they keep their  
bounds, leave free

The platform for what actors? Foes or  
friends,

Here come they trooping silent: heaven  
suspends

Purpose the while they range themselves. I  
see!

Bent on a battle, two vast powers agree  
This present and no after-contest ends  
One or the other's grasp at rule in reach  
Over the race of man—host fronting host,  
As statue statue fronts—wrath-molten each,  
Solidified by hate,—earth halved almost,  
To close once more in chaos. Yet two  
shapes

Show prominent, each from the universe  
Of minions round about him, that disperse  
Like cloud-obstruction when a bolt escapes.  
Who flames first? Macedonian is it thou?  
Ay, and who fronts thee, King Darius, drapes  
His form with purple, fillet-folds his brow.

## XII.

What, then the long day dies at last? Abrup  
The sun that seemed, in stooping, sure to  
melt

Our mountain ridge, is mastered: black the  
belt

Of westward crags, his gold could not corrupt  
Barriers again the valley, lets the flow  
Of lavish glory waste itself away  
—Whither? For new aëlines, fresh eye  
breaks the day!

Night was not to be baffled. If the glow



GERARD DE LAIRESSE

Were all that's gone from us! Did clouds,  
afloat

So filmily but now, discard no rose,  
Sombre throughout the fleeciness that grows  
A sullen uniformity. I note

Rather displeasure,—in the overspread  
Change from the swim of gold to one pale lead  
Oppressive to malevolence,—than late

Those amorous yearnings when the aggregate  
Of cloudlets pressed that each and all might  
sate

Its passion and partake in relics red  
Of day's bequeathment: now, a frown  
instead

Estranges, and affrights who needs must fare  
On and on till his journey ends: but where?  
Caucasus? Lost now in the night. Away  
And far enough lies that Arcadia.

The human heroes tread the world's dark way  
No longer. Yet I dimly see almost—  
Yes, for my last adventure! 'Tis a ghost.  
So drops away the beauty! There he stands  
Voiceless, scarce strives with deprecating  
hands.

XIII.

Enough! Stop further fooling, De Lairese!  
My fault, not yours! Some fitter way ex-  
press

Heart's satisfaction that the Past indeed  
Is past, gives way before Life's best and last,  
The all-including Future! What were life  
Did soul stand still therein, forego her strife  
Through the ambiguous Present to the goal  
Of some all-reconciling Future? Soul,  
Nothing has been which shall not bettered be  
Hereafter,—leave the root, by law's decree  
Whence springs the ultimate and perfect tree!  
Busy thee with unearthing root? Nay,  
climb—

Quit trunk, branch, leaf and flower—reach,  
rest sublime

Where fruitage ripens in the blaze of day!  
O'erlook, despise, forget, throw flower away,  
Intent on progress? No whit more than stop  
Ascent therewith to dally, screen the top  
Sufficiency of yield by interposed  
Twistwork bold foot gets free from. Where-  
fore glozed

The poets—"Dream afresh old godli  
shapes,

Recapture ancient fable that escapes,  
Push back reality, repeople earth  
With vanished falseness, recognize no worth  
In fact new-born unless 'tis rendered back  
Pallid by fancy, as the western rack  
Of fading cloud bequeaths the lake some gleam  
Of its gone glory!"

XIV.

Let things be—not seem,  
I counsel rather,—do, and nowise dream!  
Earth's young significance is all to learn:  
The dead Greek lore lies buried in the urn  
Where who seeks fire finds ashes. Ghost,  
forsooth!

What was the best Greece babbled of ac  
truth?

"A shade, a wretched nothing,—sad, thin,  
drear,

Cold, dark, it holds on to the lost loves here,  
If hand have haply sprinkled o'er the dead  
Three charitable dust-heaps, made mouth red  
One moment by the sip of sacrifice:

Just so much comfort thaws the stubborn ice  
Slow-thickening upward till it choke at length  
The last faint flutter craving—not for strength,  
Not beauty, not the riches and the rule  
O'er men that made life life indeed." Sad  
school

Was Hades! Gladly,—might the dead but  
slink

To life back,—to the dregs once more would  
drink

Each interloper, drain the humblest cup  
Fate mixes for humanity.

XV.

Cheer up,—  
Be death with me, as with Achilles erst,  
Of Man's calamities the last and worst:  
Take it so! By proved potency that still  
Makes perfect, be assured, come what come  
will,

What once lives never dies — what here  
attains

To a beginning, has no end, still gains

And never loses aught: when, where, and  
 how—  
 Lies in Law's lap. What's death then?  
 Even now  
 With so much knowledge is it hard to bear  
 Brief interposing ignorance? Is care  
 For a creation found at fault just there—  
 There where the heart breaks bond and out-  
 runs time,  
 To reach, not follow what shall be?

XVI.

Here's rhyme  
 Such as one makes now,—say, when Spring  
 repeats  
 That miracle the Greek Bard sadly greets:  
 "Spring for the tree and herb—no Spring  
 for us!"  
 Let Spring come: why, a man salutes her thus:  
 Dance, yellows and whites and reds,—  
 Lead your gay orgy, leaves, stalks, heads  
 Astir with the wind in the tulip-beds!  
 There's sunshine; scarcely a wind at all  
 Disturbs starved grass and daisies small  
 On a certain mound by a churchyard wall.  
 Daisies and grass be my heart's bedfellows  
 On the mound wind spares and sunshine  
 mellows:  
 Dance you, reds and whites and yellows!

## WITH CHARLES AVISON.

[See "Dictionary of National Biography,"  
 vol. ii. Charles Avison was born at Newcastle  
 in 1710 (?), and died there in 1770. He was  
 organist of St. Nicholas' Church. He pub-  
 lished in 1752 "An Essay on Musical Expres-  
 sion," which attracted much notice, and is still  
 respected. Avison preferred the French and  
 Italian schools of music to the German.]

I.

How strange!—but, first of all, the little fact  
 Which led my fancy forth. This bitter morn  
 Showed me no object in the stretch forlorn  
 Of garden-ground beneath my window,  
 backed

By yon worn wall wherefrom the creeper,  
 tacked  
 To clothe its brickwork, hangs now, rent and  
 racked  
 By five months' cruel winter,—showed no  
 torn  
 And tattered ravage worse for eyes to see  
 Than just one ugly space of clearance, left  
 Bare even of the bones which used to be  
 Warm wrappage, safe embracement: this  
 one cleft—  
 —O what a life and beauty filled it up  
 Startlingly, when methought the rude clay  
 cup  
 Ran over with poured bright wine! 'Twas  
 a bird  
 Breast-deep there, tugging at his prize, de-  
 terred  
 No whit by the fast-falling snow-flake: gain  
 Such prize my blackcap must by might and  
 main—  
 The cloth-shred, still a-flutter from its nail  
 That fixed a spray once. Now, what told  
 the tale  
 To thee,—no townsman but born orchard-  
 thief,—  
 That here—surpassing moss-tuft, beard from  
 sheaf  
 Of sun-scorched barley, horsehairs long and  
 stout,  
 All proper country-pillage—here, no doubt,  
 Was just the scrap to steal should line thy  
 nest  
 Superbly? Off he flew, his bill possessed  
 The booty sure to set his wife's each wing  
 Greenly a-quiver. How they climb and cling,  
 Hang parrot-wise to bough, these blackcaps!  
 Strange  
 Seemed to a city-dweller that the finch  
 Should stray so far to forage: at a pinch,  
 Was not the fine wool's self within his range  
 —Filchings on every fence? But no: the  
 need  
 Was of this rag of manufacture, spoiled  
 By art, and yet by nature near unsoiled,  
 New-suited to what scheming finch would  
 breed  
 In comfort, this uncomfortable March.

CHARLES AVISON

II.

Yet—by the first pink blossom on the larch!—  
 This was scarce stranger than that memory,—  
 In want of what should cheer the stay-at-  
 home,  
 My soul,—must straight clap pinion, well  
 nigh roam  
 A century back, nor once close plume, descry  
 The appropriate rag to plunder, till she  
 pounced—  
 Pray, on what relic of a brain long still?  
 What old-world work proved forage for the  
 bill  
 Of memory the far-flyer? “March” an-  
 nounced,  
 I verily believe, the dead and gone  
 Name of a music-maker: one of such  
 In England as did little or did much,  
 But, doing, had their day once. Avison!  
 Singly and solely for an air of thine,  
 Bold-stepping “March,” foot stept to ere my  
 hand  
 Could stretch an octave, I o'erlooked the  
 band  
 Of majesties familiar, to decline  
 On thee—not too conspicuous on the list  
 Of worthies who by help of pipe or wire  
 Expressed in sound rough rage or soft desire—  
 Thou, whilom of Newcastle organist!

III.

So much could one—well, thinnish air effect.  
 Am I ungrateful? for, your March, styled  
 “Grand,”  
 Did veritably seem to grow, expand,  
 And greaten up to title as, unchecked,  
 Dream-marchers marched, kept marching,  
 slow and sure,  
 In time, to tune, unchangeably the same,  
 From nowhere into nowhere,—out they came,  
 Onward they passed, and in they went. No  
 lure  
 Of novel modulation pricked the flat  
 Forthright persisting melody,—no hint  
 That discord, sound asleep beneath the  
 flint,  
 —Struck—might spring spark-like, claim due  
 tit-for-tat,

Quenched in a concord. No! Yet, such  
 the might  
 Of quietude's immutability,  
 That somehow coldness gathered warmth,  
 well nigh  
 Quickened—which could not be!—grew  
 burning-bright  
 With fife-shriek, cymbal-clash and trumpet-  
 blare,  
 To drum-accentuation: pacing turned  
 Striding, and striding grew gigantic, spurned  
 At last the narrow space 'twixt earth and air,  
 So shook me back into my sober self.

IV.

And where woke I? The March had set me  
 down  
 There whence I plucked the measure, as his  
 brown  
 Frayed flannel-bit my blackcap. Great John  
 Relfe,  
 Master of mine, learned, redoubtable,  
 It little needed thy consummate skill  
 To fitly figure such a bass! The key  
 Was—should not memory play me false—  
 well, C.  
 Ay, with the Greater Third, in Triple Time,  
 Three crotchets to a bar: no change, I grant,  
 Except from Tonic down to Dominant.  
 And yet—and yet—if I could put in rhyme  
 The manner of that marching!—which had  
 stopped  
 —I wonder, where?—but that my weak self  
 dropped  
 From out the ranks, to rub eyes disenfranchised  
 And feel that, after all the way advanced,  
 Back must I foot it, I and my compeers,  
 Only to reach, across a hundred years,  
 The bandsman Avison whose little book  
 And large tune thus had led me the long  
 way  
 (As late a rag ypy blackcap) from to-day  
 And to-day's music-manufacture,—Brahms,  
 Wagner, Dvorak, Liszt, to where—trum-  
 pets, shawms,  
 Show yourselves joyful!—Handel reigns—  
 supreme?  
 By no means! Buononcini's work is theme

For fit laudation of the impartial few :  
 (Westand in England, mind you !) Fashion too  
 Favours Geminiani<sup>1</sup>—of those choice  
 Concertos : nor there wants a certain voice  
 Raised in thy favour likewise, famed Pepusch<sup>2</sup>  
 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 organist !

## v.

And here's your music all alive once more—  
 As once it was alive, at least : just so  
 The figured worthies of a waxwork-show  
 Attest—such people, years and years ago,  
 Looked thus when outside death had life  
 below,  
 —Could say "We are now," not "We were  
 of yore,"  
 —"Feel how our pulses leap!" and not "Ex-  
 plore—  
 Explain why quietude has settled o'er  
 Surface once all-awork!" Ay, such a "Suite"  
 Roused heart to rapture, such a "Fugue"  
 would catch  
 Soul heavenwards up, when time was : why  
 attach  
 Blame to exhausted faultlessness, no match  
 For fresh achievement? Feat once—ever feat!  
 How can completion grow still more complete?  
 Hear Avison! He tenders evidence  
 That music in his day as much absorbed  
 Heart and soul then as Wagner's music now.  
 Perfect from centre to circumference—  
 Orbed to the full can be but fully orb'd :  
 And yet—and yet—whence comes it that  
 "O Thou"—  
 Sighed by the soul at eve to Hesperus—  
 Will not again take wing and fly away  
 (Since fatal Wagner fixed it fast for us)  
 In some unmodulated minor? Nay,  
 Even by Handel's help!

<sup>1</sup> An Italian fiddler, who came to London  
 in 1714.

<sup>2</sup> A German musician, organist at the Charter  
 House; died 1752.

## VI.

I state it thus :

There is no truer truth obtainable  
 By Man than comes of music. "Soul"—  
 (accept  
 A word which vaguely names what no adept  
 In word-use fits and fixes so that still  
 Thing shall not slip word's fetter and remain  
 Innominate as first, yet, free again,  
 Is no less recognized the absolute  
 Fact underlying that same other fact  
 Concerning which no cavil can dispute  
 Our nomenclature when we call it "Mind"—  
 Something not Matter)—"Soul," who seeks  
 shall find  
 Distinct beneath that something. You exact  
 An illustrative image? This may suit.

## VII.

We see a work : the worker works behind,  
 Invisible himself. Suppose his act  
 Be to o'erarch a gulf : he digs, transports,  
 Shapes and, through enginery—all sizes, sorts,  
 Lays stone by stone until a floor compact  
 Proves our bridged causeway. So works  
 Mind—by stress  
 Of faculty, with loose facts, more or less,  
 Builds up our solid knowledge : all the  
 same,  
 Underneath rolls what Mind may hide not  
 tame,  
 An element which works beyond our guess,  
 Soul, the unsounded sea—whose lift of surge,  
 Spite of all superstructure, lets emerge,  
 In flower and foam, Feeling from out the  
 deeps  
 Mind arrogates no mastery upon—  
 Distinct indisputably. Has there gone  
 To dig up, drag forth, render smooth from  
 rough  
 Mind's flooring,—operosity enough?  
 Still the successive labour of each inch,  
 Who lists may learn : from the last turn of  
 winch  
 That let the polished slab-stone find its place,  
 To the first prod of pick-axe at the base  
 Of the unquarried mountain,—what was all  
 Mind's varied process except natural,

Nay, easy, even, to descry, describe,  
 After our fashion? "So worked Mind: its  
 tribe  
 Of senses ministrant above, below,  
 Far, near, or now or haply long ago  
 Brought to pass knowledge." But Soul's sea,  
 —drawn whence,  
 Fed how, forced whither,—by what evidence  
 Of ebb and flow, that's felt beneath the tread,  
 Soul has its course 'neath Mind's work over-  
 head,—  
 Who tells of, tracks to source the founts of  
 Soul?  
 Yet wherefore heaving sway and restless roll  
 This side and that, except to emulate  
 Stability above? To match and mate  
 Feeling with knowledge,—make as manifest  
 Soul's work as Mind's work, turbulence as  
 rest,  
 Hates, loves, joys, woes, hopes, fears, that  
 rise and sink  
 Ceaselessly, passion's transient flit and wink,  
 A ripple's tinting or a spume-sheet's spread  
 Whitening the wave,—to strike all this life  
 dead,  
 Run mercury into a mould like lead,  
 And henceforth have the plain result to  
 show—  
 How we Feel, hard and fast as what we  
 Know—  
 This were the prize and is the puzzle!—  
 which  
 Music essays to solve: and here's the hitch  
 That baulks her of full triumph else to boast.

## VIII.

All Arts endeavour this, and she the most  
 Attains thereto, yet fails of touching: why?  
 Does Mind get Knowledge from Art's  
 ministry?  
 What's known once is known ever: Arts  
 arrange,  
 Dissociate, re-distribute, interchange  
 Part with part, lengthen, broaden, high or  
 deep  
 Construct their bravest,—still such pains pro-  
 duce  
 Change, not creation: simply what lay loose

At first lies firmly after, what design  
 Was faintly traced in hesitating line  
 Once on a time, grows firmly resolute  
 Henceforth and evermore. Now, could we  
 shoot  
 Liquidity into a mould,—some way  
 Arrest Soul's evanescent moods, and keep  
 Unalterably still the forms that leap  
 To life for once by help of Art!—which  
 years  
 To save its capture: Poetry discerns,  
 Painting is 'ware of passion's rise and fall,  
 Bursting, subsidence, intermixture—all  
 A-seethe within the gulf. Each Art a-strain  
 Would stay the apparition,—nor in vain:  
 The Poet's word-mesh, Painter's sure and  
 swift  
 Colour-and-line-throw—proud the prize they  
 lift!  
 Thus felt Man and thus looked Man,—pas-  
 sions caught  
 I' the midway swim of sea,—not much, if  
 aught,  
 Of nether-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—"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  
 She trembles up from nothingness. Outdo  
 Both of them, Music! Dredging deeper yet,  
 Drag into day,—by sound, thy master-net,—  
 The abysmal bottom-growth, ambiguous thing  
 Unbroken of a branch, palpitating  
 With limbs' play and life's semblance! There  
 it lies,  
 Marvel and mystery, of mysteries  
 And marvels, most to love and laud thee for!  
 Save it from chance and change we most  
 abhor!

PARLEYINGS WITH CERTAIN PEOPLE

Give momentary feeling permanence,  
So that thy capture hold, a century hence,  
Truth's very heart of truth as, safe to-day,  
The Painter's Eve, the Poet's Helena,  
Still rapturously bend, afar still throw  
The wistful gaze! Thanks, Homer, Angelo!  
Could Music rescue thus from Soul's profound,  
Give feeling immortality by sound,  
Then were she queenliest of Arts! Alas—  
As well expect the rainbow not to pass!  
"Praise 'Radaminta'<sup>1</sup>—love attains therein  
To perfect utterance! Pity—what shall win  
Thy secret like 'Rinaldo'?"<sup>1</sup>—so men said:  
Once all was perfume—now, the flower is  
dead—

They spied tints, sparks have left the spar!

Love, hate,

Joy, fear, survive,—alike importunate  
As ever to go walk the world again,  
Nor ghost-like pant for outlet all in vain  
Till Music loose them, fit each filimly  
With form enough to know and name it by  
For any recognizer sure of ken  
And sharp of ear, no grosser denizen  
Of earth than needs be. Nor to such appeal  
Is Music long obdurate: off they steal—  
How gently, dawn-doomed phantoms! back  
come they

Full-blooded with new crimson of broad day—  
Passion made palpable once more. Ye look  
Your last on Handel? Gaze your first on  
Gluck!

Why wistful search, O waning ones, the chart  
Of stars for you while Haydn, while Mozart  
Occupies heaven? These also, fanned to fire,  
Flamboyant wholly,—so perfections tire,—  
Whiten to wanness, till . . . let others note  
The ever-new invasion!

" IX.

I devote

Rather my modicum of parts to use  
What power may yet avail to re-infuse  
(In fancy, please you!) sleep that looks like  
death

With momentary liveliness, lend breath

<sup>1</sup> Operas by Handel.

To make the torpor half inhale. O Relfe,  
An all-unworthy pupil, from the shelf  
Of thy laboratory, dares unstop  
Bottle, ope box, extract thence pinch and  
drop

Of dusts and dewa many thou didst shrinc  
Each in its right receptacle, assign  
To each its proper office, letter large  
Label and label, then with solemn charge,  
Reviewing learnedly the list complete  
Of chemical reactives, from thy feet  
Push down the same to me, attent below,  
Power in abundance: armed wherewith  
I go

To play the enlivener. Bring good antique  
stuff!

Was it alight once? Still lives spark enough  
For breath to quicken, run the smouldering  
ash

Red right-through. What, "stone-dead"  
were fools so rash

As style my Avison, because he lacked  
Modern appliance, spread out phrase un-  
racked

By modulations fit to make each hair  
Stiffen upon his wig? See there—and there!  
I sprinkle my reactives, pitch broadcast  
Discords and resolutions, turn aghast  
Melody's easy-going, jostle law  
With licence, modulate (no Bach in awe),  
Change enharmonically (Hudl to thank),  
And lo, upstart the flamelets,—what was  
blank

Turns scarlet, purple, crimson! Straightway  
scanned

By eyes that like new lustre—Love once  
more

Yearns through the Largo, Hatred as before  
Rages in the Rubato: e'en thy March,  
My Avison, which, sooth to say—(ne'er arch  
Eyebrows in anger!)—timed, in Georgian  
years

The step precise of British Grenadiers  
To such a nicety,—if score I crowd,  
If rhythm I break, if beats I vary,—tap  
At bar's off-starting turns true thunder-clap,  
Ever the pace augmented till—what's here?  
Titanic striding toward Olympus!

x.  
 Fear  
 No such irreverent innovation! Still  
 Glide on, go rolling, water-like, at will—  
 Nay, were thy melody in monotone,  
 The due three-parts dispensed with!

xI.  
 This alone  
 Comes of my tiresome talking: Music's throne  
 Seats somebody whom somebody unseats,  
 And whom in turn—by who knows what new  
 feats  
 Of strength,—shall somebody as sure push  
 down,  
 Consign him dispossessed of sceptre, crown,  
 And orb imperial—whereto?—Never dream  
 That what once lived shall ever die! They  
 seem  
 Dead—do they? lapsed things lost in limbo?  
 Bring  
 Our life to kindle theirs, and straight each  
 king  
 Starts, you shall see, stands up, from head to  
 foot  
 No inch that is not Purcell! Wherefore?  
 (Suit  
 Measure to subject, first—no marching on  
 Yet in thy bold C Major, Avison,  
 As suited step a minute since: no: wait—  
 Into the minor key first modulate—  
 Gently with A, now—in the Lesser Third!)

xII.  
 Of all the lamentable debts incurred  
 By Man through buying knowledge, this were  
 worst:  
 That he should find his last gain prove his first  
 Was futile—merely nescience absolute,  
 Not knowledge in the bud which holds a fruit  
 Haply undreamed of in the soul's Spring-tide,  
 Pursed in the petals Summer opens wide,  
 And Autumn, withering, rounds to perfect  
 ripe,—  
 Not this,—but ignorance, a blur to wipe  
 From human rec'ds, late it graced so much.  
 "Truth—this attainment? Ah, but such  
 and such

Beliefs of yore seemed inexpugnable  
 When we attained them! E'en as they, so  
 will  
 This their successor have the due morn, noon,  
 Evening and night—just as an old-world  
 tune  
 Wears out and drops away, until who hears  
 Smilingly questions—'This it was brought  
 tears  
 Once to all eyes,—this roused heart's rapture  
 once?'  
 So will it be with truth that, for the nonce,  
 Styles itself truth perennial: 'ware its wile!  
 Knowledge turns nescience,—foremost on the  
 file,  
 Simply proves first of our delusions."

## xIII.

Now—  
 Blare it forth, bold C Major! Lift thy brow,  
 Man, the immortal, that wast never fooled  
 With gifts no gifts at all, nor ridiculed—  
 Man knowing—he who nothing knew! As  
 Hope,  
 Fear, Joy, and Grief,—though ampler stretch  
 and scope  
 They seek and find in novel rhythm, fresh  
 phrase,—  
 Were equally existent in far days  
 Of Music's dim beginning—even so,  
 Truth was at full within thee long ago,  
 Alive as now it takes what latest shape  
 May startle thee by strangeness. Truths  
 escape  
 Time's insufficient garniture: they fade,  
 They fall—those sheathings now grown sere,  
 whose aid  
 Was infinite to truth they wrapped, saved fine  
 And free through March frost: May dews  
 crystalline  
 Nourish truth merely,—does June boast the  
 fruit  
 As—not new vesture merely but, to boot,  
 Novel creation? Soon shall fade and fall  
 Myth after myth—the husk-like lies I call  
 New truth's corolla-safeguard: Autumn  
 comes,  
 So much the better!

## XIV.

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 bombardon'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!

## XV.

Or suppose

Back, and not forward, transformation goes?  
Once more some sable-stoled procession—  
say,  
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.

## XVI.

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.  
Bring up the Train Bands, Southwark!  
They protest:

Shall we not all join chorus? Hark the hymn,

—Rough, rude, robustious—homely heart  
a-throb,

Harsh voice a-hallo, as beseems 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 rude and  
rough,—

Avison helps—so heart lend noise enough!

Fife, trump, drum, sound! and singers then,  
Marching, say "Pym, the man of men!"

Up, heads, your proudest—out, throats, your  
loudest—

"Somerset's Pym!"

Strafford from the block, Eliot from the den,  
Foes, friends, shout "Pym, our citizen!"

Wail, the foes he quelled,—hail, the friends  
he held,

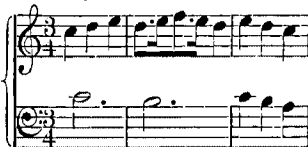
"Tavistock's Pym!"

Hearts prompt heads, hands that ply the pen  
Teach babes unborn the where and when

—Tyrants, he braved them,—patriots, he saved  
them—

"Westminster's Pym!"

Lustily.







## FUST AND HIS FRIENDS.

## AN EPILOGUE.

[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.]

*Inside the House of Fust, Mayence, 1457.*

## 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 !



## SEVENTH FRIEND.

Softly and fairly! Wherefore a-gloom?  
Greet us, thy gossipry, cousin and sib!  
Raise the forlorn brow, Fust! Make room—  
Let daylight through arms which, unfold-  
ing thee, crib  
From those clenched lids the comfort of  
sunshine!

## FIRST FRIEND.

So glib

Thy tongue slides to "comfort" already?  
Not mine!  
Behoves us deal roundly: the wretch is  
distraught  
—Too well I guess wherefore! Behoves a  
Divine  
—Such as I, by grace, boast me—to  
threaten one caught  
In the enemy's toils,—setting "comfort" at  
nought.

## SECOND FRIEND.

Nay, Brother, so hasty? I heard—nor long  
since—  
Of a certain Black Artsman who,—help-  
lessly bound  
By rash pact with Satan,—through paying—  
why mince  
The matter?—fit price to the Church,—  
safe and sound  
Full a year after death in his grave-clothes  
was found.  
Whereas 'tis notorious the Fiend claims his due  
During lifetime,—comes clawing, with  
talons aflame,  
The soul from the flesh-rags left smoking  
and blue:  
So it happed with John Faust; lest John  
Fust fare the same,—  
Look up, I adjure thee by God's holy name!  
For neighbours and friends—no foul hell-  
brood flock we!  
Saith Solomon "Words of the wise are as  
goads:"  
Ours prick but to startle from torpor, set free  
Soul and sense from death's drowse.

## FIRST FRIEND.

And soul, wakened, unloads  
Much sin by confession: no mere palinodes!  
—"I was youthful and wanton, am old yet  
no sage:  
When angry I cursed, struck and slew:  
did I want?  
Right and left did I rob: though no war I  
dared wage  
With the Church (God forbid!)—harm her  
least ministrant—  
Still I outraged all else. Now that strength  
is grown scant,  
I am probity's self"—no such bleatings as  
these!  
But avowal of guilt so enormous, it baulks  
Tongue's telling. Yet penitence prompt may  
appease  
God's wrath at thy bond with the Devil  
who stalks  
—Strides hither to strangle thee!

## FUST.

Childhood so talks.

Not rare wit nor ripe age—ye boast them,  
my neighbours!—  
Should lay such a charge on your towns-  
man, this Fust  
Who, known for a life spent in pleasures and  
labours  
If freakish yet venial, could scarce be  
induced  
To traffic with fiends.

## FIRST FRIEND.

So, my words have unloosed  
A plie from those pale lips corrugate but now?

## FUST.

Lost count me, yet not as ye lean to surmise.

## FIRST FRIEND.

To surmise? to establish! Unbury that brow!  
Look up, that thy judge may read clear in  
thine eyes!

SECOND FRIEND.

By your leave, Brother Barnabite! Mine to advise!

—Who arraign thee, John Fust! What was bruted erewhile

Now bellows through Mayence. All cry—  
—thou hast trucked

Salvation away for lust's solace! Thy smile  
Takes its hue from hell's smoulder!

FUST.

Too certain! I sucked  
—Got drunk at the nipple of sense.

SECOND FRIEND.

Thou hast ducked—

Art drowned there, say rather! Faugh—  
fleshly 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.

Best begin

At the very beginning. Thy father,—all knew,  
A mere goldsmith . . .

FUST.

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 flout me? 'Tis said, in debauchery's  
guild

Admitted prime guttler and guzzler—O  
swine!—

To honour thy headship, those tosspots so  
swilled

That out of their table there sprouted a vine  
Whence each claimed a cluster, awaiting thy  
sign

To out knife, off mouthful: when— who  
could suppose

Such malice in magic?—each sot woke and  
found

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

Your mate with eyes staring, hairs standing erect  
At his magical feats? Are good burghers  
unversed

In the hymours of toping? Full oft, I suspect,  
Ye, counting your fingers, call thumbkin  
their first,

And reckon a groat every guilder disbursed.

What marvel if wags, while the skinker fast  
brimmed

Their glass with rare tipples' enticement,  
should gloat

—Befooled and befustered—through optics  
drink-dimmed—

On this draught and that, till each found  
in his throat

Our Rhenish smack rightly as Raphael? For,  
note—

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  
umbrageous,

Fruit-bearing, thirst-quenching! Enough!  
I confess

To many such fool-pranks, but none so out-  
rageous

That Satan was called in to help me: excess  
I own to, I grieve at—no more and no less.

## SECOND FRIEND.

Strange honours were heaped on thee—medal  
for breast,  
Chain for neck, sword for thigh: not a  
lord of the land  
But acknowledged thee peer! What am-  
bition possessed  
A goldsmith by trade, with craft's grime  
on his hand,  
To seek such associates?

## FUST.

Spare taunts! Understand—

I submit me! Of vanities under the sun,  
Pride seized me at last as concupiscence first,  
Crapulosity ever: true Fiends, everyone,  
Haled this way and that my poor soul:  
thus amerced—  
Forgive and forget me!

## FIRST FRIEND.

Had flesh sinned the worst,

Yet help were in counsel: the Church could  
absolve:  
But say not men truly thou barredst escape  
By signing and sealing . . .

## SECOND FRIEND.

On me must devolve  
The task of extracting . . .

## FIRST FRIEND.

Shall Barnabites ape  
Us Dominican experts?

## SEVENTH FRIEND.

Nay, Masters,—agape

When Hell yawns for a soul, 'tis myself  
claim the task  
Of extracting, by just one plain question,  
God's truth!  
Where's Peter Genesheim thy partner? I ask  
Why, cloistered <sup>u</sup>p still in thy room, the  
pale youth  
Slaves tongue-tied—thy trade brooks no  
tattling forsooth!

No less he, thy *famulus*, suffers entrapping,  
Succumbs to good fellowship: barrel  
a-broach  
Runs freely nor needs any subsequent tapping:  
Quoth Peter "That room, none but I dare  
approach,  
Holds secrets will help me to ride in my coach."

He prattles, we profit: in brief, he assures  
Thou hast taught him to speak so that all  
men may hear  
—Each alike, wide world over, Jews, Pagans,  
Turks, Moors,  
The same as we Christians—speech heard  
far and near  
At one and the same magic moment!

## FUST.

That's clear!

Said he—how?

## 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, burn  
To ashes, since such proves thy portion,  
unscreened  
By bell, book and candle! Yet lately I weened  
Balm yet was in Gilead,—some healing in store  
For the friend of my bosom. Men said  
thou wast sunk  
In a sudden despondency: not, as before,  
Fust gallant and gay with his pottle and  
punk,  
But sober, sad, sick as one yesterday drunk!

## FUST.

Spare Fust, then, thus contrite!—who,  
youthful and healthy,  
Equipped for life's struggle with culture of  
mind,  
Sound flesh and sane soul in coherence, born  
wealthy,  
Nay, wise—how he wasted endowment de-  
signed  
For the glory of God and the good of mankind!

That much were misused such occasions of grace  
Ye well may upbraid him, who bows to  
the rod.

But this should bid anger to pity give place—  
He has turned from the wrong, in the right  
path to plod,  
Makes amends to mankind and craves pardon  
of God.

Yea, friends, even now from my lips the  
*Hureka*—  
Soul saved!" was nigh bursting—unduly  
elate!

Have I brought Man advantage, or hatched  
—so to speak—a  
Strange serpent, no cygnet? 'Tis this I  
debate

Within me. Forbear, and leave Fust to his  
fate!

FIRST FRIEND.

So abject, late lofty? Methinks I spy respite.  
Make clean breast, discover what mysteries  
hide

In thy room there!

SECOND FRIEND.

Ay, out with them! Do Satan despite!  
Remember what caused his undoing was pride!

FIRST FRIEND.

Dumb devil! Remains one resource to be  
tried!

SECOND FRIEND.

Exorcize!

SEVENTH FRIEND.

Nay, first—is there any remembers  
In substance that potent "*Ne pulvis*"—  
a psalm

Whereof some live spark haply lurks mid the  
embers

Which choke in my brain. Talk of "Gilead  
and balm"?

I mind me, sung half through, this gave such  
a qualm

To Asmodeus inside of a Hussite, that, queasy,  
He broke forth in brimstone with curses.  
I'm strong

In—at least the commencement: the rest  
should go easy,  
Friends helping. "*Ne pulvis et ignis*" . . .

SIXTH FRIEND.

All wrong!

FIFTH FRIEND.

I've conned till I captured the whole.

SEVENTH FRIEND.

Get along!

"*Ne pulvis et cinis superbe te geras,  
Nam fulmina*" . . .

SIXTH FRIEND.

Fiddlestick! Peace, dolts and dorrs!  
Thus runs it "*Ne Numinis fulmina feras*"—  
Then "*Homini perfidi justa sunt sors  
Fulmen et grando et horrida mors.*"

SEVENTH FRIEND.

You blunder. "*Irati ne*" . . .

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:

"*Nos pulvis et cinis, trementes, gementes,  
Venimus*"—some such word—"ad te,  
*Domine.*

*Da lumen, juvamen, ut sancta sequentes  
Cor . . . corda . . .*" Plague take it!

SEVENTH FRIEND.

—"*erecta sint spe:*"  
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 "*Pou 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 know-  
ledge 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—applaud 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! "*Pulvis et cinis*" . . .

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.  
[*He enters the inner room.*]

FIRST FRIEND.

Ay, 'tis "*iïvis*"  
No doubt: but as boldly "*redibis*"—who'll  
say?  
I rather conjecture "*in Orco perïvis*!"

SEVENTH FRIEND.

Come, neighbours!

SIXTH FRIEND.

I'm with you! Show courage and stay  
Hell's outbreak? Sirs, cowardice here wins  
the day!

FIFTH FRIEND.

What luck had that student of Bamberg who  
ventured  
To peep in the cell where a wizard of  
note  
Was busy in getting some black deed debent-  
tured  
By Satan? In dog's guise there sprang at  
his throat  
A flame-breathing fury. Fust favours, I note,  
An ugly huge lurcher!

SEVENTH FRIEND.

If I placed reliance  
As thou, on the beads thou art telling so  
fast,  
I'd risk just a peep through the keyhole.

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! Appre-  
hend you  
The object I offer is poison or pest?  
Receive without harm from the hand I ex-  
tend you  
A gift that shall set every scruple at rest!  
Shrink back from mere paper-strips? Try  
them and test!

Still hesitate? Myk, was it thou who la-  
mentedst  
Thy five wits clean failed thee to render  
aright  
A poem read once and no more?—who re-  
pentedst  
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 on arts that entice  
Such scribes to do homage!

,

FIFTH FRIEND.

Stay! Once—and now twice—

VOL. II.

Yea, a third time, my sharp eye completes  
the inspection

Offline after line, the whole series, and finds  
Each letter join each—not a fault for de-  
tection!

Such upstrokes, such downstrokes, such  
strokes of all kinds

In the criss-cross, all perfect!

SIXTH FRIEND.

There's nobody minds

His quill-craft with more of a conscience,  
o'erscratches

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 erasure, I think—

No blot, 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 [*distributing Proofs*].

For Mayence, though seventy times seven  
should muster!

How now? All so feeble of faith that no face  
Which fronts me but whitens—or yellows,  
were juster?

Speak out lest I summon my Spirits!

OMNES.  
 Grace—grace !  
 Call none of thy—helpmates ! We'll answer  
 apace !  
 My paper—and mine—and mine also—they  
 vary  
 In nowise—agree in each tittle and jot !  
 Fust, how—why was this ?

FUST.  
 Shall such "Cur" miss a "quare" ?  
 Within, there ! Throw doors wide ! Be-  
 hold who complot  
 To abolish the scribe's work—blur, blunder  
 and blot !

*[The doors open, and the Press  
 is discovered in operation.]*

Brave full-bodied birth of this brain that con-  
 ceived thee  
 In splendour and music,—sustained the  
 slow drag  
 Of the days stretched to years dim with  
 doubt,—yet believed thee,  
 Had faith in thy first leap of life ! Pulse  
 might flag—  
 —Mine fluttered how faintly !—Arch-moment  
 might lag

Its longest—I bided, made light of endurance,  
 Held hard by the hope of an advent which  
 —dreamed,

Is done now : night yields to the dawn's  
 reassurance :

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 :<sup>c</sup> 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,  
 Thee ever, Thee only !—Thy creature that  
 shrank

From no task Thou, Creator, imposedst !  
 Creation

Revealed me no object, from insect to Man,  
 But bore Thy hand's impress : earth glowed  
 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 thine !

"Far and wide, North and South, East and  
 West, have dominion

O'er thought, winged wonder, O Word !  
 Traverse world

In sun-flash and sphere-song ! Each beat of  
 thy pinion

Bursts night, beckons day : once Truth's  
 banner unfurled,

Where's Falsehood ? Sun-smitten, to nothing-  
 ness hurled !"

More humbly—so, friends, did my fault find  
 redemption.

I sinned, soul-entailed by the tether of sense :  
 My cantor reigned master : I plead no  
 exemption

From Satan's award to his servant : defence  
 From the fiery and final assault would be—  
 whence ?



By making—as man might—to truth restitution!	How bring to effect such swift sure simultaneous
Truth is God: trample lies and lies' father, God's foe!	Unlimited multiplication? How spread
Fix fact fast: truths change by an hour's revolution:	By an arm-sweep a hand-throw—no helping extraneous—
What deed's very doer, unaided, can show	Truth broadcast o'er Europe? "The gold- smith," I said,
How 'twas done a year—month—week—day —minute ago?	"Graves limning on gold: why not letters on lead?"
At best, he relates it—another reports it— A third—nay, a thousandth records it: and still	So, Tuscan artificer, grudge not thy pardon To me who played false, made a furtive descent,
Narration, tradition, no step but distorts it, As down from truth's height it goes sliding until	Found the sly secret workshop,—thy genius kept guard on
At the low level lie-mark it stops—whence no skill	Too slackly for once,—and surprised thee low-bent
Of the scribe, intervening too tardily, rescues —Once fallen—lost fact from lie's fate there. What scribe	O'er thy labour—some chalice thy tool would indent
—Eyes horny with poring, hands crippled with desk-use, Brains fretted by fancies—the volatile tribe	With a certain free scroll-work framed round by a border
That tease weary watchers—can boast that no bribe	Of foliage and fruitage: no scratching so fine, No shading so shy but, in ordered disorder, Each flourish came clear,—unbewildered by shine,
Shuts eye and frees hand and remits brain from toiling?	On the gold, irretrievably right, lay each line.
Truth gained—can we stay, at whatever the stage,	How judge if thy hand worked thy will? By reviewing,
Truth a-slide,—save her snow from its ulti- mate soiling	Revising again and again, piece by piece, Tool's performance,—this way, as I watched.
In mire,—by some process, stamp promptly on page	'Twas through glueing
Fact spoiled by pen's plodding, make truth heritage	A paper-like film-stuff—thin, smooth, void of crease,
Not merely of clerics, but poured out, full measure,	On each cut of the graver: press hard! at release,
On clowns—every mortal endowed with a mind?	No mark on the plate, but the paper showed double:
Read, gentle and simple! Let labour win leisure	His work might proceed: as he judged— space or speck
At last to bid truth do all duty assigned, Not pause at the noble but pass to the hind!	Up he filled, forth he flung—was relieved thus from trouble
	Lest wrong—once—were right never more: what could check
	Advancement, completion? Thus lay at my beck—

At my call — triumph likewise! “For,”  
cried I, “what hinders  
That graving turns Printing? Stamp one  
word—not one  
But fifty such, phœnix-like, spring from  
death’s cinders,—  
Since death is word’s doom, clerics hide  
from the sun  
As some churl closets up this rare chalice.”  
Go, run

Thy race now, Fust’s child! High, O  
Printing, and holy  
Thy mission! These types, see, I chop  
and I change  
Till the words, every letter, a pageful, not slowly  
Yet surely lies fixed: last of all, I arrange  
A paper beneath, stamp it, loosen it!

FIRST FRIEND.  
Strange!

SECOND FRIEND.  
How simple exceedingly!

FUST.  
Bustle, my Schœffer!  
Set type,—quick, Genesheim! Turn screw  
now!

THIRD FRIEND.  
Just that!

FOURTH FRIEND.  
And no such vast miracle!

FUST.  
“Plough with my heifer,  
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  
Mere urchins may sip: but give time, let  
ferment—  
You’ve wine, manhood’s master! Well,  
“*rectius si q̄lid*  
*Novistis im-per-ti-te!*” 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—’twixt 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 dome  
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 con-  
ception  
Of grandeur, of beauty, in thought, word  
or deed?  
I toiled, but Thy light on my dubious step  
shone:  
If I reach the glad goal, is it I who suc-  
ceed  
Who stumbled at starting tripped up by a  
reed,  
Or Thou? Knowledge only and absolute,  
glory  
As utter be Thine who condest a spark  
Of Thy spheric perfection to earth’s transitory  
Existences! Nothing that lives, but Thy  
mark  
Gives law to—life’s light: what is doomed to  
the dark?  
Where’s ignorance? Answer, creation!  
What height,  
What depth has escaped Thy command-  
ment—to Know?  
What birth in the ore-bed but answers aright  
Thy sting at its heart which impels—bids  
“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 famish, not feast?  
  
 In such various degree, fly and worm, ore and plant,  
 All know, none is witless: around each, a wall  
 Encloses the portion, or ample or scant,  
 Of Knowledge: beyond which one hair's breadth, 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 enter, to traverse, in fee  
  
 Have and hold! "Oh, Man's ignorance!" hear the fool whine!  
 How were it, for better or worse, didst thou grunt  
 Contented with sapience—the lot of the swine  
 Who knows he was born for just truffles to hunt?—  
 Monks' Paradise—"Semper sint res uti sunt!"

No, Man's the prerogative—knowledge once gained—  
 To ignore,—find new knowledge to press for, to swerve  
 In pursuit of, no, not for a moment: attained—  
 Why, onward through ignorance! Dare and deserve!  
 As still to its asymptote speedeth the curve,  
  
 So approximates Man—Thee, who, reachable not,  
 Hast formed him to yearningly follow Thy whole  
 Sole and single omniscience!  
 Such, friends, is my lot:  
 I am back with the world: one more step to the goal  
 Thanks for reaching I render—Fust's help to Man's soul!  
  
 Mere mechanical help? So the hand gives a toss  
 To the falcon,—aloft once, spread pinions and fly,  
 Beat air far and wide, up and down and across!  
 My Press strains a-tremble: whose masterful eye  
 Will be first, in new regions, new truth to descry?  
  
 Give chase, soul! Be sure each new capture consigned  
 To my Types will go forth to the world, like God's bread  
 —Miraculous food not for body but mind,  
 Truth's manna! How say you? Put case that, instead  
 Of old leasing and lies, we superiorly fed  
 These Heretics, Hussites . . .

FIRST FRIEND.  
 First answer my query!  
 If saved, art thou happy?

FUST.  
 I was and I am.

FIRST FRIEND.

Thy visage confirms it: how comes, then,  
that—weary

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, neutral-  
ize,

Abolish God's gift and Man's gain!

FIRST FRIEND.

Dost surmise

What struck me at first blush? Our Beg-  
hards, Waldenses,

Jeronimites, Hussites—does one show his  
head,

Spout heresy now? Not a priest in his senses  
Deigns answer mere speech, but pile-  
faggots instead,  
Refines as by fire, and, him silenced, all's said.

Whereas if in future I pen an opusculè  
Defying retort, 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  
bungs?

SECOND FRIEND.

Does my sermon, next Easter, meet fitting  
acceptance?

Each captious disputative boy has his  
quirk

“*An cuique credendum sit?*” Well the  
Church kept “*ans*”

In order till Fust set his engine at work!

What trash 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.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Martin Luther.

# ASOLANDO:

## FANCIES AND FACTS.

1889.

(Published on December 12, the day on which Mr. Browning died at Venice. A copy of the volume 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 supervised, 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 unite, 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—Bembo 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 Cà Alvisi, may all happiness attend you!

Gratefully and affectionately yours,

R. B.

ASOLO: October 15, 1889.

### PROLOGUE.

"THE 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.

"And now a flower is just a flower:

Man, bird, beast are but beast, bird, man—  
Simply themselves, uninct by dower  
Of dyes which, when life's day began,  
Round each in glory ran."

Friend, did you need an optic glass,

Which were your choice? A lens to drape  
In ruby, emerald, chrysopras,  
Each object—or reveal its shape  
Clear outlined, past escape,

The naked very thing?—so clear

That, when you had the chance to gaze,  
You found its inmost self appear  
Through outer seeming—truth ablaze,  
Not falsehood's fancy-haze?

How many a year, my Asolo,

Since—one step just from sea to land—  
I found you, loved yet feared you so—  
For natural objects seemed to stand  
Palpably fire-clothed! No—

No mastery of mine o'er these!

Terror with beauty, like the Bush  
Burning but unconsumed. Bend knees,  
Drop eyes to earthward! Language?  
Tush!

Silence 'tis ~~my~~ decrees.

And now? The lambent flame is—where?

Lost from the naked world: earth, sky,  
Hill, vale, tree, flower,—Italia's rare  
O'er-running beauty crowds the eye—  
But flame? The Bush is bare.

Hill, vale, tree, flower—they stand distinct,  
 Nature to know and name. What then?  
 A Voice spoke thence which straight unlinked  
 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!  
 At Nature dost thou shrink amazed?  
 God is it who transcends."

ASOLO: *Sept. 6, 1889.*

### ROSNY.

[Rosny is the name of the *château* where the celebrated Duke of Sully (1560-1641) was born. It lies half-way between Mantes and Bonnières. Henri Quatre slept at the *château* after Ivry.]

WOE, he went galloping into the war,  
 Clara, Clara!  
 Let us two dream: shall he 'scape with a scar?  
 Scarcely disfigurement, rather a grace  
 Making for manhood which nowise we mar:  
 See, while I kiss it, the flush on his face—  
 Rosny, Rosny!

Light does he laugh: "With your love in  
 my soul"—  
 (Clara, Clara!)

"How could I other than—sound, safe and  
 whole—  
 Cleave who opposed me asunder, yet stand  
 Scatheless beside you, as, touching love's goal,  
 Who won the race kneels, craves reward  
 at your hand—  
 Rosny, Rosny?"

Ay, but if certain who envied should see!  
 Clara, Clara,  
 Certain who simper: "The hero for me  
 Hardly of life were so chary as miss  
 Death—death and fame—that's love's guerdon  
 when She  
 Boasts, proud bereaved one, her choice fell  
 on this  
 Rosny, Rosny!"

So,—go on dreaming,—he lies mid a heap  
 (Clara, Clara,  
 Of the slain by his hand: what is death but  
 a sleep?  
 Dead, with my portrait displayed on his  
 breast:  
 Love wrought his undoing: "No prudence  
 could keep  
 The love-maddened wretch from his fate."  
 That is best,  
 Rosny, Rosny!

### DUBIETY.

I WILL be happy if but for once:  
 Only help me, Autumn weather,  
 Me and my cares to screen, esconce  
 In luxury's sofa-lap of leather!

Sleep? Nay, comfort—with just a cloud  
 Suffusing day too clear and bright:  
 Eve's essence, the single drop allowed  
 To sully, like milk, Noon's water-white.

Let gauziness shade, not shroud,—adjust,  
 Dim and not deaden,—somehow sheathe  
 Aught sharp in the rough world's busy thrust,  
 If it reach me through dreaming's vapour-  
 wreath.

Be life so, all things ever the same!  
 For, what has disarmed the world? Out-  
 side,  
 Quiet and peace: inside, nor blame  
 Nor want, nor wish whate'er betide.

What is it like that has happened before?  
 A dream? No dream, more real by much.  
 A vision? But fanciful days of yore  
 Brought many: mere musing seems not  
 such.

Perhaps but a memory, after all!  
 —Of what came once when a woman leant  
 To feel for my brow where her kiss might  
 fall.  
 Truth ever, truth only the excellent!

## NOW.

OUT of your whole life give but a moment!  
 All of your life that has gone before,  
 All to come after it,—so you ignore,  
 So you make perfect the present,—condense,  
 In a rapture of rage, for perfection's endow-  
 ment,  
 Thought and feeling and soul and sense—  
 Merged in a moment which gives me at last  
 You around me for once, you beneath me,  
 above me—  
 Me—sure that despite of time future, time  
 past,—  
 This tick of our life-time's one moment you  
 love me!  
 How long such suspension may linger? Ah,  
 Sweet—  
 The moment eternal—just that and no more—  
 When ecstasy's utmost we clutch at the core  
 While cheeks burn, arms open, eyes shut and  
 lips meet!

## HUMILITY.

WHAT girl but, having gathered flowers,  
 Stript the beds and spoilt the bowers,  
 From the lapful light she carries  
 Drops a careless bud?—nor carries  
 To regain the waif and stray:  
 "Store enough for home"—she'll say.

So say I too: give your lover  
 Heaps of loving—under, over,  
 Whelm him—make the one the wealthy!  
 Am I all so poor who—stealthy  
 Work it was!—picked up what fell:  
 Not the worst bud—who can tell?

## POETICS.

So say the foolish!" Say the foolish so,  
 Love?  
 "Flower she is, my rose"—or else "My  
 very swan is she"—

Or perhaps "Yon maid-moon, blessing earth  
 below, Love,  
 That art thou!"—to them, belike: no such  
 vain words from me.

"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.

## SUMMUM BONUM.

ALL the breath and the bloom of the year in  
 the bag of one bee:  
 All the wonder and wealth of the mine in  
 the heart of one gem:  
 In the core of one pearl all the shade and the  
 shine of the sea:  
 Breath and bloom, shade and shine,—won-  
 der, wealth, and—how far above them—  
 Truth, that's brighter than gem,  
 Trust, that's purer than pearl,—  
 Brightest truth, purest trust in the universe—  
 all were for me  
 In the kiss of one girl.

## A PEARL, A GIRL.

A SIMPLE ring with a single stone  
 To the vulgar eye no stone of price:  
 Whisper the right word, that alone—  
 Forth starts a sprite, like fire from ice,  
 And lo, you are lord (says an Eastern scroll)  
 Of heaven and earth, lord whole and sole  
 Through the power in a pearl.

A woman ('tis I this time that say)  
 With little the world counts worthy praise  
 Utter the true word—out and away  
 Escapes her soul: I am wrapt in blaze,  
 Creation's lord, of heaven and earth  
 Lord whole and sole—by a minute's birth—  
 Through the love in a girl!

## SPECULATIVE.

OTHERS may need new life in Heaven—  
 Man, Nature, Art—made new, assume!  
 Man with new mind old sense to leaven,  
 Nature—new light to clear old gloom,  
 Art that breaks bounds, 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 nor 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  
 fox then, I decree!  
 Shy wild sweet stealer of the grapes! Now  
 do your worst on me!

And thus you think to spite your friend—  
 turned loathsome? What, a toad?  
 So, all men shrink and shun me! Dear men,  
 pursue your road!  
 Leave but my crevice in the stone, a reptile's  
 fit abode!

Now say your worst, Canidia!<sup>1</sup> "He's  
 loathsome, I allow:  
 There may or may not lurk a pearl beneath  
 his puckered brow:  
 But see his eyes that follow mine—love lasts  
 there anyhow."

## 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 "Faith gone, love  
 estranged."

<sup>1</sup> Neapolitan sorceress. See Horace.

Whereat I woke—a twofold bliss:  
 Waking was one, but next there came  
 This other: "Though I felt, for this,  
 My heart break, I loved on the same."

## BAD DREAMS. II.

You in the flesh and here—  
 Your very self! Now, wait!  
 One word! May I hope or fear?  
 Must I speak in love or hate?  
 Stay while I ruminate!

The fact and each circumstance  
 Dare you disown? Not you!  
 That vast dome, that huge dance,  
 And the gloom which overgrew  
 A—possibly festive crew!

For why should men dance at all—  
 Why women—a crowd of both—  
 Unless they are gay? Strange ball—  
 Hands and feet plighting troth,  
 Yet partners enforced and loth!

Of who danced there, no shape  
 Did I recognize: thwart, perverse,  
 Each grasped each, past escape  
 In a whirl or weary or worse:  
 Man's sneer met woman's curse,

While he and she toiled as if  
 Their guardian set galley-slaves  
 To supple chained limbs grown stiff:  
 Unmanacled trulls and knaves—  
 The lash for who misbehaves!

And a gloom was, all the while,  
 Deeper and deeper yet  
 O'ergrowing the rank and file  
 Of that army of haters—set  
 To mimic love's fever-fret.

By the wall-side close I crept,  
 Avoiding the livid maze,  
 And, safely so far, outstepped  
 On a chamber—a chapel, says  
 My memory or betrays—



Closet-like, kept aloof  
 From unseemly witnessing  
 What sport made floor and roof  
 Of the Devil's palace ring  
 While his Damned amused their king.

Ay, for a low lamp burned,  
 And a silence lay about  
 What I, in the midst, discerned  
 Though dimly till, past doubt,  
 'Twas a sort of throne stood out—

High seat with steps, at least :  
 And the topmost step was filled  
 By—whom? What vested priest?  
 A stranger to me,—his guild,  
 His cult, unreconciled

To my knowledge how guild and cult  
 Are clothed in this world of ours :  
 I pondered, but no result  
 Came to—unless that Giaours  
 So worship the Lower Powers.

When suddenly who entered?  
 Who knelt—did you guess I saw?  
 Who—raising that face where centred  
 Allegiance to love and law  
 So lately—off-casting awe,

Down-treading reserve, away  
 Thrusting respect . . . but mine  
 Stands firm—firm still shall stay!  
 Ask Satan! for I decline  
 To tell—what I saw, in fine!

Yet here in the flesh you come—  
 Your same self, form and face,—  
 In the eyes, mirth still at home!  
 On the lips, that commonplace  
 Perfection of honest grace!

Yet your errand is—needs must be  
 To palliate—well, explain,  
 Expurgate in some degree  
 Your soul of its ugly stain.  
 Oh, you—the good in grain—

How was it your white took tinge?  
 "A mere dream"—never object!  
 Sleep leaves a door on hinge  
 Whence soul, ere our flesh suspect,  
 Is off and away: detect

Her vagaries when loose, who can!  
 Be she pranksome, be she prude,  
 Disguise with the day began:  
 With the night—ah, what ensued  
 From draughts of a drink hell-brewed?

Then She: "What a queer wild dream!  
 And perhaps the best fun is—  
 Myself had its fellow—I seem  
 Scarce awake from yet. 'Twas this—  
 Shall I tell you? First, a kiss!

"For the fault was just your own,—  
 'Tis myself expect apology:  
 You warned me to let alone  
 (Since our studies were mere philology)  
 That ticklish (you said) Anthology.

"So, I dreamed that I passed *exam*  
 Till a question posed me sore:  
 'Who translated this epigram  
 By—an author we best ignore?'  
 And I answered 'Hannah More'!"

### BAD DREAMS. III.

THIS was my dream: I saw a Forest  
 Old as the earth, no track nor trace  
 Of unmade man. Thou, Soul, explorest—  
 Though in a trembling rapture—space  
 Immeasurable! Shrubs, turned trees,  
 Trees that touch heaven, support its frieze  
 Studded with sun and moon and star:  
 While—oh, the enormous growths that bar  
 Mine eye from penetrating past  
 Their tangled twine where lurks—nay,  
 lives  
 Royally lone, some brute-type cast  
 P' the rough, time cancels, man forgives.

On, Soul! I saw a lucid City  
 Of architectural device  
 Every way perfect. Pause 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—  
 Proud solitary traverser,  
 My Soul, of silent lengths of way—  
 With what ecstatic dread, aver,  
 Let life start sanctioned by thy stay!

Ah, but the last sight was the hideous!  
 A City, yes,—a Forest, true,—  
 But each devouring each. Perfidious  
 Snake-plants had strangled what I knew  
 Was a pavilion once: each oak  
 Held on his horns some spoil he broke  
 By surreptitiously beneath  
 Upthrusting: pavements, as with teeth,  
 Gripped huge weed widening crack and  
 split  
 In squares and circles stone-work erst.  
 Oh, Nature—good! Oh, Art—no whit  
 Less worthy! Both in one—accurst!

#### BAD DREAMS. IV.

It happened thus: my slab, though new,  
 Was getting weather-stained,—beside,  
 Herbage, balm, peppermint o'ergrew  
 Letter and letter: till you tried  
 Somewhat, the Name was scarce descried.

That strong stern man my lover came:  
 —Was he my lover? Call him, pray,  
 My life's cold critic bent on blame  
 Of all poor I could do or say  
 To make me worth his love one day—

One far day when, by diligent  
 And dutiful amending faults,  
 Foibles, all weaknesses which went  
 To challenge and excuse assaults  
 Of culture wronged by taste that halts—

Discrepancies should mar no plan  
 Symmetric of the qualities  
 Claiming respect from—say—a man  
 That's strong and stern. "Once more he  
 pries  
 Into me with those critic eyes!"

No question! so—"Conclude, condemn  
 Each failure my poor self avows!  
 Leave to its fate all you contemn!  
 There's Solomon's selected spouse:  
 Earth needs must hold such maids—choose  
 them!"

Why, he was weeping! Surely gone  
 Sternness and strength: with eyes to ground  
 And voice a broken monotone—  
 "Only be as you were! Abound  
 In foibles, faults,—laugh, robed and crowned

"As Folly's veriest queen,—care I  
 One feather-fluff? Look pity, Love,  
 On prostrate me—your foot shall try  
 This forehead's use—mount thence above,  
 And reach what Heaven you dignify!"

Now, what could bring such change about?  
 The thought perplexed: till, following  
 His gaze upon the ground,—why, out  
 Came all the secret! So, a thing  
 Thus simple has deposed my king!

For, spite of weeds that strove to spoil  
 Plain reading on the lettered slab,  
 My name was clear enough—no soil  
 Effaced the date when one chance stab  
 Of scorn . . . if only ghosts might blab!

#### INAPPREHENSIVENESS.

WE two stood simply friend-like side by side,  
 Viewing a twilight country far and wide,  
 Till she at length broke silence. "How it  
 towers  
 Yonder, the ruin<sup>1</sup> o'er this vale of ours!

<sup>1</sup> Of the palace of Queen Cornaro, who, exiled from Cyprus, lived at Asolo, with Cardina Bembo acting as Secretary.

The West's faint flare behind it so relieves  
Its rugged outline—sight perhaps deceives,  
Or I could almost fancy that I see  
A branch wave plain—belike some wind-sown  
tree

Chance-rooted where a missing turret was.  
What would I give for the perspective glass  
At home, to make out if 'tis really so!  
Has Ruskin noticed here at Asolo  
That certain weed-growths on the ravaged  
wall  
Seem" . . . something that I could not say  
at all,

My thought being rather—as absorbed she sent  
Look onward after look from eyes distent  
With longing to reach Heaven's gate left  
ajar—

"Oh, fancies that might be, oh, facts that are!  
What of a wilding? By you stands, and may  
So stand unnoticed till the Judgment Day,  
One who, if once aware that your regard  
Claimed what his heart holds,—woke, as  
from its sward

The flower, the dormant passion, so to speak—  
Then what a rush of life would startling wreak  
Revenge on your inapprehensive stare  
While, from the ruin and the West's faint flare,  
You let your eyes meet mine, touch what you  
term

Quietude—that's an universe in germ—  
The dormant passion needing but a look  
To burst into immense life!"

"No, the book

Which noticed how the wall-growths wave"  
said she

"Was not by Ruskin."

I said "Vernon Lee?"

### WHICH?

So, the three Court-ladies began

Their trial of who judged best

In esteeming the love of a man:

Who preferred with most reason was  
thereby confessed

<sup>1</sup> The authoress of *Euphorion* and other books (Miss Violet Paget).

Boy-Cupid's exemplary catcher and cager;  
An Abbé crossed legs to decide on the  
wager.

First the Duchesse: "Mine for me—

Who were it but God's for Him,

And the King's for—who but he?

Both faithful and loyal, one grace more  
shall brim

His cup with perfection: a lady's true  
lover,

He holds—save his God and his king—none  
above her."

"I require"—outspoke the Mar-  
quise—

"Pure thoughts, ay, but also fine  
deeds:

Play the paladin must he, to please

My whim, and—to prove my knight's  
service exceeds

Your saint's and your loyalist's praying and  
kneeling—

Show wounds, each wide mouth to my mercy  
appealing."

Then the Comtesse: "My choice be  
a wretch,

Mere losel in body and soul,

Thrice accurst! What care I, so he  
stretch

Arms to me his sole saviour, love's ultimate  
goal,

Out of earth and men's noise—names of  
'infidel,' 'traitor,'

Cast up at him? Crown me, crown's adju-  
dicator!"

And the Abbé uncrossed his legs,

Took snuff, a reflective pinch,

Broke silence: "The question begs  
Much pondering ere I pronounce. Shall  
I flinch?

The love which to one? and one only has  
reference

Seems terribly like what perhaps gains God's  
preference."

## THE CARDINAL AND THE DOG.

CRESCENZIO, 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 reindite.)

A black Dog of vast bigness, eyes flaming, ears that hung  
Down to the very ground almost, into the chamber sprung  
And made directly for him, and laid himself right under  
The table where Crescenzo wrote—who called in fear and wonder  
His servants in the ante-room, commanded everyone  
To look for and find out the beast: but, looking, they found none.

The Cardinal fell melancholy, then sick, soon after died :  
And at Verona, as he lay on his death-bed, he cried  
Aloud to drive away the Dog that leapt on his bed-side.  
Heaven keep us Protestants from harm: the rest . . . no ill betide!

## THE POPE AND THE NET.

WHAT, he on whom our voices unanimously ran,  
Made Pope at our last Conclave? Full low his life began :  
His father earned the daily bread as just a fisherman.

So much the more his boy minds book, gives proof of mother-wit,  
Becomes first Deacon, and then Priest, then Bishop: see him sit  
No less than Cardinal ere long, while no one cries "Unfit!"

But someone smirks, some other smiles, jogs elbow and nods head :  
Each winks at each: "'I-faith, a rise! Saint Peter's net, instead  
Of sword and keys, is come in vogue!" You think he blushes red?

Not he, of humble holy heart! "Unworthy me!" he sighs :  
"From fisher's drudge to Church's prince—it is indeed a rise :  
So, here's my way to keep the fact for ever in my eyes!"

And straightway in his palace-hall, where commonly is set  
Some coat-of-arms, some portraiture ancestral, lo, we met  
His mean estate's reminder in his fisher-father's net!

Which step conciliates all and some, stops cavil in a trice :  
"The humble holy heart that holds of new-born pride no spice!  
He's just the saint to choose for Pope!"  
Each adds "'Tis my advice."

So, Pope he was: and when we flocked—its sacred slipper on—  
To kiss his foot, we lifted eyes, alack the thing was gone—  
That guarantee of lowlihead,—eclipsed that star which shone!

Each eyed his fellow, one and all kept silence. I cried "Pish!  
I'll make me spokesman for the rest, express the common wish.  
Why, Father, is the net removed?" "Son, it hath caught the fish."

## 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 'twas 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-  
trail dark  
As well as where, i' the open, crime stood  
an obvious mark,—

He chanced, in a blind alley, on a tumble-  
down once house  
Now hovel, vilest structure in Rome the  
ruinous :  
And, as his tact impelled him, Sixtus adven-  
tured bold,  
To learn how lowliest subjects bore hunger,  
toil, and cold.

There sat they at high-supper—man and  
wife, lad and lass,  
Poor as you please but cleanly all and care-  
free : pain that was  
—Forgotten, pain as sure to be let bide  
aloof its time,—  
Mightily munched the brave ones—what  
mattered gloom or grime ?

Said Sixtus "Feast, my children ! who  
works hard needs eat well.  
I'm just a supervisor, would hear what you  
can tell.  
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,  
bell-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 surmise : why should a priest  
thus stoop—  
Pry into what concerned folk ? Each visage  
fell. Aware,  
Cries Sixtus interposing : "Nay, children,  
have no care !

"Fear nothing ! Who employs me requires  
the plain truth. Pelf  
Beguiles who should inform me : so, I inform  
myself.  
See !" And he threw his hood back, let  
the close vesture ope,  
Showed face, and where on tippet the cross  
lay : 'twas the Pope.

Imagine the joyful wonder ! "How shall  
the like of us—  
Poor souls—requite such blessing of our rude  
bean-feast ?" "Thus—  
Thus amply !" laughed Pope Sixtus. "I  
early rise, sleep late :  
Who works may eat : they tempt me, your  
beans there : spare a plate !"

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  
 homely wants,  
 And, while man's mind is strengthened, Thy  
 goodness nowise scants  
 Man's body of its comfort,—that I whom  
 kings and queens  
 Crouch to, pick crumbs from off my table,  
 relish beans!  
 The thunders I but seem to launch, there  
 plain Thy hand all see:  
 That I have appetite, digest, and thrive—  
 that boon's for me."

#### MUCKLE-MOUTH MEG.

FROWNED the Laird on the Lord : "So, red-  
 handed I catch thee?  
 Death-doomed by our Law of the Border!  
 We've a gallows outside and a chiel to dis-  
 patch thee:  
 Who trespasses—hangs : all's in order."

He met frown with smile, did the young  
 English gallant :  
 Then the Laird's dame : "Nay, Husband,  
 I beg!  
 He's comely; be merciful! Grace for the  
 callant  
 --If he marries our Muckle-mouth Meg!"

"No mile-wide-mouthed monster of yours do  
 I marry:  
 Grant rather the gallows!" laughed he.  
 "Foul fare kith and kin of you—why do you  
 tarry?"  
 "To tame your fierce temper!" quoth she.

"Shove him quick in the Hole, shut him fast  
 for a week:  
 Cold, darkness and hunger work wonders:  
 Who lion-like roars now, mouse-fashion will  
 squeak,  
 And 'it rains' soon succeed to 'it thunders.'"

A week did he bide in the cold and the  
 dark  
 —Not hunger : for duly at morning  
 In flitted a lass, and a voice like a lark  
 Chirped "Muckle-mouth Meg still ye're  
 scorning?"

"Go hang, but here's parritch to hearten ye  
 first!"  
 "Did Meg's muckle-mouth boast within  
 some  
 Such music as yours, mine should match it  
 or burst:  
 No frog-jaws! So tell folk, my Winsome!"

Soon week came to end, and, from Hole's  
 door set wide,  
 Out he marched, and there waited the  
 lassie:  
 "Yon gallows, or Muckle-mouth Meg for a  
 bride!  
 Consider! Sky's blue and turf's grassy:

"Life's sweet : shall I say ye wed Muckle-  
 mouth Meg?"  
 "Not I" quoth the stout heart : "too  
 eerie  
 The mouth that can swallow a bubblyjock's'  
 egg:  
 Shall I let it munch mine? Never,  
 Dearie!"

"Not Muckle-mouth Meg? Wow, the ob-  
 stinate man!  
 Perhaps he would rather wed me!"  
 "Ay, would he—with just for a dowry your  
 can!"  
 "I'm Muckle-mouth Meg" chirruped she.

"Then so—so—so—so—" as he kissed her  
 apace—  
 "Will I widen thee out till thou turnest  
 From Margaret Minnikin-mou', by God's  
 grace,  
 To Muckle-mouth Meg in good earnest!"

1 A turkey.

## ARCADES AMBO.

- A.* You blame me that I ran away?  
 Why, Sir, the enemy advanced :  
 Balls flew 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.
- B.* Shun death at all risks? Well, at  
 some !  
 True, I myself, Sir, though I scold  
 The cowardly, by no means come  
 Under reproof as overbold  
 —I, who would have no end of brutes  
 Cut up alive to guess what suits  
 My case and saves my toe from shoots.

## THE LADY AND THE PAINTER.

- She.* Yet womanhood you reverence,  
 So you profess !
- He.* With heart and soul.
- She.* Of which fact this is evidence !  
 To help Art-study,—for some dole  
 Of certain wretched shillings,—you  
 Induce a woman—virgin too—  
 To strip and stand stark-naked?
- He.* True.
- She.* Nor feel you so degrade her?
- He.* What  
 —(Excuse the interruption)—clings  
 Half-savage-like around your hat?
- She.* 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.

Owls, hawks, jays—swallows most ap-  
 prove . . .

- He.* Dare I speak plainly?  
*She.* Oh, I trust !

*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* well knew what absolved her—praise  
 In me for God's surpassing good,  
 Who granted to my reverent gaze  
 A type of purest womanhood.  
*You*—clothed with murder of His best  
 Of harmless beings—stand the test !  
 What is it *you* know?

*She.* That you jest !

## PONTE DELL' ANGELO, VENICE.

[This story is amongst the many stories  
 told in the honour of the Virgin Mary by St.  
 Alphonsus Liguori in "The Glories of Mary."]

STOP rowing ! This one of our bye-canals  
 O'er a certain bridge you have to cross  
 That's named "Of the Angel" : listen why !  
 The name "Of the Devil" too much appals  
 Venetian acquaintance, so—his the loss,  
 While the gain goes . . . look on high !

An angel visibly guards yon house :  
 Above each scutcheon—a pair—stands he,  
 Enfolds them with droop of either wing :  
 The family's fortune were perilous  
 Did he thence depart—you will soon agree,  
 If I hitch into verse the thing.

For, once on a time, this house belonged  
 To a lawyer of note, with law and to spare,  
 But also with overmuch lust of gain :  
 In the matter of law you were nowise wronged,  
 But alas for the lucre ! He picked you bare  
 To the bone. Did folk complain?

"I exact" growled he "work's rightful due :  
 'Tis folk seek me, not I seek them.

Advice at its price ! They succeed or fail,  
 Get law in each case—and a lesson too :  
 Keep clear of the Courts—is advice *ad rem* :  
 They'll remember, I'll be bail !"

So, he pocketed fee without a qualm.  
 What reason for squeamishness? Labour  
 done,  
 To play he betook him with lightened heart.  
 Ate, drank and made merry with song or  
 psalm,  
 Since the yoke of the Church is an easy one—  
 Fits neck nor causes smart.

Brief: never was such an extortionate  
 Rascal—the word has escaped my teeth  
 And yet—(all's down in a book no ass  
 Indited, believe me!)—this reprobate  
 Was punctual at prayer-time: gold lurked  
 beneath  
 Alloy of the rankest brass.

For, play the extortioner as he might,  
 Fleece folk each day and all day long,  
 There was this redeeming circumstance:  
 He never lay down to sleep at night  
 But he put up a prayer first, brief yet strong,  
 "Our Lady avert mischance!"

Now it happened at close of a fructuous  
 week,  
 "I must ask" quoth he "some Saint to dine:  
 I want that widow well out of my ears  
 With her ailing and wailing. Who bade her  
 seek  
 Redress at my hands? 'She was wronged!'  
 Folk whine  
 If to Law wrong right appears.

"Matteo da Bascio—he's my man!  
 No less than Chief of the Capucins:  
 His presence will surely suffumigate  
 My house—fools think lies under a ban  
 If somebody loses what somebody wins.  
 Hark, therf he knocks at the grate!"

"Come in, thou blessed of Mother Church!  
 I go and prepare—to bid, that is,  
 My trusty and diligent servitor  
 Get all things in readiness. Vain the search  
 Through Venice for one to compare with this  
 My model of ministrants: for—

"For—once again, nay, three times over,  
 My helpmate's an ape! so intelligent,  
 I train him to drudge at household work:  
 He toils and he moils, I live in clover:  
 Oh, you shall see! There's a goodly  
 scent—  
 From his cooking, or I'm a Turk!"

"Scarce need to descend and supervise:  
 I'll do it, however: wait here awhile!"  
 So, down to the kitchen gaily scuttles  
 Our host, nor notes the alarmed surmise  
 Of the holy man. "O depth of guile!  
 He blindly guzzles and guttles,

"While—who is it dresses the food and  
 pours  
 The liquor? Some fiend—I make no  
 doubt—  
 In likeness of—which of the loathly brutes?  
 An ape! Where hides he? No bull that  
 gores,  
 No bear that hugs—'tis the mock and flout  
 Of an ape, fiend's face that suits.

"So—out with thee, creature, wherever thou  
 hidest!  
 I charge thee, by virtue of . . . right do I  
 judge!  
 There skulks he perdue, crouching under the  
 bed.  
 Well done! What, forsooth, in beast's  
 shape thou confidest?  
 I know and would name thee but that I  
 begrudge  
 Breath spent on such carrion. Instead—

"I adjure thee by——" "Stay!" laughed  
 the portent that rose  
 From floor up to ceiling: "No need to  
 adjure!"

See Satan in person, late ape by command  
 Of Him thou adjurest in vain. A saint's  
 nose  
 Scents brimstone though impense be burned  
 for a lure.  
 Yet, hence! for I'm safe, understand!



" 'Tis my charge to convey to fit punish-  
 ment's place  
 This lawyer, my liegeman, for cruelty wrought  
 On his clients, the widow and orphan, poor  
 souls  
 He has plagued by exactions which proved  
 law's disgrace,  
 Made equity void and to nothingness brought  
 God's pity. Fiends, on with fresh coals!"

"Stay!" nowise confounded, withstands  
 Hell its match:  
 "How comes it, were truth in this story of  
 thine,  
 God's punishment suffered a minute's delay?  
 Weeks, months have elapsed since thou  
 squattedst at watch  
 For a spring on thy victim: what caused  
 thee decline  
 Advantage till challenged to-day?"

"That challenge I meet with contempt,"  
 quoth the fiend.  
 "Thus much I acknowledge: the man's  
 armed in mail:  
 I wait till a joint's loose, then quick ply my  
 claws.  
 Thy friend's one good custom—he knows not  
 —has screened  
 His flesh hitherto from what else would assail:  
 At "Save me, Madonna!" I pause.

"That prayer did the losel but once pretermit,  
 My pounce were upon him. I keep me attent:  
 He's in safety but till he's caught napping.  
 Enough!"  
 "Ay, enough!" smiles the saint—"for the  
 biter is bit,  
 The spy caught in somnolence. Vanish!  
 I'm sent  
 To smooth up what fiends do in rough."

"I vanish? Through wall or through roof?"  
 the rìpost  
 Grinned gaily. "My orders were—" Leave  
 not unharmed  
 The a'sole of this lawyer! Do damage to  
 prove

'Twas for something thou quittedst the land  
 of the lost—  
 To add to their number this unit! ' Though  
 charmed  
 From descent there, on earth that's above

"I may haply amerce him." "So do, and  
 begone,  
 I command thee! For, look! Though there's  
 doorway behind  
 And window before thee, go straight through  
 the wall,  
 Leave a breach in the brickwork, a gap in  
 the stone  
 For who passes to stare at!" "Spare speech!  
 I'm resigned:  
 Here goes!" roared the goblin, as all—

Wide bat-wings, spread arms and legs, tail  
 out a-stream,  
 Crash obstacles went, right and left, as he  
 soared  
 Or else sank, was clean gone through the  
 hole anyhow.  
 The Saint returned thanks: then a satisfied  
 gleam  
 On the bald polished pate showed that triumph  
 was scored.  
 "To dinner with appetite now!"

Down he trips. "In good time!" smirks  
 the host. "Didst thou scent  
 Rich savour of roast meat? Where hides  
 he, my ape?  
 Look alive, be alert! He's away to wash  
 plates.  
 Sit down, Saint! What's here? Dost  
 examine a rent  
 In the napkin thou twistest and twirlest?  
 Agape . . .  
 Ha, blood is it drips nor abates

"From thy wringing a cloth, late was laven-  
 dered fair?  
 What means such a marvel?" "Just this  
 does it mean:  
 I convince and convict thee of sin!" answers  
 straight

<p>The Saint, wringing on, wringing ever—O rare!—          Blood—blood from a napery snow not more clean.          “A miracle shows thee thy state!</p> <p>“See—blood thy extortions have wrung from the flesh          Of thy clients who, sheep-like, arrived to be shorn          And left thee—or fleeced to the quick or so flayed          That, behold, their blood gurgles and grumbles afresh          To accuse thee! Ay, down on thy knees, get up sworn          To restore! Restitution once made,</p> <p>“Sin no more! Dost thou promise? Absolved, then, arise!          Upstairs follow me! Art amazed at yon breach?          Who battered and shattered and scattered, escape          From thy purlieus obtaining? That Father of Lies          Thou wast wont to extol for his feats, all and each          The Devil’s disguised as thine ape!”</p> <p>Be sure that our lawyer was torn by remorse,          Shed tears in a flood, vowed and swore so to alter          His ways that how else could our Saint but declare          He was cleansed of past sin? “For sin future—fare worse          Thou undoubtedly wilt,” warned the Saint,          “shou’dst thou falter          One whit!” “Oh, for that have no care!</p> <p>“I am firm in my purposed amendment.          But, prithee,          Must ever affront and affright me yon gap?          Who made it for exit may find it of use</p>	<p>For entrance as easy. If, down in his smithy          He forges me fetters—when heated, mayhap,          He’ll up with an armful! Broke loose—</p> <p>“How bar him out henceforth?” “Judiciously urged!”          Was the good man’s reply. “How to baulk him is plain.          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!</p> <p>“Get fashioned his likeness and set him on high          At back of the breach thus adroitly 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 sup          In thy rectitude, safe from alarms!”</p> <p>So said and so done. See, the angel has place          Where the Devil had passage! All’s down in a book.          Gainsay me? Consult it! Still faithless? Trust <i>me</i>?          Trust Father Boverio who gave me the case          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 fling at tradition forsooth!          Row, boys, fore and aft, rhyme and chime!</p>
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## BEATRICE SIGNORINI.

[Beatrice was a Roman lady married to the painter Romanelli, who after his marriage fell in love with a famous lady painter, Artemisia Gentileschi, a pupil of Guido's. Baldinucci tells the story Browning repeats.]

THIS strange thing happened to a painter  
once :

Viterbo boasts the man among her sons  
Of note, I seem to think : his ready tool  
Picked up its precepts in Cortona's school—  
That's Pietro Berretini, whom they call  
Cortona, these Italians : greatish-small,  
Our painter was his pupil, by repute  
His match if not his master absolute,  
Though whether he spoiled fresco more or  
less,

And what's its fortune, scarce repays your  
guess.

Still, for one circumstance, I save his name  
—Francesco Romanelli : 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

A semblance of her soul—she called "Desire"  
With starry front for guide, where sits the fire

She left to brighten Buonarroti's house.  
If you see Florence, pay that piece your vows,

Though blockhead Baldinucci's mind, imbued  
With monkish morals, bade folk "Drape

the nude

And stop the scandal !" quoth the record prim  
I borrow this of : hang his book and him !

At Rome, then, where these fated ones met  
first,

The blossom of his life had hardly burst  
While hers was blooming at full beauty's  
stand :

No less Francesco—when half-ripe he scanned  
Consummate Artemisia—grew one want

To have her his and make her ministrant  
With every gift of body and of soul

To him. In vain. Her spherish self was  
whole—

Might only touch his orb at Art's sole point.  
Suppose he could persuade her to enjoin

Her life—past, present, future—all in his  
At Art's sole point by some explosive kiss  
Of love through lips, would love's success  
defeat

Artistry's haunting curse—the Incomplete ?  
Artists no doubt they both were,—what  
beside

Was she? who, long had felt heart, soul  
spread wide

Her life out, knowing much and loving well,  
On either side Art's narrow space where fell  
Reflection from his own speck : but the  
germ

Of individual genius—what we term  
The very self, the God-gift whence had grown  
Heart's life and soul's life,—how make that  
his own ?

Vainly his Art, reflected, smiled in small  
On Art's one facet of her ampler ball ;

The rest, touch-free, 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 abler-  
skilled,"

(So he conceited : mediocrity  
Turns on itself the self-transforming eye)

"If only Art were suing, mine would plead  
To purpose : man—by nature I exceed

Woman the bounded : but how much beside  
She boasts, would sue in turn and be denied !

Love her? My own wife loves me in a sort  
That suits us both : she takes the world's

report

Of what my work is worth, and, for the rest,  
Concedes that, while his consort keeps her

nest,

The eagle soars a licensed vagrant, lives  
A wide free life which she at least forgives—

Good Beatrice Signorini! Well  
And wisely did I choose her. But the spell

To subjugate this Artemisia—where?  
She passionless?—she resolute to care

Nowise beyond the plain sufficiency  
Of fact that she is she and I am I

—Acknowledged arbitrator for us both  
In her life as in mine which she were loth

Even to learn the laws of? No, and no  
Twenty times over! Ay, it must be so:  
I 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 came the better impulse: "What if  
pride

Were wisely trampled on, whate'er betide?  
If I grow hers, not mine—join lives, confuse  
Bodies and spirits, gain not her but lose  
Myself to Artemisia? That were love!  
Of two souls—one must bend, one rule above:  
If I crouch under proudly, lord turned slave,  
Were it not worthier both than if she gave  
Herself—in treason to herself—to me?"

And, all the while, he felt it could not be.  
Such love were true love: love that way who  
can!

Someone that's born half woman not whole  
man:

For man, prescribed man better or man  
worse,

Why, whether microcosm or universe,  
What law prevails alike through great and  
small,

The world and man—world's miniature we  
call?

Male is the master. "That way"—smiled  
and sighed

Our true male estimator—"puts her pride  
My wife in making me the outlet whence  
She learns all Heaven allows: 'tis my pretence  
To paint: her lord should do what else but  
paint?"

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  
In all things. That's my wife's way. But  
this strong

Confident Artemisia—an adept  
In Art does she conceit herself? 'Except

In just this instance,' tell her. 'no one  
draws

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 sur-  
prise

—Nay scorn, shoots black 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 motors, flexors,—don't  
I know

Ser Santi, styled 'Tirititototo  
The pencil-prig,' might blame them? Yet  
my wife—

Were he and his nicknamer brought to life,  
Tito and Titian, to pronounce again—

Ask her who knows more—I or the great  
Twain

Our colourist and draughtsman!  
"I help her,

Not she helps me; and neither shall demur  
Because my portion is—" he chose to  
think—

"Quite other than a woman's: I may drink  
At many waters, must repose by none—  
Rather arise and fare forth, having done  
Duty to one new excellence the more.  
Ablar 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—pretence  
Even to blame her lord if, going hence,  
He wistfully regards one whom—did fate  
Concede—he might accept queen, abdicate

Kingship because of?—one of no meek sort  
 But masterful as he : man's match in short?  
 Oh, there's no secret I were best conceal!  
 Biccé shall know ; and should a stray tear steal  
 From out the blue eye, stain the rose cheek  
 —bah !

A smile, a word's gay reassurance—ah,  
 With kissing interspersed, — shall make  
 amends,  
 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  
 Humbly to reproduce : but, in my hours  
 Of idlesse, what I fain would paint is—  
 flowers.

Look now !"

She twitched aside a veiling cloth.

"Here is my keepsake—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.  
 But judge !"

How judge them? Each of us,

in flowers,

Chooses his love, allies it with past hours,  
 Old meetings, vanished forms and faces :  
 no—

Here let each favourite unmolested blow  
 For one heart's homage, no tongue's banal  
 praise,

Whether the rose appealingly bade "Gaze  
 Your fill on me, sultana who dethrone  
 The gaudy tulip!" or 'twas "Me alone

Rather do homage to, who lily am,  
 No unabashed rose!" "Do I vainly cram  
 My cup with sweets, your jonquil?" "Why  
 forget

Vernal endearments with the violet?"  
 So they contested yet concerted, all  
 As one, to circle round about, enthral  
 Yet, self-forgetting, push to prominence  
 The midmost wonder, gained no matter  
 whence.

There's a tale extant, in a book I conned  
 Long years ago, which treats of things beyond  
 The common, antique times and countries  
 queer

And customs strange to match. "'Tis said,  
 last year,"

(Recounts my author,) "that the King had  
 mind

To view his kingdom—guessed at from behind  
 A palace-window hitherto. Announced  
 No sooner was such purpose than 'twas  
 pounced

Upon by all the ladies of the land—  
 Loyal but light of life : they formed a band  
 Of loveliest ones but lithest also, since  
 Proudly they all combined to bear their prince.  
 Backs joined to breasts,—arms, legs,—nay,  
 ankles, wrists,

Hands, feet, I know not by what turns and  
 twists,

So interwoven lay that you believed  
 'Twas one sole beast of burden which received  
 The monarch on its back, of breadth not scant  
 Since fifty girls made one white elephant."

So with the fifty flowers which shapes and hues  
 Blent, as I tell, and made one fast yet loose  
 Mixture of beauties, composite, distinct  
 No less in each combining flower that linked  
 With flower to form a fit environment

For—whom might be the painter's heart's  
 intent

Thus, in the midst enhaloed, to enshrine ?

"This glory-guarded middle space—is mine?  
 For me to fill?"

"For you, my Friend ! We part.  
 Never perchance to meet again. Your Art—

What if I mean it—so to speak—shall wed  
My own, be witness of the life we led  
When sometimes it has seemed our souls  
near found

Each one the other as its mate—unbound  
Had yours been haply from the better choice  
—Beautiful Biccé: 'tis the common voice,  
The crowning verdict. Make whom you  
like best

Queen of the central space, and manifest  
Your predilection for what flower beyond  
All flowers finds favour with you. I am  
fond

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!"

Oh but the man was ready, head as hand,  
Instructed and adroit. "Just as you stand,  
Stay and be made—would Nature but relent—  
By Art immortal!"

Every implement

In tempting reach—a palette primed, each  
squeeze

Of oil-paint in its proper patch—with these,  
Brushes, a veritable sheaf to grasp!  
He worked as he had never dared.

"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  
extract,

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 incontestably  
Blessedest 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,—vows and  
swears

The jewel with two pendent pearls like pears  
Bettors a lady's bosom—witness else!  
And so forth, while Ulysses smiles.

"Such spells

Subdue 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  
(In those old days, gone—never to return—  
When we talked—she to teach and I to learn)  
I dropped a word, a hint which might imply  
Consorts exist—how quick flashed fire from  
eye,

Brow blackened, lip was pinched by furious  
lip!

I needed no reminder of my slip:

One warning taught me wisdom. Whereas  
here . . .

Aha, a sportive fancy! Eh, what fear  
Of harm to follow? Just a whim indulged!

"My Beatricé, there's an undivulged  
Surprise in store for you: the moment's fit  
For letting loose a secret: out with it!  
Tributes to worth, you rightly estimate  
These gifts of Prince and Bishop, Church  
and State:

Yet, may I tell you? Tastes so disagree!

There's one gift, preciouslest of all to me,  
I doubt if you would value as well worth  
The obvious sparkling gauds that men unearth

For toy-cult mainly of you womankind ;  
Such make you marvel, I concede: while blind  
The sex proves to the greater marvel here  
I veil to baulk its envy. Be sincere !  
Say, should you search creation far and wide,  
Was ever face like this ?”

He drew aside  
The veil, displayed the flower-framed por-  
trait kept  
For private delectation.

No adept  
In florist's lore more accurately named  
And praised or, as appropriately, blamed  
Specimen after specimen of skill,  
Than Bicé. “ Rightly placed the daffodil—  
Scarcely so right the blue germander. Grey  
Good mouse-ear ! Hardly your auricula  
Is powdered white enough. It seems to me  
Scarlet not crimson, that anemone :  
But there's amends in the pink saxifrage.  
O darling dear ones, let me disengage  
You innocents from what your harmlessness  
Clasps lovingly ! Out thou from their caress,  
Serpent !”

Whereat forth-flashing from her coils  
On coils of hair, the *spilla* in its toils  
Of yellow wealth, the dagger-plaything kept  
To pin its plaits together, life-like leapt  
And—woe to all inside the coronal !  
Stab followed stab,—cut, slash, she ruined all  
The masterpiece. Alack for eyes and mouth  
And dimples and endearment—North and  
South,

East, West, the tatters in a fury flew :  
There yawned the circlet. What remained  
to do ?

She flung the weapon, and, with folded arms  
And mien defiant of such low alarms  
As death and doom beyond death, Bicé stood  
Passively statuesque, in quietude  
Awaiting judgment.

And out judgment burst  
With frank unloading of love's laughter, first  
Freed from its unsuspected source. Some  
throe

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 Bicé, sun-revealed,  
Full-rondure ! Woman-glory unconcealed,  
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—stab or stay at will  
Here—hating, saving—woman with the skill  
To make man beast or god !”

And so it proved :  
For, as beseeemed new godship, thus he loved,  
Past power to change, until his dying-day,—  
Good fellow ! And I fain would 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  
Myself to have cast eyes on certain work  
In sundry galleries, no judge needs shirk  
From moderately praising. He designed  
Correctly, nor in colour lagged behind  
His age : but both in Florence and in  
Rome

The elder race so make themselves at home  
That scarce we give a glance to ceilingfuls  
Of such like as Francesco. Still, one culls  
From out the heaped laudations of the time  
The pretty incident I put in rhyme.

#### FLUTE-MUSIC, WITH AN ACCOMPANIMENT.

*He.* AH, the bird-like fluting  
Through the ash-tops yonder—  
Bullfinch-bubbings, soft sounds suiting  
What sweet thoughts, I wonder ?  
Fine-pearled notes that surely  
Gather, dewdrop-fashion,  
Deep-down in some heart which purely  
Secrets globuled passion—

Passion insuppressive—  
Such is piped, for certain ;  
Love, no doubt, nay, love excessive  
'Tis, your ash-tops curtain.

Would your ash-tops open  
We might spy the player—  
Seek and find some sense which no pen  
Yet from singer, sayer,  
Ever has extracted :  
Never, to my knowledge,  
Yet has pedantry enacted  
That, in Cupid's College,  
Just this variation  
Of the old old yearning  
Should by plain speech have salvation,  
Yield new men new learning.

"Love!" but what love, nicely  
New from old disparted,  
Would the player teach precisely?  
First of all, he started  
In my brain Assurance—  
Trust—entire Contentment—  
Passion proved by much endurance ;  
Then came—not resentment,  
No, but simply Sorrow :  
What was seen had vanished :  
Yesterday so blue ! To-morrow  
Blank, all sunshine banished.

Hark ! 'Tis Hope resurges,  
Struggling through obstruction—  
Forces a poor smile which verges  
On Joy's introduction.  
Now, perhaps, mere Musing :  
" Holds earth such a wonder ?  
Fairy-mortal, soul-sense-fusing  
Past thought's power to sunder !"  
What? calm Acquiescence ?  
" Daisied turf gives room to  
Trefoil, plucked once in her presence—  
Growing by her tomb too !"

*She.* All's your fancy-spinning !  
Here's the fact : a neighbour  
Never-ending, still beginning,  
Recreates his labour:

Deep o'er desk he drudges,  
Adds, divides, subtracts and  
Multiplies, until he judges  
Noonday-hour's exact sand  
Shows the hourglass emptied :  
Then comes lawful leisure,  
Minutes rare from toil exempted,  
Fit to spend in pleasure.

Out then wit!—what treatise?  
*Youth's Complete Instructor*  
*How to play the Flute. Quid petis?*  
Follow Youth's conductor  
On and on, through *Easy*,  
Up to *Harder, Hardest*  
*Flute-piece*, till thou, flautist wheezy,  
Possibly discardest  
Tootlings hoarse and husky,  
Mayst expend with courage  
Breath—on tunes once bright no  
dusky—  
Meant to cool thy porridge.

That's an air of Tulou's  
He maltreats persistent,  
Till as lief I'd hear some Zulu's  
Bene-piped bag, breath-distent,  
Madden native dances.  
I'm the man's familiar :  
Unexpectedness enhances  
What your ear's auxilial  
—Fancy—finds suggestive.  
Listen ! That's *legato*  
Rightly played, his fingers restive  
Touch as if *staccato*.

*He.* Ah, you trick-betrayer !  
Telling tales, unwise one ?  
So the secret of the player  
Was—he could surprise one  
Well-nigh into trusting  
Here was a musician  
Skilled consummately, yet lusting  
Through no vile ambition  
After making captive  
All the world,—rewarded  
Amplly by one stranger's rapture,  
Common praise discarded.



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 ?

No! as you explain things,  
 All's mere repetition,  
 Practise-pother : of all vain things  
 Why waste pooh or pish on  
 Toilsome effort—never  
 Ending, still beginning—  
 After what should pay endeavour  
 —Right-performance? winning  
 Weariness from you who,  
 Ready to admire some  
 Owl's freshhooting—Tu-whit, tu-who—  
 Find stale thrush-songs tiresome.

*She.* Songs, Spring thought perfection,  
 Summer criticizes :  
 What in May escaped detection,  
 August, past surprises,  
 Notes, and names each blunder.  
 You, the just-initiate,  
 Praise to heart's content (what  
 wonder?)  
 Tootings I hear vitiate  
 Romeo's serenading—  
 I who, times full twenty,  
 Turned to ice—no ash-tops aiding—  
 At his *caldamente*.

So, 'twas distance altered  
 Sharps to flats? The missing  
 Bar when syncopation faltered  
 (You thought—paused for kissing!)  
 Ash-tops too felonious  
 Intercepted? Rather

Say—they well-nigh made euphonious  
 Discord, helped to gather  
 Phrase, by phrase, turn patches  
 Into simulated  
 Unity which botching matches,—  
 Scraps redintegrated.

*He.* Sweet, are you suggestive  
 Of an old suspicion  
 Which has always found me restive  
 To its admonition  
 When it ventured whisper  
 "Fool, the strifes and struggles  
 Of your trembler—blusher—lisper  
 Were so many juggles,  
 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 hedge-sloe,  
 Someone gains the prize : admire rose  
 Would he, when noon's wedge—  
 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 contrarious,  
 Brightened stuff fast fading,  
 Distance—call your shyness :  
 Was the fair one peevish?  
 Coyness\*softened out of slyness.  
 Was she cunning, thievish,  
 All-but-proved impostor?  
 Bear but one day's exile,  
 Ugly traits were wholly lost or  
 Screened by fancies flexible—

Ash-tops these, you take me?  
 Fancies' interference  
 Changed . . .  
     But since I sleep, don't wake me!  
 What if all's appearance?  
 Is not outside seeming  
     Real as substance inside?  
 Both are facts, so leave me dreaming:  
     If who loses wins I'd  
 Ever lose,—conjecture,  
     From one phrase trilled deftly,  
 All the piece. So, end your lecture,  
     Let who lied be left lie!

“IMPERANTE AUGUSTO NATUS  
 EST—”

WHAT it was struck the terror into me?  
 This, Publius: closer! while we wait our  
     turn  
 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, folk all eye and ear  
 While Lucius Varius Rufus<sup>1</sup> in their midst  
 Read out that long-planned late-completed  
     piece,  
 His Panegyric on the Emperor.  
 “Nobody like him” little Flaccus<sup>2</sup> laughed  
 “At leading forth an Epos with due pomp!  
 Only, when godlike Cæsar swells the theme,  
 How should mere mortals hope to praise  
     aright?  
 Tell me, thou offshoot of Etruscan kings!”  
 Whereat Mæcenas smiling sighed assent.

I paid my quadrans,<sup>3</sup> left the Thermæ's roar  
 Of rapture as the poet asked<sup>4</sup> What place  
 Among the godships Jove, for Cæsar's sake,  
 Would bid its actual occupant vacate

<sup>1</sup> Poet and friend of Virgil.      <sup>2</sup> Horace.

<sup>3</sup> Roman coin of small value.

In favour of the new divinity?”  
 And got the expected answer “Yield thine  
     own!”—

Jove thus dethroned, I somehow wanted air,  
 And found myself a-pacing street and street,  
 Letting the sunset, rosy over Rome,  
 Clear my head dizzy with the hubbub—say  
 As if thought's dance therein had kicked up  
     dust  
 By trampling on all else: the world lay  
     prone,  
 As—poet-propped, in brave hexameiærs—  
 Their subject triumphed up from man to  
     God.

Caius Octavius Cæsar the August—  
 Where was escape from his prepotency?  
 I judge I may have passed—how many piles  
 Of structure dropt like doles from his free  
     hand

To Rome on every side? Why, right and  
     left,

For temples you've the Thundering Jupiter,  
 Avenging Mars, Apollo Palatine:  
 How count Piazza, Forum—there's a third  
 All but completed. You've the Theatre  
 Named of Marcellus—all his work, such  
     work!—

One thought still ending, dominating all—  
 With warrant Varius sang “Be Cæsar  
     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 conquests! but peace crowned them,  
     —so, of peace!

Count up his titles only—these, in few—  
 Ten years Triumvir, Consul thirteen times,  
 Emperor, nay—the glory topping all—  
 Hailed Father of his Country, last and best  
 Of titles, by himself accepted so:  
 And why not? See but feats achieved in  
     Rome—

Not to say, Italy—he planted there  
 Some thirty colonies—but Rome itself

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.

Poor? Profit by his score of donatives !  
 Rich—that is, mirthful? 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 be-  
 tween !

To sunset? Ocean and immensity :  
 North,—stare till Danube stops you : South,  
 see Nile,

The Desert and the earth-upholding Mount.  
 Well may the poet-people each with each  
 vie in his praise, our company of swans,  
 Virgil and Horace, singers—in their way—  
 Nearly as good as Varius, though less famed :  
 Well may they cry, "No mortal, plainly  
 God !"

Thus to myself myself said, while I walked :  
 Or would have said, could thought attain to  
 speech,

Clean baffled by enormity of bliss  
 The while I strove to scale its heights and  
 sound  
 Its depths—this masterdom 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 he—how grasp, how gauge his own  
 conceit

Of bliss to me near inconceivable?  
 Or—since such flight too much makes reel  
 the brain—

Let's sink—and so take refuge, as it were,  
 From life's excessive altitude—to life's  
 Breathable wayside shelter at its base !  
 If looms thus large this Cæsar to myself  
 —Of senatorial rank and somebody—

How must he strike the vulgar nameless  
 crowd,  
 Innumerable swarm that's nobody at all?  
 Why,—for an instance,—much as yon gold  
 shape  
 Crowned, sceptred, on the temple opposite—  
 Fulgurant Jupiter—must daze the sense  
 Of—say, yon outcast begging from its step !  
 What, anti-Cæsar, monarch in the mud,  
 As he is pinnacled above thy pate ?  
 Ay, beg away ! thy lot contrasts full well  
 With his whose bounty yields thee this sup-  
 port—  
 Our Holy and Inviolable One,  
 Cæsar, whose bounty built the fane above !  
 Dost read my thought? Thy garb, alack,  
 displays  
 Sore usage truly in each rent and stain—  
 Faugh ! Wash though in Suburra !<sup>1</sup> 'Ware  
 the dogs  
 Who may not so disdain a meal on thee !  
 What, stretchest forth a palm to catch my  
 alms ?  
 Aha, why yes : I must appear—who knows?—  
 I, in my toga, to thy rags and thee—  
 Quæstor—nay, Ædile, Censor—Pol ! perhaps  
 The very City-Prætor's noble self !  
 As to me Cæsar, so to thee am I ?  
 Good : nor in vain shall prove thy quest,  
 poor rogue !  
 Hither—hold palm out—take this quarter-as !  
 And who did take it? As he raised his head,  
 (My gesture was a trifle—well, abrupt),  
 Back fell the broad flap of the peasant's-hat,  
 The homespun cloak that muffled half his  
 cheek  
 Dropped somewhat, and I had a glimpse—  
 just one !  
 One was enough. Whose—whose might be  
 the face ?  
 That unkempt careless hair—brown,  
 yellowish—  
 Those sparkling eyes beneath their eyebrows'  
 ridge  
 (Each meets each, and the hawk-nose rules  
 between)

<sup>1</sup> Street of ill-repute in Rome.

—That was enough, no glimpse was needed  
more!

And terrifyingly into my mind  
Came that quick-hushed report was whispered  
us,

“They do say, once a year in sordid 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  
nought—

Turns spiteful and—the petted lioness—  
Strikes with her sudden paw, and prone falls  
each

Who patted late her neck superiorly,  
Or trifled with those claw-tips velvet-  
sheathed.”

“He’s God!” shouts Lucius Varius Rufus:  
“Man

And worms’-meat any moment!” mutters  
low

Some Power, admonishing the mortal-born.

Ay, do you mind? There’s meaning in the  
fact

That whoso conquers, 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 hand’s employment—all the while  
reserves

Its fellow, backward flung, to point how,  
close

Appended from the car, beneath the foot  
Of the up-borne exulting Conqueror,  
Frown—half-descried—the instruments of  
shame,

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  
“Cæsar Augustus regnant, shall be born  
In blind Judæa”—one to master him,  
Him and the universe? An old-wife’s tale?

Bath-drudge! Here, slave! No cheating!  
Our turn next.

No loitering, or be sure you taste the lash!  
Two strigils,<sup>1</sup> 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 couched somewhere  
close

Under the footstool, being cowardly,  
But whom—since she was worth the pains,  
poor puss—

Towzer and Tray,—our dogs, the Atreidai,—  
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.

<sup>1</sup> A flesh-brush.

Or, worse yet, leave weak eyes to grow sand-  
blind,  
Content with darkness and vacuity.

It happened, two or three years afterward,  
That—I and playmates playing at Troy's  
Siege—

My Father came upon our make-believe.  
“How would you like to read yourself the  
tale

Properly told, of which I gave you first  
Merely such notion as a boy could bear?  
Pope, now, would give you the precise  
account

Of what, some day, by dint of scholarship,  
You'll hear—who knows?—from Homer's  
very mouth.

Learn Greek by all means, read the ‘Blind  
Old Man,

Sweetest of Singers’—*tuphlos* which means  
‘blind,’

*Hedistos* which means ‘sweetest.’ Time  
enough!

Try, anyhow, to master him some day;  
Until when, take what serves for substitute,  
Read Pope, by all means!”

So I ran through Pope,

Enjoyed the tale—what history so true?  
Also attacked my Primer, duly drugged,  
Grew fitter thus for what was promised next—  
The very thing itself, the actual words,  
When I could turn—say, Buttman to  
account.

Time passed, I ripened somewhat: one fine  
day,

“Quite ready for the Iliad, nothing less?  
There's Heine, where the big books block  
the shelf:

Don't skip a word, thumb well the Lexicon!”

I thumbed well and skipped nowise till I  
learned

Who was who, what was what, from Homer's  
tongue,

And there an end of learning. Had you asked  
The all-accomplished scholar, twelve years  
old,

“Who was it wrote the Iliad?”—what a laugh!  
“Why, Homer, all the world knows: of his  
life

Doubtless some facts exist: it's everywhere:  
We have not settled, though, his place of birth:  
He begged, for certain, and was blind beside:  
Seven cities claimed him—Scio, with best  
right,

Thinks Byron. What he wrote? Those  
Hymns we have.

Then there's the ‘Battle of the Frogs and  
Mice,’

That's all—unless they dig ‘Margites’ up  
(I'd like that) nothing more remains to know.”

Thus did youth spend a comfortable time;  
Until—“What's this the Germans say is fact  
That Wolf found out first? It's unpleasant  
work

Their chop and change, unsettling one's belief:  
All the same, while we live, we learn, that's  
sure.”

So, I bent brow o'er *Prolegomena*.

And, after Wolf, a dozen of his like  
Proved there was never any Troy at all,  
Neither Besiegers nor Besieged,—nay,  
worse,—

No actual Homer, no authentic text,  
No warrant for the fiction I, as fact,  
Had treasured in my heart and soul so long—  
Ay, mark you! and as fact held still, still hold,  
Spite of new knowledge, in my heart of hearts  
And soul of souls, fact's essence freed and fixed  
From accidental fancy's guardian sheath.

Assuredly thenceforward—thank my stars!—  
However it got there, deprive who could—  
Wring from the shrine my precious tenantry,  
Helen, Clysses, Hector and his Spouse,  
Achilles and his Friend?—though Wolf—ah,  
Wolf!

Why must he needs come doubting, spoil a  
dream?

But then “No dream's worth waking”—  
Browning says:

And here's the reason why I tell thus much  
I, now mature man, you anticipate,  
May blame my Father justifiably

For letting me dream out my nonage thus,  
And only by such slow and sure degrees  
Permitting me to sift the grain from chaff,  
Get truth and falsehood known and named  
as such.

Why did he ever let me dream at all,  
Not bid me taste the story in its strength?  
Suppose my childhood was scarce qualified  
To rightly understand mythology,  
Silence at least was in his power to keep:  
I might have—somehow—correspondingly—  
Well, who knows by what method, gained  
my gains,

Been taught, by forthrights not meanderings,  
My aim should be to loathe, like Peleus' son,  
A lie as Hell's Gate, love my wedded wife,  
Like Hector, and so on with all the rest.

Could not I have excogitated this  
Without believing such men really were?  
That is—he might have put into my hand  
The "Ethics"? In translation, if you please,  
Exact, no pretty lying that improves,  
To suit the modern taste: no more, no less—  
The "Ethics": 'tis a treatise I find hard  
To read aright now that my hair is grey,  
And I can manage the original.

At five years old—how ill had fared its leaves!  
Now, growing double o'er the Stagirite,  
At least I soil no page with bread and milk,  
Nor crumple, dogsear and deface—boys' way.

### REPHAN.<sup>1</sup>

[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  
man,—  
When my home was the Star of my God  
Rephan?

<sup>1</sup> Suggested by a very early recollection of a  
prose story by the noble woman and imagina-  
tive writer, Jane Taylor, of Norwich.—R. B.

Come then around me, close about,  
World-weary earth-born ones! Darkest  
doubt  
Or deepest despondency keeps you out?

Nowise! Before a word I speak,  
Let my circle embrace your worn, your  
weak,  
Brow-furrowed old age, youth's hollow  
cheek—

Diseased in the body, sick in soul,  
Pinched poverty, satiate wealth,—your whole  
Array of despairs! Have I read the roll?

All here? Attend, perpend! O Star  
Of my God Rephan, what wonders are  
In thy brilliance fugitive, faint and far!

Far from me, native to thy realm,  
Who shared its perfections which o'erwhelm  
Mind to conceive. Let drift the helm,

Let drive the sail, dare unconfined  
Embark for the vastitude, O Mind,  
Of an absolute bliss! Leave earth behind!

Here, by extremes, at a mean you guess:  
There, all's at most—not more, not less:  
Nowhere deficiency nor excess.

No want—whatever should be, is now:  
No growth—that's change, and change comes  
—how

To royalty born with crown on brow?

Nothing begins—so needs to end:  
Where fell it short at first? Extend  
Only the same, no change can mend!

I use your language: mine—no word  
Of its wealth would help who spoke, who  
heard,  
To a gleam of intelligence. None preferred,

None felt distaste when better and worse  
Were uncontrastable: bless or curse  
What—in that uniform universe?

Can your world's phrase, your sense of things Forth-figure the Star of my God? No springs, No winters throughout its space. Time brings	New petals that mar—unmake the disc— Spoil rondure : what in it ran brave risk, Changed apathy's calm to strife, bright, brisk,
No hope, no fear : as to-day, shall be To-morrow : advance or retreat need we At our stand-still through eternity?	Pushed simple to compound, sprang and spread Till, fresh-formed, faceted, floretted, The flower that slept woke a star instead?
All happy : needs must we so have been, Since who could be otherwise? All serene : What dark was to banish, what light to screen?	No mimic of Star Rephan ! How long I stagnated there where weak and strong, The wise and the foolish, right and wrong,
Earth's rose is a bud that's checked or grows As beams may encourage or blasts oppose : Our lives leapt forth each a full-orbed rose—	Are merged alike in a neutral Best, Can I tell? No more than at whose behest The passion arose in my passive breast,
Each rose sole rose in a sphere that spread Above and below and around—rose-red : No fellowship, each for itself instead.	And I yearned for no sameness but difference In thing and thing, that should shock my sense With a want of worth in them all, and thence
One better than I—would prove I lacked Somewhat : one worse were a jarring fact Disturbing my faultlessly exact.	Startle me up, by an Infinite Discovered above and below me—height And depth alike to attract my flight,
How did it come to pass there lurked Somehow a seed of change that worked Obscure in my heart till perfection irked?—	Repel my descent : by hate taught love. Oh, gain were indeed to see above Supremacy ever—to move, remove,
Till out of its peace at length grew strife— Hopes, fears, loves, hates,—obscurely rife,— My life grown a-tremble to turn your life?	Not reach—aspire yet never attain To the object aimed at ! Scarce in vain,— As each stage I left nor touched again.
Was it Thou, above all lights that are, Prime Potency, did Thy hand unbar The prison-gate of Rephan my Star?	To suffer, did pangs bring the loved one bliss, Wring knowledge from ignorance,—just for this— To add one drop to a love-abyss !
In me did such potency wake a pulse Could trouble tranquillity that lulls Not lashes inertia till throes convulse	Enough : for you doubt, you hope, O men, You fear, you agonize, die : what then? Is an end to your life's work out of ken?

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?"

"Burn and not smoulder, win by worth,  
Not rest content with a wealth that's dearth?  
Thou art past Rephan, thy place be Earth!"

### 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,  
When shy buds venture out,  
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,  
That, new yet still the same,  
Full in play comes Power once more?

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  
Fitful, 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 our inside strife to peace  
Ere we wage, on the outside, war!

So, my annals thus begin:  
With body, to life awake  
Soul, the immortal twin  
Of body which bore soul's yoke  
Since mortal and not akin.

By means of the flesh, grown fit,  
Mind, in surview of things,  
Now soared, anon alit  
To treasure its gatherings  
From the ranged expanse—to-wit,

Nature,—earth's, heaven's wide show  
Which taught all hope, all fear:  
Acquainted with joy and woe,  
I could say "Thus much is clear,  
Doubt annulled thus much: I know.

"All is effect of cause:  
As it would, has willed and done  
Power: and my mind's applause  
Goes, passing laws each one,  
To Omnipotence, lord of laws."

Head praises, but heart refrains  
From loving's acknowledgment.  
Whole losses outweigh half-gains:  
Earth's good is with evil blent:  
Good struggles but evil reigns.



Yet since Earth's good proved good—  
 Incontrovertibly  
 Worth loving—I understood  
 How evil—did mind descry  
 Power's object to end pursued—

Were haply as cloud across  
 Good's orb, no orb itself:  
 Mere mind—were it found at loss  
 Did it play the tricky elf  
 And from life's gold purge the dross?

Power is known infinite:  
 Good struggles to be—at best  
 Seems—scanned by the human sight,  
 Tried by the senses' test—  
 Good palpably: but with right

Therefore to mind's award  
 Of loving, as power claims praise?  
 Power—which finds nought too hard,  
 Fulfilling itself all ways  
 Unchecked, unchanged: while barred,

Baffled, what good began  
 Ends evil on every side.  
 To Power submissive man  
 Breathes "E'en as Thou art, abide!"  
 While to good "Late-found, long-sought,

"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  
 Offspring 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 sorrows and body's pangs,  
 Play the human applicant,—

Is a remedy far to seek?  
 I question and find response:  
 I—all men, strong or weak,  
 Conceive and declare at once  
 For each want its cure. "Power, speak!

"Stop change, avert decay,  
 Fix life fast, banish death,  
 Eclipse from the star bid stay,  
 Abridge of no moment's breath  
 One creature! Hence, Night, hail, Day!"

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 unamerced  
 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—no 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? Gussed  
 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 rathe,<sup>1</sup>  
 Wrong righted, each chain unbound,  
 Renewal born out of scathe.<sup>2</sup>

Why faith—but to lift the load,  
 To leaven the lump, where lies

<sup>1</sup> Early.

<sup>2</sup> Harm.

Mind prostrate through knowledge owed  
 To the loveless Power it tries  
 To withstand, how vain! In flowed

Ever resistless fact :  
 No more than the passive clay  
 Disputes the potter's act,  
 Could the whelmed mind disobey  
 Knowledge the cataract.

But, perfect in every part,  
 Has the potter's moulded shape,  
 Leap of man's quickened heart,  
 Throe of his thought's escape,  
 Stings of his soul which dart

Through the barrier of flesh, till keen  
 She climbs from the calm and clear,  
 Through turbidity all between,  
 From the known to the unknown here,  
 Heaven's “ Shall be,” from Earth's “ Has  
 been ”?

Then life is—to wake not sleep,  
 Rise and not rest, but press  
 From earth's level where blindly creep  
 Things perfected, more or less,  
 To the heaven's height, far and steep,

Where, amid what strifes and storms  
 May wait the adventurous quest,  
 Power is Love—transports, transforms  
 Who aspired from worst to best,  
 Sought the soul's world, spurned the worms'.

I have faith such end shall be :  
 From the first, Power was—I knew.  
 Life has made clear to me  
 That, strive but for closer view,  
 Love were as plain to see.

When see? When there dawns a day,  
 If not on the homely earth,  
 Then yonder, worlds away,  
 Where the strange and new have birth,  
 And Power comes full in play.

## EPILOGUE.

At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-  
time,

When you set your fancies free,  
Will they pass to where—by death, fools  
think, imprisoned—

Low he lies who once so loved you, whom  
you loved so,

—Pity me?

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!

What had I on earth to do

With the slothful, with the mawkish, the  
unmanly?

Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivel

—Being—who?

One who never turned his back but marched  
breast forward,

Never doubted clouds would break,  
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,  
wrong would triumph,

Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight  
better,

Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-  
time

Greet the unseen with a cheer!

Bid him forward, breast and back as either  
should be,

“Strive and thrive!” cry “Speed,—fight  
on, fare ever

There as here!”

## A CHRONOLOGICAL LIST

OF

### ROBERT BROWNING'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1833. PAULINE: A Fragment of a Confession.</p> <p>1835. PARACELTUS.</p> <p>1837. STRAFFORD: An Historical Tragedy.</p> <p>1840. SORDELLO.</p> <p>1841. Bells and Pomegranates, No. I., PIPPA PASSES.</p> <p>1842. Bells and Pomegranates, No. II., KING VICTOR AND KING CHARLES.</p> <p>1842. Bells and Pomegranates, No. III., DRAMATIC LYRICS.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">Cavalier Tunes—</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">I. Marching Along.</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">II. Give a Rousè.</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">III. My Wife Gertrude.<sup>1</sup></p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">Italy and France—</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">I. Italy.<sup>2</sup></p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">II. France.<sup>3</sup></p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">Camp and Cloister—</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">I. Camp (French).<sup>4</sup></p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">II. Cloister (Spanish).<sup>5</sup></p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">In a Gondola.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">Artemis Prologuizes.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">Waring.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">Queen Worship—</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">I. Rudel and the Lady of Tripoli.</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">II. Cristina.</p> | <p>DRAMATIC LYRICS—<i>Continued.</i></p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">Madhouse Cells—</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">I. [Johannes Agricola.<sup>6</sup>]</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">II. [Porphyria.<sup>7</sup>]</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">Through the Metidja to Abd-el-Kadr, 1842.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">The Pied Piper of Hamelin.</p> <p>1843. Bells and Pomegranates, No. IV., THE RETURN OF THE DRUSES: A Tragedy in Five Acts.</p> <p>1843. Bells and Pomegranates, No. V., A' BLOT IN THE 'SCUTCHEON: A Tragedy in Three Acts.</p> <p>1844. Bells and Pomegranates, No. VI., COLOMBE'S BIRTHDAY: A Play in Five Acts.</p> <p>1845. Bells and Pomegranates, VII., DRAMATIC ROMANCES AND LYRICS—</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">Pictor Ignotus. Florence, 15—.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">Italy in England.<sup>8</sup></p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">England in Italy.<sup>9</sup></p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">The Lost Leader.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">The Lost Mistress.</p> |
|--|---|

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards called "Boot and Saddle."

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards called "My Last Duchess."

<sup>3</sup> Afterwards called "Count Gismond."

<sup>4</sup> Afterwards called "Incident of the French Camp."

<sup>5</sup> Afterwards called "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister."

<sup>6</sup> Afterwards called "Johannes Agricola in Meditation," was first printed in *The Monthly Repository*, vol. x. N.S. 1836, pp. 45, 46.

<sup>7</sup> Afterwards called "Porphyria's Lover," was first printed in *The Monthly Repository*, vol. x. N.S. 1836, pp. 43, 44.

<sup>8</sup> Afterwards called "The Italian in England."

<sup>9</sup> Afterwards called "The Englishman in Italy."

DRAMATIC ROMANCES—*Contd.*

Home Thoughts from Abroad (I.

"Oh to be in England." II.

"Here's to Nelson's Memory."<sup>1</sup>III. "Nobly Cape St. Vincent."<sup>2</sup>)The Tomb at St. Praxed's.<sup>3</sup>

Garden Fancies—

I. The Flower's Name.<sup>4</sup>II. Sibrandus Schafnaburgensis.<sup>5</sup>

France and Spain—

I. The Laboratory (Ancien Régime).<sup>6</sup>

II. The Confessional.

The Flight of the Duchess.<sup>7</sup>

Earth's Immortalities.

Song, "Nay but you, who do not love her."

The Boy and the Angel.<sup>8</sup>Night and Morning (I. Night,<sup>9</sup> II. Morning).<sup>10</sup>

Claret and Tokay. "

Saul.<sup>12</sup>

Time's Revenges.

The Glove.

1846. Bells and Pomegranates, No. VIII. and last. LURIA; and A SOUL'S TRAGEDY.

1850. CHRISTMAS-EVE AND EASTER-DAY.

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards printed as the third section of "Nationality in Drinks."<sup>2</sup> Afterwards called "Home Thoughts from the Sea."<sup>3</sup> Afterwards called "The Bishop orders his Tomb in St. Praxed's Church," was first printed in *Hood's Magazine*, vol. iii. March 1845, pp. 237-239.<sup>4,5</sup> First printed in *Hood's Magazine*, vol. ii. July 1844, pp. 45-48.<sup>6</sup> First printed in *Hood's Magazine*, vol. i. June 1844, pp. 513, 514.<sup>7</sup> Sections 1 to 9, first printed in *Hood's Magazine*, vol. iii. April 1845, pp. 313-318.<sup>8</sup> First printed in *Hood's Magazine*, vol. ii. August 1844, pp. 140-142.<sup>9</sup> Afterwards called "Meeting at Night."<sup>10</sup> Afterwards called "Parting at Morning."<sup>11</sup> Afterwards printed as the first and second sections of "Nationality in Drinks."<sup>12</sup> First part only (sections 1-9); the second part was added and included with it in "Men and Women," 1855, vol. ii. p. 111.

1855. MEN AND WOMEN. In Two Volumes—

Vol. I. Love among the Ruins.

A Lovers' Quarrel.

Evelyn Hope.

Up at a Villa—Down in the City.

(As Distinguished by an Italian Person of Quality.)

A Woman's Last Word.

Fra Lippo Lippi.

A Toccata of Gallupi's.

By the Fireside.

Any Wife to Any Husband.

An Epistle containing the Strange

Medical Experience of Karshish, the Arab Physician.

Mesmerism.

A Serenade at the Villa.

My Star.

Instans Tyrannus.

A Pretty Woman.

"Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came."

Respectability.

A Light Woman.

The Statue and the Bust.

Love in a Life.

Life in a Love.

How it Strikes a Contemporary.

The Last Ride Together.

The Patriot: An Old Story.

Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha.

Bishop Blougram's Apology.

Memorabilia.

Vol. II. Andrea del Sarto (called "The Faultless Painter.")

Before.

After.

In Three Days.

In a Year.

Old Pictures in Florence.

In a Balcony.

Saul. (See *note* <sup>12</sup>.)

"De Gustibus —"

Women and Roses.

Protus.

Holy-Cross Day.

The Guardian Angel: A Picture at Fano.

- MEN AND WOMEN—*Continued.*
- Cleon.
- The Twins.<sup>1</sup>
- Popularity.
- The Heretic's Tragedy. A Middle-Age Interlude.
- Two in the Campagna.
- A Grammarian's Funer<sup>al</sup>.
- One Way of Love.
- Another Way of Love.
- "Transcendentalism:" A Poem in Twelve Books.
- Misconceptions.
- One Word More. To E. B. B.
1864. DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—
- James Lee.
- Gold Hair: A Legend of Pornic.<sup>2</sup>
- The Worst of It.
- Dis aliter visum; or Le Byron de nos Jours.
- Too Late.
- Abt Vogler.
- Rabbi Ben Ezra.
- A Death in the Desert.
- Caliban upon Setebos; or, Natural Theology in the Island.
- Confessions.
- May and Death.<sup>3</sup>
- Prospect.<sup>4</sup>
- Youth and Art.
- A Face.
- A Likeness.
- Mr. Sludge, "The Medium."
- Apparent Failure.
- Epilogue.
1864. Orpheus and Eurydice. F. Leighton.<sup>5</sup>
1868. Deaf and Dumb.<sup>6</sup>
- 1868-9. THE RING AND THE BOOK.  
In Four Volumes.
1871. BALAUSTION'S ADVENTURE,  
including a Transcript from Euripides.
1871. PRINCE HOHENSTIEL-SCHWANGAU, SAVIOUR OF SOCIETY.
1872. FIFINE AT THE FAIR.
1873. RED COTTON NIGHT-CAP COUNTRY, OR TURF AND TOWERS.
1875. ARISTOPHANES' APOLOGY,  
including a Transcript from Euripides, being the Last Adventure of Balaustion.
1875. THE INN ALBUM.
1876. PACCHIAROTTO AND HOW HE WORKED IN DISTEMPER: with other Poems—
- Prologue.
- Of Pacchiarotto and how he worked in Distemper.
- At the "Mermaid." House.
- Shop.
- Pisgah Sights. I.
- " " II.
- Fears and Scruples.
- Natural Magic.
- Magical Nature.
- Bifurcation.
- Numpholeptos.
- Appearances.
- St. Martin's Summer.
- Hervé Riel.<sup>6</sup>
- A Forgiveness.
- Cenciaja.
- Filippo Balducci on the Privilege of Burial.
- Epilogue.
1877. THE AGAMEMNON OF ÆSCHYLUS.
1878. LA SAISIAZ.<sup>7</sup>
1878. THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC.<sup>8</sup>
- <sup>1</sup> First printed in a pamphlet entitled "Two Poems. By Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning." 8vo. London, 1854.
- <sup>2</sup> First printed in *The Atlantic Monthly*, vol. xiii., May 1864, p. 596.
- <sup>3</sup> First printed in *The Keepsake for 1857*.
- <sup>4</sup> First printed in *The Atlantic Monthly*, vol. xiii., June 1864, p. 694.
- <sup>5</sup> First printed in the Catalogue of the Royal Academy Exhibition 1864, afterwards called "Eurydice to Orpheus."
- <sup>6</sup> First printed in "The Poetical Works of Robert Browning," six vols. 1868; vol. vi. p. 151.
- <sup>7</sup> Published together in one volume.

1879. DRAMATIC IDYLS—  
 Martin Ralph.  
 Pheidippides.  
 Halbert and Hob.  
 Ivàn Ivànovitch.  
 Tray.  
 Ned Bratts.
1880. DRAMATIC IDYLS: SECOND SERIES—  
 [Prologue.]  
 Echetlos.  
 Clive.  
 Mulýkeh.  
 Pietro of Abano.  
 Doctor ——. .  
 Pan and Luna.  
 [Epilogue.]
1883. JOCOSERIA—  
 Wanting is—What?  
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 Solomon and Balkis.  
 Cristina and Monaldeschi.  
 Mary Wollstonecraft and Fuseli—  
 Adam, Lilith, and Eve.  
 Ixion.  
 Jochanan Hakkadosh.  
 Never the Time and the Place.  
 Pambo.
1884. FERISHTAH'S FANCIES—  
 Prologue.  
 1. The Eagle.  
 2. Melon-Seller.  
 3. Shah Abbas.  
 4. The Family.  
 5. The Sun.  
 6. Mihrab Shah.  
 7. A Camel-Driver.  
 8. Two Camels.  
 9. Cherries.  
 10. Plot-Culture.  
 11. A Pillar at Sebzevah.  
 12. A Bean-Stripe: also Apple-Eating.  
 Epilogue.
1887. 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 Lairese, and Charles Avison. Introduced by a Dialogue between Apollo and the Fates; concluded by another between John Fust and his Friends.
- 1889.<sup>1</sup> ASOLANDO: FANCIES AND FACTS—  
 Prologue.  
 Rosny.  
 Dubiety.  
 Now.  
 Humility.  
 Poetics.  
 Summum Bonum.  
 A Pearl, A Girl.  
 Speculative.  
 White Witchcraft.  
 Bad Dreams. I.  
 „ „ II.  
 „ „ III.  
 „ „ IV.  
 Inapprehensiveness.  
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 The Cardinal and the Dog.  
 The Pope and the Net.  
 The Bean-Feast.  
 Muckle-mouth Meg.  
 Arcades Ambo.  
 The Lady and the Painter.  
 Ponte dell' Angelo, Venice.  
 Beatrice Signorini.  
 Flute-Music, with an Accompaniment.  
 "Imperante Augusto natus est —"  
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<sup>1</sup> Published on December 12th, 1889, the day of Mr. Browning's death.

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