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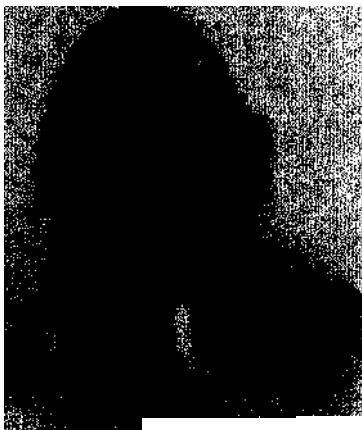
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ROBERT BROWNING'S
POETICAL WORKS

VOL. IV.

**Comprising Volumes VII and XL of the
Edition in 17 Volumes**



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THE POETICAL WORKS
of
ROBERT BROWNING

VOL. VII

TN A BALCONY

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

LONDON
SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE
1902

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IN A BALCONY.

PERSONS.

NORBERT

CONSTANCE.

THE QUEEN.

IN A BALCONY.

1853.

CONSTANCE *and* NORBERT.

Norbert. Now!

Constance. Not now!

Norbert. Give me them again, those hands:
Put them upon my forehead, how it throbs!
Press them before my eyes, the fire comes through!
You cruellest, you dearest in the world,
Let me ! The Queen must grant whate'er I ask—
How can I gain you and not ask the Queen ?
There she stays waiting for me, here stand you;
Some time or other this was to be asked;
Now is the one time—what I ask, I gain:
Let me ask now, Love!

Constance. Do, and ruin us.

Norbert. Let it be now, Love! All my soul breaks
forth.

To-night's feast makes authentic. Whose the praise?
Whose genius, patience, energy, achieved
What turned the many heads and broke the hearts ?
You are the fate, your minute 's in the heaven.
Next comes the Queen's turn. " Name your own
reward!"

With leave to clench the past, chain the to-come,
Put out an arm and touch and take the sun
And fix it ever full-faced on your earth,
Possess yourself supremely of her life,—
You choose the single thing she will not grant;
Nay, very declaration of which choice
Will turn the scale and neutralize your work :
At best she will forgive you, if she can.
You think I 'll let you choose—her cousin's hand?

Norbert. Wait, First, do you retain your old belief
The Queen is generous,—nay, is just?

Constance. There, there!
So men make women love them, while they know
No more of women's hearts than . . , look you here,
You that are just and generous beside,
Make it your own case ! For example now,
I 'll say—I let you kiss me, hold my hands—
Why? do you know why? I 'll instruct you, then—
The kiss, because you have a name at court;
This hand and this, that you may shut in each

IN A BALCONY

A jewel, if you please to pick up such.

That's horrible? Apply it to the Queen—

Suppose I am the Queen to whom you speak:

" I was a nameless man ; you needed me :

" Why did I proffer you my aid? there stood

" A certain pretty cousin at your side.

" Why did I make such common cause with you ?

" Access to her had not been easy else.

" You give my labour here abundant praise?

" 'Faith, labour, which she overlooked, grew play.

" How shall your gratitude discharge itself?

" Give me her hand ! "

Norbert.

And still I urge the same.

Is the Queen just? just—generous or no!

Constance. Yes, just. You love a rose; no harm
in that:

But was it for the rose's sake or mine

You put it in your bosom? mine, you said—

Then, mine you still must say or else be false.

You told the Queen you served her for herself;

If so, to serve her was to serve yourself,

She thinks, for all your unbelieving face!

I know her. In the hall, six steps from us,

One sees the twenty pictures; there 's a life

Better than life, and yet no life at all.

Conceive her born in such a magic dome,

Pictures all round her! why, she sees the world,
Can recognize its given things and facts,
The fight of giants or the feast of gods,
Sages in senate, beauties at the bath,
Chases and battles, the whole earth's display,
Landscape and sea-piece, down to flowers and fruit—
And who shall question that she knows them all,
In better semblance than the things outside ?
Yet bring into the silent gallery
Some live thing to contrast in breath and blood,
Some lion, with the painted lion there—
You think she 'll understand composedly ?
—Say, " that 's his fellow in the hunting-piece
" Yonder, I 've turned to praise a hundred times ?[>]
Not so. Her knowledge of our actual earth,
Its hopes and fears, concerns and sympathies,
Must be too far, too mediate, too unreal.
The real exists for us outside, not her:
How should it, with that life in these four walls—
That father and that mother, first to last
No father and no mother—friends, a heap,
Lovers, no lack—a husband in due time,
And every one of them alike a lie !
Things painted by a Rubens out of nought
Into what kindness, friendship, love should be;
All better, all more grandiose than the life,

" But just to obtain her! heap earth's woes in one
" And bear them—make a pile of all earth's joys
" And spurn them, as they help or help not this;
" Only, obtain her!" How was it to be?
I found you were the cousin of the Queen;
I must then serve the Queen to get to you.
No other way. Suppose there had been one,
And I, by saying prayers to some white star
With promise of my body and my soul,
Might gain you,—should I pray the star or no?
Instead, there was the Queen to serve! I served,
Helped, did what other servants failed to do.
Neither she sought nor I declared my end.
Her good is hers, my recompense be mine,—
I therefore name you as that recompense.
She dreamed that such a thing could never be?
Let her wake now. She thinks there was more cause
In love of power, high fame, pure loyalty?
Perhaps she fancies men wear out their lives
Chasing such shades. Then, I 've a fancy too;
I worked because I want you with my soul:
I therefore ask your hand. Let it be now!

Constance. Had I not loved you from the very first,
Were I not yours, could we not steal out thus
So wickedly, so wildly, and so well,
You might become impatient. What's conceived

Of us without here, by the folk within ?
Where are you now ? immersed in cares of state—
Where am I now ? intent on festal robes —
We two, embracing under death's spread hand !
What was this thought for, what that scruple of yours
Which broke the council up?—to bring about
One minute's meeting in the corridor!
And then the sudden sleights, strange secrecies,
Complots inscrutable, deep telegraphs,
Long-planned chance-meetings, hazards of a look,
" Does she know ? does she not know ? saved or lost ?"
A year of this compression's ecstasy
All goes for nothing! you would give this up
For the old way, the open way, the world's,
His way who beats, and his who sells his wife!
What tempts you? -their notorious happiness
Makes you ashamed of ours ? The best you 'll gain
Will be—the Queen grants all that you require,
Concedes the cousin, rids herself of you
And me at once, and gives us ample leave
To live like our five hundred happy friends.
The world will show us with officious hand
Our chamber-entry, and stand sentinel
Where we so oft have stolen across its traps!
Get the world's warrant, ring the falcons' feet,
And make it duty to be bold and swift,

Which long ago was nature. Have it so !
We never hawked by rights till flung from fist ?
Oh, the man's thought! no woman 's such a fool.

Norbert. Yes, the man's thought and my thought,
which is more—

One made to love you, let the world take note!
Have I done worthy work? be love's the praise,
Though hampered by restrictions, barred against
By set forms, blinded by forced secrecies !
Set free my love, and see what love can do
Shown in my life—what work will spring from that!
The world is used to have its business done
On other grounds, find great effects produced
For power's sake, fame's sake, motives in men's mouth.
So, good : but let my low ground shame their high !
Truth is the strong thing. Let man's life be true!
And love 's the truth of mine. Time prove the rest!
I choose to wear you stamped all over me,
Your name upon my forehead and my breast,
You, from the sword's blade to the ribbon's edge,
That men may see, all over, you in me—
That pale loves may die out of their pretence
In face of mine, shames thrown on love fall off.
Permit this, Constance ! Love has been so long
Subdued in me, eating me through and through,
That now 't is all of me and must have way.

Think of my work, that chaos of intrigues,
Those hopes and fears, surprises and delays,
That long endeavour, earnest, patient, slow,
Trembling at last to its assured result:
Then think of this revulsion ! I resume
Life after death, (it is no less than life,
After such long unlovely labouring days)
And liberate to beauty life's great need
O' the beautiful, which, while it prompted work,
Suppressed itself erewhile. This eve 's the time,
This eve intense with yon first trembling star
We seem to pant and reach; scarce aught between
The earth that rises and the heaven that bends;
All nature self-abandoned, every tree
Flung as it will, pursuing its own thoughts
And fixed so, every flower and every weed,
No pride, no shame, no victory, no defeat;
All under God, each measured by itself.
These statues round us stand abrupt, distinct,
The strong in strength, the weak in weakness fixed.
The Muse for ever wedded to her lyre,
Nymph to her fawn, and Silence to her rose:
See God's approval on his universe!
Let us do so—aspire to live as these
In harmony with truth, ourselves being true !
Take the first way, and let the second come!

My first is to possess myself of you;
The music sets the march-sfep—forward, then!
And there 's the Queen, I go to claim you of,
The world to witness, wonder and applaud.
Our flower of life breaks open. No delay !

Constance. And so shall we be ruined, both of us.
Norbert, I know her to the skin and bone:
You do not know her, were not born to it,
To feel what she can see or cannot see.
Love, she is generous,—ay, despite your smile,
Generous as you are: for, in that thin frame
Pain-twisted, punctured through and through with
cares,
There lived a lavish soul until it starved,
Debarred of healthy food. Look to the soul—
Pity that, stoop to that, ere you begin
(The true man's-way) on justice and your rights,
Exactions and acquittance of the past!
Begin so—see what justice she will deal!
We women hate a debt as men a gift.
Suppose her some poor keeper of a school
Whose business is to sit thro' summer months
And dole out children leave to go and play,
Herself superior to such lightness—she
In the arm-chair's state and paedagogic pomp—
To the life, the laughter, sun and youth outside;

IN A BALCONY

We wonder such a face looks black on us?
I do not bid you wake her tenderness,
(That were vain truly—none is left to wake)
But let her think her justice is engaged
To take the shape of tenderness, and mark
If she 'll not coldly pay its warmest debt!
Does she love me, I ask you? not a whit:
Yet, thinking that her justice was engaged
To help a kinswoman, she took me up—
Did more on that bare ground than other loves
Would do on greater argument. For me
I have no equivalent of such cold kind
To pay her with, but love alone to give
If I give anything. I give her love:
I feel I ought to help her, and I will.
So, for her sake, as yours, I tell you twice
That women hate a debt as men a gift.
If I were you, I could obtain this grace—
Could lay the whole I did to love's account,
Nor yet be very false as courtiers go—
Declaring my success was recompense;
It would be so, in fact: what were it else?
And then, once loose her generosity,—
Oh, how I see it!—then, were I but you.
To turn it, let it seem to move itself,
And make it offer what I really take

Accepting just, in the poor cousin's hand,
Her value as the next thing to the Queen's—
Since none love Queens directly, none dare that,
And a thing's shadow or a name's mere echo
Suffices those who miss the name and thing!
You pick up just a ribbon she has worn,
To keep in proof how near her breath you came.
Say, I 'm so near I seem a piece of her—
Ask for me that way—(oh, you understand)
You 'd find the same gift yielded with a grace,
Which, if you make the least show to extort . . . ,
- - You 'll see ! and when you have ruined both of us,
Dissertate on the Queen's ingratitude !

Norbert. Then, if I turn it that way, you consent?
'T is not my way; I have more hope in truth :
Still, if you won't have truth—why, this indeed,
Were scarcely false, as I 'd express the sense.
Will you remain here?

Constance. O best heart of mine,
How I have loved you ! then, you take my way ?
Are mine as you have been her minister,
Work out my thought, give it effect for me,
Paint plain my poor conceit and make it serve?
I owe that withered woman everything—
Life, fortune, you, remember! Take my part—
Help me to pay her! Stand upon your rights ?

You, with my rose, my hands, my heart on you?
Your rights are mine—you have no rights but mine.

Norbert. Remain here. How you know me !

Constance. Ah, but still——

*[He breaks from her: she remains. Dance-music
from within.]*

Enter the QUEEN.

Queen. Constance? She is here as he said. Speak
quick!

Is it so? Is it true or false? One word !

Constance. True.

Queen. Mercifullest Mother, thanks to thee !

Constance. Madam?

Queen. I love you, Constance, from my soul.
Now say once more, with any words you will,
'T is true, all true, as true as that I speak.

Constance. Why should you doubt it?

Queen. Ah, why doubt? why doubt?
Dear, make me see it! Do you see it so?
None see themselves; another sees them best.
You say " why doubt it ?"—you see him and me.
It is because the Mother has such grace
That if we had but faith—wherein we fail—
Whate'er we yearn for would be granted us:
Yet still we let our whims prescribe despair.

Our fancies thwart and cramp our will and power,
And while, accepting life, abjure its use.
Constance, I had abjured the hope of love
And being loved, as truly as yon palm
The hope of seeing Egypt from that plot.

Constance. Heaven !

Queen. But it was so, Constance, it was so 1
Men say—or do men say it ? fancies say—
" Stop here, your life is set, you are grown old.
" Too late—no love for you, too late for love—
" Leave love to girls. Be queen : let Constance love."
One takes the hint—half meets it like a child,
Ashamed at any feelings that oppose.
" Oh love, true, never think of love again !
" I am a queen : I rule, not love forsooth."
So it goes on; so a face grows like this,
Hair like this hair, poor arms as lean as these,
Till,—nay, it does not end so, I thank God!

Constance. I cannot understand—

Queen. The happier you
Constance, I know not how it is with men:
For women (I am a woman now like you)
There is no good of life but love—but love |
What else looks good, is some shade flung from love
Love gilds it, gives it worth. Be warned by me,
Never you cheat yourself one instant! Love,

Give love, ask only love, and leave the rest!

O Constance, how I love you!

Constance, I love you.

Queen. I do believe that all is come through you.

I took you to my hearth to keep it warm

When the last chance of love seemed dead in me;

I thought your fresh youth warmed my withered heart.

Oh, I am very old now, am I not?

Not so! it is true and it shall be true!

Constance. Tell it me: let me judge if true or false.

Queen. Ah, but I fear you! you will look at me

And say, "she's old, she's grown unlovely quite

"Who ne'er was beautiful: men want beauty still."

Well, so I feared—the curse! so I felt sure!

Constance. Be calm. And now you feel not sure,
you say?

Queen. Constance, he came,—the coming was not
strange—

Do not I stand and see men come and go?

I turned a half-look from my pedestal

Where I grow marble—"one young man the more!

"He will love some one; that is nought to me:

"What would he with my marble stateliness?"

Yet this seemed somewhat worse than heretofore;

The man more gracious, youthful, like a god,

And I still older, with less flesh to change—

We two those dear extremes that long to touch.
It seemed still harder when he first began
To labour at those state-affairs, absorbed
The old way for the old end—interest.
Oh, to live with a thousand beating hearts
Around you, swift eyes, serviceable hands,
Professing they 've no care but for your cause,
Thought but to help you, love but for yourself,—
And you the marble statue all the time
They praise and point at as preferred to life,
Yet leave for the first breathing woman's smile,
First dancer's, gipsy's or street baladine's!
Why, how I have ground my teeth to hear men's speech
Stifled for fear it should alarm my ear,
Their gait subdued lest step should startle me,
Their eyes declined, such queendom to respect,
Their hands alert, such treasure to preserve,
While not a man of them broke rank and spoke,
Wrote me a vulgar letter all of love,
Or caught my hand and pressed it like a hand!
There have been moments, if the sentinel
Lowering his halbert to salute the queen,
Had flung it brutally and clasped my knees,
I would have stooped and kissed him with my soul
 Constance. Who could have comprehended?
 Queen. Ay, who—who?

Why, no one, Constance, but this one who did.
Not they, not you, not I. Even now perhaps
It comes too late—would you but tell the truth.

Constance. I wait to tell it.

Queen. Well, you see, he came,
Outfaced the others, did a work this year
Exceeds in value all was ever done,
You know—it is not I who say it—all
Say it. And so (a second pang and worse)
I grew aware not only of what he did,
But why so wondrously. Oh, never work
Like his was done for work's ignoble sake—
Souls need a finer aim to light and lure !
I felt, I saw, he loved—loved somebody.
And Constance, my dear Constance, do you know,
I did believe this while 't was you he loved.

Constance. Me, madam?

Queen. It did seem to me, your face
Met him where'er he looked: and whom but you
Was such a man to love? It seemed to me,
You saw he loved you, and approved his love,
And both of you were in intelligence.
You could not loiter in that garden, step
Into this balcony, but I straight was stung
And forced to understand. It seemed so true,
So right, so beautiful, so like you both,

IN A BALCONY

That all this work should have been done by him
Not for the vulgar hope of recompense,
But that at last—suppose, some night like this—
Borne on to claim his due reward of me,
He might say " Give her hand and pay me so."
And I (O Constance, you shall love me now !)
I thought, surmounting all the bitterness,
—" And he shall have it. I will make her blest,
" My flower of youth, my woman's self that was,
" My happiest woman's self that might have been!
" These two shall have their joy and leave me here."
Yes—yes !

Constance. Thanks!

Queen. And the word was on my lips
When he burst in upon me. I looked to hear
A mere calm statement of his just desire
For payment of his labour. When—O heaven,
How can I tell you? lightning on my eyes
And thunder in my ears proved that first word
Which told 't was love of me, of me, did all—
He loved me—from the first step to the last,
Loved me!

Constance. You hardly saw, scarce heard him speak
Of love: what if you should mistake?

Queen. No, no—
No mistake! Ha, there shall be no mistake!

He had not dared to hint the love he felt—
You were my reflex—(how I understood!)
He said you were the ribbon I had worn,
He kissed my hand, he looked into my eyes,
And love, love came at end of every phrase.
Love is begun; this much is come to pass:
The rest is easy. Constance, I am yours !
I will learn, I will place my life on you,
Teach me but how to keep what I have won
Am I so old? This hair was early grey :
But joy ere now has brought hair brown again,
And joy will bring the cheek's red back, I feel.
I could sing once too; that was in my youth.
Still, when men paint me, they declare me . . . yes,
Beautiful—for the last French painter did '
I know they flatter somewhat; you are frank—
I trust you. How I loved you from the first!
Some queens would hardly seek a cousin out
And set her by their side to take the eye: '
I must have felt that good would come from you.
I am not generous—like him—like you !
But he is not your lover after all:
It was not you he looked at. Saw you him?
You have not been mistaking words or looks?
He said you were the reflex of myself.
And yet he is not such a paragon

To you, to younger women who may choose
Among a thousand Norberts. Speak the truth !
You know you never named his name to me :
You know, I cannot give him up—ah God,
Not up now, even to you !

Constance. Then calm yourself.

Queen. See, I am old—look here, you happy girl
I will not play the fool, deceive—ah, whom ?
'T is all gone: put your cheek beside my cheek
And what a contrast does the moon behold!
But then I set my life upon one chance,
The last chance and the best—am I not left,
My soul, myself? All women love great men
If young or old ; it is in all the tales :
Young beauties love old poets who can love—
Why should not he, the poems in my soul,
The passionate faith, the pride of sacrifice,
Life-long, death-long? I throw them at his feet.
Who cares to see the fountain's very shape,
Whether it be a Triton's or a Nymph's
That pours the foam, makes rainbows all around?
You could not praise indeed the empty conch;
But I 'll pour floods of love and hide myself.
How I will love him ! Cannot men love love?
Who was a queen and loved a poet once
Humpbacked, a dwarf? ah, women can do that!

Well, but men too; at least, they tell you so.
They love so many women in their youth,
And even in age they all love whom they please;
And yet the best of them confide to friends
That 't is not beauty makes the lasting love—
They spend a day with such and tire the next:
They like soul,—well then, they like phantasy,
Novelty even. Let us confess the truth,
Horrible though it be, that prejudice,
Prescription . . . curses ! they will love a queen.
They will, they do: and will not, does not—he?

Constance. How can he? You are wedded: 'tis a
name

We know, but still a bond. Your rank remains,
His rank remains. How can he, nobly souled
As you believe and I incline to think,
Aspire to be your favourite, shame and all?

Queen. Hear her! There, there now - - could she love
like me?

What did I say of smooth-cheeked youth and grace?
See all it does or could do ! so youth loves !
Oh, tell him, Constance, you could never do
What I will—you, it was not born in ! I
Will drive these difficulties far and fast
As yonder mists curdling before the moon.
I 'll use my light too, gloriously retrieve

My youth from its enforced calamity,
Dissolve that hateful marriage, and be his,
His own in the eyes alike of God and man.

Constance. You will do—dare do . . . pause on what
you say!

Queen. Hear her! I thank you, sweet, for that surprise
You have the fair face : for the soul, see mine !
I have the strong soul: let me teach you, here.
I think I have borne enough and long enough,
And patiently enough, the world remarks,
To have my own way now, unblamed by all.
It does so happen (I rejoice for it)
This most unhopèd-for issue cuts the knot.
There 's not a better way of settling claims
Than this; God sends the accident express:
And were it for my subjects' good, no more,
'T were best thus ordered. I am thankful now,
Mute, passive, acquiescent. I receive,
And bless God simply, or should almost fear
To walk so smoothly to my ends at last.
Why, how I baffle obstacles, spurn fate !
How strong I am ! Could Norbert see me now !

Constance. Let me consider. It is all too strange.

Queen, You, Constance, learn of me ; do you, like
me!

You are young, beautiful: my own, best girl,

You will have many lovers, and love one—
Light hair, not hair like Norbert's, to suit yours :
Taller than he is, since yourself are tall.
Love him, like me ! Give all away to him ;
Think never of yourself; throw by your pride,
Hope, fear,—your own good as you saw it once,
And love him simply for his very self.
Remember, I (and what am I to you?)
Would give up all for one, leave throne, lose life,
Do all but just unlove him ! He loves me.

Constance. He shall.

Queen. You, step inside my inmost heart!
Give me your own heart: let us have one heart'
I 'll come to you for counsel; " this he says,
" This he does; what should this amount to, pray ?
" Beseech you, change it into current coin !
" Is that worth kisses? Shall I please him there?"
And then we 'll speak in turn of you— what else?
Your love, according to your beauty's worth,
For you shall have some noble love, all gold:
Whom choose you? we will get him at your choice.
—Constance, I leave you. Just a minute since,
I felt as I must die or be alone
Breathing my soul into an ear like yours:
Now, I would face the world with my new life,
Wear my new crown. I 'll walk around the rooms,

And then come back and tell you how it feels.
How soon a smile of God can change the world!
How we are made for happiness—how work
Grows play, adversity a winning fight!
True, I have lost so many years: what then?
Many remain: God has been very good.
You, stay here! 'T is as different from dreams,
From the mind's cold calm estimate of bliss,
As these stone statues from the flesh and blood.
The comfort thou hast caused mankind, God's moon!

*[She goes out, leaving CONSTANCE. Dance-music
from within.]*

NORBERT enters.

Norbert. Well? we have but one minute and one word!

Constance. I am yours, Norbert!

Norbert.

Yes, mine.

Constance.

Not till now 1

You were mine. Now I give myself to you.

Norbert. Constance?

Constance.

Your own ! I know the thriftier way
Of giving—haply, 't is the wiser way.
Meaning to give a treasure, I might dole
Coin after coin out (each, as that were all,
With a new largess still at each despair)
And force you keep in sight the deed, preserve

Exhaustless till the end my part and yours,
My giving and your taking; both our joys
Dying together. Is it the wiser way?
I choose the simpler; I give all at once.
Know what you have to trust to, trade upon !
Use it, abuse it,—anything but think
Hereafter, " Had I known she loved me so,
" And what my means, I might have thriven with it."
This is your means. I give you all myself.

Norbert. I take you and thank God.

Constance. Look on through years !
We cannot kiss, a second day like this;
Else were this earth no earth.

Norbert. With this day's heat
We shall go on through years of cold

Constance. So, best!
—I try to see those years—I think I see.
You walk quick and new warmth comes; you look back
And lay all to the first glow—not sit down
For ever brooding on a day like this
While seeing embers whiten and love die.
Yes, love lives best in its effect; and mine,
Full in its own life, yearns to live in yours.

Norbert Just so. I take and know you all at once.
Your soul is disengaged so easily,
Your face is there, I know you; give me time,

Let me be proud and think you shall know me.
My soul is slower: in a life I roll
The minute out whereto you condense yours—
The whole slow circle round you I must move,
To be just you. I look to a long life
To decompose this minute, prove its worth.
'T is the sparks' long succession one by one
Shall show you, in the end, what fire was crammed
In that mere stone you struck: how could you know:
If it lay ever unproved in your sight,
As now my heart lies ? your own warmth would hide
Its coldness, were it cold.

Constance. But how prove, how?

Norbert. Prove in my life, you ask?

Constance. Quick, Norbert—how?

Norbert. That's easy told. I count life just a stuff
To try the soul's strength on, educe the man.
Who keeps one end in view makes all things serve.
As with the body—he who hurls a lance
Or heaps up stone on stone, shows strength alike :
So must I seize and task all means to prove
And show this soul of mine, you crown as yours,
And justify us both.

Constance. Could you write books,
Paint pictures ! One sits down in poverty
And writes or paints, with pity for the rich.

Norbert. And loves one's painting and one's writing,
then,

And not one's mistress! All is best, believe,
And we best as no other than we are.
We live, and they experiment on life—
Those poets, painters, all who stand aloof
To overlook the farther. Let us be
The thing they look at! I might take your face
And write of it and paint it—to what end?
For whom? what pale dictatress in the air
Feeds, smiling sadly, her fine ghost-like form
With earth's real blood and breath, the beauteous life
She makes despised for ever? You are mine,
Made for me, not for others in the world,
Nor yet for that which I should call my art,
The cold calm power to see how fair you look.
I come to you; I leave you not, to write
Or paint. You are, I am: let Rubens there
Paint us!

Constance. So, best!

Norbert. I understand your soul.
You live, and rightly sympathize with life,
With action, power, success. This way is straight;
And time were short beside, to let me change
The craft my childhood learnt: my craft shall serve.
Men set me here to subjugate, enclose,

IN A BALCONY

Manure their barren lives, and force thence fruit
First for themselves, and afterward for me
In the due tithe; the task of some one soul,
Through ways of work appointed by the world.
I am not bid create—men see no star
Transfiguring my brow to warrant that—
But find and bind and bring to bear their wills.
So I began: to-night sees how I end.
What if it see, too, power's first outbreak here
Amid the warmth, surprise and sympathy,
And instincts of the heart that teach the head?
What if the people have discerned at length
The dawn of the next nature, novel brain
Whose will they venture in the place of theirs,
Whose work, they trust, shall find them as novel ways
To untried heights which yet he only sees?
I felt it when you kissed me. See this Queen,
This people—in our phrase, this mass of men—
See how the mass lies passive to my hand
Now that my hand is plastic, with you by
To make the muscles iron ! Oh, an end
Shall crown this issue as this crowns the first!
My will be on this people ! then, the strain,
The grappling of the potter with his clay,
The long uncertain struggle,—the success
And consummation of the spirit-work,

Some vase shaped to the curl of the god's lip,
While rounded fair for human sense to see
The Graces in a dance men recognize
With turbulent applause and laughs of heart!
So triumph ever shall renew itself;
Ever shall end in efforts higher yet,
Ever begin . . .

Constance. I ever helping?

Norbert. Thus!

[As he embraces her, the QUEEN enters.]

Constance. Hist, madam ! So have I performed my
part.

You see your gratitude's true decency,

Norbert? A little slow in seeing it!

Begin, to end the sooner ! What's a kiss?

Norbert Constance?

Constance. Why, must I teach it you again?

You want a witness to your dulness, sir?

What was I saying these ten minutes long?

Then I repeat—when some young handsome man

Like you has acted out a part like yours,

Is pleased to fall in love with one beyond,

So very far beyond him, as he says—

So hopelessly in love that but to speak

Would prove him mad,—he thinks judiciously,

And makes some insignificant good soul,

Like me, his friend, adviser, confidant,
And very stalking-horse to cover him
In following after what he dares not face.
When his end 's gained—(sir, do you understand ?)
When she, he dares not face, has loved him first.
—May I not say so, madam?—tops his hope,
And overpasses so his wildest dream,
With glad consent of all, and most of her
The confidant who brought the same about—
Why, in the moment when such joy explodes,
I do hold that the merest gentleman
Will not start rudely from the stalking-horse,
Dismiss it with a " There, enough of you !"
Forget it, show his back unmannerly:
But like a liberal heart will rather turn
And say, " A tingling time of hope was ours;
" Betwixt the fears and falterings, we two lived
" A chanceful time in waiting for the prize:
" The confidant, the Constance, served not ill.
" And though I shall forget her in due time,
" Her use being answered now, as reason bids,
" Nay as herself bids from her heart of hearts,—
" Still, she has rights, the first thanks go to her,
" The first good praise goes to the prosperous tool,
" And the first—which is the last—rewarding kiss."
Norbert. Constance, it is a dream—ah, see, you smile!

Constance. So, now his part being properly performed,
Madam, I turn to you and finish mine
As duly; I do justice in my turn.
Yes, madam, he has loved you—long and well;
He could not hope to tell you so— 't was I
Who served to prove your soul accessible,
I led his thoughts on, drew them to their place
When they had wandered else into despair,
And kept love constant toward its natural aim.
Enough, my part is played; you stoop half-way
And meet us royally and spare our fears:
'T is like yourself. He thanks you, so do I.
Take him—with my full heart! my work is praised
By what comes of it. Be you happy, both !
Yourself—the only one on earth who can—
Do all for him, much more than a mere heart
Which though warm is not useful in its warmth
As the silk vesture of a queen ! fold that
Around him gently, tenderly. For him—
For him,-- he knows his own part!

Norbert

Have you done?

I take the jest at last. Should I speak now?
Was yours the wager, Constance, foolish child,
Or did you but accept it? Well—at least
You lose by it.

Constance, Nay, madam, 't is your turn!

Restrain him still from speech a little more,
And make him happier as more confident!
Pity him, madam, he is timid yet!
Mark, Norbert! Do not shrink now ! Here I yield
My whole right in you to the Queen, observe!
With her go put in practice the great schemes
You teem with, follow the career else closed—
Be all you cannot be except by her!
Behold her!—Madam, say for pity's sake
Anything—frankly say you love him! Else
He 'll not believe it: there's more earnest in
His fear than you conceive: I know the man !

Norbert. I know the woman somewhat, and confess
I thought she had jested better: she begins
To overcharge her part. I gravely wait
Your pleasure, madam: where is my reward?

Queen. Norbert, this wild girl (whom I recognize
Scarce more than you do, in her fancy-fit,
Eccentric speech and variable mirth,
Not very wise perhaps and somewhat bold,
Yet suitable, the whole night's work being strange)
—May still be right: I may do well to speak
And make authentic what appears a dream
To even myself. For, what she says, is true:
Yes, Norbert—what you spoke just now of love,
Devotion, stirred no novel sense in me,

But justified a warmth felt long before.
Yes, from the first—I loved you, I shall say:
Strange! but I do grow stronger, now 't is said.
Your courage helps mine: you did well to speak
To-night, the night that crowns your twelvemonths' toil:
But still I had not waited to discern
Your heart so long, believe me! From the first
The source of so much zeal was almost plain,
In absence even of your own words just now
Which hazarded the truth. 'T is very strange,
But takes a happy ending—in your love
Which mine meets: be it so! as you chose me,
So I choose you.

Norbert. And worthily you choose.

I will not be unworthy your esteem,
No, madam. I do love you ; I will meet
Your nature, now I know it. This was well.
I see,—you dare and you are justified :
But none had ventured such experiment,
Less versed than you in nobleness of heart,
Less confident of finding such in me.
I joy that thus you test me ere you grant
The dearest richest beauteousest and best
Of women to my arms: 't is like yourself.
So—back again into my part's set words—
Devotion to the uttermost is yours,

But no, you cannot, madam, even you,
Create in me the love our Constance does.
Qr—something truer to the tragic phrase—
Not yon magnolia-bell superb with scent
Invites a certain insect—that 's myself—
But the small eye-flower nearer to the ground.
I take this lady.

Constance. Stay—not hers, the trap—
Stay, Norbert—that mistake were worst of all!
He is too cunning, madam! It was I,
I, Norbert, who . . .

Norbert. You, was it, Constance? Then,
But for the grace of this divinest hour
Which gives me you, I might not pardon here!
I am the Queen's; she only knows my brain
She may experiment upon my heart
And I instruct her too by the result.
But you, sweet, you who know me, who so long
Have told my heart-beats over, held my life
In those white hands of yours,—it is not well 1

Constance. Tush ! I have said it, did I not say it all?
The life, for her—the heart-beats, for her sake !

Norbert. Enough! my cheek grows red, I think.
Your test ?

There's not the meanest woman in the world,
Not she I least could love **in all the world,**

IN A BALCONY

Whom, did she love me, had love proved itself,
I dare insult as you insult me now.
Constance, I could say, if it must be said,
" Take back the soul you offer, I keep mine !"
But—" Take the soul still quivering on your hand,
" The soul so offered, which I cannot use,
" And, please you, give it to some playful friend,
" For—what's the trifle he requites me with ? "
I, tempt a woman, to amuse a man,
That two may mock her heart if it succumb?
No: fearing God and standing 'neath his heaven,
I would not dare insult a woman so,
Were she the meanest woman in the world,
And he, I cared to please, ten emperors !

Constance. Norbert!

Norbert. I love once as I live but once.
What case is this to think or talk about ?
I love you. Would it mend the case at all
If such a step as this killed love in me ?
Your part were done: account to God for it!
But mine—could murdered love get up again,
And kneel to whom you please to designate,
And make you mirth ? It is too horrible.
You did not know this, Constance ? now you know
That body and soul have each one life, but one:
And here 's my love, here, living, at your feet.

Constance. See the Queen! Norbert—this one more
last word—

If thus you have taken jest for earnest—thus
Loved me in earnest . . .

Norbert. Ah, no jest holds here !
Where is the laughter in which jests break up,
And what this horror that grows palpable ?
Madam—why grasp you thus the balcony ?
Have I done ill ? Have I not spoken truth ?
How could I other ? Was it not your test,
To try me, what my love for Constance meant ?
Madam, your royal soul itself approves,
The first, that I should choose thus ! so one takes
A beggar,—asks him, what would buy his child ?
And then approves the expected laugh of scorn
Returned as something noble from the rags.
Speak, Constance, I 'm the beggar! Ha, what's this ?
You two glare each at each like panthers now.
Constance, the world fades; only you stand there!
You did not, in to-night's wild whirl of things,
Sell me—your soul of souls, for any price ?
No—no—'t is easy to believe in you !
Was it your love's mad trial to o'ertop
Mine by this vain self-sacrifice ? well, still—
Though I might curse, I love you. I am love
And cannot change: love's self is at your feet!

[The QUEEN goes out,

Constance. Feel my heart; let it die against your own!

Norbert. Against my own. Explain not; let this be!
This is life's height.

Constance. Yours, yours, yours !

Norbert. You and I—
Why care by what meanders we are here
I' the centre of the labyrinth? Men have died
Trying to find this place, which we have found.

Constance. Found, found!

Norbert. Sweet, never fear what she can do!
We are past harm now.

Constance. On the breast of God.
I thought of men—as if you were a man.
Tempting him with a crown!

Norbert. This must end here:
It is too perfect.

Constance. There's the music stopped.
What measured heavy tread? It is one blaze
About me and within me.

Norbert. Oh, some death
Will run its sudden finger round this spark
And sever us from the rest!

Constance. And so do well.
Now the doors open.

Norbert. 'T is the guard comes.

Constance, Kiss !

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

DRAMATTS PERSONAE.

1864.

JAMES LEES WIFE.

I.-JAMES LEE'S WIFE SPEAKS AT THE WINDOW.

I.

A H , Love, but a day
And the world has changed !
The sun 's away,
And the bird estranged;
The wind has dropped,
And the sky 's deranged:
Summer has stopped.

11.

Look in my eyes!
Wilt thou change too ?
Should I fear surprise ?
Shall I find aught new
In the old and dear,
In the good and true,
With the changing year ?

III.

Thou art a man,
 But I am thy love.
For the lake, its swan;
 For the dell, its dove;
And for thee—(oh, haste !)
 Me, to bend above,
Me, to hold embraced.

11.-BY THE FIRESIDE.

I.

Is all our fire of shipwreck wood,
Oak and pine ?
Oh, for the ills half-understood,
The dim dead woe
Long ago
Befallen this bitter coast of France 1
Well, poor sailors took their chance;
I take mine.

II.

A ruddy shaft our fire must shoot
O'er the sea:
Do sailors eye the casement—mute,
Drenched and stark,
From their bark—
And envy, gnash their teeth for hate
O' the warm safe house and happy freight
—Thee and me ?

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

III.

God help you, sailors, at your need!
Spare the curse!
For some ships, safe in port indeed,
Rot and rust,
Run to dust,
All through worms i' the wood, which crept,
Gnawed our hearts out while we slept:
That is worse.

IV.

Who lived here before us two ?
Old-world pairs.
Did a woman ever—would I knew!—
Watch the man
With whom began
Love's voyage full-sail,—(now, gnash your
teeth!)

When planks start, open hell beneath
Unawares?

III.-IN THE DOORWAY.

I.

THE swallow has set her six young on the rail,
And looks sea-ward:
The water's in stripes like a snake, olive-pale
To the leeward,—
On the weather-side, black, spotted white with the wind.
" Good fortune departs, and disaster's behind,"—
Hark, the wind with its wants and its infinite wail!

II.

Our fig-tree, that leaned for the saltness, has furled
Her five fingers,
Each leaf like a hand opened wide to the world
Where there lingers
No glint of the gold, Summer sent for her sake:
How the vines writhe in rows, each impaled on its stake!
My heart shrivels up and my spirit shrinks curled.

III.

Yet here are we two; we have love, house enough,
 With the field there,
This house of four rooms, that field red and rough,
 Though it yield there,
For the rabbit that robs, scarce a blade or a bent;
If a magpie alight now, it seems an event;
And they both will be gone at November's rebuff.

IV

But why must cold spread? but wherefore bring change
 To the spirit,
God meant should mate his with an infinite range,
 And inherit
His power to put life in the darkness and cold?
Oh, live and love worthily, bear and be bold!
Whom Summer made friends of, let Winter estrange!

IV.-ALONG THE BEACH.

I.

I WILL be quiet and talk with you,
And reason why you are wrong.
You wanted my love—is that much true?
And so I did love, so I do:
What has come of it all along?

II.

I took you—how could I otherwise?
For a world to me, and more;
For all, love greatens and glorifies
Till God 's a-glow, to the loving eyes,
In what was mere earth before.

III.

Yes, earth—yes, mere ignoble earth!
Now do I mis-state, mistake?
Do I wrong your weakness and call it worth
Expect all harvest, dread no dearth,
Seal my sense up for your sake?

IV.

Oh, Love, Love, no, Love! not so, indeed)
You were just weak earth, I knew :
With much in you waste, with many a weed,
And plenty of passions run to seed,
But a little good grain too.

And such as you were, I took you for mine:
Did not you find me yours,
To watch the olive and wait the vine,
And wonder when rivers of oil and wine
Would flow, as the Book assures?

VI.

Well, and if none of these good things came,
What did the failure prove?
The man was my whole world, all the same,
With his flowers to praise or his weeds to blame,
And, either or both, to love.

VII.

Yet this turns now to a tault—there ! there!

That I do love, watch too long,
And wait too well, and weary and wear;
And 't is all an old story, and my despair
Fit subject for some new song:

VIII.

" How the light, light love, he has wings to fly
" At suspicion of a bond:
" My wisdom has bidden your pleasure good-bye,
" Which will turn up next in a laughing eye,
" And why should you look beyond ? "

V.-ON THE CLIFF.

I.

I LEANED on the turf,
I looked at a rock
Left dry by the surf;
For the turf, to call it grass were to mock:
Dead to the roots, so deep was done
The work *of* the summer sun.

II.

And the rock lay flat
As an anvil's face:
No iron like that!
Baked dry; of a weed, of a shell, no trace:
Sunshine* outside, but ice at the core,
Death's altar by the lone shore.

III.

On the turf, sprang gay
With his films of blue,
No cricket, I 'll say,
But a warhorse, barded and chanfroned too,
The gift of a quixote-mage to his knight,
Real fairy, with wings all right.

IV.

On the rock, they scorch
Like a drop of fire
From a brandished torch,
Fall two red fans of a butterfly:
No turf, no rock : in their ugly stead
See, wonderful blue and red!

V.

Is it not so
With the minds of men?
The level and low,
The burnt and bare, in themselves; but then
With such a blue and red grace, not theirs,—
Love settling unawares!

VI.—READING A BOOK, UNDER THE CLIFF

I.

- " STILL ailing, Wind? Wilt be appeased or no?
" Which needs the other's office, thou or I?
" Dost want to be disburthened of a woe,
" And can, in truth, my voice untie
" Its links, and let it go?

II.

- " Art thou a dumb wronged thing that would be
righted,
" Entrusting thus thy cause to me? Forbear!
" No tongue can mend such pleadings; faith, requited
" With falsehood,—love, at last aware
" Of scorn,—hopes, early blighted,—

III.

- " We have them; but I know not any tone
" So fit as thine to falter forth a sorrow:
" Dost think men would go mad without a moan,
" If they knew any way to borrow
" A pathos like thy own?

IV.

" Which sigh wouldst mock, of all the sighs ? The one
" So long escaping from lips starved and blue,
" That lasts while on her pallet-bed the nun
" Stretches her length; her foot comes through
" The straw she shivers on;

V.

" You had not thought she was so tall: and spent,
" Her shrunk lids open, her lean fingers shut
" Close, close, their sharp and livid nails indent
" The clammy palm; then all is mute:
" That way, the spirit went.

VI.

" Or wouldst thou rather that I understand
" Thy will to help me?—like the dog I found
" Once, pacing sad this solitary strand,
" Who would not take my food, poor hound,
" But whined and licked my hand."

VII.

All this, and more, comes from some young man's pride
Of power to see, - in failure and mistake,
Relinquishment, disgrace, on every side,—
Merely examples for his sake,
Helps to his path untried:

VIII.

Instances he must—simply recognize?
Oh, more than so !—must, with a learner's zeal,
Make doubly prominent, twice emphasize,
By added touches that reveal
The god in babe's disguise.

IX.

Oh, he knows what defeat means, and the rest!
Himself the undefeated that shall be:
Failure, disgrace, he flings them you to test,—
His triumph, in eternity
Too plainly manifest!

X.

Whence, judge if he learn forthwith what the wind
Means in its* moaning—by the happy prompt

Instinctive way of youth, I mean; for kind
Calm years, exacting their accompt
Of pain, mature the mind :

XI.

And some midsummer morning, at the lull
Just about daybreak, as he looks across
A sparkling foreign country, wonderful
To the sea's edge for gloom and gloss,
Next minute must annul,—

XII.

Then, when the wind begins among the vines,
So low, so low, what shall it say but this?
" Here is the change beginning, here the lines
" Circumscribe beauty, set to bliss
" The limit time assigns."

XIII.

Nothing can be as it has been before;
Better, so call it, only not the same.
To draw one beauty into our hearts' core,
And keep it changeless ! such our claim;
So answered,—Never more !

XIV.

Simple? Why this is the old woe o' the world;
Tune, to whose rise and fall we live and die.
Rise with it, then ! Rejoice that man is hurled
From change to change unceasingly,
His soul's wings never furled !

XV.

That 's a new question; still replies the fact,
Nothing endures : the wind moans, saying so;
We moan in acquiescence: there 's life's pact,
Perhaps probation—do I know ?
God does: endure his act !

XVI.

Only, for man, how bitter not to grave
On his soul's hands' palms one fair good wise thing
Just as he grasped it ! For himself, death's wave;
While time first washes —ah, the sting !—
O'er all he 'd sink to, save.

VII.-AMONG THE ROCKS.

OH, good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth,
This autumn morning ! How he sets his bones
To bask i' the sun, and thrusts out knees and feet
For the ripple to run over in its mirth;
Listening the while, where on the heap of stones
The white breast of the sea-lark twitters sweet.

That is the doctrine, simple, ancient, true;
Such is life's trial, as old earth smiles and knows.
If you loved only what were worth your love,
Love were clear gain, and wholly well for you :
Make the low nature better by your throes I
Give earth yourself, go up for gain above !

VIII.—BESIDE THE DRAWING BOARD.

I.

" As like as a Hand to another Hand !"

Whoever said that foolish thing.

Could not have studied to understand

The counsels of God in fashioning,

Out of the infinite love of his heart,

This Hand, whose beauty I praise, apart

From the world of wonder left to praise,

If I tried to learn the other ways "

Of love in its skill, or love in its power.

" As like as a Hand to another Hand ":

Who said that, never took his stand,

Found and followed, like me, an hour,

The beauty in¹ this,—how free, how fine

To fear, almost,—of the limit-line !

As I looked at this, and learned and drew,

Drew and learned, and looked again,

While fast the happy minutes flew,

Its beauty mounted into my brain,

And a fancy seized me; I was fain

To efface my work, begin anew,
Kiss what before I only drew;
Ay, laying the red chalk 'twixt my lips,
 With soul to help if the mere lips failed,
 I kissed all right where the drawing ailed,
Kissed fast the grace that somehow slips
Still from one's soulless finger-tips.

II.

'T is a clay cast, the perfect thing,
 From Hand live once, dead long ago:
Princess-like it wears the ring
 To fancy's eye, by which we know
That here at length a master found
 His match, a proud lone soul its mate,
As soaring genius sank to ground,
 And pencil could not emulate
The beauty in this,—how free, how fine
To fear almost !—of the limit-line.
Long ago the god, like me
The worm, learned, each in our degree;
Looked and loved, learned and drew,
 Drew and learned and loved again,
While fast the happy minutes flew,
 Till beauty mounted into his brain

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

And on the finger which outvied
His art he placed the ring that's there,
Still by fancy's eye descried,
In token of a marriage rare :
For him on earth, his art's despair,
For him in heaven, his soul's fit bride.

III.

Little girl with the poor coarse hand
I turned from to a cold clay cast—
I have my lesson, understand
The worth of flesh and blood at last.
Nothing but beauty in a Hand?
Because he could not change the hue.
Mend the lines and make them true
To this which met his soul's demand,—
Would Da Vinci turn from you?
I hear him laugh my woes to scorn—
" The fool forsooth is all forlorn
" Because the beauty, she thinks best,
" Lived long ago or was never born,—
" Because no beauty bears the test
" In this rough peasant Hand ! Confessed
" ' Art is null and study void !'
" So sayest thou? So said not I,
" Who threw the faulty pencil by,

JAMES LEE'S WIFE

" And years instead of hours employed,
" Learning the veritable use
 " Of flesh and bone and nerve beneath
 " Lines and hue of the outer sheath,
" I f haply I might reproduce
" One motive of the powers profuse,
" Flesh and bone and nerve that make
 " The poorest coarsest human hand
 " An object worthy to be scanned
" A whole life long for their sole sake.
" Shall earth and the cramped moment-space
" Yield the heavenly crowning grace?
" Now the parts and then the whole !
" Who art thou, with stinted soul
 " And stunted body, thus to cry
" ' I love,—shall that be life's strait dole?
 " ' I must live beloved or die !'
" This peasant hand that spins the wool
 " And bakes the bread, why lives it on,
 " Poor and coarse with beauty gone,—
" What use survives the beauty?" Fool!

Go, little girl with the poor coarse hand!
I have my lesson, shall understand.

IX,—ON DECK.

I,

THERE is nothing to remember in me,
Nothing I ever said with a grace,
Nothing I did that you care to see,
Nothing I was that deserves a place
In your mind, now I leave you, set you free.

II.

Conceded! In turn, concede to me,
Such things have been as a mutual flame.
Your soul's locked fast; but, love for a key,
You might let it loose, till I grew the same
In your eyes, as in mine you stand: strange
plea!

III.

For then, then, what would it matter to me
That I was the harsh ill-favoured one?

We both should be like as pea and pea ;
It was ever so since the world begun:
So, let me proceed with my reverie.

IV.

How strange it were if you had all me,
As I have all you in my heart and brain,
You, whose least word brought gloom or glee,
Who never lifted the hand in vain—
Will hold mine yet, from over the sea !

v.

Strange, if a face, when you thought of me,
Rose like your own face present now,
With eyes as dear in their due degree,
Much such a mouth, and as bright a brow,
Till you saw yourself, while you cried " 'T is
She !"

VI.

Well, you may, you must, set down to me
Love that was life, life that was love;
A tenure of breath at your lips' decree,
A passion to stand as your thoughts approve,
A rapture to fall where your foot might be.

VII.

But did one touch of such love for me
Come in a word or a look of yours,
Whose words and looks will, circling, flee
Round me and round while life endures,—
Could I fancy "As I feel, thus feels he";

VIII.

Why, fade you might to a thing like me,
And your hair grow these coarse hanks of hair,
Your skin, this bark of a gnarled tree,—
You might turn myself!—should I know or care
When I should be dead of joy, James Lee?

GOLD HAIR:
A STORY OF PORNIC

OH, the beautiful girl, too white,
 Who lived at Pornic, down by the sea
Just where the sea and the Loire unite!
 And a boasted name in Brittany
She bore, which I will not write.

II.

Too white, for the flower of life is red;
 Her flesh was the soft seraphic screen
Of a soul that is meant (her parents said)
 To just see earth, and hardly be seen,
And, blossom *in* heaven instead.

III.

Yet earth saw one thing, one how fair!
 One grace that grew to its full on earth:

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Smiles might be sparse on her cheek so spare,
And her waist want half a girdle's girth,
But she had her great gold hair.

IV

Hair, such a wonder of flax and floss,
Freshness and fragrance—floods of it, too !
Gold, did I say? Nay, gold 's mere dross.
Here, Life smiled, " Think what I meant to do !"
And Love sighed, " Fancy my loss !"

v.

So, when she died, it was scarce more strange
Than that, when delicate evening dies,
And you follow its spent sun's pallid range,
There 's a shoot of colour startles the skies
With sudden, violent change,—

VI.

That, while the breath was neatly to seek,
As they put the little cross to her lips,
She changed; a spot came out on her cheek,
A spark from her eye in mid-eclipse,
And she broke forth, " I must speak !"

VII.

" Not my hair ! " made the girl her moan—
" All the rest is gone or to go;
" But the last, last grace, my all, my own,
" Let it stay in the grave, that the ghosts may
 know !
" Leave my poor gold hair alone !"

VIII.

The passion thus vented, dead lay she;
Her parents sobbed their worst on that;
All friends joined in, nor observed degree :
For indeed the hair was to wonder at,
As it spread—not flowing free,

IX.

But curled around her brow, like a crown,
And coiled beside her cheeks, like a cap,
And calmed about her neck—ay, down
To her breast, pressed flat, without a gap
I' the gold, it reached her gown.

X.

All kissed that face, like a silver wedge
Mid the yellow wealth, nor disturbed its hair:

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

E'en the priest allowed death's privilege,
As he planted the crucifix with care
On her breast, 'twixt edge and edge.

XI.

And thus was she buried, inviolate
Of body and soul, in the very space
By the altar; keeping saintly state
In Pornic church, for her pride of race,
Pure life and piteous fate.

XII.

And in after-time would your fresh tear fall,
Though your mouth might twitch with a
dubious smile,
As they told you of gold, both robe and pall,
How she prayed them leave it alone awhile,
So it never was touched at all.

XIII.

Years flew; this legend grew at last
The life of the lady; all she had done,
All been, in the memories fading fast
Of lover and friend, was summed in one
Sentence survivors passed:

GOLD HAIR: A STORY OF PORNIC

XIV.

To wit, she was meant for heaven, not earth;
Had turned an angel before the time:
Yet, since she was mortal, in such dearth
Of frailty, all you could count a crime
Was—she knew her gold hair's worth.

XV.

At little pleasant Pornic church,
It chanced, the pavement wanted repair,
Was taken to pieces : left in the lurch,
A certain sacred space lay bare,
And the boys began research.

XVI.

'T was the space where our sires would lay a saint,
A benefactor,—a bishop, suppose,
A baron with armour-adornments quaint,
Dame with chased ring and jewelled rose,
Things sanctity saves from taint;

xvII.

So we come to find them in after-days
When the corpse is presumed to have done with
gauds

Of use to the living, in many ways:

For the boys get pelf, and the town applauds,
And the church deserves the praise.

XVIII.

They grubbed with a will: and at length—*O cor
Humanum, pectora coeca*, and the rest!—

They found—no gaud they were prying for,
No ring, no rose, but—who would have guessed?—
A double Louis-d'or!

XIX.

Here was a case for the priest: he heard,
Marked, inwardly digested, laid
Finger on nose, smiled, "There's a bird
"Chirps in my ear": then, "Bring a spade,
Dig deeper!"—he gave the word.

XX.

And lo, when they came to the coffin-lid,
Or rotten planks which composed it once,
Why, there lay the girl's skull wedged amid
A mint of money, it served **for** the **nonce**
To hold in its hair-heaps hid!

GOLD HAIR • A STORY OF PORNIC

XXI.

Hid there? Why? Could the girl be wont
 (Shē the stainless soul) to treasure up
Money, earth's trash and heaven's affront?
 Had a spider found out the communion-cup,
Was a toad in the christening-font?

XXII.

Truth is truth : too true it was.
 Gold J She hoarded and hugged it first,
Longed for it, leaned o'er it, loved it alas—
 Till the humour grew to a head and burst,
And she cried, at the final pass,—

XXIII.

" Talk not of God, my heart is stone !
 " Nor lover nor friend—be gold for both !
" Gold I lack; and, my all, my own,
 " It shall hide in my hair. I scarce die loth
" If they let my hair alone !"

xxIv.

Louis-d'or, some six times *five*,
 And duly **double, every** piece.

Now do you see ? With the priest to shrive,
With parents preventing her soul's release
By kisses that kept alive,—

XXV.

With heaven's gold gates about to ope,
With friends' praise, gold-like, lingering still,
An instinct had bidden the girl's hand grope
For gold, the true sort—" Gold in heaven, if you
will;
" But I keep earth's too, I hope."

XXVI.

Enough ! The priest took the grave's grim yield:
The parents, they eyed that price of sin
As if *thirty pieces* lay revealed
On the place to *bury strangers in*.
The hideous Potter's Field.

XXVII.

But the priest bethought him : " ' Milk that's spilt'
" You know the adage ! Watch and pray !
" Saints tumble to earth with so slight a tilt!
" It would build a new altar; that, we may !"
And the altar therewith was built.

XXVIII.

Why I deliver this horrible verse ?

As the text of a sermon, which now I preach:
Evil or good may be better or worse

In the human heart, but the mixture of each
Is a marvel and a curse.

XXIX.

The candid incline to surmise of late

That the Christian faith proves false, I find:
For our Essays and-Reviews' debate

Begins to tell on the public mind,
And Colenso's words have weight:

XXX.

I still, to suppose it true, for my part,

See reasons and reasons; this, to begin :
'T is the faith that launched point-blank her dart
At the head of a lie—taught Original Sin,
The Corruption of Man's Heart.

THE WORST OF IT,

I.

WOULD it were I had been false, not you!

I that am nothing, not you that are all:

I, never the worse for a touch or two

On my speckled hide; not you, the pride
Of the day, my swan, that a first fleck's fall

On her wonder of white must unswan, undo I

II.

I had dipped in life's struggle and, out again,

Bore specks of it here, there, easy to see,
When I found my swan and the cure was plain;

The dull turned bright as I caught your white
On my bosom: you saved me—saved in vain

If you ruined yourself, and all through me!

III.

Yes, all through the speckled beast that I am,
Who taught you to stoop; you gave me yourself,
And bound your soul by the vows that damn :
Since on better thought you break, as you ought,
Vows—words, no angel set down, some elf
Mistook,—for an oath, an epigram!

IV

Yes, might I judge you, here were my heart,
And a hundred its like, to treat as you pleased!
I choose to be yours, for my proper part,
Yours, leave or take, or mar me or make;
If I acquiesce, why should you be teased
With the conscience-prick and the memory-smart ?

V.

But what will God say ? Oh, my sweet,
Think, and be sorry you did this thing
Though earth were unworthy to feel your feet,
There's a heaven above may deserve your love:
Should you forfeit heaven for a snapt gold ring
And a promise broke, were it just or meet ?

VI.

And I to have tempted you! I, who tired
Your soul, no doubt, till it sank ! Unwise,
I loved and was lowly, loved and aspired,
Loved, grieving or glad, till I made you mad,
And you meant to have hated and despised—
Whereas, you deceived me nor inquired!

VII.

She, ruined? How? No heaven for her?
Crowns to give, and none for the brow
That looked like marble and smelt like myrrh ?
Shall the robe be worn, and the palm-branch borne,
And she go graceless, she graced now
Beyond all saints, as themselves aver ?

VIII.

Hardly ! That must be understood!
The earth is your place of penance, then;
And what will it prove? I desire your good,
But, plot as I may, I can find no way
How a blow should fall, such as falls on men,
Nor prove too much for your womanhood.

IX.

It will come, I suspect, at the end of life,
When you walk alone, and review the past;
And I, who so long shall have done with strife.
And journeyed my stage and earned my wage
And retired as was right,—I am called at last
When the devil stabs you, to lend the knife.

X.

He stabs for the minute of trivial wrong,
Nor the other hours are able to save,
The happy, that lasted my whole life long:
For a promise broke, not for first words spoke,
The true, the only, that turn my grave
To a blaze of joy and a crash of song.

XI.

Witness beforehand! Off I trip
On a safe path gay through the flowers you flung:
My very name made great by your lip,
And my heart a-glow with the good I know
Of a perfect year when we both were young,
And I tasted the angels' fellowship.

XII.

And witness, moreover . . . Ah, but wait!

I spy the loop whence an arrow shoots!

It may be for yourself, when you meditate,

That you grieve—for slain ruth, murdered truth.

" Though falsehood escape in the end, what boots ?

" How truth would have triumphed ! "--you sigh
too late.

XIII.

Ay, who would have triumphed like you, I say!

Well, it is lost now; well, you must bear,

Abide and grow fit for a better day:

You should hardly grudge, could I be your judge !

But hush ! For you, can be no despair:

There 's amends : 't is a secret: hope and pray !

XIV.

For I was true at least—oh, true enough !

And, Dear, truth is not as good as it seems !

Commend me to conscience ! Idle stuff!

Much help is in mine, as I mope and pine,

And skulk through day, and scowl in my dreams

At my swan's obtaining the crow's rebuff.

XV.

Men tell me of truth now—" False !" I cry:
Of beauty—" A mask, friend ! Look beneath!"
We take our own method, the devil and I,
With pleasant and fair and wise and rare:
And the best we wish to what lives, is—death;
Which even in wishing, perhaps we He !

xvI.

Far better commit a fault and have done—
As you, Dear!—for ever; and choose the pure.
And look where the healing waters run,
And strive and strain to be good again,
And a place in the other world ensure,
All glass and gold, with God for its sun.

xvII.

Misery ! What shall I say or do ?
I cannot advise, or, at least, persuade:
Most like, you are glad you deceived me—rue
No whit of the wrong: you endured too long,
Have done no evil and want no aid,
Will live the old life out and chance the new.

XVIII.

And your sentence is written all the same,
And I can do nothing,—pray, perhaps:
But somehow the world pursues its game,—
If I pray, if I curse,—for better or worse:
And my faith is torn to a thousand scraps,
And my heart feels ice while my words breathe
flame.

XIX.

Dear, I look from my hiding-place.
Are you still so fair? Have you still the eyes?
Be happy ! Add but the other grace,
Be good ! Why want what the angels vaunt ?
I knew you once: but in Paradise,
If we meet, I will pass nor turn my face.

*DIS ALITER VISUM; OR, LE BYRON
DE NOS JOURS.*

I.

STOP, let me have the truth of that !

Is that all true? I say, the day
Ten years ago when both of us

Met on a morning, friends—as thus
We meet this evening, friends or what?—

II.

Did you—because I took your arm

And sillily smiled, " A mass of brass
" That sea looks, blazing underneath !"

While up the cliff-road edged with heath,
We took the turns nor came to harm—

III.

Did you consider " Now makes twice

" That I have seen her, walked and talked

" With this poor pretty thoughtful thing,
" Whose worth I weigh : she tries to sing;
" Draws, hopes in time the eye grows nice;

IV.

" Reads verse and thinks she understands;
" Loves all, at any rate, that's great,
" Good, beautiful; but much as we
" Down at the bath-house love the sea,
" Who breathe its salt and bruise its sands :

V.

" While . . . do but follow the fishing-gull
" That flaps and floats from wave to cave !
" There 's the sea-lover, fair my friend !
" What then? Be patient, mark and mend
" Had you the making of your scull ?"

VI.

And did you, when we faced the church
With spire and sad slate roof, aloof
From human fellowship so far,
Where a few graveyard crosses are.
And garlands for the swallows' perch,—

VII.

Did you determine, as we stepped
O'er the lone stone fence, " Let me get
" Her for myself, and what's the earth
" With all its art, verse, music, worth—
" Compared with love, found, gained, and kept?

VIII.

" Schumann 's our music-maker now;
" Has his march-movement youth and mouth?
" Ingres 's the modern man that paints;
" Which will lean on me, of his saints?
" Heine **for** songs; for kisses, how ? "

IX.

And did you, when we entered, reached
The votive frigate, soft aloft
Riding on air this hundred years,
Safe-smiling at old hopes and fears,—
Did you draw profit while she preached?

X.

Resolving, " Fools we wise men grow !
" Yes, I could easily blurt out curt

" ' *I want, who am old and know too much ;*
" ' *I'd catch youth: lend me sight and touch*
" ' *Drop heart's blood where life's wheels grate dry !*

XVIII.

" While I should make rejoinder"—(then
It was, no doubt, you ceased that least
Light pressure of my arm in yours)
" ' I can conceive of cheaper cures
" ' For a yawning-fit o'er books and men.

XIX.

" ' What ? All I am, was, and might be,
" ' All, books taught, art brought, life's whole
strife,
" ' Painful results since precious, just
" ' Were fitly exchanged, in wise disgust,
" ' For two cheeks freshened by youth and sea ?

XX.

" ' Ail for a nosegay —what came first;
" ' With fields on flower, untried each side;
" ' I rally, need my books and men,
" ' And find a nosegay ': drop it, then,
" No match yet made for best or worst !"

XIV.

- " She might take me as I take her.
" Perfect the hour would pass, alas !
" Climb high, love high, what matter? Still,
" Feet, feelings, must descend the hill:
" An hour's perfection can't recur.

XV.

- " Then follows Paris and full time
" For both to reason : ' Thus with us !'
" She 'll sigh, ' Thus girls give body and soul
" ' At first word, think they gain the goal,
" ' When 't is the starting-place they climb!

XVI.

- " ' My friend makes verse and gets renown;
" ' Have they all fifty years, his peers?
" ' He knows the world, firm, quiet and gay;
" ' Boys will become as much one day:
" ' They 're fools; he cheats, with beard less brown.

XVII.

- " ' For boys say, *Love me or I die!*
" ' He did not say, *The truth is, youth*

" ' I want, *who am old and know too much* ;
" ' *I' d catch youth: lend me sight and touch*
" ' *Drop heart's blood Where life's wheels grate dry !*

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" ' And find a nosegay ': drop it, then,
" No match yet made for best or worst !"

XXI.

That ended me. You judged the porch
We left by, Norman; took our look
At sea and sky; wondered so few
Find out the place for air and view;
Remarked the sun began to scorch;

XXII.

Descended, soon regained the baths,
And then, good-bye ! Years ten since then :
Ten years ! We meet: you tell me, now,
By a window-seat for that cliff-brow,
On carpet-stripes for those sand-paths.

XXIII.

Now I may speak : you fool, for all
Your lore W H O made things plain in vain ?
What was the sea for? What, the grey
Sad church, that solitary day,
Crosses and graves and swallows' call ?

XXIV.

Was there nought better than to enjoy?
No feat which, done, would make time break.

And let us pent-up creatures through
 Into eternity, our due?
No forcing earth teach heaven's employ?

XXV.

No wise beginning, here and now,
 What cannot grow complete (earth's feat)
And hea\en must finish, there and then?
 No tasting earth's true food for me.
Its sweet in sad, its sad in sweet?

XXVI.

No grasping at love, gaining a share
 O' the sole spark from God's life at strife
With death, so, sure of range above
 The limits here? For us and love,
Failure; but, when God fails, despair.

XXVII.

This you call wisdom? Thus you add
 Good unto good again, in vain?
You loved, with body worn and weak;
 I loved, with faculties to seek:
Were both loves worthless since ill-clad?

XXVIII.

Let the mere star-fish in his vault
Crawl in a wash of weed, indeed,
Rose-jacynth to the finger-tips :
He, whole in body and soul, outstrips
Man, found with either in default.

XXIX.

But what's whole, can increase no more,
Is dwarfed and dies, since here 's its sphere.
The devil laughed at you in his sleeve !
You knew not? That I well believe;
Or you had saved two souls : nay, four.

XXX.

For Stephanie sprained last night her wrist,
Ankle or something. " Pooh," cry you?
At any rate she danced, all say,
Vilely; her vogue has had its day.
Here comes my husband from his whist.

TOO LATE.

I.

HERE was I with my arm and heart
And brain, all yours for a word, a want
Put into a look—just a look, your part,—
While mine, to repay it . . . vainest vaunt,
Were the woman, that's dead, alive to hear,
Had her lover, that's lost, love's proof to show!
But I cannot show it; you cannot speak
From the churchyard neither, miles removed,
Though I feel by a pulse within my cheek,
Which stabs and stops, that the woman I loved
Needs help in her grave and finds none near,
Wants warmth from the heart which sends it—so !

II.

DID I speak once angrily, all the drear days
You lived, you woman I loved so well,
Who married the other? Blame or praise,
Where was the use then? Time would tell,
And the end declare what man for you,
What woman for me, was the choice of God.

But, Edith dead no doubting more!

I used to sit and look at my life
As it rippled and ran till, right before,

A great stone stopped it: oh, the strife
Of waves at the stone some devil threw
In my life's midcurrent, thwarting God !

III.

But either I thought, " They may churn and chide

" Awhile, my waves which came for their joy
" And found this horrible stone full-tide :

" Yet I see just a thread escape, deploy
" Through the evening-country, silent and safe,
" And it suffers no more till it finds the sea."

Or else I would think, " Perhaps some night

" When new things happen, a meteor-ball
" May slip through the sky in a line of light,
" And earth breathe hard, and landmarks fall,

" And my waves no longer champ nor chafe,
" Since a stone will have rolled from its place:
let be!"

IV.

But, dead ! All's done with : wait who may,

Watch and wear and wonder who will.

Oh, my whole life that ends to-day !

Oh, my soul's sentence, sounding still,

" The woman is dead that was none of his;
And the man that was none of hers may go!"
There 's only the past left: worry that!
Wreak, like a bull, on the empty coat,
Rage, its late wearer is laughing at!
Tear the collar to rags, having missed his throat;
Strike stupidly on—"This, this and this,
" Where I would that a bosom received the blow !"

v.

I ought to have done more: once my speech,
And once your answer, and there, the end,
And Edith was henceforth out of reach !
Why, men do more to deserve a friend,
Be rid of a foe, get rich, grow wise,
Nor, folding their arms, stare fate in the face,
Why, better even have burst like a thief
And borne you away to a rock for us two,
In a moment's horror, bright, bloody and brief:
Then changed to myself again—"I slew
"Myself in that moment; a ruffian lies
" Somewhere: your slave, see, born in his place !"

vi.

What did the other do? You be judge !
Look at us, Edith ! Here are we both !

Give him his six whole years : I grudge
None of the life with you, nay, loathe
Myself that I grudged his start in advance
Of me who could overtake and pass.
But, as if he loved you ! No, not he,
Nor anyone else in the world, 't is plain :
Who ever heard that another, free
As I, young, prosperous, sound and sane,
Poured life out, proffered it—" Half a glance
" Of those eyes of yours and I drop the glass ! "

VII.

Handsome, were you ? 'T is more than they held.
More than they said; I was 'ware and watched:
I was the 'scapegrace, this rat belled
The cat, this fool got his whiskers scratched:
The others? No head that was turned, no heart
Broken, my lady, assure yourself!
Each soon made his mind up; so and so
Married a dancer, such and such
Stole his friend's wife, stagnated slow,
Or maundered, unable to do as much,
And muttered of peace where he had no part:
While, hid in the closet, laid on the shelf,—

There were certain ways when you spoke, some words
That you know you never could pronounce:
You were thin, however; like a bird's
Your hand seemed—some would say, the pounce
Of a scaly-footed hawk—all but!
The world was right when it called you thin.

XII.

But I turn my back on the world : I take
Your hand, and kneel, and lay to my lips.
Bid me live, Edith ! Let me slake
Thirst at your presence ! Fear no slips:
'T is your slave shall pay, while his soul endures,
Full due, love's whole debt, *summum jus*.
My queen shall have high observance, planned
Courtship made perfect, no least line
Crossed without warrant. There you stand,
Warm too, and white too : would this wine
Had washed all over that body of yours,
Ere I drank it, and you down with it, thus!

ABT VOGLER.

(AFTER HE HAS BEEN EXTEMPORIZING UPON THE
MUSICAL INSTRUMENT OF HIS INVENTION.)

WOULD that the structure brave, the manifold music I
 build,

 Bidding my organ obey, calling its keys to their work,
Claiming each slave of the sound, at a touch, as when
 Solomon willed

 Armies of angels that soar, legions of demons that
 lurk,

Man, brute, reptile, fly, - alien of end and of aim,

 Adverse, each from the other heaven-high, hell-deep
 removed,—

Should rush into sight at once as he named the ineffable
 Name,

And pile him a palace straight, to pleasure the princess
 he loved J •

II.

Would it might tarry like his, the beautiful building of
mine,

This which my keys in a crowd pressed and importuned
to raise!

Ah, one and all, how they helped, would dispart now and
now combine,

Zealous to hasten the work, heighten their master his
praise!

And one would bury his brow with a blind plunge down
to hell,

Burrow awhile and build, broad on the roots of
things,

Then up again swim into sight, having based me my
palace well,

Founded it, fearless of flame, flat on the nether springs.

III.

And another would mount and march, like the excellent
minion he was,

Ay, another and yet another, one crowd but with many
a crest,

Raising my rampired walls of gold as transparent as
glass,

Eager to do and die, yield each his place to the
rest:

For higher still and higher (as a runner tips with fire,
When a great illumination surprises a festal night—
Outlining round and round Rome's dome from space to
spire)
Up, the pinnacled glory reached, and the pride of my
soul was in sight.

IV.

In sight? Not half! for it seemed, it was certain, to
match man's birth,
Nature in turn conceived, obeying an impulse as I;
And the emulous heaven yearned down, made effort to
reach the earth,
As the earth had done her best, in my passion, to
scale the sky:
Novel splendours burst forth, grew familiar and dwelt
with mine,
Not a point nor peak but found and fixed its wander-
ing star;
Meteor-moons, balls of blaze : and they did not pale nor
pine,
For earth had attained to heaven, there was no more
near nor far.

V.

Nay more; for there wanted not who walked in the glare
and glow,

Presences plain in the place; or, fresh from the Pro-
toplast,

Furnished for ages to come, when a kindlier wind should
blow,

Lured now to begin and live, in a house to their liking
at last;

Or else the wonderful Dead who have passed through the
body and gone,

But were back once more to breathe in an old world
worth their new:

What never had been, was now; what was, as it shall be
anon;

And what is,—shall I say, matched both? for I was
made perfect too.

VI.

All through my keys that gave their sounds to a wish of
my soul,

All through my soul that praised as its wish flowed
visibly forth,

All through music and me! For think, had I painted
the whole,

Why, there it had stood, to see, nor the process so
wonder-worth:
Had I written the same, made verse—still, effect proceeds
from cause,
Ye know why the forms are fair, ye hear how the tale
is told;
It is all triumphant art, but art in obedience to laws,
Painter and poet are proud in the artist-list en-
rolled :—

VII.

But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that
can,
Existent behind all laws, that made them and, lo, they
are!
And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to
man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound,
but a star.
Consider it well: each tone of our scale in itself is
nought;
It is everywhere in the world—loud, soft, and all is
said:
Give it to me to use ! I mix it with two in my thought:
And, there! Ye have heard and seen : consider and
bow the head!

VIII.

Well, it is gone at last, the palace of music I reared;
Gone ! and the good tears start, the praises that come
too slow;
For one is assured at first, one scarce can say that he
feared,
That he even gave it a thought, the gone thing was
to go.
Never to be again ! But many more of the kind
As good, nay, better perchance: is this your comfort
to me ?
To me, who must be saved because I cling with my
mind
To the same, same self, same love, same God: ay,
what was, shall be.

IX.

Therefore to whom turn I but to thee, the ineffable
Name ?
Builder and maker, thou, of houses not made with
hands 1
What have fear of change from thee who art ever the
same?
Doubt that thy power can fill the heart that thy power
expands?

There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall
live as before;

The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound;
What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much
good more;

On the earth the broken arcs-; in the heaven, a perfect
round.

X.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall
exist;

Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good,
nor power

Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the
melodist

When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too
hard,

The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;

Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it by
and-by,

XI.

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence

For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or
agonized?

Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might
issue thence ?

Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should
be prized ?

Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and
woe:

But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome: 't is we musicians
know.

XII.

Well, it is earth with me; silence resumes her reign:

I will be patient and proud, and soberly acquiesce.

Give me the keys. I feel for the common chord again,

Sliding by semitones, till I sink to the minor,—yes,

And I blunt it into a ninth, and I stand on alien ground,

Surveying awhile the heights I rolled from into the
deep;

Which, hark, I have dared and done, for my resting-place
is found,

The C Major of this life: so, now I will try to sleep.

RABBI BEN EZRA.

I.

GROW old along with me!
 The best is yet to be,
 The last of life, for which the first was made:
 Our times are in His hand
 Who saith " A whole I planned,
 "Youth shows but half; trust God: see all
 nor be afraid ! "

II.

Not that, amassing flowers,
 Youth sighed " Which rose make ours,
 " Which lily leave and then as best recall ? "
 Not that, admiring stars,
 It yearned " Nor Jove, nor Mars;
 " Mine be some figured flame which blends,
 transcends them all! "

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

III.

Not for such hopes and fears
Annulling youth's brief years,
Do I remonstrate: folly wide the mark!
Rather I prize the doubt
Low kinds exist without,
Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark

IV.

Poor vaunt of life indeed,
Were man but formed to feed
On joy, to solely seek and find and feast:
Such feasting ended, then
As sure an end to men;
Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the
maw-crammed beast?

V

Rejoice we are allied
To That which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive !
A spark disturbs our clod;
Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must
believe.

VI.

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain !
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge
the throe!

VII.

For thence,—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks,—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me :
A brute I might have been, but would not sink
i' the scale.

VIII.

What is he but a brute
Whoss flesh has soul to suit,
Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want play?
To man propose this test—
Thy body at its best,
How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?

IX.

Yet gifts should prove their use:
I own the Past profuse
Of power each side, perfection every turn:
Eyes, ears took in their dole,
Brain treasured up the whole;
Should not the heart beat once " How good to
live and learn?"

X.

Not once beat " Praise be Thine!
" I see the whole design,
" I, who saw power, see now love perfect too:
" Perfect I call Thy plan :
" Thanks that I was a man !
" Maker, remake, complete,—I trust what Thou
shalt do!"

XI.

For pleasant is this flesh;
Our soul, in its rose-mesh
Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for rest;
Would we some prize might hold
To match those manifold
Possessions of the brute,—gain most, as we did
best!

XII.

Let us not always say
" Spite of this flesh to-day
"I strove, made head, gained ground upon the
whole!"
As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry " All good things
" Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than
flesh helps soul !"

XIII.

Therefore I summon age
To grant youth's heritage,
Life's struggle having so far reached its term:
Thence shall I pass, approved
A man, for aye removed
From the developed brute; a god though in the
germ.

XIV.

And I shall thereupon
Take rest, ere I be gone
Once more on my adventure brave and new:
Fearless and unperplexed.
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armour to indue.

XV.

Youth ended, I shall try
My gain or loss thereby;
Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold':
And I shall weigh the same,
Give life its praise or blame:
Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old,

xvI.

For note, when evening shuts,
A certain moment cuts
The deed off, calls the glory from the grey;
A whisper from the west
Shoots—" Add this to the rest,
"Take it and try its worth: here dies another
day."

XVII.

So, still within this life,
Though lifted o'er its strife,
Let me discern, compare, pronounce at last,
" This rage was right i' the main,
" That acquiescence vain:
"The Future I may face now I have proved the
Past."

XVIII.

For more is not reserved
To man, with soul just nerved
To act to-morrow what he learns to-day:
Here, work enough to watch
The Master work, and catch
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true
play.

XIX.

As it was better, youth
Should strive, through acts uncouth,
Toward making, than repose on aught found made:
So, better, age, exempt
From strife, should know, than tempt
Further. Thou waitedest age: wait death nor be
afraid!

XX.

Enough now, if the Right
And Good and Infinite
Be named here, as thou callest thy hand thine own,
With knowledge absolute,
Subject to no dispute
From fools that crowded youth, nor let thee feel
alone.

XXVII.

Fool! All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure:
What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be:
Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter and clay
endure.

XXVIII.

He fixed thee mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance,
This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest:
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed,

XXIX.

What though the earlier grooves
Which ran the laughing loves
Around thy base, no longer pause and press?
What though, about thy rim,
Scull-things in order grim
Grow out, in graver mood, obey *the* sterner stress?

XXX.

Look not thou down but up!
To uses of a cup,
The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,
The new wine's foaming flow,
The Master's lips a-glow !
Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what need'st thou
with earth's wheel ?

XXXI.

But I need, now as then,
Thee, God, who moulded men;
And since, not even while the whirl was worst,
Did I,—to the wheel of life
With shapes and colours rife,
Bound dizzily,—mistake my end, to slake Thy thirst:

XXXII.

So, take and use Thy work:
Amend what flaws may lurk
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
My times be in Thy hand !
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the
same!

A DEATH IN THE DESERT

[SUPPOSED of Pamphylax the Antiochene :
It is a parchment, of my rolls the fifth,
Hath three skins glued together, is all Greek
And goeth from *Epsilon* down to *Mu*:
Lies second in the surnamed Chosen Chest,
Stained and conserved with juice of terebinth,
Covered with cloth of hair, and lettered *Xi*,
From Xanthus, my wife's uncle, now at peace:
Mu and *Epsilon* stand for my own name.
I may not write it, but I make a cross
To show I wait His coming, with the rest,
And leave off here : beginneth Pamphylax.]

I said, " If one should wet his lips with wine,
" And slip the broadest plantain-leaf we find,
" Or else the lappet of a linen robe,
" Into the water-vessel, lay it right,
" And cool his forehead just above the eyes,
" The while a brother, kneeling either side,

"Should chafe each hand and try to make it
warm,—

" He is not so far gone but he might speak."

This did not happen in the outer cave,
Nor in the secret chamber of the rock
Where, sixty days since the decree was out,
We had him, bedded on a camel-skin,
And waited for his dying all the while;
But in the midmost grotto: since noon's light
Reached there a little, and we would not lose
The last of what might happen on his face

I at the head, and Xanthus at the feet,
With Valens and the Boy, had lifted him,
And brought him from the chamber in the depths,
And laid him in the light where we might see •
For certain smiles began about his mouth,
And his lids moved, presageful of the end.

Beyond, and half way up the mouth o' the cave,
The Bactrian convert, having his desire,
Kept watch, and made pretence to graze a goat
That gave us milk, on rags of various herb,
Plantain and quitch, the rocks' shade keeps alive:
So that if any thief or soldier passed,

(Because the persecution was aware)
Yielding the goat up promptly with his life,
Such man might pass on, joyful at a prize,
Nor care to pry into the cool o' the cave.
Outside was all noon and the burning blue.

"Here is wine," answered Xanthus,—dropped a
drop;

I stooped and placed the lap of cloth aright,
Then chafed his right hand, and the Boy his left:
But Valens had bethought him, and produced
And broke a ball of nard, and made perfume.
Only, he did—not so much wake, as—turn
And smile a little, as a sleeper does
If any dear one call him, touch his face—
And smiles and loves, but will not be disturbed.

Then Xanthus said a prayer, but still he slept:
It is the Xanthus that, escaped to Rome,
Was burned, and could not write the chronicle.

Then the Boy sprang up from his knees, and ran.
Stung by the splendour *of* a sudden thought,
And fetched the seventh plate of graven lead
Out of the secret chamber, found a place,
Pressing with ringer on the deeper dints,

And spoke, as 't were his mouth proclaiming first,
" I am the Resurrection and the Life."

Whereat he opened his eyes wide at once,
And sat up of himself, and looked at us;
And thenceforth nobody pronounced a word:
Only, outside, the Bactrian cried his cry
Like the lone desert-bird that wears the ruff,
As signal we were safe, from time to time.

First he said, " If a friend declared to me
" This my son Valens, this my other son,
" Were James and Peter,—nay, declared as well
" This lad was very John, —I could believe !
" —Could, for a moment, doubtlessly believe :
" So is myself withdrawn into my depths,
" The soul retreated from the perished brain
" Whence it was wont to feel and use the world
" Through these dull members, done with long ago.
" Yet I myself remain; I feel myself:
" And there is nothing lost. Let be, awhile ! "

[This is the doctrine he was wont to teach,
How divers persons witness in each man,
Three souls which make up one soul: first, to wit,
A soul of each and all the bodily parts,
Seated therein, which works, and is what Does,

And has the use of earth, and ends the man
Downward : but, tending upward for advice,
Grows into, and again is grown into
By the next soul, which, seated in the brain,
Useth the first with its collected use,
And feeleth, thinketh, willeth,—is what Knows:
Which, duly tending upward in its turn,
Grows into, and again is grown into
By the last soul, that uses both the first,
Subsisting whether they assist or no,
And, constituting man's self, is what Is—
And leans upon the former, makes it play,
As that played off the first: and, tending up,
Holds, is upheld by, God, and ends the man
Upward in that dread point of intercourse,
Nor needs a place, for it returns to Him.
What Does, what Knows, what Is; three souls, one
man.

I give the glossa of Theotypas.]

And then, " A stick, once fire from end to end:
" Now, ashes save the tip that holds a spark !
" Yet, blow the spark, it runs back, spreads itself
" A little where the fire was: thus I urge
" The soul that served me, till it task once more
" What ashes of my brain have kept their shape,

" And these make effort on the last o' the flesh,
" Trying to taste again the truth of things—"
(He smiled)—" their very superficial truth;
" As that ye are my sons, that it is long
" Since James and Peter had release by death,
" And I am only he, your brother John,
" Who saw and heard, and could remember all.
" Remember all! It is not much to say.
" What if the truth broke on me from above
" As once and oft-times? Such might hap again:
" Doubtlessly He might stand in presence here,
" With head wool-white, eyes flame, and feet like brass,
" The sword and the seven stars, as I have seen —
" I who now shudder only and surmise
" ' How did your brother bear that sight and live?'

" If I live yet, it is for good, more love
" Through me to men: be nought but ashes here
" That keep awhile my semblance, who was John, —
" Still, when they scatter, there is left on earth
" No one alive who knew (consider this !)
" —Saw with his eyes and handled with his hands
" 1 hat which was from the first, the Word of Life.
" How will it be when none more saith f saw ?

" Such ever was love's way: to rise, it stoops.

- " Since I, whom Christ's mouth taught, was bidden
teach,
- " I went, for many years, about the world,
" Saying ' It was so; so I heard and saw,'
" Speaking as the case asked: and men believed.
" Afterward came the message to myself
" In Patmos isle; I was not bidden teach,
" But simply listen, take a book and write,
" Nor set down other than the given word,
" With nothing left to my arbitrament
" To choose or change : I wrote, and men believed.
" Then, for my time grew brief, no message more.
" No call to write again, I found a way,
" And, reasoning from my knowledge, merely taught
" Men should, for love's sake, in love's strength
believe;
- " Or I would pen a letter to a friend
" And urge the same as friend, nor less nor more:
" Friends said I reasoned rightly, and believed.
" But at the last, why, I seemed left alive
" Like a sea-jelly weak on Patmos strand,
" To tell dry sea-beach gazers how I fared
" When there was mid-sea, and the mighty things:
" Left to repeat, ' I saw, I heard, I knew,'
" And go all over the old ground again,
" With Antichrist already in the world,

- " And many Antichrists, who answered prompt
" Am I not Jasper as thyself art John ?
" ' Nay, young, whereas through age thou mayest
forget:
" ' Wherefore, explain, or how shall we believe?'
" I never thought to call down fire on such,
" Or, as in wonderful and early days,
" Pick up the scorpion, tread the serpent dumb;
" But patient stated much of the Lord's life
" Forgotten or misdelivered, and let it work:
" Since much that at the first, in deed and word,
" Lay simply and sufficiently exposed,
" Had grown (or else my soul was grown to match,
" Fed through such years, familiar with such light,
" Guarded and guided still to see and speak)
" Of new significance and fresh result;
" What first were guessed as points, I now knew stars,
" And named them in the Gospel I have writ.
" For men said, ' It is getting long ago :
" Where is the promise of His coming?'— asked
" These young ones in their strength, as loth to wait,
" Of me who, when their sires were born, was old.
" I, for I loved them, answered, joyfully,
" Since I was there, and helpful in my age ;
" And, in the main, I think such men believed.
" Finally, thus endeavouring, I fell sick,

" Ye brought me here, and I supposed the end,
" And went to sleep with one thought that, at least,
" Though the whole earth should lie in wickedness,
" We had the truth, might leave the rest to God.
" Yet now I wake in such decrepitude
" As I had slidden down and fallen afar,
" Past even the presence of my former self,
" Grasping the while for stay at facts which snap,
" Till I am found away from my own world,
" Feeling for foot-hold through a blank profound,
" Along with unborn people in strange lands,
" Who say- I hear said or conceive they say—
" ' Was John at all, and did he say he saw ?
" ' Assure us, ere we ask what he might see !

" And how shall I assure them ? Can they share
" —They, who have flesh, a veil of youth and strength
" About each spirit, that needs must bide its time,
" Living and learning still as years assist
" Which wear the thickness thin, and let man see—
" With me who hardly am withheld at all,
" But shudderingly, scarce a shred between,
" Lie bare to the universal prick of light ?
" Is it for nothing we grow old and weak,
" We whom God loves? When pain ends, gain
ends too.

"To me, that story— ay, that Life and Death
" Of which I wrote ' it was '—to me, it is ;
" —Is, here and now : I apprehend nought else.
" Is not God now i' the world His power first made ?
" Is not His love at issue still with sin
" Visibly when a wrong is done on earth ?
" Love, wrong, and pain, what see I else around ?
" Yea, and the Resurrection and Uprise
" To the right hand of the throne—what is it beside,
" When such truth, breaking bounds, o'erfloods my
 soul,
" And, as I saw the sin and death, even so
" See I the need yet transiency of both,
" The good and glory consummated thence ?
" I saw the power; I see the Love, once weak,
" Resume the Power: and in this word ' I see,'
" Lo, there is recognized the Spirit of both
" That moving o'er the spirit of man, unblinds
" His eye and bids him look. These are, I see;
" But ye, the children, His beloved ones too,
" Ye need,—as I should use an optic glass
" I wondered at erewhile, somewhere i' the world,
" It had been given a crafty smith to make;
" A tube, he turned on objects brought too close,
" Lying confusedly insubordinate
" For the unassisted eye to master once:

" Look through his tube, at distance now they lay,
" Become succinct, distinct, so small, so clear !
" Just thus, ye needs must apprehend what truth
" I see, reduced to plain historic fact,
" Diminished into clearness, proved a point
" And far away: ye would withdraw your sense
" From out eternity, strain it upon time,
" Then stand before that fact, that Life and Death,
" Stay there at gaze, till it dispart, dispread,
" As though a star should open out, all sides,
" Grow the world on you, as it is my world.

" For life, with all it yields of joy and woe,
" And hope and fear,—believe the aged friend.—
" Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love,
" How love might be, hath been indeed, and is;
" And that we hold thenceforth to the uttermost
" Such prize despite the envy of the world,
" And, having gained truth, keep truth : that is all
" But see the double way wherein we are led,
" How the soul learns diversely from the flesh !
" With flesh, that hath so little time to stay,
" And yields mere basement for the soul's emprise,
" Expect prompt teaching. Helpful was the light,
" And warmth was cherishing and food was choice
" To every man's flesh, thousand years ago,

" As now to yours and mine; the body sprang
" At once to the height, and stayed : but the soul,—no !
" Since sages who, this noontide, meditate
" In Rome or Athens, may descry some point
" Of the eternal power, hid yestereve;
" And, as thereby the power's whole mass extends,
" So much extends the aether floating o'er,
" The love that tops the might, the Christ in God.
" Then, as new lessons shall be learned in these
" Till earth's work stop and useless time run out,
" So duly, daily, needs provision be
" For keeping the soul's prowess possible,
" Building new barriers as the old decay,
" Saving us from evasion of life's proof,
" Putting the question ever, ' Does God love,
" ' And will ye hold that truth against the world ?'
" Ye know there needs no second proof with good
" Gained for our flesh from any earthly source:
" We might go freezing, ages,—give us fire,
" Thereafter we judge fire at its full worth,
" And guard it safe through every chance, ye know!
" That fable of Prometheus and his theft,
" How mortals gained Jove's fiery flower, grows old
" (I have been used to hear the pagans own)
" And out of mind; but fire, howe'er its birth,
" Here is it, precious to the sophist now

- " Who laughs the myth of AEschylus to scorn,
" As precious to those satyrs of his play,
" Who touched it in gay wonder at the thing.
" While were it so with the soul,—this gift of truth
" Once grasped, were this our soul's gain safe, and
 sure
" To prosper as the body's gain is wont,—
" Why, man's probation would conclude, his earth
" Crumble; for he both reasons and decides,
" Weighs first, then chooses : will he give up fire
" For gold or purple once he knows its worth?
" Could he give Christ up were His worth as plain?
" Therefore, I say, to test man, the proofs shift,
" Nor may he grasp that fact like other fact, •
" And straightway in his life acknowledge it,
" As, say, the indubitable bliss of fire.
" Sigh ye, ' It had been easier once than now'?
" To give you answer I am left alive;
" Look at me who was present from the first!
" Ye know what things I saw; then came a test,
" My first, befitting me who so had seen:
" ' Forsake the Christ thou sawest transfigured, Him
" ' Who trod the sea and brought the dead to life ?
" ' What should wring this from thee!'"—ye laugh and
 ask.
" What wrung it ? Even a torchlight and a noise,

" The sudden Roman faces, violent hands,
" And fear of what the Jews might do ! Just that,
" And it is written, ' I forsook and fled ;'
" There was my trial, and it ended thus.
" Ay, but my soul had gained its truth, could grow:
" Another year or two,—what little child,
" What tender woman that had seen no least
" Of all my sights, but barely heard them told,
" Who did not clasp the cross with a light laugh,
" Or wrap the burning robe round, thanking God?
" Well, was truth safe for ever, then ? Not so.
" Already had begun the silent work
" Whereby truth, deadened of its absolute blaze,
" Might need love's eye to pierce the o'erstretched
 doubt.
" Teachers were busy, whispering ' All is true
" ' As the aged ones report; but youth can reach
" ' Where age gropes dimly, weak with stir and strain,
" ' And the full doctrine slumbers till to-day.'
" Thus, what the Roman's lowered spear was found,
" A bar to me who touched and handled truth,
" Now proved the glozing of some new shrewd tongue,
" This Ebion, this Cerinthus or their mates,
" Till imminent was the outcry ' Save our Christ) '
" Whereon I stated much of the Lord's life
" Forgotten or misdelivered, and let it work.

" Such work done, as it will be, what comes next ?

" What do I hear say, or conceive men say,

" ' Was John at all, and did he say he saw?

" ' Assure us, ere we ask what he might see!

" Is this indeed a burthen for late days,

" And may I help to bear it with you all,

" Using my weakness which becomes your strength ?

" For if a babe were born inside this grot,

" Grew to a boy here, heard us praise the sun,

" Yet had but yon sole glimmer in light's place,—

" One loving him and wishful he should learn,

" Would much rejoice himself was blinded first

" Month by month here, so made to understand

" How eyes, born darkling, apprehend amiss:

" I think I could explain to such a child

" There was more glow outside than gleams he caught,

" Ay, nor need urge ' I saw it, so believe !'

" It is a heavy burthen you shall bear

" In latter days, new lands, or old grown strange,

" Left without me, which must be very soon.

" What is the doubt, my brothers? Quick with it!

" I see you stand conversing, each new face,

" Either in fields, of yellow summer eves,

" On islets yet unnamed amid the sea;

" Or pace for shelter 'neath a portico

" Out of the crowd in some enormous town
" Where now the larks sing in a solitude;
" Or muse upon blank heaps of stone and sand
" Idly conjectured to be Ephesus :
" And no one asks his fellow any more
" ' Where is the promise of His coming ?' but
" ' Was he revealed in any of His lives,
" ' As Power, as Love, as Influencing Soul ?'

" Quick, for time presses, tell the whole mind out,
" And let us ask and answer and be saved!
" My book speaks on, because it cannot pass;
" One listens quietly, nor scoffs but pleads
" ' Here is a tale of things done ages since;
" ' What truth was ever told the second day?
" ' Wonders, that would prove doctrine, go for nought.
" ' Remains the doctrine, love; well, we must love,
" ' And what we love most, power and love in one,
" ' Let us acknowledge on the record here,
" ' Accepting these in Christ : must Christ then be?
" ' Has He been? Did not we ourselves make Him
" ' Our mind receives but what *it* holds, no more.
" ' First of the love, then; we acknowledge Christ—
" ' A proof we comprehend His love, a proof
" ' We had such love already in ourselves,
" ' Knew first what else we should not recognize.

" ' Tis mere projection from man's inmost mind,
" ' And, what he loves, thus falls reflected back,
" ' Becomes accounted somewhat out of him;
" ' He throws it up in air, it drops down earth's,
" ' With shape, name, story added, man's old way.
" ' How prove you Christ came otherwise at least ?
" ' Next try the power: He made and rules the world:
" ' Certes there is a world once made, now ruled,
" ' Unless things have been ever as we see.
" ' Our sires declared a charioteer's yoked steeds
" ' Brought the sun up the east and down the west,
" ' Which only of itself now rises, sets,
" ' As if a hand impelled it and a will,—
" ' Thus they long thought, they who had will and
 hands:
" ' But the new question's whisper is distinct,
" ' Wherefore must all force needs be like ourselves ?
" ' We have the hands, the will; what made and drives
" ' The sun is force, is law, is named, not known,
" ' While will and love we do know; marks of these,
" ' Eye-witnesses attest, so books declare—
" ' As that, to punish or reward our race,
" ' The sun at undue times arose or set
" ' Or else stood still: what do not men affirm?
" ' But earth requires as urgently reward
" ' Or punishment to-day as years ago,

- " ' And none expects the sun will interpose :
" ' Therefore it was mere passion and mistake,
" ' Or erring zeal for right, which changed the truth.
" ' Go back, far, farther, to the birth of things ;
" ' Ever the will, the intelligence, the love,
" ' Man's !—which he gives, supposing he but finds,
" ' As late he gave head, body, hands and feet,
" ' To help these in what forms he called his gods.
" ' First, Jove's brow, Juno's eyes were swept away,
" ' But Jove's wrath, Juno's pride continued long ;
" ' As last, will, power, and love discarded these,
" ' So law in turn discards power, love, and will.
" ' What proveth God is otherwise at least ?
" ' All else, projection from the mind of man !'
- " Nay, do not give me wine, for I am strong,
" But place my gospel where I put my hands.
- " I say that man was made to grow, not stop ;
" That help, he needed once, and needs no more,
" Having grown but an inch by, is withdrawn :
" For he hath new needs, and new helps to these.
" This imports solely, man should mount on each
" New height in view ; the help whereby he mounts,
" The ladder-rung his foot has left, may fall,
" Since all things suffer change save God the Truth.

- " Man apprehends Him newly at each stage
" Whereat earth's ladder drops, its service done:
" And nothing shall prove twice what once was proved
" You stick a garden-plot with ordered twigs
" To show inside lie germs of herbs unborn,
" And check the careless step would spoil their birth,
' But when herbs wave, the guardian twigs may go,
" Since should ye doubt of virtues, question kinds,
" It is no longer for old twigs ye look,
" Which proved once underneath lay store of seed,
" But to the herb's self, by what light ye boast,
" For what fruit's signs are. This book's fruit is plain,
" Nor miracles need prove it any more.
" Doth the fruit show? Then miracles bade 'ware
" At first of root and stem, saved both till now
" From trampling ox, rough boar and wanton goat.
" What? Was man made a wheelwork to wind up,
" And be discharged, and straight wound up anew?
" No !—grown, his growth lasts; taught, he ne'er for-
gets:
" May learn a thousand things, not twice the same.
- " This might be pagan teaching: now hear mine
- " I say, that as the babe, you feed awhile,
" Becomes a boy and fit to feed himself,

- " So, minds at first must be spoon-fed with truth:
" When they can eat, babe's-nurture is withdrawn.
" I fed the babe whether it would or no:
" I bid the boy or feed himself or starve.
" I cried once, ' That ye may believe *in* Christ,
" ' Behold this blind man shall receive his sight!'
" I cry now, ' Urgest *thou*, for *I am shrewd*
" ' *And smile at stories how John's word could cure—*
" ' *Repeat that miracle and take my faith?*'
" I say, that miracle was duly wrought
" When, save for it, no faith was possible.
" Whether a change were wrought i' the shows O' the
 world,
" Whether the change came from our minds which see
" Of shows o' the world so much as and no more
" Than God wills for His purpose,—(what do I
" See now, suppose you, there where you see rock
" Round us?)—I know not; such was the effect,
" So faith grew, making void more miracles
" Because too much: they would compel, not help.
" I say, the acknowledgment of God in Christ
" Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
" All questions in the earth and out of it,
" And has so far advanced thee to be wise.
" Wouldst thou unprove this to re-prove the proved?
" In life's mere minute, with power to use that proof,

" Leave knowledge and revert to how it sprung?

" Thou hast it; use it and forthwith, or die!

" For I say, this is death and the sole death,

" When a man's loss comes to him from his gain,

" Darkness from light, from knowledge ignorance,

" And lack of love from love made manifest;

" A lamp's death when, replete with oil, it chokes ;

" A stomach's when, surcharged with food, it s'arves

" With ignorance was surety of a cure.

" When man, appalled at nature, questioned first

" ' What if there lurk a might behind this might ?'

" He needed satisfaction God could give,

" And did give, as ye have the written word :

" But when he finds might still redouble might,

" Yet asks, ' Since all is might, what use of will ?'

" —Will, the one source of might,—he being man

" With a man's will and a man's might, to teach

" In little how the two combine in large,—

" That man has turned round on himself and stands,

" Which in the course of nature is, to die.

" And when man questioned, ' What if there be love

" ' Behind the will and might, as real as they?'—

" He needed satisfaction God could give,

" And did give, as ye have the written word:

But when, beholding that love everywhere,
He reasons, ' Since such love is everywhere,
' And since ourselves can love and would be loved,
' We ourselves make the love, and Christ was not,'—
How shall ye help this man who knows himself,
That he must love and would be loved again,
Yet, owning his own love that proveth Christ,
Rejecteth Christ through very need of Him?
The lamp o'erswims with oil, the stomach flags
Loaded with nurture, and that man's soul dies.

If he rejoin, • But this was all the while
' A trick; the fault was, first of all, in thee,
' Thy story of the places, names and dates,
' Where, when and how the ultimate truth had rise,
' —Thy prior truth, at last discovered none,
' Whence now the second suffers detriment.
' What good of giving knowledge if, because
' O' the manner of the gift, its profit fail?
' And why refuse what modicum of help
' Had stopped the after-doubt, impossible
' I' the face of truth—truth absolute, uniform?
' Why must I hit of this and miss of that,
' Distinguish just as I be weak or strong,
' And not ask of thee and have answer prompt,
' Was this once, was ft not once?—then and now

- " ' And evermore, plain truth from man to man.
" ' Is John's procedure just the heathen bard's?
" ' Put question of his famous play again
" ' How for the ephemerals' sake Jove's fire was
 filched,
" ' And carried in a cane and brought to earth :
" ' *The fact is in the fable*, cry the wise,
" ' *Mortals obtained the boon, so much is fact*,
" ' *Though fire be spirit and produced on earth*.
" ' As with the Titan's, so now with thy tale:
" ' Why breed in us perplexity, mistake,
" ' Nor tell the whole truth in the proper words?'
- " I answer, Have ye yet to argue out
" The very primal thesis, plainest law,
" —Man is not God but hath God's end to serve,
" A master to obey, a course to take,
" Somewhat to cast off, somewhat to become?
" Grant this, then man must pass from old to new,
" From vain to real, from mistake to fact,
" From what once seemed good, to what now proves
 best.
" How could man have progression otherwise?
" Before the point was mooted ' What is God?'
" No savage man inquired ' What am myself?'
" Much less replied, ' First, last, and best of things.'

- " Man takes that title now if he believes
" Might can exist with neither will nor love,
" In God's case—what he names now Nature's Law—
" While in himself he recognizes love
" No less than might and will: and rightly takes.
" Since if man prove the sole existent thing
" Where these combine, whatever their degree,
" However weak the might or will or love,
" So they be found there, put in evidence,—
" He is as surely higher in the scale
" Than any might with neither love nor will,
" As life, apparent in the poorest midge,
" (When the faint dust-speck flits, ye guess its wing)
" Is marvellous beyond dead Atlas' self—
" Given to the nobler midge for resting-place !
" Thus, man proves best and highest—God, in fine,
" And thus the victory leads but to defeat,
" The gain to loss, best rise to the worst fall,
" His life becomes impossible, which is death
- " But if, appealing thence, he cower, avouch
" He is mere man, and in humility
" Neither may know God nor mistake himself;
" I point to the immediate consequence
" And say, by such confession straight he falls
" Into man's place, a thing **nor God** nor beast,

" Made to know that he can know and not more
" Lower than God who knows all and can all,
" Higher than beasts which know and can so far
" As each beast's limit, perfect to an end,
" Nor conscious that they know, nor craving more;
" While man knows partly but conceives beside,
" Creeps ever on from fancies to the fact,
" And in this striving, this converting air
" Into a solid he may grasp and use,
" Finds progress, man's distinctive mark alone,
" Not God's, and not the beasts': God is, they are,
" Man partly is and wholly hopes to be.
" Such progress could no more attend his soul
" Were all it struggles after found at first
" And guesses changed to knowledge absolute,
" Than motion wait his body, were all else
" Than it the solid earth on every side,
" Where now through space he moves from rest to rest
" Man, therefore, thus conditioned, must expect
" He could not, what he knows now, know at first;
" What he considers that he knows to-day,
" Come but to-morrow, he will find misknown;
" Getting increase of knowledge, since he learns
" Because he lives, which is to be a man,
" Set to instruct himself by his past self:
" First, like the brute, obliged by facts to learn,

" Next, as man may, obliged by his own mind,
" Bent, habit, nature, knowledge turned to law.
" God's gift was that man should conceive of truth
" And yearn to gain it, catching at mistake,
 As midway help till he reach fact indeed.
" The statuary ere he mould a shape
" Boasts a like gift, the shape's idea, and next
" The aspiration to produce the same;
" So, taking clay, he calls his shape thereout,
" Cries ever ' Now I have the thing I see':
" Yet ail the while goes changing what was wrought,
" From falsehood like the truth, to truth itself.
" How were it had he cried ' I see no face,
" ' No breast, no feet i' the ineffectual clay'?
" Rather commend him that he clapped his hands,
" And laughed ' It is my shape and lives again!'
" Enjoyed the falsehood, touched it on to truth,
" Until yourselves applaud the flesh indeed
" In what is still flesh-imitating clay.
" Right in you, right in him, such way be man's!
" God only makes the live shape at a jet.
" Will ye renounce this pact of creatureship ?
" The pattern on the Mount subsists no more,
" Seemed awhile, then returned to nothingness;
" But copies, Moses strove to make thereby,
" Serve still and are replaced as time requires:

" By these, make newest vessels, reach the type!
" If ye demur, this judgment on your head,
" Never to reach the ultimate, angels' law,
" Indulging every instinct of the soul
" There where law, life, joy, impulse are one thing!

" Such is the burthen of the latest time.
" I have survived to hear it with my ears,
" Answer it with my lips: does this suffice?
" For if there be a further woe than such,
" Wherein my brothers struggling need a hand,
" So long as any pulse is left in mine,
" May I be absent even longer yet,
" Plucking the blind ones back from the abyss,
" Though I should tarry a new hundred years ! "

But he was dead; 't was about noon, the day
Somewhat declining: we five buried him
That eve, and then, dividing, went five ways,
And I, disguised, returned to Ephesus.

By this, the cave's mouth must be filled with sand.
Valens is lost, I know not of his trace;
The Bactrian was but a wild childish man,
And could not write nor speak, but only loved:
So, lest the memory of this go quite,

Seeing that I to-morrow fight the beasts,
I tell the same to Phoebas, whom believe!
For many look again to find that face,
Beloved John's to whom I ministered,
Somewhere in life about the world; they err:
Either mistaking what was darkly spoke
At ending of his book, as he relates,
Or misconceiving somewhat of this speech
Scattered from mouth to mouth, as I suppose.
Believe ye will not see him any more
About the world with his divine regard !
For all was as I say, and now the man
Lies as he lay once, breast to breast with God

[Cerinthus read and mused; one added this;

" If Christ, as thou affirmest, be of men
" Mere man, the first and best but nothing more;
" Account Him, for reward of what He was,
" Now and for ever, wretchedest of all.
" For see; Himself conceived of life as love,
" Conceived of love as what must enter in,
" Fill up, make one with His each soul He loved
" Thus much for man's joy, all men's joy for Him.
" Well, He is gone, thou sayest, to fit reward.

" But by this time are many souls set free,
" And very many still retained alive:
" Nay, should His coming be delayed awhile,
" Say, ten years longer (twelve years, some compute)
" See if, for every finger of thy hands,
" There be not found, that day the world shall end,
" Hundreds of souls, each holding by Christ's word
" That He will grow incorporate with all,
" With me as Pamphylax, with him as John,
" Groom for each bride ! Can a mere man do this?
" Yet Christ saith, this He lived and died to do.
" Call Christ, then, the illimitable God,
" Or lost!"

But 't was Cerinthus that is lost.]

*CALIBAN UPON SETEBOS; OR, NATURAL
THEOLOGY IN THE ISLAND.*

"Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such a one as thyself."

[WILL sprawl, now that the heat of day is best,
Flat on his belly in the pit's much mire,
With elbows wide, fists clenched to prop his chin.
And, while he kicks both feet in the cool slush,
And feels about his spine small eft-things course,
Run in and out each arm, and make him laugh:
And while above his head a pompion-plant,
Coating the cave-top as a brow its eye,
Creeps down to touch and tickle hair and beard,
And now a flower drops with a bee inside,
And now a fruit to snap at, catch and crunch,—
He looks out o'er yon sea which sunbeams cross
And recross till they weave a spider-web
(Meshes of fire, some great fish breaks at times)
And talks to his own self, howe'er he please,
Touching that other, whom his dam called God.

Because to talk about Him, vexes—ha,
Could He but know! and time to vex is now,
When talk is safer than in winter-time.
Moreover Prosper and Miranda sleep
In confidence he drudges at their task,
And it is good to cheat the pair, and gibe,
Letting the rank tongue blossom into speech.]

Setebos, Setebos, and Setebos I
Thinketh, He dwelleth i' the cold o' the moon.

'Thinketh He made it, with the sun to match,
But not the stars ; the stars came otherwise;
Only made clouds, winds, meteors, such as that:
Also this isle, what lives and grows thereon,
And snaky sea which rounds and ends the same.

Thinketh, it came of being ill at ease:
He hated that He cannot change His cold,
Nor cure its ache. 'Hath spied an icy fish
That longed to 'scape the rock-stream where she
lived,
And thaw herself within the lukewarm brine
O' the lazy sea her stream thrusts far amid,
A crystal spike 'twixt two warm walls of wave;
Only, she ever sickened, found repulse

At the other kind of water, not her life,
(Green-dense and dim-delicious, bred o' the sun)
Flounced back from bliss she was not born to
breathe,

And in her old bounds buried her despair,
Hating and loving warmth alike: so He.

'Thinketh, He made thereat the sun, this isle,
Trees and the fowls here, beast and creeping thing.
Yon otter, sleek-wet, black, lithe as a leech;
Yon auk, one fire-eye in a ball of foam,
That floats and feeds; a certain badger brown
He hath watched hunt with that slant white-wedge
eye

By moonlight; and the pie with the long tongue
That pricks deep into oakwarts for a worm,
And says a plain word when she finds her prize,
But will not eat the ants; the ants themselves
That build a wall of seeds and settled stalks
About their hole—He made all these and more,
Made all we see, and us, in spite: how else?
He could not, Himself, make a second self
To be His mate; as well have made Himself:
He would not make what he dislikes or slights,
An eyesore to Him, or not worth His pains:
But did, in envy, listlessness or **sport**,

Make what Himself would fain, in a manner, be—
Weaker in most points, stronger in a few,
Worthy, and yet mere playthings all the while,
Things He admires and mocks too,—that is it.
Because, so brave, so better though they be,
It nothing skills if He begin to plague.
Look now, I melt a gourd-fruit into mash,
Add honeycomb and pods, I have perceived,
Which bite like finches when they bill and kiss,—
Then, when froth rises bladdery, drink up all,
Quick, quick, till maggots scamper through my brain ;
Last, throw me on my back i' the seeded thyme,
And wanton, wishing I were born a bird.
Put case, unable to be what I wish,
I yet could make a live bird out of clay:
Would not I take clay, pinch my Caliban
Able to fly?—for, there, see, he hath wings,
And great comb like the hoopoe's to admire,
And there, a sting to do his foes offence,
There, and I will that he begin to live,
Fly to yon rock-top, nip me off the horns
Of grigs high up that make the merry din,
Saucy through their veined wings, and mind me
not.

In which feat, if his leg snapped, brittle clay,
And he lay stupid-like,—why, I should laugh;

And if he, spying me, should fall to weep,
 Beseech me to be good, repair his wrong,
 Bid his poor leg smart less or grow again,—
 Well, as the chance were, this might take or else
 Not take my fancy: I might hear his cry,
 And give the mankin three sound legs for one,
 Or pluck the other off, leave him like an egg,
 And lessoned he was mine and merely clay.
 Were this no pleasure, lying in the thyme,
 Drinking the mash, with brain become alive,
 Making and marring clay at will ? So He.

'Thinketh, such shows nor right nor wrong in Him,
 Nor kind, nor cruel: He is strong and Lord.
 'Am strong myself compared to yonder crabs
 That march now from the mountain to the sea,
 'Let twenty pass, and stone the twenty-first,
 Loving not, hating not, just choosing so.
 'Say, the first straggler that boasts purple spots
 Shall join the file, one pincer twisted off;
 'Say, this bruised fellow shall receive a worm,
 And two worms he whose nippers end in red;
 As it likes me each time, I do: so He.

Well then, 'supposeth He is good i' the main,
 Placable if His mind and ways were guessed,
 VII. XI. F

But rougher than His handiwork, be sure!
Oh, He hath made things worthier than Himself,
And envieth that, so helped, such things do more
Than He who made them ! What consoles but this?
That they, unless through Him, do nought at all,
And must submit: what other use in things?
'Hath cut a pipe of pithless elder-joint
That, blown through, gives exact the scream o' the
jay

When from her wing you twitch the feathers blue:
Sound this, and little birds that hate the jay
Flock within stone's throw, glad their foe is hurt;
Put case such pipe could prattle and boast forsooth
" I catch the birds, I am the crafty thing,
" I make the cry my maker cannot make
" With his great round mouth; he must blow through
mine !"

Would not I smash it with my foot? So He.

But wherefore rough, why cold and ill at ease?
Aha, that is a question ! Ask, for that,
What knows,—the something over Setebos
That made Him, or He, may be, found and fought,
Worsted, drove off and did to nothing, perchance.
There may be something quiet o'er His head,
Out of His reach, that feels nor joy nor grief,

Since both derive from weakness in some way.
I joy because the quails come; would not joy
Could I bring quails here when I have a mind:
This Quiet, all it hath a mind to, doth.
'Esteemeth stars the outposts of its couch,
But never spends much thought nor care that way.
It may look up, work up,—the worse for those
It works on ! 'Careth but for Setebos
The many-handed as a cuttle-fish,
Who, making Himself feared through what He does,
Looks up, first, and perceives he cannot soar
To what is quiet and hath happy life;
Next looks down here, and out of very spite
Makes this a bauble-world to ape yon real,
These good things to match those as hips do grapes.
'T is solace making baubles, ay, and sport.
Himself peeped late, eyed Prosper at his books
Careless and lofty, lord now of the isle:
Vexed, 'stitched a book of broad leaves, arrow-shaped,
Wrote thereon, he knows what, prodigious words;
Has peeled a wand and called it by a name;
Weareth at whiles for an enchanter's robe
The eyed skin of a supple oncelot;
And hath an ounce sleeker than youngling mole,
A four-legged serpent he makes cower and couch,
Now snarl, now hold its breath and mind his eye,

And saith she is Miranda and my wife:
'Keeps for his Ariel a tall pouch-bill crane
He bids go wade for fish and straight disgorge;
Also a sea-beast, lumpish, which he snared,
Blinded the eyes of, and brought somewhat tame,
And split its toe-webs, and now pens the drudge
In a hole o' the rock and calls him Caliban;
A bitter heart that bides its time and bites.
'Plays thus at being Prosper in a way,
Taketh his mirth with make-believes: so He.

His dam held that the Quiet made all things
Which Setebos vexed only : 'holds not so.
Who made them weak, meant weakness He might vex.
Had He meant other, while His hand was in,
Why not make horny eyes no thorn could prick,
Or plate my scalp with bone against the snow,
Or overscale my flesh 'neath joint and joint,
Like an orc's armour? Ay,—so spoil His sport!
He is the One now: only He doth all.

'Saith, He may like, perchance, what profits Him.
Ay, himself loves what does him good; but why?
'Gets good no otherwise. This blinded beast
Loves whoso places flesh-meat on his nose,
But, had he eyes, would want no help, but hate

Or love, Just as it liked him; He hath eyes.
Also it pleaseth Setebos to work,
Use all His hands, and exercise much craft,
By no means for the love of what is worked.
'Tasteth, himself, no finer good i' the world
When all goes right, in this safe summer-time,
And he wants little, hungers, aches not much,
Than trying what to do with wit and strength.
Falls to make something: 'piled yon pile of turfs,
And squared and stuck there squares of soft white chalk,
And, with a fish-tooth, scratched a moon on each,
And set up endwise certain spikes of tree,
And crowned the whole with a sloth's skull a-top,
Found dead i' the woods, too hard for one to kill.
No use at all i' the work, for work's sole sake;
'Shall some day knock it down again: so He.

'Saith He is terrible: watch His feats in proof!
One hurricane will spoil six good months' hope.
He hath a spite against me, that I know,
Just as He favours Prosper, who knows why?
So it is, all the same, as well I find.
'Wove wattles half the winter, fenced them firm
With stone and stake to stop she-tortoises
Crawling to lay their eggs here: well, one wave,
Feeling the foot of Him upon its neck,

Gaped as a snake does, lolled out its large tongue,
And licked the whole labour flat: so much for spite.
Saw a ball flame down late (yonder it lies)
Where, half an hour before, I slept i' the shade:
Often they scatter sparkles: there is force!
'Dug up a newt He may have envied once
And turned to stone, shut up inside a stone.
Please Him and hinder this?—What Prosper does?
Aha, if He would tell me how ! Not He!
There is the sport: discover how or die!
All need not die, for of the things o' the isle
Some flee afar, some dive, some run up trees;
Those at His mercy,—why, they please Him most
When . . when . . well, never try the same way twice !
Repeat what act has pleased, He may grow wroth.
You must not know His ways, and play Him off,
Sure *of* the issue. 'Doth the like himself:
'Spareth a squirrel that it nothing fears
But steals the nut from underneath my thumb,
And when I threat, bites stoutly in defence:
'Spareth an urchin that contrariwise,
Curls up into a ball, pretending death
For fright at my approach: the two ways please.
But what would move my choler more than this,
That either creature counted on its life
To-morrow and next day and all days to come,

Saying, forsooth, in the inmost of its heart,
" Because he did so yesterday with me,
" And otherwise with such another brute,
" So must he do henceforth and always."—Ay?
Would teach the reasoning couple what "must" means !
'Doth as he likes, or wherefore Lord? So He.

'Conceiveth all things will continue thus,
And we shall have to live in fear of Him
So long as He lives, keeps His strength: no change,
If He have done His best, make no new world
To please Him more, so leave off watching this,—
If He surprise not even the Quiet's self
Some strange day,—or, suppose, grow into it
As grubs grow butterflies : else, here are we,
And there is He, and nowhere help at all.

'Believeth with the life, the pain shall stop.
His dam held different, that after death
He both plagued enemies and feasted friends:
Idly! He doth His worst in this our life,
Giving just respite lest we die through pain,
Saving last pain for worst,—with which, an end.
Meanwhile, the best way to escape His ire
Is, not to seem too happy. 'Sees, himself,
Yonder two flies, with purple films and pink,

CONFESSIONS.

I.

WHAT is he buzzing in my ears ?

" Now that I come to die,

" Do I view the world as a vale of tears ?"

Ah, reverend sir, not I!

II.

What I viewed there once, what I view again

Where the physic bottles stand

On the table's edge,—is a suburb lane,

With a wall to my bedside hand.

III.

That lane sloped, much as the bottles do,

From a house you could descry

O'er the garden-wall: is the curtain blue

Or green to a healthy eye ?

IV.

To mine, it serves for the old June weather
 Blue above lane and wall;
 And that farthest bottle labelled " Ether"
 Is the house o'ertopping all.

V.

At a terrace, somewhere near the stopper,
 There watched for me, one June,
 A girl: I know, sir, it's improper,
 My poor mind's out of tune.

VI.

Only, there was a way . . . you crept
 Close by the side, to dodge
 Eyes in the house, two eyes except:
 They styled their house " The Lodge."

VII.

What right had a lounge up their lane ?
 But, by creeping very close,
 With the good wall's help,—their eyes might strain
 And stretch themselves to Oes,

VIII.

Yet never catch her and me together,
As she left the attic, there,
By the rim of the bottle labelled " Ether,"
And stole from stair to stair,

IX.

And stood by the rose-wreathed gate. Alas,
We loved, sir—used to meet:
How sad and bad and mad it was—
But then, how it was sweet!

MAY AND DEATH.

I WISH that when you died last May,
 Charles, there had died along with you
 Three parts of spring's delightful things;
 Ay, and, for me, the fourth part too.

II.

A foolish thought, and worse, perhaps!
 There must be many a pair of friends
 Who, arm in arm, deserve the warm
 Moon-births and the long evening-ends.

III.

So, for their sake, be May still May!
 Let their new time, as mine of old,
 Do all it did for me: I bid
 Sweet sights and sounds throng manifold.

IV.

Only, one little sight, one plant,
Woods have in May, that starts up green
Save a sole streak which, so to speak,
Is spring's blood, spilt its leaves between,—

V.

That, they might spare; a certain wood
Might miss the plant; their loss were small:
But I,—whene'er the leaf grows there,
Its drop comes from my heart, that's all.

DEAF AND DUMB

A GROUP BY WOOLNER.

ONLY the prism's obstruction shows aright
The secret of a sunbeam, breaks its light
Into the jewelled bow from blankest white,
 So may a glory from defect arise:
Only by Deafness may the vexed Love wreak
Its insuppressive sense on brow and cheek,
Only by Dumbness adequately speak
 As favoured mouth could never, through the eyes.

PROSPICE.

FEAR death ?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle 's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,

Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute 's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

EURYDICE TO ORPHEUS.

A PICTURE BY LEIGHTON.

BUT give them me, the mouth, the eyes, the brow!
Let them once more absorb me ! One look now
Will lap me round for ever, not to pass
Out of its light, though darkness lie beyond:
Hold me but safe again within the bond
Of one immortal look ! All woe that was,
Forgotten, and all terror that may be,
Defied,—no past is mine, no future; look at me!

YOUTH AND ART

I.

IT once might have been, once only:
We lodged in a street together,
You, a sparrow on the housetop lonely,
I, a lone she-bird of his feather.

II.

Your trade was with sticks and clay,
You thumbed, thrust, patted and polished,
Then laughed " They will see some day
" Smith made, and Gibson demolished."

III.

My business was song, song, song;
I chirped, cheeped, trilled and twittered,
" Kate Brown's on the boards ere long,
" And Grisi's existence embittered!"

IV.

I earned no more by a warble
Than you by a sketch in plaster;
You wanted a piece of marble,
I needed a music-master.

V.

We studied hard in our styles,
Chipped each at a crust like Hindoos,
For air looked out on the tiles,
For fun watched each other's windows.

VI.

You lounged, like a boy of the South,
Cap and blouse—nay, a bit of beard too;
Or you got it, rubbing your mouth
With fingers the clay adhered to.

VII.

And I—soon managed to find
Weak points in the flower-fence facing,
Was forced to put up a blind
And be safe in my corset-lacing.

VIII.

No harm! It was not my fault
If you never turned your eye's tail up
As I shook upon E *in alt*,
Or ran the chromatic scale up:

IX.

For spring bade the sparrows pair,
And the boys and girls gave guesses,
And stalls in our street looked rare
With bulrush and watercresses.

X.

Why did not you pinch a flower
In a pellet of clay and fling it ?
Why did not I put a power
Of thanks in a look, or sing it?

XI.

I did look, sharp as a lynx,
(And yet the memory rankles)
When models arrived, some minx
Tripped up-stairs, she and her ankles.

XII.

But I think I gave you as good!

" That foreign fellow,—who can know

" How she pays, in a playful mood,

" For his tuning her that piano?"

XIII.

Could you say so, and never say

" Suppose we join hands and fortunes,

" And I fetch her from over the way,

" Her, piano, and long tunes and short tunes ? "

XIV.

No, no: you would not be rash,

Nor I rasher and something over:

You 've to settle yet Gibson's hash,

And Grisi yet lives in clover.

XV.

But you meet the Prince at the Board,

I 'm queen myself at *bals-par'e*,

I 've married a rich old lord,

And you 're dubbed knight and an R.A.

XVI.

Each life unfulfilled, you see;
It hangs still, patchy and scrappy:
We have not sighed deep, laughed free,
Starved, feasted, despaired,—been happy.

XVII.

And nobody calls you a dunce,
And people suppose me clever:
This could but have happened once,
And we missed it, lost it for ever.

A FACE.

IF one could have that little head of hers
Painted upon a background of pale gold,
Such as the Tuscan's early art prefers !
No shade encroaching on the matchless mould
Of those two lips, which should be opening soft
In the pure profile; not as when she laughs,
For that spoils all: but rather as if aloft
Yon hyacinth, she loves so, leaned its staff's
Burthen of honey-coloured buds to kiss
And capture 'twixt the lips apart for this.
Then her lithe neck, three fingers might surround,
How it should waver on the pale gold ground
Up to the fruit-shaped, perfect chin it lifts !
I know, Correggio loves to mass, in rifts
Of heaven, his angel faces, orb on orb
Breaking its outline, burning shades absorb:
But these are only massed there, I should think,
Waiting to see some wonder momentarily

Grow out, stand full, fade slow against the sky
(That's the pale ground you 'd see this sweet face by),
All heaven, meanwhile, condensed into one eye
Which fears to lose the wonder, should it wink.

A LIKENESS.

SOME people hang portraits up
In a room where they dine or sup:
 And the wife clinks tea-things under,
And her cousin, he stirs his cup,
 Asks, " Who was the lady, I wonder ? "
" 'T is a daub John bought at a sale,"
 Quoth the wife,—looks black as thunder:
" What a shade beneath her nose !
" Snuff-taking, I suppose,—"
Adds the cousin, while John's corns ail.

Or else, there 's no wife in the case,
But the portrait's queen of the place,
Alone mid the other spoils
Of youth,—masks, gloves and foils,
And pipe-sticks, rose, cherry-tree, jasmine,
 And the long whip, the tandem-lasher,
And the cast from a fist (" not, alas ! mine,
 " But my master's, the Tipton Slasher "),
And the cards where pistol-balls mark ace,

And a satin shoe used for cigar-case,
And the chamois-horns (" shot in the Chablais ")
And prints—Rarey drumming on Cruiser,
And Sayers, our champion, the bruiser,
And the little edition of Rabelais:
Where a friend, with both hands in his pockets,
May saunter up close to examine it,
And remark a good deal of Jane Lamb in it,
" But the eyes are half out of their sockets;
" That hair's not so bad, where the gloss is,
" But they 've made the girl's nose a proboscis:
" Jane Lamb, that we danced with at Vichy!
" What, is not she Jane? Then, who is she? "

All that I own is a print,
An etching, a mezzotint;
'T is a study, a fancy, a fiction,
Yet a fact (take my conviction)
Because it has more than a hint
Of a certain face, I never
Saw elsewhere touch or trace of
In women I 've seen the face of:
Just an etching, and, so far, clever.

I keep my prints, an imbroglio,
Fifty in one portfolio.

When somebody tries my claret,
We turn round chairs to the fire,
Chirp over days in a garret,
 Chuckle o'er increase of salary,
Taste the good fruits of our leisure,
Talk about pencil and lyre,
 And the National Portrait Gallery:
Then I exhibit my treasure.
After we 've turned over twenty,
 And the debt of wonder my crony owes
 Is paid to my Marc Antonios,
He stops me—" *Festina lente* !
" What's that sweet thing there, the etching? "
How my waistcoat-strings want stretching,
 How my cheeks grow red as tomatos,
How my heart leaps! But hearts, after leaps,
 ache.

" By the by, you must take, for a keepsake,
 " That other, you praised, of Volpato's."
The fool! would he try a flight further and say—
He never saw, never before to-day,
What was able to take his breath away,
A face to lose youth for, to occupy age
With the dream of, meet death with,—why, I'll
 not engage

But that, half in a rapture and half in a rage,
I should toss him the thing's self—" 'T is only a
duplicate,
" A thing of no value! Take it, I supplicate!"

MR. SLUDGE, "THE MEDIUM."

Now, don't, sir! Don't expose me! Just this once !
This was the first and only time, I 'll swear,—
Look at me,—see, I kneel,—the only time,
I swear, I ever cheated,—yes, by the soul
Of Her who hears—(your sainted mother, sir!)
All, except this last accident, was truth—
This little kind of slip !—and even this,
It was your own wine, sir, the good champagne,
(I took it for Catawba, you 're so kind)
Which put the folly in my head !

"Get up?"

You still inflict on me that terrible face?
You show no mercy?—Not for Her dear sake,
The sainted spirit's, whose soft breath even now
Blows on my cheek—(don't you feel something, sir?)
You 'll tell?

Go tell, then! Who the devil cares
What such a rowdy chooses to . . .

Aie—aie—aie !

Please, sir! your thumbs are through my windpipe, sir !

Ch—ch!

Well, sir, I hope you 've done it now!

Oh Lord! I little thought, sir, yesterday,
When your departed mother spoke those words
Of peace through me, and moved you, sir, so much,
You gave me—(very kind it was of you)
These shirt-studs—(better take them back again,
Please, sir)—yes, little did I think so soon
A trifle of trick, all through a glass too much
Of his own champagne, would change my best of friends
Into an angry gentleman !

Though, 't was wrong.

I don't contest the point; your anger's just:
Whatever put such folly in my head,
I know 't was wicked of me. There's a thick
Dusk undeveloped spirit (I 've observed)
Owes me a grudge—a negro's, I should say,
Or else an Irish emigrant's; yourself
Explained the case so well last Sunday, sir,
When we had summoned Franklin to clear up
A point about those shares i' the telegraph :
Ay, and he swore ... or might it be Tom Paine? ...

Thumping the table close by where I crouched,
He'd do me soon a mischief: that's come true !
Why, now your face clears! I was sure it would!
Then, this one time . . . don't take your hand away,
Through yours I surely kiss your mother's hand . . .
You'll promise to forgive me?—or, at least,
Tell nobody of this? Consider, sir!
What harm can mercy do? Would but the shade
Of the venerable dead—one just vouchsafe
A rap or tip! What bit of paper's here?
Suppose we take a pencil, let her write,
Make the least sign, she urges on her child
Forgiveness? There now! Eh? Oh! "T was your
foot,
And not a natural creak, sir?

Answer, then!

Once, twice, thrice . . . see, I'm waiting to say
"thrice!"

All to no use? No sort of hope for me?
It's all to post to Greeley's newspaper?

What? If I told you all about the tricks?
Upon my soul!—the whole truth, and nought else,
And how there's been some falsehood—for your part,
Will you engage to pay my passage out,
And hold your tongue until I'm safe on board?

England 's the place, not Boston—no offence !
I see what makes you hesitate : don't fear !
I mean to change my trade and cheat no more,
Yes, this time really it's upon my soul!
Be my salvation ;—under Heaven, of course.
I 'll tell some queer things. Sixty Vs must do.
A trifle, though, to start with ! We 'll refer
The question to this table?

How you 're changed !
Then split the difference ; thirty more, we 'll say.
Ay, but you leave my presents ! Else I 'll swear
'T was all through those : you wanted yours again,
So, picked a quarrel with me, to get them back!
Tread on a worm, it turns, sir ! If I turn,
Your fault! 'T is you 'll have forced me ! Who 's
obliged
To give up life yet try no self-defence?
At all events, I 'll run the risk. Eh ?

Done!

May I sit, sir? This dear old table, now!
Please, sir, a parting egg-nogg and cigar!
I've been so happy with you ! Nice stuffed chairs,
And sympathetic sideboards; what an end
To all the instructive evenings ! (It's alight.)
Well, nothing lasts, as Bacon came and said.

Here goes,—but keep your temper, or I 'll scream !

Fol-lol-the-rido-liddle-iddle-ol!

You see, sir, it 's your own fault more than mine;

It 's all your fault, you curious gentlefolk !

You 're prigs,—excuse me,—like to look so spry,

So clever, while you cling by half a claw

To the perch whereon you puff yourselves at roost,

Such piece of self-conceit as serves for perch

Because you chose it, so it must be safe.

Oh, otherwise you 're sharp enough ! You spy

Who slips, who slides, who holds by help of wing,

Wanting real foothold,—who can't keep upright

On the other perch, your neighbour chose, not you:

There 's no outwitting you respecting him !

For instance, men love money—that, you know

And what men do to gain it: well, suppose

A poor lad, say a help's son in your house,

Listening at keyholes, hears the company

Talk grand of dollars, V-notes, and so forth,

How hard they are to get, how good to hold,

How much they buy,—if, suddenly, in pops he—

"I've got a V-note!"—what do you say to him?

What's your first word which follows your last kick?

"Where did you steal it, rascal?" That 's because

He finds you, **fain would fool** you, off your perch,

Not on the special piece of nonsense, sir,
Elected your parade-ground : let him try
Lies to the end of the list,— " He picked it up,
" His cousin died and left it him by will,
" The President flung it to him, riding by,
" An actress trucked it for a curl of his hair,
" He dreamed of luck and found his shoe enriched,
" He dug up clay, and out of clay made gold "—
How would you treat such possibilities?
Would not you, prompt, investigate the case
With cow-hide ? " Lies, lies, lies," you 'd shout;
and why ?
Which of the stories might not prove mere truth ?
This last, perhaps, that clay was turned to coin !
Let's see, now, give him me to speak for him !
How many of your rare philosophers,
In plaguy books I 've had to dip into,
Believed gold could be made thus, saw it made
And made it ? Oh, with such philosophers
You 're on your best behaviour ! While the lad—
With him, in a trice, you settle likelihoods,
Nor doubt a moment how he got his prize:
In his case, you hear, judge and execute,
All in a breath: so would most men of sense.

But let the same lad hear you talk as grand

At the same keyhole, you and company,
Of signs and wonders, the invisible world;
How wisdom scouts our vulgar unbelief
More than our vulgarest credulity;
How good men have desired to see a ghost,
What Johnson used to say, what Wesley did,
Mother Goose thought, and fiddle-diddle-dee:—
It he break in with, " Sir, I saw a ghost!"
Ah, the ways change! He finds you perched and
prim;

It's a conceit of yours that ghosts may be :
There 's no talk now of cow-hide. " Tell it out!
" Don't fear us ! Take your time and recollect!
" Sit down first: try a glass of wine, my boy!
" And, David, (is not that your Christian name ?)
" Of all things, should this happen twice—it may—
" Be sure, while fresh in mind, you let us know!"
Does the boy blunder, blurt out this, blab that,
Break down in the other, as beginners will ?
All's candour, all's considerateness—" No haste!
" Pause and collect yourself! We understand!
" That's the bad memory, or the natural shock,
" Or the unexplained *phenomena* !"

Egad,

The boy takes heart of grace ; finds, never fear,

The readiest way to ope your own heart wide,
Show—what I call your peacock-perch, pet post
To strut, and spread the tail, and squawk upon !
" Just as you thought, much as you might expect!
" There be more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,"..
And so on. Shall not David take the hint,
Grow bolder, stroke you down at quickened rate ?
If he ruffle a feather, it 's " Gently, patiently!
" Manifestations are so weak at first!
" Doubting, moreover, kills them, cuts all short,
" Cures with a vengeance !"

There, sir, that's your style !
You and your boy—such pains bestowed on him,
Or any headpiece of the average worth,
To teach, say, Greek, would perfect him apace,
Make him a Person (" Porson ? " thank you, sir !)
Much more, proficient in the art of lies.
You never leave the lesson ! Fire alight,
Catch you permitting it to die ! You 've friends;
There's no withholding knowledge, — least from
those
Apt to look elsewhere for their souls' supply:
Why should not you parade your lawful prize ?
Who finds a picture, digs a medal up,
Hits on a first edition,— he henceforth

Gives it his name, grows notable: how much more,
Who ferrets out a "medium"? "David's yours,
"You highly-favoured man? Then, pity souls
"Less privileged! Allow us share your luck!"
So, David holds the circle, rules the roast,
Narrates the vision, peeps in the glass ball,
Sets-to the spirit-writing, hears the raps,
As the case may be.

Now mark! To be precise—
Though I say, "lies" all these, at this first stage,
'Tis just for science' sake: I call such grubs
By the name of what they'll turn to, dragonflies.
Strictly, it's what good people style untruth;
But yet, so far, not quite the full-grown thing:
It's fancying, fable-making, nonsense-work—
What never meant to be so very bad—
The knack of story-telling, brightening up
Each dull old bit of fact that drops its shine.
One does see somewhat when one shuts one's eyes,
If only spots and streaks; tables do tip
In the oddest way of themselves: and pens, good Lord,
Who knows if you drive them or they drive you?
'Tis but a foot in the water and out again;
Not that duck-under which decides your dive.
Note this, for it's important: listen why.

I'll prove, you push on David till he dives
And ends the shivering. Here 's your circle, now:
Two-thirds of them, with heads like you their host,
Turn up their eyes, and cry, as you expect, -
" Lord, who 'd have thought it ! " But there 's always one
Looks wise, compassionately smiles, submits
" Of your veracity no kind of doubt,
" But --do you feel so certain of that boy's ?
" Really, I wonder! I confess myself
" More chary of my faith!" That's galling, sir!
What, he the investigator, he the sage,
When all's done ? Then, you just have shut your eyes,
Opened your mouth, and gulped down David whole,
You ! Terrible were such catastrophe!
So, evidence is redoubled, doubled again,
And doubled besides; once more, " He heard, we heard,
" You and they heard, your mother and your wife,
" Your children and the stranger in your gates :
" Did they or did they not ? " So much for him,
The black sheep, guest without the wedding-garb,
The doubting Thomas ! Now 's your turn to crow ;
" He's kind to think you such a fool: Sludge cheats ?
" Leave you alone to take precautions!"

Straight

The rest join chorus. Thomas stands abashed,
Sips silent some such beverage as this,

Considers if it be harder, shutting eyes
And gulping David in good fellowship,
Than going elsewhere, getting, in exchange,
With no egg-nogg to lubricate the food,
Some just as tough a morsel. Over the way,
Holds Captain Sparks his court: is it better there?
Have not you hunting-storles, scalping-scenes,
And Mexican War exploits to swallow plump
If you 'd be free o' the stove-side, rocking-chair,
And trio of affable daughters ?

Doubt succumbs!

Victory! All your circle 's yours again !
Out of the clubbing of submissive wits,
David's performance rounds, each chink gets patched,
Every protrusion of a point's filed fine,
All's fit to set a-rolling round the world,
And then return to David finally,
Lies seven-feet thick about his first half-inch.
Here 's a choice birth o' the supernatural,
Poor David 's pledged to ! You 've employed no tool
That laws exclaim at, save the devil's own,
Yet screwed him into henceforth gulling you
To the top o' your bent, —all out of one half-lie !

You hold, if there 's one half or a hundredth part
Of a lie, that 's his fault,—his be the penalty !

I dare say ! You 'd prove firmer in his place ?
 You 'd find the courage,—that first flurry over,
 That mild bit of romancing-work at end, —
 To interpose with " It gets serious, this;
 " Must stop here. Sir, I saw no ghost at all.
 " Inform your friends I made . . . well, fools of them,
 " And found you ready-made. I 've lived in clover
 " These three weeks: take it out in kicks of me !"

I doubt it Ask your conscience ! Let me know,
 Twelve months hence, with how few embellishments
 You 've told almighty Boston of this passage
 Of arms between us, your first taste o' the foil
 From Sludge who could not fence, sir Sludge, your
 boy!

I lied, sir,—there! I got up from my gorge
 On offal in the gutter, and preferred
 Your canvas-backs: I took their carver's size,
 Measured his modicum of intelligence,
 Tickled him on the cockles of his heart
 With a raven feather, and next week found myself
 Sweet and clean, dining daintily, dizen'd smart,
 Set on a stool buttressed by ladies' knees,
 Every soft smiler calling me her pet,
 Encouraging my story to uncoil
 And creep out from its hole, inch after inch.
 " How last night, I no sooner snug in bed,

" Tucked up, just as they left me,—than came raps !
" While a light whisked " . . " Shaped somewhat like
a star ? "
" Well, like some sort of stars, ma'am."—" So we
thought!
" And any voice ? Not yet ? Try hard, next time,
" If you can't hear a voice; we think you may :
" At least, the Pennsylvanian ' mediums' did."
Oh, next time comes the voice! " Just as we
hoped!"
Are not the hoppers proud now, pleased, profuse
O' the natural acknowledgment ?

Of course'

So, off we push, illy-oh-yo, trim the boat,
On we sweep with a cataract ahead,
We 're midway to the Horseshoe: stop, who can,
The dance of bubbles gay about our prow !
Experiences become worth waiting for,
Spirits now speak up, tell their inmost mind,
And compliment the " medium " properly,
Concern themselves about his Sunday coat,
See rings on his hand with pleasure. Ask yourself
How you 'd receive a course of treats like these !
Why, take the quietest hack and stall him up,
Cram him with corn a month, then out with him

Among his mates on a bright April morn,
With the turf to tread; see if you find or no
A caper in him, if he bucks or bolts !
Much more a youth whose fancies sprout as rank
As toadstool-clump from melon-bed. 'T is soon,
" Sirrah, you spirit, come, go, fetch and carry,
" Read, write, rap, rub-a-dub, and hang yourself!"
I 'm spared all further trouble; all's arranged;
Your circle does my business; I may rave
Like an epileptic dervish in the books,
Foam, fling myself flat, rend my clothes to shreds ;
No matter : lovers, friends and countrymen
Will lay down spiritual laws, read wrong things right
By the rule o' reverse. If Francis Verulam
Styles himself Bacon, spells the name beside
With a y and a k, says he drew breath in York,
Gave up the ghost in Wales when Cromwell reigned,
(As, sir, we somewhat fear he was apt to say,
Before I found the useful book that knows)
Why, what harm 's done ? The circle smiles apace,
" It was not Bacon, after all, you see !
" We understand; the trick's but natural :
" Such spirits' individuality
" Is hard to put in evidence : they incline
" To gibe and jeer, these undeveloped sorts.
" You see, their world 's much like a jail broke loose,

" While this of ours remains shut, bolted, barred,
" With a single window to it. Sludge, our friend,
" Serves as this window, whether thin or thick,
" Or stained or stainless; he 's the medium-pane
" Through which, to see us and be seen, they peep:
" They crowd each other, hustle for a chance,
" Tread on their neighbour's kibes, play tricks enough !
" Does Bacon, tired of waiting, swerve aside ?
" Up in his place jumps Barnum—' I 'm your man,
" ' I 'll answer you for Bacon !' Try once more ! "

Or else it's—" What's a ' medium ' ? He 's a means,
" Good, bad, indifferent, still the only means
" Spirits can speak by; he may misconceive,
" Stutter and stammer,—he's their Sludge and drudge,
" Take him or leave him; they must hold their peace,
" Or else, put up with having knowledge strained
" To half-expression through his ignorance.
" Suppose, the spirit Beethoven wants to shed
" New music he 's brimful of; why, he turns
" The handle of this organ, grinds with Sludge,
" And what he poured in at the mouth o' the mill
" As a Thirty-third Sonata, (fancy now!)
" Comes from the hopper as bran-new Sludge, nought else,
" The Shakers' Hymn in G, with a natural F,
" Or the ' Stars and Stripes' set to consecutive fourths."

Sir, where 's the scrape you did not help me through,
You that are wise? And for the fools, the folk
Who came to see,—the guests, (observe that word !)
Pray do you find guests criticize your wine,
Your furniture, your grammar, or your nose?
Then, why your " medium "? What's the difference?
Prove your madeira red-ink and gamboge,—
Your Sludge, a cheat—then, somebody's a goose
For vaunting both as genuine. " Guests !" Don't fear!
They 'll make a wry face, nor too much of that,
And leave you in your glory.

"No, sometimes
" They doubt and say as much !" Ay, doubt they do !
And what's the consequence ? "Of course they doubt" -
(You triumph) " that explains the hitch at once !
" Doubt posed our ' medium,' puddled his pure mind ;
" He gave them back their rubbish : pitch chaff in,
" Could flour come out o' the honest mill?" So, prompt
Applaud the faithful: cases flock in point,
" How, when a mocker willed a ' medium ' once
" Should name a spirit James whose name was George,
" ' James' cried the ' medium,'—'t was the test of truth !"
In short, a hit proves much, a miss proves more.
Does this convince? The better : does it fail?
Time for the double-shotted broadside, then—

The grand means, last resource. Look black and big!

" You style us idiots, therefore—why stop short?

" Accomplices in rascality: this we hear

" In our own house, from our invited guest

" Found brave enough to outrage a poor boy

Exposed by our good faith ! Have you been heard?

" Now, then, hear us; one man 's not quite worth twelve.

" You see a cheat? Here's some twelve see an ass.

" Excuse me if I calculate : good day !"

Out slinks the sceptic, all the laughs explode.

Sludge waves his hat in triumph!

Or—he don't.

There 's something in real truth (explain who can)

One casts a wistful eye at, like the horse

Who mopes beneath stuffed hay-racks and won't munch

Because he spies a corn-bag : hang that truth,

It spoils all dainties proffered in its place !

I 've felt at times when, cockered, cosseted

And coddled by the aforesaid company,

Bidden enjoy their bullying,—never fear,

But o'er their shoulders spit at the flying man,—

I 've felt a child; only, a fractious child

That, dandled soft by nurse, aunt, grandmother,

Who keep him from the kennel, sun and wind,

Good fun and wholesome mud,—enjoined be sweet,

And comely and superior,—eyes askance
The ragged sons o' the gutter at their game,
Fain would be down with them i' the thick o' the filth,
Making dirt-pies, laughing free, speaking plain,
And calling granny the grey old cat she is.
I 've felt a spite, I say, at you, at them,
Huggings and humbug—gnashed my teeth to mark
A decent dog pass ! It's too bad, I say,
Ruining a soul so!

But what's "so," what's fixed,
Where may one stop? Nowhere! The cheating's
nursed

Out of the lying, softly and surely spun
To just your length, sir! I 'd stop soon enough :
But you 're for progress. " All old, nothing new?
" Only the usual talking through the mouth,
" Or writing by the hand? I own, I thought
" This would develop, grow demonstrable,
" Make doubt absurd, give figures we might see,
" Flowers we might touch. There's no one doubts
you, Sludge!
" You dream the dreams, you see the spiritual sights,
" The speeches come in your head, beyond dispute.
" Still, for the sceptics' sake, to stop all mouths,
" We want some outward manifestation !—well,

"The Pennsylvanians gained such; why not Sludge?

" He may improve with time !"

Ay, that he may!

He sees his lot: there 's no avoiding fate.

'T is a trifle at first. " Eh, David? Did you hear?

" You jogged the table, your foot caused the squeak,

" This time you 're . . . joking, are you not, my boy?"

" N-n-no! "—and I 'm done for, bought and sold hence
forth.

The old good easy jog-trot way, the . . . eh ?

The . . . not so very false, as falsehood goes,

The spinning out and drawing fine, you know,—

Really mere novel-writing of a sort,

Acting, or improvising, make-believe,

Surely not downright cheaterly,—any how,

T is done with and my lot cast; Cheat's my name :

The fatal dash of brandy in your tea

Has settled what you 'll have the souchong's smack:

The caddy gives way to the dram-bottle.

Then, it's so cruel easy ! Oh, those tricks

That can't be tricks, those feats by sleight of hand,

Clearly no common conjuror's !- no indeed !

A conjuror? Choose me any craft i' the world

A man puts hand to; and with six months' pains

I 'll play you twenty tricks miraculous
 To people untaught the trade: have you seen glass
 blown,
 Pipes pierced? Why, just this biscuit that I chip,
 Did you ever watch a baker toss one flat
 To the oven? Try and do it! Take my word,
 Practise but half as much, while limbs are lithe,
 To turn, shove, tilt a table, crack your joints,
 Manage your feet, dispose your hands aright,
 Work wires that twitch the curtains, play the glove
 At end o' your slipper,—then put out the lights
 And . . . there, there, all you want you 'll get, I hope!
 I found it slip, easy as an old shoe.

Now, lights on table again ! I 've done my part,
 You take my place while I give thanks and rest.
 " Well, Judge Humgruffin, what's your verdict, sir?
 " You, hardest head in the United States,—
 " Did you detect a cheat here? Wait! Let's see!
 " Just an experiment first, for candour's sake !
 " I 'll try and cheat you, Judge! The table tilts:
 " Is it I that move it? Write ! I 'll press your hand :
 " Cry when I push, or guide your pencil, Judge! "
 Sludge still triumphant! "That a rap, indeed?
 "That, the real writing? Very like a whale !
 "Then, if, sir you—a most distinguished man,

" And, were the Judge not here, I 'd say, ... no matter)
" Well, sir, if you fail, you can't take us in,—
" There 's little fear that Sludge will! "

Won't he, ma'am?

But what if our distinguished host, like Sludge,
Bade God bear witness that he played no trick,
While you believed that what produced the raps
Was just a certain child who died, you know,
And whose last breath you thought your lips had felt?
Eh? That's a capital point, ma'am : Sludge begins
At your entreaty with your dearest dead,
The little voice set lisping once again,
The tiny hand made feel for yours once more,
The poor lost image brought back, plain as dreams,
Which image, if a word had chanced recall,
The customary cloud would cross your eyes,
Your heart return the old tick, pay its pang!
A right mood for investigation, this!
One 's at one's ease with Saul and Jonathan,
Pompey and Caesar: but one's own lost child
I wonder, when you heard the first clod drop
From the spadeful at the grave-side, felt you free
To investigate who twitched your funeral scarf
Or brushed your flounces? Then, it came of course
You should be stunned and stupid; then, (how else?)

Your breath stopped with your blood, your brain struck
work.

But now, such causes fail of such effects,
All's changed,—the little voice begins afresh,
Yet you, calm, consequent, can test and try
And touch the truth. " Tests ? Didn't the creature tell
" Its nurse's name, and say it lived six years,
" And rode a rocking-horse? Enough of tests !
" Sludge never could learn that!"

He could not, eh ?

You compliment him. " Could not ?" Speak for yourself!
I 'd like to know the man I ever saw
Once,—never- mind where, how, why, when,—once saw,
Of whom I do not keep some matter in mind
He 'd swear I " could not" know, sagacious soul!
What? Do you live in this world's blow of blacks,
Palaver, gossipry, a single hour
Nor find one smut has settled on your nose,
Of a smut's worth, no more, no less?—one fact
Out of the drift of facts, whereby you learn
What someone was, somewhere, somewhen, somewhy?
You don't tell folk—" See what has stuck to me !
" Judge Humgruffin, our most distinguished man,
" Your uncle was a tailor, and your wife
" Thought to have married Miggs, missed him, hit you!"—

Do you, sir, though you see him twice a-week?

" No," you reply, " what use retailing it?

' Why should I? " But, you see, one day you *should*,
Because one day there's much use,—when this fact
Brings you the Judge upon both gouty knees
Before the supernatural; proves that Sludge
Knows, as you say, a thing he " could not" know:
Will not Sludge thenceforth keep an outstretched face
The way the wind drives?

" Could not! " Look you now,
I 'll tell you a story ! There 's a whiskered chap,
A foreigner, that teaches music here
And gets his bread,—knowing no better way:
He says, the fellow who informed of him
And made him fly his country and fall West
Was a hunchback cobbler, sat, stitched soles and sang,
In some outlandish place, the city Rome,
In a cellar by their Broadway, all day long;
Never asked questions, stopped to listen or look,
Nor lifted nose from lapstone; let the world
Roll round his three-legged stool, and news run in
The ears he hardly seemed to keep pricked up.
Well, that man went on Sundays, touched his pay,
And took his praise from government, you see;
For something like two dollars every week,

He 'd engage tell you some one little thing
 Of some one man, which led to many more,
 (Because one truth leads right to the world's end)
 And make you that man's master—when he dined
 And on what dish, where walked to keep his health
 And to what street. His trade was, throwing thus
 His sense out, like an ant-eater's long tongue,
 Soft, innocent, warm, moist, impassible,
 And when 't was crusted o'er with creatures—slick,
 Their juice enriched his palate. " Could not Sludge ! "

I 'll go yet a step further, and maintain,
 Once the imposture plunged its proper depth
 I' the rotten of your natures, all of you,—
 (If one 's not mad nor drunk, and hardly then)
 It's impossible to cheat—that 's, be found out!
 Go tell your brotherhood this first slip of mine,
 All to-day's tale, how you detected Sludge,
 Behaved unpleasantly, till he was fain confess,
 And so has come to grief! You 'll find, I think,
 Why Sludge still snaps his fingers in your face.
 There now, you 've told them ! What 's their prompt
 reply ?

" Sir, did that youth confess he had cheated me,
 " I 'd disbelieve him. He may cheat at times;
 " That 's in the ' medium '-nature, thus they're made,

" Vain and vindictive, cowards, prone to scratch.
" And so all cats are; still, a cat's the beast
" You coax the strange electric sparks from out,
" By rubbing back its fur; not so a dog,
" Nor lion, nor lamb: 't is the cat's nature, sir !
" Why not the dog's? Ask God, who made them
 beasts!
" D' ye think the sound, the nicely-balanced man
" (Like me"—aside)—" like you yourself,"—(aloud)
" —He 's stuff to make a ' medium' ? Bless your soul,
" 'T is these hysteric, hybrid half-and-halves,
" Equivocal, worthless vermin yield the fire !
" We take such as we find them, 'ware their tricks,
" Wanting their service. Sir, Sludge took in you—
" How, I can't say, not being there to watch :
" He was tried, was tempted by your easiness,—
" He did not take in me !"

Thank you for Sludge!

I 'm to be grateful to such patrons, eh,
When what you hear 's my best word? 'T is a
 challenge
" Snap at all strangers, half-tamed prairie-dog,
" So you cower duly at your keeper's beck !
" Cat, show what claws were made for, muffling them
" Only to me ! Cheat others if you can,

" Me, if you dare !" And, my wise sir, I dared—
Did cheat you first, made you cheat others next,
And had the help o' your vaunted manliness
To bully the incredulous. You used me ?
Have not I used you, taken full revenge,
Persuaded folk they knew not their own name,
And straight they 'd own the error! Who was the fool
When, to an awe-struck wide-eyed open-mouthed
Circle of sages, Sludge would introduce
Milton composing baby-rhymes, and Locke
Reasoning in gibberish, Homer writing Greek
In noughts and crosses, Asaph setting psalms
To crotchet and quaver ? I 've made a spirit squeak
In sham voice for a minute, then outbroke
Bold in my own, defying the imbeciles—
Have copied some ghost's pothooks, half a page,
Then ended with my own scrawl undisguised.
" All right! The ghost was merely using Sludge,
" Suiting itself from his imperfect stock ! "
Don't talk of gratitude to me! For what ?
For being treated as a showman's ape,
Encouraged to be wicked and make sport,
Fret or sulk, grin or whimper, any mood
So long as the ape be in it and no man—
Because a nut pays every mood alike.
Curse your superior, superintending sort,

Who, since you hate smoke, send up boys that climb
To cure your chimney, bid a "medium" lie
To sweep you truth down! Curse your women too,
Your insolent wives and daughters, that fire up
Or faint away if a male hand squeeze theirs,
Yet, to encourage Sludge, may play with Sludge
As only a "medium," only the kind of thing
They must humour, fondle . . . oh, to misconceive
Were too preposterous! But I've paid them out!
They've had their wish—called for the naked truth,
And in she tripped, sat down and bade them stare:
They had to blush a little and forgive!

"The fact is, children talk so; in next world
"All our conventions are reversed,—perhaps
"Made light of: something like old prints, my dear!

"The Judge has one, he brought from Italy,
"A metropolis in the background,—o'er a bridge,
"A team of trotting roadsters,—cheerful groups
"Of wayside travellers, peasants at their work,
"And, full in front, quite unconcerned, why not?
"Three nymphs conversing with a cavalier,
"And never a rag among them: 'fine,' folk cry—
"And heavenly manners seem not much unlike!

"Let Sludge go on; we'll fancy it's in print!"
If such as came for wool, sir, went home shorn,
Where is the wrong I did them? 'T was their choice;

They tried the adventure, ran the risk, tossed up
And lost, as some one 's sure to do in games ;
They fancied I was made to lose,—smoked glass
Useful to spy the sun through, spare their eyes :
And had I proved a red-hot iron plate
They thought to pierce, and, for their pains, grew blind,
Whose were the fault but theirs ? While, as things go,
Their loss amounts to gain, the more 's the shame !
They 've had their peep into the spirit-world,
And all this world may know it ! They 've fed fat
Their self-conceit which else had starved : what chance
Save this, of cackling o'er a golden egg
And compassing distinction from the flock,
Friends of a feather ? Well, they paid for it,
And not prodigiously; the price o' the play,
Not counting certain pleasant interludes,
Was scarce a vulgar play's worth. When you buy
The actor's talent, do you dare propose
For his soul beside ? Whereas my soul you buy !
Sludge acts Macbeth, obliged to be Macbeth,
Or you 'll not hear his first word ! Just go through
That slight formality, swear himself 's the Thane,
And thenceforth he may strut and fret his hour,
Spout, spawl, or spin his target, no one cares !
Why hadn't I leave to play tricks, Sludge as Sludge ?
Enough of it all ! I Ve wiped out scores with you—

Vented your fustian, let myself be streaked
Like tom-fool with your ochre and carmine,
Worn patchwork your respectable fingers sewed
To metamorphose somebody,—yes, I 've earned
My wages, swallowed down my bread of shame,
And shake the crumbs off— where but in your face ?

As for religion—why, I served it, sir!
I 'll stick to that! With my *phenomena*
I laid the atheist sprawling on his back,
Propped up Saint Paul, or, at least, Swedenborg!
In fact, it's just the proper way to baulk
These troublesome fellows—liars, one and all,
Are not these sceptics ? Well, to baffle them,
No use in being squeamish : lie yourself!
Erect your buttress just as wide o' the line,
Your side, as they build up the wall on theirs;
Where both meet, midway in a point, is truth
High overhead : so, take your room, pile bricks,
Lie! Oh, there's titillation in all shame !
What snow may lose in white, snow gains in rose!
Miss Stokes turns—Rahab,—nor a bad exchange!
Glory be on her, for the good she wrought,
Breeding belief anew 'neath ribs of death,
Browbeating now the unabashed before,
Ridding us of their whole life's gathered straws

By a live coal from the altar! Why, of old,
 Great men spent years and years in writing books
 To prove we 've souls, and hardly proved it then:
 Miss Stokes with her live coal, for you and me !
 Surely, to this good issue, all was fair—
 Not only fondling Sludge, but, even suppose
 He let escape some spice of knavery,—well,
 In wisely being blind to it! Don't you praise
 Nelson for setting spy-glass to blind eye
 And saying . . . what was it—that he could not see
 The signal he was bothered with? Ay, indeed!

I 'll go beyond : there 's a real love of a lie,
 Liars find ready-made for lies they make,
 As hand for glove, or tongue for sugar-plum.
 At best, 't is never pure and full belief;
 Those furthest in the quagmire,—don't suppose
 They strayed there with no warning, got no chance
 Of a filth-speck in their face, which they clenched
 teeth,
 Bent brow against! Be sure they had their doubts,
 And fears, and fairest challenges to try
 The floor o' the seeming solid sand ! But no!
 Their faith was pledged, acquaintance too apprised,
 All but the last step ventured, kerchiefs waved,
 And Sludge called " pet": 't was easier marching on

To the promised land join those who, Thursday next,
Meant to meet Shakespeare; better follow Sludge—.

Prudent, oh sure !— on the alert, how else?—

But making for the mid-bog, all the same !

To hear your outcries, one would think I caught
Miss Stokes by the scruff o' the neck, and pitched her
flat,

Foolish-face-foremost! Hear these simpletons,

That's all I beg, before my work 's begun,

Before I 've touched them with my finger-tip!

Thus they await me (do but listen, now!

It's reasoning, this is, —I can't imitate

The baby voice, though) " In so many tales

"Must be some truth, truth though a pin-point big,

" Yet, some : a single man 's deceived, perhaps—

" Hardly, a thousand : to suppose one cheat

" Can gull all these, were more miraculous far

" Than aught we should confess a miracle "—

And so on. Then the Judge sums up—(it's rare)

Bids you respect the authorities that leap

To the judgment-seat at once,—why don't you note

The limpid nature, the unblemished life,

The spotless honour, indisputable sense

Of the first upstart with his story ? What—

Outrage a boy on whom you ne'er till now

Set eyes, because he finds raps trouble him ?

Fools, these are: ay, and how of their opposite
 Who never did, at bottom of their hearts,
 Believe for a moment ?—Men emasculate,
 Blank of belief, who played, as eunuchs use,
 With superstition safely, -cold of blood,
 Who saw what made for them i' the mystery,
 Took their occasion, and supported Sludge
 —As prorselytes ? No, thank you, far too shrewd
 —But promisers of fair play, encouragers
 O' the claimant; who in candour needs must hoist
 Sludge up on Mars' Hill, get speech out of Sludge
 To carry off criticize, and cant about!
 Didn't Athens treat Saint Paul so ?—at any rate,
 It's " a new thing " philosophy fumbles at.
 Then there 's the other picker-out of pearl
 From dung-heaps,—ay, your literary man,
 Who draws on his kid gloves to deal with Sludge
 Daintily and discreetly,—shakes a dust
 O' the doctrine, flavours thence, he well knows how,
 The narrative or the novel,—half-believes,
 All for the book's sake, and the public's stare,
 And the cash that 's God's sole solid in this world !
 Look at him ! Try *to* be too bold, too gross
 For the master! Not you ! He 's the man for muck;
 Shovel it forth, full-splash, he 'll smooth your brown
 Into artistic richness, 'never fear!

Find him the crude stuff; when you recognize
Your lie again, you 'll doff your hat to it,
Dressed out for company ! " For company,"
I say, since there 's the relish of success:
Let all pay due respect, call the lie truth,
Save the soft silent smirking gentleman
Who ushered in the stranger: you must sigh
" How melancholy, he, the only one
" Fails to perceive the bearing of the truth
" Himself gave birth to ! "—There's the triumph's
smack!

That man would choose to see the whole world roll
I' the slime o' the slough, so he might touch the tip
Of his brush with what I call the best of browns—
Tint ghost-tales, spirit-stories, past the power
Of the outworn umber and bistre !

Yet I think
There's a more hateful form of foolery—
The social sage's, Solomon of saloons
And philosophic diner-out, the fribble
Who wants a doctrine for a chopping-block
To try the edge of his faculty upon,
Prove how much common sense he 'll hack and hew
I' the critical minute 'twixt the soup and fish!
These were my patrons: these, and the like of them

Who, rising in my soul now, sicken it,—
These I have injured ! Gratitude to these ?
The gratitude, forsooth, of a prostitute
To the greenhorn and the bully—friends of hers,
From the wag that wants the queer jokes for his club,
To the snuff-box-decorator, honest man,
Who just was at his wits' end where to find
So genial a Pasiphae ! All and each
Pay, compliment, protect from the police :
And how she hates them for their pains, like me!
So much for my remorse at thanklessness
Toward a deserving public!

But, for God?

Ay, that's a question ! Well, sir, since you press —
(How you do tease the whole thing out of me !
I don't mean you, you know, when I say " them " :
Hate you, indeed ! But that Miss Stokes, that Judge !
Enough, enough—with sugar: thank you, sir!)
Now for it, then! Will you believe me, though?
You 've heard what I confess; I don't unsay
A single word: I cheated when I could,
Rapped with my toe-joints, set sham hands at work,
Wrote down names weak in sympathetic ink,
Rubbed odic lights with ends of phosphor-match,
And all the rest ; believe that: believe this,

By the same token, though it seem to set
The crooked straight again, unsay the said,
Stick up what I 've knocked down ; I can't help that
It 's truth ! I somehow vomit truth to-day
This trade of mine—I don't know, can't be sure
But there was something in it, tricks and all!
Really, I want to light up my own mind.
They were tricks,—true, but what I mean to add
Is also true. First,—don't it strike you, sir?
Go back to the beginning,—the first fact
We 're taught is, there 's a world beside this world,
With spirits, not mankind, for tenantry;
That much within that world once sojourned here,
That all upon this world will visit there,
And therefore that we, bodily here below,
Must have exactly such an interest
In learning what may be the ways o' the world
Above us, as the disembodied folk
Have (by all analogic likelihood)
In watching how things go in the old home
With us, their sons, successors, and what not.
Oh yes, with added powers probably,
Fit for the novel state,—old loves grown pure,
Old interests understood aright,—they watch!
Eyes to see, ears to hear, and hands to help,
Proportionate to advancement: they 're ahead,

That 's all—do what we do, but noblier done—
Use plate, whereas we eat our meals off delf,
(To use a figure).

Concede that, and I ask
Next what may be the mode of intercourse
Between us men here, and those once-men there?
First comes the Bible's speech; then, history
With the supernatural element,—you know—
All that we sucked in with our mothers' milk,
Grew up with, got inside of us at last,
Till it's found bone of bone and flesh of flesh.
See now, we start with the miraculous,
And know it used to be, at all events:
What's the first step we take, and can't but take,
In arguing from the known to the obscure?
Why this: " What was before, may be to-day.
" Since Samuel's ghost appeared to Saul, of course
" My brother's spirit may appear to me."
Go tell your teacher that! What's his reply?
What brings a shade of doubt for the first time
O'er his brow late so luminous with faith?
" Such things have been," says he, " and there's no doubt
" Such things may be: but I advise mistrust
" Of eyes, ears, stomach, and, more than all, your brain,
" Unless it be of your great-grandmother,

" Whenever they propose a ghost to you ! "
The end is, there 's a composition struck;
'T is settled, we 've some way of intercourse
Just as in Saul's time; only, different:
How, when and where, precisely,—find it out!
I want to know, then, what's so natural
As that a person born into this world
And seized on by such teaching, should begin
With firm expectancy and a frank look-out
For his own allotment, his especial share
I' the secret,—his particular ghost, in fine?
I mean, a person born to look that way,
Since natures differ: take the painter-sort,
One man lives fifty years in ignorance
Whether grass be green or red,—" No kind of eye
" For colour," say you; while another picks
And puts away even pebbles, when a child,
Because of bluish spots and pinky veins—
" Give him forthwith a paint-box! " Just the same
Was I born . . . "medium," you won't let me say,—
Well, seer of the supernatural
Everywhen, everyhow and everywhere,—
Will that do?

I and all such boys of course
Started with the same stock of Bible-truth;

Only,—what in the rest you style their sense,
Instinct, blind reasoning but imperative,
This, betimes, taught them the old world had one law
And ours another : "New world, new laws," cried they :
" None but old laws, seen everywhere at work,"
Cried I, and by their help explained my life
The Jews' way, still a working way to me.
Ghosts made the noises, fairies waved the lights,
Or Santa Claus slid down on New Year's Eve
And stuffed with cakes the stocking at my bed,
Changed the worn shoes, rubbed clean the fingered slate
O' the sum that came to grief the day before.

This could not last long : soon enough I found
Who had worked wonders thus, and to what end:
But did I find all easy, like my mates?
Henceforth no supernatural any more?
Not a whit : what projects the billiard-balls?
" A cue," you answer : " Yes, a cue," said I;
" But what hand, off the cushion, moved the cue?
" What unseen agency, outside the world,
" Prompted its puppets to do this and that,
" Put cakes and shoes and slates into their mind,
" These mothers and aunts, nay even schoolmasters? "
Thus high I sprang, and there have settled since.
Just so I reason, in sober earnest still,

About the greater godsend, what you call
The serious gains and losses of my life.
What do I know or care about your world
Which either is or seems to be? This snap
O' my fingers, sir ! My care is for myself;
Myself am whole and sole reality
Inside a raree-show and a market-mob
Gathered about it: that 's the use of things.
'T is easy saying they serve vast purposes,
Advantage their grand selves: be it true or false,
Each thing may have two uses. What's a star?
A world, or a world's sun: doesn't it serve
As taper also, time-piece, weather-glass,
And almanac? Are stars not set for signs
When we should shear our sheep, sow corn, prune trees?
The Bible says so.

Well, I add one use
To all the acknowledged uses, and declare
If I spy Charles's Wain at twelve to-night,
It warns me, " Go, nor lose another day,
" And have your hair cut, Sludge !" You laugh: and
why?
Were such a sign too hard for God to give?
No: but Sludge seems too little for such grace:
Thank you, sir] So you think, so does not Sludge!

When you and good men gape at Providence,
Go into history and bid us mark
Not merely powder-plots prevented, crowns
Kept on kings' heads by miracle enough,
But private mercies—oh, you 've told me, sir,
Of such interpositions ! How yourself
Once, missing on a memorable day
Your handkerchief—just setting out, you know,—
You must return to fetch it, lost the train,
And saved your precious self from what befell
The thirty-three whom Providence forgot.
You tell, and ask me what I think of this?
Well, sir, I think then, since you needs must know,
What matter had you and Boston city to boot
Sailed skyward, like burnt onion-peelings? Much
To you, no doubt: for me—undoubtedly
The cutting of my hair concerns me more,
Because, however sad the truth may seem,
Sludge is of all-importance to himself.
You set apart that day in every year
For special thanksgiving, were a heathen else:
Well, I who cannot boast the like escape,
Suppose I said " I don't thank Providence
" For my part, owing it no gratitude"?
" Nay. but you owe as much"—you 'd tutor me,
" You, every man alive, for blessings gained

" In every hour o' the day, could you but know!
" I saw my crowning mercy: all have such,
" Could they but see !" Well, sir, why don't they see?
" Because they won't look,—or perhaps, they can't."
Then, sir, suppose I can, and will, and do
Look, microscopically as is right,
Into each hour with its infinitude
Of influences at work to profit Sludge?
For that 's the case: I 've sharpened up my sight
To spy a providence in the fire's going out,
The kettle's boiling, the dime's sticking fast
Despite the hole i' the pocket. Call such facts
Fancies, too petty a work for Providence,
And those same thanks which you exact from me
Prove too prodigious payment: thanks for what,
If nothing guards and guides us little men?
No, no, sir! You must put away your pride,
Resolve to let Sludge into partnership !
I live by signs and omens: looked at the roof
Where the pigeons settle—" If the further bird,
" The white, takes wing first, I 'll confess when thrashed;
" Not, if the blue does "—so I said to myself
Last week, lest you should take me by surprise:
Off flapped the white,—and I 'm confessing, sir!
Perhaps 't is Providence's whim and way
With only me, i' the world : how can you tell?

" Because unlikely !" Was it likelier, now,
That this our one out of all worlds beside,
The what-d'you-call-'em millions, should be just
Precisely chosen to make Adam for,
And the rest o' the tale? Yet the tale's true, you know:
Such undeserving clod was graced so once;
Why not graced likewise undeserving Sludge?
Are we merit-mongers, flaunt we filthy rags?
All you can bring against my privilege
Is, that another way was taken with you,—
Which I don't question. It's pure grace, my luck:
I 'm broken to the way of nods and winks,
And need no formal summoning. You 've a help;
Holloa his name or whistle, clap your hands,
Stamp with your foot or pull the bell: all 's one,
He understands you want him, here he comes.
Just so, I come at the knocking; you, sir, wait
The tongue o' the bell, nor stir before you catch
Reason's clear tingle, nature's clapper brisk,
Or that traditional peal was wont to cheer
Your mother's face turned heavenward : short of these
There's no authentic intimation, eh?
Weil, when you hear, you 'll answer them, start up
And stride into the presence, top of toe,
And there find Sludge beforehand, Sludge that sprang-
At noise o' the knuckle on the partition-wall!

I think myself the more religious man.
Religion 's all or nothing; it 's no mere smile
O' contentment, sigh of aspiration, sir—
No quality o' the fmelier-tempered clay
Like its whiteness or its lightness; rather, stuff
O' the very stuff, life of life, and self of self.
I tell you, men won't notice; when they do,
They 'll understand. I notice nothing else:
I 'm eyes, ears, mouth of me, one gaze and gape,
Nothing eludes me, everything 's a hint,
Handle and help. It's all absurd, and yet
There 's something in it all, I know: how much ?
No answer! What does that prove ? Man's still man
Still meant for a poor blundering piece of work
When all 's done; but, if somewhat 's done, like this,
Or not done, is the case the same ? Suppose
I blunder in my guess at the true sense
O' the knuckle-summons, nine times out of ten,—
What if the tenth guess happen to be right ?
If the tenth shovel-load of powdered quartz
Yield me the nugget ? I gather, crush, sift all,
Pass o'er the failure, pounce on the success.
To give you a notion, now—(let who wins, laugh !)
When first I see a man, what do I first ?
Why, count the letters which make up his name,
And as their number chances, even or odd,

Arrive at my conclusion, trim my course:
Hiram H. Horsefall is your honoured name,
And haven't I found a patron, sir, in you ?
" Shall I cheat this stranger ? " I take apple-pips,
Stick one in either canthus of my eye,
And if the left drops first—(your left, sir, stuck)
I 'm warned, I let the trick alone this time.
You, sir, who smile, superior to such trash,
You judge of character by other rules :
Don't your rules sometimes fail yon ? Pray, what rule
Have you judged Sludge by hitherto ?

Oh, be sure,
You, everybody blunders, just as I,
In simpler things than these by far! For see:
I knew two farmers,—one, a wiseacre
Who studied seasons, rummaged almanacs,
Quoted the dew-point, registered the frost,
And then declared, for outcome of his pains,
Next summer must be dampish : 't was a drought.
His neighbour prophesied such drought would fall,
Saved hay and corn, made cent. per cent. thereby,
And proved a sage indeed: how came his lore ?
Because one brindled heifer, late in March,
Stiffened her tail of evenings, and somehow
He got into his head that drought was meant!

I don't expect all men can do as much:
Such kissing goes by favour. You must take
A certain turn of mind for this,—a twist
I' the flesh, as well. Be lazily alive,
Open-mouthed, like my friend the ant-eater,
Letting all nature's loosely-guarded motes
Settle and, slick, be swallowed! Think yourself
The one i' the world, the one for whom the world
Was made, expect it tickling at your mouth!
Then will the swarm of busy buzzing flies,
Clouds of coincidence, break egg-shell, thrive,
Breed, multiply, and bring you food enough.

I can't pretend to mind your smiling, sir!
Oh, what you mean is this! Such intimate way,
Close converse, frank exchange of offices,
Strict sympathy of the immeasurably great
With the infinitely small, betokened here
By a course of signs and omens, raps and sparks,—
How does it suit the dread traditional text
O' the "Great and Terrible Name"? Shall the
Heaven of Heavens
Stoop to such child's play?

Please, sir, go with me
A moment, and I'll try to answer you.

The "*Magnum et terribile*" (is that right ?)
Well, folk began with this in the early day;
And all the acts they recognized in proof
Were thunders, lightnings, earthquakes, whirlwinds,
dealt
Indisputably on men whose death they caused.
There, and there only, folk saw Providence
At work,—and seeing it, 't was right enough
All heads should tremble, hands wring hands amain,
And knees knock hard together at the breath
O' the Name's first letter; why, the Jews, I 'm told,
Won't write it down, no, to this very hour,
Nor speak aloud : you know best if 't be so.
Each ague-fit of fear at end, they crept
(Because somehow people once born must live)
Out of the sound, sight, swing and sway o' the Name,
Into a corner, the dark rest of the world,
And safe space where as yet no fear had reached;
'T was there they looked about them, breathed again,
And felt indeed at home, as we might say.
The current o' common things, the daily life,
This had their due contempt; no Name pursued
Man from the mountain-top where fires abide,
To his particular mouse-hole at its foot
Where he ate, drank, digested, lived in short:
Such was man's vulgar business, far too small

To be worth thunder: "small," folk kept on, "small"
With much complacency in those great days !
A mote of sand, you know, a blade of grass—
What was so despicable as mere grass,
Except perhaps the life o' the worm or fly
Which fed there ? These were "small" and men were
great.

Well, sir, the old way 's altered somewhat since,
And the world wears another aspect now:
Somebody turns our spyglass round, or else
Puts a new lens in it: grass, worm, fly grow big:
We find great things are made of little things,
And little things go lessening till at last
Comes God behind them. Talk of mountains now ?
We talk of mould that heaps the mountain, mites
That throng the mould, and God that makes the
mites.

The Name comes close behind a stomach-cyst,
The simplest of creations, just a sac
That 's mouth, heart, legs and belly at once, yet lives
And feels, and could do neither, we conclude,
If simplified still further one degree:
The small becomes the dreadful and immense
Lightning, forsooth ? No word more upon that!
A tin-foil bottle, a strip of greasy silk,
With a bit of wire and knob of brass, and there's

Your dollar's-worth of lightning! But the cyst—
The life of the least of the little things?

No, no!

Preachers and teachers try another tack,
Come near the truth this time: they put aside
Thunder and lightning : " That's mistake," they cry,
" Thunderbolts fall for neither fright nor sport,
" But do appreciable good, like tides,
" Changes o' the wind, and other natural facts—
" ' Good ' meaning good to man, his body or soul.
" Mediate, immediate, all things minister
" To man,—that 's settled : be our future text
" ' We are His children !'" So, they now harangue
About the intention, the contrivance, all
That keeps up an incessant play of love,—
See the Bridgewater book.

Amen to it!

Well, sir, I put this question: I 'm a child?
I lose no time, but take you at your word:
How shall I act a child's part properly?
Your sainted mother, sir,—used you to live
With such a thought as this a-worrying you?
" She has it in her power to throttle me,
" Or stab or poison: she may turn me out,

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

" Or lock me in,—nor stop at this to-day,
" But cut me off to-morrow from the estate
" I look for "—(long may you enjoy it, sir !)
" In brief, she may unchild the child I am."
You never had such crotchets ? Nor have I!
Who, frank confessing childship from the first
Cannot both fear and take my ease at once,
So, don't fear,—know what might be, well enough
But know too, child-like, that it will not be,
At least in my case, mine, the son and heir
O' the kingdom, as yourself proclaim my style.
But do you fancy I stop short at this ?
Wonder if suit and service, son and heir
Needs must expect, I dare pretend to find ?
If, looking for signs proper to such an one,
I straight perceive them irresistible ?
Concede that homage is **a** son's plain right,
And, never mind the nods and raps and winks,
'T is the pure obvious supernatural
Steps forward, does its duty : why, of course!
I have presentiments; my dreams come true:
I fancy a friend stands whistling all in white
Blithe as a boblink, **and** he 's dead **I learn.**
I take dislike to **a** dog my favourite long,
And sell him; he goes mad next week **and** snaps.
I guess **that stranger will turn up to-day**

I have not seen these three years; there's his knock
I wager " sixty peaches on that tree !"—
That I pick up a dollar in my walk,
That your wife's brother's cousin's name was George—
And win on all points. Oh, you wince at this ?
You 'd fain distinguish between gift and gift,
Washington's oracle and Sludge's itch
O' the elbow when at whist he ought to trump ?
With Sludge it 's too absurd ? *Fine, draw the line*
Somewhere, but, sir, your so?newhere is not mine !

Bless us, I 'm turning poet! It 's time to end.
How you have drawn me out, sir ! All I ask
Is—am I heir or not heir ? If I 'm he,
Then, sir, remember, that same personage
(To judge by what we read i' the newspaper)
Requires, beside one nobleman in gold
To carry up and down his coronet,
Another servant, probably a duke,
To hold egg-nogg in readiness : why want
Attendance, sir, when helps in his father's house
Abound, I 'd like to know ?

Enough of talk!

My fault is that I tell too plain a truth.
Why, which of those who say they disbelieve,

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Your clever people, but has dreamed his dream,
Caught his coincidence, stumbled on his fact
He can't explain, (he 'll tell you smilingly)
Which he 's too much of a philosopher
To count as supernatural, indeed,
So calls a puzzle and problem, proud of it
Bidding you still be on your guard, you know,
Because one fact don't make a system stand,
Nor prove this an occasional escape
Of spirit beneath the matter: that's the way !
Just so wild Indians picked up, piece by piece,
The fact in California, the fine gold
That underlay the gravel—hoarded these,
But never made a system stand, nor dug!
So wise men hold out in each hollowed palm
A handful of experience, sparkling fact
They can't explain; and since their rest of life
Is all explainable, what proof in this?
Whereas I take the fact, the grain of gold,
And fling away the dirty rest of life,
And add this grain to the grain each fool has found
O' the million other such philosophers,—
Till I see gold, all gold and only gold,
Truth questionless though unexplainable,
And the miraculous proved the commonplace!
The other fools believed in mud, no doubt—

Failed to know gold they saw: was that so strange?
Are all men born to play Bach's fiddle-fugues,
" Time " with the foil in carte, jump their own height,
Cut the mutton with the broadsword, skate a five,
Make the red hazard with the cue, clip nails
While swimming, in five minutes row a mile,
Pull themselves three feet up with the left arm,
Do sums of fifty figures in their head,
And so on, by the scores of instances?
The Sludge with luck, who sees the spiritual facts
His fellows strive and fail to see, may rank
With these, and share the advantage.

Ay, but share

The drawback ! Think it over by yourself;
I have not heart, sir, and the fire's gone grey.
Defect somewhere compensates for success,
Everyone knows that. Oh, we 're equals, sir!
The big-legged fellow has a little arm
And a less brain, though big legs win the race:
Do you suppose I 'scape the common lot?
Say, I was born with flesh so sensitive,
Soul so alert, that, practice helping both,
I guess what's going on outside the veil,
Just as a prisoned crane feels pairing-time
In the islands where his kind are, so must fall

To capering by himself some shiny night,
As if your back-yard were a plot of spice—
Thus am I 'ware o' the spirit-world: while you,
Blind as a beetle that way,—for amends,
Why, you can double fist and floor me, sir»
Ride that hot hardmouthed horrid horse of yours,
Laugh while it lightens, play with the great dog,
Speak your mind though it vex some friend to hear,
Never brag, never bluster, never blush,—
In short, you 've pluck, when I 'm a coward—there!
I know it, I can't help it,—folly or no,
I 'm paralyzed, my hand 's no more a hand,
Nor my head a head, in danger: you can smile
And change the pipe in your cheek. Your gift's not
mine.

Would you swap for mine? No ! but you 'd add my gift
To yours: I dare say ! I too sigh at times,
Wish I were stouter, could tell truth nor flinch,
Kept cool when threatened, did not mind so much
Being dressed gaily, making strangers stare,
Eating nice things; when I 'd amuse myself,
I shut my eyes and fancy in my brain
I 'm—now the President, now Jenny Lind,
Now Emerson, now the Benicia Boy—
With all the civilized world a-wondering
And worshipping. I know it's folly and worse;

I feel such tricks sap, honeycomb the soul,
But I can't cure myself: despond, despair,
And then, hey, presto, there's a turn o' the wheel,
Under comes uppermost, fate makes full amends;
Sludge knows and sees and hears a hundred things
You all are blind to,—I 've my taste of truth,
Likewise my touch of falsehood,—vice no doubt,
But you 've your vices also : I 'm content.

What, sir? You won't shake hands? "Because I
cheat ! "

" You 've found me out in cheating !" That's enough
To make an apostle swear! Why, when I cheat,
Mean to cheat, do cheat, and am caught in the act,
Are you, or, rather, am I sure o' the fact?

(There's verse again, but I 'm inspired somehow.)

Well then I 'm not sure ! I may be, perhaps,
Free as a babe from cheating: how it began,
My gift,—no matter; what 't is got to be
In the end now, that's the question ; answer that!
Had I seen, perhaps, what hand was holding mine,
Leading me whither, I had died of fright:
So, I was made believe I led myself.

If I should lay a six-inch plank from roof
To roof, you would not cross the street, one step,
Even at your mother's summons : but, being shrewd,

If I paste paper on each side the plank
And swear 't is solid pavement, why, you 'll cross
Humming a tune the while, in ignorance
Beacon Street stretches a hundred feet below:
I walked thus, took the paper-cheat for stone.
Some impulse made me set a thing o' the move
Which, started once, ran really by itself;
Beer flows thus, suck the siphon; toss the kite,
It takes the wind and floats of its own force.
Don't let truth's lump rot stagnant for the lack
Of a timely helpful lie to leaven it!
Put a chalk-egg beneath the clucking hen,
She 'll lay a real one, laudably deceived,
Daily for weeks to come. I 've told my lie,
And seen truth follow, marvels none of mine;
All was not cheating, sir, I 'm positive!
I don't know if I move your hand sometimes
When the spontaneous writing spreads so far,
If my knee lifts the table all that height,
Why the inkstand don't" fall off the desk a-tilt,
Why the accordion plays a prettier waltz
Than I can pick out on the piano-forte,
Why I speak so much more than I intend,
Describe so many things I never saw.
I tell you, sir, in one sense, I believe
Nothing at all,—that everybody can,

Will, and does cheat: but in another sense
I 'm ready to believe my very self-r-
That every cheat's inspired, and every lie
Quick with a germ of truth.

You ask perhaps

Why I should condescend to trick at all
If I know a way without it? This is why !
There's a strange secret sweet self-sacrifice
In any desecration of one's soul
To a worthy end,—isn't it Herodotus
(I wish I could read Latin !) who describes
The single gift o' the land's virginity,
Demanded in those old Egyptian rites,
(I 've but a hazy notion—help me, sir !)
For one purpose in the world, one day in a life,
One hour in a day—thereafter, purity,
And a veil thrown o'er the past for evermore !
Well, now, they understood a many things
Down by Nile city, or wherever it was !
I 've always vowed, after the minute's lie,
And the end's gain,—truth should be mine hence-
forth.

This goes to the root o' the matter, sir,—this plain
Plump fact: accept it and unlock with it
The wards of many a puzzle !

Or, finally,
Why should I set so fine a gloss on things?
What need I care? I cheat in self-defence,
And there 's my answer to a world of cheats!
Cheat ? To be sure, sir! What's the world worth else ?
Who takes it as he finds, and thanks his stars?
Don't it want trimming, turning, furbishing up
And polishing over? Your so-styled great men,
Do they accept one truth as truth is found,
Or try their skill at tinkering? What's your world?
Here are you born, who are, I 'll say at once,
Of the luckiest kind, whether in head and heart,
Body and soul, or all that helps them both.
Well, now, look back: what faculty of yours
Came to its full, had ample justice done
By growing when rain fell, biding its time,
Solidifying growth when earth was dead,
Spiring up, broadening wide, in seasons due ?
Never! You shot up and frost nipped you off,
Settled to sleep when sunshine bade you sprout;
One faculty thwarted its fellow: at the end,
All you boast is "I had proved a topping tree
" In other climes "—yet this was the right clime
Had you foreknown the seasons. Young, you 've force
Wasted like well-streams: old, —oh, then indeed,
Behold a labyrinth of hydraulic pipes

MR. SLUDGE, " THE MEDIUM"

Through which you 'd play off wondrous waterwork;
Only, no water 's left to feed their play.

Young,—you 've a hope, an aim, a love : it's tossed
And crossed and lost: you struggle on, some spark
Shut in your heart against the puffs around,
Through cold and pain; these in due time subside,
Now then for age's triumph, the hoarded light
You mean to loose on the altered face of things,—
Up with it on the tripod ! It's extinct.

Spend your life's remnant asking, which was best,
Light smothered up that never peeped forth once,
Or the cold cresset with full leave to shine ?

Well, accept this too,—seek the fruit of it
Not in enjoyment, proved a dream on earth,
But knowledge, useful for a second chance,
Another life,—you 've lost this world—you 've gained
Its knowledge for the next. What knowledge, sir,
Except that you know nothing? Nay, you doubt
Whether 't were better have made you man or brute,
If aught be true, if good and evil clash.
No foul, no fair, no inside, no outside,
There's your world!

Give it me ! I slap it brisk
With harlequin's pasteboard sceptre : what's it now?
Changed like a jock-flat, rough with rusty weed,

At first wash-over o' the returning wave
All the dry dead impracticable stuff
Starts into life and light again; this world
Pervaded by the influx from the next.
I cheat, and what's the happy consequence?
You find full justice straightway dealt you out,
Each want supplied, each ignorance set at ease,
Each folly fooled. No life-long labour now
As the price of worse than nothing ! No mere film
Holding you chained in iron, as it seems,
Against the outstretch of your very arms
And legs i' the sunshine moralists forbid!
What would you have? Just speak and, there, you see .'
You 're supplemented, made a whole at last,
Bacon advises, Shakespeare writes you songs,
And Mary Queen of Scots embraces you.
Thus it goes on, not quite like life perhaps,
But so near, that the very difference piques,
Shows that e'en better than this best will be—
This passing entertainment-in a hut
Whose bare walls take your taste since, one stage more,
And you arrive at the palace : all half real,
And you, to suit it, less than real beside,
In a dream, lethargic kind of death in life,*
That helps the interchange of natures, flesh
Transfused by souls, and such souls! Oh, 't is choice !

And if at whiles the bubble, blown too thin,
Seem nigh on bursting,—if you nearly see
The real world through the false,—what *do* you see?
Is the old so ruined? You find you're in a flock
O' the youthful, earnest, passionate—genius, beauty,
Rank and wealth also, if you care for these:
And all depose their natural rights, hail you,
(That 's me, sir) as their mate and yoke-fellow,
Participate *in* Sludgehood—nay, grow mine,
I veritably possess them—banish doubt,
And reticence and modesty alike!
Why, here 's the Golden Age, old Paradise
Or new Eutopia! Here 's true life indeed,
And the world well won now, mine for the first time !

And all this might be, may be, and with good help
Of a little lying shall be: so, Sludge lies !
Why, he 's at worst your poet who sings how Greeks
That never were, in Troy which never was,
Did this or the other impossible great thing!
He 's Lowell—it's a world (you smile applause),
Of his own invention—wondrous Longfellow,
Surprising Hawthorne ! Sludge does more than they,
And acts the books they write: the more his praise!

But why do I mount to poets? Take plain prose—

Dealers in common sense, set these at work.
What can they do without their helpful lies?
Each states the law and fact and face o' the thing
Just as he 'd have them, finds what he thinks fit,
Is blind to what missuits him, just records
What makes his case out, quite ignores the rest.
It's a History of the World, the Lizard Age,
The Early Indians, the Old Country War,
Jerome Napoleon, whatsoever you please,
All as the author wants it. Such a scribe
You pay and praise for putting life in stones,
Fire into fog, making the past your world.
There 's plenty of " How did you contrive to grasp
" The thread which led you through this labyrinth?
" How build such solid fabric out of air?
" How on so slight foundation found this tale,
" Biography, narrative?" or, in other words,
" How many lies did it require to make
" The portly truth you here present us with? "
" Oh," quoth the penman, purring at your praise,
" 'T is fancy all; no particle of fact:
" I was poor and threadbare when I wrote that book
" ' Bliss in the Golden City.' I, at Thebes?
" We writers paint out of our heads, you see! "
" —Ah, the more wonderful the gift in you,
" The more creativeness and godlike craft!"

But I, do I present you with my piece,
It's "What, Sludge? When my sainted mother spoke
"The verses Lady Jane Grey last composed
"About the rosy bower in the seventh heaven
"Where she and Queen Elizabeth keep house,—
"You made the raps? 'T was your invention that?
"Cur, slave and devil!"—eight fingers and two thumbs
Stuck in my throat!

Well, if the marks seem gone
'T is because stiffen cock-tail, taken in time,
Is better for a bruise than arnica.
There, sir! I bear no malice: 't isn't in me.
I know I acted wrongly: still, I 've tried
What I could say in my excuse,—to show
The devil's not all devil . . . I don't pretend,
He's angel, much less such a gentleman
As you, sir! And I 've lost you, lost myself,
Lost all-l-l-l- . . .

No—are you in earnest, sir?
O yours, sir, is an angel's part! I know
What prejudice prompts, and what's the common
course
Men take'to soothe their ruffled self-conceit:
Only you rise superior to it all!

No, sir, it don't hurt much; it's speaking long
That makes me choke a little: the marks will go!
What? Twenty V-notes more, and outfit too,
And not a word to Greeley? One—one kiss
O' the hand that saves me ! You 'll not let me speak,
I well know, and I 've lost the right, too true !
But I must say, sir, if She hears (she does)
Your sainted . . . Well, sir,—be it so ! That's, I think,
My bed-room candle. Good-night! Bl-1-less you, sir

R-r-r, you brute-beast and blackguard! Cowardly
scamp!

I only wish I dared burn down the house
And spoil your sniggering! Oh what, you 're the man?
You 're satisfied at last? You 've found out Sludge ?
We 'll see that presently : my turn, sir, next!
I too can tell my story: brute,—do you hear?—
You throttled your sainted mother, that old hag,
In just such a fit of passion: no, ft was . . .
To get this house of hers, and many a note
Like these . . . I 'll pocket them, however . . . five,
Ten, fifteen . . . ay, you gave her throat the twist,
Or else you poisoned her ! Confound the cuss !
Where was my head? I ought to have propriesied
He 'll die in a year and join her: that's the way.

I don't know where my head is: what had I done?
How did it all go? I said he poisoned her,
And hoped he 'd have grace given him to repent,
Whereon he picked this quarrel, bullied me
And called me cheat: I thrashed him,—who could
help?

He howled for mercy, prayed me on his knees
To cut and run and save him from disgrace;
I do so, and once off, he slanders me.
An end of him ! Begin elsewhere anew!
Boston '\$ a hole, the herring-pond is wide,
V-notes are something, liberty still more.
Beside, is he the only fool in the world?

APPARENT FAILURE.

"We shall soon lose a celebrated building."

Paris Newspaper.

I.

No, for I 'll save it! Seven years since,
I passed through Paris, stopped a day
To see the baptism of your Prince;
Saw, made my bow, and went my way :
Walking the heat and headache off,
I took the Seine-side, you surmise,
Thought of the Congress, Gortschakoff,
Cavour's appeal and Buol's replies,
So sauntered till—what met my eyes?

II.

Only the Doric little Morgue !
The dead-house where you show your drowned:
Petrarch's Vaucluse makes proud the Sorgue,
Your Morgue has made the Seine renowned.

One pays one's debt in such a case;

I plucked up heart and entered,—stalked,
Keeping a tolerable face

Compared with some whose cheeks were chalked :
Let them ! No Briton 's to be baulked !

III.

First came the silent gazers; next,

A screen of glass, we 're thankful for;
Last, the sight's self, the sermon's text,

The three men who did most abhor
Their life in Paris yesterday,

So killed themselves : and now, enthroned
Each on his copper couch, they lay

Fronting me, waiting to be owned.
I thought, and think, their sin 's atoned.

IV.

Poor men, God made, and all for that!

The reverence struck me; o'er each head
Religiously was hung its hat,

Each coat dripped by the owner's bed,
Sacred from touch : each had his berth,

His bounds, his proper place of rest,
Who last night tenanted on earth

Some arch, where twelve such slept abreast,—
Unless the plain asphalte seemed best.

V.

How did it happen, my poor boy?
You wanted to be Buonaparte
And have the Tuileries for toy,
And could not, so it broke your heart?
You, old one by his side, I judge,
Were, red as blood, a socialist,
A leveller! Does the Empire grudge
You 've gained what no Republic missed?
Be quiet, and unclench your fist!

VI.

And this—why, he was red in vain,
Or black,—poor fellow that is blue!
What fancy was it turned your brain?
Oh, women were the prize for you!
Money gets women, cards and dice
Get money, and ill-luck gets just
The copper couch and one clear nice
Cool squirt of water o'er your bust,
The right thing to extinguish lust!

VII.

It 's wiser being good than bad;
It's safer being meek than fierce:

It's fitter being sane than mad.

My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
That, after Last, returns the First,
Though a wide compass round be fetched;
That what began best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst.

EPILOGUE.

FIRST SPEAKER, *as David.*

I.

ON the first of the Feast of Feasts,
The Dedication Day,
When the Levites joined the Priests
At the Altar in robed array,
Gave signal to sound and say,—

II.

When the thousands, rear and van,
Swarming with one accord
Became as a single man
(Look, gesture, thought and word)
In praising and thanking the Lord,—

III.

When the singers lift up their voice,
And the trumpets made endeavour,
Sounding, " In God rejoice !"
Saying, " In Him rejoice
" Whose mercy endureth for ever!"—

IV.

Then the Temple filled with a cloud,
Even the House of the Lord;
Porch bent and pillar bowed:
For the presence of the Lord,
In the glory of His cloud,
Had filled the House of the Lord.

SECOND SPEAKER, as *Renan*.

Gone now! All gone across the dark so far,
Sharpening fast, shuddering ever, shutting still,
Dwindling into the distance, dies that star
Which came, stood, opened once! We gazed our
fill
With upturned faces on as real a Face
That, stooping from grave music and mild fire,
Took in our homage, made a visible place
Through many a depth of glory, gyre on gyre,
For the dim human tribute. Was this true?
Could man indeed avail, mere praise of his,
To help by rapture God's own rapture too,
Thrill with a heart's red tinge that pure pale bliss?
Why did it end? Who failed to beat the breast,
And shriek, and throw the arms protesting wide,

When a first shadow showed the star addressed
Itself to motion, and on either side
The rims contracted as the rays retired;
The music, like a fountain's sickening pulse,
Subsided on itself; awhile transpired
Some vestige of a Face no pangs convulse,
No prayers retard ; then even this was gone,
Lost in the night at last. We, lone and left
Silent through -centuries, ever and anon
Venture to probe again the vault bereft
Of all now save the lesser lights, a mist
Of multitudinous points, yet suns, men say—
And this leaps ruby, this lurks amethyst,
But where may hide what came and loved our clay ?
How shall the sage detect in yon expanse
The star which chose to stoop and stay for us ?
Unroll the records! Hailed ye such advance
Indeed, and did your hope vanish thus ?
Watchers of twilight, is the worst averred ?
We shall not look up, know ourselves are seen,
Speak, and be sure that we again are heard,
Acting or suffering, have the disk's serene
Reflect our life, absorb an earthly flame,
Nor doubt that, were mankind inert and numb,
Its core had never crimsoned all the same,
Nor, missing ours, its music fallen dumb ?

Oh, dread succession to a dizzy post,
Sad sway of sceptre whose mere touch appals,
Ghastly dethronement, cursed by those the most
On whose repugnant brow the crown next falls!

THIRD SPEAKER.

I.

Witless alike of will and way divine,
How heaven's high with earth's low should intertwine!
Friends, I have seen through your eyes : now use mine!

II.

Take the least man of all mankind, as I;
Look at his head and heart, find how and why
He differs from his fellows utterly :

in.

Then, like me, watch when nature by degrees
Grows alive round him, as in Arctic seas
(They said of old) the instinctive water flees

IV.

Toward some elected point of central rock,
As though, for its sake only, roamed the flock
Of waves about the waste: awhile they mock

V.

With radiance caught for the occasion,—hues
Of blackest hell now, now such reds and blues
As only heaven could fitly interfuse,—

VI.

The mimic monarch of the whirlpool, king
O' the current for a minute : then they wring
Up by the roots and oversweep the thing,

VII.

And hasten off, to play again elsewhere
The same part, choose another peak as bare,
They find and flatter, feast and finish there.

VIII.

When you see what I tell you,—nature dance
About each man of us, retire, advance,
As though the pageant's end were to enhance

IX.

His worth, and—once the life, his product, gained—
Roll away elsewhere, keep the strife sustained,
And show thus real, a thing the North but feigned—

X.

When you acknowledge that one world could do
All the diverse work, old yet ever new,
Divide us, each from other, me from you,—

XI.

Why, where 's the need of Temple, when the walls
O' the world are that? What use of swells and falls
From Levites' choir, Priests' cries, and trumpet-calls?

XII.

That one Face, far from vanish, rather grows,
Or decomposes but to recompose,
Become my universe that feels and knows.

END OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME

THE POETICAL WORKS
of
ROBERT BROWNING

VOL. XL

*BALAUCTIONS ADVENTURE
PRINCE HOHENSTIEL-SCHWANGAU
FIFINE AT THE FAIR*

LONDON
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1902

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BALAUCTION'S ADVENTURE.

PRINCE HOHENSTIEL-SCHWANGAU

F1FinE AT THE FAIR .

BALAUSTION'S ADVENTURE;

INCLUDING

A TRANSCRIPT FROM EURIPIDES

TO THE COUNTESS COWPER.

If I mention the simple truth: that this poem absolutely owes its existence to you,—who not only suggested, but imposed on me as a task, what has proved the most delightful of May-month amusements —/ shall seem honest, indeed, but hardly prudent J for, how good and beautiful ought such a poem to be !

Euripides might fear little ; but I, also, have an interest in the performance ; and what wonder if I beg you to suffer that it make, in another and far easier sense, its nearest possible approach to those Greek qualities of goodness and beauty, by laying itself gratefully at your feet ?

R.B.

LONDON : July 23, 1871.

OUR EURIPIDES, THE HUMAN.

WITH HIS DROPPINGS OF WARM TEARS,
AND HIS TOUCHES OF THINGS COMMON
TILL THEY ROSE TO TOUCH THE SPHERES.

BALAUSTION'S ADVENTURE.

1871.

ABOUT that strangest, saddest, sweetest song
I, when a girl, heard in Kameiros once,
And, after, saved my life by? Oh, so glad
To tell you the adventure !

Petale,

Phullis, Charope, Chrusion! You must know,
This " after " fell in that unhappy time
When poor reluctant Nikias, pushed by fate,
Went falteringly against Syracuse;
And there shamed Athens, lost her ships and men,
And gained a grave, or death without a grave.
I was at Rhodes—the isle, not Rhodes the town,
Mine was Kameiros—when the news arrived :
Our people rose in tumult, cried " No more
Duty to Athens, let us join the League
And side with Sparta, share the spoil,— at worst,

Abjure a headship that will ruin Greece !"
And so, they sent to Knidos for a fleet
To come and help revolvers. Ere help came,—
Girl as I was, and never out of Rhodes
The whole of my first fourteen years of life,
But nourished with Ilissian mother's-milk,—
I passionately cried to who would hear
And those who loved me at Kameiros—" No !
Never throw Athens off for Sparta's sake—
Never disloyal to the life and light
Of the whole world worth calling world at all !
Rather go die at Athens, lie outstretched
For feet to trample on, before the gate
Of Diomedes or the Hippadai,
Before the temples and among the tombs,
Than tolerate the grim felicity
Of harsh Lakonia ! Ours the fasts and feasts,
Choes and Chutroi; ours the sacred grove,
Agora, Dikasteria, Poikile,
Pnux, Keramikos; Salamis in sight,
Psuttalia, Marathon itself, not far!
Ours the great Dionusiatic theatre,
And tragic triad of immortal fames,
Aischulos, Sophokles, Euripides!
To Athens, all of us that have a soul,
Follow me!" And I wrought so with my prayer,

That certain of my kinsfolk crossed the strait
And found a ship at Kaunos; well-disposed
Because the Captain—where did he draw breath
First but within Psuttalia? Thither fled
A few like-minded as ourselves. We turned
The glad prow westward, soon were out at sea,
Pushing, brave ship with the vermilion cheek,
Proud for our heart's true harbour. But a wind
Lay ambushed by Point Malea of bad fame,
And leapt out, bent us from our course. Next day
Broke stormlcss, so broke next blue day and next.
" But whither bound in this white waste ? " we plagued
The pilot's old experience : " Cos or Crete ? "
Because he promised us the land ahead.
While we strained eyes to share in what he saw,
The Captain's shout startled us; round we rushed:
What hung behind us but a pirate-ship
Panting for the good prize ! " Row! harder row!
Row for dear life !" the Captain cried : " 't is Crete,
Friendly Crete looming large there ! Beat this craft
That's but a keles, one-benched pirate-bark,
Lokrian, or that bad breed off Thessaly !
Only, so cruel are such water-thieves,
No man of you, no woman, child, or slave,
But falls their prey, once let them board our boat!"
So, furiously our oarsmen rowed and rowed ;

And when the oars flagged somewhat, dash and dip,
As we approached the coast and safety, so
That we could hear behind us plain the threats
And curses of the pirate panting up
in one more throe and passion of pursuit,—
Seeing our oars flag in the rise and fall,
I sprang upon the altar by the mast
And sang aloft,—some genius prompting me,—
That song of ours which saved at Salamis:
" O sons of Greeks, go, set your country free,
Free your wives, free your children, free the fanes
O' the Gods, your fathers founded,—sepulchres
They sleep in ! Or save all, or all be lost!"
Then, in a frenzy, so the noble oars
Churned the black water white, that well away
We drew, soon saw land rise, saw hills grow up,
Saw spread itself a sea-wide town with towers,
Not fifty stadia distant; and, betwixt
A large bay and a small, the islet-bar,
Even Ortugia's self—oh, luckless we !
For here was Sicily and Syracuse :
We ran upon the lion from the wolf.
Ere we drew breath, took counsel, out there came
A galley, hailed us. " Who asks entry here
in war-time ? Are you Sparta's friend or foe ? "
" Kaunians"—our Captain judged his best reply,

" The malinand-seaport that belongs to Rhodes;
Rhodes that casts in her lot now with the League,
Forsaking Athens,—you have heard belike! "

" Ay, but we heard all Athens in one ode
Just now! we heard her in that Aischulos!
You bring a boatful of Athenians here,
Kaunians although you be: and prudence bids,
For Kaunos' sake, why, carry them unhurt
To Kaunos, if you will: for Athens' sake,
Back must you, though ten pirates blocked the bay !
We want no colony from Athens here,
With memories of Sal amis, forsooth,
To spirit up our captives, that pale crowd
I' the quarry, whom the daily pint of corn
Keeps in good order and submissiveness."
Then the grey Captain prayed them by the Gods,
And by their own knees, and their fathers' beards,
They should not wickedly thrust suppliants back,
But save the innocent on traffic bound—
Or, may be, some Athenian family
Perishing of desire to die at home,—
From that vile foe still lying on its oars,
Waiting the issue in the distance. Vain!
Words to the wind! And we were just about
To turn and face the foe, as some tired bird
Barbarians pelt at, drive with shouts away

From shelter in what rocks, however rude,
She makes for, to escape the kindled eye,
Split beak, crook'd claw o' the creature, cormorant
Or ossifrage, that, hardly baffled, hangs
Afloat i' the foam, to take her if she turn.
So were we at destruction's very edge,
When those o' the galley, as they had discussed
A point, a question raised by somebody,
A matter mooted in a moment,— " Wait! "
Cried they (and wait we did, you may be sure).
" That song was veritable Aischulos,
Familiar to the mouth of man and boy,
Old glory : how about Euripides ?
The newer and not yet so famous bard,
He that was born upon the battle-day
While that song and the salpinx sounded him
into the world, first sound, at Salamis—
Might you know any of his verses too?"

Now, some one of the Gods inspired this speech :
Since ourselves knew what happened but last year—
How, when Gulippos gained his victory
Over poor Nikias, poor Demosthenes,
And Syracuse condemned the conquered force
To dig and starve i' the quarry, branded them-
Freeborn Atheniahs, brute-like in the front

With horse-head brands,—ah, "Region of the Steed"!—
Of all these men immersed in misery,
It was found none had been advantaged so
By aught in the past life he used to prize
And pride himself concerning,—no rich man
By riches, no wise man by wisdom, no
Wiser man still (as who loved more the Muse)
By storing, at brain's edge and tip of tongue,
Old glory, great plays that had long ago
Made themselves wings to fly about the world,—
Not one such man was helped so at his need
As certain few that (wisest they of all)
Had, at first summons, oped heart, flung door wide
At the new knocking of Euripides,
Nor drawn the bolt with who cried "Decadence!
And, after Sophokles, be nature dumb!"
Such,—and I see in it God Bacchos' boon
To souls that recognized his latest child,
He who himself, born latest of the Gods,
Was stoutly held impostor by mankind,—
Such were in safety: any who could speak
A chorus to the end, or prologize,
Roll out a rhesis, wield some golden length
Stiffened by wisdom out into a line,
Or thrust and parry in bright monostich,
Teaching Euripides to Syracuse—

BALAUSTION'S ADVENTURE

Any such happy man had prompt reward:
If he lay bleeding on the battle-field
They staunched his wounds and gave him drink and
 food;
If he were slave i' the house, for reverence
They rose up, bowed to who proved master now,
And bade him go free, thank Euripides!
Ay, and such did so: many such, he said,
Returning home to Athens, sought him out,
The old bard in the solitary house,
And thanked him ere they went to sacrifice.
I say, we knew that story of last year!

Therefore, at mention of Euripides,
The Captain crowed out " Euoi, praise the God!
Oop, boys, bring our owl-shield to the fore!
Out with our Sacred Anchor! Here she stands,
Balaustion ! Strangers, greet the lyric girl!
Euripides? Babai! what a word there 'scaped
Your teeth's enclosure, quoth my grandsire's song !
Why, fast as snow in Thrace, the voyage through,
Has she been falling thick in flakes of him !
Frequent as figs at Kaunos, Kaunians said.
Balaustion, stand forth and confirm my speech !
Now it was some whole passion of a play;
Now, peradventure, but a honey-drop

That slipt its comb i' the chorus. If there rose
A star, before I could determine steer
Southward or northward--if a cloud surprised
Heaven, ere I fairly hollaed ' Furl the sail'—'
She had at fingers' end both cloud and star;
Some thought that perched there, tame and tuneable,
Fitted with wings ; and still, as off it flew,
' So sang Euripides,' she said, ' so sang
The meteoric poet of air and sea,
Planets and the pale populace of heaven,
The mind of man, and all that's made to soar!'
And so, although she has some other name,
We only call her Wild-pomegranate-flower,
Balaustion; since, where'er the red bloom burns
I' the dull dark verdure of the bounteous tree,
Dethroning, in the Rosy Isle, the rose,
You shall find food, drink, odour, all at once;
Cool leaves to bind about an aching brow,
And, never much away, the nightingale.
Sing them a strophe, with the turn-again,
Down to the verse that ends all, proverb-like,
And save us, thou Balaustion, bless the name !"

But I cried " Brother Greek ! better than so,—
Save us, and I have courage to recite
The main of a whole play from first to last;

That strangest, saddest, sweetest song of his,
ALKESTIS ; which was taught, long years ago
At Athens, in Glaukinos' archonship,
But only this year reached our Isle o' the Rose.
I saw it, at Kameiros, played the same,
They say, as for the right Lenean feast
in Athens; and beside the perfect piece—
Its beauty and the way it makes you weep,—
There is much honour done your own loved God
Herakles, whom you house i' the city here
Nobly, the Temple wide Greece talks about!
I come a suppliant to your Herakles !
Take me and put me on his temple-steps
To tell you his achievement as I may,
And, that told, he shall bid you set us free !"

Then, because Greeks are Greeks, and hearts are hearts,
And poetry is power,—they all outbroke
in a great joyous laughter with much love :
" Thank Herakles for the good holiday !
Make for the harbour! Row, and let voice ring,
' in we row, bringing more Euripides !"
All the crowd, as they lined the harbour now,
" More of Euripides ! "—took up the cry.
We landed; the whole city, soon astir,
Came rushing out of gates in common joy

To the suburb temple; there they stationed me
O' the topmost step: and plain I told the play,
Just as I saw it; what the actors said,
And what I saw, or thought I saw the while,
At our Kameiros theatre, clean-scooped
Out of a hill-side, with the sky above
And sea before our seats in marble row:
Told it, and, two days more, repeated it,
Until they sent us on our way again
With good words and great wishes.

Oh, for me—

A wealthy Syracusan brought a whole
Talent and bade me take it for myself:
I left it on the tripod in the fane,
—For had not Herakles a second time
Wrestled with Death and saved devoted ones?—
Thank-offering to the hero. And a band
Of captives, whom their lords grew kinder to
Because they called the poet countryman,
Sent me a crown of wild-pomegranate-flower:
So, I shall live and die Balaustion now.
But one—one man—one youth,—three days, each day,
(If, ere I lifted up my voice to speak,
I gave a downward glance by accident)
Was found at foot o' the temple. When we sailed,
There, in the ship too, was he found as well,

Having a hunger to see Athens too.
We reached Peiraieus; when I landed—lo,
He was beside me. Anthesterion-month
Is just commencing: when its moon rounds full,
We are to marry. O Euripides !

I saw the master: when we found ourselves
(Because the young man needs must follow me)
Firm on Peiraieus, I demanded first
Whither to go and find him. Would you think?
The story how he saved us made some smile :
They wondered strangers were exorbitant
in estimation of Euripides.
He was not Aischulos nor Sophokles:
—" Then, of our younger bards who boast the bay,
Had I sought Agathon, or Iophon,
Or, what now had it been Kephisophon ?
A man that never kept good company,
The most unsociable of poet-kind,
All beard that was not freckle in his face!"

I soon was at the tragic house, and saw
The master, held the sacred hand of him
And laid it to my lips. Men love him not:
How should they ? Nor do they much love his friend
Sokrates: but those two have fellowship:

Sokrates often comes to hear him read,
And never misses if he teach a piece.
Both, being old, will soon have company,
Sit with their peers above the talk. Meantime,
He lives as should a statue in its niche;
Cold walls enclose him, mostly darkness there
Alone, unless some foreigner uncouth
Breaks in, sits, stares an hour, and so departs,
Brain-stuffed with something to sustain his life,
Dry to the marrow mid much merchandise.
How should such know and love the man ?

Why, mark !

Even when I told the play and got the praise,
There spoke up a brisk little somebody,
Critic and whippersnapper, in a rage
To set things right: " The girl departs from truth!
Pretends she saw what was not to be seen,
Making the mask of the actor move, forsooth !
' Then a fear flitted o'er the wife's white face,'—
'Then frowned the father,'—'then the husband shook,'—
' Then from the festal forehead slipt each spray,
' And the heroic mouth's gay grace was gone;—
As she had seen each naked fleshly face,
And not the merely-painted mask it wore!"
Well, is the explanation difficult ?
What's poetry except a power that makes ?

And, speaking to one sense, inspires the rest,
Pressing them all into its service; so
That who sees painting, seems to hear as well
The speech that's proper for the painted mouth;
And who hears music, feels his solitude
Peopled at once—for how count heart-beats plain
Unless a company, with hearts which beat,
Come close to the musician, seen or no?
And who receives true verse at eye or ear,
Takes in (with verse) time, place, and person too,
So, links each sense on to its sister-sense,
Grace-like : and what if but one sense of three
Front you at once? The sidelong pair conceive
Thro' faintest touch of finest finger-tips,—
Hear, see and feel, in faith's simplicity,
Alike, what one was sole recipient of:
Who hears the poem, therefore, sees the play.

Enough and too much ! Hear the play itself!
Under the grape-vines, by the streamlet-side,
Close to Baccheion; till the cool increase,
And other stars steal on the evening-star,
And so, we homeward flock i' the dusk, we five!
You will expect, no one of all the words
O' the play but is grown part now of my soul,
Since the adventure. T is the poet speaks:

But if I, too, should try and speak at times,
Leading your love to where my love, perchance,
Climbed earlier, found a nest before you knew—
Why, bear with the poor climber, for love's sake!
Look at Baccheion's beauty opposite,
The temple with the pillars at the porch!
See you not something beside masonry ?
What if my words wind in and out the stone
As yonder ivy, the God's parasite ?
Though they leap all the way the pillar leads,
Festoon about the marble, foot to frieze,
And serpentiningly enrich the roof,
Toy with some few bees and a bird or two,—
What then ? The column holds the cornice up.

There slept a silent palace in the sun,
With plains adjacent and Thessalian peace—
Pherai, where King Admetos ruled the land.

Out from the portico there gleamed a God,
Apollon : for the bow was in his hand,
The quiver at his shoulder, all his shape
One dreadful beauty. And he hailed the house
As if he knew it well and loved it much:
" O Admeteian domes, where I endured,

Even the God I am, to drudge awhile,
Do righteous penance for a reckless deed,
Accepting the slaves' table thankfully !"
Then told how Zeus had been the cause of all,
Raising the wrath in him which took revenge
And slew those forgers of the thunderbolt
Wherewith Zeus blazed the life from out the breast
Of Phoibos' son Asklepios (I surmise,
Because he brought the dead to life again)
And so, for punishment, must needs go slave,
God as he was, with a mere mortal lord:
—Told how he came to King Admetos' land,
And played the ministrant, was herdsman there,
Warding all harm away from him and his
Till now; " For, holy as I am," said he,
" The lord I chanced upon was holy too:
Whence I deceived the Moirai, drew from death
My master, this same son of Pheres,—ay,
The Goddesses conceded him escape
From Hades, when the fated day should fall,
Could he exchange lives, find some friendly one
Ready, for his sake, to content the grave.
But trying all in turn, the friendly list,
Why, he found no one, none who loved so much.
Nor father, nor the aged mother's self
That bore him, no, not any save his wife,

Willing to die instead of him and watch
Never a sunrise nor a sunset more:
And she is even now within the house,
Upborne by pitying hands, the feeble frame
Gasping its last of life out; since to-day
Destiny is accomplished, and she dies,
And I, lest here pollution light on me,
Leave, as ye witness, all my wonted joy
in this dear dwelling. Ay,—for here comes Death
Close on us of a sudden ! who, pale priest
Of the mute people, means to bear his prey
To the house of Hades. The symmetric step !
How he treads true to time and place and thing,
Dogging day, hour and minute, for death's-due !"

And we observed another Deity,
Half in, half out the portal,—watch and ward,—
Eyeing his fellow : formidably fixed,
Yet faltering too at who affronted him,
As somehow disadvantaged, should they strive.
Like some dread heapy blackness, ruffled wing,
Convulsed and cowering head that is all eye,
Which proves a ruined eagle who, too blind
Swooping in quest o' the quarry, fawn or kid,
Descried deep down the chasm 'twixt rock and rock,
Has wedged and mortised, into either wall

O' the mountain, the pent earthquake of his power;
So lies, half hurtless yet still terrible,
Just when—who stalks up, who stands front to front,
But the great lion-guarder of the gorge,
Lord of the ground, a stationed glory there?
Yet he too pauses ere he try the worst
O' the frightful unfamiliar nature, new
To the chasm, indeed, but elsewhere known enough,
Among the shadows and the silences
Above i' the sky : so each antagonist
Silently faced his fellow and forbore.
Till Death shrilled, hard and quick, in spite and fear:

" Ha ha, and what mayst thou do at the domes,
Why hauntest here, thou Phoibos? Here again
At the old injustice, limiting our rights,
Baulking of honour due us Gods o' the grave?
Was't not enough for thee to have delayed
Death from Admetos,—with thy crafty art
Cheating the very Fates,—but thou must arm
The bow-hand and take station, press 'twixt me
And Pelias' daughter, who then saved her spouse,—
Did just that, now thou comest to undo,—
Taking his place to die, Alkestis here? "

But the God sighed " Have courage! All my arms,

This time, are simple justice and fair words."

Then each plied each with rapid interchange:

" What need of bow, were justice arms enough? "

" Ever it is my wont to bear the bow."

" Ay, and with bow, not justice, help this house !"

" I help it, since a friend's woe weighs me too."

" And now,—wilt force from me this second corpse?"

" By force I took no corpse at first from thee."

" How then is he above ground, not beneath? "

" He gave his wife instead of him, thy prey."

" And prey, this time at least, I bear below !"

" Go take her!—for I doubt persuading thee . . ."

" To kill the doomed one? What my function else?"

" No! Rather, to despatch the true mature."

" Truly I take thy meaning, see thy drift!"

" Is there a way then she may reach old age?"

" No way! I glad me in my honours too!"

" But, young or old, thou tak'st one life, no more!"

" Younger they die, greater my praise redounds!"

" If she die old,—the sumptuous funeral!"

" Thou layest down a law the rich would like."

" How so? Did wit lurk there and 'scape thy sense?"

" Who could buy substitutes would die old men."

" It seems thou wilt not grant me, then, this grace ? "

" This grace I will not grant: thou know'st my ways."

" Ways harsh to men, hateful to Gods, at least!"

" All things thou canst not have: my rights for me! *

And then Apollon prophesied,—I think,
More to himself than to impatient Death,
Who did not hear or would not heed the while,—
For he went on to say " Yet even so,
Cruel above the measure, thou shalt clutch
No life here! Such a man do I perceive
Advancing to the house of Pheres now,
Sent by Eurustheus to bring out of Thrace,
The winter world, a chariot with its steeds !
He indeed, when Admetos proves the host,
And he the guest, at the house here,—he it is
Shall bring to bear such force, and from thy hands
Rescue this woman. Grace no whit to me
Will that prove, since thou dost thy deed the same,
And earnest too my hate, and all for nought!"

But how should Death or stay or understand?
Doubtless, he only felt the hour was come,
And the sword free; for he but flung some taunt—
" Having talked much, thou wilt not gain the more !
This woman, then, descends to Hades' hall
Now that I rush on her, begin the rites
O' the sword; for sacred, to us Gods below,
That head whose hair this sword shall sanctify!"

And, in the fire-flash of the appalling sword,

The uprush and the outburst, the onslaught
Of Death's portentous passage through the door,
Apollon stood a pitying moment-space:
I caught one last gold gaze upon the night
Nearing the world now: and the God was gone,
And mortals left to deal with misery,
As in came stealing slow, now this, now that
Old sojourner throughout the country-side,
Servants grown friends to those unhappy here:
And, cloudlike in their increase, all these griefs
Broke and began the over-brimming wail,
Out of a common impulse, word by word.

"What now may mean the silence at the door?
Why is Admetos' mansion stricken dumb?
Not one friend near, to say if we should mourn
Our mistress dead, or if Alkestis lives
And sees the light still, Pelias' child—to me,
To all, conspicuously the best of wives
That ever was toward husband in this world!
Hears anyone or wail beneath the roof,
Or hands that strike each other, or the groan
Announcing all is done and nought to dread?
Still not a servant stationed at the gates!
O Paian, that thou wouldst dispart the wave
O' the woe, be present ! Yet, had woe o'erwhelmed

The housemates, they were hardly silent thus:
It cannot be, the dead is forth and gone.
Whence comes thy gleam of hope? I dare not hope:
What is the circumstance that heartens thee?
How could Admetos have dismissed a wife
So worthy, unescorted to the grave?
Before the gates I see no hallowed vase
Of fountain-water, such as suits death's door;
Nor any clipt locks strew the vestibule,
Though surely these drop when we grieve the dead,
Nor hand sounds smitten against youthful hand,
The women's way. And yet—the appointed time—
How speak the word?—this day is even the day
Ordained her for departing from its light.
O touch calamitous to heart and soul!
Needs must one, when the good are tortured so,
Sorrow,—one reckoned faithful from the first."

Then their souls rose together, and one sigh
Went up in cadence from the common mouth:
How "Valiny—anywhither in the world
Directing or land-labour or sea-search—
To Lukia or the sand-waste, Amnion's seat—
Might you set free their hapless lady's soul
From the abrupt Fate's footstep instant now
Not a sheep-sacrificer at the hearths

Of Gods had they to go to: one there was
Who, if his eyes saw light still,—Phoibos' son,—
Had wrought so she might leave the shadowy place
And Hades' portal; for he propped up Death's
Subdued ones till the Zeus-flung thunder-flame
Struck him; and now what hope of life were hailed
With open arms? For, all the king could do
Is done already,—not one God whereof
The altar fails to reek with sacrifice:
And for assuagement of these evils—nought!"

But here they broke off, for a matron moved
Forth from the house: and, as her tears flowed fast,
They gathered round. "What fortune shall we hear?
For mourning thus, if aught affect thy lord,
We pardon thee: but lives the lady yet
Or has she perished?—that we fain would know!"

"Call her dead, call her living, each style serves,"
The matron said: "though grave-ward bowed, she
breathed;
Nor knew her husband what the misery meant
Before he felt it: hope of life was none:
The appointed day pressed hard; the funeral pomp
He had prepared too."

When the friends broke out:

" Let her in dying know herself at least
Sole wife, of all the wives 'neath the sun wide,
For glory and for goodness ! "—" Ah, how else
Than best ? who controverts the claim ?" quoth she:
" What kind of creature should the woman prove
That has surpassed Alkestis ?—surelier shown
Preference for her husband to herself
Than by determining to die for him ?
But so much all our city knows indeed:
Hear what she did indoors and wonder then !
For, when she felt the crowning day was come,
She washed with river-waters her white skin,
And, taking from the cedar closets forth
Vesture and ornament, bedecked herself
Nobly, and stood before the hearth, and prayed :
' Mistress, because I now depart the world,
Falling before thee the last time, I ask—
Be mother to my orphans ! wed the one
To a kind wife, and make the other's mate
Some princely person : nor, as I who bore
My children perish, suffer that they too
Die all untimely, but live, happy pair,
Their full glad life out in the fatherland !'
And every altar through Admetos' house
She visited and crowned and prayed before,
Stripping the myrtle-foliage from the boughs,

Without a tear, without a groan,—no change
At all to that skin's nature, fair to see,
Caused by the imminent evil. But this done—
Reaching her chamber, falling on her bed,
There, truly, burst she into tears and spoke:
'O bride-bed, where I loosened from my life
Virginity for that same husband's sake
Because of whom I die now—fare thee well!
Since nowise do I hate thee : me alone
Hast thou destroyed ; for, shrinking to betray
Thee and my spouse, I die: but thee, O bed,
Some other woman shall possess as wife—
Truer, no ! but of better fortune, say !'
—So falls on, kisses it till all the couch
Is moistened with the eyes' sad overflow.
But, when of many tears she had her fill,
She flings from off the couch, goes headlong forth,
Yet,—forth the chamber,—still keeps turning back
And casts her on the couch again once more.
Her children, clinging to their mother's robe,
Wept meanwhile: but she took them in her arms,
And, as a dying woman might, embraced
Now one and now the other: 'neath the roof,
All of the household servants wept as well,
Moved to compassion for their mistress; she
Extended her right hand to all and each,

And there was no one of such low degree
She spoke not to nor had an answer from.
Such are the evils in Admetos' house.
Dying,—why, he had died; but, living, gains
Such grief as this he never will forget! "

And when they questioned of Admetos, " Well—
Holding his dear wife in his hands, he weeps;
Entreats her not to give him up, and seeks
The impossible, in fine : for there she wastes
And withers by disease, abandoned now,
A mere dead weight upon her husband's arm.
Yet, none the less, although she breathe so faint,
Her will is to behold the beams o' the sun:
Since never more again, but this last once,
Shall she see sun, its circlet or its ray.
But I will go, announce your presence,—friends
indeed; since 't is not all so love their lords
As seek them in misfortune, kind the same:
But you are the old friends I recognise."

And at the word she turned again to go:
The while they waited, taking up the plaint
To Zeus again : " What passage from this strait ?
What loosing of the heavy fortune fast
About the palace ? Will such help appear,

Or must we clip the locks and cast around
Each form already the black peplos' fold ?
Clearly the black robe, clearly! All the same,
Pray to the Gods !—like Gods' no power so great!
O thou king Paian, find some way to save!
Reveal it, yea, reveal it! Since of old
Thou found'st a cure, why, now again become
Releaser from the bonds of Death, we beg,
And give the sanguinary Hades pause !"
So the song dwindled into a mere moan,
How dear the wife, and what her husband's woe ;
When suddenly—

" Behold, behold!" breaks forth:

" Here is she coming from the house indeed !
Her husband comes, too! Cry aloud, lament,
Pheraia land, this best of women, bound—
So is she withered by disease away—
For realms below and their infernal king!
Never will we affirm there's more of joy
Than grief in marriage; making estimate
Both from old sorrows anciently observed,
And this misfortune of the king we see—
Admetos who, of bravest spouse bereaved,
Will live life's remnant out, no life at all!"

So wailed they, while a sad procession wound

Slow from the innermost o' the palace, stopped
At the extreme verge of the platform-front:
There opened, and disclosed Alkestis' self,
The consecrated lady, borne to look
Her last—and let the living look their last—
She at the sun, we at Alkestis.

We!

For would you note a memorable thing?
We grew to see in that severe regard,—
Hear in that hard dry pressure to the point,
Word slow pursuing word in monotone,—
What Death meant when he called her consecrate
Henceforth to Hades. I believe, the sword—
Its office was to cut the soul at once
From life,—from something in this world which hides
Truth, and hides falsehood, and so lets us live
Somehow. Suppose a rider furls a cloak
About a horse's head; unfrightened, so,
Between the menace of a flame, between
Solicitation of the pasturage,
Untempted equally, he goes his gait
To journey's end: then pluck the pharos off!
Show what delusions steadied him i' the straight
O' the path, made grass seem fire and fire seem
grass,
All through a little bandage o'er the eyes 1

BALAUSTION'S ADVENTURE

As certaliny with eyes unbandaged now
Alkestis looked upon the action here,
Self-immolation for Admetos' sake;
Saw, with a new sense, all her death would do,
And which of her survivors had the right,
And which the less right, to survive thereby.
For, you shall note, she uttered no one word
Of love more to her husband, though he wept
Plenteously, waxed importunate in prayer—
Folly's old fashion when its seed bears fruit.
I think she judged that she had bought the ware
O' the seller at its value,— nor praised him
Nor blamed herself, but, with indifferent eye,
Saw him purse money up, prepare to leave
The buyer with a solitary bale—
True purple—but in place of all that coin,
Had made a hundred others happy too,
If so willed fate or fortune ! What remained
To give away, should rather go to these
Than one with coin to clink and contemplate.
Admetos had his share and might depart,
The rest was for her children and herself.
(Charope makes a face: but wait awhile !)
She saw things plain as Gods do : by one stroke
O' the sword that rends the life-long veil away.
(Also Euripides saw plain enough:

But you and I, Charope !—you and I
Will trust his sight until our own grow clear.)

" Sun, and thou light of day, and heavenly dance
O' the fleet cloud-figure !" (so her passion paused,
While the awe-stricken husband made his moan,
Muttered now this now that ineptitude:

" Sun that sees thee and me, a suffering pair,
Who did the Gods no wrong whence thou shouldst
die!")

Then, as if caught up, carried in their course,
Fleeting and free as cloud and sunbeam are,
She missed no happiness that lay beneath :

" O thou wide earth, from these my palace roofs,
To distant nuptial chambers once my own
in that Iolkos of my ancestry !"—

There the flight failed her. " Raise thee, wretched one !
Give us not up ! Pray pity from the Gods !"

Valiny Admetos: for " I see it—see
The two-oared boat! The ferryer of the dead,
Charon, hand hard upon the boatman's-pole,
Calls me—even now calls—' Why delayest thou ?
Quick ! Thou obstructest all made ready here
For prompt departure : quick, then !' "

" Woe is me !

A bitter voyage this to undergo,
Even i' the telling ! Adverse Powers above,
How do ye plague us!"

Then a shiver ran:

" He has me—seest not?—hales me,—who is it?—
To the hall o' the Dead—ah, who but Hades' self,
He, with the wings there, glares at me, one gaze
All that blue brilliance, under the eyebrow!
What wilt thou do ? Unhand me ! Such a way
I have to traverse, all unhappy one!"

" Way—piteous to thy friends, but, most of all,
Me and thy children : ours assuredly
A common partnership in grief like this!"

Whereat they closed about her; but " Let be!
Leave, let me lie now! Strength forsakes my feet.
Hades is here, and shadowy on my eyes
Comes the night creeping. Children—children, now
indeed. a mother is no more for you !
Farewell, O children, long enjoy the light !"

" Ah me, the melancholy word I hear,
Oppressive beyond every kind of death!
No, by the Deities, take heart nor dare
To give me up—no, by our children too

Made orphans of! But rise, be resolute,
Since, thou departed, I no more remain!
For in thee are we bound up, to exist
Or cease to be—so we adore thy love !"

—Which brought out truth to judgment. At this word
And protestation, all the truth in her
Claimed to assert itself: she waved away
The blue-eyed black-wing'd phantom, held in check
The advancing pageantry of Hades there,
And, with no change in her own countenance,
She fixed her eyes on the protesting man,
And let her lips unlock their sentence,—so!

" Admetos,—how things go with me thou seest,—
I wish to tell thee, ere I die, what things
I will should follow. I—to honour thee,
Secure for thee, by my own soul's exchange,
Continued looking on the daylight here—
Die for thee—yet, if so I pleased, might live,
Nay, wed what man of Thessaly I would,
And dwell i' the dome with pomp and queenhness.
I would not,—would not live bereft of thee,
With children orphaned, neither shrank at all,
Though having gifts of youth wherein I joyed.
Yet, who begot thee and who gave thee birth,

Both of these gave thee up; no less, a term
Of life was reached when death became them well,
Ay, well—to save their child and glorious die:
Since thou wast all they had, nor hope remained
Of having other children in thy place.
So, I and thou had lived out our full time,
Nor thou, left lonely of thy wife, wouldst groan
With children reared in orphanage: but thus
Some God disposed things, willed they so should be.
Be they so ! Now do thou remember this,
Do me in turn a favour—favour, since
Certaliny I shall never claim my due,
For nothing is more precious than a life:
But a fit favour, as thyself wilt say,
Loving our children here no less than I,
If head and heart be sound in thee at least.
Uphold them, make them masters of my house,
Nor wed and give a step-dame to the pair,
Who, being a worse wife than I, thro' spite
Will raise her hand against both thine and mine.
Never do this at least, I pray to thee!
For hostile the new-comer, the step-dame,
To the old brood—a very viper she
For gentleness! Here stand they, boy and girl;
The boy has got a father, a defence
Tower-like, he speaks to and has answer from:

But thou, my girl, how will thy virginhood
Conclude itself in marriage fittingly?
Upon what sort of sire-found yoke-fellow
Art thou to chance? with all to apprehend—
Lest, casting on thee some unkind report,
She blast thy nuptials in the bloom of youth.
For neither shall thy mother watch thee wed,
Nor hearten thee in childbirth, standing by
Just when a mother's presence helps the most!
No, for I have to die : and this my ill
Comes to me, nor to-morrow, no, nor yet
The third day of the month, but now, even now,
I shall be reckoned among those no more.
Farewell, be happy ! And to thee, indeed,
Husband, the boast remains permissible
Thou hadst a wife was worthy ! and to you.
Children; as good a mother gave you birth."

" Have courage !" interposed the friends, " For him
I have no scruple to declare—all this
Will he perform, except he fail of sense."

" All this shall be—shall be !" Admetos sobbed:
" Fear not! And, since I had thee living, dead
Alone wilt thou be called my wife: no fear
That some Thessalian ever styles herself

Bride, hails this man for husband in thy place !
No woman, be she of such lofty line
Or such surpassing beauty otherwise!
Enough of children: gain from these I have,
Such only may the Gods grant! since in thee
Absolute is our loss, where all was gain.
And I shall bear for thee no year-long grief,
But grief that lasts while my own days last, love!
Love ! For my hate is she who bore me, now:
And him I hate,. my father: loving-ones
Truly, in word not deed ! But thou didst pay
All dearest to thee down, and buy my life,
Saving me so! Is there not cause enough
That I who part 'with such companionship
in thee, should make my moan? I moan, and more:
For I will end the feastings—social flow
O' the wine friends flock for, garlands and the Muse
That graced my dwelling. Never now for me
To touch the lyre, to lift my soul in song
At summons of the Lydian flute; since thou
From out my life hast emptied all the joy!
And this thy body, in thy likeness wrought
By some wise hand of the artificers,
Shall lie disposed within my marriage-bed:
This I will fall on, this enfold about,
Call by thy name,--my dear wife in my arms

Even though I have not, I shall seem to have—
A cold delight, indeed, but all the same
So should I lighten of its weight my soul!
And, wandering my way in dreams perchance,
Thyself wilt bless me : for, come when they will,
Even by night our loves are sweet to see.
But were the tongue and tune of Orpheus mine,
So that to Kore crying, or her lord,
in hymns, from Hades I might rescue thee—
Down would I go, and neither Plouton's dog
Nor Charon, he whose oar sends souls across,
Should stay me till again I made thee stand
Living, within the light! But, failing this,
There, where thou art, await me when I die,
Make ready our abode, my house-mate still!
For in the self-same cedar, me with thee
Will I provide that these our friends shall place,
My side lay close by thy side ! Never, corpse
Although I be, would I division bear
From thee, my faithful one of all the world!"

So he stood sobbing: nowise insincere,
But somehow child-like, like his children, like
Childishness the world over. What was new
in this announcement that his wife must die?
What particle of pain beyond the pact

He made, with eyes wide open, long ago—
Made and was, if not glad, content to make?
Now that the sorrow, he had called for, came,
He sorrowed to the height: none heard him say,
However, what would seem so pertinent,
"To keep this pact, I find surpass my power:
Rescind it, Moirai! Give me back her life,
And take the life I kept by base exchange !
Or, failing that, here stands your laughing-stock
Fooled by you, worthy just the fate o' the fool
Who makes a pother to escape the best
And gain the worst you wiser Powers allot!"
No, not one word of this: nor did his wife
Despite the sobbing, and the silence soon
To follow, judge so much was in his thought—
Fancy that, should the Moirai acquiesce,
He would relinquish life nor let her die.
The man was like some merchant who, in storm,
Throws the freight over to redeem the ship:
No question, saving both were better still.
As it was,—why, he sorrowed, which sufficed.
So, all she seemed to notice in his speech
Was what concerned her children. Children, too,
Bear the grief and accept the sacrifice.
Rightly rules nature : does the blossomed bough
O' the grape-vine, or the dry grape's self, bleed wine ?

So, bending to her children all her love,
She fastened on their father's only word
To purpose now, and followed it with this.
" O children, now yourselves have heard these things—
Your father saying he will never wed
Another woman to be over you,
Nor yet dishonour me !"

" And now at least
I say it, and I will accomplish too!"

" Then, for such promise of accomplishment,
Take from my hand these children !"

" Thus I take—
Dear gift from the dear hand !"

" Do thou become
Mother, now, to these children in my place !"

"Great the necessity I should be so,
At least, to these bereaved of thee!"

" Child—child
Just when I needed most to live, below
Am I departing from you both !"

" Alkestis—not to see her nor be seen,
Hear nor be heard of by her, any more
To-day, to-morrow, to the end of time -
Did I mean this should buy my life ? " thought he.

So, friends came round him, took him by the hand,
Bade him remember our mortality,
Its due, its doom: how neither was he first,
Nor would be last, to thus deplore the loved.

" I understand " slow the words came at last.
" Nor of a sudden did the evil here
Fly on me: I have known it long ago,
Ay, and essayed myself in misery;
Nothing is new. You have to stay, you friends,
Because the next need is to carry forth
The corpse here : you must stay and do your part,
Chant proper pæan to the God below;
Drink-sacrifice he likes not. I decree
That all Thessalians over, whom I rule
Hold grief in common with me; let them shear
Their locks, and be the peplos black they show!
And you who to the chariot yoke your steeds,
Or manage steeds one-frontleted,—I charge,
Clip from each neck with steel the mane away !
And through my city, nor of flute nor lyre

Be there a sound till twelve full moons succeed.
For I shall never bury any corpse
Dearer than this to me, nor better friend:
One worthy of all honour from me, since
Me she has died for, she and she alone."

With that, he sought the inmost of the house,
He and his dead, to get grave's garniture,
While the friends sang the pæan that should peal.
" Daughter of Pelias, with farewell from me,
I' the house of Hades have thy unsunned home !
Let Hades know, the dark-haired deity, —
And he who sits to row and steer alike,
Old corpse-conductor, let him know he bears
Over the Acherontian lake, this time,
I' the two-oared boat, the best—oh, best by far
Of womankind! For thee, Alkestis Queen !
Many a time those haunters of the Muse
Shall sing thee to the seven-stringed mountain-shell,
And glorify in hymns that need no harp,
At Sparta when the cycle comes about,
And that Karneian month wherein the moon
Rises and never sets the whole night through;
So too at splendid and magnificent
Athenai. Such the spread of thy renown,
And such the lay that, dying, thou hast left

Singer and sayer. O that I availed
Of my own might to send thee once again
From Hades' hall, Kokutos' stream, by help
O' the oar that dips the river, back to day!"

So, the song sank to prattle in her praise:
" Light, from above thee, lady, fall the earth,
Thou only one of womankind to die,
Wife for her husband ! If Admetos take
Anything to him like a second spouse-
Hate from his offspring and from us shall be
His portion, let the king assure himself!
No mind his mother had to hide in earth
Her body for her son's sake, nor his sire
Had heart to save whom he begot,—not they,
The white-haired wretches! only thou it was,
I' the bloom of youth, didst save him and so die!
Might it be mine taechance on such a mate
And partner! For 'there 's penury in life
Of such allowance; were she mine at least,
So wonderful a wife, assuredly
She would companion me throughout my days
And never once bring sorrow !"

A great voice—

" My hosts here!"

Oh, the thrill that ran through us J

Never was aught so good and opportune
As that great interrupting voice ! For see !
Here maundered this dispirited old age
Before the palace; whence a something crept
Which told us well enough without a word
What was a-doing inside,—every touch
O' the garland on those temples, tenderest
Disposure of each arm along its side,
Came putting out what warmth i' the world was
left.

Then, as it happens at a sacrifice
When, drop by drop, some lustral bath is brimmed
into the thin and clear and cold, at once
They slaughter a whole wine-skin: Bacchos' blood
Sets the white water all a-flame; even so,
Sudden into the midst of sorrow, leapt
Along with the gay cheer of that great voice,
Hope, joy, salvation: Herakles was here I
Himself, o' the threshold, sent his voice on first
To herald all that human and divine
I' the weary happy face of him,—half God,
Half man, which made the god-part God the more

" Hosts mine," he broke upon the sorrow with,
" inhabitants of this Pheraian soil,
Chance I upon Admetos inside here?"

The irresistible sound wholesome heart
O' the hero,—more than all the mightiness
At labour in the limbs that, for man's sake,
Laboured and meant to labour their life long,—
This drove back, dried up sorrow at its source.
How could it brave the happy weary laugh
Of who had bantered sorrow " Sorrow here ?
What have you done to keep your friend from harm?
Could no one give the life I see he keeps?
Or, say there's sorrow here past friendly help,
Why waste a word or let a tear escape
While other sorrows wait you in the world,
And want the life of you, though helpless here?"
Clearly there was no telling such an one
How, when their monarch tried who loved him more
Than he loved them, and found they loved, as he,
Each man, himself, and held, no otherwise,
That, of all evils in the world, the worst
Was—being forced to die, whate'er death gain:
How all this selfishness in him and them
Caused certain sorrow which they sang about,—
I think that Herakles, who held his life
Out on his hand, for any man to take—
I think his laugh had marred their threnody.

" He is in the house " they answered. After all,

They might have told the story, talked their best
About the inevitable sorrow here,
Nor changed nor checked the kindly nature,—no !
So long as men were merely weak, not bad,
He loved men: were they Gods he used to help?
" Yea, Pheres' son is in-doors, Herakles.
But say, what sends thee to Thessalian soil,
Brought by what business to this Pherai town ?"

" A certain labour that I have to do
Eurustheus the Tirunthian," laughed the God.

" And whither wendest—on what wandering
Bound now? " (they had an instinct, guessed what meant
Wanderings, labours, in the God's light mouth.)

" After the Thrakian Diomedes' car
With the four horses."

" Ah, but canst thou that?
Art inexperienced in thy host to be?"

" All-inexperienced: I have never gone
As yet to the land o' the Bistones."

" Then, look

By no means to be master of the steeds
Without a battle !"

" Battle there may be:
I must refuse no labour, all the same."

" Certaliny, either having slain a foe
Wilt thou return to us, or, slain thyself,
Stay there!"

" And, even if the game be so,
The risk in it were not the first I run."

" But, say thou overpower the lord o' the place,
What more advantage dost expect thereby?"

" I shall drive off his horses to the king."

" No easy handling them to bit the jaw!"

" Easy enough; except, at least, they breathe
Fire from their nostrils!"

" But they mince up men
With those quick jaws!"

" You talk of provender
For mountain-beasts, and not mere horses' food!"

" Thou mayst behold their mangers caked with gore !"

" And of what sire does he who bred them boast
Himself the son?"

" Of Ares, king o' the targe—
Thrakian, of gold throughout."

Another laugh.

" Why, just the labour, just the lot for me
Dost thou desclibe in what I recognize !
Since hard and harder, high and higher yet,
Truly this lot of mine is like to go
If I must needs join battle with the brood
Of Ares: ay, I fought Lukaon first,
And again, Kuknos : now engage in strife
This third time, with such horses and such lord.
But there is nobody shall ever see
Alkmene's son shrink foemen's hand before !"

—"Or ever hear him say" (the Chorus thought)

" That death is terrible; and help us so
To chime in—' terrible beyond a doubt,
And, if to thee, why, to ourselves much more:
Know what has happened, then, and sympathise' !"
Therefore they gladly stopped the dialogue,
Shifted the burthen to new shoulder straight,
As, " Look where comes the lord o' the land, himself,
Admetos, from the palace !" they outbroke
in some surprise, as well as much relief.

What had induced the king to waive his right
And luxury of woe in loneliness?

Out he came quietly; the hair was dipt,
And the garb sable; else no outward sign
Of sorrow as he came and faced his friend.
Was truth fast terrifying tears away?
" Hail, child of Zeus, and sprung from Perseus too!"
The salutation ran without a fault.

" And thou, Admetos, King of Thessaly !"

" Would, as thou wishest me, the grace might fall!
But my good-wisher, that thou art, I know."

"What's here? these shorn locks, this sad show of
thee?"

" I must inter a certain corpse to-day."

" Now, from thy children God avert mischance !"

" They live, my children; all are in the house !"

" Thy father—if 't is he departs indeed,
His age was ripe at least."

" My father lives,
And she who bore me lives too, Herakles,"

" It cannot be thy wife Alkestis gone ? "

" Two-fold the tale is, I can tell of her."

" Dead dost thou speak of her, or living yet ? "

" She is—and is not: hence the pain to me !"

" I learn no whit the more, so dark thy speech !"

" Know'st thou not on what fate she needs must
fall?"

" I know she is resigned to die for thee."

" How lives she still, then, if submitting so ? "

" Eh, weep her not beforehand ! wait till then ! "

" Who is to die is dead; doing is done."

" To be and not to be are thought diverse."

BALAUCTION'S ADVENTURE

" Ah me!

And what shall I do, then, left lonely thus?"

" Time will appease thee: who is dead is nought."

" Take me with thee— take, by the Gods below!"

" We are sufficient, we who die for thee."

" Oh, Powers, ye widow me of what a wife !"

" And truly the dimmed eye draws earthward now!"

" Wife, if thou leav'st me, I am lost indeed ! "

"She once was—now is nothing, thou mayst say."

" Raise thy face nor forsake thy children thus!"

" Ah, willingly indeed I leave them not!

But—fare ye well, my children!"

" Look on them—

Look!"

" I am nothingness."

"What dost thou? Leav'st . . ."

"Farewell!"

And in the breath she passed away.

"Undone—me miserable!" moaned the king,
While friends released the long-suspended sigh
"Gone is she: no wife for Admetos more!"

Such was the signal: how the woe broke forth,
Why tell?—or how the children's tears ran fast
Bidding their father note the eyelids' stare
Hands' droop, each dreadful circumstance of death.

"Ay, she hears not, she sees not: I and you,
'T is plain, are stricken hard and have to bear!"
Was all Admetos answered; for, I judge,
He only now began to taste the truth:
The thing done lay revealed, which undone thing,
Rehearsed for fact by fancy, at the best,
Never can equal. He had used himself
This long while (as he muttered presently)
To practise with the terms, the blow involved
By the bargain, sharp to bear, but bearable
Because of plain advantage at the end.
Now that, in fact not fancy, the blow fell—
Needs must he busy him with the surprise.

" Thou judgest this—I, that way. Herakles!

" Well, but declare what causes thy complaint!
Who is the man has died from out thy friends ?"

" No man : I had a woman in my mind."

" Alien, or someone born akin to thee ? "

" Alien : but still related to my house."

" How did it happen then that here she died ? "

" Her father dying left his orphan here."

" Alas, Admetos—would we found thee gay,
Not grieving!"

" What as if about to do
Subjoinest thou that comment ? "

" I shall seek
Another hearth, proceed to other hosts."

" Never, O king, shall that be ! No such ill
Betide me! "

" Nay, to mourners should there come
A guest, he proves importunate !"

"The dead—
Dead are they : but go thou within my house !"

" 'T is base carousing beside friends who mourn."

" The guest-rooms, whither we shall lead thee, lie
Apart from ours."

" Nay, let me go my way 1
Ten thousandfold the favour I shall thank !"

" It may not be thou goest to the hearth
Of any man but me !" so made an end
Admetos, softly and decisively,
Of the altercation. Herakles forbore:
And the king bade a servant lead the way,
Open the guest-rooms ranged remote from view
O' the main hall; tell the functionaries, next,
They had to furnish forth a plenteous feast,
And then shut close the doors o' the hall, midway,
" Because it is not proper friends who feast
Should hear a groaning or be grieved," quoth he.

Whereat the hero, who was truth itself,
Let out the smile again, repressed awhile

Like fountain-brilliance one forbids to play.
He did too many grandnesses, to note
Much in the meaner things about his path:
And stepping there, with face towards the sun,
Stopped seldom to pluck weeds or ask their names.
Therefore he took Admetos at the Word:
This trouble must not hinder any more
A true heart from good will and pleasant ways.
And so, the great arm, which had slain the snake,
Strained his friend's head a moment in embrace
On that broad breast beneath the lion's hide,
Till the king's cheek winced at the thick rough gold;
And then strode off, with who had care of him,
To the remote guest-chamber: glad to give
Poor flesh and blood their respite and relief
in the interval 'twixt fight and fight again—
All for the world's sake. Our eyes followed him,
Be sure, till those mid-doors shut us outside.
The king, too, watched great Herakles go off
All faith, love, and obedience to a friend.

And when they questioned him, the simple ones,
"What dost thou? Such calamity to face,
Lies full before thee—and thou art so bold
As play the host, Admetos? Hast thy wits?"
He replied calmly to each chiding tongue:

" But if from house and home I forced away
A coming guest, wouldst thou have praised me more ?
No, truly ! since calamity were mine,
Nowise diminished; while I showed myself
Unhappy and inhospitable too:
So adding to my ills this other ill,
That mine were styled a stranger-hating house.
Myself have ever found this man the best
Of entertainers when I went his way
To parched and thirsty Argos."

" If so be -

Why didst thou hide what destiny was here,
When one came that was kindly, as thou say'st ?"

" He never would have willed to cross my door
Had he known aught of my calamities.
And probably to some of you I seem
Unwise enough in doing what I do;
Such will scarce praise me: but these halls of mine
Know not to drive off and dishonour guests."

And so, the duty done, he turned once more
To go and busy him about his dead.
As for the sympathisers left to muse,
There was a change, a new light thrown on things,
Contagion from the magnanimity

O' the man whose life lay on his hand so light,
As up he stepped, pursuing duty still
" Higher and harder," as he laughed and said.
Somehow they found no folly now in the act
They blamed erewhile : Admetos' private grief
Shrank to a somewhat pettier obstacle
I' the way o' the world : they saw good days had been.
And good days, peradventure, still might be,
Now that they overlooked the present cloud
Heavy upon the palace opposite.
And soon the thought took words and music thus.

" Harbour of many a stranger, free to friend,
Ever and always, O thou house o' the man
We mourn for! Thee, Apollon's very self,
The lyric Putbian, deigned inhabit once,
Become a shepherd here in thy domains,
And pipe, adown the winding hill-side paths,
Pastoral marriage-poems to thy flocks
At feed: while with them fed in fellowship,
Through joy i' the music, spot-skin lynxes; ay,
And lions too, the bloody company,
Came, leaving Othrus' dell; and round thy lyre,
Phoibos, there danced the speckle-coated fawn,
Pacing on lightsome fetlock past the pines
Tress-topped, the creature's natural boundary,

into the open everywhere; such heart
Had she within her, beating joyous beats,
At the sweet reassurance of thy song!
Therefore the lot o' the master is, to live
in a home multitudinous with herds,
Along by the fair-flowing Boibian lake,
Limited, that ploughed land and pasture-plain,
Only where stand the sun's steeds, stabled west
I' the cloud, by that mid-air which makes the clime
Of those Molossoi: and he rules as well
O'er the Aigaian, up to Pelion's shore,—
Sea-stretch without a port! Such lord have we:
And here he opens house now, as of old,
Takes to the heart of it a guest again :
Though moist the eyelid of the master, still
Mourning his dear wife's body, dead but now ! "

And they admired: nobility of soul
Was self-impelled to reverence, they saw :
The best men ever prove the wisest too:
Something instinctive guides them still aright.
And on each soul this boldness settled now,
That one, who revered the Gods so much,
Would prosper yet: (or—I could wish it ran—
Who venerates the Gods, i' the main will still
Practise things honest though obscure to judge).

They ended, for Admetos entered now;
Having disposed all duteously indoors,
He came into the outside world again,
Quiet as ever: but a quietude
Bent on pursuing its descent to truth,
As who must grope until he gain the ground
O' the dungeon doomed to be his dwelling now.
Already high o'er head was piled the dusk,
When something pushed to stay his downward step,
Pluck back despair just reaching its repose.
He would have bidden the kind presence there
Observe that,—since the corpse was coming out,
Cared for in all things that befit the case,
Carried aloft, in decency and state,
To the last burial place and burning pile, —
'T were proper friends addressed, as custom prompts,
Aikestis bound on her last journeying.

" Ay, for we see thy father" they subjoined
" Advancing as the aged foot best may;
His servants, too: each bringing in his hand
Adornments for thy wife, all pomp that's due
To the downward-dwelling people." And in truth,
By slow procession till they filled the stage,
Came Pheres, and his following, and their gifts.
You see, the worst of the interruption was,

It plucked back, with an over-hasty hand,
Admetos from descending to the truth,
(I told you)—put him on the brink again,
Full i' the noise and glare where late he stood:
With no fate fallen and irrevocable,
But all things subject still to chance and change:
And that chance—life, and that change—happiness.
And with the low strife came the little mind:
He was once more the man might gain so much,
Life too and wife too, would his friends but help!
All he felt now was that there faced him one
Supposed the likeliest, in emergency,
To help : and help, by mere self-sacrifice
So natural, it seemed as if the sire
Must needs lie open still to argument,
Withdraw the rash decision, not to die
But rather live, though death would save his son :—
Argument like the ignominious grasp
O' the drowner whom his fellow grasps as fierce,
Each marvelling that the other needs must hold
Head out of water, though friend choke thereby.

And first the father's salutation fell.
Burthened, he came, in common with his child,
Who lost, none would gainsay, a good chaste spouse:
Yet such things must be borne, though hard to bear.

" So, take this tribute of adornment, deep
in the earth let it descend along with her!
Behoves we treat the body with respect
—Of one who died, at least, to save thy life,
Kept me from being childless, nor allowed
That I, bereft of thee, should peak and pine
in melancholy age ! she, for the sex,
All of her sisters, put in evidence,
By daring such a feat, that female life
Might prove more excellent than men suppose.
O thou Alkestis !" out he burst in fine,
" Who, while thou savedst this my son, didst raise
Also myself from sinking,—hail to thee !
Well be it with thee even in the house
Of Hades ! I maintain, if mortals must
Marry, this sort of marriage is the sole
Permitted those among them who are wise !"

So his oration ended. Like hates like:
Accordingly Admetos,—full i' the face
Of Pheres, his true father, outward shape
And inward fashion, body matching soul,—
Saw just himself when years should do their work
And reinforce the selfishness inside
Until it pushed the last disguise away:
As when the liquid metal cools i' the mould,

Stands foith a statue: bloodless, hard, cold bronze.
So, in old Pheres, young Admetos showed,
Pushed to completion : and a shudder ran,
And his repugnance soon had vent in speech :
Glad to escape outside, nor, pent within,
Find itself there fit food for exercise.

" Neither to this interment called by me
Comest thou, nor thy presence I account
Among the covetable proofs of love.
As for thy tribute of adornment, no !
Ne'er shall she don it, ne'er in debt to thee
Be buried ! What is thine, that keep thou still!
Then it behoved thee to commiserate
When I was perishing : but thou—who stood'st
Foot-free o' the snare, wast acquiescent then
That I, the young, should die, not thou, the old—
Wilt thou lament this corpse thyself hast slain ?
Thou wast not, then, true father to this flesh;
Nor she, who makes profession of my birth
And styles herself my mother, neither she
Bore me: but, come of slave's blood, I was cast
Stealthily 'neath the bosom of thy wife !
Thou showedst, put to touch, the thing thou art,
Nor I esteem myself born child of thee !
Otherwise, thine is the preeminence

O'er all the world in cowardice of soul:
Who, being the old man thou art, arrived
Where life should end, didst neither will nor dare
Die for thy son, but left the task to her,
The alien woman, whom I well might think
Own, only mother both and father too !
And yet a fair strife had been thine to strive,
—Dying for thy own child; and brief for thee
in any case, the rest of time to live;
While I had lived, and she, our rest of time,
Nor I been left to groan in solitude.
Yet certainly all things which happy man
Ought to experience, thy experience grasped.
Thou wast a ruler through the bloom of youth,
And I was son to thee, leipient due
Of sceptre and demesne, — no need to fear
That dying thou shouldst leave an orphan house
For strangers to despoil. Nor yet wilt thou
Allege that as dishonouring, forsooth,
Thy length of days, I gave thee up to die,—
I, who have held thee in such reverence '
And in exchange for it, such gratitude
Thou, father,—thou award'st me, mother mine!
Go, lose no time, then, in begetting sons
Shall cherish thee in age, and, when thou diest,
Deck up and lay thee out as corpses claim !

For never I, at least, with this my hand
Will bury thee : it is myself am dead
So far as lies in thee. But if I light
Upon another saviour, and still see
The sunbeam,—his, the child I call myself,
His, the old age that claims my cherishing.
How valiny do these aged pray for death,
Abuse the slow drag of senility !
But should death step up, nobody inclines
To die, nor age is now the weight it was !"

You see what all this poor pretentious talk
Tried at,—how weakness strove to hide itself
in bluster against weakness,—the loud word
To hide the little whisper, not so low
Already in that heart beneath those lips !
Ha, could it be, who hated cowardice
Stood confessed craven, and who lauded so
Self-immolating love, himself had pushed
The loved one to the altar in his place ?
Friends interposed, would fain stop further play
O' the sharp-edged tongue : they felt love's
champion here
Had left an undefended point or two,
The antagonist might profit by; bade " Pause !
Enough the present sorrow ! Nor, O son,

Didst fight off this same death, and livest now
Through having sneaked past fate apportioned thee,
And slain thy wife so ? Cryest cowardice
On me, I wonder, thou—whom, poor poltroon,
A very woman worsted, daring death
Just for the sake of thee, her handsome spark ?
Shrewdly hast thou contrived how not to die
For evermore now : 't is but still persuade
The wife, for the time being, to take thy place !
What, and thy friends who would not do the like,
These dost thou carp at, craven thus thyself?
Crouch and be silent, craven ! Comprehend
That, if thou lovest so that life of thine,
Why, everybody loves his own life too:
So, good words, henceforth ! If thou speak us ill,
Many and true an ill thing shalt thou hear!"

There you saw leap the hydra at full length !
Only, the old kept glorying the more,
The more the portent thus uncoiled itself,
Whereas the young man shuddered head to foot,
And shrank from kinship with the creature. Why
Such horror, unless what he hated most,
Vaunting itself outside, might fairly claim
Acquaintance with the counterpart at home ?
I would the Chorus here had plucked up heart,

Spoken out boldly and explained the man,
If not to men, to Gods. That way, I think,
Sophokles would have led their dance and song.
Here, they said simply " Too much evil spoke
On both sides !" As the young before, so now
They bade the old man leave abusing thus.

" Let him speak,—I have spoken ! " said the youth ;
And so died out the wrangle by degrees
in wretched bickering. " If thou wince at fact,
Behoved thee not prove faulty to myself ! "

" Had I died for thee I had faulted more ! "

" All's one, then, for youth's bloom and age to die ? "

" Our duty is to live one life, not two ! "

" Go then, and outlive Zeus, for aught I care ! "

" What, curse thy parents with no sort of cause ? "

" Curse, truly ! All thou lovest is long life ! "

" And dost not thou, too, all for love of life,
Carry out now, in place of thine, this corpse ? "

" Monument, rather, of thy cowardice,
Thou worst one ! "

" Not for me she died, I hope !
That, thou wilt hardly say !"

" No, simply this :
Would, some day, thou mayst come to need myself ! "

" Meanwhile, woo many wives—the more will die !"

" And so shame thee who never dared the like !"

" Dear is this light o' the sun-god—dear, I say !"

" Proper conclusion for a beast to draw ! "

" One thing is certain : there 's no laughing now,
As out thou bearest the poor dead old man !"

" Die when thou wilt, thou wilt die infamous!"

" And once dead, whether famed or infamous,
I shall not care! "

" Alas and yet again!
How full is age of impudency!"

" True!
Thou couldst not call thy young wife impudent:

She was found foolish merely."

" Get thee gone !

And let me bury this my dead !"

" I go.

Thou buriest her whom thou didst murder first;
Whereof there 's some account to render yet
Those kinsfolk by the marriage-side ! I think,
Brother Akastos may be classed with me,
Among the beasts, not men, if he omit
Avenging upon thee his sister's blood !"

" Go to perdition, with thy housemate too !
Grow old all childlessly, with child alive,
Just as ye merit! for to me, at least,
Beneath the same roof ne'er do ye return.
And did I need by heralds' help renounce
The ancestral hearth, I had renounced the same!
But we—since this woe, lying at our feet
I' the path, is to be borne—let us proceed
And lay the body on the pyre."

I think,

What, thro' this wretched wrangle, kept the man
From seeing clear—beside the cause I gave—
Was, that the woe, himself described as full
I' the path before him, there did really lie—
Not roll into the abyss of dead and gone.

How, with Alkestis present, calmly crowned,
Was she so irrecoverable yet—
The bird, escaped, that's just on bough above,
The flower, let flutter half-way down the brink ?
Not so detached seemed lifelessness from life
But—one dear stretch beyond all straining yet—
And he might have her at his heart once more,
When, in the critical minute, up there comes
The father and the fact, to trifle time !

"To the pyre !" an instinct prompted : pallid face,
And passive arm and pointed foot, when these
No longer shall absorb the sight, O friends,
Admetos will begin to see indeed
Who the true foe was, where the blows should fall .

So, the old selfish Pheres went his way,
Case-hardened as he came; and left the youth,
(Only half-selfish now, since sensitive)
To go on learning by a light the more,
As friends moved off, renewing dirge the while :

"Unhappy in thy daring! Noble dame,
Best of the good, farewell' With favouring face
May Hermes the infernal, Hades too,
Receive thee! And if there,—ay, there,—some touch

Of further dignity await the good,
Sharing with them, mayst thou sit throned by her
The Bride of Hades, in companionship ! "

Wherewith, the sad procession wound away,
Made slowly for the suburb sepulchre.
And lo,—while still one's heart, in time and tune,
Paced after that symmetric step of Death
Mute-marching, to the mind's eye, at the head
O' the mourners—one hand pointing out their path
With the long pale terrific sword we saw,
The other leading, with grim tender grace,
Alkestis quieted and consecrate,—
Lo, life again knocked laughing at the door!
The world goes on, goes ever, in and through,
And out again o' the cloud. We faced about,
Fronted the palace where the mid-hall-gate
Opened—not half, nor half of half, perhaps—
Yet wide enough to let out light and life,
And warmth and bounty and hope and joy, at once
Festivity burst wide, fruit rare and ripe
Crushed in the mouth of Bacchos, pulpy-prime,
All juice and flavour, save one single seed
Duly ejected from the God's nice lip,
Which lay o' the red edge, blackly visible—
To wit, a certain ancient servitor:

On whom the festal jaws o' the palace shut,
So, there he stood, a much-bewildered man.
Stupid ? Nay, but sagacious in a sort:
Learned, life long, i' the first outside of things,
Though bat for blindness to what lies beneath
And needs a nail-scratch ere 't is laid you bare.
This functionary was the trusted one
We saw deputed by Admetos late
To lead in Herakles and help him, soul
And body, to such snatched repose, snapped-up
Sustainment, as might do away the dust
O' the last encounter, knit each nerve anew
For that next onset sure to come at cry
O' the creature next assailed,—nay, should it prove
Only the creature that came forward now
To play the critic upon Herakles !

" Many the guests "—so he soliloquized
in musings burdensome to breast before,
When it seemed not too prudent tongue should wag—
" Many, and from all quarters of this world,
The guests I now have known frequent our house,
For whom I spread the banquet; but than this,
Never a worse one did I yet receive
At the hearth here! One who seeing, first of all,
The master's sorrow, entered gate the same,

And had the hardihood to house himself.
Did things stop there ! But, modest by no means,
He took what entertainment lay to hand,
Knowing of our misfortune,—did we fail
in aught of the fit service, urged us serve
Just as a guest expects ! And in his hands
Taking the ivied goblet, drinks and drinks
The unmixed product of black mother-earth,
Until the blaze o' the wine went round about
And warmed him: then he crowns with myrtle sprigs
His head, and howls discordance—twofold lay
Was thereupon for us to listen to—
This fellow singing, namely, nor restrained
A jot by sympathy with sorrows here—
While we o' the household mourned our mistress—
 mourned,
That is to say, in silence—never showed
The eyes, which we kept wetting, to the guest—
For there Admetos was imperative.
And so, here am I helping make at home
A guest, some fellow ripe for wickedness,
Robber or pirate, while she goes her way
Out of our house: and neither was it mine
To follow in procession, nor stretch forth
Hand, wave my lady dear a last farewell,
Lamenting who to me and all of us

Domestics was a mother: myriad harms
She used to ward away from everyone,
And mollify her husband's ireful mood.
I ask then, do I justly hate or no
This guest, this interloper on our grief?"

"Hate him and justly!" Here 's the proper judge
Of what is due to the house from Herakles!
This man of much experience saw the first
Of the feeble duckings-down at destiny,
When King Admetos went his rounds, poor soul,
A-begging somebody to be so brave
As die for one afraid to die himself—
"Thou, friend? Thou, love? Father or mother,
then!

None of you? What, Alkestis must Death catch?
O best of wives, one woman in the world!
But nowise droop: our prayers may still assist:
Let us try sacrifice; if those avail
Nothing and Gods avert their countenance,
Why, deep and durable our grief will be!"
Whereat the house, this worthy at its head,
Re-echoed "deep and durable our grief!"
This sage, who justly hated Herakles,
Did he suggest once "Rather I than she!"
Admonish the Turannos—"Be a man!

Bear thine own burden, never think to thrust
Thy fate upon another and thy wife !
It were a dubious gain could death be doomed
That other, and no passionatest plea
Of thine, to die instead, have force with fate;
Seeing thou lov'st Alkestis : what were life
Unlighted by the loved one ? But to live -
Not merely live unsolaced by some thought,
Some word so poor—yet solace all the same—
As 'Thou i' the sepulchre, Alkestis, say!
Would I, or would not I, to save thy life,
Die, and die on, and die for evermore ?'
No ! but to read red-written up and down
The world 'This is the sunshine, this the shade,
This is some pleasure of earth, sky or sea,
Due to that other, dead that thou mayst live !'
Such were a covetable gain to thee ?
Go die, fool, and be happy while 't is time !"
One word of counsel in this kind, methinks,
Had fallen to better purpose than Ai, ai,
Pheu, pheu, e, papai, and a pother of praise
O' the best, best, best one ! Nothing was to hate
in King Admetos, Pheres, and the rest
O' the household down to his heroic self!
This was the one thing hateful: Herakles
Had flung into the presence, frank and free,

He who was just about to handle brutes
in Thrace, and bit the jaws which breathed the flame,—
Well, if a good laugh and a jovial word
Could bridle age which blew bad humours forth,
That were a kind of help, too !

"Thou, there!" hailed

This grand benevolence the ungracious one—
" Why look'st so solemn and so thought-absorbed ?
To guests a servant should not sour-faced be,
But do the honours with a mind urbane.
While thou, contrariwise, beholding here
Arrive thy master's comrade, hast for him
A churlish visage, all one beetle-brow—
Having regard to grief that 's out-of-door!
Come hither, and so get to grow more wise !
Things mortal—know'st the nature that they have ?
No, I imagine ! whence could knowledge spring?
Give ear to me, then! For all flesh to die,
Is nature's due; nor is there any one
Of mortals with assurance he shall last
The coming morrow: for, what's born of chance
invisibly proceeds the way it will,
Not to be learned, no fortune-teller's prize.
This, therefore, having heard and known through me,
Gladden thyself! Drink ! Count the day-by-day
Existence thine, and all the other—chance!

Ay, and pay homage also to by far
The sweetest of divinities for man,
Kupris! Benignant Goddess will she prove !
But as for aught else, leave and let things be !
And trust my counsel, if I seem to speak
To purpose—as I do, apparently.
Wilt not thou, then,—discarding overmuch
Mournfulness, do away with this shut door,
Come drink along with me, be-garlanded
This fashion? Do so, and—I well know what—
From this stern mood, this shrunk-up state of mind,
The pit-pat fall o' the flagon-juice down throat
Soon will dislodge thee from bad harbourage !
Men being mortal should think mortal-like :
Since to your solemn, brow-contracting sort,
All of them,—so I lay down law at least,—
Life is not truly life but misery."

Whereto the man with softened surliness:
" We know as much : but deal with matters, now,
Hardly befitting mirth and revelry."

" No intimate, this woman that is dead :
Mourn not too much ? For, those o' the house itself,
Thy masters live, remember ! "

"Live indeed ?

Ah, thou know'st nought o' the woe within these
walls! "

" I do—unless thy master spoke me false
Somehow!"

" Ay, ay, too much he loves a guest,
Too much, that master mine!" so muttered he.

" Was it improper he should treat me well,
Because an alien corpse was in the way?"

" No alien, but most intimate indeed !"

" Can it be, some woe was, he told me not?"

" Farewell and go thy way ! Thy cares for thee—
To us, our master's sorrow is a care."

" This word begins no tale of alien woe !"

" Had it been other woe than intimate,
I could have seen thee feast, nor felt amiss."

" What ! have I suffered strangely from my host ? "

"Thou cam'st not at a fit reception-time:
With sorrow here beforehand: and thou seest
Shorn hair, black robes."

"But who is it that's dead?
Some child gone? or the aged sire perhaps?"

"Admetos' wife, then! she has perished, guest!"

"How sayest? And did ye house me, all the same?"

"Ay: for he had thee in that reverence

He dared not turn thee from his door away!"

"O hapless, and bereft of what a mate!"

"All of us now are dead, not she alone!"

"But I divined it! seeing, as I did,

His eye that ran with tears, his close-clipt hair,

His countenance! Though he persuaded me,

Saying it was a stranger's funeral

He went with to the grave: against my wish,

He forced on me that I should enter doors,

Drink in the hall o' the hospitable man

Circumstanced so! And do I revel yet

With wreath on head? But—thou to hold thy peace

Nor tell me what a woe oppressed my friend !
Where is he gone to bury her ? Where am I
To go and find her ? "

" By the road that leads
Straight to Larissa, thou wilt see the tomb,
Out of the suburb, a carved sepulchre."

So said he, and therewith dismissed himself
inside to his lamenting : somewhat soothed,
However, that he had adroitly spoilt
The mirth of the great creature : oh, he marked
The movement of the mouth, how lip pressed lip,
And either eye forgot to shine, as, fast,
He plucked the chaplet from his forehead, dashed
The myrtle-sprays down, trod them underfoot!
And all the joy and wonder of the wine
Withered away, like fire from off a brand
The wind blows over—beacon though it be,
Whose merry ardour only meant to make
Somebody all the better for its blaze,
And save lost people in the dark: quenched now!

Not long quenched ! As the flame, just hurried off
The brand's edge, suddenly renews its bite,
Tasting some richness caked i' the core o' the tree,—
Pine, with a blood that 's oil,—and triumphs up

Pillar-wise to the sky and saves the world :
So, in a spasm and splendour of resolve,
All at once did the God surmount the man.

" O much-enduring heart and hand of mine !
Now show what sort of son she bore to Zeus,
That daughter of Elektruon, limns' child,
Alkmene ! for that son must needs save now
The just-dead lady : ay, establish here
I' the house again Alkestis, bring about
Comfort and succour to Admetos so !
I will go lie in wait for Death, black-stoled
King of the corpses ! I shall find him, sure,
Drinking, beside the tomb, o' the sacrifice :
And if I lie in ambuscade, and leap
Out of my lair, and seize - encircle him
Till one hand join the other round about—
There lives not who shall pull him out from me,
Rib-mauled, before he let the woman go I
But even say I miss the booty,—say,
Death comes not to the boltered blood,—why then,
Down go I, to the unsunned dwelling-place
Of Kore and the king there,—make demand,
Confident I shall bring Alkestis back,
So as to put her in the hands of him
My host, that housed me, never drove me off:

Though stricken with sore sorrow, hid the stroke,
Being a noble heart and honouring me !
Who of Thessalians, more than this man, loves
The stranger ? Who, that now inhabits Greece ?
Wherefore he shall not say the man was vile
Whom he befriended,—native noble heart ! "

So, one look upward, as if Zeus might laugh
Approval of his human progeny,—
One summons of the whole magnificent frame,
Each sinew to its service,—up he caught,
And over shoulder cast, the lion-shag,
Let the club go,—for had he not those hands ?
And so went striding off, on that straight way
Leads to Larissa and the suburb tomb.
Gladness be with thee, Helper of our world !
I think this is the authentic sign and seal
Of Godship, that it ever waxes glad,
And more glad, until gladness blossoms, bursts
into a rage to suffer for mankind,
And recommence at sorrow : drops like seed
After the blossom, ultimate of all.
Say, does the seed scorn earth and seek the sun ?
Surely it has no other end **and** aim
Than to drop, once more die into the ground,
Taste cold and darkness and oblivion there;

And thence rise, tree-like grow through pain to joy,
More joy and most joy,—do man good again.

So, to the struggle off strode Herakles.
When silence closed behind the lion-garb,
Back came our dull fact settling in its place,
Though heartiness and passion half-dispersed
The inevitable fate. And presently
in came the mourners from the funeral,
One after one, until we hoped the last
Would be Alkestis and so end our dream.
Could they have really left Alkestis lone
I' the wayside sepulchre ! Home, all save she!
And when Admetos felt that it was so,
By the stand-still: when he lifted head and face
From the two hiding hands and peplos' fold,
And looked forth, knew the palace, knew the hills,
Knew the plains, knew the friendly frequency there,
And no Alkestis any more again,
Why, the whole woe billow-like broke on him.

" O hateful entry, hateful-countenance
O' the widowed halls ! "—he moaned. " What was to be ?
Go there ? Stay here ? Speak, not speak ? All was now
Mad and impossible alike; one way
And only one was sane and safe -to die:

Now he was made aware how clear is death.
How loveable the dead are, how the heart
Yearns in us to go hide where they repose,
When we find sunbeams do no good to see,
Nor earth rests rightly where our footsteps fall.
His wife had been to him the very pledge,
Sun should be sun, earth—earth; the pledge was robbed,
Pact broken, and the world was left no world."
He stared at the impossible mad life :
Stood, while they urged " Advance—advance ! Go deep
into the utter dark, thy palace-core ! "
They tried what they called comfort, "touched the quick
Of the Ulceration in his soul," he said,
With memories,—"once thy joy was thus and thus!"
True comfort were to let him fling himself
into the hollow grave o' the tomb, and so
Let him lie dead along with all he loved.

One bade him note that his own family
Boasted a certain fathet whose sole son,
Worthy bewailment, died: and yet the sire
Bore stoutly up against the blow and lived ;
For all that he was childless now, and prone
Already to grey hairs, far on in life.
Could such a good example miss effect ?
Why fix foot, stand so, staring at the house,

Why not go in, as that wise kinsman would ?

" O that arrangement of the house I know !
How can I enter, how inhabit thee
Now that one cast of fortune changes all ?
Oh me, for much divides the then from now !
Then—with those pine-tree torches, Pelian pomp
And marriage-hymns, I entered, holding high
The hand of my dear wife; while many-voiced
The revelry that followed me and her
That's dead now,— friends felicitating both,
As who were lofty-lineaged, each of us
Born of the best, two wedded and made one;
Now—wail is wedding-chant's antagonist,
And, for white peplos, stoles in sable state
Herald my way to the deserted couch !"

The one word more they ventured was " This grief
Befell thee witless of what sorrow means,
Close after prosperous fortune : but, reflect!
Thou hast saved soul and body. Dead, thy wife—
Living, the love she left. What's novel here?
Many the man, from whom Death long ago
Loosed the life partner ! "

Then Admetos spoke:
Turned *on* the comfort, with no tears, this time.

He was beginning to be like his wife.
I told you of that pressure to the point,
Word slow pursuing word in monotone,
Alkestis spoke with ; so Admetos, now,
Solemnly bore the burden of the truth.
And as the voice of him grew, gathered strength,
And groaned on, and persisted to the end,
We felt how deep had been descent in grief,
And with what change he came up now to light,
And left behind such littleness as tears.

" Friends, I account the fortune of my wife
Happier than mine, though it seem otherwise:
For, her indeed no grief will ever touch,
And she from many a labour pauses now,
Renowned one ! Whereas I, who ought not live,
But do live, by evading destiny,
Sad life am I to lead, I learn at last!
For how shall I bear going in-doors here ?
Accosting whom ? By whom saluted back,
Shall I have joyous entry ? Whither turn ?
inside, the solitude will drive me forth,
When I behold the empty bed—my wife's—
The seat she used to sit upon, the floor
Unsprinkled as when dwellers loved the cool,
The children that will clasp my knees about,

Cry for their mother back : these servants too
Moaning for what a guardian they have lost!
inside my house such circumstance awaits.
Outside,—Thessalian people's marriage-feasts
And gatherings for talk will harass me,
With overflow of women everywhere;
It is impossible I look on them—
Familiars of my wife and just her age !
And then, whoever is a foe of mine,
And lights on me —why, this will be his word—
' See there ' alive ignobly, there he skulks
That played the dastard when it came to die,
And, giving her he wedded, in exchange,
Kept himself out of Hades safe and sound,
The coward ! Do you call that creature—man ?
He hates his parents for declining death,
Just as if he himself would gladly die !'
This sort of reputation shall I have,
Beside the other ills enough in store.
Ill-famed, ill-faring,—what advantage, friends,
Do you perceive I gain by life for death ? "

That was the truth. Vexed waters sank to smooth
'T was only when the last of bubbles broke,
The latest circlet widened all away
And left a placid level, that up swam

To the surface the drowned truth, in dreadful change.
So, through the quiet and submission,—ay,
Spite of some strong words—(foi you miss the tone)
The grief was getting to be infinite—
Grief, friends fell back before. Their office shrank
To that old solace of humanity—
" Being born mortal, bear grief! Why born else ? "
And they could only meditate anew.

" They, too, upborne by airy help of song,
And haply science, which can find the stars,
Had searched the heights: had sounded depths as
well
By catching much at books where logic lurked,
Yet nowhere found they aught could overcome
Necessity: not arty medicine served,
Which Thrakian tablets treasure, Orphic voice
Wrote itself down upon : nor remedy
Which Phoibos gave to the Asklepiadai ;
Cutting the roots of many a virtuous herb
To solace overburdened mortals. None!
Of this sole goddess, never may we go
To altar nor to image : sacrifice
She hears not. All to pray for is—' Approach!
But, oh, no harder on me, awful one,
Than heretofore !. Let life endure thee still !

For, whatsoe'er Zeus' nod decree, that same
in concert with thee hath accomplishment.
Iron, the very stuff o' the Chaluboi,
Thou, by sheer strength, dost conquer and subdue;
Nor, of that harsh abrupt resolve of thine,
Any relenting is there !'

" O my king !

Thee also, in the shackles of those hands,
Not to be shunned, the Goddess grasped ! Yet, bear!
Since never wilt thou lead from underground
The dead ones, wail thy worst! If mortals die,—
The very children of immortals, too,
Dropped mid our darkness, these decay as sure!
Dear indeed was she while among us: dear,
Now she is dead, must she for ever be:
Thy portion was to clasp, within thy couch,
The noblest of all women as a wife.
Nor be the tomb of her supposed some heap
That hides mortality : but like the Gods
Honoured, a veneration to a world
Of wanderers ! Oft the wanderer, struck thereby,
Who else had sailed past in his merchant-ship,
Ay, he shall leave ship, land, long wind his way
Up to the mountain-summit, till there break
Speech forth 'So, this was she, then, died of old
To save her husband J now, a deity

She bends above us. Hail, benignant one !
Give good!' Such voices so will supplicate.

" But—can it be ? Alkmene's offspring comes,
Admetos !—to thy house advances here !"

I doubt not, they supposed him decently
Dead somewhere in that winter world of Thrace—
Vanquished by one o' the Bistones, or else
Victim to some mad steed's voracity—
For did not friends prognosticate as much ?
It were a new example to the point, .
That " children of immortals, dropped by stealth
into our darkness, die as sure as we!"
A case to quote and comfort people with:
But, as for lamentation, ai and pheu,
Right-minded subjects kept them for their lord.

Ay, he it was advancing! in he strode,
And took his stand before Admetos,—turned
Now by despair to such a quietude,
He neither raised his face nor spoke, this time,
The while his friend surveyed him steadily.
That friend looked rough with fighting: had he strained
Worst brute to breast was ever strangled yet?
Somehow, a victory—for there stood the strength,

Happy, as always; something grave, perhaps;
The great vein-cordage on the fret-worked front.
Black-swollen, beaded yet with battle-dew
The yellow hair o' the hero!—his big frame
A-quiver with each muscle sinking back
into the sleepy smooth it leaped from late.
Under the great guard of one arm, there leant
A shrouded something, live and woman-like,
Propped by the heart-beats 'neath the lion-coat
When he had finished his survey, it seemed,
The heavings of the heart began subside,
The helpful breath returned, and last the smile
Shone out, all Herakles was back again,
As the words followed the saluting hand.

" To friendly man, behoves we freely speak,
Admetos!—nor keep buried, deep in breast,
Blame we leave silent. I assuredly
Judged myself proper, if I should approach
By accident calamities of thine,
To be demonstrably thy friend: but thou
Told'st me not of the corpse then claiming care.
That was thy wife's, but didst instal me guest
V the house here, as though busied with a grief
indeed, but then, mere grief beyond thy gate:
And so, I crowned my head, and to the Gods

Poured my libations in thy dwelling-place,
With such misfortune round me. And I blame—
Certaliny blame thee, having suffered thus !
But still I would not pain thee, pained enough:
So let it pass! Wherefore I seek thee now,
Having turned back again though onward bound,
That I will tell thee. Take and keep for me
This woman, till I come thy way again,
Driving before me, having killed the king
O' the Bistones, that drove of Thrakian steeds:
in such case, give the woman back to me !
But should I fare, —æ fare I fain would not,
Seeing I hope to prosper and return,—
Then, I bequeath her as thy household slave.
She came into my hands with good hard toil!
For, what find I, when started on my course,
But certain people, a whole country-side,
Holding a wrestling-bout ? as good to me
As a new labour: whence I took, and here
Come keeping with me, this, the victor's prize.
For, such as conquered in the easy work,
Gained horses which they drove away : and such
As conquered in the harder,—those who boxed
And wrestled,—cattle ; and, to crown the prize,
A woman followed. Chancing as I did,
Base were it to forego this fame and gain!

Well, as I said, I trust her to thy care :
No woman I have kidnapped, understand !
But good hard toil has done it: here I come !
Some day, who knows? even thou wilt praise the feat! "

Admetos raised his face and eyed the pair :
Then, hollowly and with submission, spoke,
And spoke again, and spoke time after time,
When he perceived the silence of his friend
Would not be broken by consenting word.
As a tired slave goes adding stone to stone
Until he stop some current that molests,
So poor Admetos piled up argument
Valiny against the purpose all too plain
in that great brow acquainted with command.

" Nowise dishonouring, nor amid my foes
Ranking thee, did I hide my wife's ill fate;
But it were grief superimposed on grief,
Shouldst thou have hastened to another home.
My own woe was enough for me to weep!
But, for this woman,—if it so may be, -
Bid some Thessalian,—I entreat thee, king !—
Keep her,—who has not suffered like myself!
Many of the Pheraioi welcome thee.
Be no reminder to me of my ills!

I could not, if I saw her come to live,
Restrain the tear ! inflict on me diseased
No new disease: woe bends me down enough!
Then, where could she be sheltered in my house,
Female and young too? For that she is young,
The vesture and adornment prove. Reflect!
Should such an one inhabit the same roof
With men? And how, mixed up, a girl, with youths,
Shall she keep pure, in that case? No light task
To curb the May-day youngster, Herakles!
I only speak because of care for thee.
Or must I, in avoidance of such harm,
Make her to enter, lead her life within
The chamber of the dead one, all apart?
How shall I introduce this other, couch
This where Alkestis lay? A double blame
I apprehend: first, from the citizens—
Lest some tongue of them taunt that I betray
My benefactress, fall into the snare
Of a new fresh face: then, the dead one's self,—
Will she not blame me likewise? Worthy, sure,
Of worship from me! circumspect my ways,
And jealous of a fault, are bound to be.
But thou,—O woman, whosoe'er thou art, —
Know, thou hast all the form, art like as like
Alkestis, in the bodily shape! Ah me!

Take,—by the Gods,—this woman from my sight,
Lest thou undo me, the undone before!
Since I seem - seeing her—as if I saw
My own wife ! And confusions cloud my heart,
And from my eyes the springs break forth ! Ah me
Unhappy—how I taste for the first time
My misery in all its bitterness !"

Whereat the friends conferred : " The chance, in truth,
Was an untoward one—none said otherwise.
Still, what a God comes giving, good or bad,
That, one should take and bear with. Take her,
then!"

Herakles,- - not unfastening his hold
On that same misery, beyond mistake
Hoarse in the words, convulsive in the face,—
" I would that I had such a power," said he,
" As to lead up into the light again
Thy very wife, and grant thee such a grace."

" Well do I know thou wouldst: but where the hope ?
There is no bringing back the dead to light."

" Be not extravagant in grief, no less !
Bear it, by augury of better things!"

" 'T is easier to advise ' bear up,' than bear!"

" But how carve way i' the life that lies before,
If bent on groaning ever for the past? "

" I myself know that: but a certain love
Allures me to the choice I shall not change."

" Ay, but, still loving dead ones, still makes weep."

" And let it be so! She has ruined me,
And still more than I say : that answers all."

" Oh, thou hast lost a brave wife: who disputes ?"

" So brave a one—that he whom thou behold'st
Will never more enjoy his life again ! "

" Time will assuage ! The evil yet is young!"

"Time, thou mayst say, will; if time mean—to die."

" A wife—the longing for new marriage-joys
Will stop thy sorrow !"

" Hush, friend,—hold thy peace!
What hast thou said ! I could not credit ear!"

" How then ? Thou wilt not marry, then, but keep
A widowed couch ? "

" There is not anyone
Of womankind shall couch with whom thou seest!"

" Dost think to profit thus in any way
The dead one ? "

" Her, wherever she abide,
My duty is to honour."

" And I praise—
indeed I praise thee ! Still, thou hast to pay
The price of it, in being held a fool ! "

" Fool call me—only one name call me not!
Bridegroom ! "

" No: it was praise, I portioned thee,
Of being good true husband to thy wife! "

" When I betray her, though she is no more,
May I die ! "

And the thing he said was true :
For out of Herakles a great glow broke.
There stood a victor worthy of a prize :
The violet-crown that withers on the brow
Of the half-hearted claimant. Oh, he knew
The signs of battle hard fought and well won,

This queller of the monsters !—knew his friend
Planted firm foot, now, on the loathly thing
That was Admetos late ! " would die," he knew,
Ere let the reptile raise its crest again.
If that was truth, why try the true friend more ?

" Then, since thou canst be faithful to the death,
Take, deep into thy house, my dame ! " smiled he.

" Not so !—I pray, by thy Progenitor!"

" Thou wilt mistake in disobeying me !"

" Obeying thee, I have to break my heart!"

" Obey me ! Who knows but the favour done
May fall into its place as duty too ? "

So, he was humble, would decline no more
Bearing a burden : he just sighed " Alas !
Wouldst thou hadst never brought this prize from
game !"

" Yet, when I conquered there, thou conqueredst!"

" All excellently urged 1 Yet—spite of all,

Bear with me ! let the woman go away !"

"She shall go, if needs must: but ere she go,
See if there is need ! "

" Need there is ! At least,
Except I make thee angry with me, so !"

' But I persist, because I have my spice
Of intuition likewise : take the dame ! "

" Be thou the victor, then ! But certaliny
Thou dost thy friend no pleasure in the act! "

"Oh, time will come when thou shalt praise me ! Now—
Only obey!"

"Then, servants, since my house
Must needs receive this woman, take her there !"

" I shall not trust this woman to the care
Of servants."

"Why, conduct her in, thyself,
If that seem preferable ! "

" I prefer,
With thy good leave, to place her in thy hands !"

" I would not touch her ! Entry to the house—

That, I concede thee."

" To thy sole right hand,
I mean to trust her !"

" King ! Thou wrenchest this
Out of me by main force, if I submit !"

" Courage, friend ! Come, stretch hand forth ! Good !
Now touch

The stranger-woman!"

"There ! A hand I stretch-
As though it meant to cut off Gorgon's head !"

"Hast hold of her?"

" Fast hold."

"Why, then, hold fast
And have her! and, one day, asseverate
Thou wilt, I think, thy friend, the son of Zeus,
He was the gentle guest to entertain !
Look at her \ See if she, in any way,
Present thee with resemblance of thy wife !"

Ah, but the tears come, find the words at fault!
There is no telling how the hero twitched
The vsil off: and there stood, with such fixed eyes
And such slow smile, Alkestis' silent self !
It was the crowning grace of that great heart,

To keep back joy : procrastinate the truth
Until the wife, who had made proof and found
The husband wanting, might essay once more,
Hear, sec, and feel him renovated now—
Abie to do, now, all herself had done,
Risen to the height of her : so, hand in hand,
The two might go together, live and die.

Beside, when he found speech, you guess the speech.
He could not think he saw his wife again :
It was some mocking God that used the bliss
To make him mad ! Till Herakles must help :
Assure him that no spectre mocked at all ;
He was embracing whom he buried once.
Still,—did he touch, might he address the true,—
True eye, true body of the true live wife ?

And Herakles said, smiling, " All was truth.
Spectre ? Admetos had not made his guest
One who played ghost-invoker, or such cheat!
Oh, he might speak and have response, in time!
All heart could wish was gained now—life for death:
Only, the rapture must not grow immense:
Take care, nor wake the envy of the Gods!"

"Oh thou, of greatest Zeus true son,"—so spoke

Admetos when the closing word must come,
" Go ever in a glory of success,
And save, that sire, his offspring to the end!
For thou hast—only thou—raised me and mine
Up again to this light and life ! " Then asked
Tremblingly, how was trod the perilous path
Out of the dark into the light and life :
How it had happened with Alkestis there.

And Herakles said little, but enough—
How he engaged in combat with that king
O' the daemons : how the field of contest lay
By the tomb's self: how he sprang "from ambushade,
Captured Death, caught him in that pair of hands.

But all the time, Alkestis moved not once
Out of the set gaze and the silent smile;
And a cold fear ran through Admetos' frame :
" Why does she stand and front me, silent thus ? "

Herakles solemnly replied " Not yet
Is it allowable thou hear the things
She has to tell thee; let evanish quite
That consecration to the lower Gods,
And on our upper world the third day rise !
Lead her in, meanwhile; good and true thou art,

Good, true, remain thou ! Practise piety
To stranger-guests the old way ! So, farewell!
Since forth I fore, fulfil my urgent task
Set by the king, the son of Sthenelos."

Fain would Admetos keep that splendid smile
Ever to light him. " Stay with us, thou heart!
Remain our house-friend!"

" At some other day!
Now, of necessity, I haste ! " smiled he.

" But mayst thou prosper, go forth on a foot
Sure to return ! Through all the tetrarchy
Command my subjects that they institute
Thanksgiving-dances for the glad event,
And bid each altar smoke with sacrifice !
For we are minded to begin a fresh
Existence, better than the life before ;
Seeing I own myself supremely blest."

Whereupon all the friendly moralists
Drew this conclusion : chirped, each beard to each:
" Manifold are thy shapings, Providence!
Many a hopeless matter Gods arrange.
What we expected never came to pass :

What we did not expect, Gods brought to bear;
So have things gone, this whole experience through !"

Ah, but if you had seen the play itself!
They say, my poet failed to get the prize:
Sophokles got the prize,—great name! They say,
Sophokles also means to make a piece,
Model a new Admetos, a new wife :
Success to him ! One thing has many sides.
The great name! But no good supplants a good,
Nor beauty undoes beauty. Sophokles
Will carve and carry a fresh cup, brimful
Of beauty and good, firm to the altar-foot,
And glorify the Dionusiad shrine:
Not clash against this crater in the place
Where the God put it when his -mouth had drained,
To the last dregs, libation life-blood-like,
And praised Euripides for evermore—
The Human with his droppings of warm tears.

Still, since one thing may have so many sides,
I think I see how,—far from Sophokles,—
You, I, or anyone might mould a new
Admetos, new Alkestis. Ah, that brave
Bounty of poets, the one royal race

BALAUSTION'S ADVENTURE

That ever was, or will be, in this world !
They give no gift that bounds itself and ends
I' the giving and the taking: theirs so breeds
I' the heart and soul o' the taker, so transmutes
The man who only was a man before,
That he grows godlike in his turn, can give—
He also : share the poets' privilege,
Bring forth new good, new beauty, from the old.
As though the cup that gave the wine, gave, too,
The God's prolific giver of the grape,
That vine, was wont to find out, fawn around
His footstep, springing still to bless the dearth,
At bidding of a Mainad. So with me:
For I have drunk this poem, quenched my thirst,
Satisfied heart and soul—yet more remains!
Could we too make a poem? Try at least,
inside the head, what shape the rose-mists take!

When God Apollon took, for punishment,
A mortal form and sold himself a slave
To King Admetos till a term should end,—
Not only did he make, in servitude,
Such music, while he fed the flocks and herds,
As saved the pasturage from wrong or fright,
Curing rough creatures of ungentleness:
Much more did that melodious wisdom work

Within the heart o' the master: there, ran wild
Many a lust and greed that grow to strength
By preying on the native pity and care,
Would else, all undisturbed, possess the land.

And these, the God so tamed, with golden tongue.
That, in the plenitude of youth and power,
Admetos vowed himself to rule thenceforth
in Pherai solely for his people's sake,
Subduing to such end each lust and greed
That dominates the natural charity.

And so the struggle ended. Right ruled might:
And soft yet brave, and good yet wise, the man
Stood up to be a monarch; having learned
The worth of life, life's worth would he bestow
On all whose lot was cast, to live or die,
As he determined for the multitude.
So stands a statue: pedestalled sublime,
Only that it may wave the thunder off,
And ward, from winds that vex, a world below.

And then,—as if a whisper found its way
E'en to the sense o' the marble,—" Vain thy vow!
The royalty of its resolve, that head
I' hide within the dust ere day be done :

That arm, its outstretch of beneficence,
Shall have a speedy ending on the earth :
Lie patient, prone, while light some cricket leaps
And takes possession of the masterpiece,
To sit, sing louder as more near the sun.
For why ? A flaw was in the pedestal;
Who knows ? A worm's work ! Sapped, the certain
fate
O' the statue is to fall, and thine to die !"

Whereat the monarch, calm, addressed himself
To die, but bitterly the soul outbroke—
" O prodigality of life, blind waste
I' the world, of power profuse without the will
To make life do its work, deserve its day!
My ancestors pursued their pleasure, poured
The blood o' the people out in idle war,
Or took occasion of some weary peace
To bid men dig down deep or build up high,
Spend bone and marrow that the king might feast
Entrenched and buttressed from the vulgar gaze.
Yet they all lived, nay, lingered to old age:
As though Zeus loved that they should laugh to scorn
The vanity of seeking other ends
in rule than just the ruler's pastime. They
Lived ; I must die."

And, as some long last moan
Of a minor suddenly is propped beneath
By note which, new-struck, turns the wail, that was,
into a wonder and a triumph, so
Began Alkestis: "Nay, thou art to live !
The glory that, in the disguise of flesh,
Was helpful to our house,—he prophesied
The coming fate : whereon, I pleaded sore
That he,—I guessed a God, who to his couch
Amid the clouds must go and come again,
While we were darkling,—since he loved us both,"
He should permit thee, at whatever price,
To live and carry out to heart's content
Soul's purpose, turn each thought to very deed,
Nor let Zeus lose the monarch meant in thee.

To which Apollon, with a sunset smile,
Sadly—"And so should mortals arbitrate !
It were unseemly if they aped us Gods,
And, mindful of our chain of consequence,
Lost care of the immediate earthly link:
Forwent the comfort of life's little hour,
in prospect of some cold abysmal blank
Alien eternity,—unlike the time
They know, and Understand to practise with,—
No, —our eternity—no heart's blood, bright

And warm outpoured in its behoof, would tinge
Never so palely, warm a whit the more :
Whereas retained and treasured—left to beat
Joyously on, a life's length, in the breast
O' the loved and loving -it would throb itself
Through, and suffuse the earthly tenement,
Transform it, even as your mansion here
Is love-transformed into a temple-home
Where I, a God, forget the Olumpian glow,
I' the feel of human richness like the rose :
Your hopes and fears, so blind and yet so sweet
With death about them. Therefore, well in thee
To look, not on eternity, but time :
To apprehend that, should Admetos die,
All, we Gods purposed in him, dies as sure:
That, life's link snapping, all our chain is lost.
And yet a mortal glance might pierce, methinks,
Deeper into the seeming dark of things,
And learn, no fruit, man's life can bear, will fade:
Learn, if Admetos die now, so much more
Will pity for the frailness found in flesh,
Will terror at the earthly chance and change
Frustrating wisest scheme of noblest soul,
Will these go wake the seeds of good asleep
Throughout the world : as oft a rough wind sheds
The unripe promise of some field-flower,—true !

But loosens too the level, and lets breathe
A thousand captives for the year to come.
Nevertheless, obtain thy prayer, stay fate !
Admetos lives—if thou wilt die for him ! "

" So was the pact concluded that I die,
And thou live on, live for thyself, for me,
For all the world. Embrace and bid me hail,
Husband, because I have the victory
Am, heart, soul, head to foot, one happiness ! "

Whereto Admetos, in a passionate cry,
" Never, by that true word Apollon spoke !
All the unwise wish is unwished, oh wife !
Let purposes of Zeus fulfil themselves,
If not through me, then through some other man !
Still, in myself he had a purpose too,
inalienably mine, to end with me :
This purpose—that, throughout my earthly life,
Mine should be mingled and made up with thine,—
And we two prove one force and play one part
And do one thing. Since death divides the pair,
'T is well that I depart and thou remain
Who wast to me as spirit is to flesh:
Let the flesh perish, be perceived no more,
So thou, the spirit that informed the flesh,

Bend yet awhile, a very flame above
The rift I drop into the darkness by,—
And bid remember, flesh and spirit once
Worked in the world, one body, for man's sake.
Never be that abominable show
Of passive death without a quickening life—
Admetos only, no Alkestis now !"

Then she : "O thou Admetos, must the pile
Of truth on truth, which needs but one truth more
To tower up in completeness, trophy-like,
Emprize of man, and triumph of the world,
Must it go ever to the ground again
Because of some faint heart or faltering hand,
Which we, that breathless world about the base,
Trusted should carry safe to altitude,
Superimpose o' the summit, our supreme
Achievement, our victorious coping-stone ?
Shall thine, Beloved, prove the hand and heart
That fail again, flinch backward at the truth
Would cap and crown the structure this last time,—
Precipitate our monumental hope
And strew the earth ignobly yet once more ?
See how, truth piled on truth, the structure wants,
Waits just the crowning truth I claim of thee !
Wouldst thou, for any joy to be enjoyed,

For any sorrow that thou mightst escape,
Unwill thy will to reign a righteous king ?
Nowise ! And were there two lots, death and life,—
Life, wherein good resolve should go to air,
Death, whereby finest fancy grew plain fact
I' the reign of thy survivor,—life or death ?
Certaliny death, thou choosest. Here stand I
The wedded, the beloved one hadst thou loved
Her who less worthily could estimate
Both life and death than thou ? Not so should say
Admetos, whom Apollon made come court
Alkestis in a car, submissive brutes
Of blood were yoked to,'symbolizing soul
Must dominate unruly sense in man.
Then, shall Admetos and Alkestis see
Good alike, and alike choose, each for each,
Good,—and yet, each for other, at the last,
Choose evil ? What ? thou soundest in my soul
To depths below the deepest, reachest good
in evil, that makes evil good again,
And so allottest to me that I live
And not die—letting die, not thee alone,
But all true life that lived in both of us ?
Look at me once ere thou decree the lot !"

Therewith her whole soul entered into his,

He looked the look back, and Alkestis died.

And even while it lay, i' the look of him,
Dead, the dimmed body, bright Alkestis' soul
Had penetrated through the populace
Of ghosts, was got to Kore,—throned and crowned
The pensive queen o' the twilight, where she dwells
Forever in a muse, but half away
From flowery earth she lost and hankers for,—
And there demanded to become a ghost
Before the time.

Whereat the softened eyes
Of the lost maidenhood that lingered still
Straying among the flowers in Sicily,
Sudden was startled back to Hades' throne
By that demand : broke through humanity
into the orb'd omniscience of a God,
Searched at a glance Alkestis to the soul,
And said—while a long slow sigh lost itself
I' the hard and hollow passage of a laugh :

" Hence, thou deceiver ! This is not to die,
If, by the very death which mocks me now,
The life, that's left behind and past my power,
Is formidably doubled. Say, there fight

Two athletes, side by side, each athlete armed
With only half the weapons, and no more,
Adequate to a contest with their foe:
If one of these should fling helm, sword and shield
To fellow —shieldless, swordless, helmless late—
And so leap naked o'er the barrier, leave
A combatant equipped from head to heel,
Yet cry to the other side ' Receive a friend
Who fights no longer !' ' Back, friend, to the fray !'
Would be the prompt rebuff; I echo it.
Two souls in one were formidable odds:
Admetos must not be himself and thou !"

And so, before the embrace relaxed a whit,
The lost eyes opened, still beneath the look;
And lo, Alkestis was alive again,
And of Admetos' rapture who shall speak ?

So, the two lived together long and well.
But never could I learn, by word of scribe
Or voice of poet, rumour wafts our way,
That—of the scheme of rule in righteousness,
The bringing back again the Golden Age,
Which, rather than renounce, our pair would die—
That ever one faint particle came true,
With both alive to bring it to effect:

Such is the envy Gods still bear mankind !

So might our version of the story prove,
And no Euripidean pathos plague
Too much my critic-friend of Syracuse.

" Besides your poem failed to get the prize:
(That is, the first prize: second prize is none).
Sophokles got it! " Honour the great name !
All cannot love two great names; yet some do:
I know the poetess who graved in gold,
Among her glories that shall never fade,
This style and title for Euripides,
The Human with his droppings of warm tears.

I know, too, a great Kaunian painter, strong
As Herakles, though rosy with a robe
Of grace that softens down the sinewy strength:
And he has made a picture of it all.
There lies Alkestis dead, beneath the sun,
She longed to look her last upon, beside
The sea, which somehow tempts the life in us
To come trip over its white waste of waves,
And try escape from earth, and fleet as free.
Behind the body, I suppose there bends
Old Pheres in his hoary impotence;

And women-wailers, in a corner crouch
—Four, beautiful as you four—yes, indeed !—
Close, each to other, agonizing all,
As fastened, in fear's rhythmic sympathy,
To two contending opposite. There strains
The might o' the hero 'gainst his more than match,
—Death, dreadful not in thew and bone, but like
The envenomed substance that exudes some dew
Whereby the merely honest flesh and blood
Will fester up and run to ruin straight,
Ere they can close with, clasp and overcome
The poisonous impalpability
That simulates a form beneath the flow
Of those grey garments; I pronounce that piece
Worthy to set up in our Poikite !

And all came,—glory of the golden verse,
And passion of the picture, and that fine
Frank outgush of the human gratitude
Which saved our ship and me, in Syracuse,—
Ay, and the tear or two which Slipt perhaps
Away from you, friends, while I told my tale,
—It all came of this play that gained no prize !
Why crown whom Zeus has crowned in soul before?

PRINCE HOHENSTIEL-SCHWANGAU,
SAVIOUR OF SOCIETY.

“Τὸρην φονεύσας, μυρίων τ' ἄλλων πόνων
διήλθον ἀγέλας . . .
τὸ λοίσθιον δὲ τόνδ' ἔτλην τάλας πόιον,
. . . 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*.

PRINCE HOHENSTIEL-SCHWANGAU,
SAVIOUR OF SOCIETY.

1871.

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, 't is said, have sometimes wished the same,
And wished and had their trouble for their pains.
Suppose my CEDipus 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 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—
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 count 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 't is 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 salts 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.

PRINCE HOHENSTIEL-SCHWANGA U,

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.
'T is 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 flniteness infinitude;
By such a series of effects, gives each
Last His own imprint: old yet ever new
The process,: 't is 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 sympathize !
No doubt, you, good young lady that you are,
Despite a natural naughtiness or two,
Turn eyes up like a Pradier Magdalen
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;
You quicken its procedure by a word

SAVIOUR OF SOCIETY

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
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 newspaper—
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 instructions, 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 stabilify
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 prophecy
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 disperse,
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, lyrist,—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 ceconomy.
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 throughout.
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 my 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,
As suits 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 roughness 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
Plaliny 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, discontent,
So long 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,

PRINCE HÖHENSTIEL-SCHWANGAU,

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 !" deplores 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, 't is 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 set 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 thinkable ?
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 themselves—
 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 ? "
Certaliny; 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 overthrew,—
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 care 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
Plaliny the man of the age,—still, still, I bar
Excessive conflagration in the case.
" Shake the flame freely!" shout the multitude:
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 (Eta's top.
'T is 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 certaliny as, in life exceptional,
When old things terminate and new commence,
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 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.
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 computists.
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 cowl 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 front 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 warranty
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 !"
Prompts 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.
" Will 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
Loftier 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 armlet, 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 forethought 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, everywhere,
By turns and try experiment at ease !
Full time to mend as well as mar : why wait
The slow and sober uprise all around
O' the building? Let us run up, right to roof,
Some sudden marvel, piece of 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.

'T is 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,

Let me be proud and think you shall know me.
 My soul is slower: in a life I roll
 The minute out whereto you condense yours—
 The whole slow circle round you I must move,
 To be just you. I look to a long life
 To decompose this minute, prove its worth.
 'T is the sparks' long succession one by one
 Shall show you, in the end, what fire was crammed
 in that mere stone you struck: how could you know,
 If it lay ever unproved in your sight,
 As now my heart lies? your own warmth would hide
 Its coldness, were it cold.

Constance. But how prove, how?

Norbert. Prove in my life, you ask?

Constance. Quick, Norbert—how?

Norbert. That 's easy told. I count life just a stuff
 To try the soul's strength on, educe the man.
 Who keeps one end in view makes all things serve.
 As with the body—he who hurls a lance
 Or heaps up stone on stone, shows strength alike :
 So must I seize and task all means to prove
 And show this soul of mine, you crown as yours,
 And justify us both.

Constance. Could you write books,
 Paint pictures ! One sits down in poverty
 And writes or paints, with pity for the rich.

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 ?
— i n 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 ! 'T was some artist's whim

PRINCE HOHENSTIRL-SCHWANGAU,

To cover all the accessories close
I' the group, and leave you only Laocoon
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. " 'T is 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

SAVIOUR OF SOCIETY

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
V 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
I' 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 Hohenstielers-Schwangauese
To the true use of human property—
Restoring souls and bodies, this to Pope,
And that to King, that other to his planned
Perfection of a Share-and-share-alike,
That other still, to Empire absolute
in shape of the Head-servant's very self
Transformed to Master whole and sole? each scheme

Discussible, concede one circumstance —
That each scheme's parent were, beside himself.
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 longings crowned !"

Such fancy might have tempted him be false,
But this man chose truth and was wiser so.
He recognized that for great minds i' 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
I' 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, forsooth,
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-Schwangau 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 plaliny : 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 approved,
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 impudence
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 themselves
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 i' the large,
The right and wrong of the universe, forsooth!
This man addressed himself to guard and guide
Hohenstiel-Schwangau. When the case demands
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 :
'T was 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 !
'T is 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 Hohenstielers ! Rome, by parity
Of reasoning, for Romans ? That 's a jest
Wants proper treatment,—lancet-puncture suits
The proud flesh : Rome ape Hohenstiel forsooth!"
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,

'T is 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 surprise—
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 sole 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 Hohenstiellers-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 endure
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 valiny 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 sepiett 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 1
Genius has somewhat of the infantine:
But of the childish, not a touch nor taint

Except through self-will, which, being foolishness,
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 put, 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 consequence,
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 concurred,

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 make 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:
'T is 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 : 't is we wish steadiness;
Nature prefers a motion by unrest,
Advancement through this force which jostles that.
And so, since much remains 1' 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 made 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 certaliny I am not I ! since when ?
Where is the bud-mouthed arbitress ? A nod
Out-Homerizing Homer ! Stay—there flits the clue
I fain would find the end of ! Yes,—“ Meanwhile,
Use the allotted minute ! ” Well, you see,
(Veracious and imaginary Thiers,
Who map out thus the life I might have led,
But did not,—all the worse for earth and me—
Doff spectacles, wipe pen, shut book, decamp !)
You see 't is 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 't is 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! 't is 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 " 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 ?

FIFINE AT THE FAIR.

DONNE ELVIRE.

Vous plait-il, don Juan, nous éclaircir ces beaux mystères ?

DON JUAN.

Madame, a vous dire la vérité" . . .

DONNE 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 peine de vous voir la confusion que vous avez. Que ne vous armez-vous le front d'une noble enronterie ? 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 ?

MOLIERE, *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 mysteriousness ?

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 stylo of thing, how awkwardly my lord
Attempts defence ! You move compassion, that's the word-
Dumb-foundered and chap-fallen ! Why don't you arm yourbrow
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 bieath,
May peradventure stop devotion likewise—death 1

PROLOGUE

AMPHIBIAN.

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.

in.

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 scom
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;

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.

1872.

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 engage.

Now, who supposed the night would play us such a
prank ?
—That what was raw and brown, rough pole and shaven
plank ?
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! 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!

in.

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 (improvident)
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 game-
some boys.

IV.

No, no, thrice, Pornic, no! Perpend the authentic tale !
T was not for every Gawain to gaze upon the Grail!

But whoso went his rounds, when flew bat, flitted midge,
Might hear across the dusk,—where both roads join the
 bridge,
Hard 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 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 lolls 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!

VII.

Why is it that whene'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 inclement sky,
House by the hedge, reduced to brute-companionship,
— 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-fluffs and bearded windlestraws—
Some shred of foreign silk, unravelling of gauze,
Bit, may be, of brocade, mid fur and blow-bell-down:
Filched plaliny 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!

X.

For, what they traffic in, consists of just the things
We,—proud ones who so scorn dwellers without 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 recollect, began
Both life and trade, last year, trimmed properly and
cipt,

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 womankind 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 ere
while?

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, Fifine!
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 swim 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 almandines of
glass,

Where girlhood terminates ? for with breasts'- birth com-
mence

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 1

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 mischievous and
mean,

Yet free and flower-like too, with loveliness for law,

And self-sustainment made morality.

XVII.

A flaw

Do you account i' 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 sustenance,
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 acrid 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, unwronged 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 outbreaking beauty, now,
That casts o'er all the blood a candour from her brow.
See, Cleopatra! bared, the entire and sinuous wealth
O' the shining shape; each orb of indolent ripe health,
Captured, just where it finds a 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 . . . Pish ! 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,
Elvle!

Provided you allow that, bringing up the rear
O' the bevy I am loth to—by one bird—curtail,
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, withstands 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 succeeding 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 sty
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 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 '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 yourself 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

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, man-
kind :

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 1 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 investigate,
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, V 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, throughout the plan-
No detail but, in place allotted it, was prime
And perfect.

XXX.

Witness her, kept waiting all this time !
What happy angle makes Fifine reverberate
Sunshine, least sand-grain, she, of shadiest social state?
No adamantine shield, polished like Helen there,
Fit to absorb the sun, regorge him till the glare,
Dazing the universe, draw Troy-ward those blind beaks
Of equal-sided ships rowed by the well-greaved Greeks I
No Asian mirror, like yon Ptolemaic witch
Able to fix sun fast and tame sun down, enrich,
Not burn the world with beams thus flatteringly rolled
About her, head to foot, turned slavish snakes of gold !
And oh, no tinted pane of oriel sanctity,
Does our Fifine afford, such as permits supply
Of 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 Noith, 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-thonged,
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 over-skims.
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 ! — i f 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 tod,
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,
' 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 under
stand
' 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 ?

' 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 sinful love—

' Where is the plenitude of passion which endures

' Comparison with that, I ask of amateurs ?'

Do I say, like Elvire" . . .

XXXIII.

(Your husband holds you fast

Will have you listen, learn your character at last !)

" Do I say?—like her mixed unrest and discontent,

Reproachfulness and scorn, with that submission 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, unamerced,

' The soul retains, nay, boasts old treasure multiplied.

' Though dew-prime flee,—mature at noonday, 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,

' 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
acquist

' 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,—'t is
 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 fizzig called Fifine ! "

XXXIV.

So all your sex mistake ! Strange that so plain a fact
 Should raise such dire debate I 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 blockhead ! " (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, Dore'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,
'T is 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 unalloyed
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, 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 Dore, 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 nor 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 *role*
I' the pageant! 'T is not fit your phantom leave the stage:
I want you, there, to make you, here, confess you wage
Successful warfare, pique those proud ones, and advance
Claim to . . . equality? nay, but predominance
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 constraint!
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 half itself without you ! As before,
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 i' 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 lost-profile, eye-edge so exquisite.
And, music: what ? that burst of pillared cloud by day
And pillared fire by night, was product, must we say,
Of modulating just, by enharmonic change,—
The augmented sixth resolved,—from out the straighten
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 reconciled
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 complete
And, in completion, good,—nay, besto' the kind,—as meet
Needs mu't 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 mysteiy
insoluble to man, a plaguy puzzle ? Why

Each soul is either made imperfect, and deserves
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,

Retile 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 flagrant in the flesh,—goes striving to combine
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 J
" 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 Gerome's force,
Nor feeble as you see, quick should my crayon course
O'er outline, curb, excite, till,—so completion speeds
With Gerome 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 1
 May there not lurk some hint, struggle toward evidence
in that compressed mouth, those strained nostrils,
 steadfast eyes
 Of utter passion, absolute self-sacrifice,

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-proficiency
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 accepted 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,
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, deai
divine

Yet earthly-awful too, so manly-feminine,
Pretends this white advance ? What startling brain-escape
Of Michclagnolo takes elemental shape ?

I think he meant the daughter of the old man o' the sea,
Emerging from her wave, goddess Eidothee —
She who, in elvish sport, spite with benevolence
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: Eidothee,
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 sould 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, perceives? 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 !"

LIU.

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 transmuting,—null
And void until man's breath evoke the beautiful—
But, touched aright, prompt yields each particle its tongue
Of elemental flame,—no matter whence flame sprung
From gums and spice, or else from straw and rottenness,
So long as soul has power to make them burn, express

What lights and warms henceforth, leaves only ash
behind,

Howe'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
V 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, ungaliny, 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 completion halts,
Do justice to the purpose, ignore the slips and faults—
And, last, through waging with deformity a fight
Which wrings thence, at the end, precise its opposite.
I praise the loyalty O' the scholar,—stung by taunt
Of fools " Does this evince thy Master men so 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 Eidothee,
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 Eidothee,
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 whate'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 fuinish 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,—

(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
stept—

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 bombed brow, that eye, a kindling chrysopras,

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 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 thrid,
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.
Not feebly, like our phrase, against the barrier go
in suspirative 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 Ile 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 countless 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?"
May an example serve? 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,—morning'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 overswept
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,—sometimes 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 drowse
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 experience
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, elate
Too much by some brief taste, I quaff intemperate
The air, o'ertop breast-high the wave-environment.
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 myself 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 daemons 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 explained,
And " howling " childishness. Whose howl have we to
thank,

If 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"

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,
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 aether, 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 who lent 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, 't is 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 combine
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 the sea 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! 'T is 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 inheritance,
Actual on earth, in heaven prospective, be your boast,
Lay claim to ! Your best self revealed at uttermost,—

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 peradventure 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 ? 't is 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
The foe through letting him imagine he snares you !
'T is rather with . . .

LxxvIII.

Ah, thanks ! quick—where the dipping disk
Shows red against the rise and fall o' the fin ! there frisk
in shpal the—porpoises ? Dolphins, they shall and must
Cut through the freshening clear—dolphins, my instance
just!

'T is 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 captivate?
Gather thy greatness round, Arion ! Stand in state,
As when the banqueting thrilled conscious—like a rose
Throughout its hundred leaves at that approach it knows

Of music in the bird— while Corinth grew one breast
A-throb for song and thee; nay, Periander pressed
The Methymnaean hand, and felt a king indeed, and
guessed

How Phoebus' 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 !
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 lofty 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—palpitating—

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 Taenarus,

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,
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: 't was 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-
hail,

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 impotence

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-flzz 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—'t is ungaliny work, the ruling men, at best!
 The graceful instinct 's right: 't is women stand con-
 fessed

Auxiliary, the gain that never goes away,
 Takes nothing and gives all: Elvire, Fiflne, 't is 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 dream, at least I know I dream.

The falsity, beside, is fleeting: I can stand
Still, and let truth come back,—your steadying 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 disengaged
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 changeable, 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 surrounds;
And why not be content ? When we two watched the
rounds

The boatman made, 'twixt shoal and sandbank, 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 : ' ' T were 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 unusual 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 experiment

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 Fifline,—might test our seamanship.
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'eryou make account,
'T is 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 Fifline, 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'er-
whelm

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 monstrosities—
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, y o u - I prefer to cheat!
Are you for Athens bound? I can perform the trip,
Shove little pinnace 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 't is the land
Turns sea-like; overcrept by grey, the plains expand,

Assume significance; while ocean dwindles, shrinks
into a pettier bound: its plash 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, fleetingness,
And the mere part, things play, that constitutes 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, Falsehood's
bribe,
That wins so surely o'er to Fifine and her tribe
The liking, nay the love of who hate Falsehood most,
Except that these alone of mankind make their boast
"Frankly, we simulate!" To feign, means—to have
grace
And so get gratitude! This ruler of the race,

Crowned, sceptred, stoled to suit,—'t is 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:
'T is 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 numbers 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 every-
where

I' the circle, manifest to soul, though hid from sense,
And no obstruction more affects this confidence,—
When faith is ripe for sight,—why, reasonably, then
Comes the great clearing-up. Wait threescore 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, 't was 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 stagnate 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 daemons fear? what man or thing misapprehend?
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

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 whirl 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 know.
 ledge 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 monumental 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 Pontic'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

V 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 bespread,

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 condiment
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 sustenance,
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 movement, 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, Pantaloon:

She, toe-tips and *staccato*,—*legato* shakes his poll
And shambles in pursuit, the senior. *Ft la folk!*
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' unconscionable
stretch?

Howeer 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 't is 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 encroach
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 workmanship,

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, themselves 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 unwound
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, project 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,—discuss
 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 ignor-
 ance ?

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 environment
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 primitives,
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 I
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 permanence
For all time, and no one particular feast-day. Whence
'T was 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 betimes
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 knowledge 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 something 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 tremblingly 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 't were a sleepiness soft stole
Over the stately fane, and shadow sucked the whole
Facade 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, somehow 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 out-
break—

Tadpole-frog-theory propounded past mistake !
in vain ! A something ails the edifice, it bends,
It bows, it buries . . . Haste ! cry " Heads below " to
friends—

But have no fear they find, when smother shall subside,
Some substitution perk with unabated pride
I' the predecessor's place!

CXIII.

No,—the one voice which failed
Never, the preachment's coign 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!

cxlv.

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 regulate !
See, where each booth-front boasts, in letters small or
great,
Its specialty, 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 yesterday—

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 domes,—above vicissitude,
We used to hope!

cxvIII.

" So, all is change, in fine," pursued
The preachment to a pause. When—"All is per-
manence !"

Returned a voice. Within? without? No matter whence
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 multi-form 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 solemnize 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 1

Whence came the mass and mass, strange quality of
stone

Unquarried anywhere i' the region round? Unknown!
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,—

Next 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, 't is 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; 't is 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 Cure says, that points to mysteries
Above our grasp: a huge stone pillar, once upright,
Now laid at length, half-lost—discreetly shunning sight
V the bush and briar, because of stories in the air—
Hints what it signified, and why was stationed there,
Once on a time. in vain the Cure tasked his lungs—
Showed, in a preachment, how, at bottom of the rungs
O' the ladder, Jacob saw, where heavenly angels stept
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 requisite
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 Cure, 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 character, than all the grace it lends,
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 Cures so refine
To insipidity, that, when heart sinks, we strive
And strike from the old stone the old restorative.

' Which is ?'—why, go and ask our grandames how
they used

To dance around it, till the Cure disabused
Their ignorance, and bade the parish in a band
Lay flat the obtrusive thing that cumbered so the land !
And there, accordingly, in bush and 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,

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 primaeval monument,
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 transition-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 permanence
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 deposited,
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 broteion 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
 lymph,
 "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
 budded)
 "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 't is ask and have,—the want, the evidence
 That the thing wanted, soon or late, will be supplied.
 This indeed plumes up wil; 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, 't is 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 J 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
 grobe
I' the dusk for !

CXXXI.

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 I No memories to arouse,
No fancies to delude! Our honest civic house

Of the earth be earthy too !—or graced perchance 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
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 suspicious 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!

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 aown tne 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.

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