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THE
COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS
OF
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

INCLUDING

POEMS AND VERSIONS OF POEMS NOW
PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME

EDITED

WITH TEXTUAL AND BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

BY

ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE
M.A., HON. F.R.S.L.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II: DRAMATIC WORKS AND APPENDICES



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ERRATA

On p. 1179, line 7, *for* Sept. 27, *read* Sept. 23.
On p. 1181, line 33, *for* Oct. 9 *read* Oct. 29.

DRAMATIC WORKS

THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE[1]

AN HISTORIC DRAMA

[*First Act* by Coleridge: *Second and Third* by Southey—1794.]

TO

H. MARTIN, ESQ.

OF

JESUS COLLEGE

CAMBRIDGE

DEAR SIR,

Accept, as a small testimony of my grateful attachment, the following Dramatic Poem, in which I have endeavoured to detail, in an interesting form, the fall of a man, whose great bad actions have cast a disastrous lustre on his name. In the execution of the work, as intricacy of plot could not have been attempted without a gross violation of recent facts, it has been my sole aim to imitate the empassioned and highly figurative language of the French orators, and to develope the characters of the chief actors on a vast stage of horrors.

Yours fraternally,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

JESUS COLLEGE, *September* 22, 1794.

---

[1] First published (as an octavo pamphlet) at Cambridge by Benjamin Flower in 1794: included in *Literary Remains*, 1836, i. (1)-32. First collected in *P. and D W.*, 1877-80, iii. (1)-39. 'It will be remarked,' writes J. D. Campbell (*P. W.*, 1893, p. 646), 'that neither title-page nor dedication contains any hint of the joint authorship.' On this point Coleridge writes to Southey, September 19, 1794:—'The tragedy will be printed in less than a week. I shall put my name because it will sell at least a hundred copies in Cambridge. It would appear ridiculous to print two names to *such* a work. But if you choose it, mention it and it shall be done. To every man who *praises* it, of course I give the *true* biography of it.' *Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i. 85.

ACT I

SCENE—*The Thuilleries.*

Barrere. The tempest gathers—be it mine to seek
A friendly shelter, ere it bursts upon him.
But where? and how? I fear the Tyrant's *soul*—
Sudden in action, fertile in resource,
And rising awful 'mid impending ruins;
In splendor gloomy, as the midnight meteor,
That fearless thwarts the elemental war.
When last in secret conference we met,
He scowl'd upon me with suspicious rage,
Making his eye the inmate of my bosom.
I know he scorns me—and I feel, I hate him—
Yet there is in him that which makes me tremble! [*Exit.*

Enter TALLIEN *and* LEGENDRE.

Tallien. It was Barrere, Legendre! didst thou mark him?
Abrupt he turn'd, yet linger'd as he went,
And towards us cast a look of doubtful meaning.

Legendre. I mark'd him well. I met his eye's last glance;
It menac'd not so proudly as of yore.
Methought he would have spoke—but that he dar'd not—
Such agitation darken'd on his brow.

Tallien. 'Twas all-distrusting guilt that kept from bursting
Th' imprison'd secret struggling in the face:
E'en as the sudden breeze upstarting onwards
Hurries the thundercloud, that pois'd awhile
Hung in mid air, red with its mutinous burthen.

Legendre. Perfidious Traitor!—still afraid to bask
In the full blaze of power, the rustling serpent
Lurks in the thicket of the Tyrant's greatness,
Ever prepared to sting who shelters him.
Each thought, each action in himself converges;
And love and friendship on his coward heart
Shine like the powerless sun on polar ice;
To all attach'd, by turns deserting all,
Cunning and dark—a necessary villain!

Tallien. Yet much depends upon him—well you know
With plausible harangue 'tis his to paint
Defeat like victory—and blind the mob
With truth-mix'd falsehood. They led on by him,

And wild of head to work their own destruction,
Support with uproar what he plans in darkness.
Legendre. O what a precious name is Liberty
To scare or cheat the simple into slaves!
Yes—we must gain him over: by dark hints
We'll shew enough to rouse his watchful fears,
Till the cold coward blaze a patriot.
O Danton! murder'd friend! assist my counsels—
Hover around me on sad Memory's wings,
And pour thy daring vengeance in my heart.
Tallien! if but to-morrow's fateful sun
Beholds the Tyrant living—we are dead!
Tallien. Yet his keen eye that flashes mighty meanings—
Legendre. Fear not—or rather fear th' alternative,
And seek for courage e'en in cowardice—
But see—hither he comes—let us away!
His brother with him, and the bloody Couthon,
And high of haughty spirit, young St. Just. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ROBESPIERRE, COUTHON, ST. JUST, *and* ROBESPIERRE JUNIOR.

Robespierre. What? did La Fayette fall before my power?
And did I conquer Roland's spotless virtues?
The fervent eloquence of Vergniaud's tongue?
And Brissot's thoughtful soul unbribed and bold?
Did zealot armies haste in vain to save them?
What! did th' assassin's dagger aim its point
Vain, as a *dream* of murder, at my bosom?
And shall I dread the soft luxurious Tallien?
Th' Adonis Tallien? banquet-hunting Tallien?
Him, whose heart flutters at the dice-box? Him,
Who ever on the harlots' downy pillow
Resigns his head impure to feverish slumbers!
St. Just. I cannot fear him—yet we must not scorn him.
Was it not Antony that conquer'd Brutus,
Th' Adonis, banquet-hunting Antony?
The state is not yet purified: and though
The stream runs clear, yet at the bottom lies
The thick black sediment of all the factions—
It needs no magic hand to stir it up!
Couthon. O we did wrong to spare them—fatal error!
Why lived Legendre, when that Danton died?
And Collot d'Herbois dangerous in crimes?

I've fear'd him, since his iron heart endured
To make of Lyons one vast human shambles,
Compar'd with which the sun-scorcht wilderness
Of Zara were a smiling paradise.
St. Just. Rightly thou judgest, Couthon! He is one
Who flies from silent solitary anguish,
Seeking forgetful peace amid the jar
Of elements. The howl of maniac uproar
Lulls to sad sleep the memory of himself.
A calm is fatal to him—then he feels
The dire upboilings of the storm within him.
A tiger mad with inward wounds!—I dread
The fierce and restless turbulence of guilt.
Robespierre. Is not the Commune ours? The stern tribunal?
Dumas? and Vivier? Fleuriot? and Louvet?
And Henriot? We'll denounce an hundred, nor
Shall they behold to-morrow's sun roll westward.
Robespierre Junior. Nay—I am sick of blood; my aching heart
Reviews the long, long train of hideous horrors
That still have gloom'd the rise of the Republic.
I should have died before Toulon, when war
Became the patriot!
Robespierre. Most unworthy wish!
He, whose heart sickens at the blood of traitors,
Would be himself a traitor, were he not
A coward! 'Tis congenial souls alone
Shed tears of sorrow for each other's fate.
O thou art brave, my brother! and thine eye
Full firmly shines amid the groaning battle—
Yet in thine heart the woman-form of pity
Asserts too large a share, an ill-timed guest!
There is unsoundness in the state—To-morrow
Shall see it cleans'd by wholesome massacre!
Robespierre Junior. Beware! already do the sections murmur—
'O the great glorious patriot, Robespierre—
The *tyrant guardian* of the country's *freedom*!'
Couthon. 'Twere folly sure to work great deeds by halves!
Much I suspect the darksome fickle heart
Of cold Barrere!
Robespierre. I see the villain in him!
Robespierre Junior. If he—if all forsake thee—what remains?

Robespierre. Myself! the steel-strong Rectitude of soul
And Poverty sublime 'mid circling virtues!
The giant Victories my counsels form'd
Shall stalk around me with sun-glittering plumes,
Bidding the darts of calumny fall pointless.
[*Exeunt caeteri.* *Manet* COUTHON.
Couthon (*solus*). So we deceive ourselves! What goodly virtues
Bloom on the poisonous branches of ambition!
Still, Robespierre! thou'lt guard thy country's freedom
To despotize in all the patriot's pomp.
While Conscience, 'mid the mob's applauding clamours,
Sleeps in thine ear, nor whispers—blood-stain'd tyrant!
Yet what is Conscience? Superstition's dream,
Making such deep impression on our sleep—
That long th' awakened breast retains its horrors!
But he returns—and with him comes Barrere. [*Exit* COUTHON.

Enter ROBESPIERRE *and* BARRERE.

Robespierre. There is no danger but in cowardice.—
Barrere! we *make* the danger, when we *fear* it.
We have such force without, as will suspend
The cold and trembling treachery of these members.
Barrere. 'Twill be a pause of terror.—
Robespierre. But to whom?
Rather the short-lived slumber of the tempest,
Gathering its strength anew. The dastard traitors!
Moles, that would undermine the rooted oak!
A pause!—a *moment's* pause?—'Tis all *their life.*
Barrere. Yet much they talk—and plausible their speech.
Couthon's decree has given such powers, that—
Robespierre. That what?
Barrere. The freedom of debate—
Robespierre. Transparent mask!
They wish to clog the wheels of government,
Forcing the hand that guides the vast machine
To bribe them to their duty—*English* patriots!
Are not the congregated clouds of war
Black all around us? In our very vitals
Works not the king-bred poison of rebellion?
Say, what shall counteract the selfish plottings
Of wretches, cold of heart, nor awed by fears
Of him, whose power directs th' eternal justice?

Terror? or secret-sapping gold? The first
Heavy, but transient as the ills that cause it;
And to the virtuous patriot rendered light
By the necessities that gave it birth:
The other fouls the fount of the republic,
Making it flow polluted to all ages:
Inoculates the state with a slow venom,
That once imbibed, must be continued ever.
Myself incorruptible I ne'er could bribe them—
Therefore they hate me.

Barrere. Are the sections friendly?

Robespierre. There are who wish my ruin—but I'll make them
Blush for the crime in blood!

Barrere. Nay—but I tell thee,
Thou art too fond of slaughter—and the right
(If right it be) workest by most foul means!

Robespierre. *Self-centering Fear!* how well thou canst ape *Mercy*!
Too fond of slaughter!—matchless hypocrite!
Thought Barrere so, when Brissot, Danton died?
Thought Barrere so, when through the streaming streets
Of Paris red-eyed Massacre o'erwearied
Reel'd heavily, intoxicate with blood?
And when (O heavens!) in Lyons' death-red square
Sick Fancy groan'd o'er putrid hills of slain,
Didst thou not fiercely laugh, and bless the day?
Why, thou hast been the mouth-piece of all horrors,
And, like a blood-hound, crouch'd for murder! Now
Aloof thou standest from the tottering pillar,
Or, like a frighted child behind its mother,
Hidest thy pale face in the skirts of—*Mercy!*

Barrere. O prodigality of eloquent anger!
Why now I see thou'rt weak—thy case is desperate!
The cool ferocious Robespierre turn'd scolder!

Robespierre. Who from a bad man's bosom wards the blow
Reserves the whetted dagger for his own.
Denouncéd twice—and twice I saved his life! [*Exit.*

Barrere. The sections will support them—there's the point!
No! he can never weather out the storm—
Yet he is sudden in revenge—No more!
I must away to Tallien. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the house of* ADELAIDE.

ADELAIDE *enters, speaking to a* Servant.

Adelaide. Didst thou present the letter that I gave thee?
Did Tallien answer, he would soon return?
Servant. He is in the Thuilleries—with him Legendre—
In deep discourse they seem'd: as I approach'd
He waved his hand as bidding me retire:
I did not interrupt him. [*Returns the letter.*
Adelaide. Thou didst rightly. [*Exit* Servant.
O this new freedom! at how dear a price
We've bought the seeming good! The peaceful virtues
And every blandishment of private life,
The father's cares, the mother's fond endearment,
All sacrificed to liberty's wild riot.
The wingéd hours, that scatter'd roses round me,
Languid and sad drag their slow course along,
And shake big gall-drops from their heavy wings.
But I will steal away these anxious thoughts
By the soft languishment of warbled airs,
If haply melodies may lull the sense
Of sorrow for a while. [*Soft music.*

Enter TALLIEN.

Tallien. Music, my love? O breathe again that air!
Soft nurse of pain, it sooths the weary soul
Of care, sweet as the whisper'd breeze of evening
That plays around the sick man's throbbing temples.

SONG[1]

Tell me, on what holy ground
May domestic peace be found?
Halcyon daughter of the skies,
Far on fearful wing she flies,
From the pomp of scepter'd state,
From the rebel's noisy hate.

In a cottag'd vale she dwells
List'ning to the Sabbath bells!

[1] This Song was reprinted in Coleridge's *Poems* of 1796, and later under the title of *To Domestic Peace*, *vide ante*, pp. 71, 72.

Still around her steps are seen,
Spotless honor's meeker mien,
Love, the sire of pleasing fears,
Sorrow smiling through her tears,
And conscious of the past employ,
Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

Tallien. I thank thee, Adelaide! 'twas sweet, though mournful.
But why thy brow o'ercast, thy cheek so wan?
Thou look'st as a lorn maid beside some stream
That sighs away the soul in fond despairing,
While sorrow sad, like the dank willow near her,
Hangs o'er the troubled fountain of her eye.

Adelaide. Ah! rather let me ask what mystery lowers
On Tallien's darken'd brow. Thou dost me wrong—
Thy soul distemper'd, can my heart be tranquil?

Tallien. Tell me, by whom thy brother's blood was spilt?
Asks he not vengeance on these patriot murderers?
It has been borne too tamely. Fears and curses
Groan on our midnight beds, and e'en our dreams
Threaten the assassin hand of Robespierre.
He dies!—nor has the plot escaped his fears.

Adelaide. Yet—yet—be cautious! much I fear the Commune—
The tyrant's creatures, and their fate with his
Fast link'd in close indissoluble union.
The pale Convention—

Tallien. Hate him as they fear him,
Impatient of the chain, resolv'd and ready.

Adelaide. Th' enthusiast mob, confusion's lawless sons—

Tallien. They are aweary of his stern morality,
The fair-mask'd offspring of ferocious pride.
The sections too support the delegates:
All—all is ours! e'en now the vital air
Of Liberty, condens'd awhile, is bursting
(Force irresistible!) from its compressure—
To shatter the arch chemist in the explosion!

Enter BILLAUD VARENNES *and* BOURDON L'OISE.

[ADELAIDE *retires.*

Bourdon l'Oise. Tallien! was this a time for amorous conference?
Henriot, the tyrant's most devoted creature,

Marshals the force of Paris: The fierce Club,
With Vivier at their head, in loud acclaim
Have sworn to make the guillotine in blood
Float on the scaffold.—But who comes here?

Enter BARRERE *abruptly.*

Barrere. Say, are ye friends to freedom? *I am her's!*
Let us, forgetful of all common feuds,
Rally around her shrine! E'en now the tyrant
Concerts a plan of instant massacre!

Billaud Varennes. Away to the Convention! with that voice
So oft the herald of glad victory,
Rouse their fallen spirits, thunder in their ears
The names of tyrant, plunderer, assassin!
The violent workings of my soul within
Anticipate the monster's blood!

[*Cry from the street of—No Tyrant! Down with the Tyrant!*

Tallien. Hear ye that outcry?—If the trembling members
Even for a moment hold his fate suspended,
I swear by the holy poniard, that stabbed Caesar,
This dagger probes his heart! [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT II

SCENE—*The Convention.*

Robespierre mounts the Tribune. Once more befits it that the voice of Truth,
Fearless in innocence, though leaguered round
By Envy and her hateful brood of hell,
Be heard amid this hall; once more befits
The patriot, whose prophetic eye so oft
Has pierced thro' faction's veil, to flash on crimes
Of deadliest import. Mouldering in the grave
Sleeps Capet's caitiff corse; my daring hand
Levelled to earth his blood-cemented throne,
My voice declared his guilt, and stirred up France
To call for vengeance. I too dug the grave
Where sleep the Girondists, detested band!
Long with the shew of freedom they abused
Her ardent sons. Long time the well-turn'd phrase,
The high-fraught sentence and the lofty tone

Of declamation, thunder'd in this hall,
Till reason midst a labyrinth of words
Perplex'd, in silence seem'd to yield assent.
I durst oppose. Soul of my honoured friend,
Spirit of Marat, upon thee I call—
Thou know'st me faithful, know'st with what warm zeal
I urg'd the cause of justice, stripp'd the mask
From faction's deadly visage, and destroy'd
Her traitor brood. Whose patriot arm hurl'd down
Hébert and Rousin, and the villain friends
Of Danton, foul apostate! those, who long
Mask'd treason's form in liberty's fair garb,
Long deluged France with blood, and durst defy
Omnipotence! but I it seems am false!
I am a traitor too! I—Robespierre!
I—at whose name the dastard despot brood
Look pale with fear, and call on saints to help them!
Who dares accuse me? who shall dare belie
My spotless name? Speak, ye accomplice band,
Of what am I accus'd? of what strange crime
Is Maximilian Robespierre accus'd,
That through this hall the buz of discontent
Should murmur? who shall speak?

Billaud Varennes. O patriot tongue
Belying the foul heart! Who was it urg'd
Friendly to tyrants that accurst decree,
Whose influence brooding o'er this hallowed hall,
Has chill'd each tongue to silence? Who destroyed
The freedom of debate, and carried through
The fatal law, that doom'd the delegates,
Unheard before their equals, to the bar
Where cruelty sat throned, and murder reign'd
With her Dumas coequal? Say—thou man
Of mighty eloquence, whose law was that?

Couthon. That law was mine. I urged it—I propos'd—
The voice of France assembled in her sons
Assented, though the tame and timid voice
Of traitors murmur'd. I advis'd that law—
I justify it. It was wise and good.

Barrere. Oh, wonderous wise and most convenient too!
I have long mark'd thee, Robespierre—and now
Proclaim thee traitor—tyrant! [*Loud applauses.*

Robespierre. It is well.

I am a traitor! oh, that I had fallen
When Regnault lifted high the murderous knife,
Regnault the instrument belike of those
Who now themselves would fain assassinate,
And legalise their murders. I stand here
An isolated patriot—hemmed around
By faction's noisy pack; beset and bay'd
By the foul hell-hounds who know no escape
From Justice' outstretch'd arm, but by the force
That pierces through her breast.

[*Murmurs, and shouts of—Down with the Tyrant!*

Robespierre. Nay, but I will be heard. There was a time
When Robespierre began, the loud applauses
Of honest patriots drown'd the honest sound.
But times are chang'd, and villainy prevails.

Collot d'Herbois. No—villainy shall fall. France could not brook
A monarch's sway—sounds the dictator's name
More soothing to her ear?

Bourdon l'Oise. Rattle her chains
More musically now than when the hand
Of Brissot forged her fetters; or the crew
Of Hébert thundered out their blasphemies,
And Danton talk'd of virtue?

Robespierre. Oh, that Brissot
Were here again to thunder in this hall,
That Hébert lived, and Danton's giant form
Scowl'd once again defiance! so my soul
Might cope with worthy foes.
People of France,
Hear me! Beneath the vengeance of the law
Traitors have perish'd countless; more survive:
The hydra-headed faction lifts anew
Her daring front, and fruitful from her wounds,
Cautious from past defects, contrives new wiles
Against the sons of Freedom.

Tallien. Freedom lives!
Oppression falls—for France has felt her chains,
Has burst them too. Who traitor-like stept forth
Amid the hall of Jacobins to save
Camille Desmoulins, and the venal wretch
D'Eglantine?

Robespierre. I did—for I thought them honest.
And Heaven forefend that Vengeance e'er should strike,
Ere justice doom'd the blow.
Barrere. Traitor, thou didst.
Yes, the accomplice of their dark designs,
Awhile didst thou defend them, when the storm
Lower'd at safe distance. When the clouds frown'd darker,
Fear'd for yourself and left them to their fate.
Oh, I have mark'd thee long, and through the veil
Seen thy foul projects. Yes, ambitious man,
Self-will'd dictator o'er the realm of France,
The vengeance thou hast plann'd for patriots
Falls on thy head. Look how thy brother's deeds
Dishonour thine! He the firm patriot,
Thou the foul parricide of Liberty!
Robespierre Junior. Barrere—attempt not meanly to divide
Me from my brother. I partake his guilt,
For I partake his virtue.
Robespierre. Brother, by my soul,
More dear I hold thee to my heart, that thus
With me thou dar'st to tread the dangerous path
Of virtue, than that Nature twined her cords
Of kindred round us.
Barrere. Yes, allied in guilt,
Even as in blood ye are. O, thou worst wretch,
Thou worse than Sylla! hast thou not proscrib'd,
Yea, in most foul anticipation slaughter'd
Each patriot representative of France?
Bourdon l'Oise. Was not the younger Caesar too to reign
O'er all our valiant armies in the south,
And still continue there his merchant wiles?
Robespierre Junior. His merchant wiles! Oh, grant me
patience, heaven!
Was it by merchant wiles I gain'd you back
Toulon, when proudly on her captive towers
Wav'd high the English flag? or fought I then
With merchant wiles, when sword in hand I led
Your troops to conquest? fought I merchant-like,
Or barter'd I for victory, when death
Strode o'er the reeking streets with giant stride,
And shook his ebon plumes, and sternly smil'd
Amid the bloody banquet? when appall'd
The hireling sons of England spread the sail

Of safety, fought I like a merchant then?
Oh, patience! patience!
Bourdon l'Oise. How this younger tyrant
Mouths out defiance to us! even so
He had led on the armies of the south,
Till once again the plains of France were drench'd
With her best blood.
Collot d'Herbois. Till once again display'd
Lyons' sad tragedy had call'd me forth
The minister of wrath, whilst slaughter by
Had bathed in human blood.
Dubois Crancé. No wonder, friend,
That we are traitors—that our heads must fall
Beneath the axe of death! when Caesar-like
Reigns Robespierre, 'tis wisely done to doom
The fall of Brutus. Tell me, bloody man,
Hast thou not parcell'd out deluded France,
As it had been some province won in fight,
Between your curst triumvirate? You, Couthon,
Go with my brother to the southern plains;
St. Just, be yours the army of the north;
Meantime I rule at Paris.
Robespierre. Matchless knave!
What—not one blush of conscience on thy cheek—
Not one poor blush of truth! most likely tale!
That I who ruined Brissot's towering hopes,
I who discover'd Hébert's impious wiles,
And sharp'd for Danton's recreant neck the axe,
Should now be traitor! had I been so minded,
Think ye I had destroyed the very men
Whose plots resembled mine? bring forth your proofs
Of this deep treason. Tell me in whose breast
Found ye the fatal scroll? or tell me rather
Who forg'd the shameless falsehood?
Collot d'Herbois. Ask you proofs?
Robespierre, what proofs were ask'd when Brissot died?
Legendre. What proofs adduced you when the Danton died?
When at the imminent peril of my life
I rose, and fearless of thy frowning brow,
Proclaim'd him guiltless?
Robespierre. I remember well
The fatal day. I do repent me much
That I kill'd Caesar and spar'd Antony.

But I have been too lenient. I have spared
The stream of blood, and now my own must flow
To fill the current. [*Loud applauses.*
Triumph not too soon,
Justice may yet be victor.

Enter ST. JUST, *and mounts the Tribune.*

St. Just. I come from the Committee—charged to speak
Of matters of high import. I omit
Their orders. Representatives of France,
Boldly in his own person speaks St. Just
What his own heart shall dictate.
Tallien. Hear ye this,
Insulted delegates of France? St. Just
From your Committee comes—comes charg'd to speak
Of matters of high import, yet omits
Their orders! Representatives of France,
That bold man I denounce, who disobeys
The nation's orders.—I denounce St. Just. [*Loud applauses.*
St. Just. Hear me! [*Violent murmurs.*
Robespierre. He shall be heard!
Bourdon l'Oise. Must we contaminate this sacred hall
With the foul breath of treason?
Collot d'Herbois. Drag him away!
Hence with him to the bar.
Couthon. Oh, just proceedings!
Robespierre prevented liberty of speech—
And Robespierre is a tyrant! Tallien reigns,
He dreads to hear the voice of innocence—
And St. Just must be silent!
Legendre. Heed we well
That justice guide our actions. No light import
Attends this day. I move St. Just be heard.
Freron. Inviolate be the sacred right of man.
The freedom of debate. [*Violent applauses.*
St. Just. I may be heard then! much the times are chang'd,
When St. Just thanks this hall for hearing him.
Robespierre is call'd a tyrant. Men of France,
Judge not too soon. By popular discontent
Was Aristides driven into exile,
Was Phocion murder'd. Ere ye dare pronounce

Robespierre is guilty, it befits ye well,
Consider who accuse him. Tallien,
Bourdon of Oise—the very men denounced,
For that their dark intrigues disturb'd the plan
Of government. Legendre the sworn friend
Of Danton, fall'n apostate. Dubois Crancé,
He who at Lyons spared the royalists—
Collot d'Herbois—

Bourdon l'Oise. What—shall the traitor rear
His head amid our tribune—and blaspheme
Each patriot? shall the hireling slave of faction—

St. Just. I am of no one faction. I contend
Against all factions.

Tallien. I espouse the cause
Of truth. Robespierre on yester morn pronounced
Upon his own authority a report.
To-day St. Just comes down. St. Just neglects
What the Committee orders, and harangues
From his own will. O citizens of France
I weep for you—I weep for my poor country—
I tremble for the cause of Liberty,
When individuals shall assume the sway,
And with more insolence than kingly pride
Rule the Republic.

Billaud Varennes. Shudder, ye representatives of France,
Shudder with horror. Henriot commands
The marshall'd force of Paris. Henriot,
Foul parricide—the sworn ally of Hébert,
Denounced by all—upheld by Robespierre.
Who spar'd La Valette? who promoted him,
Stain'd with the deep dye of nobility?
Who to an ex-peer gave the high command?
Who screen'd from justice the rapacious thief?
Who cast in chains the friends of Liberty?
Robespierre, the self-stil'd patriot Robespierre—
Robespierre, allied with villain Daubigné—
Robespierre, the foul arch-tyrant Robespierre.

Bourdon l'Oise. He talks of virtue—of morality—
Consistent patriot! he Daubigné's friend!
Henriot's supporter virtuous! preach of virtue,
Yet league with villains, for with Robespierre
Villains alone ally. Thou art a tyrant!
I stile thee tyrant, Robespierre! [*Loud applauses.*

Robespierre. Take back the name. Ye citizens of France—
[*Violent clamour. Cries of—Down with the Tyrant!*
Tallien. Oppression falls. The traitor stands appall'd—
Guilt's iron fangs engrasp his shrinking soul—
He hears assembled France denounce his crimes!
He sees the mask torn from his secret sins—
He trembles on the precipice of fate.
Fall'n guilty tyrant! murder'd by thy rage
How many an innocent victim's blood has stain'd
Fair freedom's altar! Sylla-like thy hand
Mark'd down the virtues, that, thy foes removed,
Perpetual Dictator thou might'st reign,
And tyrannize o'er France, and call it freedom!
Long time in timid guilt the traitor plann'd
His fearful wiles—success emboldened sin—
And his stretch'd arm had grasp'd the diadem
Ere now, but that the coward's heart recoil'd,
Lest France awak'd should rouse her from her dream,
And call aloud for vengeance. He, like Caesar,
With rapid step urged on his bold career,
Even to the summit of ambitious power,
And deem'd the name of King alone was wanting.
Was it for this we hurl'd proud Capet down?
Is it for this we wage eternal war
Against the tyrant horde of murderers,
The crownéd cockatrices whose foul venom
Infects all Europe? was it then for this
We swore to guard our liberty with life,
That Robespierre should reign? the spirit of freedom
Is not yet sunk so low. The glowing flame
That animates each honest Frenchman's heart
Not yet extinguish'd. I invoke thy shade,
Immortal Brutus! I too wear a dagger;
And if the representatives of France,
Through fear or favour, should delay the sword
Of justice, Tallien emulates thy virtues;
Tallien, like Brutus, lifts the avenging arm;
Tallien shall save his country. [*Violent applauses.*
Billaud Varennes. I demand
The arrest of all the traitors. Memorable
Will be this day for France.
Robespierre. Yes! Memorable
This day will be for France—for villains triumph.

Lebas. I will not share in this day's damning guilt.
Condemn me too. [*Great cry—Down with the Tyrants!*

(*The two* ROBESPIERRES, COUTHON, ST. JUST, *and* LEBAS *are led off.*)

ACT III

SCENE CONTINUES.

Collot d'Herbois. Caesar is fall'n! The baneful tree of Java,
Whose death-distilling boughs dropt poisonous dew,
Is rooted from its base. This worse than Cromwell,
The austere, the self-denying Robespierre,
Even in this hall, where once with terror mute
We listen'd to the hypocrite's harangues,
Has heard his doom.

Billaud Varennes. Yet must we not suppose
The tyrant will fall tamely. His sworn hireling
Henriot, the daring desperate Henriot,
Commands the force of Paris. I denounce him.

Freron. I denounce Fleuriot too, the mayor of Paris.

Enter DUBOIS CRANCÉ.

Dubois Crancé. Robespierre is rescued. Henriot at the head
Of the arm'd force has rescued the fierce tyrant.

Collot d'Herbois. Ring the tocsin—call all the citizens
To save their country—never yet has Paris
Forsook the representatives of France.

Tallien. It is the hour of danger. I propose
This sitting be made permanent. [*Loud applauses.*

Collot d'Herbois. The National Convention shall remain
Firm at its post.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Robespierre has reach'd the Commune. They espouse
The tyrant's cause. St. Just is up in arms!
St. Just—the young ambitious bold St. Just
Harangues the mob. The sanguinary Couthon
Thirsts for your blood. [*Tocsin rings.*

Tallien. These tyrants are in arms against the law:
Outlaw the rebels.

Enter MERLIN OF DOUAY.

Merlin. Health to the representatives of France!
I past this moment through the arméd force—
They ask'd my name—and when they heard a delegate,
Swore I was not the friend of France.

Collot d'Herbois. The tyrants threaten us as when they turn'd
The cannon's mouth on Brissot.

Enter another Messenger.

Second Messenger. Vivier harangues the Jacobins—the Club
Espouse the cause of Robespierre.

Enter another Messenger.

Third Messenger. All 's lost—the tyrant triumphs. Henriot leads
The soldiers to his aid.—Already I hear
The rattling cannon destined to surround
This sacred hall.

Tallien. Why, we will die like men then.
The representatives of France dare death,
When duty steels their bosoms. [*Loud applauses.*

Tallien (*addressing the galleries*). Citizens!
France is insulted in her delegates—
The majesty of the Republic is insulted—
Tyrants are up in arms. An arméd force
Threats the Convention. The Convention swears
To die, or save the country!
[*Violent applauses from the galleries.*

Citizen (*from above*). We too swear
To die, or save the country. Follow me.
[*All the men quit the galleries.*

Enter another Messenger.

Fourth Messenger. Henriot is taken! [*Loud applauses.*
Three of your brave soldiers
Swore they would seize the rebel slave of tyrants,
Or perish in the attempt. As he patroll'd
The streets of Paris, stirring up the mob,
They seiz'd him. [*Applauses.*

Billaud Varennes. Let the names of these brave men
Live to the future day.

Enter BOURDON L'OISE, *sword in hand.*

Bourdon l'Oise. I have clear'd the Commune. [*Applauses.*
Through the throng I rush'd,
Brandishing my good sword to drench its blade
Deep in the tyrant's heart. The timid rebels
Gave way. I met the soldiery—I spake
Of the dictator's crimes—of patriots chain'd
In dark deep dungeons by his lawless rage—
Of knaves secure beneath his fostering power.
I spake of Liberty. Their honest hearts
Caught the warm flame. The general shout burst forth,
'Live the Convention—Down with Robespierre!' [*Applauses.*
(*Shouts from without—Down with the Tyrant!*)

Tallien. I hear, I hear the soul-inspiring sounds,
France shall be saved! her generous sons attached
To principles, not persons, spurn the idol
They worshipp'd once. Yes, Robespierre shall fall
As Capet fell! Oh! never let us deem
That France shall crouch beneath a tyrant's throne,
That the almighty people who have broke
On their oppressors' heads the oppressive chain,
Will court again their fetters! easier were it
To hurl the cloud-capt mountain from its base,
Than force the bonds of slavery upon men
Determined to be free! [*Applauses.*

Enter LEGENDRE—*a pistol in one hand, keys in the other.*

Legendre (*flinging down the keys*). So—let the mutinous
Jacobins meet now
In the open air. [*Loud applauses.*
A factious turbulent party
Lording it o'er the state since Danton died,
And with him the Cordeliers.—A hireling band
Of loud-tongued orators controull'd the Club,
And bade them bow the knee to Robespierre.
Vivier has 'scaped me. Curse his coward heart—
This fate-fraught tube of Justice in my hand,
I rush'd into the hall. He mark'd mine eye
That beam'd its patriot anger, and flash'd full
With death-denouncing meaning. 'Mid the throng
He mingled. I pursued—but stay'd my hand,
Lest haply I might shed the innocent blood. [*Applauses.*

Freron. They took from me my ticket of admission—
Expell'd me from their sittings.—Now, forsooth,
Humbled and trembling re-insert my name.
But Freron enters not the Club again
'Till it be purged of guilt:—'till, purified
Of tyrants and of traitors, honest men
May breathe the air in safety. [*Shouts from without.*

Barrere. What means this uproar! if the tyrant band
Should gain the people once again to rise—
We are as dead!

Tallien. And wherefore fear we death?
Did Brutus fear it? or the Grecian friends
Who buried in Hipparchus' breast the sword,
And died triumphant? Caesar should fear death,
Brutus must scorn the bugbear.

(*Shouts from without—Live the Convention!—Down with the Tyrants!*)

Tallien. Hark! again
The sounds of honest Freedom!

Enter Deputies *from the* Sections.

Citizen. Citizens! representatives of France!
Hold on your steady course. The men of Paris
Espouse your cause. The men of Paris swear
They will defend the delegates of Freedom.

Tallien. Hear ye this, Colleagues? hear ye this, my brethren?
And does no thrill of joy pervade your breasts?
My bosom bounds to rapture. I have seen
The sons of France shake off the tyrant yoke;
I have, as much as lies in mine own arm,
Hurl'd down the usurper.—Come death when it will,
I have lived long enough. [*Shouts without.*

Barrere. Hark! how the noise increases! through the gloom
Of the still evening—harbinger of death,
Rings the tocsin! the dreadful generale
Thunders through Paris—

[*Cry without—Down with the Tyrant!*

Enter LECOINTRE.

Lecointre. So may eternal justice blast the foes
Of France! so perish all the tyrant brood,

As Robespierre has perish'd! Citizens,
Caesar is taken. [*Loud and repeated applauses.*
I marvel not that with such fearless front
He braved our vengeance, and with angry eye
Scowled round the hall defiance. He relied
On Henriot's aid—the Commune's villain friendship,
And Henriot's *boughten* succours. Ye have heard
How Henriot rescued him—how with open arms
The Commune welcom'd in the rebel tyrant—
How Fleuriot aided, and seditious Vivier
Stirr'd up the Jacobins. All had been lost—
The representatives of France had perish'd—
Freedom had sunk beneath the tyrant arm
Of this foul parricide, but that her spirit
Inspir'd the men of Paris. Henriot call'd
'To arms' in vain, whilst Bourdon's patriot voice
Breathed eloquence, and o'er the Jacobins
Legendre frown'd dismay. The tyrants fled—
They reach'd the Hôtel. We gather'd round—we call'd
For vengeance! Long time, obstinate in despair,
With knives they hack'd around them. 'Till foreboding
The sentence of the law, the clamorous cry
Of joyful thousands hailing their destruction,
Each sought by suicide to escape the dread
Of death. Lebas succeeded. From the window
Leapt the younger Robespierre, but his fractur'd limb
Forbade to escape. The self-will'd dictator
Plunged often the keen knife in his dark breast,
Yet impotent to die. He lives all mangled
By his own tremulous hand! All gash'd and gored
He lives to taste the bitterness of death.
Even now they meet their doom. The bloody Couthon,
The fierce St. Just, even now attend their tyrant
To fall beneath the axe. I saw the torches
Flash on their visages a dreadful light—
I saw them whilst the black blood roll'd adown
Each stern face, even then with dauntless eye
Scowl round contemptuous, dying as they lived,
Fearless of fate! [*Loud and repeated applauses.*
Barrere mounts the Tribune. For ever hallowed be this
glorious day,
When Freedom, bursting her oppressive chain,
Tramples on the oppressor. When the tyrant

Hurl'd from his blood-cemented throne, by the arm
Of the almighty people, meets the death
He plann'd for thousands. Oh! my sickening heart
Has sunk within me, when the various woes
Of my brave country crowded o'er my brain
In ghastly numbers—when assembled hordes,
Dragg'd from their hovels by despotic power,
Rush'd o'er her frontiers, plunder'd her fair hamlets,
And sack'd her populous towns, and drench'd with blood
The reeking fields of Flanders.—When within,
Upon her vitals prey'd the rankling tooth
Of treason; and oppression, giant form,
Trampling on freedom, left the alternative
Of slavery, or of death. Even from that day,
When, on the guilty Capet, I pronounced
The doom of injured France, has faction reared
Her hated head amongst us. Roland preach'd
Of mercy—the uxorious dotard Roland,
The woman-govern'd Roland durst aspire
To govern France; and Petion talk'd of virtue,
And Vergniaud's eloquence, like the honeyed tongue
Of some soft Syren wooed us to destruction.
We triumphed over these. On the same scaffold
Where the last Louis pour'd his guilty blood,
Fell Brissot's head, the womb of darksome treasons,
And Orleans, villain kinsman of the Capet,
And Hébert's atheist crew, whose maddening hand
Hurl'd down the altars of the living God,
With all the infidel's intolerance.
The last worst traitor triumphéd—triumph'd long,
Secur'd by matchless villainy—by turns
Defending and deserting each accomplice
As interest prompted. In the goodly soil
Of Freedom, the foul tree of treason struck
Its deep-fix'd roots, and dropt the dews of death
On all who slumber'd in its specious shade.
He wove the web of treachery. He caught
The listening crowd by his wild eloquence,
His cool ferocity that persuaded murder,
Even whilst it spake of mercy!—never, never
Shall this regenerated country wear
The despot yoke. Though myriads round assail,
And with worse fury urge this new crusade

Than savages have known; though the leagued despots
Depopulate all Europe, so to pour
The accumulated mass upon our coasts,
Sublime amid the storm shall France arise,
And like the rock amid surrounding waves
Repel the rushing ocean.—She shall wield
The thunder-bolt of vengeance—she shall blast
The despot's pride, and liberate the world!

FINIS

OSORIO

A TRAGEDY [1]

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

[*Not in MSS.*]

Osorio, 1797.	*Remorse.*
VELEZ . . .	= MARQUIS VALDEZ, *Father to the two brothers, and Doña Teresa's Guardian.*
ALBERT . . .	= DON ALVAR, *the eldest son.*
OSORIO . . .	= DON ORDONIO, *the youngest son.*
FRANCESCO . . .	= MONVIEDRO, *a Dominican and Inquisitor.*
MAURICE . .	= ZULIMEZ, *the faithful attendant on Alvar.*
FERDINAND . .	= ISIDORE, *a Moresco Chieftain, ostensibly a Christian.*
NAOMI . .	= NAOMI.
MARIA . . .	= DOÑA TERESA, *an Orphan Heiress.*
ALHADRA, *wife of* FERDINAND,	= ALHADRA, *Wife of Isidore.*

FAMILIARS OF THE INQUISITION.

MOORS, SERVANTS, &c.

[1] First published in 1873 by Mr. John Pearson (under the editorship of R. H. Shepherd): included in *P. and D W.* 1877-80, and in *P. W.* 1893.

Four MSS. are (or were) extant, (1) the transcript of the play as sent to Sheridan in 1797 (*MS. I*); (2) a contemporary transcript sent by Coleridge to a friend (*MS. II*); (3) a third transcript (the handwriting of a 'legal character') sold at Christie's, March 8, 1895 (*MS. III*); (4) a copy of Act I in Coleridge's handwriting, which formerly belonged to Thomas Poole, and is now in the British Museum (*MS. P.*). The text of the present issue follows MS. I. The variants are derived from MSS. I, II as noted by J. Dykes Campbell in *P. W.* 1893, from a MS. collation (by J. D. Campbell) of MS. III, now published for the first time, and from a fresh collation of MS. P.

Osorio was begun at Stowey in March, 1797. Two and a half Acts were written before June, four and a half Acts before September 13, 1797. A transcript of the play (*MS. I*) was sent to Drury Lane in October, and rejected, on the score of the 'obscurity of the last three acts', on or about December 1, 1797. See 'Art.' Coleridge, *Osorio* and *Remorse*, by J. D. Campbell, *Athenaeum*, April 8, 1890.

Osorio A Tragedy—Title] Osorio, a Dramatic Poem *MS. II*: Osorio, The Sketch of a Tragedy *MS. III.*

Time. The reign of Philip II., just at the close of the civil wars against the Moors, and during the heat of the persecution which raged against them, shortly after the edict which forbad the wearing of Moresco apparel under pain of death.

In the reign of Philip II shortly after the civil war against the Moors, and during the heat of the Persecution which raged against them. Maria an orphan of fortune had been espoused to Albert the eldest son of Lord Velez, but he having been supposed dead, is now addressed by Osorio the brother of Albert.

In the character of Osorio I wished to represent a man, who, from his childhood had mistaken constitutional abstinence from vices, for strength of character—thro' his pride duped into guilt, and then endeavouring to shield himself from the reproaches of his own mind by misanthropy.

Don Garcia (supposed dead) and Valdez father of Don Ordoño, and Guardian of Teresa di Monviedro. Don Garcia eldest son of the Marquis di Valdez, supposed dead, having been six years absent, and for the last three without any tidings of him.

Teresa Senñora [*sic*] di Monviedro, an orphan lady, bequeathed by both Parents on their death-bed to the wardship of the Marquis, and betrothed to Don Garcia—Gulinaez a Moorish Chieftain and ostensibly a new Christian—Alhadra his wife. *MS. III.*

For the Preface of *MS. I*, vide Appendices of this edition.

ACT THE FIRST[1]

SCENE—*The sea shore on the coast of Granada.*

VELEZ, MARIA.

Maria. I hold Osorio dear: he is your son,
And Albert's brother.
Velez. Love him for himself,
Nor make the living wretched for the dead.
Maria. I mourn that you should plead in vain, Lord Velez!
But Heaven hath heard my vow, and I remain
Faithful to Albert, be he dead or living.
Velez. Heaven knows with what delight I saw your loves;
And could my heart's blood give him back to thee
I would die smiling. But these are idle thoughts!
Thy dying father comes upon my soul
With that same look, with which he gave thee to me:

[1] For Act I, Scene 1 (ll. 1-118) of *Remorse*, vide *post*, pp. 820-3.

Before 1 ACT THE FIRST (The Portrait and the Picture). *Corr. in MS. III.* Scene—*The sea shore, &c.*] Scene.—The Sea shore on the coast of Granada, in the Seignjory of the Marquis Valdez. *Valdez Teresa corr. in MS. III.* [For *Velez, Maria, Osorio, Albert, Francesco,* read *Valdez, Teresa, Ordonio, Alvar, Isidore* throughout, *Remorse.*] *Before* 1, SCENE II. *Enter* Teresa *and* Valdez. *Remorse.* Osorio] Ordoño *corr. in MS. II.* 2 Albert's] Garcia's *corr. in MS. III.*

I held thee in mine arms, a powerless babe,
While thy poor mother with a mute entreaty
Fix'd her faint eyes on mine: ah, not for this,
That I should let thee feed thy soul with gloom,
And with slow anguish wear away thy life,
The victim of a useless constancy.
I must not see thee wretched.
Maria. There are woes
Ill-barter'd for the garishness of joy!
If it be wretched with an untired eye
To watch those skiey tints, and this green ocean;
Or in the sultry hour beneath some rock,
My hair dishevell'd by the pleasant sea-breeze,
To shape sweet visions, and live o'er again
All past hours of delight; if it be wretched
To watch some bark, and fancy Albert there;
To go through each minutest circumstance
Of the bless'd meeting, and to frame adventures
Most terrible and strange, and hear *him* tell them:
(As once I knew a crazy Moorish maid,
Who dress'd her in her buried lover's cloaths,
And o'er the smooth spring in the mountain cleft
Hung with her lute, and play'd the selfsame tune
He used to play, and listen'd to the shadow
Herself had made); if this be wretchedness,
And if indeed it be a wretched thing
To trick out mine own death-bed, and imagine
That I had died—died, just ere his return;
Then see him listening to my constancy;
And hover round, as he at midnight ever
Sits on my grave and gazes at the moon;
Or haply in some more fantastic mood
To be in Paradise, and with choice flowers
Build up a bower where he and I might dwell,
And there to wait his coming! O my sire!
My Albert's sire! if this be wretchedness
That eats away the life, what were it, think you,
If in a most assur'd reality
He should return, and see a brother's infant
Smile at him from *my* arms? [*Clasping her forehead.*

12 mine] my *Remorse, 1813.* 29 *him*] him *Remorse.* 40 Or hover round, as he at midnight oft *Remorse.* 50 *my*] my *Remorse.* Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

O what a thought!
'Twas horrible! it pass'd my brain like lightning.
Velez. 'Twere horrible, if but one doubt remain'd
The very week he promised his return.
Maria. Ah, what a busy joy was ours—to see him
After his three years' travels! tho' that absence
His still-expected, never-failing letters
Almost endear'd to me! Even then what tumult!
Velez. O power of youth to feed on pleasant thoughts
Spite of conviction! I am old and heartless!
Yes, I am old—I have no pleasant dreams—
Hectic and unrefresh'd with rest.
Maria (*with great tenderness*). My father!
Velez. Aye, 'twas the morning thou didst try to cheer me
With a fond gaiety. My heart was bursting,
And yet I could not tell me, how my sleep
Was throng'd with swarthy faces, and I saw
The merchant-ship in which my son was captured—
Well, well, enough—captured in sight of land—
We might almost have seen it from our house-top!

51-2 *Erased MS. III.*

52-3
Valdez. A thought? even so! mere thought! an empty thought.
The very week he promised his return— *Remorse.*
an empty thought
That boasts no neighbourhood with Hope or Reason *Corr. in MS. III.*

54-7 *Ter.* Was it not then a busy joy? to see him,
After those three years' travels! we had no fears—
The frequent tidings, the ne'er failing letter,
Almost endeared his absence! yet the gladness,
The tumult of our joy! What then, if now—
Marginal correction in MS. III, Remorse.

60 dreams] fancies *Remorse.* 61 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

62-8 *Erased MS. III.*

62-73 *Vald.* The sober truth is all too much for me!
I see no sail which brings not to my mind
The home-bound bark, in which my son was captured
By the Algerine—to perish with his captors!
Ter. Oh no! he did not!
Vald. Captured in sight of land!
From yon Hill-point, nay, from our castle watch-tower
We might have seen—
Ter. His capture, not his death.
Vald. Alas! how aptly thou forgett'st a tale
Thou ne'er didst wish to learn! my brave Ordonio
Saw both the pirate and his prize go down,
In the same storm that baffled his own valour,
And thus twice snatched a brother from his hopes.
Marginal correction in MS III, Remorse.

Maria (*abruptly*). He did not perish there!
Velez (*impatiently*). Nay, nay—how aptly thou forgett'st a tale
Thou ne'er didst wish to learn—my brave Osorio
Saw them both founder in the storm that parted
Him and the pirate: both the vessels founder'd.
Gallant Osorio! [*Pauses, then tenderly.*
O belov'd Maria,
Would'st thou best prove thy faith to generous Albert
And most delight his spirit, go and make
His brother happy, make his aged father
Sink to the grave with joy!
Maria. For mercy's sake
Press me no more. I have no power to love him!
His proud forbidding eye, and his dark brow
Chill me, like dew-damps of the unwholesome night.
My love, a timorous and tender flower,
Closes beneath his touch.
Velez. You wrong him, maiden.
You wrong him, by my soul! Nor was it well
To character by such unkindly phrases
The stir and workings of that love for you
Which he has toil'd to smother. 'Twas not well—
Nor is it grateful in you to forget
His wounds and perilous voyages, and how
With an heroic fearlessness of danger
He roamed the coast of Afric for your Albert.
It was not well—you have moved me even to tears.
Maria. O pardon me, my father! pardon me.
It was a foolish and ungrateful speech,
A most ungrateful speech! But I am hurried
Beyond myself, if I but dream of one
Who aims to rival Albert. Were we not
Born on one day, like twins of the same parent?
Nursed in one cradle? Pardon me, my father!
A six years' absence is an heavy thing;
Yet still the hope survives——
Velez (*looking forwards*). Hush—hush! Maria.

74 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 76 And most delight his spirit, go, make thou *Remorse.* 78 with] in *Remorse.* 93 my father] Lord Valdez *Remorse.* 96 dream] hear *Remorse.*

101–5 *Erased MS. III.*
Vald. (*looking forward*). Hush! 'tis Monviedro.

Maria. It is Francesco, our Inquisitor;
That busy man, gross, ignorant, and cruel!

Enter FRANCESCO *and* ALHADRA.

Francesco (*to Velez*). Where is your son, my lord? Oh! here he comes.

Enter OSORIO.

My Lord Osorio! this Moresco woman
(Alhadra is her name) asks audience of you.
Osorio. Hail, reverend father! What may be the business?
Francesco. O the old business—a Mohammedan!
The officers are in her husband's house,
And would have taken him, but that he mention'd
Your name, asserting that you were his friend,

Ter. The Inquisitor—on what new scent of blood?

Enter Monviedro *with* Alhadra.

Mon. Peace and the truth be with you! Good my Lord.
My present need is with your son.
We have hit the time. Here comes he! Yes, 'tis he.

Enter from the opposite side Don Ordonio

My Lord Ordonio, this Moresco woman *MS. III, Remorse.*
108 *Erased MS. III.* 109 The] Our *MS. III.*
108-31 *Mon.* My lord, on strong suspicion of relapse
To his false creed, so recently abjured,
The secret servants of the Inquisition
Have seized her husband, and at my command
To the supreme tribunal would have led him,
But that he made appeal to you, my lord,
As surety for his soundness in the faith.
Tho' lesson'd by experience what small trust
The asseverations of these Moors deserve,
Yet still the deference to Ordonio's name,
Nor less the wish to prove, with what high honour
The Holy Church regards her faithful soldiers,
Thus far prevailed with me that—
Ord. Reverend father,
I am much beholden to your high opinion,
Which so o'erprizes my light services. [*then to Alhadra*
I would that I could serve you; but in truth
Your face is new to me.
Mon. My mind foretold me
That such would be the event. In truth, Lord Valdez,
'Twas little probable, that Don Ordonio,
That your illustrious son, who fought so bravely
Some four years since to quell these rebel Moors,
Should prove the patron of this infidel!
The warranter of a Moresco's faith! *Remorse.*

Aye, and would warrant him a Catholic.
But I know well these children of perdition,
And all their idle fals[e]hoods to gain time;
So should have made the officers proceed,
But that this woman with most passionate outcries,
(Kneeling and holding forth her infants to me)
So work'd upon me, who (you know, my lord!)
Have human frailties, and am tender-hearted,
That I came with her.

Osorio. You are merciful. [*Looking at* ALHADRA.
I would that I could serve you; but in truth
Your face is new to me.

[ALHADRA *is about to speak, but is interrupted by*

Francesco. Aye, aye—I thought so;
And so I said to one of the familiars.
A likely story, said I, that Osorio,
The gallant nobleman, who fought so bravely
Some four years past against these rebel Moors;
Working so hard from out the garden of faith
To eradicate these weeds detestable;
That he should countenance this vile Moresco,
Nay, be his friend—and warrant him, forsooth!
Well, well, my lord! it is a warning to me;
Now I return.

Alhadra. My lord, my husband's name
Is Ferdinand: you may remember it.
Three years ago—three years this very week—
You left him at Almeria.

Francesco (*triumphantly*). Palpably false!
This very week, three years ago, my lord!
(You needs must recollect it by your wound)
You were at sea, and fought the Moorish fiends
Who took and murder'd your poor brother Albert.

[MARIA *looks at* FRANCESCO *with disgust and horror.*
OSORIO'S *appearance to be collected from the speech that follows.*

114 Have learnt by heart their falsehoods to gain time. *Corr. in MS. III.* 118-20 who (you know, &c., . . . with her *Erased MS. III.* The stage-direction (*Alhadra here advances towards Ordonio*) is inserted at the end of Francesco's speech. 127-8 *om. MS. III.* 133 Is Isidore. (*Ordonio starts*) *Remorse.* 135 Stage-direction (*triumphantly*) *om. Remorse.*

138-9 You were at sea, and there engaged the pirates,
The murderers doubtless of your brother Alvar! *Remorse.*

139 The stage-direction *Maria looks, &c., om. Remorse.*

Francesco (*to Velez and pointing to Osorio*). What? is he
ill, my lord? How strange he looks!
Velez (*angrily*). You started on him too abruptly, father!
The fate of one, on whom you know he doted.
Osorio (*starting as in a sudden agitation*). O heavens! *I*
doted! [*Then, as if recovering himself.*
Yes! I DOTED on him!
[OSORIO *walks to the end of the stage.* VELEZ
follows soothing him.
Maria (*her eye following them*). I do not, cannot love him.
Is my heart hard?
Is my heart hard? that even now the thought
Should force itself upon me—yet I feel it!
Francesco. The drops did start and stand upon his forehead!
I will return—in very truth I grieve
To have been the occasion. Ho! attend me, woman!
Alhadra (*to Maria*). O gentle lady, make the father stay
Till that my lord recover. I am sure
That he will say he is my husband's friend.
Maria. Stay, father, stay—my lord will soon recover.
[OSORIO *and* VELEZ *returning.*
Osorio (*to Velez as they return*). Strange! that this Francesco
Should have the power so to distemper me.
Velez. Nay, 'twas an amiable weakness, son!
Francesco (*to Osorio*). My lord, I truly grieve——
Osorio. Tut! name it not.
A sudden seizure, father! think not of it.
As to this woman's husband, I *do* know him:
I know him well, and that he is a Christian.
Francesco. I hope, my lord, your sensibility
Doth not prevail.
Osorio. Nay, nay—you know me better.
You hear what I have said. But 'tis a trifle.
I had something here of more importance.
[*Touching his forehead as if in the act of recollection.*

140 *Francesco* (. . . *Osorio*) *om. Remorse.* 141 *Val.* You pressed upon him too abruptly father *Remorse.* 143 *Ord.* O heavens! I?—I doted?—*Remorse.* Stage-directions (*starting, &c.*), (*Then, as, &c.*) *om. Remorse.* Before 144 stage-direction ends at '*follows*' *Remorse.* 144 Stage-direction (*her eye, &c.*) *om. Remorse.* 151 Till that] Until *Remorse.* Stage-direction before 154 *om. Remorse.* 154 Ordonio (*as they return to Valdez*). *Remorse.* 157 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 159 *do*] do *Remorse.* 161 I hope, my lord, your merely human pity *MS. III, Remorse.* 162–72 Nay, nay . . . Ferdinand *om. Remorse.*

Hah!
The Count Mondejar, our great general,
Writes, that the bishop we were talking of
Has sicken'd dangerously.
Francesco. Even so.
Osorio. I must return my answer.
Francesco. When, my lord?
Osorio. To-morrow morning, and shall not forget
How bright and strong your zeal for the Catholic faith.
Francesco. You are too kind, my lord! You overwhelm me.
Osorio. Nay, say not so. As for this Ferdinand,
'Tis certain that he *was* a Catholic.
What changes may have happen'd in three years,
I cannot say, but grant me this, good father!
I'll go and sift him: if I find him sound,
You'll grant me your authority and name
To liberate his house.
Francesco. My lord you have it.
Osorio (*to Alhadra*). I will attend you home within an hour.
Meantime return with us, and take refreshment.
Alhadra. Not till my husband's free, I may not do it.
I will stay here.
Maria (*aside*). Who is this Ferdinand?
Velez. Daughter!
Maria. With your permission, my dear lord,
I'll loiter a few minutes, and then join you.
[*Exeunt* VELEZ, FRANCESCO, *and* OSORIO.
Alhadra. Hah! there he goes. A bitter curse go with him.
A scathing curse!
[ALHADRA *had been betrayed by the warmth of her feelings into an imprudence. She checks herself, yet recollecting* MARIA'S *manner towards* FRANCESCO, *says in a shy and distrustful manner*
You hate him, don't you, lady!

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173 *was*] was *Remorse.* 176 Myself I'll sift him *Remorse.* 178 [*Francesco's speech* 'My lord you have it' *is thus expanded*] :—
Monviedro. Your zeal, my lord,
And your late merits in this holy warfare
Would authorize an ampler trust—you have it. *Remorse.*
179 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*
180 *Attributed to Valdez in Remorse.* 184 I'll loiter yet awhile t'enjoy the sea breeze. *Remorse.* 186 The stage-direction, *Alhadra had been, &c.*, was interpolated by *S. T. C.* in MS. III, and 'distrustful' is written 'mistrustful'. It is omitted in *Remorse.*

Maria. Nay, fear me not! my heart is sad for you.
Alhadra. These fell Inquisitors, these sons of blood!
As I came on, his face so madden'd me
That ever and anon I clutch'd my dagger
And half unsheathed it.
Maria. Be more calm, I pray you.
Alhadra. And as he stalk'd along the narrow path
Close on the mountain's edge, my soul grew eager.
'Twas with hard toil I made myself remember
That his foul officers held my babes and husband.
To have leapt upon him with a Tyger's plunge
And hurl'd him down the ragged precipice,
O—it had been most sweet!
Maria. Hush, hush! for shame.
Where is your woman's heart?
Alhadra. O gentle lady!
You have no skill to guess my many wrongs,
Many and strange. Besides I am a Christian,
And they do never pardon, 'tis their faith!
Maria. Shame fall on those who so have shown it to thee!
Alhadra. I know that man; 'tis well he knows not me!
Five years ago, and he was the prime agent.
Five years ago the Holy Brethren seized me.
Maria. What might your crime be?
Alhadra. Solely my complexion.
They cast me, then a young and nursing mother,
Into a dungeon of their prison house.
There was no bed, no fire, no ray of light,
No touch, no sound of comfort! The black air,

187 The line was originally written:—

Nay, nay, not hate him. I try not to do it;

and in this form it stands in the *Poole MS.* *MSS. II, III* have the line as amended, but have also this stage-direction '*(perceiving that Alhadra is conscious she has spoken imprudently)*'; and *MS. II* has the word *me* underlined.

Oh fear not me! my heart is sad for you *Remorse.*

188 In *Poole MS.* this line was originally—

These wolfish Priests! these lappers-up of Blood.

192 stalk'd] walk'd *Remorse.* 193 on] by *Remorse.*

195 Interpolated by S. T. C.

That his vile Slaves, his pitiless officers
Held in their custody my babes and husband. *MS. III.*

195 foul officers] familiars *Remorse.* 197 ragged] rugged *Remorse.* 201 '*(ironically)*' only in *MS. II.* 202 And they do] And Christians *Remorse.* 207 Solely my complexion] I was a Moresco *Remorse.* 210 There] Where *Remorse.*

It was a toil to breathe it! I have seen
The gaoler's lamp, the moment that he enter'd,
How the flame sunk at once down to the socket.
O miserable, by that lamp to see
My infant quarrelling with the coarse hard bread
Brought daily: for the little wretch was sickly—
My rage had dry'd away its natural food!
In darkness I remain'd, counting the clocks[1]
Which haply told me that the blessed sun
Was rising on my garden. When I dozed,
My infant's moanings mingled with my dreams
And wak'd me. If you were a mother, Lady,
I should scarce dare to tell you, that its noises
And peevish cries so fretted on my brain
That I have struck the innocent babe in anger!

Maria. O God! it is too horrible to hear!

Alhadra. What was it then to suffer? 'Tis most right
That such as you should hear it. Know you not
What Nature makes you mourn, she bids you heal?
Great evils ask great passions to redress them,
And whirlwinds fitliest scatter pestilence.

Maria. You were at length deliver'd?

Alhadra. Yes, at length
I saw the blessed arch of the whole heaven.
'Twas the first time my infant smiled! No more.
For if I dwell upon that moment, lady,
A fit comes on, which makes me o'er again
All I then was, my knees hang loose and drag,
And my lip falls with such an ideot laugh
That you would start and shudder!

Maria. But your husband?

Alhadra. A month's imprisonment would kill him, lady!

Maria. Alas, poor man!

Alhadra. He hath a lion's courage,

[1] With lines 219-21 compare *Fragments from a Notebook*, No. 17, p. 990.

212-14 It was a toil to breathe it! When the door,
Slow opening at the appointed hour, disclosed
One human countenance, the lamp's red flame
Cowered as it entered, and at once sank down *Remorse.*
219 the dull bell counting *Remorse.* 220 blessed] all-cheering *Remorse.*
221 my] our *Remorse.* 222 dreams] slumbers *Remorse.* 227 God] Heaven *Remorse.* 233 deliver'd] released *Corr. in MS. III, Remorse.*
237 fit] trance *Remorse.*

But is not stern enough for fortitude.
Unfit for boisterous times, with gentle heart
He worships Nature in the hill and valley,
Not knowing what he loves, but loves it all!

[*Enter* ALBERT *disguised as a* Moresco, *and in Moorish garments.*

Albert (*not observing Maria and Alhadra*). Three weeks have
I been loitering here, nor ever
Have summon'd up my heart to ask one question,
Or stop one peasant passing on this way.

Maria. Know you that man?

Alhadra. His person, not his name.
I doubt not, he is some Moresco chieftain
Who hides himself among the Alpuxarras.
A week has scarcely pass'd since first I saw him;
He has new-roof'd the desolate old cottage
Where Zagri lived—who dared avow the prophet
And died like one of the faithful! There he lives,
And a friend with him.

Maria. Does he know his danger
So near this seat?

Alhadra. He wears the Moorish robes too,

243 Fearless in act, but feeble in endurance *Corr. in MS. III, Remorse.*
247-9 *MS. III erased*: *om. Remorse.*
Between 249-50
Teresa. (*starting*). This sure must be the man (*to* ALHADRA)
Know you that man?
Corr. in MS. III.
Between 250 *and* 263:
Ter. Know you that stately Moor?
Alhad. I know him not:
But doubt not he is some Moresco chieftain,
Who hides himself among the Alpujarras.
Ter. The Alpujarras? Does he know his danger,
So near this seat?
Alhad. He wears the Moorish robes too,
As in defiance of the royal edict.
[ALHADRA *advances to* ALVAR, *who has walked to the back of the stage near the rocks.* TERESA *drops her veil.*
Alhad. Gallant Moresco! An inquisitor,
Monviedro, of known hatred to our race— *Remorse.*
254-7 His ends, his motives, why he shrinks from notice
And spurns all commune with the Moorish chieftain,
Baffles conjecture— *Corr. in MS. III.*

As in defiance of the royal edict.

[ALHADRA *advances to* ALBERT, *who has walked to the back of the stage near the rocks.* MARIA *drops her veil.*

Alhadra. Gallant Moresco! you are near the castle
Of the Lord Velez, and hard by does dwell
A priest, the creature of the Inquisition.

Albert (*retiring*). You have mistaken me—I am a Christian.

Alhadra (*to Maria*). He deems that we are plotting to ensnare him.
Speak to him, lady! none can hear you speak
And not believe you innocent of guile.

[ALBERT, *on hearing this, pauses and turns round.*

Maria. If aught enforce you to concealment, sir!

Alhadra. He trembles strangely.

[ALBERT *sinks down and hides his face in his garment* [*robe* Remorse].

Maria. See—we have disturb'd him.

[*Approaches nearer to him.*

I pray you, think us friends—uncowl your face,
For you seem faint, and the night-breeze blows healing.
I pray you, think us friends!

Albert (*raising his head*). Calm—very calm;
'Tis all too tranquil for reality!
And she spoke to me with her innocent voice.
That voice! that innocent voice! She is no traitress!
It was a dream, a phantom of my sleep,
A lying dream.

[*He starts up, and abruptly addresses her.*

Maria! you are not wedded?

Maria (*haughtily to Alhadra*). Let us retire.

[*They advance to the front of the stage.*

Alhadra. He is indeed a Christian.

Before stage-direction affixed to 259.

Teresa. Ask of him whence he came? if he bear tidings
Of any Christian Captive—if he knows—*Corr. in MS. III.*

259 *Philip the Second had forbidden under pain of death the Moorish Robes MS. II*: *Phillip* (*sic*) *the Second had prohibited under pain of death all the Moorish customs and garments MS. III.* 262 the creature] a brother *Corr. in MS. III.* 263 *Albert* (*retiring*)] *advancing as if to pass them Corr. in MS. III.* Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 264 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 266 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 275-6 *om. Remorse.* 277 Stage-direction *They advance . . . followed by Alvar Corr. in MS. III*: *om. Remorse.* 277 *Alhadra* (*with bitter scorn*). *Corr. in MS. III.*

Some stray Sir Knight, that falls in love of a sudden.
Maria. What can this mean? How should he know my name?
It seems all shadowy.
Alhadra. Here he comes again.
Albert (*aside*). She deems me dead, and yet no mourning garment!
Why should my brother's wife wear mourning garments?
God of all mercy, make me, make me quiet! [*To* MARIA.
Your pardon, gentle maid! that I disturb'd you.
I had just started from a frightful dream.
Alhadra. These renegado Moors—how soon they learn
The crimes and follies of their Christian tyrants!
Albert. I dreamt I had a friend, on whom I lean'd
With blindest trust, and a betrothéd maid
Whom I was wont to call not mine, but me,
For mine own self seem'd nothing, lacking her!
This maid so idoliz'd, that trusted friend,
Polluted in my absence soul and body!
And she with him and he with her conspired

278-80 *om. Remorse.*

Prefixed to 279. *Alhadra walks away to the back of the stage, to the part where Alvar had first placed himself, stoops in the act of taking up a small Picture, looks at it and in dumb show appears as talking to herself. Corr. in MS. III.*

279-80 *Maria.* This cannot be the Moor the Peasant spoke of
Nor face, nor stature squares with his description.
Alhadra. A painted tablet which he held and por'd on
Caught my eye strangely, and as I disturb'd him
He hid it hastily within his sash,
Yet when he started up (if my sight err'd not)
It slipt unnotic'd by him on the Sand. *Corr. in MS. III.*

281 She deems me dead yet wears no mourning garments *Remorse.* 283 *om. Remorse.* 284 gentle maid] noble dame *Remorse.* 286-7 *om. Remorse.*

Between 285 *and* 288
Ter. Dreams tell but of the past, and yet, 'tis said
They prophesy—
Alv. The Past lives o'er again
In its effects, and to the guilty spirit,
The ever frowning [guilty *MS. III*] Present is its image.
Ter. Traitress! [guilty *MS. III*] (*then aside*)
What sudden spell o'er-masters me?
Why seeks he me, shunning the Moorish woman.
Corr. in MS. III: Remorse.

293 Polluted] Dishonour'd *MS. III, Remorse.* [In *MS. III* S. T. C. substituted 'Polluted' for 'Dishonoured.']

294-5 Fear, following guilt, tempted to blacker guilt,
And murderers were suborned against my life *Remorse.*

To have me murder'd in a wood of the mountains:
But by my looks and most impassion'd words
I roused the virtues, that are dead in no man,
Even in the assassins' hearts. They made their terms,
And thank'd me for redeeming them from murder.
Alhadra (*to Maria*). You are lost in thought. Hear him no more, sweet lady!
Maria. From morn to night I am myself a dreamer,
And slight things bring on me the idle mood.
Well, sir, what happen'd then?
Albert. On a rude rock,
A rock, methought, fast by a grove of firs
Whose threaddy leaves to the low breathing gale
Made a soft sound most like the distant ocean,
I stay'd as tho' the hour of death were past,
And I were sitting in the world of spirits,
For all things seem'd unreal! There I sate.
The dews fell clammy, and the night descended,
Black, sultry, close! and ere the midnight hour
A storm came on, mingling all sounds of fear
That woods and sky and mountains seem'd one havock!
The second flash of lightning show'd a tree
Hard by me, newly-scathed. I rose tumultuous:
My soul work'd high: I bared my head to the storm,
And with loud voice and clamorous agony
Kneeling I pray'd to the great Spirit that made me,
Pray'd that Remorse might fasten on their hearts,
And cling, with poisonous tooth, inextricable
As the gored lion's bite!
Maria. A fearful curse!
Alhadra. But dreamt you not that you return'd and kill'd him?
Dreamt you of no revenge?
Albert (*his voice trembling, and in tones of deep distress*). She would have died,
Died in her sins—perchance, by her own hands!

Affixed to 296

During this speech Alhadra returns, and unobserved by Alvar and Teresa scans the picture, and in dumb show compares it with the countenance of Alvar. Then conceals it in her robe. MS. III.

300 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 305 threaddy] thready *Remorse.* 322 him] them *Remorse.* 323 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 324 sins] guilt *Remorse.*

And bending o'er her self-inflicted wounds
I might have met the evil glance of frenzy
And leapt myself into an unblest grave!
I pray'd for the punishment that cleanses hearts,
For still I loved her!

Alhadra. And you dreamt all this?

Maria. My soul is full of visions, all is wild!

Alhadra. There is no room in this heart for puling love-tales.
Lady! your servants there seem seeking us.

Maria (*lifts up her veil and advances to Albert*). Stranger, farewell! I guess not who you are,
Nor why you so address'd your tale to me.
Your mien is noble, and, I own, perplex'd me
With obscure memory of something past,
Which still escap'd my efforts, or presented
Tricks of a fancy pamper'd with long-wishing.
If (as it sometimes happens) our rude startling,
While your full heart was shaping out its dream,
Drove you to this, your not ungentle wildness,
You have my sympathy, and so farewell!
But if some undiscover'd wrongs oppress you,
And you need strength to drag them into light,
The generous Velez, and my Lord Osorio
Have arm and will to aid a noble sufferer,
Nor shall you want my favourable pleading.

[*Exeunt* MARIA *and* ALHADRA.

Albert (*alone*). 'Tis strange! it cannot be! my Lord Osorio!
Her Lord Osorio! Nay, I will not do it.
I curs'd him once, and one curse is enough.

330 all is] all as *MS. III, Remorse.* 332 *MS. III erased.*
332 *foll.* ALHADRA (*aside*).
I must reserve all knowledge of this Table
Till I can pierce the mystery of the slander—
Form, Look, Features,—the scar below the Temple
All, all are Isidore's—and the whole Picture—
(*then to* ALVAR)
On matter of concerning Import . . .
. . . I would discourse with you:
Thou hast ta'en up thy sojourn in the Dell,
Where Zagri liv'd—who dar'd avow the Prophet,
And died like one of the Faithful—there expect me.
Addition on margin of MS. III.
332 *om. Remorse.* 340 While] Whilst *Remorse.*

How sad she look'd and pale! but not like guilt,
And her calm tones—sweet as a song of mercy!
If the bad spirit retain'd his angel's voice,
Hell scarce were hell. And why not innocent?
Who meant to murder me might well cheat her.
But ere she married him, he had stain'd her honour.
Ah! there I am hamper'd. What if this were a lie
Fram'd by the assassin? who should tell it him
If it were truth? Osorio would not tell him.
Yet why one lie? All else, I know, was truth.
No start! no jealousy of stirring conscience!
And she referr'd to me—fondly, methought!
Could she walk here, if that she were a traitress?
Here where we play'd together in our childhood?
Here where we plighted vows? Where her cold cheek
Received my last kiss, when with suppress'd feelings
She had fainted in my arms? It cannot be!
'Tis not in nature! I will die, believing
That I shall meet her where no evil is,
No treachery, no cup dash'd from the lips!
I'll haunt this scene no more—live she in peace!
Her husband—ay, her husband! May this Angel
New-mould his canker'd heart! Assist me, Heaven!
That I may pray for my poor guilty brother!

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

359 *Interpolated by S. T. C. MS. III.* 363 Could she walk here, if she had been a traitress *Remorse.*

ACT THE SECOND

SCENE THE FIRST.—*A wild and mountainous country.* OSORIO *and* FERDINAND *are discovered at a little distance from a house, which stands under the brow of a slate rock, the rock covered with vines.*

FERDINAND *and* OSORIO.

Ferdinand. Thrice you have sav'd my life. Once in the battle
You gave it me, next rescued me from suicide,
When for my follies I was made to wander
With mouths to feed, and not a morsel for them.
Now, but for you, a dungeon's slimy stones
Had pillow'd my snapt joints.
Osorio. Good Ferdinand!
Why this to me? It is enough you know it.
Ferdinand. A common trick of gratitude, my lord!
Seeking to ease her own full heart.
Osorio. Enough.
A debt repay'd ceases to be a debt.
You have it in your power to serve me greatly.
Ferdinand. As how, my lord? I pray you name the thing!
I would climb up an ice-glaz'd precipice
To pluck a weed you fancied.
Osorio (*with embarrassment and hesitation*). Why—that—lady—
Ferdinand. 'Tis now three years, my lord! since last I saw you.
Have you a son, my lord?
Osorio. O miserable! [*Aside.*
Ferdinand! you are a man, and know this world.

Before 1.

A wild and mountainous Country. ORDONIO *and* ISIDORE *are discovered, supposed at a little distance from Isidore's house.*

Ord. Here we may stop: your house distinct in view,
Yet we secured from listeners.
Isid. Now indeed
My house! and it looks cheerful as the clusters
Basking in sunshine on yon vine-clad rock
That overbrows it! Patron! Friend! Preserver!
Thrice have you sav'd my life. *Remorse.*

6 Had been my bed and pillow *Remorse.* 12 And how, my Lord, I pray you to name *Remorse.* 14 Stage direction *om. Remorse.*

I told you what I wish'd—now for the truth!
She lov'd the man you kill'd!
Ferdinand (*looking as suddenly alarmed*). You jest, my lord?
Osorio. And till his death is proved, she will not wed me.
Ferdinand. You sport with me, my lord?
Osorio. Come, come, this foolery
Lives only in thy looks—thy heart disowns it.
Ferdinand. I can bear this, and anything more grievous
From you, my lord!—but how can I serve you here?
Osorio. Why, you can mouth set speeches solemnly,
Wear a quaint garment, make mysterious antics.
[*Ferdinand.* I am dull, my lord! I do not comprehend you.
Osorio. In blunt terms] you can play the sorcerer.
She has no faith in Holy Church, 'tis true.
Her lover school'd her in some newer nonsense:
Yet still a tale of spirits works on her.
She is a lone enthusiast, sensitive,
Shivers, and cannot keep the tears in her eye.
Such ones do love the marvellous too well
Not to believe it. We will wind her up
With a strange music, that she knows not of,
With fumes of frankincense, and mummery—
Then leave, as one sure token of his death,
That portrait, which from off the dead man's neck
I bade thee take, the trophy of thy conquest.

17 this world] mankind *Remorse.* 19 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*
Between 24 *and* 26:

Why you can utter with a solemn gesture
Oracular sentences of deep no-meaning *Remorse.*

27-8 *The words in square brackets are interpolated in MS. I. They are in their place, as here, in MSS. II, III, and in Remorse.* 31 on] upon *Remorse.*
34-5 And such do love the marvellous too well
Not to believe it. We will wind up her fancy *Remorse.*
Between 40 *and* 41:

Isid. Will that be a sure sign?
Ord. Beyond suspicion.
Fondly caressing him, her favour'd lover,
(By some base spell he had bewitched her senses.)
She whisper'd such dark fears of me forsooth,
As made this heart pour gall into my veins.
And as she coyly bound it round his neck,
She made him promise silence; and now holds
The secret of the existence of this portrait
Known only to her lover and herself.
But I had traced her, stolen unnotic'd on them,
And unsuspected saw and heard the whole. *Remorse.*

Ferdinand (*with hesitation*). Just now I should have cursed
the man who told me
You could ask aught, my lord! and I refuse.
But this I cannot do.
Osorio. Where lies your scruple?
Ferdinand. That shark Francesco.
Osorio. O! an o'ersiz'd gudgeon!
I baited, sir, my hook with a painted mitre,
And now I play with him at the end of the line.
Well—and what next?
Ferdinand (*stammering*). Next, next—my lord!
You know you told me that the lady loved you,
Had loved you with incautious tenderness.
That if the young man, her betrothéd husband,
Return'd, yourself, and she, and an unborn babe,
Must perish. Now, my lord! to be a man!
Osorio (*aloud, though to express his contempt he speaks in the third person*). This fellow is a man! he kill'd for hire
One whom he knew not—yet has tender scruples.
[*Then turning to* FERDINAND.
Thy hums and ha's, thy whine and stammering.
Pish—fool! thou blunder'st through the devil's book,
Spelling thy villany!
Ferdinand. My lord—my lord!
I can bear much, yes, very much from you.
But there's a point where sufferance is meanness!
I am no villain, never kill'd for hire.
My gratitude——
Osorio. O! aye, your gratitude!
'Twas a well-sounding word—what have you done with it?
Ferdinand. Who proffers his past favours for my virtue
Tries to o'erreach me, is a very sharper,

41 *Isid.* But now, &c. *Remorse.* 44–7 *om. Remorse.* 47 *Isidore.* Why—why, my lord! *Remorse.*

Between 50 *and* 53:

Return'd, yourself, and she, and the honour of both
Must perish. Now though with no tenderer scruples
Than those which being native to the heart,
Than those, my lord, which merely being a man— *Remorse.*

Stage-direction *before* 53 *om. Remorse.*

55–6 These doubts, these fears, thy whine, thy stammering—
Pish, fool! thou blund'rest through the book of guilt *Remorse.*

After 63 *Ord.* Virtue— *Remorse.* 64 *Isid.* Tries to o'erreach me, &c. *Remorse.*

And should not speak of gratitude, my lord!
I knew not 'twas your brother!
Osorio (*evidently alarmed*). And who told you?
Ferdinand. He himself told me.
Osorio. Ha! you talk'd with him?
And those, the two Morescoes, that went with you?
Ferdinand. Both fell in a night-brawl at Malaga.
Osorio (*in a low voice*). My brother!
Ferdinand. Yes, my lord! I could not tell you:
I thrust away the thought, it drove me wild.
But listen to me now. I pray you, listen!
Osorio. Villain! no more! I'll hear no more of it.
Ferdinand. My lord! it much imports your future safety
That you should hear it.
Osorio (*turning off from Ferdinand*). Am I not a man?
'Tis as it should be! Tut—the deed itself
Was idle—and these after-pangs still idler!
Ferdinand. We met him in the very place you mention'd,
Hard by a grove of firs.
Osorio. Enough! enough!
Ferdinand. He fought us valiantly, and wounded all;
In fine, compell'd a parley!
Osorio (*sighing as if lost in thought*). Albert! Brother!
Ferdinand. He offer'd me his purse.
Osorio. Yes?
Ferdinand. Yes! I spurn'd it.
He promis'd us I know not what—in vain!
Then with a look and voice which overaw'd me,
He said—What mean you, friends? My life is dear.
I have a brother and a promised wife
Who make life dear to me, and if I fall
That brother will roam earth and hell for vengeance.
There was a likeness in his face to yours.
I ask'd his brother's name; he said, Osorio,
Son of Lord Velez! I had well-nigh fainted!
At length I said (if that indeed I said it,
And that no spirit made my tongue his organ),
That woman is now pregnant by that brother,
And he the man who sent us to destroy you,

66 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 68 And those, the two Morescoes who were with you? *Remorse.* 75 Am not I a man? *Remorse.* 81 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 84 which] that *Remorse.* 93 his] its *Remorse.* 94 That woman is dishonoured *Remorse.*

He drove a thrust at me in rage. I told him,
He wore her portrait round his neck—he look'd
As he had been made of the rock that propp'd him back;
Ay, just as you look now—only less ghastly!
At last recovering from his trance, he threw
His sword away, and bade us take his life—
It was not worth his keeping.

Osorio. And you kill'd him?
O blood-hounds! may eternal wrath flame round you!
He was the image of the Deity. [*A pause.*
It seizes me—by Hell! I will go on!
What? would'st thou stop, man? thy pale looks won't save thee! [*Then suddenly pressing his forehead.*
Oh! cold, cold, cold—shot thro' with icy cold!

Ferdinand (*aside*). Were he alive, he had return'd ere now.
The consequence the same, dead thro' his plotting!

Osorio. O this unutterable dying away here,
This sickness of the heart! [*A pause.*
What if I went
And liv'd in a hollow tomb, and fed on weeds?
Ay! that's the road to heaven! O fool! fool! fool!
[*A pause.*
What have I done but that which nature destin'd
Or the blind elements stirr'd up within me?
If good were meant, why were we made these beings?
And if not meant——

Ferdinand. How feel you now, my lord?

[Osorio *starts, looks at him wildly, then, after a pause, during which his features are forced into a smile.*

Osorio. A gust of the soul! i'faith, it overset me.
O 'twas all folly—all! idle as laughter!
Now, Ferdinand, I swear that thou shalt aid me.

Ferdinand (*in a low voice*). I'll perish first! Shame on my coward heart,
That I must slink away from wickedness
Like a cow'd dog!

Osorio. What dost thou mutter of?

98 him] his *Remorse.* 100 last] length *Remorse.* 103 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 104 He was his Maker's image undefac'd *Remorse.* 106 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 111 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 113 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 117 *Isidore.* You are disturb'd, my lord *Remorse.* *After* 117 *Ord.* (*starts*), A gust, &c. *Remorse.* 121–3 Shame . . . dog *om. Remorse.*

Ferdinand. Some of your servants know me, I am certain.
Osorio. There 's some sense in that scruple ; but we'll mask you.
Ferdinand. They'll know my gait. But stay ! of late I have watch'd
A stranger that lives nigh, still picking weeds,
Now in the swamp, now on the walls of the ruin,
Now clamb'ring, like a runaway lunatic,
Up to the summit of our highest mount.
I have watch'd him at it morning-tide and noon,
Once in the moonlight. Then I stood so near,
I heard him mutt'ring o'er the plant. A wizard !
Some gaunt slave, prowling out for dark employments.
Osorio. What may his name be ?
Ferdinand. That I cannot tell you.
Only Francesco bade an officer
Speak in your name, as lord of this domain.
So he was question'd, who and what he was.
This was his answer : Say to the Lord Osorio,
'He that can bring the dead to life again.'
Osorio. A strange reply !
Ferdinand. Aye—all of him is strange.

Between 125 *and* 140.

Isidore. They'll know my gait : but stay ! last night I watched
A stranger near the ruin in the wood,
Who as it seemed was gathering herbs and wild flowers.
I had followed him at distance, seen him scale
Its western wall, and by an easier entrance
Stole after him unnoticed. There I marked,
That mid the chequer work of light and shade,
With curious choice he plucked no other flowers,
But those on which the moonlight fell : and once
I heard him muttering o'er the plant. A wizard—
Some gaunt slave prowling here for dark employment.
Ordonio. Doubtless you question'd him ?
Isidore. 'Twas my intention,
Having first traced him homeward to his haunt.
But lo ! the stern Dominican, whose spies
Lurk everywhere, already (as it seemed)
Had given commission to his apt familiar
To seek and sound the Moor ; who now returning,
Was by this trusty agent stopped midway.
I, dreading fresh suspicion if found near him
In that lone place, again concealed myself ;
Yet within hearing. So the Moor was question'd,
And in your name, as lord of this domain,
Proudly he answered, 'Say to the Lord Ordonio, *Remorse.*

He call'd himself a Christian—yet he wears
The Moorish robe, as if he courted death.
Osorio. Where does this wizard live?
Ferdinand (*pointing to a distance*). You see that brooklet?
Trace its course backward thro' a narrow opening
It leads you to the place.
Osorio. How shall I know it?
Ferdinand. You can't mistake. It is a small green dale
Built all around with high off-sloping hills,
And from its shape our peasants aptly call it
The Giant's Cradle. There 's a lake in the midst,
And round its banks tall wood, that branches over
And makes a kind of faery forest grow
Down in the water. At the further end
A puny cataract falls on the lake;
And there (a curious sight) you see its shadow
For ever curling, like a wreath of smoke,
Up through the foliage of those faery trees.
His cot stands opposite—you cannot miss it.

143 robe] robes *Remorse.* 144 Stage-direction, *a*] *the Remorse.* 147 You cannot err. It is a small green dell *Remorse.*

Between 158 and 205:

Ordonio (*in retiring stops suddenly at the edge of the scene, and then turning round to* Isidore). Ha! Who lurks there! Have we been overheard?
There where the smooth high wall of slate-rock glitters——
Isidore. 'Neath those tall stones, which propping each the other,
Form a mock portal with their pointed arch?
Pardon my smiles! 'Tis a poor idiot boy,
Who sits in the sun, and twirls a bough about,
His weak eyes seeth'd in most unmeaning tears.
And so he sits, swaying his cone-like head,
And, staring at his bough from morn to sun-set,
See-saws his voice in inarticulate noises.
Ordonio. 'Tis well! and now for this same wizard's lair.
Isidore. Some three strides up the hill, a mountain ash
Stretches its lower boughs and scarlet clusters
O'er the old thatch.
Ordonio. I shall not fail to find it.
[*Exeunt* Ordonio *and* Isidore.

Scene II.

The inside of a Cottage, around which flowers and plants of various kinds are seen. Discovers Alvar, Zulimez *and* Alhadra, *as on the point of leaving.*

Alhadra (*addressing* Alvar). Farewell then! and though many thoughts perplex me,
Aught evil or ignoble never can I

Some three yards up the hill a mountain ash
Stretches its lower boughs and scarlet clusters

Suspect of thee! If what thou seem'st thou art,
The oppressed brethren of thy blood have need
Of such a leader.
Alvar. Nobly minded woman!
Long time against oppression have I fought,
And for the native liberty of faith
Have bled and suffered bonds. Of this be certain:
Time, as he courses onward, still unrolls
The volume of concealment. In the future,
As in the optician's glassy cylinder,
The indistinguishable blots and colours
Of the dim past collect and shape themselves,
Upstarting in their own completed image
To scare or to reward.
I sought the guilty,
And what I sought I found: but ere the spear
Flew from my hand, there rose an angel form
Betwixt me and my aim. With baffled purpose
To the Avenger I leave Vengeance, and depart!

Whate'er betide, if aught my arm may aid,
Or power protect, my word is pledged to thee:
For many are thy wrongs, and thy soul noble.
Once more, farewell. [*Exit* ALHADRA.
Yes, to the Belgic states
We will return. These robes, this stained complexion,
Akin to falsehood, weigh upon my spirit.
Whate'er befall us, the heroic Maurice
Will grant us an asylum, in remembrance
Of our past services.
Zulimez. And all the wealth, power, influence which is yours,
You let a murderer hold?
Alvar. O faithful Zulimez!
That my return involved Ordonio's death,
I trust, would give me an unmingled pang,
Yet bearable:—but when I see my father
Strewing his scant grey hairs, e'en on the ground,
Which soon must be his grave, and my Teresa—
Her husband proved a murderer, and her infants
His infants—poor Teresa!—all would perish,
All perish—all; and I (nay bear with me)
Could not survive the complicated ruin!
Zulimez. Nay now! I have distress'd you—you well know,
I ne'er will quit your fortunes. True, 'tis tiresome:
You are a painter, one of many fancies!
You can call up past deeds, and make them live
On the blank canvass! and each little herb,
That grows on mountain bleak, or tangled forest,

O'er the new thatch.

Osorio. I shall not fail to find it.

[*Exit* OSORIO. FERDINAND *goes into his house.*

Scene changes.

The inside of a cottage, around which flowers and plants of various kinds are seen.

ALBERT *and* MAURICE.

Albert. He doth believe himself an iron soul,
And therefore puts he on an iron outward
And those same mock habiliments of strength
Hide his own weakness from himself.

Maurice. His weakness!
Come, come, speak out! Your brother is a villain!
Yet all the wealth, power, influence, which is yours
You suffer him to hold!

Albert. Maurice! dear Maurice!
That my return involved Osorio's death
I trust would give me an unmingl'd pang—
Yet bearable. But when I see my father
Strewing his scant grey hairs even on the ground
Which soon must be his grave; and my Maria,
Her husband proved a monster, and her infants

You have learnt to name—
Hark! heard you not some footsteps?

Alvar. What if it were my brother coming onwards?
I sent a most mysterious message to him.

Enter ORDONIO.

Alvar. It is he!

Ordonio (*to himself as he enters*). If I distinguished right her gait and stature,
It was the Moorish woman, Isidore's wife,
That passed me as I entered. A lit taper,
In the night air, doth not more naturally
Attract the night flies round it, than a conjuror
Draws round him the whole female neighbourhood.

[*Addressing* ALVAR.

You know my name, I guess, if not my person. *Remorse.*

[For lines 31–46 of *Remorse*, Act II, Scene II, vide *supra Osorio*, Act II, Scene II, lines 169–84.]

Stage-direction preceding 162:

Albert and an old servant both drest as Morescoes. Corr. in MS. III.

162–6 *MS. 121 erased.*

167–8 And all the wealth, power, influence, which is yours
You let a murderer hold!
Albert. O faithful Ali *Corr. in MS. III.*

His infants—poor Maria!—all would perish,
All perish—all!—and I (nay bear with me!)
Could not survive the complicated ruin!
Maurice (*much affected*). Nay, now, if I have distress'd you
—you well know,
I ne'er will quit your fortunes! true, 'tis tiresome.
You are a painter—one of many fancies—
You can call up past deeds, and make them live
On the blank canvas, and each little herb,
That grows on mountain bleak, or tangled forest,
You've learnt to name—but *I*——
Albert. Well, to the Netherlands
We will return, the heroic Prince of Orange
Will grant us an asylum, in remembrance
Of our past service.
Maurice. Heard you not some steps?
Albert. What if it were my brother coming onward!
Not very wisely (but his creature teiz'd me)
I sent a most mysterious message to him.
Maurice. Would he not know you?
Albert. I unfearingly
Trust this disguise. Besides, he thinks me dead;
And what the mind believes impossible,
The bodily sense is slow to recognize.
Add too my youth, when last we saw each other;
Manhood has swell'd my chest, and taught my voice
A hoarser note.
Maurice. Most true! And Alva's Duke
Did not improve it by the unwholesome viands
He gave so scantily in that foul dungeon,
During our long imprisonment.

Enter Osorio.

Albert. It is he!
Maurice. Make yourself talk; you'll feel the less. Come, speak.

184-7 *Albert.* Yes to the Netherlands
We will return, these robes this stained complexion
Akin to Falsehood, weigh upon my spirit
What e'er befal us, the heroic Maurice
Will grant us an asylum, in remembrance
Of our past service. *Corr. in MS. III.*
200 *After Enter* Osorio. Be quick
Remove these tablets—quick conceal it— *Corr. in MS. III.*
201-3 *om. MS. III.*

How do you find yourself? Speak to me, Albert.

Albert (*placing his hand on his heart*). A little fluttering here; but more of sorrow!

Osorio. You know my name, perhaps, better than me. I am Osorio, son of the Lord Velez.

Albert (*groaning aloud*). The son of Velez!

[OSORIO *walks leisurely round the room, and looks attentively at the plants.*

Maurice. Why, what ails you now?

[ALBERT *grasps* MAURICE'S *hand in agitation.*

Maurice. How your hand trembles, Albert! Speak! what wish you?

Albert. To fall upon his neck and weep in anguish!

Osorio (*returning*). All very curious! from a ruin'd abbey
Pluck'd in the moonlight. There 's a strange power in weeds
When a few odd prayers have been mutter'd o'er them.
Then they work miracles! I warrant you,
There 's not a leaf, but underneath it lurks
Some serviceable imp. There 's one of you,
Who sent me a strange message.

Albert. I am he!

Osorio. I will speak with you, and by yourself.

[*Exit* MAURICE.

Osorio. 'He that can bring the dead to life again.'
Such was your message, Sir! You are no dullard,
But one that strips the outward rind of things!

Albert. 'Tis fabled there are fruits with tempting rinds
That are all dust and rottenness within.
Would'st thou I should strip such?

Osorio. Thou quibbling fool,
What dost thou mean? Think'st thou I journey'd hither
To sport with thee?

Albert. No, no! my lord! to sport

Stage-directions (*groaning*, &c.) *before* 206, and (*Albert*, &c.) *after* 206 *om. Remorse.* 206 *Zul.* (*to Alvar*). Why, &c. *Remorse.* 208 in anguish] forgiveness *Remorse.*

209–10 *Ord.* (*returning and aloud*).
Plucked in the moonlight from a ruin'd abbey—
Those only, which the pale rays visited!
O the unintelligible power of weeds, *Remorse.*

215 Who] Hath *Remorse.*

216 *Ord.* With you, then, I am to speak.
[*Haughtily waving his hand to* ZULIMEZ.
And mark you, alone. [*Exit* ZULIMEZ. *Remorse.*

224 No, no!] O no! *Remorse.*

Best fits the gaiety of innocence!

Osorio (*draws back as if stung and embarrassed, then folding his arms*). O what a thing is Man! the wisest heart
A fool—a fool, that laughs at its own folly,
Yet still a fool! [*Looks round the cottage.*
It strikes me you are poor!

Albert. What follows thence?

Osorio. That you would fain be richer.
Besides, you do not love the rack, perhaps,
Nor a black dungeon, nor a fire of faggots.
The Inquisition—hey? You understand me,
And you are poor. Now I have wealth and power,
Can quench the flames, and cure your poverty.
And for this service, all I ask you is
That you should serve me—once—for a few hours.

Albert (*solemnly*). Thou art the son of Velez! Would to Heaven
That I could truly and for ever serve thee!

Osorio. The canting scoundrel softens. [*Aside.*
You are my friend!
'He that can bring the dead to life again.'
Nay, no defence to me. The holy brethren
Believe these calumnies. I know thee better.
[*Then with great bitterness.*
Thou art a man, and as a man I'll trust thee!

Albert. Alas, this hollow mirth! Declare your business!

Osorio. I love a lady, and she would love me
But for an idle and fantastic scruple.
Have you no servants round the house? no listeners?
[OSORIO *steps to the door.*

Albert. What! faithless too? false to his angel wife?
To such a wife? Well might'st thou look so wan,
Ill-starr'd Maria! Wretch! my softer soul
Is pass'd away! and I will probe his conscience.

225 fits] suits *Remorse.* *Before* 226 *Ord.* (*aside*). O what a, &c. *Remorse.* 228 Yet still a fool! [*Looks round the cottage.* You are poor! *Remorse.* 230–3 The Inquisition, too—You comprehend me? You are poor, in peril. I have wealth and power *Remorse.* 235 And for the boon I ask of you but this *Remorse.* 237 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 239 *Ord.* The slave begins to soften. [*aside.* You are my friend *Remorse.* *After* 242 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 244 *Alv.* (*aside*). Alas! &c. *Remorse.* 247 Have you no servants here, &c.? *Remorse.*

Osorio (*returned*). In truth this lady loved another man,
But he has perish'd.
Albert. What? you kill'd him? hey?
Osorio. I'll dash thee to the earth, if thou but think'st it,
Thou slave! thou galley-slave! thou mountebank!
I leave thee to the hangman!
Albert. Fare you well!
I pity you, Osorio! even to anguish!
[ALBERT *retires off the stage.*
Osorio (*recovering himself*). 'Twas ideotcy! I'll tie myself to an aspen,
And wear a Fool's Cap. Ho! [*Calling after* ALBERT.
Albert (*returning*). Be brief, what wish you?
Osorio. You are deep at bartering—you charge yourself
At a round sum. Come, come, I spake unwisely.
Albert. I listen to you.
Osorio. In a sudden tempest
Did Albert perish—he, I mean, the lover—
The fellow——
Albert. Nay, speak out, 'twill ease your heart
To call him villain! Why stand'st thou aghast?
Men think it natural to hate their rivals!
Osorio (*hesitating and half doubting whether he should proceed*).
Now till she knows him dead she will not wed me!
Albert (*with eager vehemence*). Are you not wedded, then?
Merciful God!
Not wedded to Maria?
Osorio. Why, what ails thee?
Art mad or drunk? Why look'st thou upward so?
Dost pray to Lucifer, prince of the air?

252 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*
255-9 Insolent slave! how dar'dst thou—
[*Turns abruptly from* ALVAR, *and then to himself.*
Why! What's this?
'Twas idiocy! I'll tie myself to an aspen,
And wear a fool's cap—
Alvar. Fare thee well—
I pity thee, Ordonio, even to anguish.
[ALVAR *is retiring.*
Ordonio. Ho! [*Calling to* ALVAR.
Alvar. Be brief, &c. *Remorse.*
267 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 268 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*
God] Heaven *Remorse.* 270 What, art thou mad? Why look'st thou upward so? *Remorse.*

Albert. Proceed. I shall be silent.

[ALBERT *sits, and leaning on the table hides his face.*

Osorio. To Maria!
Politic wizard! ere you sent that message,
You had conn'd your lesson, made yourself proficient
In all my fortunes! Hah! you prophesied
A golden crop!—well, you have not mistaken—
Be faithful to me, and I'll pay thee nobly.

Albert (*lifting up his head*). Well—and this lady!

Osorio. If we could make her certain of his death,
She needs must wed me. Ere her lover left her,
She tied a little portrait round his neck
Entreating him to wear it.

Albert (*sighing*). Yes! he did so!

Osorio. Why, no! he was afraid of accidents,
Of robberies and shipwrecks, and the like.
In secrecy he gave it me to keep
Till his return.

Albert. What, he was your friend then?

Osorio (*wounded and embarrassed*). I was his friend. [*A pause.*
Now that he gave it me
This lady knows not. You are a mighty wizard—
Can call this dead man up—he will not come—
He is in heaven then!—there you have no influence—
Still there are tokens; and your imps may bring you
Something he wore about him when he died.
And when the smoke of the incense on the altar
Is pass'd, your spirits will have left this picture.
What say you now?

Albert (*after a long pause*). Osorio, I will do it.

Osorio. Delays are dangerous. It shall be to-morrow
In the early evening. Ask for the Lord Velez.
I will prepare him. Music, too, and incense,
All shall be ready. Here is this same picture—
And here what you will value more, a purse.
Before the dusk——

Albert. I will not fail to meet you.

272 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 278 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* Well—and this lady! Pray, proceed my lord *MS. III. erased.* 282 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* *Before and after* 287 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 290 this] the *Remorse.* 296 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 297 *Ordonio.* We'll hazard no delay. Be it to-night, *Remorse.*

300-2 (For I have arranged it—music, altar, incense)
All shall be ready. Here is this same picture,
And here, what you will value more, a purse.
Come early for your magic ceremonies. *Remorse.*

Osorio. Till next we meet, farewell!

Albert (*alone, gazes passionately at the portrait*). And I did curse thee?

At midnight? on my knees? And I believed
Thee perjured, *thee* polluted, thee a murderess?
O blind and credulous fool! O guilt of folly!
Should not thy inarticulate fondnesses,
Thy infant loves—should not thy maiden vows,
Have come upon my heart? And this sweet image
Tied round my neck with many a chaste endearment
And thrilling hands, that made me weep and tremble.
Ah, coward dupe! to yield it to the miscreant
Who spake pollutions of thee!
I am unworthy of thy love, Maria!
Of that unearthly smile upon those lips,
Which ever smil'd on me! Yet do not scorn me.
I lisp'd thy name ere I had learnt my mother's!

Enter MAURICE.

Albert. Maurice! that picture, which I painted for thee,
Of my assassination.

Maurice. I'll go fetch it.

Albert. Haste! for I yearn to tell thee what has pass'd.
[MAURICE *goes out.*

Albert (*gazing at the portrait*). Dear image! rescued from a traitor's keeping,
I will not now prophane thee, holy image!
To a dark trick! That worst bad man shall find
A picture which shall wake the hell within him,
And rouse a fiery whirlwind in his conscience!

END OF ACT THE SECOND.

303 *Exit* ORDONIO. ALVAR (*alone, indignantly flings the purse away and gazes*, &c. *Remorse.* 305 Thee perjur'd, thee a traitress! Thee dishonour'd! *Remorse.*

Between 312 *and* 313:

Who spake pollution of thee! barter for life
This farewell pledge, which with impassioned vow
I had sworn that I would grasp—ev'n in my death-pang! *Remorse.*

Affixed to 318–19 *omitted.* (*Ali re-enters*).

Ali! new Hope, new joy! A life thrills thro' me
As if renew'd from Heaven! Bring back that tablet
Restor'd to me by a fortunate Star. This picture
Of my assassination will I leave
As the token of my Fate:—
Haste, for I yearn to tell thee what has pass'd [*Exit Ali. MS. III.*

318–20 and stage-directions [*Maurice*, &c.; (*gazing*, &c.) *om. Remorse.* 321 image] portrait *Remorse.* 324 shall] will *Remorse.*

ACT THE THIRD

SCENE THE FIRST.—*A hall of armory, with an altar in the part farthest from the stage.*

VELEZ, OSORIO, MARIA.

Maria. Lord Velez! you have ask'd my presence here,
And I submit; but (Heaven bear witness for me!)
My heart approves it not! 'tis mockery!
[*Here* ALBERT *enters in a sorcerer's robe.*
Maria (*to Albert*). Stranger! I mourn and blush to see *you* here

Before 1 ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Hall of armory, with an altar at the back of the stage. Soft music from an instrument of glass or steel.* VALDEZ, ORDONIO, *and* ALVAR *in a Sorcerer's robe, are discovered.*

Ord. This was too melancholy, father.
Val. Nay,
My Alvar lov'd sad music from a child.
Once he was lost; and after weary search
We found him in an open place in [of *Osor.*] the wood,
To which spot he had followed a blind boy,
Who breath'd into a pipe of sycamore
Some strangely-moving notes: and these, he said,
Were taught him in a dream. Him we first saw
Stretch'd on the broad top of a sunny heath-bank;
And lower down poor Alvar, fast asleep,
His head upon the blind boy's dog. It pleas'd me
To mark how he had fasten'd round the pipe
A silver toy his { grandmother had *Osor.*
grandam had late given him.
Methinks I see him now as he then look'd—
{ His infant dress was grown too short for him, *Osor.*
{ Even so!—He had outgrown his infant dress,
Yet still he wore it.
Alv. (*aside*). My tears must not flow!
I must not clasp his knees, and cry, My father!
Enter TERESA *and attendants.* *Remorse.*

[These lines with the variants as noted above are included in *Osorio*, Act III, lines 58–74.]

After 3 stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

Between 3 *and* 4

Ordonio. Believe you then no preternatural influence?
{ Believe you not that spirits throng around us?
{ I thought you held that spirits throng'd around us? *Corr. in MS. III.*
Ter. Say rather that I have imagined it
A possible thing; and it has sooth'd my soul
As other fancies have; but ne'er seduced me
To traffic with the black and frenzied hope,
That the dead hear the voice of witch or wizard. *Remorse.*

4 *you*] you *Remorse.*

On such employments! With far other thoughts
I left you.

Osorio (*aside*). Ha! he has been tampering with her!

Albert. O high-soul'd maiden, and more dear to me
Than suits the stranger's name, I swear to thee,
I will uncover all concealed things!
Doubt, but decide not!
Stand from off the altar.

[*Here a strain of music is heard from behind the scenes, from an instrument of glass or steel—the harmonica or Celestina stop, or Clagget's metallic organ.*

Albert. With no irreverent voice or uncouth charm
I call up the departed. Soul of Albert!
Hear our soft suit, and heed my milder spells:
So may the gates of Paradise unbarr'd
Cease thy swift toils, since haply thou art one
Of that innumerable company,
Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,
Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,
With noise too vast and constant to be heard—
Fitliest unheard! For, O ye numberless
And rapid travellers! what ear unstun'd,
What sense unmadden'd, might bear up against
The rushing of your congregated wings?
Even now your living wheel turns o'er my head!
Ye, as ye pass, toss high the desart sands,
That roar and whiten, like a burst of waters,
A sweet appearance, but a dread illusion,
To the parch'd caravan that roams by night.
And ye build up on the becalmed waves
That whirling pillar, which from earth to heaven
Stands vast, and moves in blackness. Ye too split
The ice-mount, and with fragments many and huge,
Tempest the new-thaw'd sea, whose sudden gulphs
Suck in, perchance, some Lapland wizard's skiff.
Then round and round the whirlpool's marge ye dance,
Till from the blue-swoln corse the soul toils out,
And joins your mighty army.
Soul of Albert!

5 employments] employment *Remorse.* 9 things] guilt *Remorse.* 10 Stand ye from the altar *Remorse.* *After* 10 [*Here*, &c. . . . *scene Remorse.* 13 spells] spell *Remorse.* 21 unstun'd] unstunn'd *Remorse.* *After* 23 [*Music Remorse.* 29 build up] upbuild *Remorse.* 37 [*Here behind the scenes a voice sings the three words, 'Hear, sweet Spirit.' Remorse.*

Hear the mild spell and tempt no blacker charm.
By sighs unquiet and the sickly pang
Of an half dead yet still undying hope,
Pass visible before our mortal sense;
So shall the Church's cleansing rites be thine,
Her knells and masses that redeem the dead.

THE SONG

(*Sung behind the scenes, accompanied by the same instrument as before.*)

Hear, sweet spirit! hear the spell
Lest a blacker charm compel!
So shall the midnight breezes swell
With thy deep long-lingering knell.
And at evening evermore
In a chapel on the shore
Shall the chanters sad and saintly,
Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful masses chant for thee,
Miserere, Domine!

Hark! the cadence dies away
On the quiet moonlight sea,
The boatmen rest their oars, and say,
Miserere, Domine! [*A long pause.*

Osorio. This was too melancholy, father!
Velez. Nay!
My Albert lov'd sad music from a child.
Once he was lost; and after weary search
We found him in an open place of the wood,
To which spot he had follow'd a blind boy
Who breathed into a pipe of sycamore
Some strangely-moving notes, and these, he said,
Were taught him in a dream; him we first saw
Stretch'd on the broad top of a sunny heath-bank;
And, lower down, poor Albert fast asleep,
His head upon the blind boy's dog—it pleased me
To mark, how he had fasten'd round the pipe
A silver toy, his grandmother had given him.

After 43 SONG.—*Behind the scenes, &c. Remorse.* 50 chanters] chaunter *Remorse.* 58-74 *are printed as ll.* 1-17, *Act III, Sc.* 1 *Remorse,* 61 of] in *Remorse.*

70-72 A silver toy his grandam had late given him,
Methinks I see him now as he then look'd—
Even so!—He had outgrown his infant dress,
Remorse, Act III, ll. 13-15.

Methinks I see him now, as he then look'd.
His infant dress was grown too short for him,
Yet still he wore it.
Albert (*aside*). My tears must not flow—
I must not clasp his knees, and cry, my father!
Osorio. The innocent obey nor charm nor spell,
My brother is in heaven. Thou sainted spirit
Burst on our sight, a passing visitant!
Once more to hear thy voice, once more to see thee,
O 'twere a joy to me.
Albert (*abruptly*). A joy to thee!
What if thou heard'st him now? What if his spirit
Re-enter'd its cold corse, and came upon thee,
With many a stab from many a murderer's poniard?
What if, his steadfast eye still beaming pity
And brother's love, he turn'd his head aside,
Lest he should look at thee, and with one look
Hurl thee beyond all power of penitence?
Velez. These are unholy fancies!
Osorio (*struggling with his feelings*). Yes, my father!
He is in heaven!
Albert (*still to Osorio*). But what if this same brother
Had lived even so, that at his dying hour
The name of heaven would have convuls'd his face
More than the death-pang?
Maria. Idly-prating man!
He was most virtuous.
Albert (*still to Osorio*). What if his very virtues
Had pamper'd his swoln heart, and made him proud?
And what if pride had duped him into guilt,
Yet still he stalk'd, a self-created God,
Not very bold, but excellently cunning;
And one that at his mother's looking-glass,
Would force his features to a frowning sternness?
Young lord! I tell thee, that there are such beings,—

79 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 87 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*
88-9 But what if he had a brother,
Who had lived even so *Remorse.*
91-2 *Valdez.* Idly prating man!
Thou' hast guess'd ill: Don Alvar's only brother
Stands here before thee—a father's blessing on him!
He is most virtuous. *Remorse.*
96 excellently] exquisitely *Remorse.*

Yea, and it gives fierce merriment to the damn'd,
To see these most proud men, that loathe mankind,
At every stir and buz of coward conscience,
Trick, cant, and lie, most whining hypocrites!
Away! away! Now let me hear more music.

[*Music as before.*

Albert. The spell is mutter'd—come, thou wandering shape,
Who own'st no master in an eye of flesh,
Whate'er be this man's doom, fair be it or foul,
If he be dead, come quick, and bring with thee
That which he grasp'd in death; and if he lives,
Some token of his obscure perilous life.

[*The whole orchestra crashes into one chorus.*

Wandering demon! hear the spell
Lest a blacker charm compel!

[*A thunder-clap. The incense on the altar takes fire suddenly.*

Maria. This is some trick—I know, it is a trick.

Between 104 *and* 105 [*Music again.*

Teresa. 'Tis strange, I tremble at my own conjectures!
But whatso'er it mean, I dare no longer
Be present at these lawless mysteries,
This dark provoking of the hidden Powers!
Already I affront—if not high Heaven—
Yet Alvar's memory!—Hark! I make appeal
Against the unholy rite, and hasten hence
To bend before a lawful shrine, and seek
That voice which whispers, when the still heart listens,
Comfort and faithful hope! Let us retire.

Alv. (*to* TERESA).

O full of faith and guileless love, thy spirit
Still prompts thee wisely. Let the pangs of guilt
Surprise the guilty: thou art innocent!

[*Exeunt* TERESA *and Attendant. Music as before. Remorse.*

106 an eye of flesh] a human eye *Remorse.* 108 come quick] O come *Remorse.* 109 and if he lives] but if he live *Remorse.* *After* 110 *The whole music clashes into a Chorus Remorse.* 111 demon] demons *Remorse.*

113 *foll.* For the rest of Act III, as published in *Remorse*, vide *post* pp. 851–8. According to the Editor of *Osorio* as first published in 1873, 'The rest of this Act is entirely different in the published *Remorse*.' This statement needs qualification. The remainder of Act III of *Osorio* was rewritten, much was omitted, much added, and the 'dramatic ordonnance' of this part of the play was remodelled on a different plan, but the following lines 174–82, 195–202, 210–31 and 246–7 were included, with certain alterations, in *Remorse*. See *Remorse*, Act III, Scene II, ll. 64–71, 79–87, 94–114 and 185–6.

Yet my weak fancy, and these bodily creepings,
Would fain give substance to the shadow.[1]
Velez (*advancing to the altar*). Hah!
A picture!
Maria. O God! *my* picture?
Albert (*gazing at Maria with wild impatient distressfulness*).
Pale—pale—deadly pale!
Maria. He grasp'd it when he died.
[*She swoons.* ALBERT *rushes to her and supports her.*
Albert. My love! my wife!
Pale—pale, and cold! My love! my wife! Maria!
[VELEZ *is at the altar.* OSORIO *remains near him in a state of stupor.*
Osorio (*rousing himself*). Where am I? 'Twas a lazy chilliness.
Velez (*takes and conceals the picture in his robe*). This way, my son! She must not see this picture.
Go, call the attendants! Life will soon ebb back!
[VELEZ *and* OSORIO *leave the stage.*
Albert. Her pulse doth flutter. Maria! my Maria!
Maria (*recovering—looks round*). I heard a voice—but often in my dreams,
I hear that voice, and wake; and try, and try,
To hear it waking—but I never could!
And 'tis so now—even so! Well, he is dead,
Murder'd perhaps! and I am faint, and feel
As if it were no painful thing to die!
Albert (*eagerly*). Believe it not, sweet maid! believe it not,
Beloved woman! 'Twas a low imposture
Framed by a guilty wretch.
Maria. Ha! who art thou?
Albert (*exceedingly agitated*). My heart bursts over thee!
Maria. Didst *thou* murder him?

[1] In MS. II this speech is crossed out, and on the blank page opposite the following is written in Coleridge's hand :—

'Instead of Maria's portrait, Albert places on the altar a small picture of his attempted assassination. The scene is not wholly without *poetical* merit, but it is miserably undramatic, or rather untragic. A scene of magic is introduced in which no single person on the stage has the least faith—all, though in different ways, think or know it to be a *trick*——consequently, &c.', *P. W.*, 1893, p. 494, *Editor's Note.*

In MS. III the following stage-direction is written (in S. T. C.'s handwriting) on the page opposite to lines 118–15 :—

'Albert has placed on the altar a small picture representing the attempt to assassinate him, instead of the portrait of Maria which Osorio had given him.'

And dost thou now repent? Poor troubled man!
I do forgive thee, and may Heaven forgive thee!
Albert (*aside*). Let me be gone.
Maria. If thou didst murder him,
His spirit ever, at the throne of God,
Asks mercy for thee, prays for mercy for thee,
With tears in heaven!
Albert. Albert was not murder'd.
Your foster-mother——
Maria. And doth she know aught?
Albert. She knows not aught—but haste thou to her cottage
To-morrow early—bring Lord Velez with thee.
There ye must meet me—but your servants come.
Maria (*wildly*). Nay—nay—but tell me!
[*A pause—then presses her forehead.*
Ah! 'tis lost again!
This dead confused pain! [*A pause—she gazes at* ALBERT.
Mysterious man!
Methinks, I cannot fear thee—for thine eye
Doth swim with pity—I will lean on thee.
[*Exeunt* ALBERT *and* MARIA.

Re-enter VELEZ *and* OSORIO.

Velez (*sportively*). You shall not see the picture, till you own it.[1]
Osorio. This mirth and raillery, sir! beseem your age.
I am content to be more serious.[2]

[1] In MS. II Coleridge has written opposite this :—'Velez supposes the picture is an innocent contrivance of Osorio's to remove Maria's scruples: Osorio, that it is the portrait of Maria which he had himself given the supposed Wizard.' *P. W.*, 1893, p. 495, *Editor's Note.*

In MS. III Coleridge wrote on the opposite page :—'Velez supposes the picture which represents the attempt to assassinate Albert, to have been a mere invention contrived by Osorio with the most innocent intentions. Osorio supposes it of course, to be the *portrait* of Maria which he had restored to Albert!'

[2] The transcriber of MS. I had here written 'superstitious', which is marked through with ink, and 'serious' is substituted, in Coleridge's own hand. In MS. II 'superstitious' is left undisturbed. *P. W.*, 1893, p. 495, *Editor's Note.* In MS. III 'serious' is erased and 'superstitious' is superscribed.

140–3 *And . . . come MS. III erased.*
After 146 Doth swim with love and pity—Well Ordonio
O my foreboding Spirit, he suborn'd thee,
And thou didst spare his life *Corr. in MS. III.*

Velez. Do you think I did not scent it from the first?
An excellent scheme, and excellently managed.
'Twill blow away her doubts, and now she'll wed you,
I'faith, the likeness is most admirable.
I saw the trick—yet these old eyes grew dimmer
With very foolish tears, it look'd so like him!
Osorio. Where should I get her portrait?
Velez. Get her portrait?
Portrait? You mean the picture! At the painter's—
No difficulty then—but that you lit upon
A fellow that could play the sorcerer,
With such a grace and terrible majesty,
It was most rare good fortune. And how deeply
He seem'd to suffer when Maria swoon'd,
And half made love to her! I suppose you'll ask me
Why did he so?
Osorio (*with deep tones of suppressed agitation*). Ay, wherefore did he so?
Velez. Because you bade him—and an excellent thought!
A mighty man, and gentle as he is mighty.
He'll wind into her confidence, and rout
A host of scruples—come, confess, Osorio!
Osorio. You pierce through mysteries with a lynx's eye,
In this, your merry mood! you see it all!
Velez. Why, no!—not all. I have not yet discover'd,
At least, not wholly, what his speeches meant.
Pride and hypocrisy, and guilt and cunning—
Then when he fix'd his obstinate eye on you,
And you pretended to look strange and tremble.
Why—why—what ails you now?
Osorio (*with a stupid stare*). Me? why? what ails me?
A pricking of the blood—it might have happen'd
At any other time. Why scan you me?
Velez (*clapping him on the shoulder*). 'Twon't do—'twon't do—
I have lived too long in the world.
His speech about the corse and stabs and murderers,
Had reference to the assassins in the picture:
That I made out.
Osorio (*with a frantic eagerness*). Assassins! what assassins!
Velez. Well-acted, on my life! Your curiosity
Runs open-mouth'd, ravenous as winter wolf.
I dare not stand in its way.
[*He shows* OSORIO *the picture.*
Osorio. Dup'd—dup'd—dup'd!

That villain Ferdinand! (*aside*).
Velez. Dup'd—dup'd—not I.
As he swept by me——
Osorio. Ha! *what* did he say?
Velez. He caught his garment up and hid his face.
It seem'd as he were struggling to suppress——
Osorio. 'A laugh! a laugh! O hell! he laughs at me!
Velez. It heaved his chest more like a violent sob.
Osorio. A choking laugh!
[*A pause—then very wildly.*
I tell thee, my dear father!
I am most glad of this!
Velez. Glad!—aye—to be sure.
Osorio. I was benumb'd, and stagger'd up and down
Thro' darkness without light—dark—dark—dark—
And every inch of this my flesh did feel
As if a cold toad touch'd it! Now 'tis sunshine,
And the blood dances freely thro' its channels!
[*He turns off—then* (*to himself*) *mimicking* FERDINAND'S *manner.*[1]
'A common trick of gratitude, my lord!
Old Gratitude! a dagger would dissect
His own full heart,' 'twere good to see its colour!
Velez (*looking intently at the picture*). Calm, yet commanding! how he bares his breast,
Yet still they stand with dim uncertain looks,
As penitence had run before their crime.
A crime too black for aught to follow it
Save blasphemous despair! See *this* man's face—
With what a difficult toil he drags his soul
To do the deed. [*Then to* OSORIO.
O this was delicate flattery
To poor Maria, and I love thee for it!
Osorio (*in a slow voice with a reasoning laugh*). Love—love—and then we hate—and what? and wherefore?
Hatred and love. Strange things! both strange alike!
What if one reptile sting another reptile,
Where is the crime? The goodly face of Nature
Hath one trail less of slimy filth upon it.

[1] In MS. II Coleridge has written opposite this:—'Osorio immediately supposes that this wizard whom Ferdinand had recommended to him, was in truth, an accomplice of Ferdinand, to whom the whole secret had been betrayed.' *P. W.*, 1893, p. 496, *Editor's Note.*

Are we not all predestined rottenness
And cold dishonor? Grant it that this hand
Had given a morsel to the hungry worms
Somewhat too early. Where's the guilt of this?
That this must needs bring on the idiotcy
Of moist-eyed penitence—'tis like a dream!

Velez. Wild talk, my child! but thy excess of feeling
[*Turns off from* OSORIO.
Sometimes, I fear, it will unhinge his brain!

Osorio. I kill a man and lay him in the sun,
And in a month there swarm from his dead body
A thousand—nay, ten thousand sentient beings
In place of that one man whom I had kill'd.
Now who shall tell me, that each one and all,
Of these ten thousand lives, is not as happy
As that one life, which being shov'd aside
Made room for these ten thousand?[1]

Velez. Wild as madness!

Osorio. Come, father! you have taught me to be merry,
And merrily we'll pore upon this picture.

Velez (*holding the picture before Osorio*). That Moor, who points his sword at Albert's breast——

Osorio (*abruptly*). A tender-hearted, scrupulous, grateful villain,
Whom I will strangle!

Velez. And these other two——

Osorio. Dead—dead already!—what care I for the dead?

Velez. The heat of brain and your too strong affection
For Albert, fighting with your other passion,
Unsettle you, and give reality
To these your own contrivings.

Osorio. Is it so?
You see through all things with *your* penetration.

[1] Opposite the passage in MS. II the following is written in the transcriber's hand :—

Ce malheur, dites-vous, est le bien d'un autre être —
De mon corps tout sanglant, mille insectes vont naître.
Quand la mort met le comble aux maux que j'ai souffert,
Le beau soulagement d'être mangé de vers!
Je ne suis du grand TOUT qu'une faible partie —
Oui; mais les animaux condamnés à la vie
Sous les êtres sentants nés sous la même loi
Vivent dans la douleur, et meurent comme moi.

Désastre de Lisbonne. *P. W.*, 1893, p. 491, *Editor's Note.*

Now I am calm. How fares it with Maria?
My heart doth ache to see her.
Velez. Nay—defer it!
Defer it, dear Osorio! I will go. [*Exit* VELEZ.
Osorio. A rim of the sun lies yet upon the sea—
And now 'tis gone! all may be done this night!

Enter a Servant.

Osorio. There is a man, once a Moresco chieftain,
One Ferdinand.
Servant. He lives in the Alpuxarras,
Beneath a slate rock.
Osorio. Slate rock?
Servant. Yes, my lord!
If you had seen it, you must have remember'd
The flight of steps his children had worn up it
With often clambering.
Osorio. Well, it may be so.
Servant. Why, now I think on't, at this time of the year
'Tis hid by vines.
Osorio (*in a muttering voice*). The cavern—aye—the cavern.
He cannot fail to find it. [*To the* Servant.
Where art going?
You must deliver to this Ferdinand
A letter. Stay till I have written it. [*Exit the* Servant.
Osorio (*alone*). The tongue can't stir when the mouth is fill'd with mould.
A little earth stops up most eloquent mouths,
And a square stone with a few pious texts
Cut neatly on it, keeps the earth down tight.

Scene changes to the space before the castle.

FRANCESCO *and a* Spy.

Francesco. Yes! yes! I have the key of all their lives.
If a man fears me, he is forced to love me.
And if I can, and do not ruin him,
He is fast bound to serve and honour me!

[ALBERT *enters from the castle, and is crossing the stage.*

Spy. There—there—your Reverence! That is the sorcerer.

[FRANCESCO *runs up and rudely catches hold of* ALBERT. ALBERT *dashes him to the earth.* FRANCESCO *and the* Spy *make an uproar, and the servants rush from out the castle.*

Francesco. Seize, seize and gag him! or the Church curses you!

[*The servants seize and gag* ALBERT.

Enter VELEZ *and* OSORIO.

Osorio (*aside*). This is most lucky!

Francesco (*inarticulate with rage*). See you this, Lord Velez?
Good evidence have I of most foul sorcery,
And in the name of Holy Church command you
To give me up the keys—the keys, my lord!
Of that same dungeon-hole beneath your castle.
This imp of hell—but we delay enquiry
Till to Granada we have convoy'd him.

Osorio (*to the Servants*). Why haste you not? Go, fly and dungeon him!
Then bring the keys and give them to his Reverence.

[*The* Servants *hurry off* ALBERT. OSORIO *goes up to* FRANCESCO, *and pointing at* ALBERT.

Osorio (*with a laugh*). 'He that can bring the dead to life again.'

Francesco. What? did *you* hear it?

Osorio. Yes, and plann'd this scheme
To bring conviction on him. Ho! a wizard,
Thought I—but where's the proof! I plann'd this scheme.
The scheme has answer'd—we have proof enough.

Francesco. My lord, your pious policy astounds me.
I trust my honest zeal——

Osorio. Nay, reverend father!
It has but raised my veneration for you.
But 'twould be well to stop all intertalk
Between my servants and this child of darkness.

Francesco. My lord! with speed I'll go, make swift return,
And humbly redeliver you the keys. [*Exit* FRANCESCO.

Osorio (*alone*). 'The stranger, that lives nigh, still picking weeds.'
And this was his friend, his crony, his twin-brother!
O! I am green, a very simple stripling—
The wise men of this world make nothing of me.
By Heaven, 'twas well contrived! And I, forsooth,
I was to cut my throat in honour of conscience.
And this tall wizard—ho!—he was to pass
For Albert's friend! He *hath* a trick of his manner.
He was to tune his voice to honey'd sadness,

And win her to a transfer of her love
By lamentable tales of her dear Albert,
And his dear Albert! Yea, she would have lov'd him.
He, that can sigh out in a woman's ear
Sad recollections of her perish'd lover,
And sob and smile with veering sympathy,
And, now and then, as if by accident,
Pass his mouth close enough to touch her cheek
With timid lip, he takes the lover's place,
He takes his place, for certain! Dusky rogue,
Were it not sport to whimper with thy mistress,
Then steal away and roll upon my grave,
Till thy sides shook with laughter? Blood! blood! blood!
They want thy blood! thy blood, Osorio!

[END OF ACT THE THIRD.]

ACT THE FOURTH

SCENE THE FIRST.—*A cavern, dark except where a gleam of moonlight is seen on one side of the further end of it, supposed to be cast on it from a cranny* [*crevice* Remorse] *in a part of the cavern out of sight.*

[FERDINAND *alone, an extinguished torch in his hand.*

Ferdinand. Drip! drip! drip! drip!—in such a place as this
It has nothing else to do but drip! drip! drip!
I wish it had not dripp'd upon my torch.
Faith 'twas a moving letter—very moving!
His life in danger—no place safe but this.
'Twas his turn now to talk of gratitude!
And yet—but no! there can't be such a villain.
It cannot be!
Thanks to that little cranny

299 *interpolated by S. T. C. MS. III.* 1-3 *Erased MS. III.*: *om. Remorse.*

1-3 This ceaseless dreary sound of ~~water drops~~ dropping water—
I would they had not fallen upon my Torch!
Corr. in MS. III.

8 cannot] can not *Remorse.* cranny] crevice *Remorse.* 5-6 *In inverted commas. Remorse.*

Which lets the moonlight in! I'll go and sit by it.
To peep at a tree, or see a he-goat's beard,
Or hear a cow or two breathe loud in their sleep,
'Twere better than this dreary noise of water-drops!

[*He goes out of sight, opposite to the patch of moonlight,* [*and returns.* Remorse] *returns after a minute's elapse in an ecstasy of fear.*

A hellish pit! O God—'tis like my night-mair!
I was just in!—and those damn'd fingers of ice
Which clutch'd my hair up! Ha! what's that? it moved!

[Ferdinand *stands* [*motionless MS. III erased*] *staring at another recess in the cavern. In the mean time* Osorio *enters with a torch and hollas to him* [*halloes to* Isidore Remorse].

Ferdinand. I swear, I saw a something moving there!
The moonshine came and went, like a flash of lightning.
I swear, I saw it move!

[Osorio *goes into the recess, then returns, and with great scorn.*

Osorio. A jutting clay-stone
Drips on the long lank weed that grows beneath;

12 *MS. III erased.*

Between 11 *and* 13

(*a*) Any thing but this crash of water drops!
These dull abortive sounds that fret the silence
With puny thwartings and mock opposition!
So beats the death-watch to a sick man's ear *Remorse.*

(*b*) Anything but this { crash of water-drops / ~~noise~~
At broken measure { scoffing / ~~mocking~~ intervals—
Their discontinuous, interruptive sound
{ These / ~~With~~ dull abortive &c. *MS. III erased.*

Affixed to variant (*a*) *of* l. 12 '—this at all events is the final result of this correction.' *S. T. C.*

13 A hellish pit! O God—'tis that I dreamt of! *Corr. in MS. III*: A hellish pit! The very same I dreamt of! *Remorse.* *Affixed to* 13 'You mean like the dream presented to my mind when under the influence of the night-mare. This is most ludicrously expressed.' C. Ll[oyd] 16 I swear that I saw something *Remorse.* 18 *In the stage-direction the last four words are omitted Remorse.* 19 Drips] Drops *Remorse.*

And the weed nods and drips.

Ferdinand (*forcing a faint laugh*). A joke to laugh at!
It was not that which frighten'd me, my lord!

Osorio. What frighten'd you?

Ferdinand. You see that little cranny?
But first permit me,

[*Lights his torch at* OSORIO'S, *and while lighting it.*

[A lighted torch in the hand
Is no unpleasant object here—one's breath
Floats round the flame, and makes as many colours
As the thin clouds that travel near the moon.][1]
You see that cranny there?

Osorio. Well, what of that?

Ferdinand. I walk'd up to it, meaning to sit there.

[1] The square brackets (which appear in both MSS.) seem to indicate that these words were an 'aside'. *P. W.* 1893, p. 499. *Editor's Note.*

Between 19 *and* 31.

Isidore. A jest to laugh at!
It was not that which scar'd me, good my lord.

Ordonio. What scar'd you, then?

Isidore. You see that little rift?
But first permit me!

[*Lights his torch at* ORDONIO'S, *and while lighting it.*

(A lighted torch in the hand
Is no unpleasant object here—one's breath
Floats round the flame, and makes as many colours
As the thin clouds that travel near the moon.)
You see that crevice there?
My torch extinguished by these water drops,
And marking that the moonlight came from thence.
I stept in to it, meaning to sit there;
But scarcely had I measured twenty paces—
My body bending forward, yea, o'erbalanced
Almost beyond recoil, on the dim brink
Of a hugh chasm I stept. The shadowy moonshine
Filling the void so counterfeited substance,
That my foot hung aslant adown the edge.
Was it my own fear?
Fear too hath its instincts!
(And yet such dens as these are wildly told of,
And there are beings that live, yet not for the eye)
An arm of frost above and from behind me
Pluck'd up and snatched me backward. Merciful Heaven!
You smile! alas, even smiles look ghastly here!
My lord, I pray you, go yourself and view it. *Remorse.*

When I had reach'd it within twenty paces——
[FERDINAND *starts as if he felt the terror over again.*
Merciful Heaven! Do go, my lord! and look.
[OSORIO *goes and returns.*
Osorio. It must have shot some pleasant feelings thro' you?
Ferdinand. If every atom of a dead man's flesh,
Should move, each one with a particular life,
Yet all as cold as ever—'twas just so!
Or if it drizzled needle-points of frost
Upon a feverish head made suddenly bald—
Osorio (*interrupting him*). Why, Ferdinand! I blush for thy cowardice.
It would have startled any man, I grant thee.
But such a panic.
Ferdinand. When a boy, my lord!
I could have sat whole hours beside that chasm,
Push'd in huge stones and heard them thump and rattle
Against its horrid sides; and hung my head
Low down, and listen'd till the heavy fragments
Sunk, with faint crash, in that still groaning well,
Which never thirsty pilgrim blest, which never
A living thing came near; unless, perchance,
Some blind-worm battens on the ropy mould,
Close at its edge.
Osorio. Art thou more coward now?
Ferdinand. Call him that fears his fellow-men a coward.
I fear not man. But this inhuman cavern
It were too bad a prison-house for goblins.
Besides (you'll laugh, my lord!) but true it is,
My last night's sleep was very sorely haunted[1]

[1] Against this passage Coleridge has written in MS. II:—'This will be held by many for a mere Tragedy-dream—by many who have never given themselves the trouble to ask themselves from what grounds dreams pleased in Tragedy, and wherefore they have become so common.

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33 move] creep *Remorse.* 35 if] had *Remorse.*
37–9 *Ordonio.* Why, Isidore,
I blush for thy cowardice. It might have startled,
I grant you, even a brave man for a moment— *Remorse.*
41 thump] strike *Corr. in MS. III, Remorse.* 42 and] then *Remorse.*
44 Sunk with a faint splash in that groaning *Corr. in MS. III.* Sunk] Sank *Remorse.* 49 fellow-men] fellow man *Remorse.* 52 laugh] smile *Remorse.*

By what had pass'd between us in the morning.
I saw you in a thousand hideous ways,
And doz'd and started, doz'd again and started.
I do entreat your lordship to believe me,
In my last dream——
Osorio. Well?
Ferdinand. I was in the act
Of falling down that chasm, when Alhadra
Waked me. She heard my heart beat!
Osorio. Strange enough!
Had you been here before?
Ferdinand. Never, my lord!
But my eyes do not see it now more clearly
Than in my dream I saw that very chasm.

[Osorio *stands in a deep study—then, after a pause.*

Osorio. There is no reason why it should be so.
And yet it is.
Ferdinand. What is, my lord?
Osorio. Unpleasant
To kill a man!
Ferdinand. Except in self-defence.

I believe, however, that in the present case, the whole is here psychologically true and accurate. Prophetical dreams are things of nature, and explicable by that law of the mind in which where dim ideas are connected with vivid feelings, Perception and Imagination insinuate themselves and mix with the forms of Recollection, till the Present appears to exactly correspond with the Past. Whatever is partially like, the Imagination will gradually represent as wholly like—a law of our nature which, when it is perfectly understood, woe to the great city Babylon—to all the superstitions of Men!' *P. W.*, 1893, p. 499.

Between 54 *and* 57:

O sleep of horrors! Now run down and stared at
By forms so hideous that they mock remembrance—
Now seeing nothing and imagining nothing,
But only being afraid—stifled with fear!
While every goodly or familiar form
Had a strange power of breathing terror round me!
I saw you in a thousand fearful shapes;
And I entreat your lordship to believe me, *Remorse.*

56 *om. Remorse.* 62 my] mine *Remorse.* 64 *Ord.* (*after a pause*). I know not why it should be! yet it is— *Remorse.* 65 Abhorrent from our nature, *Remorse.*

Osorio. Why that's my case: and yet 'tis still unpleasant.
At least I find it so! But you, perhaps,
Have stronger nerves?
Ferdinand. Something doth trouble you.
How can I serve you? By the life you gave me,
By all that makes that life of value to me,
My wife, my babes, my honour, I swear to you,
Name it, and I will toil to do the thing,
If it be innocent! But this, my lord!
Is not a place where you could perpetrate,
No, nor propose a wicked thing. The darkness
(When ten yards off, we know, 'tis chearful moonlight)
Collects the guilt and crowds it round the heart.
It must be innocent.
Osorio. Thyself be judge.
[Osorio *walks round the cavern—then looking round it.*
One of our family knew this place well.
Ferdinand. Who? when? my lord.
Osorio. What boots it who or when?
Hang up the torch. I'll tell his tale to thee.
[*They hang* [*up*] *their torches in some shelf of* [*on some ridge in* Remorse] *the cavern.*
Osorio. He was a man different from other men,
And he despised them, yet revered himself.[1]
Ferdinand. What? he was mad?
Osorio. All men seem'd mad to him,

[1] Against this passage Coleridge writes in MS. II:—'Under the mask of the third person Osorio relates his own story, as in the delusion of self-justification and pride, it appeared to himself—at least as he wished it to appear to himself.' *P. W.*, 1893, p. 499.

'Osorio darkly, and in the feeling of self-justification, tells what he conceives of his own character and actions—speaking of himself in the third person.' *MS. III.*

67–70
Ord. Why that's my case! and yet the soul recoils from it—
'Tis so with me at least. But you, perhaps,
Have sterner feelings?
Isid. Something troubles you.
How shall I serve you? *Remorse.*
77 yards] strides *Remorse.* 80 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 82 the] thy *Remorse.*
Between 84 *and* 88
Isid. (*aside*). He? He despised? Thou'rt speaking of thyself!
I am on my guard however: no surprise [*Then to* Ordonio. *Remorse.*

Their actions noisome folly, and their talk—
A goose's gabble was more musical.
Nature had made him for some other planet,
And press'd his soul into a human shape
By accident or malice. In this world
He found no fit companion!
Ferdinand. Ah, poor wretch!
Madmen are mostly proud.
Osorio. He walk'd alone,
And phantasies, unsought for, troubled him.
Something within would still be shadowing out
All possibilities, and with these shadows
His mind held dalliance. Once, as so it happen'd,
A fancy cross'd him wilder than the rest:
To this in moody murmur, and low voice,
He yielded utterance as some talk in sleep.
The man who heard him——
Why didst thou look round?
Ferdinand. I have a prattler three years old, my lord!
In truth he is my darling. As I went
From forth my door, he made a moan in sleep—
But I am talking idly—pray go on!
And what did this man?
Osorio. With his human hand
He gave a being and reality
To that wild fancy of a possible thing.
Well it was done. [*Then very wildly.*
Why babblest thou of guilt?
The deed was done, and it pass'd fairly off.
And he, whose tale I tell thee—dost thou listen?
Ferdinand. I would, my lord, you were by *my* fireside!
I'd listen to you with an eager eye,
Tho' you began this cloudy tale at midnight.
But I do listen—pray proceed, my lord!
Osorio. Where was I?
Ferdinand. He of whom you tell the tale—
Osorio. Surveying all things with a quiet scorn

86–7 *om. Remorse.*
91–2 *Isidore.* Of himself he speaks. [*Aside.*
Alas! poor wretch!
Mad men, &c., *Remorse.*
93 phantasies] phantom thoughts *Remorse.* 104 go on] proceed *Remorse.* 105 his] this *Remorse.* 106 being] substance *Remorse.*
108 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

Tamed himself down to living purposes,
The occupations and the semblances
Of ordinary men—and such he seem'd.
But that some over-ready agent—he——
Ferdinand. Ah! what of him, my lord?
Osorio. He proved a villain;
Betray'd the mystery to a brother villain;
And they between them hatch'd a damnéd plot
To hunt him down to infamy and death
To share the wealth of a most noble family,
And stain the honour of an orphan lady
With barbarous mixture and unnatural union.
What did the Velez? I am proud of the name,
Since he dared do it.
[OSORIO *grasps his sword and turns off from* FERDINAND, *then, after a pause, returns.*
Osorio. Our links burn dimly.
Ferdinand. A dark tale darkly finish'd! Nay, my lord!
Tell what he did.
Osorio (*fiercely*). That which his wisdom prompted.
He made the traitor meet him in this cavern,
And here he kill'd the traitor.
Ferdinand. No!—the fool.
He had not wit enough to be a traitor.
Poor thick-eyed beetle! not to have foreseen
That he, who gull'd thee with a whimper'd lie
To murder *his own brother*, would not scruple
To murder *thee*, if e'er his guilt grew jealous
And he could steal upon thee in the dark!
Osorio. Thou would'st not then have come, if——
Ferdinand. O yes, my lord!
I would have met him arm'd, and scared the coward!
[FERDINAND *throws off his robe, shews himself armed, and draws his sword.*
Osorio. Now this is excellent, and warms the blood!
My heart was drawing back, drawing me back

120 some] same *Remorse.*
121–2 He proved a traitor,
Betrayed the mystery to a brother traitor *Remorse.*
125–7 *om. Remorse.* 131 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*
Between 143 *and* 145.
With weak and womanish scruples. Now my vengeance
Beckons me onwards with a warrior's mien,

With womanish pulls of pity. Dusky slave,
Now I will kill thee pleasantly, and count it
Among my comfortable thoughts hereafter.

Ferdinand. And all my little ones fatherless! Die thou first.

[*They fight.* OSORIO *disarms* FERDINAND, *and in disarming him, throws his sword up that recess, opposite to which they were standing.*

Ferdinand (*springing wildly towards Osorio*). Still I can strangle thee!

Osorio. Nay, fool! stand off.
I'll kill thee—but not so! Go fetch thy sword.

[FERDINAND *hurries into the recess with his torch.* OSORIO *follows him, and in a moment returns alone.*

Osorio. Now—this was luck! No bloodstains, no dead body!
His dream, too, is made out. Now for his friend.[1] [*Exit.*

[1] Against this line Coleridge writes in MS. II:—'Osorio has thrust Ferdinand down the chasm. I think it an important instance how Dreams and Prophecies coöperate to their own completion.' *P. W.*, 1893, p. 501.

And claims that life, my pity robb'd her of—
Now will I kill thee, thankless slave, and count it *Remorse.*

Affixed to 147. *Ferdinand on hearing the threat of Osorio feels a momentary horror at the consequences of his being killed, and in tones of mingled fear and sorrow—*

And all my little ones fatherless!

then bursting into indignation 'Die thou first', *MS. III.*

After 147 [*They fight.* ORDONIO *disarms* ISIDORE, *and in disarming him throws his sword up that recess opposite to which they were standing.* ISIDORE *hurries into the recess with his torch,* ORDONIO *follows him; a loud cry of* 'Traitor! Monster!' *is heard from the cavern, and in a moment* ORDONIO *returns alone.*

Ordonio. I have hurl'd him down the chasm! treason for treason.
He dreamt of it, henceforward let him sleep,
A dreamless sleep, from which no wife can wake him.
His dream too is made out—Now for his friend. [*Exit.* ORDONIO.
Remorse.

148–51 *om. Remorse.* 150 Now] So *MS. III.*

Affixed to 150. 'Ferdinand's death is not sufficiently explained to the Audience. There should be a struggling behind the scéne, as if Osorio had taken him unawares, and was hurrying him down the Precipice. An exclamation or even groans would add still more to the interest of the scene.' *MS. III erased.*

SCENE *changes to the court before the Castle of* VELEZ.

MARIA *and her* FOSTER-MOTHER.

Maria. And when I heard that you desired to see me,
I thought your business was to tell me of him.
Foster-Mother. I never saw the Moor, whom you describe.
Maria. 'Tis strange! he spake of you familiarly

152-234 *om. Remorse.* vide *ante* The Foster-Mother's Tale: a Dramatic Fragment, pp. 182-4.

Between 152 *and* 246:

SCENE II

The interior Court of a Saracenic or Gothic Castle with the iron gate of a dungeon visible.

Teresa. Heart-chilling Superstition! thou canst glaze
Ev'n Pity's eye with her own frozen tear.
In vain I urge the tortures that await him:
Even Selma, reverend guardian of my childhood,
My second mother, shuts her heart against me!
Well, I have won from her what most imports
The present need, this secret of the dungeon
Known only to herself.—A Moor! a Sorcerer!
No, I have faith, that nature ne'er permitted
Baseness to wear a form so noble. True,
I doubt not, that Ordonio had suborned him
To act some part in some unholy fraud;
As little doubt, that for some unknown purpose
He hath baffled his suborner, terror-struck him,
And that Ordonio meditates revenge!
But my resolve is fixed! myself will rescue him,
And learn if haply he knew aught of Alvar.

Enter VALDEZ.

Valdez. Still sad?—and gazing at the massive door
Of that fell dungeon which thou ne'er had'st sight of,
Save what, perchance, thy infant fancy shap'd it
When the nurse still'd thy cries with unmeant threats.
Now by my faith, girl! this same wizard haunts thee!
A stately man, and eloquent and tender—
Who then need wonder if a lady sighs
Even at the thought of what these stern Dominicans—
Teresa. The horror of their ghastly punishments
Doth so o'ertop the height of all compassion,
That I should feel too little for mine enemy,
If it were possible I could feel more,
Even though the dearest inmates of our household
Were doom'd to suffer them. That such things are— *Remorse.*

155 *Maria.* 'Tis strange] *Teresa.* 'Tis said *MS. III.*

As mine and Albert's common foster-mother.
Foster-Mother. Now blessings on the man, whoe'er he be,
That join'd your names with mine! O my sweet lady,
As often as I think of those dear times
When you two little ones would stand at eve,
On each side of my chair, and make me learn
All you had learnt in the day; and how to talk
In gentle phrase, then bid me sing to you,
'Tis more like heaven to come, that what *has* been!
Maria. O my dear mother! this strange man has left me
Wilder'd with wilder fancies than yon moon
Breeds in the love-sick maid—who gazes at it
Till lost in inward vision, with wet eye
She gazes idly! But that entrance, mother!
Foster-Mother. Can no one hear? It is a perilous tale!
Maria. No one.
Foster-Mother. My husband's father told it me,
Poor old Leoni. Angels rest his soul!
He was a woodman, and could fell and saw
With lusty arm. You know that huge round beam
Which props the hanging wall of the old chapel?
Beneath that tree, while yet it was a tree,
He found a baby wrapt in mosses, lined
With thistle-beards, and such small locks of wool
As hang on brambles. Well, he brought him home,
And rear'd him at the then Lord Velez' cost.
And so the babe grew up a pretty boy.
A pretty boy, but most unteachable—
And never learnt a prayer, nor told a bead,
But knew the names of birds, and mock'd their notes,
And whistled, as he were a bird himself.
And all the autumn 'twas his only play
To get the seeds of wild flowers, and to plant them
With earth and water on the stumps of trees.
A friar who gather'd simples in the wood,
A grey-hair'd man—he loved this little boy,

157 *Foster-Mother*] *Selma Corr. in MS. III.*
165–6 O honor'd Selma! this strange man has left me
Wilder'd with stranger fancies than yon moon *Corr. in MS. III.*
169 She gazes idly! *Ter.* But that entrance, Selma *Corr. in MS. III.* 170 *Foster-Mother*] *Selma Corr. in MS. III.* 171 *Maria*] *Teresa. Foster-Mother*] *Selma Corr. in MS. III.* 172 Leoni] Sesina *Corr. in MS. III.* 180 Velez] Valdez *Corr. in MS. III.*

The boy loved him—and, when the friar taught him,
He soon could write with the pen; and from that time
Lived chiefly at the convent or the castle.
So he became a very learned youth.
But O! poor wretch—he read, and read, and read,
Till his brain turn'd—and ere his twentieth year,
He had unlawful thoughts of many things.
And though he pray'd, he never loved to pray
With holy men, nor in a holy place.
But yet his speech, it was so soft and sweet,
The late Lord Velez ne'er was wearied with him,
And once as by the north side of the chapel
They stood together, chain'd in deep discourse,
The earth heav'd under them with such a groan,
That the wall totter'd, and had well-nigh fall'n
Right on their heads. My lord was sorely frighten'd;
A fever seiz'd him; and he made confession
Of all the heretical and lawless talk
Which brought this judgment: so the youth was seiz'd
And cast into that hole. My husband's father
Sobb'd like a child—it almost broke his heart.
And once as he was working in the cellar,
He heard a voice distinctly; 'twas the youth's,
Who sung a doleful song about green fields,
How sweet it were on lake or wild savannah
To hunt for food, and be a naked man,
And wander up and down at liberty.
He always doted on the youth, and now
His love grew desperate; and defying death,
He made that cunning entrance I described:
And the young man escaped.

Maria. 'Tis a sweet tale:
Such as would lull a list'ning child to sleep,
His rosy face besoil'd with unwiped tears.
And what became of him?

Foster-Mother. He went on shipboard
With those bold voyagers, who made discovery
Of golden lands; Leoni's younger brother
Went likewise, and when he return'd to Spain,
He told Leoni that the poor mad youth,

201 Velez] Valdez *Corr. in MS. III.* 212 And once as he was working near this dungeon *Corr. in MS. III.* 221 *Maria*] *Teresa Corr. in MS. III.* 226 Leoni's] Sesina's *Corr. in MS. III.* 228 Leoni] Sesina *Corr. in MS. III.*

Soon after they arrived in that new world,
In spite of his dissuasion seized a boat,
And all alone set sail by silent moonlight,
Up a great river, great as any sea,
And ne'er was heard of more; but 'tis supposed
He liv'd and died among the savage men.

Enter VELEZ.

Velez. Still sad, Maria? This same wizard haunts you.
Maria. O Christ! the tortures that hang o'er his head,
If ye betray him to these holy brethren!
Velez (*with a kind of sneer*). A portly man, and eloquent, and tender!
In truth, I shall not wonder if you mourn
That their rude grasp should seize on *such* a victim.
Maria. The horror of their ghastly punishments
Doth so o'ertop the height of sympathy,
That I should feel too little for mine enemy—
Ah! far too little—if 'twere possible,
I could feel more, even tho' my child or husband
Were doom'd to suffer them! That such things are——
Velez. Hush! thoughtless woman!
Maria. Nay—it wakes within me
More than a woman's spirit.
Velez (*angrily*). No more of this—
I can endure no more.
Foster-Mother. My honour'd master!
Lord Albert used to talk so.
Maria. Yes! my mother!
These are my Albert's lessons, and I con them
With more delight than, in my fondest hour,
I bend me o'er his portrait.
Velez (*to the Foster-Mother*). My good woman,
You may retire. [*Exit the* FOSTER-MOTHER.
Velez. We have mourn'd for Albert.

Between 248 *and* 255:

What if Monviedro or his creatures hear us!
I dare not listen to you.
Teresa. My honoured lord,
These were my Alvar's lessons, and whene'er
I bend me o'er his portrait, I repeat them,
As if to give a voice to the mute image.
Valdez. ——We have mourned for Alvar.
Of his sad fate there now remains no doubt.
Have I no other son? *Remorse.*

Have I no living son?
Maria. Speak not of him!
That low imposture—my heart sickens at it,
If it be madness, must I wed a madman?
And if not madness, there is mystery,
And guilt doth lurk behind it!
Velez. Is this well?
Maria. Yes! it is truth. Saw you his countenance?
How rage, remorse, and scorn, and stupid fear,
Displac'd each other with swift interchanges?
If this were all assumed, as you believe,
He must needs be a most consummate actor;
And hath so vast a power to deceive me,
I never could be safe. And why assume
The semblance of such execrable feelings?
Velez. Ungrateful woman! I have tried to stifle
An old man's passion! Was it not enough
That thou hast made my son a restless man,

256 That low imposture! That mysterious picture! *Remorse.* 257
it] this *Remorse.*

Between 262 *and* 268:

O that I had indeed the sorcerer's power.—
I would call up before thine eyes the image
Of my betrothed Alvar, of thy first-born!
His own fair countenance, his kingly forehead,
His tender smiles, love's day-dawn on his lips!
That spiritual and almost heavenly light
In his commanding eye—his mien heroic,
Virtue's own native heraldry! to man
Genial, and pleasant to his guardian angel.
Whene'er he gladden'd, how the gladness spread
Wide round him! and when oft with swelling tears,
Flash'd through by indignation, he bewail'd
The wrongs of Belgium's martyr'd patriots,
Oh, what a grief was there—for joy to envy,
Or gaze upon enamour'd!
O my father!
Recall that morning when we knelt together,
And thou didst bless our loves! O even now,
Even now, my sire! to thy mind's eye present him,
As at that moment he rose up before thee,
Stately, with beaming look! Place, place beside him
Ordonio's dark perturbed countenance!
Then bid me (Oh thou could'st not) bid me turn
From him, the joy, the triumph of our kind!
To take in exchange that brooding man, who never
Lifts up his eye from the earth, unless to scowl. *Remorse.*

Banish'd his health and half-unhinged his reason,
But that thou wilt insult him with suspicion,
And toil to blast his honour? I am old—
A comfortless old man! Thou shalt not stay
Beneath my roof!

[FRANCESCO *enters and stands listening.*

Velez. Repent and marry him—
Or to the convent.

Francesco (*muttering*). Good! good! very good!

Maria. Nay, grant me some small pittance of my fortune,
And I will live a solitary woman,
Or my poor foster-mother and her grandsons
May be my household.

Francesco (*advancing*). I abhor a listener;
But you spoke so, I could not choose but hear you.
I pray, my lord! will you embolden me
To ask you why this lady doth prefer
To live in lonely sort, without a friend
Or fit companion?

Velez. Bid her answer you.

Maria. Nature will be my friend and fit companion.

[*Turns off from them.*

274-86 (Thou shalt not stay . . . companion) *om. Remorse.*
Between 274-87:

Teresa. O grief! to hear
Hateful intreaties from a voice we love!

Enter a PEASANT *and presents a letter to* VALDEZ.

Valdez (*reading it*). 'He dares not venture hither!' Why what can this mean?
'Lest the Familiars of the Inquisition,
That watch around my gates, should intercept him;
But he conjures me, that without delay
I hasten to him—for my own sake entreats me
To guard from danger him I hold imprison'd—
He will reveal a secret, the joy of which
Will even outweigh the sorrow.'—Why what can this be?
Perchance it is some Moorish stratagem,
To have in me a hostage for his safety.
Nay, that they dare not! Ho! collect my servants!
I will go thither—let them arm themselves. [*Exit* VALDEZ.
Teresa (*alone*). The moon is high in heaven, and all is hush'd.
Yet anxious listener! I have seem'd to hear
A low dead thunder mutter thro' the night,
As 'twere a giant angry in his sleep.
O Alvar! Alvar! &c. *Remorse.*

After 276 And all his wealth perhaps come to the Church *MS III. erased.*

O Albert! Albert! that they could return,
Those blessed days, that imitated heaven!
When we two wont to walk at evening-tide;
When we saw nought but beauty; when we heard
The voice of that Almighty One, who lov'd us,
In every gale that breath'd, and wave that murmur'd!
O we have listen'd, even till high-wrought pleasure
Hath half-assumed the countenance of grief,
And the deep sigh seem'd to heave up a weight
Of bliss, that press'd too heavy on the heart.

289 evening-tide] eventide *Remorse.* 296–334 *om. Remorse.*

After 296 [*A pause.*

And this majestic Moor, seems he not one
Who oft and long communing with my Alvar,
Hath drunk in kindred lustre from his presence,
And guides me to him with reflected light?
What if in yon dark dungeon coward treachery
Be groping for him with envenomed poniard—
Hence womanish fears, traitors to love and duty—
I'll free him. [*Exit* TERESA.

SCENE III

The mountains by moonlight. ALHADRA *alone in a Moorish dress.*

Alhadra. Yon hanging woods, that touch'd by autumn seem
As they were blossoming hues of fire and gold;
{The hanging Act V, l. 41.
{The flower-like woods, most lovely in decay,
The many clouds, the sea, the rock, the sands,
Lie in the silent moonshine: and the owl,
(Strange! very strange!) the scritch-owl only wakes!
Sole voice, sole eye of all this world of beauty!
Unless, perhaps, she sing her screeching song
To a herd of wolves, that skulk athirst for blood.
Why such a thing am I?—Where are these men?
I need the sympathy of human faces,
To beat away this deep contempt for all things,
Which quenches my revenge. O! would to Alla,
The raven, or the sea-mew, were appointed
To bring me food! or rather that my soul
Could drink in life from the universal air!
It were a lot divine in some small skiff
Along some Ocean's boundless solitude,
To float for ever with a careless course,
And think myself the only being alive.
[*Vide post Osorio,* Act V, ll. 39–56.]
My children!—Isidore's children!—Son of Valdez,
This hath new strung mine arm. Thou coward tyrant!
To stupify a woman's heart with anguish,

Francesco. But in the convent, lady, you would have
Such aids as might preserve you from perdition.
There you might dwell.
Maria. With tame and credulous faith,
Mad melancholy, antic merriment,
Leanness, disquietude, and secret pangs!
O God! it is a horrid thing to know
That each pale wretch, who sits and drops her beads
Had once a mind, which might have given her wings
Such as the angels wear!
Francesco (*stifling his rage*). Where is your son, my lord?
Velez. I have not seen him, father, since he left you.
Francesco. His lordship's generous nature hath deceiv'd him!
That Ferdinand (or if not he his wife)
I have fresh evidence—are infidels.
We are not safe until they are rooted out.
Maria. Thou man, who call'st thyself the minister
Of Him whose law was love unutterable!
Why is thy soul so parch'd with cruelty,
That still thou thirstest for thy brother's blood?
Velez (*rapidly*). Father! I have long suspected it—her brain—
Heed it not, father!
Francesco. Nay—but I *must* heed it.
Maria. Thou miserable man! I fear thee not,
Nor prize a life which soon may weary me.
Bear witness, Heav'n! I neither scorn nor hate him—
But O! 'tis wearisome to mourn for evils,
Still mourn, and have no power to remedy! [*Exit* MARIA.
Francesco. My lord! I shall presume to wait on you
To-morrow early.
Velez. Be it so. good father! [*Exit* FRANCESCO.
Velez (*alone*). I do want solace, but not such as thine!
The moon is high in heaven, and my eyes ache,
But not with sleep. Well—it is ever so.
A child, a child is born! and the fond heart
Dances! and yet the childless are most happy.

Till she forgot—oven that she was a mother!
[*She fixes her eye on the earth. Then drop in one after another, from different parts of the stage, a considerable number of Morescoes, all in Moorish garments and Moorish armour. They form a circle at a distance round* ALHADRA, *and remain silent till* NAOMI *enters. Remorse.*

[SCENE *changes to the mountains by moonlight.* ALHADRA *alone in a Moorish dress, her eyes fixed on the earth. Then drop in one after another, from different parts of the stage, a considerable number of* Morescoes, *all in their Moorish garments. They form a circle at a distance round* ALHADRA. *After a pause one of the* Morescoes *to the man who stands next to him.*

First Moresco. The law which forced these Christian dresses on us,
'Twere pleasant to cleave down the wretch who framed it.

Second. Yet 'tis not well to trample on it idly.

First. Our country robes are dear.

Second. And like dear friends,
May chance to prove most perilous informers.

[*A third Moresco,* NAOMI, *advances from out the circle.*

Naomi. Woman! may Alla and the prophet bless thee!
We have obey'd thy call. Where is our chief?
And why didst thou enjoin the Moorish garments?

Alhadra (*lifting up* [*raising* Remorse] *her eyes, and looking round on the circle*).
Warriors of Mahomet, faithful in the battle,
My countrymen! Come ye prepared to work
An honourable deed? And would ye work it
In the slave's garb? Curse on those Christian robes!
They are *spell*-blasted; and whoever wears them,
His arm shrinks wither'd, his heart melts away,
And his bones soften!

Naomi. Where is Ferdinand?

Alhadra (*in a deep low voice*). This night I went from forth my house, and left
His children all asleep; and he was living!
And I return'd, and found them still asleep—
But he had perish'd.

All. Perished?

Alhadra. He had perish'd!
Sleep on, poor babes! not one of you doth know
That he is fatherless, a desolate orphan!
Why should we wake them? Can an infant's arm

337 the] these *Remorse.* 342 *spell*-blasted] spell-blasted *Remorse.*
345 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 348 *All*] *All Morescoes. Remorse.*

Revenge his murder?

One to Another. Did she say his murder?

Naomi. Murder'd? Not murder'd?

Alhadra. Murder'd by a Christian!

[*They all, at once, draw their sabres.*

Alhadra (*to Naomi, who on being addressed again advances from the circle*). Brother of Zagri! fling away thy sword:
This is thy chieftain's! [*He steps forward to take it.*
Dost thou dare receive it?
For I have sworn by Alla and the prophet,
No tear shall dim these eyes, this woman's heart
Shall heave no groan, till I have seen that sword
Wet with the blood of all the house of Velez!

Enter MAURICE.

All. A spy! a spy! [*They seize him.*

Maurice. Off! off! unhand me, slaves!

[*After much struggling he disengages himself and draws his sword.*

Naomi (*to Alhadra*). Speak! shall we kill him?

Maurice. Yes! ye can kill a man,
Some twenty of you! But ye are Spanish slaves!
And slaves are always cruel, always cowards.

Alhadra. That man has spoken truth. Whence and who art thou?

Maurice. I seek a dear friend, whom for aught I know
The son of Velez hath hired one of you
To murder! Say, do ye know aught of Albert?

Alhadra (*starting*). Albert?—three years ago I heard that name
Murmur'd in sleep! High-minded foreigner!
Mix thy revenge with mine, and stand among us.

[MAURICE *stands among the* Morescoes.

Alhadra. Was not Osorio my husband's friend?

Old Man. He kill'd my son in battle; yet our chieftain
Forced me to sheathe my dagger. See—the point
Is bright, unrusted with the villain's blood!

Alhadra. He is your chieftain's murderer!

352 *One to Another*] *One Morescoe* (*to another*). *Remorse.* 353 Murder? Not murder'd? *Remorse.* *After* 353 [Stage-direction] *Alhadra* (*to Naomi, who advances from the circle*). *Remorse.* 359 house] sons *MS. III.* Wet with the life-blood of the son of Valdez *Remorse.* *After* 359 *Enter* Warville. *MS. III.* [*A pause.* Ordonio was your chieftain's murderer *Remorse.* 360 70 *Erased MS. III.* 360–75 *om. Remorse.* 373–80 *Erased MS. III.*

Naomi. He dies by Alla!
All (*dropping on one knee*). By Alla!
Alhadra. This night a reeking slave came with loud pant,
Gave Ferdinand a letter, and departed,
Swift as he came. Pale, with unquiet looks,
He read the scroll.
Maurice. Its purport?
Alhadra. Yes, I ask'd it.
He answer'd me, 'Alhadra! thou art worthy
A nobler secret; but I have been faithful
To this bad man, and faithful I will be.'
He said, and arm'd himself, and lit a torch;
Then kiss'd his children, each one on its pillow,
And hurried from me. But I follow'd him
At distance, till I saw him enter *there*.
Naomi. The cavern?
Alhadra. Yes—the mouth of yonder cavern.
After a pause I saw the son of Velez
Rush by with flaring torch; he likewise enter'd—
There was another and a longer pause—
And once, methought, I heard the clash of swords,
And soon the son of Velez reappear'd.
He flung his torch towards the moon in sport,
And seem'd as he were mirthful! I stood listening
Impatient for the footsteps of my husband!
Maurice. Thou called'st him?
Alhadra. I crept into the cavern:

375 Stage-direction *All* (*kneeling*). *Remorse.* *After* 375 *Alhadra.* This night your chieftain armed himself *Remorse.* *Affixed to* 375 (*not in S. T. C.'s handwriting*) *and erased*:

Naomi.
Proceed, proceed, Alhadra.
Alhadra.
Yestermorning
He stood before our house, startful and gloomy,
And stirr'd up fierce dispute with Ferdinand,
I saw him when the vehement Gripe of Conscience
Had wrenched his features to a visible agony.
When he was gone Ferdinand sighed out 'Villain'
And spake no other word.
Warville (*mournfully*).
The brother of Albert. *MS. III erased.*

[*Note.*—Warville was a character introduced into the deleted passage 360-70, the name being always altered by S. T. C. to 'Maurice'.]

376-84 *om. Remorse.* 384 its] their *Corr. in MS. III.* 386 *there*] there *Remorse.* 388 a pause] a while *Remorse.*

'Twas dark and very silent. [*Then wildly.*
What said'st thou?
No, no! I did not dare call, Ferdinand!
Lest I should hear no answer. A brief while,
Belike, I lost all thought and memory
Of that for which I came! After that pause,
O God! I heard a groan!—and follow'd it.
And yet another groan—which guided me
Into a strange recess—and there was *light*,
A *hideous* light! his torch lay on the ground—
Its flame burnt dimly o'er a chasm's brink.
I spake—and while I spake, a feeble groan
Came from that chasm! It was his last! his death groan!
Maurice. Comfort her, comfort her, Almighty Father!
Alhadra. I stood in unimaginable trance
And agony, that cannot be remember'd,
Listening with horrid hope to hear a groan!
But I had heard his last—my husband's death-groan!
Naomi. Haste! let us go!
Alhadra. I look'd far down the pit.
My sight was bounded by a jutting fragment,
And it was stain'd with blood! Then first I shriek'd!
My eyeballs burnt! my brain grew hot as fire!
And all the hanging drops of the wet roof
Turn'd into blood. I saw them turn to blood!
And I was leaping wildly down the chasm
When on the further brink I saw his sword,
And it said, Vengeance! Curses on my tongue!
The moon hath moved in heaven, and I am here,
And he hath not had vengeance! Ferdinand!
Spirit of Ferdinand! thy murderer lives!
Away! away! [*She rushes off, all following.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT

397 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 399 A brief while] A little while *Corr. in MS. III erased.* 402 God] Heaven *Remorse.* 404 *light*] light *Remorse.* 405 *hideous*] hideous *Remorse.* 407 while] whilst *Remorse.* 409 *Erased MS. III. Naomi.* Comfort her, Alla! *Remorse.* 414 go] onward *Remorse* 421 his] the *MS. III. After* 425 *All.* Away! away! [*She rushes off, all following her. Remorse.*

ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE THE FIRST.—*The Sea Shore.*

NAOMI *and a* Moresco.

Moresco. This was no time for freaks of useless vengeance.
Naomi. True! but Francesco, the Inquisitor,
Thou know'st the bloodhound—'twas a strong temptation.
And when they pass'd within a mile of his house,
We could not curb them in. They swore by Mahomet,
It were a deed of treachery to their brethren
To sail from Spain and leave that man alive.
Moresco. Where is Alhadra?
Naomi. She moved steadily on
Unswerving from the path of her resolve.
Yet each strange object fix'd her eye: for grief
Doth love to dally with fantastic shapes,
And smiling, like a sickly moralist,
Gives some resemblance of her own concerns
To the straws of chance, and things inanimate.
I seek her here; stand thou upon the watch.
[*Exit* Moresco.
Naomi (*looking wistfully to the distance*). Stretch'd on the rock! It must be she—Alhadra!
[ALHADRA *rises from the rock, and advances slowly, as if musing.*
Naomi. Once more, well met! what ponder'st thou so deeply?
Alhadra. I scarce can tell thee! For my many thoughts
Troubled me, till with blank and naked mind
I only listen'd to the dashing billows.
It seems to me, I could have closed my eyes
And wak'd without a dream of what has pass'd;
So well it counterfeited quietness,
This wearied heart of mine!
Naomi. 'Tis thus by nature
Wisely ordain'd, that so excess of sorrow
Might bring its own cure with it.
Alhadra. Would to Heaven

1–106 *om. Remorse.*

That it had brought its last and certain cure!
That ruin in the wood.
Naomi. It is a place
Of ominous fame; but 'twas the shortest road,
Nor could we else have kept clear of the village.
Yet some among us, as they scal'd the wall,
Mutter'd old rhyming prayers.
Alhadra. On that broad wall
I saw a skull; a poppy grew beside it,
There was a ghastly solace in the sight!
Naomi. I mark'd it not, and in good truth the night-bird
Curdled my blood, even till it prick'd the heart.
Its note comes dreariest in the fall of the year:
[*Looking round impatiently.*
Why don't they come? I will go forth and meet them.
[*Exit* NAOMI.
Alhadra (*alone*). The hanging woods, that touch'd by autumn seem'd
As they were blossoming hues of fire and gold,
The hanging woods, most lovely in decay,
The many clouds, the sea, the rock, the sands,
Lay in the silent moonshine; and the owl,
(Strange! very strange!) the scritch owl only wak'd,
Sole voice, sole eye of all that world of beauty!
Why such a thing am I! Where are these men?
I need the sympathy of human faces
To beat away this deep contempt for all things
Which quenches my revenge. Oh!—would to Alla
The raven and the sea-mew were appointed
To bring me food, or rather that my soul
Could drink in life from the universal air!
It were a lot divine in some small skiff,
Along some ocean's boundless solitude,
To float for ever with a careless course,
And think myself the only being alive! [NAOMI *re-enters.*
Naomi. Thy children——
Alhadra. Children? *Whose* children? [*A pause—then fiercely.*
Son of Velez,

39 The hanging] Yon pendent *Corr. in MS. III.* 41 hanging] {pendent / flowerlike *Corr. in MS. III.* 45 that] this *Corr. in MS. III.*
Affixed to 57] *Naomi, the second in command to Isidore, enters in haste. MS. III erased.*

This hath new-strung my arm! Thou coward tyrant,
To stupify a woman's heart with anguish,
Till she forgot even that she was a mother!

[*A noise—enter a part of the* Morescoes; *and from the opposite side of the stage a* Moorish Seaman.

Moorish Seaman. The boat is on the shore, the vessel waits.
Your wives and children are already stow'd;
I left them prattling of the Barbary coast,
Of Mosks, and minarets, and golden crescents.
Each had her separate dream; but all were gay,
Dancing, in thought, to finger-beaten timbrels!

[*Enter* MAURICE *and the rest of the* Morescoes *dragging in* FRANCESCO.

Francesco. O spare me, spare me! only spare my life!

An Old Man. All hail, Alhadra! O that thou hadst heard him
When first we dragg'd him forth! [*Then turning to the band.* Here! in her presence——

[*He advances with his sword as about to kill him.* MAURICE *leaps in and stands with his drawn sword between* FRANCESCO *and the* Morescoes.

Maurice. Nay, but ye shall not!

Old Man. Shall not? Hah? Shall not?

Maurice. What, an unarm'd man?
A man that never wore a sword? A priest?
It is unsoldierly! I say, ye shall not!

Old Man (*turning to the bands*). He bears himself most like an insolent Spaniard!

Maurice. And ye like slaves, that have destroy'd their master,
But know not yet what freedom means; how holy
And just a thing it is! He's a fall'n foe!
Come, come, forgive him!

All. No, by Mahomet!

Francesco. O mercy, mercy! talk to them of mercy!

Old Man. Mercy to thee! No, no, by Mahomet!

Maurice. Nay, Mahomet taught mercy and forgiveness.
I am sure he did!

Old Man. Ha! Ha! Forgiveness! Mercy!

Maurice. If he did not, he needs it for himself!

After 61 *stage-direction erased MS. III.* 62 *Moorish Seaman*] *Naomi Corr. in MS. III.*

Alhadra. Blaspheming fool! the law of Mahomet
Was given by him, who framed the soul of man.
This the best proof—it fits the soul of man!
Ambition, glory, thirst of enterprize,
The deep and stubborn purpose of revenge,
With all the boiling revelries of pleasure—
These grow in the heart, yea, intertwine their roots
With its minutest fibres! And that Being
Who made us, laughs to scorn the lying faith,
Whose puny precepts, like a wall of sand,
Would stem the full tide of predestined Nature!
Naomi (*who turns toward Francesco with his sword*). Speak!
All (*to Alhadra*). Speak!
Alhadra. Is the murderer of your chieftain dead?
Now as God liveth, who hath suffer'd him
To make my children orphans, none shall die
Till I have seen his blood!
Off with him to the vessel!
[*A part of the* Morescoes *hurry him off.*
Alhadra. The Tyger, that with unquench'd cruelty,
Still thirsts for blood, leaps on the hunter's spear
With prodigal courage. 'Tis not so with man.
Maurice. It is not so, remember that, my friends!
Cowards are cruel, and the cruel cowards.
Alhadra. Scatter yourselves, take each a separate way,
And move in silence to the house of Velez. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*A Dungeon.*

ALBERT (*alone*) *rises slowly from a bed of reeds.*

Albert. And this place my forefathers made for men!
This is the process of our love and wisdom
To each poor brother who offends against us—
Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty?
Is this the only cure? Merciful God!
Each pore and natural outlet shrivell'd up
By ignorance and parching poverty,
His energies roll back upon his heart,
And stagnate and corrupt till changed to poison,

100-106 *Erased MS. III.* 107 foll.] *vide ante*, 'The Dungeon,' p. 185.

They break out on him like a loathsome plague-spot!
Then we call in our pamper'd mountebanks—
And this is their best cure! uncomforted
And friendless solitude, groaning and tears,
And savage faces at the clanking hour
Seen thro' the steaming vapours of his dungeon
By the lamp's dismal twilight! So he lies
Circled with evil, till his very soul
Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deform'd
By sights of ever more deformity!
With other ministrations thou, O Nature!
Healest thy wandering and distemper'd child:
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets,
Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters,
Till he relent, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy;
But bursting into tears wins back his way,
His angry spirit heal'd and harmoniz'd
By the benignant touch of love and beauty.

[*A noise at the dungeon-door. It opens, and* OSORIO *enters with a goblet in his hand.*

121 steaming] steam and *Corr. in MS. III, Remorse.* 125 ever more] evermore *Remorse.*

After 136 I am chill and weary! Yon rude bench of stone,
In that dark angle, the sole resting-place!
But the self-approving mind is its own light,
And Life's best warmth still radiates from the heart
Where love sits brooding, and an honest purpose.

Enter TERESA. [*Retires out of sight.*

Corr. in MS. III, Remorse.

Stage-direction affixed to 136 *and* 136-9 *erased in MS. III: om. Remorse.*

Between 136 *and* 137.

I am chill and weary, &c. . . . honest purpose.

Enter TERESA *with a taper.*

Teresa. It has chilled my very life—my own voice scares me;
Yet when I hear it not I seem to lose
The substance of my being—my strongest grasp
Sends inwards but weak witness that I am.
I seek to cheat the echo.—How the half sounds
Blend with this strangled light! Is he not here— [*Looking round.*
O for one human face here—but to see
One human face here to sustain me.—Courage!
It is but my own fear! The life within me,

Osorio. Hail, potent wizard! In my gayer mood
I pour'd forth a libation to old Pluto;

It sinks and wavers like this cone of flame,
Beyond which I scarce dare look onward! Oh!
If I faint? If this inhuman den should be
At once my death-bed and my burial vault?
[*Faintly screams as* ALVAR *emerges from the recess.*
Alvar (*rushes towards her, and catches her as she is falling*). O gracious
heaven! it is, it is Teresa!
Shall I reveal myself? The sudden shock
Of rapture will blow out this spark of life,
And joy complete what terror has begun.
O ye impetuous beatings here, be still!
Teresa, best beloved! pale, pale, and cold!
Her pulse doth flutter! Teresa! my Teresa!
Teresa (*recovering*). I heard a voice; but often in my dreams
I hear that voice! and wake and try—and try—
To hear it waking! but I never could—
And 'tis so now—even so! Well! he is dead—
Murdered perhaps! And I am faint, and feel
As if it were no painful thing to die!
Alvar. Believe it not, sweet maid! Believe it not,
Beloved woman! 'Twas a low imposture
Framed by a guilty wretch.
Teresa. Ha! Who art thou?
Alvar. Suborned by his brother—
Teresa. Didst thou murder him?
And dost thou now repent? Poor troubled man,
I do forgive thee, and may Heaven forgive thee!
Alvar. Ordonio—he——
Teresa. If thou didst murder him—
His spirit ever at the throne of God
Asks mercy for thee: prays for mercy for thee,
With tears in Heaven!
Alvar. Alvar was not murdered.
Be calm! be calm, sweet maid!
Teresa. Nay, nay, but tell me! [*A pause.*
O 'tis lost again!
This dull confused pain— [*A pause.*
Mysterious man!
Methinks I can not fear thee: for thine eye
Doth swim with love and pity—Well! Ordonio—
Oh my foreboding heart! And he suborned thee,
And thou didst spare his life? Blessings shower on thee,
As many as the drops twice counted o'er
In the fond faithful heart of his Teresa!
Alvar. I can endure no more. The Moorish sorcerer
Exists but in the stain upon his face.
That picture——
Teresa. Ha! speak on!
Alvar. Beloved Teresa!

And as I brimm'd the bowl, I thought of thee!
Albert (in a low voice). I have not summon'd up my heart to give
That pang, which I must give thee, son of Velez!
Osorio (with affected levity). Thou hast conspired against my life and honour,
Hast trick'd me foully; yet I hate thee not!
Why should I hate thee? This same world of ours—
It is a puddle in a storm of rain,
And we the air-bladders, that course up and down,
And joust and tilt in merry tournament,
And when one bubble runs foul of another,
[*Waving his hand at* ALBERT.
The lesser must needs break!
Albert. I see thy heart!
There is a frightful glitter in thine eye,

It told but half the truth. O let this portrait
Tell all—that Alvar lives—that he is here!
Thy much deceived but ever faithful Alvar.
[*Takes her portrait from his neck, and gives it her.*
Teresa (receiving the portrait). The same—it is the same. Ah! Who art thou?
Nay, I will call thee, Alvar! [*She falls on his neck.*
Alvar. O joy unutterable!
But hark! a sound as of removing bars
At the dungeon's outer door. A brief, brief while
Conceal thyself, my love! It is Ordonio.
For the honour of our race, for our dear father;
O for himself too (he is still my brother)
Let me recall him to his nobler nature,
That he may wake as from a dream of murder!
O let me reconcile him to himself,
Open the sacred source of penitent tears,
And be once more his own beloved Alvar.
Teresa. O my all virtuous love! I fear to leave thee
With that obdurate man.
Alvar. Thou dost not leave me!
But a brief while retire into the darkness:
O that my joy could spread its sunshine round thee!
Teresa. The sound of thy voice shall be my music!
Alvar! my Alvar! am I sure I hold thee?
Is it no dream? thee in my arms, my Alvar! [*Exit.*
[*A noise at the dungeon door. It opens, and* ORDONIO *enters, with a goblet in his hand. Remorse.*

139 of] on *Remorse.* 140–1 *and stage-direction before* 142 *om. Remorse.* 145 'Tis but a pool amid a storm of rain *Remorse.* 148 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 149 lesser must needs] weaker needs must *Remorse.*

Which doth betray thee. Crazy-conscienc'd man,
This is the gaiety of drunken anguish,
Which fain would scoff away the pang of guilt,
And quell each human feeling!
Osorio. Feeling! feeling!
The death of a man—the breaking of a bubble.
'Tis true, I cannot sob for such misfortunes!
But faintness, cold, and hunger—curses on me
If willingly I e'er inflicted them!
Come, share the beverage—this chill place demands it.
Friendship and wine! [OSORIO *proffers him the goblet.*
Albert. Yon insect on the wall,
Which moves this way and that its hundred legs,
Were it a toy of mere mechanic craft,
It were an infinitely curious thing!
But it has life, Osorio! life and thought;
And by the power of its miraculous will
Wields all the complex movements of its frame
Unerringly, to pleasurable ends!
Saw I that insect on this goblet's brink,
I would remove it with an eager terror.
Osorio. What meanest thou?
Albert. There 's poison in the wine.
Osorio. Thou hast guess'd well. There 's poison in the wine.
Shall we throw dice, which of us two shall drink it?
For one of us must die!
Albert. Whom dost thou think me?
Osorio. The accomplice and sworn friend of Ferdinand.
Albert. Ferdinand! Ferdinand! 'tis a name I know not.
Osorio. Good! good! that lie! by Heaven! it has restor'd me.

151–2 Inly-tortured man,
This is the revelry of a drunken anguish *Remorse.*
Before 160 [ORDONIO *proffers the goblet. Remorse.* 160 Friendship and wine *om. Remorse.* 161 legs] limbs *Remorse.* 164 life and thought] life, enjoyment *Remorse.* 168 brink] brim *Remorse.* 169 I would remove it with an anxious pity *Remorse.*
171–2 Thou hast guessed right; there 's poison in the wine.
There's poison in 't—which of us two shall drink it? *Remorse.*
Between 174 *and* 176: *Alvar.* I know him not.
And yet methinks, I have heard the name but lately.
Means he the husband of the Moorish woman?
Isidore? Isidore? *Remorse.*
175 *om. Remorse.*

Now I am thy master! Villain, thou shalt drink it,
Or die a bitterer death.
Albert. What strange solution
Hast thou found out to satisfy thy fears,
And drug them to unnatural sleep?
[ALBERT *takes the goblet, and with a sigh throws it on the ground.*
My master!
Osorio. Thou mountebank!
Albert. Mountebank and villain!
What then art thou? For shame, put up thy sword!
What boots a weapon in a wither'd arm?
I fix mine eye upon thee, and thou tremblest!
I speak—and fear and wonder crush thy rage,
And turn it to a motionless distraction!
Thou blind self-worshipper! thy pride, thy cunning,
Thy faith in universal villainy,
Thy shallow sophisms, thy pretended scorn
For all thy human brethren—out upon them!
What have they done for thee? Have they given thee peace?
Cured thee of starting in thy sleep? or made
The darkness pleasant, when thou wakest at midnight?
Art happy when alone? can'st walk by thyself
With even step, and quiet cheerfulness?
Yet, yet thou mayst be saved.
Osorio (*stupidly reiterating the word*). Saved? saved?
Albert. One pang—
Could I call up one pang of true remorse!
Osorio. He told me of the babe, that prattled to him,
His fatherless little ones! Remorse! remorse!
Where gott'st thou that fool's word? Curse on remorse!
Can it give up the dead, or recompact
A mangled body—mangled, dash'd to atoms!
Not all the blessings of an host of angels
Can blow away a desolate widow's curse;
And tho' thou spill thy heart's blood for atonement.
It will not weigh against an orphan's tear.
Albert (*almost overcome by his feelings*). But Albert——
Osorio. Ha! it chokes thee in the throat,

180 Stage-direction [ALVAR *takes the goblet, and throws it to the ground. Remorse.* *My*] My *Remorse.* 196 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 198 babe] babes *Remorse.* 207 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

Even thee! and yet, I pray thee, speak it out.
Still Albert! Albert! Howl it in mine ear!
Heap it, like coals of fire, upon my heart!
And shoot it hissing through my brain!
Albert. Alas—
That day, when thou didst leap from off the rock
Into the waves, and grasp'd thy sinking brother,
And bore him to the strand, then, son of Velez!
How sweet and musical the name of Albert!
Then, then, Osorio! he was dear to thee,
And thou wert dear to him. Heaven only knows
How very dear thou wert! Why didst thou hate him?
O Heaven! how he would fall upon thy neck,
And weep forgiveness!
Osorio. Spirit of the dead!
Methinks I know thee! Ha!—my brain turns wild
At its own dreams—off—off, fantastic shadow!
Albert (*seizing his hand*). I fain would tell thee what I am, but dare not!
Osorio (*retiring from him*). Cheat, villain, traitor! whatsoe'er thou be
I fear thee, man!
[*He starts, and stands in the attitude of listening.*
And is *this* too my madness?
Albert. It is the step of one that treads in fear
Seeking to cheat the echo.
Osorio. It approaches—
This nook shall hide me.
[MARIA *enters from a plank which slips to and fro.*
Maria. I have put aside
The customs and the terrors of a woman,
To work out thy escape. Stranger! begone,
And only tell me what thou know'st of Albert.
[ALBERT *takes her portrait from his neck, and gives it her with unutterable tenderness.*

223 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 224 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 225–35 *om. Remorse.*

Between 225 *and* 235

Teresa (*rushing out and falling on* ALVAR'S *neck*).
Ordonio! 'tis thy brother!
[ORDONIO *runs upon* ALVAR *with his sword.* TERESA *flings herself on* ORDONIO *and arrests his arm.*
Stop, madman, stop! *Remorse.*

Albert. Maria! *my* Maria!
Maria. Do not mock me.
This is my face—and thou—ha! who art thou?
Nay, I will call thee Albert!

[*She falls upon his neck.* OSORIO *leaps out from the nook with frantic wildness, and rushes towards* ALBERT *with his sword.* MARIA *gazes at him, as one helpless with terror, then leaves* ALBERT, *and flings herself upon* OSORIO, *arresting his arm.*

Maria. Madman, stop!
Albert (*with majesty and tenderness*). Does then this thin disguise impenetrably
Hide Albert from thee? Toil and painful wounds,
And long imprisonment in unwholesome dungeons,
Have marr'd perhaps all trace and lineament
Of what I was! But chiefly, chiefly, brother!
My anguish for thy guilt. Spotless Maria,
I thought thee guilty too! Osorio, brother!
Nay, nay, thou *shalt* embrace me!
Osorio (*drawing back and gazing at Albert with a countenance expressive at once of awe and terror*). Touch me not!
Touch not pollution, Albert!—I will die!

[*He attempts to fall on his sword.* ALBERT *and* MARIA *struggle with him.*

Albert. We will invent some tale to save your honour.
Live, live, Osorio!
Maria. You may yet be happy.
Osorio (*looking at Maria*). O horror! Not a thousand years in heaven
Could recompose this miserable heart,
Or make it capable of one brief joy.
Live! live!—why yes! 'Twere well to live with you—

235 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 238 trace] trial *corr. in MS. III*; trait *Remorse.* 240-41 Spotless... guilty too *om. Remorse.* 242 *shalt*] shalt *Remorse.* *After* 242 *stage-direction* (*Drawing back and gazing at Alvar*) *Remorse.*

Between 243 *and* 245

Alvar. We will find means to save your honour. Live,
Oh live, Ordonio! for our father's sake!
Spare his gray hairs!
Teresa. And you may yet be happy
Ordonio. O horror, &c. *Remorse.*

After 243 *struggle with*] *prevent Remorse.*

For is it fit a villain should be proud?
My brother! I will kneel to you, my brother!
[*Throws himself at* ALBERT'S *feet.*
Forgive me, Albert!—*Curse* me with forgiveness!
Albert. Call back thy soul, my brother! and look round thee.
Now is the time for greatness. Think that Heaven——
Maria. O mark his eye! he hears not what you say.
Osorio (*pointing at vacancy*). Yes, mark his eye! there's fascination in it.
Thou said'st thou didst not know him. That is he!
He comes upon me!
Albert (*lifting his eye to heaven*). Heal, O heal him, Heaven!
Osorio. Nearer and nearer! And I cannot stir!
Will no one hear these stifled groans, and wake me?
He would have died to save me, and I kill'd him—
A husband and a father!
Maria. Some secret poison
Drinks up his spirit!
Osorio (*fiercely recollecting himself*). Let the eternal Justice
Prepare my punishment in the obscure world.
I will not bear to live—to live! O agony!
And be myself alone, my own sore torment!
[*The doors of the dungeon are burst open with a crash.* ALHADRA, MAURICE, *and the band of* Morescoes *enter.*
Alhadra (*pointing at Osorio*). Seize first that man!
[*The* Moors *press round.*
Albert (*rushing in among them*). Draw thy sword, Maurice, and defend my brother.
[*A scuffle, during which they disarm* MAURICE.
Osorio. Off, ruffians! I have flung away my sword.
Woman, my life is thine! to thee I give it.
Off! he that touches me with his hand of flesh,
I'll rend his limbs asunder! I have strength
With this bare arm to scatter you like ashes!

After 251 [*Throws himself, &c.*] *Kneeling Remorse.* 252 *Curse*] Curse *Remorse.* 253 my brother] Ordonio *Remorse.* 256 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 258 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 263 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*

After 266 [*The doors of the dungeon are broken open, and in rush* ALHADRA, *and the band of* Morescoes.
Alh. Seize first that man!
[ALVAR *presses onward to defend* ORDONIO.
Ord. Off, &c. *Remorse.*

Alhadra. My husband——
Osorio. Yes! I murder'd him most foully.
Albert (*throws himself on the earth*). O horrible!
Alhadra. Why didst thou leave his children?
Demon! thou shouldst have sent thy dogs of hell
To lap *their* blood. Then, then, I might have harden'd
My soul in misery, and have had comfort.
I would have stood far off, quiet tho' dark,
And bade the race of men raise up a mourning
For the deep horror of a desolation
Too great to be one soul's particular lot!
Brother of Zagri! let me lean upon thee.
[*Struggling to suppress her anguish.*
The time is not yet come for woman's anguish—
I have not seen his blood. Within an hour
Those little ones will crowd around and ask me,
Where is our father? [*Looks at* OSORIO.
I shall curse thee then!
Wert thou in heaven, my curse would pluck thee thence!
Maria. See—see! he doth repent. I kneel to thee.
Be merciful!
[MARIA *kneels to her.* ALHADRA *regards her face wistfully.*
Alhadra. Thou art young and innocent;
'Twere merciful to kill thee! Yet I will not.
And for thy sake none of this house shall perish,

274 *Alvar and Teresa.* O horrible *Remorse.* 277 *their*] their *Remorse.*
283 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.* 287 Stage-direction *om. Remorse.*
Between 288 *and* 304 :
Teresa. He doth repent! See, see, I kneel to thee!
O let him live! That aged man, his father——
Alhadra. Why had he such a son?
[*Shouts from the distance of,* Rescue! Rescue! Alvar! Alvar! *and the voice of* VALDEZ *heard.*
Rescue?—and Isidore's spirit unavenged?—
The deed be mine! [*Suddenly stabs* ORDONIO.
Now take my Life!
Ordonio (*staggering from the wound*). Atonement!
Alvar (*while with* TERESA *supporting* ORDONIO). Arm of avenging Heaven
Thou hast snatched from me my most cherished hope—
But go! my word was pledged to thee.
Ordonio. Away!
Brave not my father's rage! I thank thee! Thou—
[*Then turning his eyes languidly to* ALVAR.
She hath avenged the blood of Isidore!
I stood in silence like a slave before her *Remorse.*
290-303 *om. Remorse.*

Save only he.

Maria. That aged man, his father!

Alhadra (*sternly*). Why had he such a son?

[*The* Moors *press on.*

Maria (*still kneeling, and wild with affright*). Yet spare his life!
They must not murder him!

Alhadra. And is it then

An enviable lot to waste away
With inward wounds, and like the spirit of chaos
To wander on disquietly thro' the earth,
Cursing all lovely things? to let him live—
It were a deep revenge!

All the band cry out—No mercy! no mercy!

[NAOMI *advances with the sword towards* OSORIO.

Alhadra. Nay, bear him forth! Why should this innocent maid
Behold the ugliness of death?

Osorio (*with great majesty*). O woman!
I have stood silent like a slave[1] before thee,
That I might taste the wormwood and the gall,
And satiate this self-accusing spirit
With bitterer agonies than death can give.

[*The* Moors *gather round him in a crowd, and pass off the stage.*

Alhadra. I thank thee, Heaven! thou hast ordain'd it wisely,
That still extremes bring their own cure. That point
In misery which makes the oppressed man
Regardless of his own life, makes him too
Lord of the oppressor's! Knew I an hundred men
Despairing, but not palsied by despair,
This arm should shake the kingdoms of this world;

[1] In *MS. II* 'worm' has the place of 'slave', which is the word in *MS. I.*

Affixed to 300 ALHADRA *snatches it from him and suddenly stabs* ORDONIO. ALVAR *rushes towards him through the* Moors, *and catches him in his arms, &c. MS. III.*

303-4 'Tis well! thou hast avenged thyself
I have stood in silence like a slave before thee *Corr. in MS. III.*

305 spirit] heart *Remorse.*

After 306
Forgive me, Alvar! O couldst thou forgive thyself. *Corr. in MS. III.*
Forgive me, Alvar!
Oh!—couldst thou forget me! [*Dies.*
[ALVAR *and* TERESA *bend over the body of* ORDONIO.
Alh. (*to the* Moors). I thank thee, Heaven! &c. *Remorse.*

The deep foundations of iniquity
Should sink away, earth groaning from beneath them;
The strong holds of the cruel men should fall,
Their temples and their mountainous towers should fall;
Till desolation seem'd a beautiful thing,
And all that were and had the spirit of life
Sang a new song to him who had gone forth
Conquering and still to conquer!

THE END[1]

[1] On a blank page of *MS. III* some one, probably Bowles, has written :— 'Upon the whole a very masterly production, and with judicious contractments might be rendered an interesting Drama on the stage.'

Shouts of Alvar! *Alvar! Noises heard; a* Moor *rushes in.*
Moor. We are surprised, away! away! the instant—
The country is in arms. The old man heads them
And still cries out, 'My son! My son is living'
Haste to the shore! They come the opposite road.
ALHADRA (*to* ALVAR).
Thou then art Alvar! to my aid and safety
Thy word stands pledged. *Alvar.* Arm of avenging Heaven!
My word stands pledged nor shall it be retracted.
(*The* Moors *surround* ALHADRA) *and force her off. The stage fills with armed peasants.* ALI *and* VALDEZ *at their head.* VALDEZ *rushes into* ALVAR'S *arms and the Curtain drops.*
[*Alternative ending in S. T. C.'s handwriting affixed to lines* 307–21, *MS. III.*]

320 him] her *Remorse.*

After 321 [ALHADRA *hurries off with the* Moors; *the stage fills with armed* Peasants *and* Servants, ZULIMEZ *and* VALDEZ *at their head.* VALDEZ *rushes into* ALVAR'S *arms.*
Alvar. Turn not thy face that way, my father! hide,
Oh hide it from his eye! Oh let thy joy
Flow in unmingled stream through thy first blessing.
[*both kneel to* VALDEZ.
Valdez. My Son! My Alvar! bless, Oh bless him, heaven!
Teresa. Me too, my Father?
Valdez. Bless, Oh, bless my children! [*both rise.*
Alvar. Delights so full, if unalloyed with grief,
Were ominous. In these strange dread events
Just Heaven instructs us with an awful voice,
That Conscience rules us e'en against our choice.
Our inward monitress to guide or warn,
If listened to; but if repelled with scorn,
At length as dire Remorse, she reappears,
Works in our guilty hopes, and selfish fears!
Still bids, Remember! and still cries, Too late!
And while she scares us, goads us to our fate. *Remorse.*

THE PICCOLOMINI[1]

OR, THE FIRST PART OF WALLENSTEIN

A DRAMA

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

IT was my intention to have prefixed a Life of Wallenstein to this translation; but I found that it must either have occupied a space wholly disproportionate to the nature of the publication, or have been merely a meagre catalogue of events narrated not more fully than they already are in the Play itself. The recent translation, likewise, of Schiller's *History of the Thirty Years'*

[1] First published in a single octavo volume, 1800: included in 1828, 1829, 1834, and in *Dramatic Works* (one vol. 8vo) 1852. The *Piccolomini* and the *Death of Wallenstein* were translated from MS. copies which had been acquired by the Messrs. Longman. The MS. copy of the original of the *Death of Wallenstein* is in the possession of Mrs. Alexander Gillman. The MS. of the copy of the original of the *Piccolomini* was at one time in the possession of Mr. Henry R. Mark of 17 Highbury Crescent. A note in Schiller's handwriting, dated 'Jena, 30. September 1799', attesting the genuineness of the copies, is attached to either play. The MS. copy of *Wallenstein's Camp* ('Wallenstein's Lager'), which Coleridge did not attempt to translate, is not forthcoming. See two articles by Ferdinand Freiligrath, published in the *Athenæum*, July 15 and August 31, 1861. See, too, *Die Wallensteinübersetzung von Samuel T. Coleridge und ihr Deutsches Original* . . . vorgelegt von Hans Roscher. Borna-Leipzig, 1905. A copy of the translation which Macready marked for acting is in the Forster Library, which forms part of the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington. See note by J. Dykes Campbell, *P. W.*, 1893, p. 649. An annotated copy (in Coleridge's handwriting) of the translation of the *Piccolomini* and the *Death of Wallenstein*, presented by Mr. Shadworth Hodgson, is in the Library of Rugby School [*MS. R.*]. The MS. contents of this volume are now published for the first time. Coleridge began his translation of the two plays at No. 21 Buckingham Street, Strand, in December, 1799, and finished the 'last sheet' at Town End, Grasmere, April 20, 1800.

'These dramas have two grievous faults: they are prolix in the particular parts and slow in the general movement. But they have passion, distinct and diversified character, and they abound in passages of great moral and poetic beauty.' S. T. COLERIDGE.

'The defects of these dramas are all of an instructive character; for tho' not the products of genius, like those of Shakespere, they result from an energetic and thinking mind. (1) The speeches are seldom suited to characters—the characters are truly diversified and distinctly conceived—but *we* learn them from the actions and from the descriptions given by other characters, or from particular speeches. The brutal Illo repeatedly talks language which belongs to the Countess, &c. (2) Astrology (an undramatic superstition because it inspires no terror, and its founda-

War diminished the motives thereto. In the translation I endeavoured to render my Author literally wherever I was not prevented by absolute differences of idiom; but I am conscious that in two or three short passages I have been guilty of dilating the original; and, from anxiety to give the full meaning, have weakened the force. In the metre I have availed myself of no other liberties than those which Schiller had permitted to himself, except the occasional breaking-up of the line by the substitution of a trochee for an iambus; of which liberty, so frequent in our tragedies, I find no instance in these dramas.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

tion of imagination is overbuilt and concealed by its scientific superstructure, with other cause from the imagery, is thus unpopular or swallowed up in more general and pleasing associations, as the Sun and Moon) Astrology is made prophetic, and yet treated ludicrously: the author as philosopher is in compleat discord with himself as Historian. This is a most grievous fault. (3) The assassins talk ludicrously. This is a most egregious misimitation of Shakespere—Schiller should not have attempted tragicocomedy, and none but Shakespere has succeeded. It is wonderful, however, that Schiller, who had studied Shakespere, should not have perceived his divine judgment in the management of his assassins, as in Macbeth. They are fearful and almost pitiable Beings—not loathsome, ludicrous miscreants. (4) The character of Thekla = 0, the bold Heroine of any novel. Nothing of the Convent, no superstition, nothing of the Daughter of Wallenstein, nothing that her past life is represented by. (5) Wallenstein is a finer psychological than dramatic, and a more dramatic than a tragic character. Shakespere draws *strength* as in Richard the Third, and even when he blends weakness as in Macbeth—yet it is weakness of a specific kind that leaves the strength in full and fearful energy—but Schiller has drawn weakness imposing on itself the love of power for the sense of strength (a fine conception in itself, but not tragic—at least for the principal character of a long drama).—Hence Wallenstein, with one exception (that of the Regimental Deputation to him in the Second Part) evaporates in mock-mysterious speeches. These are the chief defects, I think. On the other hand, the character of Butler is admirable throughout. Octavio is very grand, and Max, tho' it may be an easy character to draw, for a man of thought and lofty feeling—for a man who possesses all the *analoga* of genius, is yet so delightful, and its moral influence so grand and salutary, that we must allow it great praise. The childish love-toying with the glove and Aunt Tertsky in the first act should be omitted. Certain whole scenes are masterly, and far above anything since the dramatists of Eliz. & James the first.' *Note on fly-leaf of annotated copy* (*MS. R.*).

THE PICCOLOMINI[1]

ACT I

SCENE I

An old Gothic Chamber in the Council House at Pilsen, decorated with Colours and other War Insignia.

ILLO *with* BUTLER *and* ISOLANI.

Illo. Ye have come late—but ye are come! The distance,
Count Isolan, excuses your delay.

Isolani. Add this too, that we come not empty-handed.
At Donauwert[2] it was reported to us,
A Swedish caravan was on its way
Transporting a rich cargo of provision,

[1] In 1800 the following table of *Dramatis Personae* was prefixed to Act I of *The Piccolomini, or The First Part of Wallenstein.* In 1828, 1829, and 1834 this table was omitted.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

WALLENSTEIN, *Duke of Friedland, Generalissimo of the Imperial Forces in The Thirty-years' War.*
OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, *Lieutenant-General.*
MAX PICCOLOMINI, *his son, Colonel of a Regiment of Cuirassiers.*
COUNT TERTSKY, *the Commander of several Regiments, and Brother-in-law of Wallenstein.*
ILLO, *Field Marshal, Wallenstein's Confidant.*
ISOLANI, *General of the Croats.*
BUTLER, *an Irishman, Commander of a Regiment of Dragoons.*
TIEFENBACH,
DON MARADAS,
GOETZ,
KOLATTO,
} *Generals under Wallenstein.*
NEUMANN, *Captain of Cavalry, Aide-de-Camp to Tertsky.*
The War Commissioner, VON QUESTENBERG, *Imperial Envoy.*
GENERAL WRANGEL, *Swedish Envoy.*
BAPTISTA SENI, *Astrologer.*
DUCHESS OF FRIEDLAND, *Wife of Wallenstein.*
THEKLA, *her Daughter, Princess of Friedland.*
The COUNTESS TERTSKY, *Sister of the Duchess.*
A CORNET.
Several COLONELS *and* GENERALS.
PAGES *and* ATTENDANTS *belonging to Wallenstein.*
ATTENDANTS *and* HOBOISTS *belonging to Tertsky.*
The MASTER OF THE CELLAR *to Count Tertsky.*
VALET DE CHAMBRE *of Count Piccolomini.*

[2] A town about 12 German miles NE. of Ulm.

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1 *are 1800.*

Almost six hundred waggons. This my Croats
Plunged down upon and seized, this weighty prize!——
We bring it hither——
Illo. Just in time to banquet
The illustrious company assembled here.
Butler. 'Tis all alive! a stirring scene here!
Isolani. Ay!
The very churches are all full of soldiers.
And in the Council-house, too, I observe,
You're settled, quite at home! Well, well! we soldiers
Must shift and suit us in what way we can.
Illo. We have the Colonels here of thirty regiments.
You'll find Count Tertsky here, and Tiefenbach,
Kolatto, Goetz, Maradas, Hinnersam,
The Piccolomini, both son and father——
You'll meet with many an unexpected greeting
From many an old friend and acquaintance. Only
Galas is wanting still, and Altringer.
Butler. Expect not Galas.
Illo. How so? Do you know——
Isolani. Max Piccolomini here?—O bring me to him.
I see him yet, ('tis now ten years ago,
We were engaged with Mansfeld hard by Dessau)
I see the youth, in my mind's eye I see him,
Leap his black war-horse from the bridge adown,
And t'ward his father, then in extreme peril,
Beat up against the strong tide of the Elbe.
The down was scarce upon his chin! I hear
He has made good the promise of his youth,
And the full hero now is finished in him.
Illo. You'll see him yet ere evening. He conducts
The Duchess Friedland hither, and the Princess[1]
From Carnthen. We expect them here at noon.
Butler. Both wife and daughter does the Duke call hither?
He crowds in visitants from all sides.
Isolani. Hm!
So much the better! I had framed my mind

[1] The Dukes in Germany being always reigning powers, their sons and daughters are entitled Princes and Princesses. *1800, 1828, 1829.*

After 12 [*Casts his eye round. 1817, 1828, 1829.* 24 *Illo* (*hesitating*). How so? *1817, 1828, 1829.* *you 1800, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 25 *Isolani* (*interrupting him*). *1817, 1828, 1829.*

To hear of nought but warlike circumstance,
Of marches, and attacks, and batteries:
And lo! the Duke provides, that something too
Of gentler sort, and lovely, should be present
To feast our eyes.

Illo (*aside to Butler*). And how came you to know
That the Count Galas joins us not?

Butler. Because
He importuned me to remain behind.

Illo. And you?—You hold out firmly?
Noble Butler!

Butler. After the obligation which the Duke
Had laid so newly on me——

Illo. I had forgotten
A pleasant duty—Major-General,
I wish you joy!

Isolani. What, you mean, of his regiment?
I hear, too, that to make the gift still sweeter,
The Duke has given him the very same
In which he first saw service, and since then,
Worked himself, step by step, through each preferment,
From the ranks upwards. And verily, it gives
A precedent of hope, a spur of action
To the whole corps, if once in their remembrance
An old deserving soldier makes his way.

Butler. I am perplexed and doubtful, whether or no
I dare accept this your congratulation.
The Emperor has not yet confirmed the appointment.

Isolani. Seize it, friend! Seize it! The hand which in that post
Placed you, is strong enough to keep you there,
Spite of the Emperor and his Ministers!

Illo. Ay, if we would but so consider it!—
If we would all of us consider it so!
The Emperor gives us nothing; from the Duke
Comes all—whate'er we hope, whate'er we have.

Isolani (*to Illo*). My noble brother! did I tell you how
The Duke will satisfy my creditors?
Will be himself my banker for the future,

45 *Illo* (*who has been standing in the attitude of meditation, to Butler, whom he leads a little on one side*). And how, &c. *1817, 1828, 1829.* 48 *me 1800, 1828, 1829.* 49 *Illo* (*with warmth*). And you?—You hold out firmly? [*Grasping his hand with affection. 1817, 1828, 1829.* 70 *all 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Make me once more a creditable man!—
And this is now the third time, think of that!
This kingly-minded man has rescued me
From absolute ruin, and restored my honour.
Illo. O that his power but kept pace with his wishes!
Why, friend! he'd give the whole world to his soldiers.
But at Vienna, brother! here's the grievance!—
What politic schemes do they not lay to shorten
His arm, and, where they can, to clip his pinions.
Then these new dainty requisitions! these,
Which this same Questenberg brings hither!—
Butler. Ay,
These requisitions of the Emperor,—
I too have heard about them; but I hope
The Duke will not draw back a single inch!
Illo. Not from his right most surely, unless first
—From office!
Butler. Know you aught then? You alarm me.
Isolani (*at the same time with Butler, and in a hurrying voice*).
We should be ruined, every one of us!
Illo. No more!
Yonder I see our worthy friend[1] approaching
With the Lieutenant-General, Piccolomini.
Butler. I fear we shall not go hence as we came.

SCENE II

Enter OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI *and* QUESTENBERG.

Octavio. Ay, ay! more still! Still more new visitors!
Acknowledge, friend! that never was a camp,
Which held at once so many heads of heroes.
Welcome, Count Isolani!
Isolani. My noble brother,
Even now am I arrived; it had been else my duty—
Octavio. And Colonel Butler—trust me, I rejoice
Thus to renew acquaintance with a man
Whose worth and services I know and honour.
See, see, my friend!

[1] *Spoken with a sneer. 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Before 91 *Butler* (*shocked and confused*). *1817, 1828, 1829.* *aught 1800, 1828, 1829.* 93 *our worthy friend 1800, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 95 *Butler* (*shaking his head significantly*). *1817, 1828, 1829.* Scene II, *Before* 1 *Octavio* (*still in the distance*). *1817, 1828, 1829.* *After* 4 [*Approaching nearer. 1817, 1828, 1829.*

There might we place at once before our eyes
The sum of war's whole trade and mystery—
[*To* QUESTENBERG, *presenting* BUTLER *and* ISOLANI *at the same time to him.*
These two the total sum—Strength and Dispatch.
Questenberg (*to Octavio*). And lo! betwixt them both experienced Prudence!
Octavio (*presenting Questenberg to Butler and Isolani*). The Chamberlain and War-commissioner Questenberg,
The bearer of the Emperor's behests,
The long-tried friend and patron of all soldiers,
We honour in this noble visitor.
Illo. 'Tis not the first time, noble Minister,
You have shewn our camp this honour.
Questenberg. Once before
I stood before these colours.
Illo. Perchance too you remember where that was.
It was at Znäim[1] in Moravia, where
You did present yourself upon the part
Of the Emperor, to supplicate our Duke
That he would straight assume the chief command.
Questenberg. To supplicate? Nay, noble General!
So far extended neither my commission
(At least to my own knowledge) nor my zeal.
Illo. Well, well, then—to compel him, if you choose.
I can remember me right well, Count Tilly
Had suffered total rout upon the Lech.
Bavaria lay all open to the enemy,
Whom there was nothing to delay from pressing
Onwards into the very heart of Austria.
At that time you and Werdenberg appeared
Before our General, storming him with prayers,
And menacing the Emperor's displeasure,
Unless he took compassion on this wretchedness.
Isolani. Yes, yes, 'tis comprehensible enough,
Wherefore with your commission of to-day

[1] A town not far from the Mine-mountains, on the high road from Vienna to Prague.

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17 We honour in this noble visitor. [*Universal silence.*
Illo (*moving towards Questenberg*). 'Tis not, &c. *1817, 1828, 1829.*
21 *where 1800, 1828, 1829.* 26 *supplicate 1800, 1828, 1829.* 30 *compel 1800, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 39 *Isolani* (*steps up to them*). *1817, 1828, 1829.*

You were not all too willing to remember
Your former one.
Questenberg. Why not, Count Isolan?
No contradiction sure exists between them.
It was the urgent business of that time
To snatch Bavaria from her enemy's hand;
And my commission of to-day instructs me
To free her from her good friends and protectors.
Illo. A worthy office! After with our blood
We have wrested this Bohemia from the Saxon,
To be swept out of it is all our thanks,
The sole reward of all our hard-won victories.
Questenberg. Unless that wretched land be doomed to suffer
Only a change of evils, it must be
Freed from the scourge alike of friend and foe.
Illo. What? 'Twas a favourable year; the Boors
Can answer fresh demands already.
Questenberg. Nay,
If you discourse of herds and meadow-grounds—
Isolani. The war maintains the war. Are the Boors ruined,
The Emperor gains so many more new soldiers.
Questenberg. And is the poorer by even so many subjects.
Isolani. Poh! We are all his subjects.
Questenberg. Yet with a difference, General! The one fill
With profitable industry the purse,
The others are well skilled to empty it.
The sword has made the Emperor poor; the plough
Must reinvigorate his resources.
Isolani. Sure!
Times are not yet so bad. Methinks I see
[*Examining with his eye the dress and ornaments of* QUESTENBERG.
Good store of gold that still remains uncoined.
Questenberg. Thank Heaven! that means have been found out to hide
Some little from the fingers of the Croats.
Illo. There! The Stawata and the Martinitz,
On whom the Emperor heaps his gifts and graces,
To the heart-burning of all good Bohemians—
Those minions of court favour, those court harpies,
Who fatten on the wrecks of citizens
Driven from their house and home—who reap no harvests

51 *out 1800, 1828, 1829.* 58 *you 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Save in the general calamity—
Who now, with kingly pomp, insult and mock
The desolation of their country—these,
Let these, and such as these, support the war,
The fatal war, which they alone enkindled!
Butler. And those state-parasites, who have their feet
So constantly beneath the Emperor's table,
Who cannot let a benefice fall, but they
Snap at it with dog's hunger—they, forsooth,
Would pare the soldier's bread, and cross his reckoning!
Isolani. My life long will it anger me to think,
How when I went to court seven years ago,
To see about new horses for our regiment,
How from one antechamber to another
They dragged me on, and left me by the hour
To kick my heels among a crowd of simpering
Feast-fattened slaves, as if I had come thither
A mendicant suitor for the crumbs of favour
That fall beneath their tables. And, at last,
Whom should they send me but a Capuchin!
Straight I began to muster up my sins
For absolution—but no such luck for me!
This was the man, this Capuchin, with whom
I was to treat concerning the army horses:
And I was forced at last to quit the field,
The business unaccomplished. Afterwards
The Duke procured me in three days, what I
Could not obtain in thirty at Vienna.
Questenberg. Yes, yes! your travelling bills soon found their way to us:
Too well I know we have still accounts to settle.
Illo. War is a violent trade; one cannot always
Finish one's work by soft means; every trifle
Must not be blackened into sacrilege.
If we should wait till you, in solemn council,
With due deliberation had selected
The smallest out of four-and-twenty evils,
I'faith, we should wait long.—
'Dash! and through with it!'—That's the better watch-word.
Then after come what may come. 'Tis man's nature

80 *these 1800.* 81 *these 1800.* 87 *pare 1800.* 99 *me 1800, 1828, 1829.* 100 *This was, &c. 1800.*

To make the best of a bad thing once past.
A bitter and perplexed 'what shall I do?'
Is worse to man than worst necessity.
Questenberg. Ay, doubtless, it is true: the Duke does spare us
The troublesome task of choosing.
Butler. Yes, the Duke
Cares with a father's feelings for his troops;
But how the Emperor feels for us, we see.
Questenberg. His cares and feelings all ranks share alike,
Nor will he offer one up to another.
Isolani. And therefore thrusts he us into the deserts
As beasts of prey, that so he may preserve
His dear sheep fattening in his fields at home.
Questenberg. Count, this comparison you make, not I.
Butler. Why, were we all the Court supposes us,
'Twere dangerous, sure, to give us liberty.
Questenberg. You have taken liberty—it was not given you.
And therefore it becomes an urgent duty
To rein it in with curbs.
Octavio. My noble friend,
This is no more than a remembrancing
That you are now in camp, and among warriors.
The soldier's boldness constitues his freedom.
Could he act daringly, unless he dared
Talk even so? One runs into the other.
The boldness of this worthy officer, [*pointing to* BUTLER.
Which now has but mistaken in its mark,
Preserved, when nought but boldness could preserve it,
To the Emperor his capital city, Prague,
In a most formidable mutiny
Of the whole garrison. [*Military music at a distance.*
Hah! here they come!
Illo. The sentries are saluting them: this signal
Announces the arrival of the Duchess.
Octavio. Then my son Max too has returned. 'Twas he
Fetched and attended them from Carnthen hither.
Isolani (to Illo). Shall we not go in company to greet them?

120 *does 1800, 1828, 1829.* 124 *His 1800, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 129 *Questenberg (with a sneer). 1817, 1828, 1829.* 134 *Octavio (interposing and addressing Questenberg). 1817, 1828, 1829.* 138 *act 1800, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 149 *Octavio (to Questenberg). 1817, 1828, 1829.* 149 *Max 1800.*

Illo. Well, let us go.—Ho! Colonel Butler, come.
[*To* OCTAVIO.
You'll not forget, that yet ere noon we meet
The noble Envoy at the General's palace.
[*Exeunt all but* QUESTENBERG *and* OCTAVIO.

SCENE III

QUESTENBERG *and* OCTAVIO.

Questenberg. What have I not been forced to hear, Octavio!
What sentiments! what fierce, uncurbed defiance!
And were this spirit universal—
Octavio. Hm!
You are now acquainted with three-fourths of the army.
Questenberg. Where must we seek then for a second host
To have the custody of this? That Illo
Thinks worse, I fear me, than he speaks. And then
This Butler too—he cannot even conceal
The passionate workings of his ill intentions.
Octavio. Quickness of temper—irritated pride;
'Twas nothing more. I cannot give up Butler.
I know a spell that will soon dispossess
The evil spirit in him.
Questenberg. Friend, friend!
O! this is worse, far worse, than we had suffered
Ourselves to dream of at Vienna. There
We saw it only with a courtier's eyes,
Eyes dazzled by the splendour of the throne.
We had not seen the War-Chief, the Commander,
The man all-powerful in his camp. Here, here,
'Tis quite another thing.
Here is no Emperor more—the Duke is Emperor.
Alas, my friend! alas, my noble friend!
This walk which you have ta'en me through the camp
Strikes my hopes prostrate.
Octavio. Now you see yourself
Of what a perilous kind the office is,
Which you deliver to me from the Court.
The least suspicion of the General
Costs me my freedom and my life, and would
But hasten his most desperate enterprise.

Scene III, *Before* 1 *Questenberg* (*with signs of aversion and astonishment*). *1817, 1828, 1829.* 13 *him 1800, 1828, 1829.* *Questenberg* (*walking up and down in evident disquiet*). Friend, &c. *1817, 1828, 1829.*

Questenberg. Where was our reason sleeping when we trusted
This madman with the sword, and placed such power
In such a hand? I tell you, he'll refuse,
Flatly refuse, to obey the Imperial orders.
Friend, he can do 't, and what he can, he will.
And then the impunity of his defiance—
O! what a proclamation of our weakness!

Octavio. D'ye think too, he has brought his wife and daughter
Without a purpose hither? Here in camp!
And at the very point of time, in which
We're arming for the war? That he has taken
These, the last pledges of his loyalty,
Away from out the Emperor's domains—
This is no doubtful token of the nearness
Of some eruption!

Questenberg. How shall we hold footing
Beneath this tempest, which collects itself
And threats us from all quarters? The enemy
Of the empire on our borders, now already
The master of the Danube, and still farther,
And farther still, extending every hour!
In our interior the alarum-bells
Of insurrection—peasantry in arms——
All orders discontented—and the army,
Just in the moment of our expectation
Of aidance from it—lo! this very army
Seduced, run wild, lost to all discipline,
Loosened, and rent asunder from the state
And from their sovereign, the blind instrument
Of the most daring of mankind, a weapon
Of fearful power, which at his will he wields!

Octavio. Nay, nay, friend! let us not despair too soon,
Men's words are ever bolder than their deeds:
And many a resolute, who now appears
Made up to all extremes, will, on a sudden
Find in his breast a heart he knew not of,
Let but a single honest man speak out
The true name of his crime! Remember, too,
We stand not yet so wholly unprotected.
Counts Altringer and Galas have maintained

34 *can 1800, 1828, 1829.* 59 *he 1800, 1828, 1829.* 64 knew] wot *1800, 1828, 1829.*

Their little army faithful to its duty,
And daily it becomes more numerous.
Nor can he take us by surprise: you know,
I hold him all-encompassed by my listeners.
Whate'er he does, is mine, even while 'tis doing—
No step so small, but instantly I hear it;
Yea, his own mouth discloses it.
Questenberg. 'Tis quite
Incomprehensible, that he detects not
The foe so near!
Octavio. Beware, you do not think,
That I by lying arts, and complaisant
Hypocrisy, have skulked into his graces:
Or with the sustenance of smooth professions
Nourish his all-confiding friendship! No—
Compelled alike by prudence, and that duty
Which we all owe our country, and our sovereign,
To hide my genuine feelings from him, yet
Ne'er have I duped him with base counterfeits!
Questenberg. It is the visible ordinance of heaven.
Octavio. I know not what it is that so attracts
And links him both to me and to my son.
Comrades and friends we always were—long habit,
Adventurous deeds performed in company,
And all those many and various incidents
Which store a soldier's memory with affections,
Had bound us long and early to each other—
Yet I can name the day, when all at once
His heart rose on me, and his confidence
Shot out in sudden growth. It was the morning
Before the memorable fight at Lützner.
Urged by an ugly dream, I sought him out,
To press him to accept another charger.
At distance from the tents, beneath a tree,
I found him in a sleep. When I had waked him,
And had related all my bodings to him,
Long time he stared upon me, like a man
Astounded; thereon fell upon my neck,
And manifested to me an emotion
That far outstripped the worth of that small service.
Since then his confidence has followed me
With the same pace that mine has fled from him.

84 *genuine 1800.* 95 *rose 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Questenberg. You lead your son into the secret?
Octavio. No!
Questenberg. What? and not warn him either what bad hands
His lot has placed him in?
Octavio. I must perforce
Leave him in wardship to his innocence.
His young and open soul—dissimulation
Is foreign to its habits! Ignorance
Alone can keep alive the cheerful air,
The unembarrassed sense and light free spirit,
That make the Duke secure.
Questenberg. My honoured friend! most highly do I deem
Of Colonel Piccolomini—yet—if——
Reflect a little——
Octavio. I must venture it.
Hush!—There he comes!

SCENE IV

MAX PICCOLOMINI, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, QUESTENBERG.

Max. Ha! there he is himself. Welcome, my father!
You are engaged, I see. I'll not disturb you.
Octavio. How, Max? Look closer at this visitor;
Attention, Max, an old friend merits—Reverence
Belongs of right to the envoy of your sovereign.
Max. Von Questenberg!—Welcome—if you bring with you
Aught good to our head quarters.
Questenberg (*seizing his hand*). Nay, draw not
Your hand away, Count Piccolomini!
Not on mine own account alone I seized it,
And nothing common will I say therewith.
[*Taking the hands of both.*
Octavio—Max Piccolomini!
O saviour names, and full of happy omen!
Ne'er will her prosperous genius turn from Austria,
While two such stars, with blessed influences
Beaming protection, shine above her hosts.
Max. Heh!—Noble minister! You miss your part.

118 *Questenberg* (*anxiously*). My honoured, &c. *1800, 1828, 1829.*
Scene IV. *After* 1 [*He embraces his father. As he turns round he observes Questenberg, and draws back with a cold and reserved air. 1800, 1828, 1829. Before* 6 *Max* (*drily*). *1800, 1828, 1829.*

You came not here to act a panegyric.
You're sent, I know, to find fault and to scold us—
I must not be beforehand with my comrades.
Octavio. He comes from court, where people are not quite
So well contented with the duke, as here.
Max. What now have they contrived to find out in him?
That he alone determines for himself
What he himself alone doth understand?
Well, therein he does right, and will persist in 't.
Heaven never meant him for that passive thing
That can be struck and hammered out to suit
Another's taste and fancy. He'll not dance
To every tune of every minister.
It goes against his nature—he can't do it.
He is possessed by a commanding spirit,
And his too is the station of command.
And well for us it is so! There exist
Few fit to rule themselves, but few that use
Their intellects intelligently.—Then
Well for the whole, if there be found a man,
Who makes himself what nature destined him,
The pause, the central point to thousand thousands—
Stands fixed and stately, like a firm-built column,
Where all may press with joy and confidence.
Now such a man is Wallenstein; and if
Another better suits the court—no other
But such a one as he can serve the army.
Questenberg. The army? Doubtless!
Octavio (aside). Hush! suppress it, friend!
Unless some end were answered by the utterance.—
Of him there you'll make nothing.
Max. In their distress
They call a spirit up, and when he comes,
Straight their flesh creeps and quivers, and they dread him
More than the ills for which they called him up.
The uncommon, the sublime, must seem and be
Like things of every day.—But in the field,
Aye, there the Present Being makes itself felt.
The personal must command, the actual eye

Before 20 *Octavio (to Max). 1800, 1828, 1829.* 38 to] of *1800.* 44 *Octavio (to Questenberg). 1800, 1828, 1829.* 45 *some 1800, 1828, 1829.* 46 *him 1800, 1828, 1829. Max (continuing).* In their, &c. *1800, 1828, 1829.* 52 *there* the *Present Being 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Examine. If to be the chieftain asks
All that is great in nature, let it be
Likewise his privilege to move and act
In all the correspondencies of greatness.
The oracle within him, that which lives,
He must invoke and question—not dead books,
Not ordinances, not mould-rotted papers.

Octavio. My son! of those old narrow ordinances
Let us not hold too lightly. They are weights
Of priceless value, which oppressed mankind
Tied to the volatile will of their oppressors.
For always formidable was the league
And partnership of free power with free will.
The way of ancient ordinance, though it winds,
Is yet no devious way. Straight forward goes
The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path
Of the cannon-ball. Direct it flies and rapid,
Shattering that it may reach, and shattering what it reaches.
My son! the road the human being travels,
That on which blessing comes and goes, doth follow
The river's course, the valley's playful windings,
Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines,
Honouring the holy bounds of property!
And thus secure, though late, leads to its end.

Questenberg. O hear your father, noble youth! hear him,
Who is at once the hero and the man.

Octavio. My son, the nursling of the camp spoke in thee!
A war of fifteen years
Hath been thy education and thy school.
Peace hast thou never witnessed! There exists
A higher than the warrior's excellence.
In war itself war is no ultimate purpose.
The vast and sudden deeds of violence,
Adventures wild, and wonders of the moment,
These are not they, my son, that generate
The calm, the blissful, and the enduring mighty!
Lo there! the soldier, rapid architect!
Builds his light town of canvas, and at once
The whole scene moves and bustles momently,
With arms, and neighing steeds, and mirth and quarrel
The motley market fills; the roads, the streams

58 *lives 1800, 1828, 1829.* 63 *th' oppressed MS. R.* 71 *may 1800, 1828, 1829.* 73 BLESSING *1800, 1828, 1829.* 78 *him 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Are crowded with new freights, trade stirs and hurries!
But on some morrow morn, all suddenly,
The tents drop down, the horde renews its march.
Dreary, and solitary as a church-yard
The meadow and down-trodden seed-plot lie,
And the year's harvest is gone utterly.

Max. O let the Emperor make peace, my father!
Most gladly would I give the blood-stained laurel
For the first violet[1] of the leafless spring,
Plucked in those quiet fields where I have journeyed!

Octavio. What ails thee? What so moves thee all at once?

Max. Peace have I ne'er beheld? I have beheld it.
From thence am I come hither: O! that sight,
It glimmers still before me, like some landscape
Left in the distance,—some delicious landscape!
My road conducted me through countries where
The war has not yet reached. Life, life, my father—
My venerable father, life has charms
Which we have ne'er experienced. We have been
But voyaging along its barren coasts,
Like some poor ever-roaming horde of pirates,
That, crowded in the rank and narrow ship,
House on the wild sea with wild usages,
Nor know aught of the main land, but the bays
Where safeliest they may venture a thieves' landing.
Whate'er in the inland dales the land conceals
Of fair and exquisite, O! nothing, nothing,
Do we behold of that in our rude voyage.

Octavio. And so your journey has revealed this to you?

Max. 'Twas the first leisure of my life. O tell me,
What is the meed and purpose of the toil,
The painful toil, which robbed me of my youth,
Left me a heart unsoul'd and solitary,
A spirit uninformed, unornamented.
For the camp's stir and crowd and ceaseless larum,
The neighing war-horse, the air-shattering trumpet,

[1] In the original,

Den blut'gen Lorbeer geb ich hin mit Freuden
Fürs erste Veilchen, das der Merz uns bringt,
Das duftige Pffand der neuverjüngten Erde.
1800, 1828, 1829.

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106 *hare 1800, 1828, 1829.* 113 *we 1800, 1828, 1829* *Before* 123 *Octavio (attentive, with an appearance of uneasiness). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

The unvaried, still-returning hour of duty,
Word of command, and exercise of arms—
There 's nothing here, there 's nothing in all this
To satisfy the heart, the gasping heart!
Mere bustling nothingness, where the soul is not—
This cannot be the sole felicity,
These cannot be man's best and only pleasures.
Octavio. Much hast thou learnt, my son, in this short journey.
Max. O! day thrice lovely! when at length the soldier
Returns home into life; when he becomes
A fellow-man among his fellow-men.
The colours are unfurled, the cavalcade
Marshals, and now the buzz is hushed, and hark!
Now the soft peace-march beats, home, brothers, home!
The caps and helmets are all garlanded
With green boughs, the last plundering of the fields.
The city gates fly open of themselves,
They need no longer the petard to tear them.
The ramparts are all filled with men and women,
With peaceful men and women, that send onwards
Kisses and welcomings upon the air,
Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures.
From all the towers rings out the merry peal,
The joyous vespers of a bloody day.
O happy man, O fortunate! for whom
The well-known door, the faithful arms are open,
The faithful tender arms with mute embracing.
Questenberg. O! that you should speak
Of such a distant, distant time, and not
Of the to-morrow, not of this to-day.
Max. Where lies the fault but on you in Vienna?
I will deal openly with you, Questenberg.
Just now, as first I saw you standing here,
(I'll own it to you freely) indignation
Crowded and pressed my inmost soul together.
'Tis ye that hinder peace, ye!—and the warrior,
It is the warrior that must force it from you.
Ye fret the General's life out, blacken him,
Hold him up as a rebel, and Heaven knows
What else still worse, because he spares the Saxons,

Before 158 *Questenberg* (*apparently much affected*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 161 *Max* (*turning round to him, quick and vehement*). *1800, 1828, 1829.*
peace, *ye 1800, 1828, 1829.*

And tries to awaken confidence in the enemy;
Which yet 's the only way to peace: for if
War intermit not during war, how then
And whence can peace come?—Your own plagues fall on you!
Even as I love what 's virtuous, hate I you.
And here make I this vow, here pledge myself;
My blood shall spurt out for this Wallenstein,
And my heart drain off, drop by drop, ere ye
Shall revel and dance jubilee o'er his ruin. [*Exit.*

Scene V

Questenberg, Octavio Piccolomini.

Questenberg. Alas, alas! and stands it so?
What, friend! and do we let him go away
In this delusion—let him go away?
Not call him back immediately, not open
His eyes upon the spot?
Octavio. He has now opened mine,
And I see more than pleases me.
Questenberg. What is it?
Octavio. Curse on this journey!
Questenberg. But why so? What is it?
Octavio. Come, come along, friend! I must follow up
The ominous track immediately. Mine eyes
Are opened now, and I must use them. Come!
[*Draws* Questenberg *on with him.*
Questenberg. What now? Where go you then?
Octavio. To her herself.
Questenberg. To——
Octavio. To the Duke. Come, let us go—'Tis done, 'tis done,
I see the net that is thrown over him.
O! he returns not to me as he went.
Questenberg. Nay, but explain yourself.
Octavio. And that I should not
Foresee it, not prevent this journey! Wherefore
Did I keep it from him?—You were in the right.
I should have warned him! Now it is too late.

172 *how 1800, 1828, 1829.* 173 *whence 1800, 1828, 1829.*
Scene V. *After* 1 [*Then in pressing and impatient tones. '1800. 1828, 1829.* 5 *Octavio (recovering himself out of a deep study). 1800, 1828, 1829.* 11 *Where 1800, 1828, 1829. Before* 12 *Octavio (interrupting him, and correcting himself). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Questenberg. But what's too late? Bethink yourself, my friend,
That you are talking absolute riddles to me.

Octavio. Come!—to the Duke's. 'Tis close upon the hour
Which he appointed you for audience. Come!
A curse, a threefold curse, upon this journey!

[*He leads* QUESTENBERG *off.*

SCENE VI

Changes to a spacious chamber in the house of the Duke of Friedland.—Servants *employed in putting the tables and chairs in order. During this enters* SENI, *like an old Italian doctor, in black, and clothed somewhat fantastically. He carries a white staff, with which he marks out the quarters of the heaven.*

First Servant. Come—to it, lads, to it! Make an end of it. I hear the sentry call out, 'Stand to your arms!' They will be there in a minute.

Second Servant. Why were we not told before that the audience would be held here? Nothing prepared—no orders —no instructions—

Third Servant. Ay, and why was the balcony-chamber countermanded, that with the great worked carpet?—there one can look about one.

First Servant. Nay, that you must ask the mathematician there. He says it is an unlucky chamber.

Second Servant. Poh! stuff and nonsense! That's what I call a hum. A chamber is a chamber; what much can the place signify in the affair?

Seni. My son, there's nothing insignificant,
Nothing! But yet in every earthly thing
First and most principal is place and time.

First Servant (*to the Second*). Say nothing to him, Nat. The Duke himself must let him have his own will.

Seni (*counts the chairs, half in a loud, half in a low voice, till he comes to eleven, which he repeats*). Eleven! an evil number! Set twelve chairs.
Twelve! twelve signs hath the zodiac: five and seven,
The holy numbers, include themselves in twelve.

Second Servant. And what may you have to object against eleven? I should like to know that now.

19 *what's 1800, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 21 *Octavio* (*more collected*). *1800, 1828, 1829.*

Scene VI. 13 *hum 1800, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 15 *Seni* (*with gravity*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* 15 *nothing 1800, 1828, 1829.* 16 *Nothing 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Seni. Eleven is—transgression; eleven oversteps
The ten commandments.

Second Servant. That 's good! and why do you call five an holy number?

Seni. Five is the soul of man: for even as man
Is mingled up of good and evil, so
The five is the first number that 's made up
Of even and odd.

Second Servant. The foolish old coxcomb!

First Servant. Ey! let him alone though. I like to hear him; there is more in his words than can be seen at first sight.

Third Servant. Off! They come.

Second Servant. There! Out at the side-door.

[*They hurry off.* SENI *follows slowly. A page brings the staff of command on a red cushion, and places it on the table near the* DUKE'S *chair. They are announced from without, and the wings of the door fly open.*

SCENE VII

WALLENSTEIN, DUCHESS.

Wallenstein. You went then through Vienna, were presented
To the Queen of Hungary?

Duchess. Yes, and to the Empress too,
And by both Majesties were we admitted
To kiss the hand.

Wallenstein. And how was it received,
That I had sent for wife and daughter hither
To the camp, in winter time?

Duchess. I did even that
Which you commissioned me to do. I told them,
You had determined on our daughter's marriage,
And wished, ere yet you went into the field,
To shew the elected husband his betrothed.

Wallenstein. And did they guess the choice which I had made?

Duchess. They only hoped and wished it may have fallen
Upon no foreign nor yet Lutheran noble.

Wallenstein. And you—what do you wish, Elizabeth?

Duchess. Your will, you know, was always mine.

Wallenstein. Well, then?

14 *you* wish *1800, 1828, 1829.* 15 *Wallenstein (after a pause).* Well, then? *1800, 1828, 1829.*

And in all else, of what kind and complexion
Was your reception at the court?
Hide nothing from me. How were you received?
Duchess. O! my dear lord, all is not what it was.
A cankerworm, my lord, a cankerworm
Has stolen into the bud.
Wallenstein. Ay! is it so!
What, they were lax? they failed of the old respect?
Duchess. Not of respect. No honours were omitted,
No outward courtesy; but in the place
Of condescending, confidential kindness,
Familiar and endearing, there were given me
Only these honours and that solemn courtesy.
Ah! and the tenderness which was put on,
It was the guise of pity, not of favour.
No! Albrecht's wife, Duke Albrecht's princely wife,
Count Harrach's noble daughter, should not so—
Not wholly so should she have been received.
Wallenstein. Yes, yes; they have ta'en offence. My latest conduct,
They railed at it, no doubt.
Duchess. O that they had!
I have been long accustomed to defend you,
To heal and pacify distempered spirits.
No; no one railed at you. They wrapped them up,
O Heaven! in such oppressive, solemn silence!—
Here is no every-day misunderstanding,
No transient pique, no cloud that passes over;
Something most luckless, most unhealable,
Has taken place. The Queen of Hungary
Used formerly to call me her dear aunt,
And ever at departure to embrace me—
Wallenstein. Now she omitted it?
Duchess. She did embrace me,
But then first when I had already taken
My formal leave, and when the door already
Had closed upon me, then did she come out
In haste, as she had suddenly bethought herself,
And pressed me to her bosom, more with anguish
Than tenderness.

After 17 [*The* DUCHESS *casts her eyes on the ground and remains silent. 1800, 1828, 1829.* 31 *so 1800, 1828, 1829.* 45 *Now 1800, 1828, 1829. Duchess (wiping away her tears, after a pause). 1800, 1828, 1829. did 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Wallenstein (*seizes her hand soothingly*). Nay, now collect yourself,
And what of Eggenberg and Lichtenstein,
And of our other friends there?
Duchess. I saw none.
Wallenstein. The Ambassador from Spain, who once was wont
To plead so warmly for me?—
Duchess. Silent, Silent!
Wallenstein. These suns then are eclipsed for us. Henceforward
Must we roll on, our own fire, our own light.
Duchess. And were it—were it, my dear lord, in that
Which moved about the court in buzz and whisper,
But in the country let itself be heard
Aloud—in that which Father Lamormain
In sundry hints and——
Wallenstein. Lamormain! what said he?
Duchess. That you're accused of having daringly
O'erstepped the powers entrusted to you, charged
With traitorous contempt of the Emperor
And his supreme behests. The proud Bavarian,
He and the Spaniards stand up your accusers—
That there's a storm collecting over you
Of far more fearful menace than that former one
Which whirled you headlong down at Regensburg.
And people talk, said he, of——Ah!—
Wallenstein. Proceed!
Duchess. I cannot utter it!
Wallenstein. Proceed!
Duchess. They talk ——
Wallenstein. Well!
Duchess. Of a second——
Wallenstein. Second——
Duchess. More disgraceful ——Dismission.
Wallenstein. Talk they?
O! they force, they thrust me

53 *Duchess* (*shaking her head*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* 62 *Wallenstein* (*eagerly*). Lamormain, &c. *1800, 1828, 1829.* he *1800, 1828, 1829.* 71 And people . . . Ah!— [*Stifling extreme emotion. 1800, 1828, 1829.* 73 *Duchess.* Of a second—— (*catches her voice and hesitates*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* 74 *Wallenstein.* Talk they? [*Strides across the chamber in vehement agitation. 1800, 1828, 1829.*

With violence, against my own will, onward!
Duchess. O! if there yet be time, my husband! if
By giving way and by submission, this
Can be averted—my dear lord, give way!
Win down your proud heart to it! Tell that heart
It is your sovereign lord, your Emperor
Before whom you retreat. O let no longer
Low tricking malice blacken your good meaning
With abhorred venomous glosses. Stand you up
Shielded and helm'd and weapon'd with the truth,
And drive before you into uttermost shame
These slanderous liars! Few firm friends have we—
You know it!—The swift growth of our good fortune
It hath but set us up, a mark for hatred.
What are we, if the sovereign's grace and favour
Stand not before us?

SCENE VIII

Enter the COUNTESS TERTSKY, *leading in her hand the* PRINCESS THEKLA, *richly adorned with brilliants.*

COUNTESS, THEKLA, WALLENSTEIN, DUCHESS.

Countess. How, sister? What already upon business,
And business of no pleasing kind I see,
Ere he has gladdened at his child. The first
Moment belongs to joy. Here, Friedland! father!
This is thy daughter.

(THEKLA *approaches with a shy and timid air, and bends herself as about to kiss his hand. He receives her in his arms, and remains standing for some time lost in the feeling of her presence.*)

Wallenstein. Yes! pure and lovely hath hope risen on me:
I take her as the pledge of greater fortune.
Duchess. 'Twas but a little child when you departed
To raise up that great army for the Emperor:
And after, at the close of the campaign,
When you returned home out of Pomerania,
Your daughter was already in the convent,
Wherein she has remain'd till now.
Wallenstein. The while

Before 76 *Duchess (presses near to him, in entreaty). 1800, 1828, 1829.*
Scene VIII. *After* 1 [*Observing the countenance of the Duchess. 1800, 1828, 1829.*

We in the field here gave our cares and toils
To make her great, and fight her a free way
To the loftiest earthly good, lo! mother Nature
Within the peaceful silent convent walls
Has done her part, and out of her free grace
Hath she bestowed on the beloved child
The godlike; and now leads her thus adorned
To meet her splendid fortune, and my hope.

Duchess (*to Thekla*). Thou wouldst not have recognized thy father,
Wouldst thou, my child? She counted scarce eight years,
When last she saw your face.

Thekla. O yes, yes, mother!
At the first glance!—My father is not altered.
The form, that stands before me, falsifies
No feature of the image that hath lived
So long within me!

Wallenstein. The voice of my child!
[*Then after a pause.*
I was indignant at my destiny
That it denied me a man-child to be
Heir of my name and of my prosperous fortune,
And re-illume my soon extinguished being
In a proud line of princes.
I wronged my destiny. Here upon this head
So lovely in its maiden bloom will I
Let fall the garland of a life of war,
Nor deem it lost, if only I can wreath it
Transmitted to a regal ornament,
Around these beauteous brows.
[*He clasps her in his arms as* PICCOLOMINI *enters.*

SCENE IX

Enter MAX PICCOLOMINI, *and some time after* COUNT TERTSKY, *the others remaining as before.*

Countess. There comes the Paladin who protected us.

Wallenstein. Max! Welcome, ever welcome! Always wert thou
The morning star of my best joys!

Max. My General——

Wallenstein. 'Till now it was the Emperor who rewarded thee,
I but the instrument. This day thou hast bound

The father to thee, Max! the fortunate father,
And this debt Friedland's self must pay.
Max. My prince!
You made no common hurry to transfer it.
I come with shame: yea, not without a pang!
For scarce have I arrived here, scarce delivered
The mother and the daughter to your arms,
But there is brought to me from your equerry
A splendid richly-plated hunting dress
So to remunerate me for my troubles——
Yes, yes, remunerate me! Since a trouble
It must be, a mere office, not a favour
Which I leapt forward to receive, and which
I came already with full heart to thank you for.
No! 'twas not so intended, that my business
Should be my highest best good fortune!

[TERTSKY *enters, and delivers letters to the* DUKE, *which he breaks open hurryingly.*

Countess (*to Max*). Remunerate your trouble! For his joy
He makes you recompense. 'Tis not unfitting
For you, Count Piccolomini, to feel
So tenderly—my brother it beseems
To shew himself for ever great and princely.
Thekla. Then I too must have scruples of his love:
For his munificent hands did ornament me
Ere yet the father's heart had spoken to me.
Max. Yes; 'tis his nature ever to be giving
And making happy.
How my heart pours out
Its all of thanks to him: O! how I seem
To utter all things in the dear name Friedland.
While I shall live, so long will I remain
The captive of this name: in it shall bloom
My every fortune, every lovely hope.
Inextricably as in some magic ring
In this name hath my destiny charm-bound me!
Countess. My brother wishes us to leave him. Come.
Wallenstein (*turns himself round quick, collects himself, and speaks with cheerfulness to the Duchess*). Once more I bid thee welcome to the camp,

30 And making happy. [*He grasps the hand of the* DUCHESS *with still increasing warmth. 1800, 1828, 1829. Before* 38 *Countess* (*who during this time has been anxiously watching the Duke, and remarks that he is lost in thought over the letters*). *1800, 1828, 1829.*

Thou art the hostess of this court. You, Max,
Will now again administer your old office,
While we perform the sovereign's business here.

[MAX PICCOLOMINI *offers the* DUCHESS *his arm, the* COUNTESS *accompanies the* PRINCESS.

Tertsky (calling after him). Max, we depend on seeing you at the meeting.

SCENE X

WALLENSTEIN, COUNT TERTSKY.

Wallenstein (to himself). She hath seen all things as they are—It is so
And squares completely with my other notices.
They have determined finally in Vienna,
Have given me my successor already;
It is the king of Hungary, Ferdinand,
The Emperor's delicate son! he's now their saviour,
He's the new star that's rising now! Of us
They think themselves already fairly rid,
And as we were deceased, the heir already
Is entering on possession—Therefore—dispatch!

[*As he turns round he observes* TERTSKY, *and gives him a letter.*

Count Altringer will have himself excused,
And Galas too—I like not this!

Tertsky. And if
Thou loiterest longer, all will fall away,
One following the other.

Wallenstein. Altringer
Is master of the Tyrole passes. I must forthwith
Send some one to him, that he let not in
The Spaniards on me from the Milanese.
——Well, and the old Sesin, that ancient trader
In contraband negotiations, he
Has shewn himself again of late. What brings he
From the Count Thur?

Tertsky. The Count communicates,
He has found out the Swedish chancellor
At Halberstadt, where the convention's held,
Who says, you've tired him out, and that he'll have

Scene X. *Before* 1 *Wallenstein (in deep thought to himself).* 1800, 1828, 1829.

No further dealings with you.

Wallenstein. And why so?

[1] *Tertsky.* He says, you are never in earnest in your speeches,
That you decoy the Swedes—to make fools of them,
Will league yourself with Saxony against them,
And at last make yourself a riddance of them
With a paltry sum of money.

Wallenstein. So then, doubtless,
Yes, doubtless, this same modest Swede expects
That I shall yield him some fair German tract
For his prey and booty, that ourselves at last
On our own soil and native territory,
May be no longer our own lords and masters!
An excellent scheme! No, no! They must be off,
Off, off! away! we want no such neighbours.

Tertsky. Nay, yield them up that dot, that speck of land—
It goes not from your portion. If you win
The game what matters it to you who pays it?

Wallenstein. Off with them, off! Thou understand'st not this.
Never shall it be said of me, I parcelled
My native land away, dismembered Germany,
Betrayed it to a foreigner, in order
To come with stealthy tread, and filch away
My own share of the plunder—Never! never!—
No foreign power shall strike root in the empire,
And least of all, these Goths! these hunger-wolves!
Who send such envious, hot and greedy glances

[1] This passing off of his real irresolution and fancy-dalliance for depth of Reserve and for Plan formed within the magic circle of his own inapproachable spirits is very fine; but still it is not tragic—nay scarce obvious enough to be altogether *dramatic*, if in this word we involve theatre-representation. Iago (so far only analogous to Wallenstein as in him an *Impulse* is the source of his conduct rather than the *motive*), always acting is not the object of Interest, [but] derives a constant interest from Othello, on whom he is acting; from Desdemona, Cassio, every one; and, besides, for the purpose of theatric comprehensibility he is furnished with a set of outside motives that actually pass with the groundling for the true springs of action. *MS. R.*

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37 *we 1800*

T'wards the rich blessings of our German lands!
I'll have their aid to cast and draw my nets,
But not a single fish of all the draught
Shall they come in for.
Tertsky. You will deal, however,
More fairly with the Saxons? They lose patience
While you shift ground and make so many curves.
Say, to what purpose all these masks? Your friends
Are plunged in doubts, baffled, and led astray in you.
There's Oxenstirn, there's Arnheim—neither knows
What he should think of your procrastinations.
And in the end I prove the liar: all
Passes through me. I have not even your hand-writing.
Wallenstein. I never give my handwriting; thou knowest it.
Tertsky. But how can it be known that you're in earnest,
If the act follows not upon the word?
You must yourself acknowledge, that in all
Your intercourses hitherto with the enemy
You might have done with safety all you have done,
Had you meant nothing further than to gull him
For the Emperor's service.
Wallenstein (after a pause, during which he looks narrowly on Tertsky). And from whence dost thou know
That I'm not gulling him for the Emperor's service?
Whence knowest thou that I'm not gulling all of you?
Dost thou know me so well? When made I thee
The intendant of my secret purposes?
I am not conscious that I ever open'd
My inmost thoughts to thee. The Emperor, it is true,
Hath dealt with me amiss; and if I would,
I could repay him with usurious interest
For the evil he hath done me. It delights me
To know my power; but whether I shall use it,
Of that, I should have thought that thou could'st speak
No wiselier than thy fellows.
Tertsky. So hast thou always played thy game with us.

[*Enter* ILLO.

62 *never 1800.* 63 *known 1800.* 69 *thou 1800.* 70 *not 1800.*
72 *me 1800.* 76 *would 1800.* 79 *power 1800.*

SCENE XI

ILLO, WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

Wallenstein. How stand affairs without? Are they prepared?

Illo. You'll find them in the very mood you wish.
They know about the Emperor's requisitions,
And are tumultuous.

Wallenstein. How hath Isolan
Declared himself?

Illo. He 's yours, both soul and body,
Since you built up again his Faro-bank.

Wallenstein. And which way doth Kolatto bend? Hast thou
Made sure of Tiefenbach and Deodate?

Illo. What Piccolomini does, that they do too.

Wallenstein. You mean then I may venture somewhat with them?

Illo. —If you are assured of the Piccolomini.

Wallenstein. Not more assured of mine own self.

Tertsky. And yet
I would you trusted not so much to Octavio,
The fox!

Wallenstein. Thou teachest me to know my man?
Sixteen campaigns I have made with that old warrior.
Besides, I have his horoscope,
We both are born beneath like stars—in short
To this belongs its own particular aspect,
If therefore thou canst warrant me the rest——

Illo. There is among them all but this one voice,
You must not lay down the command. I hear
They mean to send a deputation to you.

Wallenstein. If I'm in aught to bind myself to them,
They too must bind themselves to me.

Illo. Of course.

Wallenstein. Their words of honour they must give, their oaths,
Give them in writing to me, promising
Devotion to my service unconditional.

After 17 (*with an air of mystery*) *1800, 1828, 1829.* 21 *must 1800.* 27 *unconditional 1800.*

Illo. Why not?
Tertsky. Devotion unconditional?
The exception of their duties towards Austria
They'll always place among the premises.
With this reserve——
Wallenstein. All unconditional!
No premises, no reserves.
Illo. A thought has struck me.
Does not Count Tertsky give us a set banquet
This evening?
Tertsky. Yes; and all the Generals
Have been invited.
Illo (to Wallenstein). Say, will you here fully
Commission me to use my own discretion?
I'll gain for you the Generals' words of honour,
Even as you wish.
Wallenstein. Gain me their signatures!
How you come by them, that is your concern.
Illo. And if I bring it to you, black on white,
That all the leaders who are present here
Give themselves up to you, without condition;
Say, will you then—then will you shew yourself
In earnest, and with some decisive action
Make trial of your luck?
Wallenstein. The signatures!
Gain me the signatures.
Illo. [1] Seize, seize the hour
Ere it slips from you. Seldom comes the moment
In life, which is indeed sublime and weighty.
To make a great decision possible,
O! many things, all transient and all rapid,
Must meet at once: and, haply, they thus met
May by that confluence be enforced to pause
Time long enough for wisdom, though too short,
Far, far too short a time for doubt and scruple!
This is that moment. See, our army chieftains,
Our best, our noblest, are assembled around you,

[1] Here is an instance of the defect classed No. 1 in the blank leaf. With what propriety is this speech of profound moral insight put in the mouth of that stupid, foolish Illo? *MS. R.*

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28 *unconditional 1800.* 31 *unconditional 1800.* 32 *Wallenstein (shaking his head). 1800, 1828, 1829.* 39 *your 1800.* 43 *then—then 1800.*

Their kinglike leader! On your nod they wait.
The single threads, which here your prosperous fortune
Hath woven together in one potent web
Instinct with destiny, O let them not
Unravel of themselves. If you permit
These chiefs to separate, so unanimous
Bring you them not a second time together.
'Tis the high tide that heaves the stranded ship,
And every individual's spirit waxes
In the great stream of multitudes. Behold
They are still here, here still! But soon the war
Bursts them once more asunder, and in small
Particular anxieties and interests
Scatters their spirit, and the sympathy
Of each man with the whole. He, who to-day
Forgets himself, forced onward with the stream,
Will become sober, seeing but himself,
Feel only his own weakness, and with speed
Will face about, and march on in the old
High road of duty, the old broad-trodden road,
And seek but to make shelter in good plight.

Wallenstein. The time is not yet come.

Tertsky. So you say always.
But when will it be time?

Wallenstein. When I shall say it.

Illo. You'll wait upon the stars, and on their hours,
Till the earthly hour escapes you. O, believe me,
In your own bosom are your destiny's stars.
Confidence in yourself, prompt resolution,
This is your Venus! and the sole malignant,
The only one that harmeth you is Doubt.

Wallenstein. Thou speakest as thou understand'st. How oft
And many a time I've told thee, Jupiter,
That lustrous god, was setting at thy birth.
Thy visual power subdues no mysteries;
Mole-eyed, thou mayest but burrow in the earth,
[1]Blind as that subterrestrial, who with wan,

[1] This is *said*, and finely too; but in what one instance is it shown realized in Illo? This is a common fault of a man of genius whose genius is not however *creative* but *ideative*. There is just such another in my Maria as described by Osorio, the Character exists only in the description. *MS. R.*

66 multitudes] multitude-*1800*. 79 *when 1800*.

Lead-coloured shine lighted thee into life.
The common, the terrestrial, thou mayest see,
With serviceable cunning knit together
The nearest with the nearest; and therein
I trust thee and believe thee! but whate'er
Full of mysterious import Nature weaves,
And fashions in the depths—the spirit's ladder,
That from this gross and visible world of dust
Even to the starry world, with thousand rounds,
Builds itself up; on which the unseen powers
Move up and down on heavenly ministries—
The circles in the circles, that approach
The central sun with ever-narrowing orbit—
These see the glance alone, the unsealed eye,
Of Jupiter's glad children born in lustre.

[*He walks across the chamber, then returns, and standing still, proceeds.*

The heavenly constellations make not merely
The day and nights, summer and spring, not merely
Signify to the husbandman the seasons
Of sowing and of harvest. Human action,
That is the seed too of contingencies,
Strewed on the dark land of futurity
In hopes to reconcile the powers of fate.
Whence it behoves us to seek out the seed-time,
To watch the stars, select their proper hours,
And trace with searching eye the heavenly houses,
Whether the enemy of growth and thriving
Hide himself not, malignant, in his corner.
Therefore permit me my own time. Meanwhile
Do you your part. As yet I cannot say
What I shall do—only, give way I will not.
Depose me too they shall not. On these points
You may rely.

Page (*entering*). My Lords, the Generals.

Wallenstein. Let them come in.

108 nights] night *1800, 1828, 1829.* 121 *1 1800.*

Scene XII

Wallenstein, Tertsky, Illo.—*To them enter* Questenberg, Octavio, *and* Max Piccolomini, Butler, Isolani, Maradas, *and three other* Generals. Wallenstein *motions* Questenberg, *who in consequence takes the Chair directly opposite to him; the others follow, arranging themselves according to their rank.*

Wallenstein. I have understood, 'tis true, the sum and import
Of your instructions, Questenberg, have weighed them,
And formed my final, absolute resolve;
Yet it seems fitting, that the Generals
Should hear the will of the Emperor from your mouth.
May't please you then to open your commission
Before these noble Chieftains.
Questenberg. I am ready
To obey you; but will first entreat your Highness,
And all these noble Chieftains, to consider,
The Imperial dignity and sovereign right
Speaks from my mouth, and not my own presumption.
Wallenstein. We excuse all preface.
Questenberg. When his Majesty
The Emperor to his courageous armies
Presented in the person of Duke Friedland
A most experienced and renowned commander,
He did it in glad hope and confidence
To give thereby to the fortune of the war
A rapid and auspicious change. The onset
Was favourable to his royal wishes.
Bohemia was delivered from the Saxons,
The Swede's career of conquest checked! These lands
Began to draw breath freely, as Duke Friedland
From all the streams of Germany forced hither
The scattered armies of the enemy,
Hither invoked as round one magic circle
The Rhinegrave, Bernhard, Banner, Oxenstirn,
Yea, and that never-conquered King himself;
Here finally, before the eye of Nürnberg,
The fearful game of battle to decide.
Wallenstein. May't please you to the point.

Before 1 Wallenstein, Tertsky, *&c. . . . rank. There reigns a momentary silence. 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Questenberg. In Nürnberg's camp the Swedish monarch left
His fame—in Lützen's plains his life. But who
Stood not astounded, when victorious Friedland
After this day of triumph, this proud day,
Marched toward Bohemia with the speed of flight,
And vanished from the theatre of war;
While the young Weimar hero forced his way
Into Franconia, to the Danube, like
Some delving winter-stream, which, where it rushes,
Makes its own channel; with such sudden speed
He marched, and now at once 'fore Regenspurg
Stood to the affright of all good Catholic Christians.
Then did Bavaria's well-deserving Prince
Entreat swift aidance in his extreme need;
The Emperor sends seven horsemen to Duke Friedland,
Seven horsemen couriers sends he with the entreaty:
He superadds his own, and supplicates
Where as the sovereign lord he can command.
In vain his supplication! At this moment
The Duke hears only his old hate and grudge,
Barters the general good to gratify
Private revenge—and so falls Regenspurg.

Wallenstein. Max, to what period of the war alludes he?
My recollection fails me here.

Max. He means
When we were in Silesia.

Wallenstein. Ay! Is it so!
But what had we to do there?

Max. To beat out
The Swedes and Saxons from the province.

Wallenstein. True.
In that description which the Minister gave
I seemed to have forgotten the whole war.
[*To* QUESTENBERG.
Well, but proceed a little.

Questenberg. Yes! at length
Beside the river Oder did the Duke
Assert his ancient fame. Upon the fields
Of Steinau did the Swedes lay down their arms,
Subdued without a blow. And here, with others,
The righteousness of Heaven to his avenger
Delivered that long-practised stirrer-up

Of insurrection, that curse-laden torch
And kindler of this war, Matthias Thur.
But he had fallen into magnanimous hands;
Instead of punishment he found reward,
And with rich presents did the Duke dismiss
The arch-foe of his Emperor.
Wallenstein (*laughs*). I know,
I know you had already in Vienna
Your windows and balconies all forestalled
To see him on the executioner's cart.
I might have lost the battle, lost it too
With infamy, and still retained your graces—
But, to have cheated them of a spectacle,
Oh! that the good folks of Vienna never,
No, never can forgive me.
Questenberg. So Silesia
Was freed, and all things loudly called the Duke
Into Bavaria, now pressed hard on all sides.
And he did put his troops in motion: slowly,
Quite at his ease, and by the longest road
He traverses Bohemia; but ere ever
He hath once seen the enemy, faces round,
Breaks up the march, and takes to winter quarters.
Wallenstein. The troops were pitiably destitute
Of every necessary, every comfort.
The winter came. What thinks his Majesty
His troops are made of? Arn't we men? subjected
Like other men to wet, and cold, and all
The circumstances of necessity?
O miserable lot of the poor soldier!
Wherever he comes in, all flee before him,
And when he goes away, the general curse
Follows him on his route. All must be seized,
Nothing is given him. And compelled to seize
From every man, he's every man's abhorrence.
Behold, here stand my Generals. Karaffa!
Count Deodate! Butler! Tell this man
How long the soldiers' pay is in arrears.
Butler. Already a full year.
Wallenstein. And 'tis the hire
That constitutes the hireling's name and duties,

79 *that 1800.* 83 *did 1800.* 91 Arn't] An't *1800, 1828, 1829.*

The soldier's pay is the soldier's covenant.[1]
Questenberg. Ah! this is a far other tone from that
In which the Duke spoke eight, nine years ago.
Wallenstein. Yes! 'tis my fault, I know it: I myself
Have spoilt the Emperor by indulging him.
Nine years ago, during the Danish war,
I raised him up a force, a mighty force,
Forty or fifty thousand men, that cost him
Of his own purse no doit. Through Saxony
The fury goddess of the war marched on,
E'en to the surf-rocks of the Baltic, bearing
The terrors of his name. That was a time!
In the whole Imperial realm no name like mine
Honoured with festival and celebration—
And Albrecht Wallenstein, it was the title
Of the third jewel in his crown!
But at the Diet, when the Princes met
At Regenspurg, there, there the whole broke out,
There 'twas laid open, there it was made known,
Out of what money-bag I had paid the host.
And what was now my thank, what had I now,
That I, a faithful servant of the Sovereign,
Had loaded on myself the people's curses,
And let the Princes of the empire pay
The expenses of this war, that aggrandizes
The Emperor alone—What thanks had I!
What? I was offered up to their complaints,
Dismissed, degraded!
Questenberg. But your Highness knows
What little freedom he possessed of action
In that disastrous diet.
Wallenstein. Death and hell!
I had that which could have procured him freedom.
No! Since 'twas proved so inauspicious to me

[1] The original is not translatable into English:

——Und sein *Sold*
Muss dem *Soldaten* werden, darnach heisst er.

It might perhaps have been thus rendered:

'And that for which he sold his services,
The soldier must receive.'

But a false or doubtful etymology is no more than a dull pun.

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105 *pay . . . covenant 1800.* 135 *I 1800.*

To serve the Emperor at the empire's cost,
I have been taught far other trains of thinking
Of the empire, and the diet of the empire.
From the Emperor, doubtless, I received this staff,
But now I hold it as the empire's general—
For the common weal, the universal interest,
And no more for that one man's aggrandizement!
But to the point. What is it that 's desired of me?
Questenberg. First, his imperial Majesty hath willed
That without pretexts of delay the army
Evacuate Bohemia.
Wallenstein. In this season?
And to what quarter wills the Emperor
That we direct our course?
Questenberg. To the enemy.
His Majesty resolves, that Regenspurg
Be purified from the enemy, ere Easter,
That Lutheranism may be no longer preached
In that cathedral, nor heretical
Defilement desecrate the celebration
Of that pure festival.
Wallenstein. My generals,
Can this be realized?
Illo. 'Tis not possible.
Butler. It can't be realized.
Questenberg. The Emperor
Already hath commanded Colonel Suys
To advance toward Bavaria!
Wallenstein. What did Suys?
Questenberg. That which his duty prompted. He advanced!
Wallenstein. What? he advanced? And I, his general,
Had given him orders, peremptory orders,
Not to desert his station! Stands it thus
With my authority? Is this the obedience
Due to my office, which being thrown aside
No war can be conducted? Chieftains, speak!
You be the judges, generals! What deserves
That officer, who of his oath neglectful
Is guilty of contempt of orders?
Illo. Death.
Wallenstein. Count Piccolomini! what has he deserved?

Before 170 *Wallenstein (raising his voice, as all, but Illo, had remained silent, and seemingly scrupulous). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Max Piccolomini. According to the letter of the law,
Death.
Isolani. Death.
Butler. Death, by the laws of war.
[QUESTENBERG *rises from his seat,* WALLENSTEIN *follows;*
all the rest rise.
Wallenstein. To this the law condemns him, and not I.
And if I shew him favour, 'twill arise
From the reverence that I owe my Emperor.
Questenberg. If so, I can say nothing further—here!
Wallenstein. I accepted the command but on conditions!
And this the first, that to the diminution
Of my authority no human being,
Not even the Emperor's self, should be entitled
To do aught, or to say aught, with the army.
If I stand warranter of the event,
Placing my honour and my head in pledge,
Needs must I have full mastery in all
The means thereto. What rendered this Gustavus
Resistless, and unconquered upon earth?
This—that he was the monarch in his army!
A monarch, one who is indeed a monarch,
Was never yet subdued but by his equal.
But to the point! The best is yet to come.
Attend now, generals!
Questenberg. The prince Cardinal
Begins his route at the approach of spring
From the Milanese; and leads a Spanish army
Through Germany into the Netherlands.
That he may march secure and unimpeded,
'Tis the Emperor's will you grant him a detachment
Of eight horse-regiments from the army here.
Wallenstein. Yes, yes! I understand!—Eight regiments! Well,
Right well concerted, father Lamormain!
Eight thousand horse! Yes, yes! 'Tis as it should be!
I see it coming!
Questenberg. There is nothing coming.
All stands in front: the counsel of state-prudence,
The dictate of necessity!——
Wallenstein. What then?
What, my Lord Envoy? May I not be suffered

171 *Max Piccolomini (after a long pause). 1800, 1828, 1829.* 176 *so . . . here 1800.* 182 *event 1800.*

To understand, that folks are tired of seeing
The sword's hilt in my grasp: and that your court
Snatch eagerly at this pretence, and use
The Spanish title, to drain off my forces,
To lead into the empire a new army
Unsubjected to my control. To throw me
Plumply aside,—I am still too powerful for you
To venture that. My stipulation runs,
That all the Imperial forces shall obey me
Where'er the German is the native language.
Of Spanish troops and of Prince Cardinals
That take their route, as visitors, through the empire,
There stands no syllable in my stipulation.
No syllable! And so the politic court
Steals in a-tiptoe, and creeps round behind it;
First makes me weaker, then to be dispensed with,
Till it dares strike at length a bolder blow
And make short work with me.
What need of all these crooked ways, Lord Envoy?
Straight-forward man! His compact with me pinches
The Emperor. He would that I moved off!—
Well!—I will gratify him!

[*Here there commences an agitation among the* Generals *which increases continually.*

It grieves me for my noble officers' sakes!
I see not yet, by what means they will come at
The moneys they have advanced, or how obtain
The recompense their services demand.
Still a new leader brings new claimants forward,
And prior merit superannuates quickly.
There serve here many foreigners in the army,
And were the man in all else brave and gallant,
I was not wont to make nice scrutiny
After his pedigree or catechism.
This will be otherwise, i'the time to come.
Well—me no longer it concerns. [*He seats himself.*

Max Piccolomini. Forbid it, Heaven, that it should come to this!

Our troops will swell in dreadful fermentation—
The Emperor is abused—it cannot be.

Isolani. It cannot be; all goes to instant wreck.

Wallenstein. Thou hast said truly, faithful Isolani!

206 *my* 1800.

What we with toil and foresight have built up,
Will go to wreck—all go to instant wreck.
What then? another chieftain is soon found,
Another army likewise (who dares doubt it?)
Will flock from all sides to the Emperor
At the first beat of his recruiting drum.

[*During this speech,* ISOLANI, TERTSKY, ILLO *and* MARADAS *talk confusedly with great agitation.*

Max Piccolomini (*busily and passionately going from one to another, and soothing them*). Hear, my commander! Hear me, generals!
Let me conjure you, Duke! Determine nothing,
Till we have met and represented to you
Our joint remonstrances.—Nay, calmer! Friends!
I hope all may be yet set right again.

Tertsky. Away! let us away! in the antechamber
Find we the others. [*They go.*

Butler (*to Questenberg*). If good counsel gain
Due audience from your wisdom, my Lord Envoy!
You will be cautious how you shew yourself
In public for some hours to come—or hardly
Will that gold key protect you from maltreatment.

[*Commotions heard from without.*

Wallenstein. A salutary counsel——Thou, Octavio!
Wilt answer for the safety of our guest.
Farewell, Von Questenberg! [QUESTENBERG *is about to speak.*
Nay, not a word.
Not one word more of that detested subject!
You have performed your duty—We know how
To separate the office from the man.

[*As* QUESTENBERG *is going off with* OCTAVIO, GOETZ, TIEFENBACH, KOLATTO, *press in; several other* Generals *following them.*

Goetz. Where 's he who means to rob us of our general?

Tiefenbach (*at the same time*). What are we forced to hear? That thou wilt leave us?

Kolatto (*at the same time*). We will live with thee, we will die with thee.

Wallenstein (*pointing to Illo*). There! the Field-Marshal knows our will. [*Exit.*

244 *we 1800.* 270 *Wallenstein* (*with stateliness and, &c.*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* *After* 270 [*While all are going off the stage, the curtain drops. 1800, 1828, 1829.*

ACT II

SCENE I

SCENE—*A small Chamber.*

ILLO *and* TERTSKY.

Tertsky. Now for this evening's business! How intend you
To manage with the generals at the banquet?
Illo. Attend! We frame a formal declaration,
Wherein we to the Duke consign ourselves
Collectively, to be and to remain
His both with life and limb, and not to spare
The last drop of our blood for him, provided
So doing we infringe no oath nor duty,
We may be under to the Emperor.—Mark!
This reservation we expressly make
In a particular clause, and save the conscience.
Now hear! This formula so framed and worded
Will be presented to them for perusal
Before the banquet. No one will find in it
Cause of offence or scruple. Hear now further!
After the feast, when now the vap'ring wine
Opens the heart, and shuts the eyes, we let
A counterfeited paper, in the which
This one particular clause has been left out,
Go round for signatures.
Tertsky. How? think you then
That they'll believe themselves bound by an oath,
Which we had tricked them into by a juggle?
Illo. We shall have caught and caged them! Let them then
Beat their wings bare against the wires, and rave
Loud as they may against our treachery,
At court their signatures will be believed
Far more than their most holy affirmations.
Traitors they are, and must be; therefore wisely
Will make a virtue of necessity.
Tertsky. Well, well, it shall content me; let but something
Be done, let only some decisive blow
Set us in motion.
Illo. Besides, 'tis of subordinate importance

6 *His 1800.* 7 *him 1800.* 8 nor] or *1800, 1828, 1829.* 31 *done 1800, 1828, 1829.*

How, or how far, we may thereby propel
The generals. 'Tis enough that we persuade
The Duke, that they are his—Let him but act
In his determined mood, as if he had them,
And he will have them. Where he plunges in,
He makes a whirlpool, and all stream down to it.
Tertsky. His policy is such a labyrinth,
That many a time when I have thought myself
Close at his side, he's gone at once, and left me
Ignorant of the ground where I was standing.
He lends the enemy his ear, permits me
To write to them, to Arnheim; to Sesina
Himself comes forward blank and undisguised;
Talks with us by the hour about his plans,
And when I think I have him—off at once——
He has slipped from me, and appears as if
He had no scheme, but to retain his place.
Illo. He give up his old plans! I'll tell you, friend!
His soul is occupied with nothing else,
Even in his sleep—They are his thoughts, his dreams,
That day by day he questions for this purpose
The motions of the planets——
Tertsky. Ay! you know
This night, that is now coming, he with Seni
Shuts himself up in the astrological tower
To make joint observations—for I hear,
It is to be a night of weight and crisis;
And something great, and of long expectation,
Is to make its procession in the heaven.
Illo. Come! be we bold and make dispatch. The work
In this next day or two must thrive and grow
More than it has for years. And let but only
Things first turn up auspicious here below——
Mark what I say—the right stars too will shew themselves.
Come, to the generals. All is in the glow,
And must be beaten while 'tis malleable.
Tertsky. Do you go thither, Illo. I must stay
And wait here for the Countess Tertsky. Know
That we too are not idle. Break one string,
A second is in readiness.
Illo. Yes! Yes!

38 *will 1800.* 70 *wait 1800.*

I saw your Lady smile with such sly meaning.
What 's in the wind?

Tertsky. A secret. Hush! she comes.

[*Exit* ILLO.

SCENE II

The COUNTESS *steps out from a Closet.*

COUNT *and* COUNTESS TERTSKY.

Tertsky. Well—is she coming?—I can keep him back
No longer.

Countess. She will be there instantly.
You only send him.

Tertsky. I am not quite certain,
I must confess it, Countess, whether or not
We are earning the Duke's thanks hereby. You know,
No ray has broken from him on this point.
You have o'er-ruled me, and yourself know best
How far you dare proceed.

Countess. I take it on me.

[*Talking to herself, while she is advancing.*

Here 's no need of full powers and commissions—
My cloudy Duke! we understand each other—
And without words. What, could I not unriddle,
Wherefore the daughter should be sent for hither,
Why first he, and no other, should be chosen
To fetch her hither! This sham of betrothing her
To a bridegroom,[1] whom no one knows—No! no!———
This may blind others! I see through thee, Brother!
But it beseems thee not, to draw a card
At such a game. Not yet!—It all remains
Mutely delivered up to my finessing——
Well—thou shalt not have been deceived, Duke Friedland!
In her who is thy sister.——

Servant (*enters*). The commanders!

Tertsky (*to the Countess*). Take care you heat his fancy and affections—
Possess him with a reverie, and send him,
Absent and dreaming, to the banquet; that
He may not boggle at the signature.

[1] In Germany, after honourable addresses have been paid and formally accepted, the lovers are called Bride and Bridegroom, even though the marriage should not take place till years afterwards.

6 broken] broke out *1800, 1828, 1829.* 13 *he 1800, 1828, 1829.* 15 whom] when *1800, 1828, 1829.*

Countess. Take you care of your guests!—Go, send him hither.

Tertsky. All rests upon his undersigning.

Countess. Go to your guests! Go——

Illo (comes back). Where art staying, Tertsky?
The house is full, and all expecting you.

Tertsky. Instantly! Instantly! [*To the* COUNTESS.
And let him not
Stay here too long. It might awake suspicion
In the old man——

Countess. A truce with your precautions!

[*Exeunt* TERTSKY *and* ILLO.

SCENE III

COUNTESS, MAX PICCOLOMINI.

Max. Aunt Tertsky? may I venture?

[*Advances to the middle of the stage, and looks around him with uneasiness.*

She 's not here!
Where is she?

Countess. Look but somewhat narrowly
In yonder corner, lest perhaps she lie
Conceal'd behind that screen.

Max. There lie her gloves![1]

[*Snatches at them, but the* COUNTESS *takes them herself.*

You unkind Lady! You refuse me this—
You make it an amusement to torment me.

Countess. And this the thanks you give me for my trouble?

Max. O, if you felt the oppression at my heart!
Since we've been here, so to constrain myself—
With such poor stealth to hazard words and glances—
These, these are not my habits!

Countess. You have still
Many new habits to acquire, young friend!

[1] All this is terribly childish, at least appears so to an *English* lover. Besides it is modern French Comedy—for which, by the by, we want a word to distinguish it from the *toto caelo* different Comedy which Shakespere and his contemporaries worked up into their Tragedy with such felicity of action and reaction. *MS. R.*

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28 *Countess (interrupting him). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Scene III. *Max (peeping in on the stage shyly). 1800, 1828, 1829.* 7 thanks] thank *1800, 1828, 1829.* 8 *my 1800, 1828, 1829.*

But on this proof of your obedient temper
I must continue to insist; and only
On this condition can I play the agent
For your concerns.
Max. But wherefore comes she not?
Where is she?
Countess. Into my hands you must place it
Whole and entire. Whom could you find, indeed,
More zealously affected to your interest?
No soul on earth must know it—not your father.
He must not above all.
Max. Alas! what danger?
Here is no face on which I might concentre
All the enraptured soul stirs up within me.
O Lady! tell me. Is all changed around me?
Or is it only I?
I find myself,
As among strangers! Not a trace is left
Of all my former wishes, former joys.
Where has it vanished to? There was a time
When even, methought, with such a world as this
I was not discontented. Now how flat!
How stale! No life, no bloom, no flavour in it!
My comrades are intolerable to me.
My father—Even to him I can say nothing.
My arms, my military duties—O!
They are such wearying toys!
Countess. But, gentle friend!
I must entreat it of your condescension,
You would be pleased to sink your eye, and favour
With one short glance or two this poor stale world,
Where even now much, and of much moment,
Is on the eve of its completion.
Max. Something,
I can't but know, is going forward round me.
I see it gathering, crowding, driving on,
In wild uncustomary movements. Well,
In due time, doubtless, it will reach even me.
Where think you I have been, dear lady? Nay,
No raillery. The turmoil of the camp,
The spring-tide of acquaintance rolling in,
The pointless jest, the empty conversation,

17 *my 1800, 1828, 1829.* 21 *He 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Oppress'd and stifled me. I gasped for air—
I could not breathe—I was constrain'd to fly,
To seek a silence out for my full heart;
And a pure spot wherein to feel my happiness.
No smiling, Countess! In the church was I.
There is a cloister here to the heaven's gate,[1]
Thither I went, there found myself alone.
Over the altar hung a holy mother;
A wretched painting 'twas, yet 'twas the friend
That I was seeking in this moment. Ah,
How oft have I beheld that glorious form
In splendour, mid ecstatic worshippers;
Yet, still it moved me not! and now at once
Was my devotion cloudless as my love.

Countess. Enjoy your fortune and felicity!
Forget the world around you. Meantime, friendship
Shall keep strict vigils for you, anxious, active.
Only be manageable when that friendship
Points you the road to full accomplishment.
How long may it be since you declared your passion?

Max. This morning did I hazard the first word.

Countess. This morning the first time in twenty days?

Max. 'Twas at that hunting-castle, betwixt here
And Nepomuck, where you had joined us, and—
That was the last relay of the whole journey!
In a balcony we were standing mute,
And gazing out upon the dreary field:
Before us the dragoons were riding onward,
The safe-guard which the Duke had sent us—heavy
The inquietude of parting lay upon me,
And trembling ventured I at length these words:
This all reminds me, noble maiden, that
To-day I must take leave of my good fortune.
A few hours more, and you will find a father,
Will see yourself surrounded by new friends,
And I henceforth shall be but as a stranger,
Lost in the many—'Speak with my aunt Tertsky!'
With hurrying voice she interrupted me.

[1] I am doubtful whether this be the dedication of the cloister or the name of one of the city gates, near which it stood. I have translated it in the former sense; but fearful of having made some blunder, I add the original—Es ist ein Kloster hier *zur Himmelspforte.*

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72 *you 1800, 1828, 1829.*

She faltered. I beheld a glowing red
Possess her beautiful cheeks, and from the ground
Raised slowly up her eye met mine—no longer
Did I control myself.

[*The* PRINCESS THEKLA *appears at the door, and remains standing, observed by the* COUNTESS, *but not by* PICCOLOMINI.

With instant boldness
I caught her in my arms, my mouth touched hers;
There was a rustling in the room close by;
It parted us—'Twas you. What since has happened,
You know.

Countess. And is it your excess of modesty;
Or are you so incurious, that you do not
Ask me too of my secret?

Max. Of your secret?

Countess. Why, yes! When in the instant after you
I stepped into the room, and found my niece there,
What she in this first moment of the heart
Ta'en with surprise—

Max. Well?

SCENE IV

THEKLA (*hurries forward*), COUNTESS, MAX PICCOLOMINI.

Thekla (*to the Countess*). Spare yourself the trouble:
That hears he better from myself.

Max. My Princess!
What have you let her hear me say, aunt Tertsky?

Thekla (*to the Countess*). Has he been here long?

Countess. Yes; and soon must go.
Where have you stayed so long?

Thekla. Alas! my mother
Wept so again! and I—I see her suffer,
Yet cannot keep myself from being happy.

Max. Now once again I have courage to look on you.
To-day at noon I could not.
The dazzle of the jewels that play'd round you
Hid the beloved from me.

Thekla. Then you saw me

91 mouth] *lips MS. R.* 94 *Countess* (*after a pause, with a stolen glance at Thekla*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* 96 *your 1800, 1828, 1829.* 100 *Max* (*with eagerness*). *1800, 1828, 1829.*

Scene IV. 2 *Max* (*stepping backward*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* 5 *you 1800, 1828, 1829.*

With your eye only—and not with your heart?
Max. This morning, when I found you in the circle
Of all your kindred, in your father's arms,
Beheld myself an alien in this circle,
O! what an impulse felt I in that moment
To fall upon his neck, to call him father!
But his stern eye o'erpowered the swelling passion—
It dared not but be silent. And those brilliants,
That like a crown of stars enwreathed your brows,
They scared me too! O wherefore, wherefore should he
At the first meeting spread as 'twere the ban
Of excommunication round you, wherefore
Dress up the angel as for sacrifice,
And cast upon the light and joyous heart
The mournful burthen of his station? Fitly
May love dare woo for love; but such a splendour
Might none but monarchs venture to approach.
Thekla. Hush! not a word more of this mummery.
You see how soon the burthen is thrown off.
[*To the* COUNTESS.
He is not in spirits. Wherefore is he not?
'Tis you, aunt, that have made him all so gloomy!
He had quite another nature on the journey—
So calm, so bright, so joyous eloquent. [*To* MAX.
It was my wish to see you always so,
And never otherwise!
Max. You find yourself
In your great father's arms, beloved lady!
All in a new world, which does homage to you,
And which, wer't only by its novelty,
Delights your eye.
Thekla. Yes; I confess to you
That many things delight me here: this camp,
This motley stage of warriors, which renews
So manifold the image of my fancy,
And binds to life, binds to reality,
What hitherto had but been present to me
As a sweet dream!
Max. Alas! not so to me.
It makes a dream of my reality.
Upon some island in the ethereal heights
I've lived for these last days. This mass of men

17 *father 1800, 1828, 1829.* 26 *his 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Forces me down to earth. It is a bridge
That, reconducting to my former life,
Divides me and my heaven.
Thekla. The game of life
Looks cheerful, when one carries in one's heart
The inalienable treasure. 'Tis a game,
Which having once reviewed, I turn more joyous
Back to my deeper and appropriate bliss.
In this short time that I've been present here,
What new unheard-of things have I not seen!
And yet they all must give place to the wonder
Which this mysterious castle guards.
Countess. And what
Can this be then? Methought I was acquainted
With all the dusky corners of this house.
Thekla. Ay, but the road thereto is watched by spirits,
Two griffins still stand sentry at the door.
Countess (laughs). The astrological tower!—How happens it
That this same sanctuary, whose access
Is to all others so impracticable,
Opens before you even at your approach?
Thekla. A dwarfish old man with a friendly face
And snow-white hairs, whose gracious services
Were mine at first sight, opened me the doors.
Max. That is the Duke's astrologer, old Seni.
Thekla. He questioned me on many points; for instance,
When I was born, what month, and on what day,
Whether by day or in the night.
Countess. He wished
To erect a figure for your horoscope.
Thekla. My hand too he examined, shook his head
With much sad meaning, and the lines methought,
Did not square over truly with his wishes.
Countess. Well, Princess, and what found you in this tower?
My highest privilege has been to snatch
A side-glance, and away!
Thekla. [1]It was a strange

[1] In this and in Max's reply to it I have taken more liberty than in any other part of the play—except perhaps in Gordon's character of Wallenstein [Act III. Scene ii]. In truth, Max's reply after the first nine lines is almost my own, as are the first seven lines of Thekla's description.

54 inalienable] unalienable *1800, 1828, 1829.* *After* 56 [*Breaking off, and in a sportive tone.* *1800, 1828, 1829.* 60 *Countess (recollecting).* *1800, 1828, 1829.* 63 *Thekla (smiling).* *1800, 1828, 1829.*

Sensation that came o'er me, when at first
From the broad sunshine I stepped in; and now
The narrowing line of day-light, that ran after
The closing door, was gone; and all about me
'Twas pale and dusky night, with many shadows
Fantastically cast. Here six or seven
Colossal statues, and all kings, stood round me
In a half-circle. Each one in his hand
A sceptre bore, and on his head a star;
And in the tower no other light was there
But from these stars: all seemed to come from them.
'These are the planets,' said that low old man,
'They govern worldly fates, and for that cause
Are imaged here as kings. He farthest from you,
Spiteful, and cold, an old man melancholy,
With bent and yellow forehead, he is Saturn.
He opposite, the king with the red light,
An arm'd man for the battle, that is Mars:
And both these bring but little luck to man.'
But at his side a lovely lady stood,
The star upon her head was soft and bright,
And that was Venus, the bright star of joy.
On the left hand, lo! Mercury, with wings.
Quite in the middle glittered silver-bright
A cheerful man, and with a monarch's mien;
And this was Jupiter, my father's star:
And at his side I saw the Sun and Moon.
Max. O never rudely will I blame his faith
In the might of stars and angels! 'Tis not merely
The human being's Pride that peoples space
With life and mystical predominance;
Since likewise for the stricken heart of Love
This visible nature, and this common world,
Is all too narrow: yea, a deeper import
Lurks in the legend told my infant years
Than lies upon that truth, we live to learn.
For fable is Love's world, his home, his birth-place;
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,
And spirits; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.

The remainder I take a little pride in as a specimen of translation, fully equal, and in diction and rhythmic feeling superior, to the original. *S. T. C. MS. R.*

The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and wat'ry depths; all these have vanished.
They live no longer in the faith of reason!
But still the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names,
And to yon starry world they now are gone,
Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
With man as with their friend;[1] and to the lover
Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
Shoot influence down: and even at this day
'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
And Venus who brings every thing that 's fair!

Thekla. And if this be the science of the stars,
I too, with glad and zealous industry,
Will learn acquaintance with this cheerful faith.
It is a gentle and affectionate thought,
That in immeasurable heights above us,
At our first birth, the wreath of love was woven,
With sparkling stars for flowers.

Countess. Not only roses,
But thorns too hath the heaven; and well for you
Leave they your wreath of love inviolate;
What Venus twined, the bearer of glad fortune,
The sullen orb of Mars soon tears to pieces.

Max. Soon will his gloomy empire reach its close.
Blest be the General's zeal: into the laurel
Will he inweave the olive-branch, presenting
Peace to the shouting nations. Then no wish
Will have remained for his great heart! Enough
Has he performed for glory, and can now
Live for himself and his. To his domains
Will he retire; he has a stately seat
Of fairest view at Gitschin; Reichenberg,
And Friedland Castle, both lie pleasantly—

[1] No more of talk, where God or Angel Guest
With Man, as with his friend, familiar used
To sit indulgent.
Paradise Lost, ix. 1–3. *1800, 1828, 1829.*

126 their] her *1829.*

Even to the foot of the huge mountains here
Stretches the chase and covers of his forests:
His ruling passion, to create the splendid,
He can indulge without restraint; can give
A princely patronage to every art,
And to all worth a Sovereign's protection.
Can build, can plant, can watch the starry courses—
Countess. Yet I would have you look, and look again,
Before you lay aside your arms, young friend!
A gentle bride, as she is, is well worth it,
That you should woo and win her with the sword.
Max. O, that the sword could win her!
Countess. What was that?
Did you hear nothing? Seem'd, as if I heard
Tumult and larum in the banquet-room.

[*Exit* COUNTESS.

SCENE V

THEKLA *and* MAX PICCOLOMINI.

Thekla (*as soon as the Countess is out of sight, in a quick low voice to Piccolomini*). Don't trust them! They are false!

Max. Impossible!

Thekla. Trust no one here but me. I saw at once,
They had a purpose.

Max. Purpose! but what purpose?
And how can we be instrumental to it?

Thekla. I know no more than you; but yet believe me:
There's some design in this! to make us happy,
To realize our union—trust me, love!
They but pretend to wish it.

Max. But these Tertskys——
Why use we them at all? Why not your mother?
Excellent creature! she deserves from us
A full and filial confidence.

Thekla. She doth love you,
Doth rate you high before all others—but—
But such a secret—she would never have
The courage to conceal it from my father.
For her own peace of mind we must preserve it
A secret from her too.

Max. Why any secret?
I love not secrets. Mark, what I will do.

160 huge] *Silesian MS. R.* Scene V. 3 *purpose 1800, 1828, 1829.*

I'll throw me at your father's feet—let him
Decide upon my fortunes!—He is true,
He wears no mask—he hates all crooked ways—
He is so good, so noble!
Thekla (*falls on his neck*). That are you!
Max. You knew him only since this morn; but I
Have liv'd ten years already in his presence,
And who knows whether in this very moment
He is not merely waiting for us both
To own our loves, in order to unite us.
You are silent!——
You look at me with such a hopelessness!
What have you to object against your father?
Thekla. I? Nothing. Only he 's so occupied—
He has no leisure time to think about
The happiness of us two. [*Taking his hand tenderly.*
Follow me!
Let us not place too great a faith in men.
These Tertskys—we will still be grateful to them
For every kindness, but not trust them further
Than they deserve;—and in all else rely——
On our own hearts!
Max. O! shall we e'er be happy?
Thekla. Are we not happy now? Art thou not mine?
Am I not thine? There lives within my soul
A lofty courage—'tis love gives it me!
I ought to be less open—ought to hide
My heart more from thee—so decorum dictates:[1]
But where in this place could'st thou seek for truth,
If in my mouth thou did'st not find it?

SCENE VI

To them enters the COUNTESS TERTSKY.

Countess. Come!
My husband sends me for you—It is now

[1] What may not a man write and publish, who writes with the press waiting, and composes p. 86 while the printer is composing p. 85? *MS. R.*

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18 *him 1800, 1828, 1829.* 37 *e'er 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Scene VI. 1 *Countess* (*in a pressing manner*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* 3 The latest, &c. [*They not appearing to attend to what she says, she steps between them. 1800, 1828, 1829.*

The latest moment.
Part you!
Thekla. O, not yet!
It has been scarce a moment.
Countess. Aye! Then time
Flies swiftly with your Highness, Princess niece!
Max. There is no hurry, aunt.
Countess. Away! Away!
The folks begin to miss you. Twice already
His father has asked for him.
Thekla. Ha! his father?
Countess. You understand that, niece!
Thekla. Why needs he
To go at all to that society?
'Tis not his proper company. They may
Be worthy men, but he's too young for them.
In brief, he suits not such society.
Countess. You mean, you'd rather keep him wholly here?
Thekla. Yes! you have hit it, aunt! That is my meaning.
Leave him here wholly! Tell the company—
Countess. What? have you lost your senses, niece?—
Count, you remember the conditions. Come!
Max (*to Thekla*). Lady, I must obey. Farewell, dear lady!
[THEKLA *turns away from him with a quick motion.*
What say you then, dear lady?
Thekla (*without looking at him*). Nothing. Go!
Max. Can I, when you are angry——
[*He draws up to her, their eyes meet, she stands silent a moment, then throws herself into his arms; he presses her fast to his heart.*
Countess. Off! Heavens! if any one should come!
Hark! What's that noise? It comes this way.——Off!
[MAX *tears himself away out of her arms, and goes. The* COUNTESS *accompanies him.* THEKLA *follows him with her eyes at first, walks restlessly across the room, then stops, and remains standing, lost in thought. A guitar lies on the table, she seizes it as by a sudden emotion, and after she has played a while an irregular and melancholy symphony, she falls gradually into the music and sings.*

9 *that 1800, 1828, 1829.* 15 *Thekla* (*with energy*). *1800, 1828, 1829.*

Thekla (plays and sings).

The cloud doth gather, the greenwood roar,
The damsel paces along the shore;
The billows they tumble with might, with might;
And she flings out her voice to the darksome night;
Her bosom is swelling with sorrow;
The world it is empty, the heart will die,
There's nothing to wish for beneath the sky:
Thou Holy One, call thy child away!
I've lived and loved, and that was to-day—
Make ready my grave-clothes to-morrow.[1]

[1] I found it not in my power to translate this song with *literal* fidelity, preserving at the same time the Alcaic Movement, and have therefore added the original with a prose translation. Some of my readers may be more fortunate.

Thekla (spielt und singt).

Der Eichwald brauset, die Wolken ziehn,
Das Mägdlein wandelt an Ufers Grün,
Es bricht sich die Welle mit Macht, mit Macht,
Und sie singt hinaus in die finstre Nacht,
Das Auge von Weinen getrübet:
Das Herz ist gestorben, die Welt ist leer,
Und weiter giebt sie dem Wunsche nichts mehr.
Du Heilige, rufe dein Kind zurück,
Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Thekla (plays and sings).

The oak-forest bellows, the clouds gather, the damsel walks to and fro on the green of the shore; the wave breaks with might, with might, and she sings out into the dark night, her eye discoloured with weeping: the heart is dead, the world is empty, and further gives it nothing more to the wish. Thou Holy One, call thy child home. I have enjoyed the happiness of this world, I have lived and have loved.

I cannot but add here an imitation of this song, with which the author of *The Tale of Rosamond Gray and Blind Margaret* has favoured me, and which appears to me to have caught the happiest manner of our old ballads.

The clouds are black'ning, the storms threat'ning,
The cavern doth mutter, the greenwood moan;
Billows are breaking, the damsel's heart aching,
Thus in the dark night she singeth alone,
Her eye upward roving:
The world is empty, the heart is dead surely,
In this world plainly all seemeth amiss;
To thy heaven, Holy One, take home thy little one,
I have partaken of all earth's bliss,
Both living and loving.

Scene VII

Countess (*returns*), Thekla.

Countess. Fie, lady niece! to throw yourself upon him,
Like a poor gift to one who cares not for it,
And so must be flung after him! For you,
Duke Friedland's only child, I should have thought
It had been more beseeming to have shewn yourself
More chary of your person.
Thekla. And what mean you?
Countess. I mean, niece, that you should not have forgotten
Who you are, and who he is. But perchance
That never once occurred to you.
Thekla. What then?
Countess. That you're the daughter of the Prince-Duke Friedland.
Thekla. Well—and what farther?
Countess. What? a pretty question!
Thekla. He was born that which we have but become.
He's of an ancient Lombard family,
Son of a reigning princess.
Countess. Are you dreaming?
Talking in sleep? An excellent jest, forsooth!
We shall no doubt right courteously entreat him
To honour with his hand the richest heiress
In Europe.
Thekla. That will not be necessary.
Countess. Methinks 'twere well though not to run the hazard.

The text of Lamb's version as printed in *Works*, 1818, i. 42 is as follows:—

BALLAD.

From the German.

The clouds are blackening, the storms threatening,
And ever the forest maketh a moan:
Billows are breaking, the damsel's heart aching,
Thus by herself she singeth alone,
Weeping right plenteously.
The world is empty, the heart is dead surely,
In this world plainly all seemeth amiss:
To thy breast, holy one, take now thy little one,
I have had earnest of all earth's bliss
Living most lovingly. *Spring, 1800.*

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6 *Thekla (rising). 1800, 1828, 1829.* 8 *you 1800, 1828, 1829.* 12 *born . . . become 1800, 1828, 1829.* 16 *entreat 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Thekla. His father loves him, Count Octavio
Will interpose no difficulty——
Countess. His!
His father! his! But yours, niece, what of yours?
Thekla. Why I begin to think you fear his father,
So anxiously you hide it from the man!
His father, his, I mean.
Countess (looks at her). Niece, you are false.
Thekla. Are you then wounded? O, be friends with me!
Countess. You hold your game for won already. Do not
Triumph too soon!—
Thekla. Nay now, be friends with me.
Countess. It is not yet so far gone.
Thekla. I believe you.
Countess. Did you suppose your father had laid out
His most important life in toils of war,
Denied himself each quiet earthly bliss,
Had banished slumber from his tent, devoted
His noble head to care, and for this only,
To make a happy pair of you? At length
To draw you from your convent, and conduct
In easy triumph to your arms the man
That chanc'd to please your eyes! All this, methinks,
He might have purchased at a cheaper rate.
Thekla. That which he did not plant for me might yet
Bear me fair fruitage of its own accord.
And if my friendly and affectionate fate,
Out of his fearful and enormous being,
Will but prepare the joys of life for me—
[1] *Countess.* Thou seest it with a love-lorn maiden's eyes.
Cast thine eye round, bethink thee who thou art.
Into no house of joyance hast thou stepped,
For no espousals dost thou find the walls
Deck'd out, no guests the nuptial garland wearing.
Here is no splendour but of arms. Or think'st thou
That all these thousands are here congregated
To lead up the long dances at thy wedding?
Thou see'st thy father's forehead full of thought,

[1] A noble speech, and with the additional excellence of being in character. *MS. R.*

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21 *His 1800, 1828, 1829.* 22 *His . . . his 1800, 1828, 1829.* 25 *His . . . his 1800, 1828, 1829.* *Countess (looks at her, as scrutinizing). 1800, 1828, 1829.* *false 1800, 1828, 1829.* 28 *Thekla (interrupting her, and attempting to soothe her). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Thy mother's eye in tears: upon the balance
Lies the great destiny of all our house.
Leave now the puny wish, the girlish feeling,
O thrust it far behind thee! Give thou proof,
Thou'rt the daughter of the Mighty—his
Who where he moves creates the wonderful.
Not to herself the woman must belong,
Annexed and bound to alien destinies.
But she performs the best part, she the wisest,
Who can transmute the alien into self,
Meet and disarm necessity by choice;
And what must be, take freely to her heart,
And bear and foster it with mother's love.

Thekla. Such ever was my lesson in the convent.
I had no loves, no wishes, knew myself
Only as his—his daughter—his, the Mighty!
His fame, the echo of whose blast drove to me
From the far distance, wakened in my soul
No other thought than this—I am appointed
To offer up myself in passiveness to him.

Countess. That is thy fate. Mould thou thy wishes to it.
I and thy mother gave thee the example.

Thekla. My fate hath shewn me him, to whom behoves it
That I should offer up myself. In gladness
Him will I follow.

Countess. Not thy fate hath shewn him!
Thy heart, say rather—'twas thy heart, my child!

Thekla. Fate hath no voice but the heart's impulses.
I am all his! His Present—his alone,
Is this new life, which lives in me. He hath
A right to his own creature. What was I
Ere his fair love infused a soul into me?

Countess. Thou would'st oppose thy father then, should he
Have otherwise determined with thy person?

[THEKLA *remains silent. The* COUNTESS *continues.*

Thou mean'st to force him to thy liking?—Child,
His name is Friedland.

Thekla. My name too is Friedland.
He shall have found a genuine daughter in me.

Countess. What? he has vanquished all impediment,
And in the wilful mood of his own daughter

58 *his 1800, 1828, 1829.* 74 *is 1800, 1828, 1829.* 76 *him 1800, 1828, 1829.* 78 *Him 1800, 1828, 1829.* 81 *His* Present—*his 1800, 1828, 1829.* 88 *My 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Shall a new struggle rise for him? Child! child!
As yet thou hast seen thy father's smiles alone;
The eye of his rage thou hast not seen. Dear child,
I will not frighten thee. To that extreme,
I trust, it ne'er shall come. His will is yet
Unknown to me: 'tis possible his aims
May have the same direction as thy wish.
But this can never, never be his will,
That thou, the daughter of his haughty fortunes,
Should'st e'er demean thee as a love-sick maiden;
And like some poor cost-nothing, fling thyself
Toward the man, who, if that high prize ever
Be destined to await him, yet, with sacrifices
The highest love can bring, must pay for it. [*Exit* COUNTESS.

Thekla. I thank thee for the hint. It turns
My sad presentiment to certainty.
And it is so!—Not one friend have we here,
Not one true heart! we've nothing but ourselves!
O she said rightly—no auspicious signs
Beam on this covenant of our affections.
This is no theatre, where hope abides.
The dull thick noise of war alone stirs here.
And love himself, as he were armed in steel,
Steps forth, and girds him for the strife of death.

[*Music from the banquet-room is heard.*

There's a dark spirit walking in our house,
And swiftly will the Destiny close on us.
It drove me hither from my calm asylum,
It mocks my soul with charming witchery,
It lures me forward in a seraph's shape,
I see it near, I see it nearer floating,
It draws, it pulls me with a god-like power—
And lo! the abyss—and thither am I moving—
I have no power within me not to move!

[*The music from the banquet-room becomes louder.*

O when a house is doomed in fire to perish,
Many a dark heaven drives his clouds together,
Yea, shoots his lightnings down from sunny heights,
Flames burst from out the subterraneous chasms,

103 *if 1800, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 106 *Thekla (who during the last speech had been standing evidently lost in her reflections). 1800, 1828, 1829.* 111 covenant] couvenant *1800.* 126 a] and *1800, 1828, 1829.*

And fiends and angels mingling in their fury,
Sling fire-brands at the burning edifice.[1]

[*Exit* THEKLA.

SCENE VIII

A large Saloon lighted up with festal Splendour; in the midst of it, and in the Centre of the Stage, a Table richly set out, at which eight Generals *are sitting, among whom are* OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, TERTSKY, *and* MARADAS. *Right and left of this, but further back, two other Tables, at each of which six Persons are placed. The Middle Door, which is standing open, gives to the Prospect a Fourth Table, with the same Number of Persons. More forward stands the sideboard. The whole front of the Stage is kept open for the Pages and Servants in waiting. All is in Motion. The Band of Music belonging to Tertsky's Regiment march across the Stage, and draw up round the Tables. Before they are quite off from the Front of the Stage,* MAX PICCOLOMINI *appears,* TERTSKY *advances towards him with a Paper,* ISOLANI *comes up to meet him with a Beaker or Service-cup.*

TERTSKY, ISOLANI, MAX PICCOLOMINI.

Isolani. Here brother, what we love! Why, where hast been?
Off to thy place—quick! Tertsky here has given
The mother's holiday wine up to free booty.
Here it goes on as at the Heidelberg castle.
Already hast thou lost the best. They're giving
At yonder table ducal crowns in shares;
There's Sternberg's lands and chattels are put up,
With Egenberg's, Stawata's, Lichtenstein's,
And all the great Bohemian feodalities.
Be nimble, lad! and something may turn up

[1] There are few, who will not have taste enough to laugh at the two concluding lines of this soliloquy; and still fewer, I would fain hope, who would not have been more disposed to shudder, had I given a *faithful* translation. For the readers of German I have added the original:

Blind-wüthend schleudert selbst der Gott der Freude
Den Pechkranz in das brennende Gebäude.*

* The two lines are sufficiently fustian, but this seems no reason for interpreting 'the God of Joy' as any higher divinity than Comus or rather an allegoric personage. Festivity alluding to the festive music and uproar heard from the banquet-room. *MS. R.*

9 feodalities] feodalties *1800.*

For thee—who knows? off—to thy place! quick! march!
Tiefenbach and Goetz (call out from the second and third tables).
Count Piccolomini!
Tertsky. Stop, ye shall have him in an instant.—Read
This oath here, whether as 'tis here set forth,
The wording satisfies you. They've all read it,
Each in his turn, and each one will subscribe
His individual signature.
Max (reads). 'Ingratis servire nefas.'
Isolani. That sounds to my ears very much like Latin,
And being interpreted, pray what may't mean?
Tertsky. No honest man will serve a thankless master.
Max. 'Inasmuch as our supreme Commander, the illustrious Duke of Friedland, in consequence of the manifold affronts and grievances which he has received, had expressed his determination to quit the Emperor, but on our unanimous entreaty has graciously consented to remain still with the army, and not to part from us without our approbation thereof, so we, collectively and *each in particular*, in the stead of an oath personally taken, do hereby oblige ourselves—likewise by him honourably and faithfully to hold, and in nowise whatsoever from him to part, and to be ready to shed for his interests the last drop of our blood, so far, namely, as *our oath to the Emperor will permit it.* (*These last words are repeated by* ISOLANI.) In testimony of which we subscribe our names.'
Tertsky. Now!—are you willing to subscribe this paper?
Isolani. Why should he not? All officers of honour
Can do it, aye, must do it.—Pen and ink here!
Tertsky. Nay, let it rest till after meal.
Isolani (drawing Max along). Come, Max.
[*Both seat themselves at their table.*

SCENE IX

TERTSKY, NEUMANN.

Tertsky (beckons to Neumann who is waiting at the side-table, and steps forward with him to the edge of the stage). Have you the copy with you, Neumann? Give it.
It may be changed for the other?
Neumann. I have copied it
Letter by letter, line by line; no eye
Would e'er discover other difference,
Save only the omission of that clause,

According to your Excellency's order.
Tertsky. Right! lay it yonder, and away with this—
It has performed its business—to the fire with it—
NEUMANN *lays the copy on the table and steps back again to the side-table.*

SCENE X

ILLO (*comes out from the second chamber*), TERTSKY.

Illo. How goes it with young Piccolomini?
Tertsky. All right, I think. He has started no objection.
Illo. He is the only one I fear about—
He and his father. Have an eye on both!
Tertsky. How looks it at your table: you forget not
To keep them warm and stirring?
Illo. O, quite cordial,
They are quite cordial in the scheme. We have them.
And 'tis as I predicted too. Already
It is the talk, not merely to maintain
The Duke in station. 'Since we're once for all
Together and unanimous, why not,'
Says Montecuculi, 'aye, why not onward,
And make conditions with the Emperor
There in his own Vienna?' Trust me, Count,
Were it not for these said Piccolomini,
We might have spared ourselves the cheat.
Tertsky. And Butler?
How goes it there? Hush!

SCENE XI

To them enter BUTLER *from the second table.*

Butler. Don't disturb yourselves.
Field Marshal, I have understood you perfectly.
Good luck be to the scheme; and as to me,
You may depend upon me.
Illo. May we, Butler?
Butler. With or without the clause, all one to me!
You understand me? My fidelity
The Duke may put to any proof—I'm with him!
Tell him so! I'm the Emperor's officer,
As long as 'tis his pleasure to remain

Scene XI. *After* 3 [*with an air of mystery. 1800, 1828, 1829.* 4 *Illo (with vivacity). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

The Emperor's general! and Friedland's servant,
As soon as it shall please him to become
His own lord.
Tertsky. You would make a good exchange.
No stern economist, no Ferdinand,
Is he to whom you plight your services.
Butler. I do not put up my fidelity
To sale, Count Tertsky! Half a year ago
I would not have advised you to have made me
An overture to that, to which I now
Offer myself of my own free accord.—
But that is past! and to the Duke, Field Marshal,
I bring myself together with my regiment.
And mark you, 'tis my humour to believe,
The example which I give will not remain
Without an influence.
Illo. Who is ignorant,
That the whole army look to Colonel Butler,
As to a light that moves before them?
Butler. Ey?
Then I repent me not of that fidelity
Which for the length of forty years I held,
If in my sixtieth year my old good name
Can purchase for me a revenge so full.
Start not at what I say, sir Generals!
My real motives—they concern not you.
And you yourselves, I trust, could not expect
That this your game had crooked my judgment—or
That fickleness, quick blood, or such light cause,
Had driven the old man from the track of honour,
Which he so long had trodden.—Come, my friends!
I'm not thereto determined with less firmness,
Because I know and have looked steadily
At that on which I have determined.
Illo. Say,
And speak roundly, what are we to deem you?
Butler. A friend! I give you here my hand! I'm yours
With all I have. Not only men, but money
Will the Duke want.——Go, tell him, sirs!
I've earned and laid up somewhat in his service,

15 *Butler (with a haughty look). 1800, 1828, 1829.* 34 *my 1800, 1828, 1829.*
36 Had] Has *1800, 1828, 1829.*

I lend it him; and is he my survivor,
It has been already long ago bequeathed him.
He is my heir. For me, I stand alone,
Here in the world; nought know I of the feeling
That binds the husband to a wife and children.
My name dies with me, my existence ends.
Illo. 'Tis not your money that he needs—a heart
Like yours weighs tons of gold down, weighs down millions!
Butler. I came a simple soldier's boy from Ireland
To Prague—and with a master, whom I buried.
From lowest stable-duty I climbed up,
Such was the fate of war, to this high rank,
The plaything of a whimsical good fortune.
And Wallenstein too is a child of luck,
I love a fortune that is like my own.
Illo. All powerful souls have kindred with each other.
Butler. This is an awful moment! to the brave,
To the determined, an auspicious moment.
The Prince of Weimar arms, upon the Maine
To found a mighty dukedom. He of Halberstadt,
That Mansfeld, wanted but a longer life
To have marked out with his good sword a lordship
That should reward his courage. Who of these
Equals our Friedland? there is nothing, nothing
So high, but he may set the ladder to it!
Tertsky. That 's spoken like a man!
Butler. Do you secure the Spaniard and Italian—
I'll be your warrant for the Scotchman Lesly.
Come! to the company!
Tertsky. Where is the master of the cellar? Ho!
Let the best wines come up. Ho! cheerly, boy!
Luck comes to-day, so give her hearty welcome.

[*Exeunt, each to his table.*

Scene XII

The Master of the Cellar *advancing with* Neumann, Servants *passing backwards and forwards.*

Master of the Cellar. The best wine! O! if my old mistress, his lady mother, could but see these wild goings on, she would turn herself round in her grave. Yes, yes, sir officer! 'tis all down the hill with this noble house! no end, no

moderation! And this marriage with the Duke's sister, a splendid connection, a very splendid connection! but I tell you, sir officer, it bodes no good.

Neumann. Heaven forbid! Why, at this very moment the whole prospect is in bud and blossom!

Master of the Cellar. You think so?—Well, well! much may be said on that head.

First Servant (*comes*). Burgundy for the fourth table.

Master of the Cellar. Now, sir lieutenant, if this isn't the seventieth flask——

First Servant. Why, the reason is, that German lord, Tiefenbach, sits at that table.

Master of the Cellar (*continuing his discourse to Neumann*). They are soaring too high. They would rival kings and electors in their pomp and splendour; and wherever the Duke leaps, not a minute does my gracious master, the Count, loiter on the brink——(*To the* Servants)—What do you stand there listening for? I will let you know you have legs presently. Off! see to the tables, see to the flasks! Look there! Count Palfi has an empty glass before him!

Runner (*comes*). The great service-cup is wanted, sir; that rich gold cup with the Bohemian arms on it. The Count says you know which it is.

Master of the Cellar. Ay! that was made for Frederick's coronation by the artist William—there was not such another prize in the whole booty at Prague.

Runner. The same!—a health is to go round in him.

Master of the Cellar. This will be something for the tale-bearers—this goes to Vienna.

Neumann. Permit me to look at it.—Well, this is a cup indeed! How heavy! as well it may be, being all gold.—And what neat things are embossed on it! how natural and elegant they look! There, on that first quarter, let me see. That proud Amazon there on horseback, she that is taking a leap over the crosier and mitres, and carries on a wand a hat together with a banner, on which there's a goblet represented. Can you tell me what all this signifies?

Master of the Cellar. The woman whom you see there on horseback, is the Free Election of the Bohemian Crown. That is signified by the round hat, and by that fiery steed on which she is riding. The hat is the pride of man; for

13 isn't] a'nt *1800, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 31 *Master of the Cellar* (*shaking his head while he fetches and rinses the cups*). *1800, 1828, 1829.*

he who cannot keep his hat on before kings and emperors is no free man.

Neumann. But what is the cup there on the banner?

Master of the Cellar. The cup signifies the freedom of the Bohemian Church, as it was in our forefathers' times. Our forefathers in the wars of the Hussites forced from the Pope this noble privilege: for the Pope, you know, will not grant the cup to any layman. Your true Moravian values nothing beyond the cup; it is his costly jewel, and has cost the Bohemians their precious blood in many and many a battle.

Neumann. And what says that chart that hangs in the air there, over it all?

Master of the Cellar. That signifies the Bohemian letter royal, which we forced from the Emperor Rudolph—a precious, never to be enough valued parchment that secures to the new Church the old privileges of free ringing and open psalmody. But since he of Steiermärk has ruled over us, that is at an end; and after the battle of Prague, in which Count Palatine Frederick lost crown and empire, our faith hangs upon the pulpit and the altar—and our brethren look at their homes over their shoulders; but the letter royal the Emperor himself cut to pieces with his scissors.

Neumann. Why, my good Master of the Cellar! you are deep read in the chronicles of your country!

Master of the Cellar. So were my forefathers, and for that reason were they minstrels, and served under Procopius and Ziska. Peace be with their ashes! Well, well! they fought for a good cause though—There! carry it up!

Neumann. Stay! let me but look at this second quarter. Look there! That is, when at Prague Castle the Imperial Counsellors, Martinitz and Stawata were hurled down head over heels. 'Tis even so! there stands Count Thur who commands it. [Runner *takes the service-cup and goes off with it.*

Master of the Cellar. O let me never more hear of that day. It was the three and twentieth of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand, six hundred, and eighteen. It seems to me as it were but yesterday—from that unlucky day it all began, all the heart-aches of the country. Since that day it is now sixteen years, and there has never once been peace on the earth.

[*Health drunk aloud at the second table.*

The Prince of Weimar! Hurra!

[*At the third and fourth table.*

74 *there* 1800, 1828, 1829. *After* 83 *drunk*] *drank* 1800, 1828, 1829.

Long live Prince William! Long live Duke Bernard! Hurra! [*Music strikes up.*

First Servant. Hear 'em! Hear 'em! What an uproar!

Second Servant (*comes in running*). Did you hear? They have drunk the Prince of Weimar's health.

Third Servant. The Swedish Chief Commander!

First Servant (*speaking at the same time*). The Lutheran!

Second Servant. Just before, when Count Deodate gave out the Emperor's health, they were all as mum as a nibbling mouse.

Master of the Cellar. Po, po! When the wine goes in, strange things come out. A good servant hears, and hears not!—You should be nothing but eyes and feet, except when you are called.

Second Servant (*to the Runner, to whom he gives secretly a flask of wine, keeping his eye on the Master of the Cellar, standing between him and the Runner*). Quick, Thomas! before the Master of the Cellar runs this way—'tis a flask of Frontignac!—Snapped it up at the third table.—Canst go off with it?

Runner (*hides it in his pocket*). All right! [*Exit the* Second Servant.

Third Servant (*aside to the First*). Be on the hark, Jack! that we may have right plenty to tell to father Quivoga—He will give us right plenty of absolution in return for it.

First Servant. For that very purpose I am always having something to do behind Illo's chair.—He is the man for speeches to make you stare with!

Master of the Cellar (*to Neumann*). Who, pray, may that swarthy man be, he with the cross, that is chatting so confidentially with Esterhats?

Neumann. Ay! he too is one of those to whom they confide too much. He calls himself Maradas, a Spaniard is he.

Master of the Cellar (*impatiently*). Spaniard! Spaniard!—I tell you, friend; nothing good comes of those Spaniards. All these out-landish[1] fellows are little better than rogues.

[1] There is a humour in the original which cannot be given in the translation. 'Die *welschen* alle,' &c., which word in classical German means the *Italians* alone; but in its first sense, and at present in the *vulgar* use of the word, signifies foreigners in general. Our word wall-nuts, I suppose, means *outlandish* nuts—Wallae nuces, in German 'Welsch-nüsse'.—*T.*

89 drunk] drank *1800, 1828, 1829.* 98 called] called to *1800, 1828, 1829.*

Neumann. Fy, fy! you should not say so, friend. There are among them our very best generals, and those on whom the Duke at this moment relies the most.

Master of the Cellar (*taking the flask out of the Runner's pocket*). My son, it will be broken to pieces in your pocket.

[TERTSKY *hurries in, fetches away the paper, and calls to a* Servant *for pen and ink, and goes to the back of the stage.*

Master of the Cellar (*to the Servants*). The Lieutenant-General stands up.—Be on the watch.—Now! They break up.—Off, and move back the forms.

[*They rise at all the tables, the* Servants *hurry off the front of the stage to the tables; part of the guests come forward.*

SCENE XIII

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI *enters in conversation with* MARADAS, *and both place themselves quite on the edge of the stage on one side of the proscenium. On the side directly opposite,* MAX PICCOLOMINI, *by himself, lost in thought, and taking no part in any thing that is going forward. The middle space between both, but rather more distant from the edge of the stage, is filled up by* BUTLER, ISOLANI, GOETZ, TIEFENBACH, *and* KOLATTO.

Isolani (*while the company is coming forward*). Good night, good night, Kolatto! Good night, Lieutenant-General!—I should rather say, good morning.

Goetz (*to Tiefenbach*). Noble brother!

Tiefenbach. Ay! 'twas a royal feast indeed.

Goetz. Yes, my Lady Countess understands these matters. Her mother-in-law, heaven rest her soul, taught her!—Ah! that was a housewife for you!

Tiefenbach. There was not her like in all Bohemia for setting out a table.

Octavio (*aside to Maradas*). Do me the favour to talk to me—talk of what you will—or of nothing. Only preserve the appearance at least of talking. I would not wish to stand by myself, and yet I conjecture that there will be goings on here worthy of our attentive observation.

Isolani (*on the point of going*). Lights! lights!

Tertsky (*advances with the paper to Isolani*). Noble brother! two minutes longer!—Here is something to subscribe.

After 4 (*making the usual compliment after meals*) *1800, 1828, 1829.* *After* 15 [*He continues to fix his eye on the whole following scene. 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Isolani. Subscribe as much as you like—but you must excuse me from reading it.

Tertsky. There is no need. It is the oath which you have already read.—Only a few marks of your pen!

[ISOLANI *hands over the paper to* OCTAVIO *respectfully.*

Tertsky. Nay, nay, first come first served. There is no precedence here.

[OCTAVIO *runs over the paper with apparent indifference.* TERTSKY *watches him at some distance.*

Goetz (*to Tertsky*). Noble Count! with your permission Good night.

Tertsky. Where's the hurry? Come, one other composing draught. (*To the Servants*)—Ho!

Goetz. Excuse me—an't able.

Tertsky. A thimble-full!

Goetz. Excuse me.

Tiefenbach (*sits down*). Pardon me, nobles!—This standing does not agree with me.

Tertsky. Consult only your own convenience, General!

Tiefenbach. Clear at head, sound in stomach—only my legs won't carry me any longer.

Isolani. Poor legs! how should they? Such an unmerciful load!

[OCTAVIO *subscribes his name, and reaches over the paper to* TERTSKY, *who gives it to* ISOLANI; *and he goes to the table to sign his name.*

Tiefenbach. 'Twas that war in Pomerania that first brought it on. Out in all weathers—ice and snow—no help for it.—I shall never get the better of it all the days of my life.

Goetz. Why, in simple verity, your Swede makes no nice enquiries about the season.

Tertsky (*observing Isolani, whose hand trembles excessively, so that he can scarce direct his pen*). Have you had that ugly complaint long, noble brother?—Dispatch it.

Isolani. The sins of youth! I have already tried the Chalybeate waters. Well—I must bear it.

[TERTSKY *gives the paper to* MARADAS; *he steps to the table to subscribe.*

Octavio (*advancing to Butler*). You are not over fond of the orgies of Bacchus, Colonel! I have observed it. You would, I think, find yourself more to your liking in the uproar of a battle, than of a feast.

37 *Isolani* (*pointing at his corpulence*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* should] *should 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Butler. I must confess, 'tis not in my way.

Octavio. Nor in mine either, I can assure you; and I am not a little glad, my much honoured Colonel Butler, that we agree so well in our opinions. A half dozen good friends at most, at a small round table, a glass of genuine Tokay, open hearts, and a rational conversation—that 's my taste!

Butler. And mine too, when it can be had.

[*The paper comes to* TIEFENBACH, *who glances over it at the same time with* GOETZ *and* KOLATTO. MARADAS *in the mean time returns to* OCTAVIO, *all this takes place, the conversation with* BUTLER *proceeding uninterrupted.*

Octavio (*introducing Maradas to Butler*). Don Balthasar Maradas! likewise a man of our stamp, and long ago your admirer.

[BUTLER *bows.*

Octavio (*continuing*). You are a stranger here—'twas but yesterday you arrived—you are ignorant of the ways and means here. 'Tis a wretched place—I know, at our age, one loves to be snug and quiet—What if you moved your lodgings?—Come, be my visitor. (BUTLER *makes a low bow.*) Nay, without compliment!—For a friend like you, I have still a corner remaining.

Butler. Your obliged humble servant, my Lord Lieutenant-General!

[*The paper comes to* BUTLER, *who goes to the table to subscribe it. The front of the stage is vacant, so that both the* PICCOLOMINIS, *each on the side where he had been from the commencement of the scene, remain alone.*

Octavio (*after having some time watched his son in silence, advances somewhat nearer to him*). You were long absent from us, friend!

Max. I——urgent business detained me.

Octavio. And, I observe, you are still absent!

Max. You know this crowd and bustle always makes me silent.

Octavio. May I be permitted to ask what business 'twas that detained you? Tertsky knows it without asking!

Max. What does Tertsky know?

Octavio. He was the only one who did not miss you.

Before 53 *Octavio* (*stepping nearer to him friendlily*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 68 *Butler* (*coldly*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 76 *Octavio* (*advancing still nearer*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* 76 business 'twas] the business was *1800, 1828, 1829.* 77 *Tertsky 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Isolani. Well done, father! Rout out his baggage! Beat up his quarters! there is something there that should not be.

Tertsky (*with the paper*). Is there none wanting? Have the whole subscribed?

Octavio. All.

Tertsky (*calling aloud*). Ho! Who subscribes?

Butler (*to Tertsky*). Count the names. There ought to be just thirty.

Tertsky. Here is a cross.

Tiefenbach. That 's my mark.

Isolani. He cannot write; but his cross is a good cross, and is honoured by Jews as well as Christians.

Octavio (*presses on to Max*). Come, general! let us go. It is late.

Tertsky. One Piccolomini only has signed.

Isolani (*pointing to Max*). Look! that is your man, that statue there, who has had neither eye, ear, nor tongue for us the whole evening.

[MAX *receives the paper from* TERTSKY, *which he looks upon vacantly.*

SCENE XIV

To these enter ILLO *from the inner room. He has in his hand the golden service-cup, and is extremely distempered with drinking:* GOETZ *and* BUTLER *follow him, endeavouring to keep him back.*

Illo. What do you want? Let me go.

Goetz and Butler. Drink no more, Illo! For heaven's sake, drink no more.

Illo (*goes up to Octavio, and shakes him cordially by the hand, and then drinks*). Octavio! I bring this to you! Let all grudge be drowned in this friendly bowl! I know well enough, ye never loved me—Devil take me!—and I never loved you!—I am always even with people in that way!—Let what 's past be past—that is, you understand—forgotten! I esteem you infinitely. (*Embracing him repeatedly.*) You have not a dearer friend on earth than I—but that you know. The fellow that cries rogue to you calls me villain—and I'll strangle him!—my dear friend!

Tertsky (*whispering to him*). Art in thy senses? For heaven's sake, Illo! think where you are!

Illo (*aloud*). What do you mean?—There are none but friends here, are there? Not a sneaker among us, thank heaven!

Before 80 *Isolani* (*who has been attending to them from some distance, steps up*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* 93 *One 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Scene XIV. 11 *dear 1800, 1828, 1829.* 15 here, are there? (*looks round the whole circle with a jolly and triumphant air*) *1800, 1828, 1829.*

Tertsky (*to Butler*). Take him off with you, force him off, I entreat you, Butler!

Butler (*to Illo*). Field Marshal! a word with you.

[*Leads him to the sideboard.*

Illo. A thousand for one! Fill—Fill it once more up to the brim.—To this gallant man's health!

Isolani (*to Max, who all the while has been staring on the paper with fixed but vacant eyes*). Slow and sure, my noble brother!—Hast parsed it all yet?—Some words yet to go through?—Ha?

Max. What am I to do?

Tertsky (*and at the same time Isolani*). Sign your name.

Max (*returns the paper*). Let it stay till to-morrow. It is business—to-day I am not sufficiently collected. Send it to me to-morrow.

Tertsky. Nay, collect yourself a little.

Isolani. Awake, man! awake!—Come, thy signature, and have done with it! What? Thou art the youngest in the whole company, and wouldest be wiser than all of us together? Look there! thy father has signed—we have all signed.

Tertsky (*to Octavio*). Use your influence. Instruct him.

Octavio. My son is at the age of discretion.

Illo (*leaves the service-cup on the sideboard*). What's the dispute?

Tertsky. He declines subscribing the paper.

Max. I say, it may as well stay till to-morrow.

Illo. It cannot stay. We have all subscribed to it—and so must you.—You must subscribe.

Max. Illo, good night!

Illo. No! You come not off so! The Duke shall learn who are his friends. [*All collect round* ILLO *and* MAX.

Max. What my sentiments are towards the Duke, the Duke knows, every one knows—what need of this wild stuff?

Illo. This is the thanks the Duke gets for his partiality to Italians and foreigners.—Us Bohemians he holds for little better than dullards—nothing pleases him but what's outlandish.

Tertsky (*to the commanders, who at Illo's words give a sudden start, as preparing to resent them*). It is the wine that speaks, and not his reason. Attend not to him, I entreat you.

Before 16 *Tertsky* (*to Butler, eagerly*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 19 *Illo* (*cordially*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* 22 *parsed 1800, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 23 *Max* (*waking as from a dream*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* *After* 24 [OCTAVIO *directs his eyes on him with intense anxiety. 1800, 1828, 1829.* 26 *business 1800, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 49 *Tertsky* (*in extreme embarrassment, to the, &c. 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Isolani. Wine invents nothing: it only tattles.

Illo. He who is not with me is against me. Your tender consciences! Unless they can slip out by a back-door, by a puny proviso——

Tertsky. He is stark mad—don't listen to him!

Illo.—Unless they can slip out by a proviso.—What of the proviso? The devil take this proviso!

Max. What is there here then of such perilous import? You make me curious—I must look closer at it.

Tertsky (*in a low voice to Illo*). What are you doing, Illo? You are ruining us.

Tiefenbach (*to Kolatto*). Ay, ay! I observed, that before we sat down to supper, it was read differently.

Goetz. Why, I seemed to think so too.

Isolani. What do I care for that? Where there stand other names, mine can stand too.

Tiefenbach. Before supper there was a certain proviso therein, or short clause concerning our duties to the Emperor.

Butler (*to one of the commanders*). For shame, for shame! Bethink you. What is the main business here? The question now is, whether we shall keep our General, or let him retire. One must not take these things too nicely and over-scrupulously.

Isolani (*to one of the Generals*). Did the Duke make any of these provisos when he gave you your regiment?

Tertsky (*to Goetz*). Or when he gave you the office of army-purveyancer, which brings you in yearly a thousand pistoles!

Illo. He is a rascal who makes us out to be rogues. If there be any one that wants satisfaction, let him say so,—I am his man.

Tiefenbach. Softly, softly! 'Twas but a word or two.

Max (*having read the paper gives it back*). Till to-morrow, therefore!

Illo (*stammering with rage and fury, loses all command over himself, and presents the paper to Max with one hand, and his sword in the other*). Subscribe—Judas!

Isolani. Out upon you, Illo!

Octavio, Tertsky, Butler (*all together*). Down with the sword!

Before 51 *Isolani* (*with a bitter laugh*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* 51 *tattles 1800, 1828, 1829. Before* 55 *Tertsky* (*interrupting him*). *1800, 1828, 1829. Before* 56 *Illo* (*raising his voice to the highest pitch*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* 57 *proviso 1800, 1828, 1829. Before* 58 *Max* (*has his attention roused, and looks again into the paper*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* 67 *was 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Max (*rushes on him suddenly and disarms him, then to Count Tertsky*). Take him off to bed.

[MAX *leaves the stage.* ILLO *cursing and raving is held back by some of the* Officers, *and amidst a universal confusion the curtain drops.*

ACT III

SCENE I

SCENE.—*A Chamber in* PICCOLOMINI'S *Mansion.—Night.*

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI. *A* Valet de Chambre, *with Lights.*

Octavio.——And when my son comes in, conduct him hither. What is the hour?

Valet. 'Tis on the point of morning.

Octavio. Set down the light. We mean not to undress. You may retire to sleep.

[*Exit* Valet. OCTAVIO *paces, musing, across the chamber;* MAX PICCOLOMINI *enters unobserved, and looks at his father for some moments in silence.*

Max. Art thou offended with me? Heaven knows
That odious business was no fault of mine.
'Tis true, indeed, I saw thy signature.
What thou hadst sanctioned, should not, it might seem,
Have come amiss to me. But—'tis my nature—
Thou know'st that in such matters I must follow
My own light, not another's.

Octavio (*embraces him*). Follow it,
O follow it still further, my best son!
To-night, dear boy! it hath more faithfully
Guided thee than the example of thy father.

Max. Declare thyself less darkly.

Octavio. I will do so.
For after what has taken place this night,
There must remain no secrets 'twixt us two.

[*Both seat themselves.*

Max Piccolomini! what thinkest thou of
The oath that was sent round for signatures?

Max. I hold it for a thing of harmless import,
Although I love not these set declarations.

Octavio. And on no other ground hast thou refused

Act III, Scene I. *A Chamber, &c.... It is Night. Octavio, &c. 1800, 1828, 1829.* 8 *thou 1800, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 12 *Octavio* (*goes up to him and embraces him*). *1800, 1828, 1829.*

The signature they fain had wrested from thee?
Max. It was a serious business——I was absent—
The affair itself seemed not so urgent to me.
Octavio. Be open, Max. Thou hadst then no suspicion?
Max. Suspicion! what suspicion? Not the least.
Octavio. Thank thy good angel, Piccolomini:
He drew thee back unconscious from the abyss.
Max. I know not what thou meanest.
Octavio. I will tell thee.
Fain would they have extorted from thee, son,
The sanction of thy name to villainy;
Yea, with a single flourish of thy pen,
Made thee renounce thy duty and thy honour!
Max (*rises*). Octavio!
Octavio. Patience! Seat yourself. Much yet
Hast thou to hear from me, friend!—hast for years
Lived in incomprehensible illusion.
Before thine eyes is Treason drawing out
As black a web as e'er was spun for venom:
A power of hell o'erclouds thy understanding.
I dare no longer stand in silence—dare
No longer see thee wandering on in darkness,
Nor pluck the bandage from thine eyes.
Max. My father!
Yet, ere thou speak'st, a moment's pause of thought!
If your disclosures should appear to be
Conjectures only—and almost I fear
They will be nothing further—spare them! I
Am not in that collected mood at present,
That I could listen to them quietly.
Octavio. The deeper cause thou hast to hate this light,
The more impatient cause have I, my son,
To force it on thee. To the innocence
And wisdom of thy heart I could have trusted thee
With calm assurance—but I see the net
Preparing—and it is thy heart itself
Alarms me for thine innocence—that secret,
Which thou concealest, forces mine from me.
Know, then, they are duping thee!—a most foul game

39 for] from *1800, 1828, 1829.* 47 They] There *1828, 1829.* *After* 56 [*Fixing his eye steadfastly on his son's face. 1800, 1828, 1829.* 57 *mine 1800, 1828, 1829.* *After* 57 [*Max attempts to answer but hesitates, and casts his eyes to the ground, embarrassed. Octavio, after a pause. 1800, 1828, 1829.*

With thee and with us all—nay, hear me calmly—
The Duke even now is playing. He assumes
The mask, as if he would forsake the army;
And in this moment makes he preparations
That army from the Emperor to steal,
And carry it over to the enemy!
Max. That low Priest's legend I know well, but did not
Expect to hear it from thy mouth.
Octavio. That mouth,
From which thou hearest it at this present moment,
Doth warrant thee that it is no Priest's legend.
Max. How mere a maniac they supposed the Duke!
What, he can meditate?—the Duke?—can dream
That he can lure away full thirty thousand
Tried troops and true, all honourable soldiers,
More than a thousand noblemen among them,
From oaths, from duty, from their honour lure them,
And make them all unanimous to do
A deed that brands them scoundrels?
Octavio. Such a deed,
With such a front of infamy, the Duke
No wise desires—what he requires of us
Bears a far gentler appellation. Nothing
He wishes, but to give the Empire peace.
And so, because the Emperor hates this peace,
Therefore the Duke—the Duke will force him to it.
All parts of the Empire will he pacify,
And for his trouble will retain in payment
(What he has already in his gripe)—Bohemia!
Max. Has he, Octavio, merited of us,
That we—that we should think so vilely of him?
Octavio. What we would think is not the question here.
The affair speaks for itself—and clearest proofs!
Hear me, my son—'tis not unknown to thee,
In what ill credit with the Court we stand.
But little dost thou know, or guess, what tricks,
What base intrigues, what lying artifices,
Have been employed—for this sole end—to sow
Mutiny in the camp! All bands are loosed—
Loosed all the bands, that link the officer
To his liege Emperor, all that bind the soldier

63 *steal 1800, 1828, 1829.* 69 supposed] suppose *1800, 1828, 1829.* 78 wise] ways *1800, 1828, 1829.* 81 *this 1800.* 82 *force 1800.* 88 *we would 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Affectionately to the citizen.
Lawless he stands, and threateningly beleaguers
The state he 's bound to guard. To such a height
'Tis swoln, that at this hour the Emperor
Before his armies—his own armies—trembles;
Yea, in his capital, his palace, fears
The traitor's poniards, and is meditating
To hurry off and hide his tender offspring——
Not from the Swedes, not from the Lutherans—
No! from his own troops hide and hurry them!
Max. Cease, cease! thou tortur'st, shatter'st me. I know
That oft we tremble at an empty terror;
But the false phantasm brings a real misery.
Octavio. It is no phantasm. An intestine war,
Of all the most unnatural and cruel,
Will burst out into flames, if instantly
We do not fly and stifle it. The Generals
Are many of them long ago won over;
The subalterns are vacillating—whole
Regiments and garrisons are vacillating.
To foreigners our strong holds are entrusted;
To that suspected Schafgotch is the whole
Force of Silesia given up: to Tertsky
Five regiments, foot and horse—to Isolani,
To Illo, Kinsky, Butler, the best troops.
Max. Likewise to both of us.
Octavio. Because the Duke
Believes he has secured us—means to lure us
Still further on by splendid promises.
To me he portions forth the princedoms, Glatz
And Sagan; and too plain I see the angle
With which he doubts not to catch thee.
Max. No! no!
I tell thee—no!
Octavio. O open yet thine eyes!
And to what purpose think'st thou he has called us
Hither to Pilsen?—to avail himself
Of our advice?—O when did Friedland ever
Need our advice?—Be calm, and listen to me.
To sell ourselves are we called hither, and,

104 traitor's] traitors' *1800, 1828, 1829.* 127 angle] *angel 1800, 1828, 1829, 1834. angle 1852.* Angle, der Angel, a curious misprint perpetuated in the new edition. [MS. note by Derwent Coleridge.] 128 *thee 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Decline we that—to be his hostages.
Therefore doth noble Galas stand aloof;
Thy father, too, thou would'st not have seen here,
If higher duties had not held him fettered.
Max. He makes no secret of it—needs make none—
That we're called hither for his sake—he owns it.
He needs our aidance to maintain himself—
He did so much for us; and 'tis but fair
That we too should do somewhat now for him.
Octavio. And know'st thou what it is which we must do?
That Illo's drunken mood betrayed it to thee.
Bethink thyself—what hast thou heard, what seen?
The counterfeited paper—the omission
Of that particular clause, so full of meaning,
Does it not prove, that they would bind us down
To nothing good?
Max. That counterfeited paper
Appears to me no other than a trick
Of Illo's own device. These underhand
Traders in great men's interests ever use
To urge and hurry all things to the extreme.
They see the Duke at variance with the court,
And fondly think to serve him, when they widen
The breach irreparably. Trust me, father,
The Duke knows nothing of all this.
Octavio. It grieves me
That I must dash to earth, that I must shatter
A faith so specious; but I may not spare thee!
For this is not a time for tenderness.
Thou must take measures, speedy ones—must act.
I therefore will confess to thee, that all
Which I've entrusted to thee now—that all
Which seems to thee so unbelievable,
That—yes, I will tell thee—Max! I had it all
From his own mouth—from the Duke's mouth I had it.
Max. No!—no!—never!
Octavio. Himself confided to me
What I, 'tis true, had long before discovered
By other means—himself confided to me,
That 'twas his settled plan to join the Swedes;
And, at the head of the united armies,

166 That—yes, I will tell thee— (*a pause*), &c. *1800, 1828, 1829.* *Before*
168 *Max* (*in excessive agitation*). *1800, 1828, 1829.*

Compel the Emperor—
Max. He is passionate.
The Court has stung him—he is sore all over
With injuries and affronts; and in a moment
Of irritation, what if he, for once,
Forgot himself? He's an impetuous man.
Octavio. Nay, in cold blood he did confess this to me:
And having construed my astonishment
Into a scruple of his power, he shewed me
His written evidences—shewed me letters.
Both from the Saxon and the Swede, that gave
Promise of aidance, and defin'd the amount.
Max. It cannot be! —can *not* be! *can* not be!
Dost thou not see, it cannot!
Thou wouldest of necessity have shewn him
Such horror, such deep loathing—that or he
Had taken thee for his better genius, or
Thou stood'st not now a living man before me—
Octavio. I have laid open my objections to him,
Dissuaded him with pressing earnestness;
But my abhorrence, the full sentiment
Of my whole heart—that I have still kept sacred
To my own consciousness.
Max. And thou hast been
So treacherous? That looks not like my father!
I trusted not thy words, when thou didst tell me
Evil of him; much less can I now do it,
That thou calumniatest thy own self.
Octavio. I did not thrust myself into his secrecy.
Max. Uprightness merited his confidence.
Octavio. He was no longer worthy of sincerity.
Max. Dissimulation, sure, was still less worthy
Of thee, Octavio!
Octavio. Gave I him a cause
To entertain a scruple of my honour?
Max. That he did not, evinced his confidence.
Octavio. Dear son, it is not always possible
Still to preserve that infant purity
Which the voice teaches in our inmost heart.
Still in alarm, for ever on the watch
Against the wiles of wicked men, e'en Virtue

192 *abhorrence 1800, 1828, 1829.* 193 *whole 1800, 1828, 1829.* 194 *thou 1800, 1828, 1829..* 197 *now 1800, 1828, 1829.* 209 alarm] alarum *1828, 1829.*

Will sometimes bear away her outward robes
Soiled in the wrestle with Iniquity.
This is the curse of every evil deed,
That, propagating still, it brings forth evil.
I do not cheat my better soul with sophisms:
I but perform my orders; the Emperor
Prescribes my conduct to me. Dearest boy,
Far better were it, doubtless, if we all
Obeyed the heart at all times; but so doing,
In this our present sojourn with bad men,
We must abandon many an honest object.
'Tis now our call to serve the Emperor,
By what means he can best be served—the heart
May whisper what it will—this is our call!

Max. It seems a thing appointed, that to-day
I should not comprehend, not understand thee.
The Duke thou say'st did honestly pour out
His heart to thee, but for an evil purpose;
And thou dishonestly hast cheated him
For a good purpose! Silence, I entreat thee—
My friend thou stealest not from me—
Let me not lose my father!

Octavio. As yet thou know'st not all, my son. I have
Yet somewhat to disclose to thee. [*After a pause.*
Duke Friedland
Hath made his preparations. He relies
Upon his stars. He deems us unprovided,
And thinks to fall upon us by surprise.
Yea, in his dream of hope, he grasps already
The golden circle in his hand. He errs.
We too have been in action—he but grasps
His evil fate, most evil, most mysterious!

Max. O nothing rash, my sire! By all that 's good
Let me invoke thee—no precipitation!

Octavio. With light tread stole he on his evil way,
With light tread hath Vengeance stole on after him.
Unseen she stands already, dark behind him—
But one step more—he shudders in her grasp!
Thou hast seen Questenberg with me. As yet
Thou know'st but his ostensible commission;
He brought with him a private one, my son!

233 *Octavio* (*suppressing resentment*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* 245 With light tread] And light of tread *1800, 1828, 1829.* 250 *private 1800, 1828, 1829.*

And that was for me only.

Max. May I know it?

Octavio (*seizes the patent*). Max!

[*A pause.*

——In this disclosure place I in thy hands
The Empire's welfare and thy father's life.
Dear to thy inmost heart is Wallenstein:
A powerful tie of love, of veneration,
Hath knit thee to him from thy earliest youth.
Thou nourishest the wish.—O let me still
Anticipate thy loitering confidence!
The hope thou nourishest to knit thyself
Yet closer to him——

Max. Father——

Octavio. O my son!

I trust thy heart undoubtingly. But am I
Equally sure of thy collectedness?
Wilt thou be able, with calm countenance,
To enter this man's presence, when that I
Have trusted to thee his whole fate?

Max. According
As thou dost trust me, father, with his crime.

[Octavio *takes a paper out of his escrutoire, and gives it to him.*

Max. What? how? a full Imperial patent!

Octavio. Read it.

Max (*just glances on it*). Duke Friedland sentenced and condemned!

Octavio. Even so.

Max (*throws down the paper*). O this is too much! O unhappy error!

Octavio. Read on. Collect thyself.

Max (*after he has read further, with a look of affright and astonishment on his father*). How! what! Thou! thou!

Octavio. But for the present moment, till the King
Of Hungary may safely join the army,
Is the command assigned to me.

Max. And think'st thou,
Dost thou believe, that thou wilt tear it from him?
O never hope it!—Father! father! father!
An inauspicious office is enjoined thee.
This paper here—this! and wilt thou enforce it?

257 *wish 1800, 1828, 1829.* 259 *hope 1800, 1828, 1829.*

The mighty in the middle of his host,
Surrounded by his thousands, him would'st thou
Disarm—degrade! Thou art lost, both thou and all of us.
Octavio. What hazard I incur thereby, I know.
In the great hand of God I stand. The Almighty
Will cover with his shield the Imperial house,
And shatter, in his wrath, the work of darkness.
The Emperor hath true servants still; and even
Here in the camp, there are enough brave men,
Who for the good cause will fight gallantly.
The faithful have been warned—the dangerous
Are closely watched. I wait but the first step,
And then immediately——
Max. What! on suspicion?
Immediately?
Octavio. The Emperor is no tyrant.
The deed alone he'll punish, not the wish.
The Duke hath yet his destiny in his power.
Let him but leave the treason uncompleted,
He will be silently displaced from office,
And make way to his Emperor's royal son.
An honourable exile to his castles
Will be a benefaction to him rather
Than punishment. But the first open step——
Max. What callest thou such a step? A wicked step
Ne'er will he take; but thou mightest easily,
Yea, thou hast done it, misinterpret him.
Octavio. Nay, howsoever punishable were
Duke Friedland's purposes, yet still the steps
Which he hath taken openly, permit
A mild construction. It is my intention
To leave this paper wholly uninforced
Till some act is committed which convicts him
Of a high-treason, without doubt or plea,
And that shall sentence him.
Max. But who the judge?
Octavio. Thyself.
Max. For ever, then, this paper will lie idle.
Octavio. Too soon, I fear, its powers must all be proved.
After the counter-promise of this evening,
It cannot be but he must deem himself
Secure of the majority with us;

317 *us 1800, 1828, 1829.*

And of the army's general sentiment
He hath a pleasing proof in that petition
Which thou delivered'st to him from the regiments.
Add this too—I have letters that the Rhinegrave
Hath changed his route, and travels by forced marches
To the Bohemian Forest. What this purports,
Remains unknown; and, to confirm suspicion,
This night a Swedish nobleman arrived here.

Max. I have thy word. Thou'lt not proceed to action
Before thou hast convinced me—me myself.

Octavio. Is it possible? Still, after all thou know'st,
Canst thou believe still in his innocence?

Max. Thy judgment may mistake; my heart can not.
These reasons might expound thy spirit or mine;
But they expound not Friedland—I have faith:
For as he knits his fortunes to the stars,
Even so doth he resemble them in secret,
Wonderful, still inexplicable courses!
Trust me, they do him wrong. All will be solved.
These smokes, at once, will kindle into flame—
The edges of this black and stormy cloud
Will brighten suddenly, and we shall view
The Unapproachable glide out in splendour.

Octavio. I will await it.

SCENE II

OCTAVIO *and* MAX *as before.* *To them the* Valet of the Chamber.

Octavio. How now, then?

Valet. A dispatch is at the door.

Octavio. So early? From whom comes he then? Who is it?

Valet. That he refused to tell me.

Octavio. Lead him in:
And, hark you—let it not transpire.

[*Exit* Valet—*the* Cornet *steps in.*

Octavio. Ha! Cornet—is it you? and from Count Galas?
Give me your letters.

Cornet. The Lieutenant-General
Trusted it not to letters.

Octavio. And what is it?

Cornet. He bade me tell you—Dare I speak openly here?

322 Hath] Had *1800, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 330 *Max* (*with enthusiasm*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* *After* 330 [*Moderates his voice and manner. 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Octavio. My son knows all.
Cornet. We have him.
Octavio. Whom?
Cornet. Sesina,
The old negotiator.
Octavio. And you have him?
Cornet. In the Bohemian Forest Captain Mohrbrand
Found and secured him yester morning early:
He was proceeding then to Regenspurg,
And on him were dispatches for the Swede.
Octavio. And the dispatches——
Cornet. The Lieutenant-General
Sent them that instant to Vienna, and
The prisoner with them.
Octavio. This is, indeed, a tiding!
That fellow is a precious casket to us,
Enclosing weighty things.—Was much found on him?
Cornet. I think, six packets, with Count Tertsky's arms.
Octavio. None in the Duke's own hand?
Cornet. Not that I know.
Octavio. And old Sesina?
Cornet. He was sorely frightened,
When it was told him he must to Vienna.
But the Count Altringer bade him take heart,
Would he but make a full and free confession.
Octavio. Is Altringer then with your Lord? I heard
That he lay sick at Linz.
Cornet. These three days past
He's with my master, the Lieutenant-General,
At Frauenberg. Already have they sixty
Small companies together, chosen men;
Respectfully they greet you with assurances,
That they are only waiting your commands.
Octavio. In a few days may great events take place.
And when must you return?
Cornet. I wait your orders.
Octavio. Remain till evening.
[Cornet *signifies his assent and obeisance, and is going.*
Octavio. No one saw you—ha?
Cornet. No living creature. Through the cloister wicket
The Capuchins, as usual, let me in.
Octavio. Go, rest your limbs, and keep yourself concealed.
I hold it probable, that yet ere evening

9 *Sesina 1800, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 10 *Octavio (eagerly). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

I shall dispatch you. The development
Of this affair approaches: ere the day,
That even now is dawning in the heaven,
Ere this eventful day hath set, the lot
That must decide our fortunes will be drawn. [*Exit* Cornet.

SCENE III

OCTAVIO *and* MAX PICCOLOMINI.

Octavio. Well—and what now, son? All will soon be clear;
For all, I'm certain, went through that Sesina.
Max. I will procure me light a shorter way.
Farewell.
Octavio. Where now?—Remain here.
Max. To the Duke.
Octavio. What——
Max. If thou hast believed that I shall act
A part in this thy play——
Thou hast miscalculated on me grievously.
My way must be straight on. True with the tongue,
False with the heart—I may not, cannot be:
Nor can I suffer that a man should trust me—
As his friend trust me—and then lull my conscience
With such low pleas as these:—'I ask'd him not—
He did it all at his own hazard—and
My mouth has never lied to him.'—No, no!
What a friend takes me for, that I must be.
—I'll to the Duke; ere yet this day is ended
Will I demand of him that he do save
His good name from the world, and with one stride
Break through and rend this fine-spun web of yours.
He can, he will!—I still am his believer.
Yet I'll not pledge myself, but that those letters
May furnish you, perchance, with proofs against him.
How far may not this Tertsky have proceeded—
What may not he himself too have permitted
Himself to do, to snare the enemy,
The laws of war excusing? Nothing, save
His own mouth shall convict him—nothing less!
And face to face will I go question him.

Before 3 *Max* (*who through the whole of the foregoing scene has been in a violent and visible struggle of feelings, at length starts as one resolved*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 6 *Octavio* (*alarmed*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 7 *Max* (*returning*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* 14 ask'd] ask *1800, 1828, 1829* 16 *mouth 1800, 1828, 1829.* 22 *I 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Octavio. Thou wilt?
Max. I will, as sure as this heart beats.
Octavio. I have, indeed, miscalculated on thee.
I calculated on a prudent son,
Who would have blest the hand beneficent
That plucked him back from the abyss—and lo!
A fascinated being I discover,
Whom his two eyes befool, whom passion wilders,
Whom not the broadest light of noon can heal.
Go, question him!—Be mad enough, I pray thee.
The purpose of thy father, of thy Emperor,
Go, give it up free booty:—Force me, drive me
To an open breach before the time. And now,
Now that a miracle of heaven had guarded
My secret purpose even to this hour,
And laid to sleep Suspicion's piercing eyes,
Let me have lived to see that mine own son,
With frantic enterprise, annihilates
My toilsome labours and state-policy.
Max. Aye—this state-policy! O how I curse it!
You will some time, with your state-policy,
Compel him to the measure: it may happen,
Because ye are determined that he is guilty,
Guilty ye'll make him. All retreat cut off,
You close up every outlet, hem him in
Narrower and narrower, till at length ye force him—
Yes, ye,—ye force him, in his desperation,
To set fire to his prison. Father! Father!
That never can end well—it cannot—will not!
And let it be decided as it may,
I see with boding heart the near approach
Of an ill-starred unblest catastrophe.
For this great Monarch-spirit, if he fall,
Will drag a world into the ruin with him.
And as a ship (that midway on the ocean
Takes fire) at once, and with a thunder-burst
Explodes, and with itself shoots out its crew
In smoke and ruin betwixt sea and heaven;
So will he, falling, draw down in his fall
All us, who're fixed and mortised to his fortune.
Deem of it what thou wilt; but pardon me,

52 *determined 1800, 1828, 1829.* 53 *make 1800, 1828, 1829.* 56 *ye,—ye force 1800, 1828, 1829.*

That I must bear me on in my own way.
All must remain pure betwixt him and me;
And, ere the day-light dawns, it must be known
Which I must lose—my father, or my friend.
[*During his exit the curtain drops.*

ACT IV

SCENE I

SCENE—*A Room fitted up for astrological Labours, and provided with celestial Charts, with Globes, Telescopes, Quadrants, and other mathematical Instruments.—Seven Colossal Figures, representing the Planets, each with a transparent Star of a different Colour on its Head, stand in a Semi-circle in the Back-ground, so that Mars and Saturn are nearest the Eye.—The remainder of the Scene, and its Disposition, is given in the Fourth Scene of the Second Act.—There must be a Curtain over the Figures, which may be dropped, and conceal them on Occasions.*

[*In the Fifth Scene of this Act it must be dropped; but in the Seventh Scene, it must be again drawn up wholly or in part.*]

WALLENSTEIN *at a black Table, on which a Speculum Astrologicum is described with Chalk.* SENI *is taking Observations through a window.*

Wallenstein. All well—and now let it be ended, Seni.—
Come,
The dawn commences, and Mars rules the hour.
We must give o'er the operation. Come,
We know enough.
Seni. Your Highness must permit me
Just to contemplate Venus. She's now rising:
Like as a sun, so shines she in the east.
Wallenstein. She is at present in her perigee,
And shoots down now her strongest influences.
[*Contemplating the figure on the table.*
Auspicious aspect! fateful in conjunction,
At length the mighty three corradiate;
And the two stars of blessing, Jupiter
And Venus, take between them the malignant
Slily-malicious Mars, and thus compel
Into my service that old mischief-founder;
For long he viewed me hostilely, and ever

With beam oblique, or perpendicular,
Now in the Quartile, now in the Secundan,
Shot his red lightnings at my stars, disturbing
Their blessed influences and sweet aspects.
Now they have conquered the old enemy,
And bring him in the heavens a prisoner to me.
Seni (*who has come down from the window*). And in a corner house, your Highness—think of that!
That makes each influence of double strength.
Wallenstein. And sun and moon, too, in the Sextile aspect,
The soft light with the vehement—so I love it.
Sol is the heart, Luna the head of heaven,
Bold be the plan, fiery the execution.
Seni. And both the mighty Lumina by no
Maleficus affronted. Lo! Saturnus,
Innocuous, powerless, in cadente Domo.
Wallenstein. The empire of Saturnus is gone by;
Lord of the secret birth of things is he;
Within the lap of earth, and in the depths
Of the imagination dominates;
And his are all things that eschew the light.
The time is o'er of brooding and contrivance;
For Jupiter, the lustrous, lordeth now,
And the dark work, complete of preparation,
He draws by force into the realm of light.
Now must we hasten on to action, ere
The scheme, and most auspicious positure
Parts o'er my head, and takes once more its flight;
For the heavens journey still, and sojourn not.
[*There are knocks at the door.*
There 's some one knocking there. See who it is.
Tertsky (*from without*). Open, and let me in.
Wallenstein. Aye—'tis Tertsky.
What is there of such urgence? We are busy.
Tertsky (*from without*). Lay all aside at present, I entreat you.
It suffers no delaying.
Wallenstein. Open, Seni!
[*While* SENI *opens the doors for* TERTSKY, WALLENSTEIN *draws the curtain over the figures.*
Tertsky (*enters*). Hast thou already heard it? He is taken.
Galas has given him up to the Emperor.
[SENI *draws off the black table, and exit.*

26 SOL . . . LUNA *1800, 1828, 1829.*

SCENE II

WALLENSTEIN, COUNT TERTSKY.

Wallenstein (*to Tertsky*). Who has been taken?—Who is given up?

Tertsky. The man who knows our secrets, who knows every
Negotiation with the Swede and Saxon,
Through whose hands all and every thing has passed—

Wallenstein (*drawing back*). Nay, not Sesina?—Say, No! I entreat thee.

Tertsky. All on his road for Regenspurg to the Swede
He was plunged down upon by Galas' agent,
Who had been long in ambush, lurking for him.
There must have been found on him my whole packet
To Thur, to Kinsky, to Oxenstirn, to Arnheim:
All this is in their hands; they have now an insight
Into the whole—our measures, and our motives.

SCENE III

To them enters ILLO.

Illo (*to Tertsky*). Has he heard it?

Tertsky. He has heard it.

Illo (*to Wallenstein*). Thinkest thou still
To make thy peace with the Emperor, to regain
His confidence?—E'en were it now thy wish
To abandon all thy plans, yet still they know
What thou hast wished; then forwards thou must press;
Retreat is now no longer in thy power.

Tertsky. They have documents against us, and in hands,
Which shew beyond all power of contradiction—

Wallenstein. Of my hand-writing—no iota. Thee
I punish for thy lies.

Illo. And thou believest,
That what this man, that what thy sister's husband,
Did in thy name, will not stand on thy reck'ning?
His word must pass for thy word with the Swede,
And not with those that hate thee at Vienna.

Tertsky. In writing thou gav'st nothing—But bethink thee,
How far thou ventured'st by word of mouth

Scene III. 13 *His 1800, 1828, 1829.*

With this Sesina? And will he be silent?
If he can save himself by yielding up
Thy secret purposes, will he retain them?
Illo. Thyself dost not conceive it possible;
And since they now have evidence authentic
How far thou hast already gone, speak!—tell us,
What art thou waiting for? thou canst no longer
Keep thy command; and beyond hope of rescue
Thou'rt lost, if thou resign'st it.
Wallenstein. In the army
Lies my security. The army will not
Abandon me. Whatever they may know,
The power is mine, and they must gulp it down—
And substitute I caution for my fealty,
They must be satisfied, at least appear so.
Illo. The army, Duke, is thine now—for this moment—
'Tis thine: but think with terror on the slow,
The quiet power of time. From open violence
The attachment of thy soldiery secures thee
To-day—to-morrow; but grant'st thou them a respite,
Unheard, unseen, they'll undermine that love
On which thou now dost feel so firm a footing,
With wily theft will draw away from thee
One after the other——
Wallenstein. 'Tis a curséd accident!
Illo. O, I will call it a most blessed one,
If it work on thee as it ought to do,
Hurry thee on to action—to decision.
The Swedish General——
Wallenstein. He's arrived! Know'st thou
What his commission is——
Illo. To thee alone
Will he entrust the purpose of his coming.
Wallenstein. A curséd, curséd accident! Yes, yes,
Sesina knows too much, and won't be silent.
Tertsky. He's a Bohemian fugitive and rebel,
His neck is forfeit. Can he save himself
At thy cost, think you he will scruple it?
And if they put him to the torture, will he,
Will he, that dastardling, have strength enough——
Wallenstein. Their confidence is lost—irreparably!

31 *is 1800, 1828, 1829.* 52 *he 1800, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 53 *Wallenstein (lost in thought). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

And I may act what way I will, I shall
Be and remain for ever in their thought
A traitor to my country. How sincerely
Soever I return back to my duty,
It will no longer help me——
Illo. Ruin thee,
That it will do! Not thy fidelity,
Thy weakness will be deemed the sole occasion——
Wallenstein. What! I must realize it now in earnest,
Because I toy'd too freely with the thought?
Accurséd he who dallies with a devil!
And must I—I must realize it now—
Now, while I have the power, it must take place?
Illo. Now—now—ere they can ward and parry it!
Wallenstein (*looking at the paper of signatures*). I have the Generals' word—a written promise!
Max Piccolomini stands not here—how 's that?
Tertsky. It was——he fancied——
Illo. Mere self-willedness.
There needed no such thing 'twixt him and you.
Wallenstein. He is quite right—there needeth no such thing.
The regiments, too, deny to march for Flanders—
Have sent me in a paper of remonstrance,
And openly resist the Imperial orders.
The first step to revolt 's already taken.
Illo. Believe me, thou wilt find it far more easy
To lead them over to the enemy
Than to the Spaniard.
Wallenstein. I will hear, however,
What the Swede has to say to me.
Illo (*to Tertsky*). Go, call him!
He stands without the door in waiting.
Wallenstein. Stay!
Stay yet a little. It hath taken me
All by surprise,—it came too quick upon me;
'Tis wholly novel, that an accident,
With its dark lordship, and blind agency,
Should force me on with it.
Illo. First hear him only,
And after weigh it. [*Exeunt* TERTSKY *and* ILLO.

Before 61 *Wallenstein* (*pacing up and down in extreme agitation*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* 64 I *must 1800, 1828, 1829.* 65 *must 1800, 1828, 1829.* 79 *Illo* (*eagerly to Tertsky*). *1800, 1828, 1829.*

Scene IV

Wallenstein. Is it possible?
Is't so? I can no longer what I would?
No longer draw back at my liking? I
Must do the deed, because I thought of it,
And fed this heart here with a dream? Because
I did not scowl temptation from my presence,
Dallied with thoughts of possible fulfilment,
Commenced no movement, left all time uncertain,
And only kept the road, the access open?
By the great God of Heaven! it was not
My serious meaning, it was ne'er resolve.
I but amused myself with thinking of it.
The free-will tempted me, the power to do
Or not to do it.—Was it criminal
To make the fancy minister to hope,
To fill the air with pretty toys of air,
And clutch fantastic sceptres moving t'ward me?
Was not the will kept free? Beheld I not
The road of duty close beside me—but
One little step, and once more I was in it!
Where am I? Whither have I been transported?
No road, no track behind me, but a wall,
Impenetrable, insurmountable,
Rises obedient to the spells I muttered
And meant not—my own doings tower behind me.
A punishable man I seem, the guilt,
Try what I will, I cannot roll off from me;
The equivocal demeanour of my life
Bears witness on my prosecutor's party;
And even my purest acts from purest motives
Suspicion poisons with malicious gloss.
Were I that thing, for which I pass, that traitor,
A goodly outside I had sure reserved,
Had drawn the coverings thick and double round me,
Been calm and chary of my utterance.
But being conscious of the innocence
Of my intent, my uncorrupted will,
I gave way to my humours, to my passion:
Bold were my words, because my deeds were not.

Before 1 *Wallenstein (in soliloquy). 1800, 1828, 1829.* 2 *can . . . would 1800, 1828, 1829.* 4 *do . . . thought 1800, 1828, 1829.* *After* 25 [*Pauses and remains in deep thought. 1800, 1828, 1829.* 39 *not 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Now every planless measure, chance event,
The threat of rage, the vaunt of joy and triumph,
And all the May-games of a heart o'erflowing,
Will they connect, and weave them all together
Into one web of treason; all will be plan,
My eye ne'er absent from the far-off mark,
Step tracing step, each step a politic progress;
And out of all they'll fabricate a charge
So specious, that I must myself stand dumb.
I am caught in my own net, and only force,
Naught but a sudden rent can liberate me.
How else! since that the heart's unbiass'd instinct
Impelled me to the daring deed, which now
Necessity, self-preservation, orders.
Stern is the On-look of Necessity,
Not without shudder many a human hand
Grasps the mysterious urn of destiny.
My deed was mine, remaining in my bosom,
Once suffered to escape from its safe corner
Within the heart, its nursery and birthplace,
Sent forth into the Foreign, it belongs
For ever to those sly malicious powers
Whom never art of man conciliated.
What is thy enterprize? thy aim? thy object?
Hast honestly confessed it to thyself?
Power seated on a quiet throne thou'dst shake,
Power on an ancient consecrated throne,
Strong in possession, founded in old custom;
Power by a thousand tough and stringy roots
Fixed to the people's pious nursery-faith.
This, this will be no strife of strength with strength.
That feared I not. I brave each combatant,
Whom I can look on, fixing eye to eye,
Who full himself of courage kindles courage
In me too. 'Tis a foe invisible,
The which I fear—a fearful enemy,
Which in the human heart opposes me,
By its coward fear alone made fearful to me.
Not that, which full of life, instinct with power,

48 *dumb 1800.* 50 *rent 1800.* *After* 50 [*Pauses again. 1800, 1828, 1829.* 53 *orders 1800, 1828, 1829.* 55 many] may *1800, 1828, 1829.* 56 Grasps] Grasp *1800, 1828, 1829.* *After* 62 [*Paces in agitation through the chamber, then pauses, and, after the pause, breaks out again into audible soliloquy. 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Makes known its present being, that is not
The true, the perilously formidable.
O no! it is the common, the quite common,
The thing of an eternal yesterday,
What ever was, and evermore returns,
Sterling to-morrow, for to-day 'twas sterling!
For of the wholly common is man made,
And custom is his nurse! Woe then to them,
Who lay irreverent hands upon his old
House furniture, the dear inheritance
From his forefathers. For time consecrates;
And what is grey with age becomes religion.
Be in possession, and thou hast the right,
And sacred will the many guard it for thee!
[*To the* Page, *who here enters.*
The Swedish officer?—Well, let him enter.
[*The* Page *exit,* WALLENSTEIN *fixes his eye in deep thought on the door.*
Yet is it pure—as yet!—the crime has come
Not o'er this threshold yet—so slender is
The boundary that divideth life's two paths.

SCENE V

WALLENSTEIN *and* WRANGEL.

Wallenstein. Your name is Wrangel?
Wrangel. Gustave Wrangel, General
Of the Sudermanian Blues.
Wallenstein. It was a Wrangel
Who injured me materially at Stralsund,
And by his brave resistance was the cause
Of the opposition which that sea-port made.
Wrangel. It was the doing of the element
With which you fought, my Lord! and not my merit.
The Baltic Neptune did assert his freedom,
The sea and land, it seemed, were not to serve
One and the same.
Wallenstein (*makes a motion for him to take a seat, and seats himself*). And where are your credentials?
Come you provided with full powers, Sir General?
Wrangel. There are so many scruples yet to solve——

Before 1 *Wallenstein* (*after having fixed a searching look on him*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 10 *Wallenstein* (*makes the motion, &c. 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Wallenstein (*having read the credentials*). An able letter!—
Ay—he is a prudent,
Intelligent master, whom you serve, Sir General!
The Chancellor writes me, that he but fulfils
His late departed Sovereign's own idea
In helping me to the Bohemian crown.
Wrangel. He says the truth. Our great King, now in heaven,
Did ever deem most highly of your Grace's
Pre-eminent sense and military genius;
And always the commanding Intellect,
He said, should have command, and be the King.
Wallenstein. Yes, he might say it safely.—General Wrangel, [*Taking his hand.*
Come, fair and open—Trust me, I was always
A Swede at heart. Ey! that did you experience
Both in Silesia and at Nuremburg;
I had you often in my power, and let you
Always slip out by some back door or other.
'Tis this for which the Court can ne'er forgive me,
Which drives me to this present step: and since
Our interests so run in one direction,
E'en let us have a thorough confidence
Each in the other.
Wrangel. Confidence will come
Has each but only first security.
Wallenstein. The Chancellor still, I see, does not quite trust me;
And, I confess—the gain does not wholly lie
To my advantage—Without doubt he thinks
If I can play false with the Emperor,
Who is my Sov'reign, I can do the like
With the enemy, and that the one too were
Sooner to be forgiven me than the other.
Is not this your opinion too, Sir General?
Wrangel. I have here an office merely, no opinion.
Wallenstein. The Emperor hath urged me to the uttermost.
I can no longer honourably serve him.
For my security, in self-defence,
I take this hard step, which my conscience blames.
Wrangel. That I believe. So far would no one go
Who was not forced to it. [*After a pause.*
What may have impelled

23 *might 1800, 1828, 1829.* *After* 23 [*Taking his hand affectionately. 1800, 1828, 1829.* 36 wholly lie] lie wholly *1828, 1829.* 40 *the one 1800, 1828, 1829.* 41 *other 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Your princely Highness in this wise to act
Toward your Sovereign Lord and Emperor,
Beseems not us to expound or criticize.
The Swede is fighting for his good old cause,
With his good sword and conscience. This concurrence,
This opportunity, is in our favour,
And all advantages in war are lawful.
We take what offers without questioning;
And if all have its due and just proportions——

Wallenstein. Of what then are ye doubting? Of my will?
Or of my power? I pledged me to the Chancellor,
Would he trust me with sixteen thousand men,
That I would instantly go over to them
With eighteen thousand of the Emperor's troops.

Wrangel. Your Grace is known to be a mighty war-chief,
To be a second Attila and Pyrrhus.
'Tis talked of still with fresh astonishment,
How some years past, beyond all human faith,
You called an army forth, like a creation:
But yet——

Wallenstein. But yet?

Wrangel. But still the Chancellor thinks,
It might yet be an easier thing from nothing
To call forth sixty thousand men of battle,
Than to persuade one sixtieth part of them—

Wallenstein. What now? Out with it, friend!

Wrangel. To break their oaths.

Wallenstein. And he thinks so?—He judges like a Swede,
And like a Protestant. You Lutherans
Fight for your Bible. You are interested
About the cause; and with your hearts you follow
Your banners.—Among you, whoe'er deserts
To the enemy, hath broken covenant
With two Lords at one time.—We've no such fancies.

Wrangel. Great God in Heaven! Have then the people here
No house and home, no fire-side, no altar?

Wallenstein. I will explain that to you, how it stands—
The Austrian has a country, ay, and loves it,
And has good cause to love it—but this army,
That calls itself the Imperial, this that houses
Here in Bohemia, this has none—no country;

61 *me 1800, 1828, 1829.* 74 *so 1800, 1828, 1829.* 77 *hearts 1800, 1828, 1829.* 78 *you 1800, 1828, 1829.* 84 *has 1800, 1828, 1829.*

This is an outcast of all foreign lands,
Unclaimed by town or tribe, to whom belongs
Nothing, except the universal sun.
Wrangel. But then the Nobles and the Officers?
Such a desertion, such a felony,
It is without example, my Lord Duke,
In the world's history.
Wallenstein. They are all mine—
Mine unconditionally—mine on all terms.
Not me, your own eyes you must trust.
[*He gives him the paper containing the written oath.* WRANGEL *reads it through, and, having read it, lays it on the table, remaining silent.*
So then?
Now comprehend you?
Wrangel. Comprehend who can!
My Lord Duke; I will let the mask drop—yes!
I've full powers for a final settlement.
The Rhinegrave stands but four days' march from here
With fifteen thousand men, and only waits
For orders to proceed and join your army.
Those orders I give out, immediately
We're compromised.
Wallenstein. What asks the Chancellor?
Wrangel. Twelve Regiments, every man a Swede—my head
The warranty—and all might prove at last
Only false play——
Wallenstein (*starting*). Sir Swede!
Wrangel. Am therefore forced
T' insist thereon, that he do formally,
Irrevocably break with the Emperor,
Else not a Swede is trusted to Duke Friedland.
Wallenstein. Come, brief and open! What is the demand?
Wrangel. That he forthwith disarm the Spanish regiments
Attached to the Emperor, that he seize Prague,
And to the Swedes give up that city, with
The strong pass Egra.
Wallenstein. That is much indeed!
Prague!— Egra 's granted— But—but Prague!— 'Twon't do.
I give you every security

96 must] may *1800, 1828, 1829.* 103 *I 1800, 1828, 1829.* out] you *1828, 1829.* *Before* 105 *Wrangel* (*considerately*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* 107 *Wrangel* (*calmly proceeding*). *1800, 1828, 1829.*

Which you may ask of me in common reason—
But Prague—Bohemia—these, Sir General,
I can myself protect.
Wrangel. We doubt it not.
But 'tis not the protection that is now
Our sole concern. We want security,
That we shall not expend our men and money
All to no purpose.
Wallenstein. 'Tis but reasonable.
Wrangel. And till we are indemnified, so long
Stays Prague in pledge.
Wallenstein. Then trust you us so little?
Wrangel (*rising*). The Swede, if he would treat well with the German,
Must keep a sharp look-out. We have been called
Over the Baltic, we have saved the empire
From ruin—with our best blood have we seal'd
The liberty of faith, and gospel truth.
But now already is the benefaction
No longer felt, the load alone is felt.——
Ye look askance with evil eye upon us,
As foreigners, intruders in the empire,
And would fain send us, with some paltry sum
Of money, home again to our old forests.
No, no! my Lord Duke! no!—it never was
For Judas' pay, for chinking gold and silver,
That we did leave our King by the Great Stone.[1]
No, not for gold and silver have there bled
So many of our Swedish Nobles—neither
Will we, with empty laurels for our payment,
Hoist sail for our own country. Citizens
Will we remain upon the soil, the which
Our Monarch conquered for himself, and died.
Wallenstein. Help to keep down the common enemy,
And the fair border land must needs be yours.
Wrangel. But when the common enemy lies vanquished,
Who knits together our new friendship then?
We know, Duke Friedland! though perhaps the Swede
Ought not t' have known it, that you carry on

[1] A great stone near Lützen, since called the Swede's Stone, the body of their great King having been found at the foot of it, after the battle in which he lost his life.

144 *Citizens 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Secret negotiations with the Saxons.
Who is our warranty, that we are not
The sacrifices in those articles
Which 'tis thought needful to conceal from us?
Wallenstein (*rises*). Think you of something better, Gustave Wrangel!
Of Prague no more.
Wrangel. Here my commission ends.
Wallenstein. Surrender up to you my capital!
Far liever would I face about, and step
Back to my Emperor.
Wrangel. If time yet permits——
Wallenstein. That lies with me, even now, at any hour.
Wrangel. Some days ago, perhaps. To-day, no longer,
No longer since Sesina is a prisoner.
My Lord Duke, hear me—We believe that you
At present do mean honourably by us.
Since yesterday we're sure of that—and now
This paper warrants for the troops, there's nothing
Stands in the way of our full confidence.
Prague shall not part us. Hear! The Chancellor
Contents himself with Albstadt, to your Grace
He gives up Ratschin and the narrow side,
But Egra above all must open to us,
Ere we can think of any junction.
Wallenstein. You,
You therefore must I trust, and you not me?
I will consider of your proposition.
Wrangel. I must entreat, that your consideration
Occupy not too long a time. Already
Has this negotiation, my Lord Duke!
Crept on into the second year. If nothing
Is settled this time, will the Chancellor
Consider it as broken off for ever.
Wallenstein. Ye press me hard. A measure, such as this,
Ought to be thought of.
Wrangel. Ay! but think of this too,
That sudden action only can procure it
Success—think first of this, your Highness.
[*Exit* WRANGEL.

154 *we 1800, 1828, 1829.* 164 Sesina is] Sesina's been *1800, 1828, 1829.* *After* 164 [*Wallenstein is struck, and silenced. 1800, 1828, 1829.* 167 *yesterday 1800, 1828, 1829.* 184 *thought 1800, 1828, 1829.*

SCENE VI

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, *and* ILLO (*re-enter*).

Illo. Is't all right?
Tertsky. Are you compromised?
Illo. This Swede
Went smiling from you. Yes! you're compromised.
Wallenstein. As yet is nothing settled: and (well weighed)
I feel myself inclined to leave it so.
Tertsky. How? What is that?
Wallenstein. Come on me what will come,
The doing evil to avoid an evil
Cannot be good!
Tertsky. Nay, but bethink you, Duke?
Wallenstein. To live upon the mercy of these Swedes!
Of these proud-hearted Swedes! I could not bear it.
Illo. Goest thou as fugitive, as mendicant?
Bringest thou not more to them than thou receivest?

SCENE VII

To these enter the COUNTESS TERTSKY.

Wallenstein. Who sent for you? There is no business here
For women.
Countess. I am come to bid you joy.
Wallenstein. Use thy authority, Tertsky, bid her go.
Countess. Come I perhaps too early? I hope not.
Wallenstein. Set not this tongue upon me, I entreat you.
You know it is the weapon that destroys me.
I am routed, if a woman but attack me.
I cannot traffic in the trade of words
With that unreasoning sex.
Countess. I had already
Given the Bohemians a king.
Wallenstein. They have one,
In consequence, no doubt.
Countess. Ha! what new scruple?
Tertsky. The Duke will not.
Countess. He will not what he must!
Illo. It lies with you now. Try. For I am silenced,
When folks begin to talk to me of conscience,
And of fidelity.
Countess. How? then, when all

10 *Wallenstein* (*sarcastically*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* 11 *Countess* (*to the others*). *1800, 1828, 1829.*

Scene VII. 12 *will not . . . must 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Lay in the far-off distance, when the road
Stretched out before thine eyes interminably,
Then hadst thou courage and resolve; and now,
Now that the dream is being realized,
The purpose ripe, the issue ascertained,
Dost thou begin to play the dastard now?
Planned merely, 'tis a common felony;
Accomplished, an immortal undertaking:
And with success comes pardon hand in hand;
For all event is God's arbitrement.

Servant (enters). The Colonel Piccolomini.

Countess. —Must wait.

Wallenstein. I cannot see him now. Another time.

Servant. But for two minutes he entreats an audience.
Of the most urgent nature is his business.

Wallenstein. Who knows what he may bring us? I will hear him.

Countess. Urgent for him, no doubt; but thou mayest wait.

Wallenstein. What is it?

Countess. Thou shalt be informed hereafter.
First let the Swede and thee be compromised. [*Exit* Servant.

Wallenstein. If there were yet a choice! if yet some milder
Way of escape were possible—I still
Will choose it, and avoid the last extreme.

Countess. Desir'st thou nothing further? Such a way
Lies still before thee. Send this Wrangel off.
Forget thou thy old hopes, cast far away
All thy past life; determine to commence
A new one. Virtue hath her heroes too,
As well as Fame and Fortune.—To Vienna—
Hence—to the Emperor—kneel before the throne;
Take a full coffer with thee—say aloud,
Thou did'st but wish to prove thy fealty;
Thy whole intention but to dupe the Swede.

Illo. For that too 'tis too late. They know too much.
He would but bear his own head to the block.

Countess. I fear not that. They have not evidence
To attaint him legally, and they avoid
The avowal of an arbitrary power.
They'll let the Duke resign without disturbance.
I see how all will end. The King of Hungary

26 *Countess (hastily).* *1800, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 31 *Countess (laughs).* *1800, 1828, 1829.*

Makes his appearance, and 'twill of itself
Be understood, that then the Duke retires.
There will not want a formal declaration.
The young King will administer the oath
To the whole army; and so all returns
To the old position. On some morrow morning
The Duke departs; and now 'tis stir and bustle
Within his castles. He will hunt, and build,
Superintend his horses' pedigrees;
Creates himself a court, gives golden keys,
And introduceth strictest ceremony
In fine proportions, and nice etiquette;
Keeps open table with high cheer; in brief,
Commenceth mighty King—in miniature.
And while he prudently demeans himself,
And gives himself no actual importance,
He will be let appear whate'er he likes;
And who dares doubt, that Friedland will appear
A mighty Prince to his last dying hour?
Well now, what then? Duke Friedland is as others,
A fire-new Noble, whom the war hath raised
To price and currency, a Jonah's Gourd,
An over-night creation of court-favour,
Which with an undistinguishable ease
Makes Baron or makes Prince.
Wallenstein. Take her away.
Let in the young Count Piccolomini.
Countess. Art thou in earnest? I entreat thee! Canst thou
Consent to bear thyself to thy own grave,
So ignominiously to be dried up?
Thy life, that arrogated such a height
To end in such a nothing! To be nothing,
When one was always nothing, is an evil
That asks no stretch of patience, a light evil,
But to become a nothing, having been——
Wallenstein (*starts up*). Shew me a way out of this stifling crowd,
Ye Powers of Aidance! Shew me such a way
As I am capable of going.—I
Am no tongue-hero, no fine virtue-prattler;
I cannot warm by thinking; cannot say

78 *Wallenstein* (*in extreme agitation*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 88 *Wallenstein* (*starts up in violent agitation*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* 90 *As I 1800, 1828, 1829.*

To the good luck that turns her back upon me,
Magnanimously: 'Go! I need thee not.'
Cease I to work, I am annihilated.
Dangers nor sacrifices will I shun,
If so I may avoid the last extreme;
But ere I sink down into nothingness,
Leave off so little, who began so great,
Ere that the world confuses me with those
Poor wretches, whom a day creates and crumbles,
This age and after-ages[1] speak my name
With hate and dread; and Friedland be redemption
For each accurséd deed!

Countess. What is there here, then,
So against nature? Help me to perceive it!
O let not Superstition's nightly goblins
Subdue thy clear bright spirit! Art thou bid
To murder?—with abhorr'd accurséd poniard,
To violate the breasts that nourished thee?
That were against our nature, that might aptly
Make thy flesh shudder, and thy whole heart sicken.[2]
Yet not a few, and for a meaner object,
Have ventured even this, ay, and performed it.
What is there in thy case so black and monstrous?
Thou art accused of treason—whether with
Or without justice is not now the question—
Thou art lost if thou dost not avail thee quickly
Of the power which thou possessest—Friedland! Duke!
Tell me, where lives that thing so meek and tame,
That doth not all his living faculties
Put forth in preservation of his life?
What deed so daring, which necessity
And desperation will not sanctify?

Wallenstein. Once was this Ferdinand so gracious to me:

[1] Could I have hazarded such a Germanism as the use of the word 'after-world' for *posterity*, 'Es spreche Welt und *Nachwelt* meinen Nahmen' might have been rendered with more literal fidelity:

'Let world and after-world speak out my name,' &c.
1800, 1828, 1829.

[2] I have not ventured to affront the fastidious delicacy of our age with a literal translation of this line:

'werth
Die Eingeweide schaudernd aufzuregen.'
1800, 1828, 1829.

110 *were 1800, 1828, 1829.* 118 *Duke 1800, 1828, 1829.*

He loved me; he esteemed me; I was placed
The nearest to his heart. Full many a time
We like familiar friends, both at one table,
Have banquetted together. He and I—
And the young kings themselves held me the bason
Wherewith to wash me—and is't come to this?

Countess. So faithfully preserv'st thou each small favour,
And hast no memory for contumelies?
Must I remind thee, how at Regenspurg
This man repaid thy faithful services?
All ranks and all conditions in the Empire
Thou hadst wronged, to make him great,—hadst loaded on thee,
On thee, the hate, the curse of the whole world.
No friend existed for thee in all Germany,
And why? because thou hadst existed only
For the Emperor. To the Emperor alone
Clung Friedland in that storm which gathered round him
At Regenspurg in the Diet—and he dropped thee!
He let thee fall! He let thee fall a victim
To the Bavarian, to that insolent!
Deposed, stript bare of all thy dignity
And power, amid the taunting of thy foes,
Thou wert let drop into obscurity.—
Say not, the restoration of thy honour
Hath made atonement for that first injustice.
No honest good-will was it that replaced thee,
The law of hard necessity replaced thee,
Which they had fain opposed, but that they could not.

Wallenstein. Not to their good wishes, that is certain,
Nor yet to his affection I'm indebted
For this high office; and if I abuse it,
I shall therein abuse no confidence.

Countess. Affection! confidence!—They needed thee.
Necessity, impetuous remonstrant!
Who not with empty names, or shews of proxy,
Is served, who'll have the thing and not the symbol,
Ever seeks out the greatest and the best,
And at the rudder places him, e'en though
She had been forced to take him from the rabble—
She, this Necessity, it was that placed thee
In this high office, it was she that gave thee

137 *thee 1800, 1828, 1829.* 149 Hath] Has *1800, 1828, 1829.* 157 *needed 1800, 1828, 1829.* 162 *him 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Thy letters patent of inauguration.
For, to the uttermost moment that they can,
This race still help themselves at cheapest rate
With slavish souls, with puppets! At the approach
Of extreme peril, when a hollow image
Is found a hollow image and no more,
Then falls the power into the mighty hands
Of Nature, of the spirit giant-born,
Who listens only to himself, knows nothing
Of stipulations, duties, reverences
And, like the emancipated force of fire,
Unmastered scorches, ere it reaches them,
Their fine-spun webs, their artificial policy.
Wallenstein. 'Tis true! they saw me always as I am—
Always! I did not cheat them in the bargain.
I never held it worth my pains to hide
The bold all-grasping habit of my soul.
Countess. Nay rather—thou hast ever shewn thyself
A formidable man, without restraint;
Hast exercised the full prerogatives
Of thy impetuous nature, which had been
Once granted to thee. Therefore, Duke, not thou,
Who hast still remained consistent with thyself,
But they are in the wrong, who fearing thee,
Entrusted such a power in hands they feared.
For, by the laws of Spirit, in the right
Is every individual character
That acts in strict consistence with itself.
Self-contradiction is the only wrong.
Wert thou another being, then, when thou
Eight years ago pursuedst thy march with fire
And sword, and desolation, through the Circles
Of Germany, the universal scourge,
Didst mock all ordinances of the empire,
The fearful rights of strength alone exertedst,
Trampledst to earth each rank, each magistracy,
All to extend thy Sultan's domination?
Then was the time to break thee in, to curb
Thy haughty will, to teach thee ordinance.
But no! the Emperor felt no touch of conscience,
What served him pleased him, and without a murmur
He stamped his broad seal on these lawless deeds.

187 *thou 1800, 1828, 1829.* 189 *they 1800, 1828, 1829.*

What at that time was right, because thou didst it
For him, to-day is all at once become
Opprobrious, foul, because it is directed
Against him.—O most flimsy superstition!
Wallenstein (*rising*). I never saw it in this light before.
'Tis even so. The Emperor perpetrated
Deeds through my arm, deeds most unorderly.
And even this prince's mantle, which I wear,
I owe to what were services to him,
But most high misdemeanours 'gainst the empire.
Countess. Then betwixt thee and him (confess it, Friedland!)
The point can be no more of right and duty,
Only of power and opportunity.
That opportunity, lo! it comes yonder,
Approaching with swift steeds; then with a swing
Throw thyself up into the chariot-seat,
Seize with firm hand the reins, ere thy opponent
Anticipate thee, and himself make conquest
Of the now empty seat. The moment comes—
It is already here, when thou must write
The absolute total of thy life's vast sum.
The constellations stand victorious o'er thee,
The planets shoot good fortune in fair junctions,
And tell thee, 'Now 's the time!' The starry courses
Hast thou thy life long measured to no purpose?
The quadrant and the circle, were they playthings?
[*Pointing to the different objects in the room.*
The zodiacs, the rolling orbs of heaven,
Hast pictured on these walls, and all around thee
In dumb, foreboding symbols hast thou placed
These seven presiding Lords of Destiny—
For toys? Is all this preparation nothing?
Is there no marrow in this hollow art,
That even to thyself it doth avail
Nothing, and has no influence over thee
In the great moment of decision?——
Wallenstein (*interrupting the Countess*). Send Wrangel to me
—I will instantly
Dispatch three couriers——

209 *For him 1800, 1828, 1829.* 211 *Against him 1800, 1828, 1829.* 220 and opportunity] and th' opportunity *1800, 1828, 1829.* *After* 242 *Wallenstein* (*during this last speech walks up and down with inward struggles, labouring with passions; stops suddenly, stands still, then, &c. 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Illo (*hurrying out*). God in heaven be praised!
Wallenstein. It is his evil genius and mine.
Our evil genius! It chastises him
Through me, the instrument of his ambition;
And I expect no less, than that Revenge
E'en now is whetting for my breast the poniard.
Who sows the serpent's teeth, let him not hope
To reap a joyous harvest. Every crime
Has, in the moment of its perpetration,
Its own avenging angel—dark misgiving,
An ominous sinking at the inmost heart.
He can no longer trust me—Then no longer
Can I retreat—so come that which must come.—
Still destiny preserves its due relations,
The heart within us is its absolute
Vicegerent. [*To* TERTSKY.
Go, conduct you Gustave Wrangel
To my state-cabinet.– Myself will speak to
The couriers.—And dispatch immediately
A servant for Octavio Piccolomini. [*To the* COUNTESS.
No exultation—woman, triumph not!
For jealous are the Powers of Destiny.
Joy premature, and shouts ere victory,
Incroach upon their rights and privileges.
We sow the seed, and they the growth determine.
[*While he is making his exit the curtain drops.*

ACT V

SCENE I

SCENE—*As in the preceding Act.*

WALLENSTEIN, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI.

Wallenstein (*coming forward in conversation*). He sends me word from Linz, that he lies sick;
But I have sure intelligence, that he
Secretes himself at Frauenberg with Galas.
Secure them both, and send them to me hither.
Remember, thou tak'st on thee the command

245 *his . . . mine 1800, 1828, 1829.* 246 *him 1800, 1828, 1829.* 249 *my 1800, 1828, 1829.* *After* 262 [*To the* COUNTESS, *who cannot conceal her triumph. 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Act V, Scene I. 3 Secretes] Secrets *1828, 1829, 1893.*

Of those same Spanish regiments,—constantly
Make preparation, and be never ready;
And if they urge thee to draw out against me,
Still answer yes, and stand as thou wert fettered.
I know, that it is doing thee a service
To keep thee out of action in this business.
Thou lovest to linger on in fair appearances;
Steps of extremity are not thy province,
Therefore have I sought out this part for thee.
Thou wilt this time be of most service to me
By thy inertness. The mean time, if fortune
Declare itself on my side, thou wilt know
What is to do.

Enter MAX PICCOLOMINI.

Now go, Octavio.
This night must thou be off, take my own horses:
Him here I keep with me—make short farewell—
Trust me, I think we all shall meet again
In joy and thriving fortunes.
Octavio (to his son). I shall see you
Yet ere I go.

SCENE II

WALLENSTEIN, MAX PICCOLOMINI.

Max (advances to him). My General!
Wallenstein. That am I no longer, if
Thou styl'st thyself the Emperor's officer.
Max. Then thou wilt leave the army, General?
Wallenstein. I have renounced the service of the Emperor.
Max. And thou wilt leave the army?
Wallenstein. Rather hope I
To bind it nearer still and faster to me. [*He seats himself.*
Yes, Max, I have delayed to open it to thee,
Even till the hour of acting 'gins to strike.
Youth's fortunate feeling doth seize easily
The absolute right, yea, and a joy it is
To exercise the single apprehension
Where the sums square in proof;
But where it happens, that of two sure evils
One must be taken, where the heart not wholly
Brings itself back from out the strife of duties,

Scene I. 9 YES *1800, 1828, 1829.*

There 'tis a blessing to have no election,
And blank necessity is grace and favour.
—This is now present: do not look behind thee,—
It can no more avail thee. Look thou forwards!
Think not! judge not! prepare thyself to act!
The Court—it hath determined on my ruin,
Therefore I will to be beforehand with them.
We'll join the Swedes—right gallant fellows are they,
And our good friends.

[*He stops himself, expecting* PICCOLOMINI'S *answer.*

I have ta'en thee by surprise. Answer me not.
I grant thee time to recollect thyself.

[*He rises, and retires at the back of the stage.* MAX *remains for a long time motionless, in a trance of excessive anguish. At his first motion* WALLENSTEIN *returns, and places himself before him.*

Max. My General, this day thou makest me
Of age to speak in my own right and person,
For till this day I have been spared the trouble
To find out my own road. Thee have I followed
With most implicit unconditional faith,
Sure of the right path if I followed thee.
To-day, for the first time, dost thou refer
Me to myself, and forcest me to make
Election between thee and my own heart.

Wallenstein. Soft cradled thee thy Fortune till to-day;
Thy duties thou couldst exercise in sport,
Indulge all lovely instincts, act for ever
With undivided heart. It can remain
No longer thus. Like enemies, the roads
Start from each other. Duties strive with duties.
Thou must needs choose thy party in the war
Which is now kindling 'twixt thy friend and him
Who is thy Emperor.

Max. War! is that the name?
War is as frightful as heaven's pestilence.
Yet it is good, is it heaven's will as that is.
Is that a good war, which against the Emperor
Thou wagest with the Emperor's own army?
O God of heaven! what a change is this.
Beseems it me to offer such persuasion
To thee, who like the fixed star of the pole
Wert all I gazed at on life's trackless ocean?

O! what a rent thou makest in my heart!
The ingrained instinct of old reverence,
The holy habit of obediency,
Must I pluck live asunder from thy name?
Nay, do not turn thy countenance upon me—
It always was as a god looking at me!
Duke Wallenstein, its power is not departed:
The senses still are in thy bonds, although,
Bleeding, the soul hath freed itself.

Wallenstein. Max, hear me.

Max. O! do it not, I pray thee, do it not!
There is a pure and noble soul within thee,
Knows not of this unblest, unlucky doing.
Thy will is chaste, it is thy fancy only
Which hath polluted thee—and innocence,
It will not let itself be driven away
From that world-awing aspect. Thou wilt not,
Thou canst not, end in this. It would reduce
All human creatures to disloyalty
Against the nobleness of their own nature.
'Twill justify the vulgar misbelief,
Which holdeth nothing noble in free will,
And trusts itself to impotence alone
Made powerful only in an unknown power.

Wallenstein. The world will judge me sternly, I expect it.
Already have I said to my own self
All thou canst say to me. Who but avoids
The extreme,—can he by going round avoid it?
But here there is no choice. Yes—I must use
Or suffer violence—so stands the case,
There remains nothing possible but that.

Max. O that is never possible for thee!
'Tis the last desperate resource of those
Cheap souls, to whom their honour, their good name
Is their poor saving, their last worthless keep,
Which having staked and lost, they stake themselves
In the mad rage of gaming. Thou art rich,
And glorious; with an unpolluted heart
Thou canst make conquest of whate'er seems highest!
But he, who once hath acted infamy,
Does nothing more in this world.

Wallenstein (*grasps his hand*). Calmly, Max!

86 *saving . . . Keep 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Much that is great and excellent will we
Perform together yet. And if we only
Stand on the height with dignity, 'tis soon
Forgotten, Max, by what road we ascended.
Believe me, many a crown shines spotless now,
That yet was deeply sullied in the winning.
To the evil spirit doth the earth belong,
Not to the good. All, that the powers divine
Send from above, are universal blessings:
Their light rejoices us, their air refreshes,
But never yet was man enriched by them:
In their eternal realm no property
Is to be struggled for—all there is general.
The jewel, the all-valued gold we win
From the deceiving Powers, depraved in nature,
That dwell beneath the day and blessed sun-light.
Not without sacrifices are they rendered
Propitious, and there lives no soul on earth
That e'er retired unsullied from their service.

Max. Whate'er is human, to the human being
Do I allow—and to the vehement
And striving spirit readily I pardon
The excess of action; but to thee, my General!
Above all others make I large concession.
For thou must move a world, and be the master—
He kills thee, who condemns thee to inaction.
So be it then! maintain thee in thy post
By violence. Resist the Emperor,
And if it must be, force with force repel:
I will not praise it, yet I can forgive it.
But not—not to the traitor—yes!—the word
Is spoken out——
Not to the traitor can I yield a pardon.
That is no mere excess! that is no error
Of human nature—that is wholly different,
O that is black, black as the pit of hell!
Thou canst not hear it nam'd, and wilt thou do it?
O turn back to thy duty. That thou canst,
I hold it certain. Send me to Vienna.
I'll make thy peace for thee with the Emperor.

104 *property 1800, 1828, 1829.* 116 *all 1800, 1828, 1829.* 123 *traitor 1800, 1828, 1829.* *After* 128 [WALLENSTEIN *betrays a sudden agitation. 1800, 1828, 1829.* 129 *nam'd . . . do 1800, 1828, 1829.*

He knows thee not. But I do know thee. He
Shall see thee, Duke! with my unclouded eye,
And I bring back his confidence to thee.

Wallenstein. It is too late. Thou knowest not what has happened.

Max. Were it too late, and were things gone so far,
That a crime only could prevent thy fall,
Then—fall! fall honourably, even as thou stood'st.
Lose the command. Go from the stage of war.
Thou canst with splendour do it—do it too
With innocence. Thou hast liv'd much for others,
At length live thou for thy own self. I follow thee.
My destiny I never part from thine.

Wallenstein. It is too late! Even now, while thou art losing
Thy words, one after the other are the mile-stones
Left fast behind by my post couriers,
Who bear the order on to Prague and Egra.
Yield thyself to it. We act as we are forced.
I cannot give assent to my own shame
And ruin. Thou—no—thou canst not forsake me!
So let us do, what must be done, with dignity,
With a firm step. What am I doing worse
Than did famed Cæsar at the Rubicon,
When he the legions led against his country,
The which his country had delivered to him?
Had he thrown down the sword, he had been lost.
As I were, if I but disarmed myself.
I trace out something in me of his spirit.
Give me his luck, that other thing I'll bear.

[MAX *quits him abruptly.* WALLENSTEIN, *startled and overpowered, continues looking after him, and is still in this posture when* TERTSKY *enters.*

SCENE III

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

Tertsky. Max Piccolomini just left you?
Wallenstein. Where is Wrangel?
Tertsky. He is already gone.

After 148 [MAX *stands as convulsed, with a gesture and countenance expressing the most intense anguish. 1800, 1828, 1829.* 150 *I 1800, 1828, 1829.* 151 *Thou*—no *1800, 1828, 1829.* 160 *that other thing 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Wallenstein. In such a hurry?
Tertsky. It is as if the earth had swallowed him.
He had scarce left thee, when I went to seek him.
I wished some words with him—but he was gone.
How, when, and where, could no one tell me. Nay,
I half believe it was the devil himself;
A human creature could not so at once
Have vanished.
Illo (*enters*). Is it true that thou wilt send
Octavio?
Tertsky. How, Octavio! Whither send him?
Wallenstein. He goes to Frauenberg, and will lead hither
The Spanish and Italian regiments.
Illo. No!
Nay, Heaven forbid!
Wallenstein. And why should Heaven forbid?
Illo. Him!—that deceiver! Would'st thou trust to him
The soldiery? Him wilt thou let slip from thee,
Now, in the very instant that decides us——
Tertsky. Thou wilt not do this!—No! I pray thee, no!
Wallenstein. Ye are whimsical.
Illo. O but for this time, Duke,
Yield to our warning! Let him not depart.
Wallenstein. And why should I not trust him only this time,
Who have always trusted him? What, then, has happened,
That I should lose my good opinion of him?
In complaisance to your whims, not my own,
I must, forsooth, give up a rooted judgment.
Think not I am a woman. Having trusted him
E'en till to-day, to-day too will I trust him.
Tertsky. Must it be he—he only? Send another.
Wallenstein. It must be he, whom I myself have chosen;
He is well fitted for the business. Therefore
I gave it him.
Illo. Because he 's an Italian—
Therefore is he well fitted for the business.
Wallenstein. I know you love them not—nor sire nor son—
Because that I esteem them, love them—visibly
Esteem them, love them more than you and others,
E'en as they merit. Therefore are they eye-blights,
Thorns in your foot-path. But your jealousies,
In what affect they me or my concerns?

Are they the worse to me because you hate them?
Love or hate one another as you will,
I leave to each man his own moods and likings;
Yet know the worth of each of you to me.
Illo. Von Questenberg, while he was here, was always
Lurking about with this Octavio.
Wallenstein. It happened with my knowledge and permission.
Illo. I know that secret messengers came to him
From Galas——
Wallenstein. That 's not true.
Illo. O thou art blind
With thy deep-seeing eyes.
Wallenstein. Thou wilt not shake
My faith for me—my faith, which founds itself
On the profoundest science. If 'tis false,
Then the whole science of the stars is false.
For know, I have a pledge from fate itself,
That he is the most faithful of my friends.
Illo. Hast thou a pledge, that this pledge is not false?
Wallenstein. There exist moments in the life of man,
When he is nearer the great soul of the world
Than is man's custom, and possesses freely
The power of questioning his destiny:
And such a moment 'twas, when in the night
Before the action in the plains of Lützen,
Leaning against a tree, thoughts crowding thoughts,
I looked out far upon the ominous plain.
My whole life, past and future, in this moment
Before my mind's eye glided in procession,
And to the destiny of the next morning
The spirit, filled with anxious presentiment,
Did knit the most removed futurity.
Then said I also to myself, 'So many
Dost thou command. They follow all thy stars,
And as on some great number set their All
Upon thy single head, and only man
The vessel of thy fortune. Yet a day
Will come, when destiny shall once more scatter
All these in many a several direction:
Few be they who will stand out faithful to thee.'
I yearn'd to know which one was faithfullest

38 *me 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Of all, this camp included. Great Destiny,
Give me a sign! And he shall be the man,
Who, on the approaching morning, comes the first
To meet me with a token of his love:
And thinking this, I fell into a slumber.
Then midmost in the battle was I led
In spirit. Great the pressure and the tumult!
Then was my horse killed under me: I sank:
And over me away, all unconcernedly,
Drove horse and rider—and thus trod to pieces
I lay, and panted like a dying man.
Then seized me suddenly a saviour arm;
It was Octavio's—I awoke at once,
'Twas broad day, and Octavio stood before me.
'My brother,' said he, 'do not ride to-day
The dapple, as you're wont; but mount the horse
Which I have chosen for thee. Do it, brother!
In love to me. A strong dream warned me so.'
It was the swiftness of this horse that snatched me
From the hot pursuit of Bannier's dragoons.
My cousin rode the dapple on that day,
And never more saw I or horse or rider.

Illo. That was a chance.

Wallenstein. There's no such thing as chance.
In brief, 'tis signed and sealed that this Octavio
Is my good angel—and now no word more. [*He is retiring.*

Tertsky. This is my comfort—Max remains our hostage.

Illo. And he shall never stir from here alive.

Wallenstein (*stops and turns himself round*). Are ye not like the women, who for ever
Only recur to their first word, although
One had been talking reason by the hour?
Know, that the human being's thoughts and deeds
Are not, like ocean billows, blindly moved.
The inner world, his microcosmus, is
The deep shaft, out of which they spring eternally.
They grow by certain laws, like the tree's fruit—
No juggling chance can metamorphose them.
Have I the human kernel first examined?
Then I know, too, the future will and action.

76 included] include *1800.* 89 *Octavio 1800, 1828, 1829.* 98 *Wallenstein* (*significantly*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* 112 *kernel 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Scene IV

Scene—*A Chamber in* Piccolomini's *Dwelling-House.*

Octavio Piccolomini, Isolani (*entering*).

Isolani. Here am I—Well! who comes yet of the others?
Octavio. But, first, a word with you, Count Isolani.
Isolani. Will it explode, ha?—Is the Duke about
To make the attempt? In me, friend, you may place
Full confidence.—Nay, put me to the proof.
Octavio. That may happen.
Isolani. Noble brother, I am
Not one of those men who in words are valiant,
And when it comes to action skulk away.
The Duke has acted towards me as a friend.
God knows it is so; and I owe him all——
He may rely on my fidelity.
Octavio. That will be seen hereafter.
Isolani. Be on your guard,
All think not as I think; and there are many
Who still hold with the Court—yes, and they say
That those stolen signatures bind them to nothing.
Octavio. I am rejoiced to hear it.
Isolani. You rejoice!
Octavio. That the Emperor has yet such gallant servants
And loving friends.
Isolani. Nay, jeer not, I entreat you.
They are no such worthless fellows, I assure you.
Octavio. I am assured already. God forbid
That I should jest!—In very serious earnest
I am rejoiced to see an honest cause
So strong.
Isolani. The Devil!—what!—why, what means this?
Are you not, then——For what, then, am I here?
Octavio. That you may make full declaration, whether
You will be called the friend or enemy
Of the Emperor.
Isolani. That declaration, friend,
I'll make to him in whom a right is placed
To put that question to me.
Octavio. Whether, Count,
That right is mine, this paper may instruct you.

Before 2 *Octavio* (*with an air of mystery*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 3 *Isolani* (*assuming the same air of mystery*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* 27 *Isolani* (*with an air of defiance*). *1800, 1828, 1829.*

Isolani. Why,—why—what! This is the Emperor's hand and seal! [*Reads.*

'Whereas the officers collectively
Throughout our army will obey the orders
Of the Lieutenant-General Piccolomini
As from ourselves.'—— Hem!—Yes! so!—Yes! yes!—
I—I give you joy, Lieutenant-General!

Octavio. And you submit you to the order?

Isolani. I———

But you have taken me so by surprise—
Time for reflection one must have——

Octavio. Two minutes.

Isolani. My God! But then the case is——

Octavio. Plain and simple.
You must declare you, whether you determine
To act a treason 'gainst your Lord and Sovereign,
Or whether you will serve him faithfully.

Isolani. Treason!—My God!—But who talks then of treason?

Octavio. That is the case. The Prince-Duke is a traitor—
Means to lead over to the enemy
The Emperor's army.—Now, Count!—brief and full—
Say, will you break your oath to the Emperor?
Sell yourself to the enemy?—Say, will you?

Isolani. What mean you? I—I break my oath, d'ye say,
To his Imperial Majesty?
Did I say so?—When, when have I said that?

Octavio. You have not said it yet—not yet. This instant
I wait to hear, Count, whether you will say it.

Isolani. Aye! that delights me now, that you yourself
Bear witness for me that I never said so.

Octavio. And you renounce the Duke then?

Isolani. If he's planning
Treason—why, treason breaks all bonds asunder.

Octavio. And are determined, too, to fight against him?

Isolani. He has done me service—but if he's a villain,
Perdition seize him!—All scores are rubbed off.

Octavio. I am rejoiced that you're so well disposed.
This night break off in the utmost secrecy
With all the light-armed troops—it must appear
As came the order from the Duke himself.

Before 32 *Isolani* (*stammering*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* 36 *Hem 1800, 1828, 1829.* 40 *must 1800, 1828, 1829.* 55 *will 1800, 1828, 1829.*

At Frauenberg's the place of rendezvous;
There will Count Galas give you further orders.
Isolani. It shall be done. But you'll remember me
With the Emperor—how well disposed you found me.
Octavio. I will not fail to mention it honourably.
[*Exit* ISOLANI. *A* Servant *enters.*
What, Colonel Butler!—Shew him up.
Isolani (*returning*). Forgive me too my bearish ways, old father!
Lord God! how should I know, then, what a great
Person I had before me.
Octavio. No excuses!
Isolani. I am a merry lad, and if at time
A rash word might escape me 'gainst the court
Amidst my wine—You know no harm was meant. [*Exit.*
Octavio. You need not be uneasy on that score.
That has succeeded. Fortune favour us
With all the others only but as much!

SCENE V

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, BUTLER.

Butler. At your command, Lieutenant-General.
Octavio. Welcome, as honoured friend and visitor.
Butler. You do me too much honour.
Octavio (*after both have seated themselves*). You have not
Returned the advances which I made you yesterday—
Misunderstood them, as mere empty forms.
That wish proceeded from my heart—I was
In earnest with you—for 'tis now a time
In which the honest should unite most closely.
Butler. 'Tis only the like-minded can unite.
Octavio. True! and I name all honest men like-minded.
I never charge a man but with those acts
To which his character deliberately
Impels him; for alas! the violence
Of blind misunderstandings often thrusts
The very best of us from the right track.
You came through Frauenberg. Did the Count Galas
Say nothing to you? Tell me. He's my friend.
Butler. His words were lost on me.
Octavio. It grieves me sorely

Scene V. 18 *me 1800, 1828, 1829.*

To hear it: for his counsel was most wise.
I had myself the like to offer.
Butler. Spare
Yourself the trouble—me th' embarrassment,
To have deserved so ill your good opinion.
Octavio. The time is precious—let us talk openly.
You know how matters stand here. Wallenstein
Meditates treason—I can tell you further—
He has committed treason; but few hours
Have past, since he a covenant concluded
With the enemy. The messengers are now
Full on their way to Egra and to Prague.
To-morrow he intends to lead us over
To the enemy. But he deceives himself;
For prudence wakes—the Emperor has still
Many and faithful friends here, and they stand
In closest union, mighty though unseen.
This manifesto sentences the Duke—
Recalls the obedience of the army from him,
And summons all the loyal, all the honest,
To join and recognize in me their leader.
Choose—will you share with us an honest cause?
Or with the evil share an evil lot?
Butler (*rises*). His lot is mine.
Octavio. Is that your last resolve?
Butler. It is.
Octavio. Nay, but bethink you, Colonel Butler!
As yet you have time. Within my faithful breast
That rashly uttered word remains interred.
Recall it, Butler! choose a better party:
You have not chosen the right one.
Butler (*going*). Any other
Commands for me, Lieutenant-General?
Octavio. See your white hairs! Recall that word!
Butler. Farewell!
Octavio. What, would you draw this good and gallant sword
In such a cause? Into a curse would you
Transform the gratitude which you have earned
By forty years' fidelity from Austria?
Butler (*laughing with bitterness*). Gratitude from the House of Austria. [*He is going.*
Octavio (*permits him to go as far as the door, then calls after him*). Butler!

Butler. What wish you?
Octavio. How was't with the Count?
Butler. Count? what?
Octavio. The title that you wished, I mean.
Butler (starts in sudden passion). Hell and damnation!
Octavio. You petitioned for it—
And your petition was repelled—Was it so?
Butler. Your insolent scoff shall not go by unpunished.
Draw!
Octavio. Nay! your sword to 'ts sheath![1] and tell me calmly,
How all that happened. I will not refuse you
Your satisfaction afterwards.—Calmly, Butler!
Butler. Be the whole world acquainted with the weakness
For which I never can forgive myself.
Lieutenant-General! Yes—I have ambition.
Ne'er was I able to endure contempt.
It stung me to the quick, that birth and title
Should have more weight than merit has in the army.
I would fain not be meaner than my equal,
So in an evil hour I let myself
Be tempted to that measure—It was folly!
But yet so hard a penance it deserved not.
It might have been refused; but wherefore barb
And venom the refusal with contempt?
Why dash to earth and crush with heaviest scorn
The grey-haired man, the faithful veteran?
Why to the baseness of his parentage
Refer him with such cruel roughness, only
Because he had a weak hour and forgot himself?
But nature gives a sting e'en to the worm
Which wanton power treads on in sport and insult.
Octavio. You must have been calumniated. Guess you
The enemy, who did you this ill service?
Butler. Be't who it will—a most low-hearted scoundrel,
Some vile court-minion must it be, some Spaniard,
Some young squire of some ancient family,
In whose light I may stand, some envious knave,
Stung to his soul by my fair self-earned honours!

[1] It probably did not suit Schiller's purposes to remark, what he doubtless knew, that Butler was of a noble Irish family, indeed one of the noblest. *MS. R.*

55 *Octavio (coldly). 1800, 1828, 1829.* 56 *Octavio (coldly). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Octavio. But tell me! Did the Duke approve that measure?
Butler. Himself impelled me to it, used his interest
In my behalf with all the warmth of friendship.
Octavio. Ay? Are you sure of that?
Butler. I read the letter.
Octavio. And so did I—but the contents were different.
By chance I'm in possession of that letter—
Can leave it to your own eyes to convince you.
[*He gives him the letter.*
Butler. Ha! what is this?
Octavio. I fear me, Colonel Butler,
An infamous game have they been playing with you.
The Duke, you say, impelled you to this measure?
Now, in this letter talks he in contempt
Concerning you, counsels the Minister
To give sound chastisement to your conceit,
For so he calls it.
[BUTLER *reads through the letter, his knees tremble, he seizes a chair, and sinks down in it.*
You have no enemy, no persecutor;
There 's no one wishes ill to you. Ascribe
The insult you received to the Duke only.
His aim is clear and palpable. He wished
To tear you from your Emperor—he hoped
To gain from your revenge what he well knew
(What your long-tried fidelity convinced him)
He ne'er could dare expect from your calm reason.
A blind tool would he make you, in contempt
Use you, as means of most abandoned ends.
He has gained his point. Too well has he succeeded
In luring you away from that good path
On which you had been journeying forty years!
Butler. Can e'er the Emperor's Majesty forgive me?
Octavio. More than forgive you. He would fain compensate
For that affront, and most unmerited grievance
Sustained by a deserving, gallant veteran.
From his free impulse he confirms the present,
Which the Duke made you for a wicked purpose.
The regiment, which you now command, is yours.
[BUTLER *attempts to rise, sinks down again. He labours inwardly with violent emotions; tries to speak, and*

After 92 [BUTLER *is suddenly struck. 1800, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 115 *Butler (his voice trembling). 1800, 1828; 1829.*

cannot. At length he takes his sword from the belt, and offers it to PICCOLOMINI.

Octavio. What wish you? Recollect yourself, friend.
Butler. Take it.
Octavio. But to what purpose? Calm yourself.
Butler. O take it!
I am no longer worthy of this sword.
Octavio. Receive it then anew from my hands—and
Wear it with honour for the right cause ever.
Butler. ——Perjure myself to such a gracious Sovereign!
Octavio. You'll make amends. Quick! break off from the Duke!
Butler. Break off from him!
Octavio. What now? Bethink thyself.
Butler (*no longer governing his emotion*). Only break off from him?—He dies!—he dies!
Octavio. Come after me to Frauenberg, where now
All who are loyal are assembling under
Counts Altringer and Galas. Many others
I've brought to a remembrance of their duty.
This night be sure that you escape from Pilsen.
Butler. Count Piccolomini! Dare that man speak
Of honour to you, who once broke his troth?
Octavio. He, who repents so deeply of it, dares.
Butler. Then leave me here, upon my word of honour!
Octavio. What 's your design?
Butler. Leave me and my regiment.
Octavio. I have full confidence in you. But tell me
What are you brooding?
Butler. That the deed will tell you.
Ask me no more at present. Trust to me.
Ye may trust safely. By the living God
Ye give him over, not to his good angel!
Farewell. [*Exit* BUTLER.
Servant (*enters with a billet*). A stranger left it, and is gone.
The Prince-Duke's horses wait for you below. [*Exit* Servant.
Octavio (*reads*). 'Be sure, make haste! Your faithful Isolan.'
—O that I had but left this town behind me.
To split upon a rock so near the haven!—
Away! This is no longer a safe place for me!
Where can my son be tarrying?

Before 136 *Butler* (*strides up and down in excessive agitation, then steps up to Octavio with resolved countenance*). *1800, 1828, 1829.*

SCENE VI

OCTAVIO *and* MAX PICCOLOMINI.

Octavio (*advances to Max*). I am going off, my son.
[*Receiving no answer he takes his hand.*
My son, farewell.

Max. Farewell.

Octavio. Thou wilt soon follow me?

Max. I follow thee?
Thy way is crooked—it is not my way.
[OCTAVIO *drops his hand, and starts back.*
O, hadst thou been but simple and sincere,
Ne'er had it come to this—all had stood otherwise.
He had not done that foul and horrible deed,
The virtuous had retained their influence o'er him:
He had not fallen into the snares of villains.
Wherefore so like a thief, and thief's accomplice
Did'st creep behind him—lurking for thy prey?
O, unblest falsehood! Mother of all evil!
Thou misery-making demon, it is thou
That sink'st us in perdition. Simple truth,
Sustainer of the world, had saved us all!
Father, I will not, I cannot excuse thee!
Wallenstein has deceived me—O, most foully!
But thou hast acted not much better.

Octavio. Son!
My son, ah! I forgive thy agony!

Max. Was't possible? had'st thou the heart, my father,
Had'st thou the heart to drive it to such lengths,
With cold premeditated purpose? Thou—
Had'st thou the heart, to wish to see him guilty,
Rather than saved? Thou risest by his fall.
Octavio, 'twill not please me.

Octavio. God in Heaven!

Max. O, woe is me! sure I have changed my nature.

Before 1 (MAX *enters almost in a state of derangement from extreme agitation, his eyes roll wildly, his walk is unsteady, and he appears not to observe his father, who stands at a distance, and gazes at him with a countenance expressive of compassion. He paces with long strides through the chamber, then stands still again, and at last throws himself into a chair, staring vacantly at the object directly before him*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 19 *Max* (*rises and contemplates his father with looks of suspicion*). *1800, 1828, 1829.*

How comes suspicion here—in the free soul?
Hope, confidence, belief, are gone; for all
Lied to me, all what I e'er loved or honoured.
No! No! Not all! She—she yet lives for me,
And she is true, and open as the Heavens!
Deceit is every where, hypocrisy,
Murder, and poisoning, treason, perjury:
The single holy spot is now our love,
The only unprofaned in human nature.
Octavio. Max!—we will go together. 'Twill be better.
Max. What? ere I've taken a last parting leave,
The very last—no never!
Octavio. Spare thyself
The pang of necessary separation.
Come with me! Come, my son!
[*Attempts to take him with him.*
Max. No! as sure as God lives, no!
Octavio. Come with me, I command thee! I, thy father.
Max. Command me what is human. I stay here.
Octavio. Max! in the Emperor's name I bid thee come.
Max. No Emperor has power to prescribe
Laws to the heart; and would'st thou wish to rob me
Of the sole blessing which my fate has left me,
Her sympathy? Must then a cruel deed
Be done with cruelty? The unalterable
Shall I perform ignobly—steal away,
With stealthy coward flight forsake her? No!
She shall behold my suffering, my sore anguish,
Hear the complaints of the disparted soul,
And weep tears o'er me. Oh! the human race
Have steely souls—but she is as an angel.
From the black deadly madness of despair
Will she redeem my soul, and in soft words
Of comfort, plaining, loose this pang of death!
Octavio. Thou wilt not tear thyself away; thou canst not.
O, come, my son! I bid thee save thy virtue.
Max. Squander not thou thy words in vain.
The heart I follow, for I dare trust to it.
Octavio. Max! Max! if that most damnéd thing could be,
If thou—my son—my own blood—(dare I think it?)

28 what] that *1828, 1829.* 33 The single holy spot is our love *1800.* *Before* 41 *Octavio* (*more urgently*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 62 *Octavio* (*trembling, and losing all self-command*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* 63 *think 1800.*

Do sell thyself to him, the infamous,
Do stamp this brand upon our noble house,
Then shall the world behold the horrible deed,
And in unnatural combat shall the steel
Of the son trickle with the father's blood.
Max. O hadst thou always better thought of men,
Thou hadst then acted better. Curst suspicion!
Unholy miserable doubt! To him
Nothing on earth remains unwrenched and firm,
Who has no faith.
Octavio. And if I trust thy heart,
Will it be always in thy power to follow it?
Max. The heart's voice thou hast not o'erpower'd—as little
Will Wallenstein be able to o'erpower it.
Octavio. O, Max! I see thee never more again!
Max. Unworthy of thee wilt thou never see me.
Octavio. I go to Frauenberg—the Pappenheimers
I leave thee here, the Lothrings too; Toskana
And Tiefenbach remain here to protect thee.
They love thee, and are faithful to their oath,
And will far rather fall in gallant contest
Than leave their rightful leader, and their honour.
Max. Rely on this, I either leave my life
In the struggle, or conduct them out of Pilsen.
Octavio. Farewell, my son!
Max. Farewell!
Octavio. How? not one look
Of filial love? No grasp of the hand at parting?
It is a bloody war, to which we are going,
And the event uncertain and in darkness.
So used we not to part—it was not so!
Is it then true? I have a son no longer?

[MAX *falls into his arms, they hold each* [*other*] *for a long time in a speechless embrace, then go away at different sides.*

The Curtain drops.

75 *thou 1800.*

THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN

A TRAGEDY

IN FIVE ACTS

PREFACE OF THE TRANSLATOR

TO THE FIRST EDITION

THE two Dramas, PICCOLOMINI, or the first part of WALLENSTEIN, and WALLENSTEIN, are introduced in the original manuscript by a Prelude in one Act, entitled WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP. This is written in rhyme, and in nine-syllable verse, in the same *lilting* metre (if that expression may be permitted) with the second Eclogue of Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar.

This Prelude possesses a sort of broad humour, and is not deficient in character; but to have translated it into prose, or into any other metre than that of the original, would have given a false notion both of its style and purport; to have translated it into the same metre would have been incompatible with a faithful adherence to the sense of the German, from the comparative poverty of our language in rhymes; and it would have been unadvisable from the incongruity of those lax verses with the present taste of the English Public. Schiller's intention seems to have been merely to have prepared his reader for the Tragedies by a lively picture of the laxity of discipline, and the mutinous dispositions of Wallenstein's soldiery. It is not necessary as a preliminary explanation. For these reasons it has been thought expedient not to translate it.

The admirers of Schiller, who have abstracted their conception of that author from the *Robbers*, and the *Cabal* and *Love*, plays in which the main interest is produced by the excitement of curiosity, and in which the curiosity is excited by terrible and extraordinary incident, will not have perused without some portion of disappointment the Dramas, which it has been my employment to translate. They should, however, reflect that these are Historical Dramas, taken from a popular German History; that we must therefore judge of them in some measure with the feelings of Germans; or by analogy, with the interest excited in us by similar Dramas in our own language. Few, I trust, would be rash or ignorant enough to compare Schiller with Shakspeare yet, merely as illustration, I would say

Title] Part Second. The Death of Wallenstein. A Tragedy. The Death of Wallenstein. Preface of the Translator. *1828, 1829.* 10 notion] idea *1800, 1828, 1829.* 21 conception] idea *1800, 1828, 1829.*

that we should proceed to the perusal of Wallenstein, not from Lear or Othello, but from Richard the Second, or the three parts of Henry the Sixth. We scarcely expect rapidity in an Historical Drama; and many prolix speeches are pardoned from characters, whose names and actions have formed the most amusing tales of our early life. On the other hand, there exist in these plays more individual beauties, more passages the excellence of which will bear reflection, than in the former productions of Schiller. The description of the Astrological Tower, and the reflections of the Young Lover, which follow it, form in the original a fine poem; and my translation must have been wretched indeed, if it can have wholly overclouded the beauties of the Scene in the first Act of the first Play between Questenberg, Max, and Octavio Piccolomini. If we except the Scene of the setting sun in the *Robbers*, I know of no part in Schiller's Plays which equals the whole of the first Scene of the fifth Act of the concluding Play. It would be unbecoming in me to be more diffuse on this subject. A Translator stands connected with the original Author by a certain law of subordination, which makes it more decorous to point out excellencies than defects: indeed he is not likely to be a fair judge of either. The pleasure or disgust from his own labour will mingle with the feelings that arise from an afterview of the original. Even in the first perusal of a work in any foreign language which we understand, we are apt to attribute to it more excellence than it really possesses from our own pleasurable sense of difficulty overcome without effect. Translation of poetry into poetry is difficult, because the Translator must give a brilliancy to his language without that warmth of original conception, from which such brilliancy would follow of its own accord. But the translator of a living Author is encumbered with additional inconveniences. If he render his original faithfully, as to the sense of each passage, he must necessarily destroy a considerable portion of the spirit; if he endeavour to give a work executed according to laws of compensation, he subjects himself to imputations of vanity, or misrepresentation. I have thought it my duty to remain bound by the sense of my original, with as few exceptions as the nature of the languages rendered possible.

41 the excellence of which] whose excellence *1800, 1828, 1829.* 60 effect] effort *1834.* 66 sense] *sense 1800, 1828, 1829.* 67 spirit] *spirit 1800, 1828, 1829.* 68 compensation] *compensation 1800, 1828, 1829.* *After* 72 S. T. Coleridge *1800, 1828, 1829.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

WALLENSTEIN, *Duke of Friedland, Generalissimo of the Imperial Forces in the Thirty Years' War.*
DUCHESS OF FRIEDLAND, *Wife of Wallenstein.*
THEKLA, *her Daughter, Princess of Friedland.*
THE COUNTESS TERTSKY, *Sister of the Duchess.*
LADY NEUBRUNN.
OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, *Lieutenant-General.*
MAX PICCOLOMINI, *his Son, Colonel of a Regiment of Cuirassiers.*
COUNT TERTSKY, *the Commander of several Regiments, and Brother-in-law of Wallenstein.*
ILLO, *Field Marshal, Wallenstein's confidant.*
BUTLER, *an Irishman, Commander of a Regiment of Dragoons.*
GORDON, *Governor of Egra.*
MAJOR GERALDIN.
CAPTAIN DEVEREUX.
CAPTAIN MACDONALD.
NEUMANN, *Captain of Cavalry, Aide-de-Camp to Tertsky.*
SWEDISH CAPTAIN.
SENI.
BURGOMASTER *of Egra.*
ANSPESSADE *of the Cuirassiers.*
GROOM OF THE CHAMBER, A PAGE, } *belonging to the Duke.*
CUIRASSIERS, DRAGOONS, SERVANTS.

THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN

ACT I

SCENE I

SCENE—*A Chamber in the House of the* DUCHESS OF FRIEDLAND.

COUNTESS TERTSKY, THEKLA, LADY NEUBRUNN (*the two latter sit at the same table at work*).

Countess (*watching them from the opposite side*). So you have nothing, niece, to ask me? Nothing?
I have been waiting for a word from you.
And could you then endure in all this time
Not once to speak his name?
[*The* COUNTESS *rises and advances to her.*
Why, how comes this?
Perhaps I am already grown superfluous,
And other ways exist, besides through me?
Confess it to me, Thekla! have you seen him?
Thekla. To-day and yesterday I have not seen him.
Countess. And not heard from him either? Come, be open!
Thekla. No syllable.

4 [THEKLA *remaining silent, the, &c., 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Countess. And still you are so calm?
Thekla. I am.
Countess. May't please you, leave us, Lady Neubrunn!
[*Exit* LADY NEUBRUNN.

SCENE II

The COUNTESS, THEKLA.

Countess. It does not please me, Princess! that he holds
Himself so still, exactly at this time.
Thekla. Exactly at this time?
Countess. He now knows all.
'Twere now the moment to declare himself.
Thekla. If I'm to understand you, speak less darkly.
Countess. 'Twas for that purpose that I bade her leave us.
Thekla, you are no more a child. Your heart
Is now no more in nonage: for you love,
And boldness dwells with love—that you have proved.
Your nature moulds itself upon your father's
More than your mother's spirit. Therefore may you
Hear, what were too much for her fortitude.
Thekla. Enough! no further preface, I entreat you.
At once, out with it! Be it what it may,
It is not possible that it should torture me
More than this introduction. What have you
To say to me? Tell me the whole and briefly!
Countess. You'll not be frightened—
Thekla. Name it, I entreat you.
Countess. It lies within your power to do your father
A weighty service—
Thekla. Lies within my power?
Countess. Max Piccolomini loves you. You can link him
Indissolubly to your father.
Thekla. I?
What need of me for that? And is he not
Already linked to him?
Countess. He was.
Thekla. And wherefore
Should he not be so now—not be so always?
Countess. He cleaves to the Emperor too.
Thekla. Not more than duty
And honour may demand of him.
Countess. We ask
Proofs of his love, and not proofs of his honour.

Scene II. 2 *still . . . this 1800, 1828, 1829.* 3 *this 1800, 1828, 1829.* 9 *you 1800, 1828, 1829.* 20 *my 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Duty and honour!
Those are ambiguous words with many meanings.
You should interpret them for him: his love
Should be the sole definer of his honour.
Thekla. How?
Countess. The Emperor or you must he renounce.
Thekla. He will accompany my father gladly
In his retirement. From himself you heard,
How much he wished to lay aside the sword.
Countess. He must not lay the sword aside, we mean;
He must unsheath it in your father's cause.
Thekla. He'll spend with gladness and alacrity
His life, his heart's blood in my father's cause,
If shame or injury be intended him.
Countess. You will not understand me. Well, hear then!
Your father has fallen off from the Emperor,
And is about to join the enemy
With the whole soldiery—
Thekla. Alas, my mother!
Countess. There needs a great example to draw on
The army after him. The Piccolomini
Possess the love and reverence of the troops;
They govern all opinions, and wherever
They lead the way, none hesitate to follow.
The son secures the father to our interests—
You've much in your hands at this moment.
Thekla. Ah,
My miserable mother! what a death-stroke
Awaits thee!—No! She never will survive it.
Countess. She will accommodate her soul to that
Which is and must be. I do know your mother.
The far-off future weights upon her heart
With torture of anxiety; but is it
Unalterably, actually present,
She soon resigns herself, and bears it calmly.
Thekla. O my fore-boding bosom! Even now,
E'en now 'tis here, that icy hand of horror!
And my young hope lies shuddering in its grasp;
I knew it well—no sooner had I entered,
A heavy ominous presentiment
Revealed to me, that spirits of death were hovering
Over my happy fortune. But why think I
First of myself? My mother! O my mother!

31 *You 1800, 1828, 1829.* 37 *not 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Countess. Calm yourself! Break not out in vain lamenting!
Preserve you for your father the firm friend,
And for yourself the lover, all will yet
Prove good and fortunate.
Thekla. Prove good? What good?
Must we not part? Part ne'er to meet again?
Countess. He parts not from you! He can not part from you.
Thekla. Alas for his sore anguish! It will rend
His heart asunder.
Countess. If indeed he loves you,
His resolution will be speedily taken.
Thekla. His resolution will be speedily taken?
O do not doubt of that! A resolution!
Does there remain one to be taken?
Countess. Hush!
Collect yourself! I hear your mother coming.
Thekla. How shall I bear to see her?
Countess. Collect yourself.

SCENE III

To them enter the DUCHESS.

Duchess (*to the Countess*). Who was here, sister? I heard some one talking,
And passionately too.
Countess. Nay! There was no one.
Duchess. I am grown so timorous, every trifling noise
Scatters my spirits, and announces to me
The footstep of some messenger of evil.
And can you tell me, sister, what the event is?
Will he agree to do the Emperor's pleasure,
And send the horse-regiments to the Cardinal?
Tell me, has he dismissed Von Questenberg
With a favourable answer?
Countess. No, he has not.
Duchess. Alas! then all is lost! I see it coming,
The worst that can come! Yes, they will depose him;
The accursèd business of the Regenspurg diet
Will all be acted o'er again!
Countess. No! never!
Make your heart easy, sister, as to that.
[THEKLA *throws herself upon her mother, and enfolds her in her arms, weeping.*

72 Prove *good 1800.* 74 *can 1800.* 80 *taken 1800.*
Scene III. *Between* 14, 15 [THEKLA, *in extreme agitation, throws herself, &c. 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Duchess. Yes, my poor child!
Thou too hast lost a most affectionate godmother
In the Empress. O that stern unbending man!
In this unhappy marriage what have I
Not suffered, not endured. For ev'n as if
I had been linked on to some wheel of fire
That restless, ceaseless, whirls impetuous onward,
I have passed a life of frights and horrors with him,
And ever to the brink of some abyss
With dizzy headlong violence he whirls me.
Nay, do not weep, my child! Let not my sufferings
Presignify unhappiness to thee,
Nor blacken with their shade the fate that waits thee.
There lives no second Friedland: thou, my child,
Hast not to fear thy mother's destiny.
Thekla. O let us supplicate him, dearest mother!
Quick! quick! here 's no abiding-place for us.
Here every coming hour broods into life
Some new affrightful monster.
Duchess. Thou wilt share
An easier, calmer lot, my child! We too,
I and thy father, witnessed happy days.
Still think I with delight of those first years,
When he was making progress with glad effort,
When his ambition was a genial fire,
Not that consuming flame which now it is.
The Emperor loved him, trusted him: and all
He undertook could not but be successful.
But since that ill-starred day at Regenspurg,
Which plunged him headlong from his dignity,
A gloomy uncompanionable spirit,
Unsteady and suspicious, has possessed him.
His quiet mind forsook him, and no longer
Did he yield up himself in joy and faith
To his old luck, and individual power;
But thenceforth turned his heart and best affections
All to those cloudy sciences, which never
Have yet made happy him who followed them.
Countess. You see it, sister! as your eyes permit you.
But surely this is not the conversation
To pass the time in which we are waiting for him.
You know he will be soon here. Would you have him

28 *fate 1800.* 40 *flame 1800.* 53 *your 1800.* 56 be soon] soon be *1828, 1829.*

Find her in this condition?
Duchess. Come, my child!
Come, wipe away thy tears, and shew thy father
A cheerful countenance. See, the tie-knot here
Is off—this hair must not hang so dishevelled.
Come, dearest! dry thy tears up. They deform
Thy gentle eye—well now—what was I saying?
Yes, in good truth, this Piccolomini
Is a most noble and deserving gentleman.
Countess. That is he, sister!
Thekla (to the Countess). Aunt, you will excuse me? [*Is going.*
Countess. But whither? See, your father comes.
Thekla. I cannot see him now.
Countess. Nay, but bethink you.
Thekla. Believe me, I cannot sustain his presence.
Countess. But he will miss you, will ask after you.
Duchess. What now? Why is she going?
Countess. She 's not well.
Duchess. What ails then my beloved child?

[*Both follow the* PRINCESS, *and endeavour to detain her. During this* WALLENSTEIN *appears, engaged in conversation with* ILLO.

SCENE IV

WALLENSTEIN, ILLO, COUNTESS, DUCHESS, THEKLA.

Wallenstein. All quiet in the camp?
Illo. It is all quiet.
Wallenstein. In a few hours may couriers come from Prague
With tidings, that this capital is ours.
Then we may drop the mask, and to the troops
Assembled in this town make known the measure
And its result together. In such cases
Example does the whole. Whoever is foremost
Still leads the herd. An imitative creature
Is man. The troops at Prague conceive no other,
Than that the Pilsen army has gone through
The forms of homage to us; and in Pilsen
They shall swear fealty to us, because
The example has been given them by Prague.
Butler, you tell me, has declared himself.
Illo. At his own bidding, unsolicited,

57 *her 1800, 1828, 1829.* 65 *Thekla (to the Countess, with marks of great oppression of spirits). 1800, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 72 *Duchess (anxiously). 1800 1828, 1829.*

He came to offer you himself and regiment.
Wallenstein. I find we must not give implicit credence
To every warning voice that makes itself
Be listened to in the heart. To hold us back,
Oft does the lying spirit counterfeit
The voice of Truth and inward Revelation,
Scattering false oracles. And thus have I
To intreat forgiveness, for that secretly
I've wrong'd this honourable gallant man,
This Butler: for a feeling, of the which
I am not master (fear I would not call it),
Creeps o'er me instantly, with sense of shuddering,
At his approach, and stops love's joyous motion.
And this same man, against whom I am warned,
This honest man is he, who reaches to me
The first pledge of my fortune.
Illo. And doubt not
That his example will win over to you
The best men in the army.
Wallenstein. Go and send
Isolani hither. Send him immediately.
He is under recent obligations to me.
With him will I commence the trial. Go. [ILLO *exit.*
Wallenstein (*turns himself round to the females*). Lo, there the mother with the darling daughter!
For once we'll have an interval of rest—
Come! my heart yearns to live a cloudless hour
In the beloved circle of my family.
Countess. 'Tis long since we've been thus together, brother.
Wallenstein (*to the Countess aside*). Can she sustain the news? Is she prepared?
Countess. Not yet.
Wallenstein. Come here, my sweet girl! Seat thee by me,
For there is a good spirit on thy lips.
Thy mother praised to me thy ready skill:
She says a voice of melody dwells in thee,
Which doth enchant the soul. Now such a voice
Will drive away from me the evil demon
That beats his black wings close above my head.
Duchess. Where is thy lute, my daughter? Let thy father
Hear some small trial of thy skill.
Thekla. My mother!
I—

26 *fear 1800, 1828, 1829.* 48 from] for *1800, 1828, 1829.*

Duchess. Trembling? Come, collect thyself. Go, cheer
Thy father.
Thekla. O my mother! I—I cannot.
Countess. How, what is that, niece?
Thekla (*to the Countess*). O spare me—sing—now—in this
sore anxiety,
Of the o'erburthen'd soul—to sing to him,
Who is thrusting, even now, my mother headlong
Into her grave!
Duchess. How, Thekla? Humoursome?
What! shall thy father have expressed a wish
In vain?
Countess. Here is the lute.
Thekla. My God! how can I—
[*The orchestra plays. During the ritornello* THEKLA *expresses in her gestures and countenance the struggle of her feelings: and at the moment that she should begin to sing, contracts herself together, as one shuddering, throws the instrument down, and retires abruptly.*
Duchess. My child! O she is ill—
Wallenstein. What ails the maiden?
Say, is she often so?
Countess. Since then herself
Has now betrayed it, I too must no longer
Conceal it.
Wallenstein. What?
Countess. She loves him!
Wallenstein. Loves him! Whom?
Countess. Max does she love! Max Piccolomini.
Hast thou ne'er noticed it? Nor yet my sister?
Duchess. Was it this that lay so heavy on her heart?
God's blessing on thee, my sweet child! Thou needest
Never take shame upon thee for thy choice.
Countess. This journey, if 'twere not thy aim, ascribe it
To thine own self. Thou shouldest have chosen another
To have attended her.
Wallenstein. And does he know it?
Countess. Yes, and he hopes to win her.
Wallenstein. Hopes to win her!
Is the boy mad?
Countess. Well—hear it from themselves.
Wallenstein. He thinks to carry off Duke Friedland's daughter!

56 *him 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Aye?—The thought pleases me.
The young man has no grovelling spirit.
Countess. Since
Such and such constant favour you have shewn him—
Wallenstein. He chooses finally to be my heir.
And true it is, I love the youth; yea, honour him.
But must he therefore be my daughter's husband!
Is it daughters only? Is it only children
That we must shew our favour by?
Duchess. His noble disposition and his manners—
Wallenstein. Win him my heart, but not my daughter.
Duchess. Then
His rank, his ancestors—
Wallenstein. Ancestors! What?
He is a subject, and my son-in-law
I will seek out upon the thrones of Europe.
Duchess. O dearest Albrecht! Climb we not too high,
Lest we should fall too low.
Wallenstein. What? have I paid
A price so heavy to ascend this eminence,
And jut out high above the common herd,
Only to close the mighty part I play
In Life's great drama, with a common kinsman?
Have I for this— [*pause.*] She is the only thing
That will remain behind of me on earth;
And I will see a crown around her head,
Or die in the attempt to place it there.
I hazard all—all! and for this alone,
To lift her into greatness—
Yea, in this moment, in the which we are speaking— [*pause.*
And I must now, like a soft-hearted father,
Couple together in good peasant fashion
The pair, that chance to suit each other's liking—
And I must do it now, even now, when I
Am stretching out the wreath that is to twine
My full accomplished work—no! she is the jewel,
Which I have treasured long, my last, my noblest,
And 'tis my purpose not to let her from me
For less than a king's sceptre.
Duchess. O my husband!
You're ever building, building to the clouds,

95 Have I for this— [*Stops suddenly, repressing himself. 1800, 1828, 1829.*
After 101 [*He recollects himself. 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Still building higher, and still higher building,
And ne'er reflect, that the poor narrow basis
Cannot sustain the giddy tottering column.
Wallenstein (*to the Countess*). Have you announced the place of residence
Which I have destined for her?
Countess. No! not yet.
'Twere better you yourself disclosed it to her.
Duchess. How? Do we not return to Karn then?
Wallenstein. No.
Duchess. And to no other of your lands or seats?
Wallenstein. You would not be secure there.
Duchess. Not secure
In the Emperor's realms, beneath the Emperor's
Protection?
Wallenstein. Friedland's wife may be permitted
No longer to hope that.
Duchess. O God in heaven!
And have you brought it even to this?
Wallenstein. In Holland
You'll find protection.
Duchess. In a Lutheran country?
What? And you send us into Lutheran countries?
Wallenstein. Duke Franz of Lauenburg conducts you thither.
Duchess. Duke Franz of Lauenburg?
The ally of Sweden, the Emperor's enemy.
Wallenstein. The Emperor's enemies are mine no longer.
Duchess (*casting a look of terror on the Duke and the Countess*). Is it then true? It is. You are degraded?
Deposed from the command? O God in heaven!
Countess (*aside to the Duke*). Leave her in this belief. Thou seest she cannot
Support the real truth.

SCENE V

To them enter COUNT TERTSKY.

Countess. —Tertsky!
What ails him? What an image of affright!
He looks as he had seen a ghost.
Tertsky (*leading Wallenstein aside*). Is it thy command that all the Croats—
Wallenstein. Mine!

118 Kärn *1800.* 123 *that 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Tertsky. We are betrayed.
Wallenstein. What?
Tertsky. They are off! This night
The Jägers likewise—all the villages
In the whole round are empty.
Wallenstein. Isolani?
Tertsky. Him thou hast sent away. Yes, surely.
Wallenstein. I?
Tertsky. No! Hast thou not sent him off? Nor Deodate?
They are vanished both of them.

Scene VI

To them enter Illo.

Illo. Has Tertsky told thee?
Tertsky. He knows all.
Illo. And likewise
That Esterhatzy, Goetz, Maradas, Kaunitz,
Kolatto, Palfi, have forsaken thee?
Tertsky. Damnation!
Wallenstein (*winks at them*). Hush!
Countess (*who has been watching them anxiously from the distance and now advances to them*). Tertsky! Heaven! What is it? What has happened?
Wallenstein (*scarcely suppressing his emotions*). Nothing! let us be gone!
Tertsky (*following him*). Theresa, it is nothing.
Countess (*holding him back*). Nothing? Do I not see, that all the lifeblood
Has left your cheeks—look you not like a ghost?
That even my brother but affects a calmness?
Page (*enters*). An Aid-de-Camp enquires for the Count Tertsky. [Tertsky *follows the Page.*
Wallenstein. Go, hear his business. [*To* Illo.
This could not have happened
So unsuspected without mutiny.
Who was on guard at the gates?
Illo. 'Twas Tiefenbach.
Wallenstein. Let Tiefenbach leave guard without delay,
And Tertsky's grenadiers relieve him. [Illo *is going.*
Stop!
Hast thou heard aught of Butler?
Illo. Him I met.
He will be here himself immediately.

Scene VI. 4 *Wallenstein* (*winks to them*). *1800.*

Butler remains unshaken.

[ILLO *exit.* WALLENSTEIN *is following him.*

Countess. Let him not leave thee, sister! go, detain him!
There's some misfortune.

Duchess (*clinging to him*). Gracious heaven! What is it?

Wallenstein. Be tranquil! leave me, sister! dearest wife!
We are in camp, and this is nought unusual;
Here storm and sunshine follow one another
With rapid interchanges. These fierce spirits
Champ the curb angrily, and never yet
Did quiet bless the temples of the leader.
If I am to stay, go you. The plaints of women
Ill suit the scene where men must act.

[*He is going:* TERTSKY *returns.*

Tertsky. Remain here. From this window must we see it.

Wallenstein (*to the Countess*). Sister, retire!

Countess. No—never.

Wallenstein. 'Tis my will.

Tertsky (*leads the Countess aside, and drawing her attention to the Duchess*). Theresa!

Duchess. Sister, come! since he commands it.

SCENE VII

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

Wallenstein (*stepping to the window*). What now, then?

Tertsky. There are strange movements among all the troops,
And no one knows the cause. Mysteriously,
With gloomy silentness, the several corps
Marshal themselves, each under its own banners.
Tiefenbach's corps makes threatening movements; only
The Pappenheimers still remain aloof
In their own quarters, and let no one enter.

Wallenstein. Does Piccolomini appear among them?

Tertsky. We are seeking him: he is no where to be met with

Wallenstein. What did the Aid-de-Camp deliver to you?

Tertsky. My regiments had dispatched him; yet once more
They swear fidelity to thee, and wait
The shout for onset, all prepared, and eager.

Wallenstein. But whence arose this larum in the camp?
It should have been kept secret from the army,
Till fortune had decided for us at Prague.

Tertsky. O that thou hadst believed me! Yester evening

6 makes] make *1800, 1828, 1829.* 11 Aid-de-Camp] Aide-de-Camp *1800.*

Did we conjure thee not to let that skulker,
That fox, Octavio, pass the gates of Pilsen.
Thou gav'st him thy own horses to flee from thee.
Wallenstein. The old tune still! Now, once for all, no more
Of this suspicion—it is doting folly.
Tertsky. Thou did'st confide in Isolani too;
And lo! he was the first that did desert thee.
Wallenstein. It was but yesterday I rescued him
From abject wretchedness. Let that go by.
I never reckon'd yet on gratitude.
And wherein doth he wrong in going from me?
He follows still the god whom all his life
He has worshipped at the gaming table. With
My Fortune, and my seeming destiny,
He made the bond, and broke it not with me.
I am but the ship in which his hopes were stowed,
And with the which well-pleased and confident
He traversed the open sea; now he beholds it
In imminent jeopardy among the coast-rocks,
And hurries to preserve his wares. As light
As the free bird from the hospitable twig
Where it had nested, he flies off from me:
No human tie is snapped betwixt us two.
Yea, he deserves to find himself deceived,
Who seeks a heart in the unthinking man.
Like shadows on a stream, the forms of life
Impress their characters on the smooth forehead,
Nought sinks into the bosom's silent depth:
Quick sensibility of pain and pleasure
Moves the light fluids lightly; but no soul
Warmeth the inner frame.
Tertsky. Yet, would I rather
Trust the smooth brow than that deep furrowed one.

Scene VIII

Wallenstein, Tertsky, Illo.

Illo. Treason and mutiny!
Tertsky. And what further now?
Illo. Tiefenbach's soldiers, when I gave the orders
To go off guard—Mutinous villains!
Tertsky. Well!

32 Fortune *1800, 1828, 1829.*
Scene VIII. *Before* 1 *Illo* (*who enters agitated with rage*). *1800, 1828, 1829.*

Wallenstein. What followed?
Illo. They refused obedience to them.
Tertsky. Fire on them instantly! Give out the order.
Wallenstein. Gently! what cause did they assign?
Illo. No other,
They said, had right to issue orders but
Lieutenant-General Piccolomini.
Wallenstein. What? How is that?
Illo. He takes that office on him by commission,
Under sign-manual of the Emperor.
Tertsky. From the Emperor—hear'st thou, Duke?
Illo. At his incitement
The Generals made that stealthy flight—
Tertsky. Duke! hearest thou?
Illo. Caraffa too, and Montecuculi,
Are missing, with six other Generals,
All whom he had induced to follow him.
This plot he has long had in writing by him
From the Emperor; but 'twas finally concluded
With all the detail of the operation
Some days ago with the Envoy Questenberg.
[WALLENSTEIN *sinks down into a chair and covers his face.*
Tertsky. O hadst thou but believed me!

SCENE IX

To them enter the COUNTESS.

Countess. This suspense,
This horrid fear—I can no longer bear it.
For heaven's sake, tell me, what has taken place.
Illo. The regiments are all falling off from us.
Tertsky. Octavio Piccolomini is a traitor.
Countess. O my foreboding! [*Rushes out of the room.*
Tertsky. Hadst thou but believed me!
Now seest thou how the stars have lied to thee.
Wallenstein. The stars lie not; but we have here a work
Wrought counter to the stars and destiny.
The science is still honest: this false heart
Forces a lie on the truth-telling heaven.
On a divine law divination rests;
Where nature deviates from that law, and stumbles
Out of her limits, there all science errs.

9 *Piccolomini 1800, 1828, 1829.* 10 *Wallenstein (in a convulsion of agony). 1800, 1828, 1829.*

True, I did not suspect! Were it superstition
Never by such suspicion t' have affronted
The human form, O may that time ne'er come
In which I shame me of the infirmity.
The wildest savage drinks not with the victim
Into whose breast he means to plunge the sword.
This, this, Octavio, was no hero's deed:
'Twas not thy prudence that did conquer mine;
A bad heart triumphed o'er an honest one.
No shield received the assassin stroke; thou plungest
Thy weapon on an unprotected breast—
Against such weapons I am but a child.

Scene X

To these enter Butler.

Tertsky (*meeting him*). O look there! Butler! Here we've still a friend!

Wallenstein (*meets him with outspread arms, and embraces him with warmth*). Come to my heart, old comrade! Not the sun
Looks out upon us more revivingly
In the earliest month of spring,
Than a friend's countenance in such an hour.

Butler. My General: I come—

Wallenstein (*leaning on Butler's shoulders*). Know'st thou already?
That old man has betrayed me to the Emperor.
What say'st thou? Thirty years have we together
Lived out, and held out, sharing joy and hardship.
We have slept in one camp-bed, drunk from one glass,
One morsel shared! I leaned myself on him,
As now I lean me on thy faithful shoulder.
And now in the very moment, when, all love,
All confidence, my bosom beat to his,
He sees and takes the advantage, stabs the knife
Slowly into my heart.

[*He hides his face on* Butler's *breast.*

Butler. Forget the false one.
What is your present purpose?

Wallenstein. Well remembered!
Courage my soul! I am still rich in friends,

11 *him 1800, 1828, 1829.* 12 *thy 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Still loved by Destiny; for in the moment,
That it unmasks the plotting hypocrite,
It sends and proves to me one faithful heart.
Of the hypocrite no more! Think not, his loss
Was that which struck the pang: O no! his treason
Is that which strikes this pang! No more of him!
Dear to my heart, and honoured were they both,
And the young man—yes—he did truly love me,
He—he—has not deceived me. But enough,
Enough of this—Swift counsel now beseems us.
The Courier, whom Count Kinsky sent from Prague
I expect him every moment: and whatever
He may bring with him, we must take good care
To keep it from the mutineers. Quick, then!
Dispatch some messenger you can rely on
To meet him, and conduct him to me. [ILLO *is going.*

Butler (*detaining him*). My General, whom expect you then?

Wallenstein. The Courier
Who brings me word of the event at Prague.

Butler (*hesitating*). Hem!

Wallenstein. And what now?

Butler. You do not know it?

Wallenstein. Well?

Butler. From what that larum in the camp arose?

Wallenstein. From what?

Butler. That Courier.

Wallenstein. Well?

Butler. Is already here.

Tertsky and Illo (*at the same time*). Already here?

Wallenstein. My Courier?

Butler. For some hours.

Wallenstein. And I not know it?

Butler. The centinels detain him
In custody.

Illo. Damnation!

Butler. And his letter
Was broken open, and is circulated
Through the whole camp.

Wallenstein. You know what it contains?

Butler. Question me not.

21 *faithful 1800.* 26 *did 1800.* 39 *Wallenstein* (*with eager expectation*) Well? *1800, 1828, 1829.* 42 *Illo* (*stamping with his foot*). Damnation! *1800, 1828, 1829.*

Tertsky. Illo! alas for us.

Wallenstein. Hide nothing from me—I can hear the worst. Prague then is lost. It is. Confess it freely.

Butler. Yes! Prague is lost. And all the several regiments
At Budweiss, Tabor, Brannau, Konigingratz,
At Brun and Znaym, have forsaken you,
And ta'en the oaths of fealty anew
To the Emperor. Yourself, with Kinsky, Tertsky,
And Illo have been sentenced.

[TERTSKY *and* ILLO *express alarm and fury.* WALLENSTEIN *remains firm and collected.*

Wallenstein. 'Tis decided!
'Tis well! I have received a sudden cure
From all the pangs of doubt: with steady stream
Once more my life-blood flows! My soul's secure!
In the night only Friedland's stars can beam.
Lingering irresolute, with fitful fears
I drew the sword—'twas with an inward strife,
While yet the choice was mine. The murderous knife
Is lifted for my heart! Doubt disappears!
I fight now for my head and for my life.

[*Exit* WALLENSTEIN; *the others follow him.*

SCENE XI

Countess Tertsky (*enters from a side room*). I can endure no longer. No! [*Looks around her.*
Where are they?
No one is here. They leave me all alone,
Alone in this sore anguish of suspense.
And I must wear the outward shew of calmness
Before my sister, and shut in within me
The pangs and agonies of my crowded bosom.
It is not to be borne.—If all should fail;
If—if he must go over to the Swedes,
An empty-handed fugitive, and not
As an ally, a covenanted equal,
A proud commander with his army following;
If we must wander on from land to land,
Like the Count Palatine, of fallen greatness
An ignominious monument—But no!
That day I will not see! And could himself
Endure to sink so low, I would not bear
To see him so low sunken.

48 *is 1800, 1828, 1829.*

SCENE XII

COUNTESS, DUCHESS, THEKLA.

Thekla (*endeavouring to hold back the Duchess*). Dear mother, do stay here!

Duchess. No! Here is yet
Some frightful mystery that is hidden from me.
Why does my sister shun me? Don't I see her
Full of suspense and anguish roam about
From room to room?—Art thou not full of terror?
And what import these silent nods and gestures
Which stealthwise thou exchangest with her?

Thekla. Nothing:
Nothing, dear Mother!

Duchess (*to the Countess*). Sister, I will know.

Countess. What boots it now to hide it from her? Sooner
Or later she must learn to hear and bear it.
'Tis not the time now to indulge infirmity,
Courage beseems us now, a heart collected,
And exercise and previous discipline
Of fortitude. One word, and over with it!
Sister, you are deluded. You believe,
The Duke has been deposed—The Duke is not
Deposed—he is——

Thekla (*going to the Countess*). What? do you wish to kill her?

Countess. The Duke is——

Thekla (*throwing her arms round her mother*). O stand firm! stand firm, my mother!

Countess. Revolted is the Duke, he is preparing
To join the enemy, the army leave him,
And all has failed.

ACT II

SCENE I

SCENE—*A spacious Room in the* DUKE OF FRIEDLAND'S *Palace.*

Wallenstein (*in armour*). Thou hast gained thy point, Octavio! Once more am I
Almost as friendless as at Regenspurg.

10 *must 1800, 1828, 1829.* 12 collected] collect *1800, 1828, 1829.*
After 22 [*During these words the* DUCHESS *totters, and falls in a fainting fit into the arms of her daughter. While* THEKLA *is calling for help, the curtain drops. 1800, 1828, 1829.*

There I had nothing left me, but myself—
But what one man can do, you have now experience.
The twigs have you hewed off, and here I stand
A leafless trunk. But in the sap within
Lives the creating power, and a new world
May sprout forth from it. Once already have I
Proved myself worth an army to you—I alone!
Before the Swedish strength your troops had melted;
Beside the Lech sank Tilly, your last hope;
Into Bavaria, like a winter torrent,
Did that Gustavus pour, and at Vienna
In his own palace did the Emperor tremble.
Soldiers were scarce, for still the multitude
Follow the luck: all eyes were turned on me,
Their helper in distress; the Emperor's pride
Bowed itself down before the man he had injured.
'Twas I must rise, and with creative word
Assemble forces in the desolate camps.
I did it. Like a god of war, my name
Went through the world. The drum was beat—and, lo!
The plough, the work-shop is forsaken, all
Swarm to the old familiar long-loved banners;
And as the wood-choir rich in melody
Assemble quick around the bird of wonder,
When first his throat swells with his magic song,
So did the warlike youth of Germany
Crowd in around the image of my eagle.
I feel myself the being that I was.
It is the soul that builds itself a body,
And Friedland's camp will not remain unfilled.
Lead then your thousands out to meet me—true!
They are accustomed under me to conquer,
But not against me. If the head and limbs
Separate from each other, 'twill be soon
Made manifest, in which the soul abode.

(ILLO *and* TERTSKY *enter.*)

Courage, friends! Courage! We are still unvanquished;
I feel my footing firm; five regiments, Tertsky,
Are still our own, and Butler's gallant troops;
And a host of sixteen thousand Swedes to-morrow.
I was not stronger, when nine years ago

11 sank] sunk *1800, 1828, 1829.*

I marched forth, with glad heart and high of hope,
To conquer Germany for the Emperor.

SCENE II

WALLENSTEIN, ILLO, TERTSKY. (*To them enter* NEUMANN, *who leads* TERTSKY *aside, and talks with him.*)

Tertsky. What do they want?
Wallenstein. What now?
Tertsky. Ten Cuirassiers
From Pappenheim request leave to address you
In the name of the regiment.
Wallenstein (*hastily to Neumann*). Let them enter.
[*Exit* NEUMANN.
This
May end in something. Mark you. They are still
Doubtful, and may be won.

SCENE III

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, ILLO, *Ten* Cuirassiers (*led by an* Anspessade,[1] *march up and arrange themselves, after the word of command, in one front before the* DUKE, *and make their obeisance. He takes his hat off, and immediately covers himself again*).

Anspessade. Halt! Front! Present!
Wallenstein (*after he has run through them with his eye, to the Anspessade*). I know thee well. Thou art out of Brüggin in Flanders:
Thy name is Mercy.
Anspessade. Henry Mercy.
Wallenstein. Thou wert cut off on the march, surrounded by the Hessians, and didst fight thy way with a hundred and eighty men through their thousand.
Anspessade. 'Twas even so, General!
Wallenstein. What reward hadst thou for this gallant exploit?
Anspessade. That which I asked for: the honour to serve in this corps.
Wallenstein (*turning to a second*). Thou wert among the

[1] Anspessade, in German, *Gefreiter*, a soldier inferior to a corporal, but above the centinels. The German name implies that he is exempt from mounting guard.

volunteers that seized and made booty of the Swedish battery at Altenburg.

Second Cuirassier. Yes, General!

Wallenstein. I forget no one with whom I have exchanged words. (*A pause*). Who sends you?

Anspessade. Your noble regiment, the Cuirassiers of Piccolomini.

Wallenstein. Why does not your colonel deliver in your request, according to the custom of service?

Anspessade. Because we would first know whom we serve.

Wallenstein. Begin your address.

Anspessade (*giving the word of command*). Shoulder your arms!

Wallenstein (*turning to a third*). Thy name is Risbeck, Cologne is thy birthplace.

Third Cuirassier. Risbeck of Cologne.

Wallenstein. It was thou that broughtest in the Swedish colonel, Diebald, prisoner, in the camp at Nuremberg.

Third Cuirassier. It was not I, General!

Wallenstein. Perfectly right! It was thy elder brother: thou hadst a younger brother too: Where did he stay?

Third Cuirassier. He is stationed at Olmutz with the Imperial army.

Wallenstein (*to the Anspessade*). Now then—begin.

Anspessade. There came to hand a letter from the Emperor
Commanding us——

Wallenstein. Who chose you?

Anspessade. Every company
Drew its own man by lot.

Wallenstein. Now! to the business.

Anspessade. There came to hand a letter from the Emperor
Commanding us collectively, from thee
All duties of obedience to withdraw,
Because thou wert an enemy and traitor.

Wallenstein. And what did you determine?

Anspessade. All our comrades
At Brannau, Budweiss, Prague and Olmutz, have
Obeyed already, and the regiments here,
Tiefenbach and Toscana, instantly
Did follow their example. But—but we
Do not believe that thou art an enemy
And traitor to thy country, hold it merely

21 *whom 1800, 1828, 1829.* chose you? *1800, 1828, 1829.*

36 *Wallenstein* (*interrupting him*). Who

46 Toscana] Toscano *1828, 1829.*

For lie and trick, and a trumped-up Spanish story!
Thyself shalt tell us what thy purpose is,
For we have found thee still sincere and true:
No mouth shall interpose itself betwixt
The gallant General and the gallant troops.
Wallenstein. Therein I recognize my Pappenheimers.
Anspessade. And this proposal makes thy regiment to thee:
Is it thy purpose merely to preserve
In thy own hands this military sceptre,
Which so becomes thee, which the Emperor
Made over to thee by a covenant?
Is it thy purpose merely to remain
Supreme commander of the Austrian armies?—
We will stand by thee, General! and guarantee
Thy honest rights against all opposition.
And should it chance, that all the other regiments
Turn from thee, by ourselves will we stand forth
Thy faithful soldiers, and, as is our duty,
Far rather let ourselves be cut to pieces,
Than suffer thee to fall. But if it be
As the Emperor's letter says, if it be true,
That thou in traitorous wise wilt lead us over
To the enemy, which God in heaven forbid!
Then we too will forsake thee, and obey
That letter——
Wallenstein. Hear me, children!
Anspessade. Yes, or no!
There needs no other answer.
Wallenstein. Yield attention.
You're men of sense, examine for yourselves;
Ye think, and do not follow with the herd:
And therefore have I always shewn you honour
Above all others, suffered you to reason;
Have treated you as free men, and my orders
Were but the echoes of your prior suffrage.—
Anspessade. Most fair and noble has thy conduct been
To us, my General! With thy confidence
Thou hast honoured us, and shewn us grace and favour
Beyond all other regiments; and thou seest
We follow not the common herd. We will
Stand by thee faithfully. Speak but one word—
Thy word shall satisfy us, that it is not

After 50 (*With warmth.*) *1800, 1828, 1829.*

A treason which thou meditatest—that
Thou meanest not to lead the army over
To the enemy; nor e'er betray thy country.
Wallenstein. Me, me are they betraying. The Emperor
Hath sacrificed me to my enemies,
And I must fall, unless my gallant troops
Will rescue me. See! I confide in you.
And be your hearts my strong hold! At this breast
The aim is taken, at this hoary head.
This is your Spanish gratitude, this is our
Requital for that murderous fight at Lutzen!
For this we threw the naked breast against
The halbert, made for this the frozen earth
Our bed, and the hard stone our pillow! never stream
Too rapid for us, nor wood too impervious:
With cheerful spirit we pursued that Mansfield
Through all the turns and windings of his flight;
Yea, our whole life was but one restless march;
And homeless, as the stirring wind, we travelled
O'er the war-wasted earth. And now, even now,
That we have well-nigh finished the hard toil,
The unthankful, the curse-laden toil of weapons,
With faithful indefatigable arm
Have rolled the heavy war-load up the hill,
Behold! this boy of the Emperor's bears away
The honours of the peace, an easy prize!
He'll weave, forsooth, into his flaxen locks
The olive branch, the hard-earn'd ornament
Of this grey head, grown grey beneath the helmet.
Anspessade. That shall he not, while we can hinder it!
No one, but thou, who hast conducted it
With fame, shall end this war, this frightful war.
Thou led'st us out into the bloody field
Of death, thou and no other shalt conduct us home,
Rejoicing, to the lovely plains of peace—
Shalt share with us the fruits of the long toil—
Wallenstein. What? Think you then at length in late old age
To enjoy the fruits of toil? Believe it not.
Never, no never, will you see the end
Of the contest! you and me, and all of us,
This war will swallow up! War, war, not peace,
Is Austria's wish; and therefore, because I

Endeavoured after peace, therefore I fall.
For what cares Austria, how long the war
Wears out the armies and lays waste the world?
She will but wax and grow amid the ruin,
And still win new domains.
[*The* Cuirassiers *express agitation by their gestures.*
Ye're moved—I see
A noble rage flash from your eyes, ye warriors!
Oh that my spirit might possess you now
Daring as once it led you to the battle!
Ye would stand by me with your veteran arms,
Protect me in my rights; and this is noble!
But think not that you can accomplish it,
Your scanty number! to no purpose will you
Have sacrificed you for your General.
No! let us tread securely, seek for friends;
The Swedes have proffered us assistance, let us
Wear for a while the appearance of good will,
And use them for your profit, till we both
Carry the fate of Europe in our hands,
And from our camp to the glad jubilant world
Lead Peace forth with the garland on her head!

Anspessade. 'Tis then but mere appearances which thou
Dost put on with the Swede? Thou'lt not betray
The Emperor? Wilt not turn us into Swedes?
This is the only thing which we desire
To learn from thee.

Wallenstein. What care I for the Swedes?
I hate them as I hate the pit of hell,
And under Providence I trust right soon
To chase them to their homes across their Baltic.
My cares are only for the whole: I have
A heart—it bleeds within me for the miseries
And piteous groaning of my fellow-Germans.
Ye are but common men, but yet ye think
With minds not common; ye appear to me
Worthy before all others, that I whisper ye
A little word or two in confidence!
See now! already for full fifteen years
The war-torch has continued burning, yet
No rest, no pause of conflict. Swede and German,

141 *you 1800, 1828, 1829.* *After* 143 [*Confidentially. 1800, 1828, 1829.*
147 your] our *1800, 1828, 1829.*

Papist and Lutheran! neither will give way
To the other, every hand's against the other.
Each one is party and no one a judge.
Where shall this end? Where's he that will unravel
This tangle, ever tangling more and more.
It must be cut asunder.
I feel that I am the man of destiny,
And trust, with your assistance, to accomplish it.

Scene IV

To these enter Butler.

Butler (*passionately*). General! This is not right!
Wallenstein. What is not right?
Butler. It must needs injure us with all honest men.
Wallenstein. But what?
Butler. It is an open proclamation
Of insurrection.
Wallenstein. Well, well—but what is it?
Butler. Count Tertsky's regiments tear the Imperial Eagle
From off the banners, and instead of it,
Have reared aloft thy arms.
Anspessade (*abruptly to the Cuirassiers*). Right about! March!
Wallenstein. Cursed be this counsel, and accursed who gave it! [*To the* Cuirassiers, *who are retiring.*
Halt, children, halt! There's some mistake in this;
Hark!—I will punish it severely. Stop!
They do not hear. (*To* Illo.) Go after them, assure them,
And bring them back to me, cost what it may.
[Illo *hurries out.*
This hurls us headlong. Butler! Butler!
You are my evil genius, wherefore must you
Announce it in their presence? It was all
In a fair way. They were half won, those madmen
With their improvident over-readiness—
A cruel game is fortune playing with me.
The zeal of friends it is that razes me,
And not the hate of enemies.

Scene V

To these enter the Duchess, *who rushes into the Chamber.* Thekla *and the* Countess *follow her.*

Duchess. O Albrecht!
What hast thou done?

Wallenstein. And now comes this beside.
Countess. Forgive me, brother! It was not in my power.
They know all.
Duchess. What hast thou done?
Countess (*to Tertsky*). Is there no hope? Is all lost utterly?
Tertsky. All lost. No hope. Prague in the Emperor's hands,
The soldiery have ta'en their oaths anew.
Countess. That lurking hypocrite. Octavio!
Count Max is off too?
Tertsky. Where can he be? He 's
Gone over to the Emperor with his father.
[THEKLA *rushes out into the arms of her mother, hiding her face in her bosom.*
Duchess (*enfolding her in her arms*). Unhappy child! and more unhappy mother!
Wallenstein (*aside to Tertsky*). Quick! Let a carriage stand in readiness
In the court behind the palace. Scherfenberg
Be their attendant; he is faithful to us;
To Egra he'll conduct them, and we follow. [*To* ILLO, *who returns.*
Thou hast not brought them back?
Illo. Hear'st thou the uproar?
The whole corps of the Pappenheimers is
Drawn out: the younger Piccolomini,
Their colonel, they require; for they affirm,
That he is in the palace here, a prisoner;
And if thou dost not instantly deliver him,
They will find means to free him with the sword.
Tertsky. What shall we make of this?
Wallenstein. Said I not so?
O my prophetic heart! he is still here.
He has not betrayed me—he could not betray me.
I never doubted of it.
Countess. If he be
Still here, then all goes well; for I know what
[*Embracing* THEKLA.
Will keep him here for ever.
Tertsky. It can't be.
His father has betrayed us, is gone over
To the Emperor—the son could not have ventured
To stay behind.
Thekla (*her eye fixed on the door*). There he is!

9 *he* 1800. *After* 22 [*All stand amazed.* 1800, 1828, 1829.

SCENE VI

To these enter MAX PICCOLOMINI.

Max. Yes! here he is! I can endure no longer
To creep on tiptoe round this house, and lurk
In ambush for a favourable moment.
This loitering, this suspense exceeds my powers.
[*Advancing to* THEKLA.
Turn not thine eyes away. O look upon me!
Confess it freely before all. Fear no one,
Let who will hear that we both love each other.
Wherefore continue to conceal it? Secrecy
Is for the happy—misery, hopeless misery,
Needeth no veil! Beneath a thousand suns
It dares act openly.
[*He observes the* COUNTESS *looking on* THEKLA *with expressions of triumph.*
No, Lady! No!
Expect not, hope it not. I am not come
To stay: to bid farewell, farewell for ever.
For this I come! 'Tis over! I must leave thee!
Thekla, I must—must leave thee! Yet thy hatred
Let me not take with me. I pray thee, grant me
One look of sympathy, only one look.
Say that thou dost not hate me. Say it to me, Thekla!
[*Grasps her hand.*
O God! I cannot leave this spot—I cannot!
Cannot let go this hand. O tell me, Thekla!
That thou dost suffer with me, art convinced
That I cannot act otherwise.
[THEKLA, *avoiding his look, points with her hand to her father.* MAX *turns round to the* DUKE, *whom he had not till then perceived.*
Thou here? It was not thou, whom here I sought.
I trusted never more to have beheld thee.
My business is with her alone. Here will I
Receive a full acquittal from this heart—
For any other I am no more concerned.

Wallenstein. Think'st thou, that fool-like, I shall let thee go,
And act the mock-magnanimous with thee?
Thy father is become a villain to me;

After 4 [*Advancing to* THEKLA, *who has thrown herself into her mother's arms.* *1800, 1828, 1829.* 14 *must* leave *1800, 1828, 1829.*

I hold thee for his son, and nothing more:
Nor to no purpose shalt thou have been given
Into my power. Think not, that I will honour
That ancient love, which so remorselessly
He mangled. They are now past by, those hours
Of friendship and forgiveness. Hate and vengeance
Succeed—'tis now their turn—I too can throw
All feelings of the man aside—can prove
Myself as much a monster as thy father!

Max. Thou wilt proceed with me, as thou hast power.
Thou know'st, I neither brave nor fear thy rage.
What has detained me here, that too thou know'st.
[*Taking* THEKLA *by the hand.*
See, Duke! All—all would I have owed to thee,
Would have received from thy paternal hand
The lot of blessed spirits. This hast thou
Laid waste for ever—that concerns not thee.
Indifferent thou tramplest in the dust
Their happiness, who most are thine. The god
Whom thou dost serve, is no benignant deity.
Like as the blind irreconcileable
Fierce element, incapable of compact,
Thy heart's wild impulse only dost thou follow.[1]

Wallenstein. Thou art describing thy own father's heart.

[1] I have here ventured to omit a considerable number of lines. I fear that I should not have done amiss, had I taken this liberty more frequently. It is, however, incumbent on me to give the original with a literal translation.

Weh denen die auf dich vertraun, an Dich
Die sichre Hütte ihres Glückes lehnen,
Gelockt von deiner gastlichen Gestalt.
Schnell, unverhofft, bei nächtlich stiller Weile
Gährt's in dem tückschen Feuerschlunde, ladet
Sich aus mit tobender Gewalt, und weg
Treibt über alle Pflanzungen der Menschen
Der wilde Strom in grausender Zerstörung.

WALLENSTEIN.

Du schilderst deines Vaters Herz. Wie Du's
Beschreibst, so ist's in seinem Eingeweide,
In dieser schwarzen Heuchlersbrust gestaltet.
O mich hat Höllenkunst getäuscht. Mir sandte
Der Abgrund den verstecktesten der Geister,
Den Lügekundigsten herauf, und stellt' ihn
Als Freund an meine Seite. Wer vermag
Der Hölle Macht zu widerstehn! Ich zog
Den Basilisken auf an meinem Busen,

Before 40 *Max* (*calmly*). *1800, 1828, 1829.*

The adder! O, the charms of hell o'erpowered me.
He dwelt within me, to my inmost soul
Still to and fro he passed, suspected never!
On the wide ocean, in the starry heaven
Did mine eyes seek the enemy, whom I
In my heart's heart had folded! Had I been
To Ferdinand what Octavio was to me,
War had I ne'er denounced against him. No,
I never could have done it. The Emperor was
My austere master only, not my friend.
There was already war 'twixt him and me
When he delivered the Commander's Staff
Into my hands; for there 's a natural
Unceasing war 'twixt cunning and suspicion;
Peace exists only betwixt confidence
And faith. Who poisons confidence, he murders
The future generations.

Max. I will not
Defend my father. Woe is me, I cannot!
Hard deeds and luckless have ta'en place, one crime
Drags after it the other in close link.

Mit meinem Herzblut nährt' ich ihn, er sog
Sich schwelgend voll an meiner Liebe Brüsten.
Ich hatte nimmer Arges gegen ihn,
Weit offen liess ich des Gedankens Thore,
Und warf die Schlüssel weiser Vorsicht weg,
Am Sternenhimmel, &c.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Alas! for those who place their confidence on thee, against thee lean the secure hut of their fortune, allured by thy hospitable form. Suddenly, unexpectedly, in a moment still as night, there is a fermentation in the treacherous gulf of fire; it discharges itself with raging force, and away over all the plantations of men drives the wild stream in frightful devastation. WALLENSTEIN. Thou art portraying thy father's heart; as thou describest, even so is it shaped in his entrails, in this black hypocrite's breast. O, the art of hell has deceived me! The Abyss sent up to me the most spotted of the spirits, the most skilful in lies, and placed him as a friend by my side. Who may withstand the power of hell? I took the basilisk to my bosom, with my heart's blood I nourished him; he sucked himself glutfull at the breasts of my love. I never harboured evil towards him; wide open did I leave the door of my thoughts; I threw away the key of wise foresight. In the starry heaven, &c.—We find a difficulty in believing this to have been written by Schiller. *1800, 1828, 1829.* I have here ventured to omit a considerable number of lines, which it is difficult to believe that Schiller could have written. *1834.*

60 *Ferdinand . . . me 1800, 1828, 1829.*

But we are innocent: how have we fallen
Into this circle of mishap and guilt?
To whom have we been faithless? Wherefore must
The evil deeds and guilt reciprocal
Of our two fathers twine like serpents round us?
Why must our fathers'
Unconquerable hate rend us asunder,
Who love each other?
Wallenstein. Max, remain with me.
Go you not from me, Max! Hark! I will tell thee—
How when at Prague, our winter quarters, thou
Wert brought into my tent a tender boy,
Not yet accustomed to the German winters;
Thy hand was frozen to the heavy colours;
Thou would'st not let them go.—
At that time did I take thee in my arms,
And with my mantle did I cover thee;
I was thy nurse, no woman could have been
A kinder to thee; I was not ashamed
To do for thee all little offices,
However strange to me; I tended thee
Till life returned; and when thine eyes first opened,
I had thee in my arms. Since then, when have I
Altered my feelings towards thee? Many thousands
Have I made rich, presented them with lands;
Rewarded them with dignities and honours;
Thee have I loved: my heart, my self, I gave
To thee! They all were aliens: thou wert
Our child and inmate.[1] Max! Thou canst not leave me;
It cannot be; I may not, will not think
That Max can leave me.
Max. O my God!
Wallenstein. I have
Held and sustained thee from thy tottering childhood.
What holy bond is there of natural love?
What human tie, that does not knit thee to me?
I love thee, Max! What did thy father for thee,

[1] This is a poor and inadequate translation of the affectionate simplicity of the original—

Sie alle waren Fremdlinge, *Du* warst
Das Kind des Hauses.

Indeed the whole speech is in the best style of Massinger. *O si sic omnia!*

98 *lov'd 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Which I too have not done, to the height of duty?
Go hence, forsake me, serve thy Emperor;
He will reward thee with a pretty chain
Of gold; with his ram's fleece will he reward thee;
For that the friend, the father of thy youth,
For that the holiest feeling of humanity,
Was nothing worth to thee.
Max. O God! how can I
Do otherwise? Am I not forced to do it?
My oath—my duty—honour—
Wallenstein. How? Thy duty?
Duty to whom? Who art thou? Max! bethink thee
What duties may'st thou have? If I am acting
A criminal part toward the Emperor,
It is my crime, not thine. Dost thou belong
To thine own self? Art thou thine own commander?
Stand'st thou, like me, a freeman in the world,
That in thy actions thou should'st plead free agency?
On me thou'rt planted, I am thy Emperor;
To obey me, to belong to me, this is
Thy honour, this a law of nature to thee!
And if the planet, on the which thou liv'st
And hast thy dwelling, from its orbit starts,
It is not in thy choice, whether or no
Thou'lt follow it. Unfelt it whirls thee onward
Together with his ring and all his moons.
With little guilt stepp'st thou into this contest,
Thee will the world not censure, it will praise thee,
For that thou heldst thy friend more worth to thee
Than names and influences more removed.
For justice is the virtue of the ruler,
Affection and fidelity the subject's.
Not every one doth it beseem to question
The far-off high Arcturus. Most securely
Wilt thou pursue the nearest duty—let
The pilot fix his eye upon the pole-star.

Scene VII

To these enter Neumann.

Wallenstein. What now?
Neumann. The Pappenheimers are dismounted,

17 *thou 1800, 1828, 1829.* 124 *me . . . belong 1800, 1828, 1829.*

And are advancing now on foot, determined
With sword in hand to storm the house, and free
The Count, their colonel.

Wallenstein (*to Tertsky*). Have the cannon planted.
I will receive them with chain-shot. [*Exit* TERTSKY.
Prescribe to me with sword in hand! Go, Neumann!
'Tis my command that they retreat this moment,
And in their ranks in silence wait my pleasure.
[NEUMANN *exit.* ILLO *steps to the window.*

Countess. Let him go, I entreat thee, let him go.

Illo (*at the window*). Hell and perdition!

Wallenstein. What is it?

Illo. They scale the council-house, the roof's uncovered.
They level at this house the cannon——

Max. Madmen!

Illo. They are making preparations now to fire on us.

Duchess and Countess. Merciful Heaven!

Max (*to Wallenstein*). Let me go to them!

Wallenstein. Not a step!

Max (*pointing to Thekla and the Duchess*). But their life!
Thine!

Wallenstein. What tidings bring'st thou, Tertsky?

SCENE VIII

To these TERTSKY (*returning*).

Tertsky. Message and greeting from our faithful regiments.
Their ardour may no longer be curbed in.
They intreat permission to commence the attack,
And if thou would'st but give the word of onset,
They could now charge the enemy in rear,
Into the city wedge them, and with ease
O'erpower them in the narrow streets.

Illo. O come!
Let not their ardour cool. The soldiery
Of Butler's corps stand by us faithfully;
We are the greater number. Let us charge them,
And finish here in Pilsen the revolt.

Wallenstein. What? shall this town become a field of slaughter,
And brother-killing Discord, fire-eyed,
Be let loose through its streets to roam and rage?

Shall the decision be delivered over
To deaf remorseless Rage, that hears no leader?
Here is not room for battle, only for butchery.
Well, let it be! I have long thought of it,
So let it burst then! [*Turns to* MAX.
Well, how is it with thee?
Wilt thou attempt a heat with me. Away!
Thou art free to go. Oppose thyself to me,
Front against front, and lead them to the battle;
Thou'rt skilled in war, thou hast learned somewhat under me,
I need not be ashamed of my opponent,
And never had'st thou fairer opportunity
To pay me for thy schooling.
Countess. Is it then,
Can it have come to this?—What! Cousin, Cousin!
Have you the heart?
Max. The regiments that are trusted to my care
I have pledged my troth to bring away from Pilsen
True to the Emperor, and this promise will I
Make good, or perish. More than this no duty
Requires of me. I will not fight against thee,
Unless compelled; for though an enemy,
Thy head is holy to me still.
[*Two reports of cannon.* ILLO *and* TERTSKY *hurry to the window.*
Wallenstein. What 's that?
Tertsky. He falls.
Wallenstein. Falls! Who?
Illo. Tiefenbach's corps
Discharged the ordnance.
Wallenstein. Upon whom?
Illo. On Neumann,
Your messenger.
Wallenstein (*starting up*). Ha! Death and hell! I will—
Tertsky. Expose thyself to their blind frenzy?
Duchess and Countess. No!
For God's sake, no!
Illo. Not yet, my General!
Countess. O, hold him! hold him!
Wallenstein. Leave me——
Max. Do it not
Not yet! This rash and bloody deed has thrown them
Into a frenzy-fit – allow them time——

Wallenstein. Away! too long already have I loitered.
They are emboldened to these outrages,
Beholding not my face. They shall behold
My countenance, shall hear my voice——
Are they not my troops? Am I not their General,
And their long-feared commander? Let me see,
Whether indeed they do no longer know
That countenance, which was their sun in battle!
From the balcony (mark!) I shew myself
To these rebellious forces, and at once
Revolt is mounded, and the high-swoln current
Shrinks back into the old bed of obedience.

[*Exit* WALLENSTEIN; ILLO, TERTSKY, *and* BUTLER *follow.*

SCENE IX

COUNTESS, DUCHESS, MAX, *and* THEKLA.

Countess (*to the Duchess*). Let them but see him—there is hope still, sister.

Duchess. Hope! I have none!

Max (*who during the last scene has been standing at a distance advances*). This can I not endure.
With most determined soul did I come hither,
My purposed action seemed unblameable
To my own conscience—and I must stand here
Like one abhorred, a hard inhuman being;
Yea, loaded with the curse of all I love!
Must see all whom I love in this sore anguish,
Whom I with one word can make happy—O!
My heart revolts within me, and two voices
Make themselves audible within my bosom.
My soul 's benighted; I no longer can
Distinguish the right track. O, well and truly
Didst thou say, father, I relied too much
On my own heart. My mind moves to and fro—
I know not what to do.

Countess. What! you know not?
Does not your own heart tell you? O! then I
Will tell it you. Your father is a traitor,

48 *my 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Scene IX. *Before* 3 *Max* (*who . . . distance in a visible struggle of feelings, advances*). *1800, 1828, 1829.*

A frightful traitor to us—he has plotted
Against our General's life, has plunged us all
In misery—and you're his son! 'Tis yours
To make the amends—Make you the son's fidelity
Outweigh the father's treason, that the name
Of Piccolomini be not a proverb
Of infamy, a common form of cursing
To the posterity of Wallenstein.

Max. Where is that voice of truth which I dare follow?
It speaks no longer in my heart. We all
But utter what our passionate wishes dictate:
O that an angel would descend from Heaven,
And scoop for me the right, the uncorrupted,
With a pure hand from the pure Fount of Light.
[*His eyes glance on* THEKLA.
What other angel seek I? To this heart,
To this unerring heart, will I submit it,
Will ask thy love, which has the power to bless
The happy man alone, averted ever
From the disquieted and guilty—canst thou
Still love me, if I stay? Say that thou canst,
And I am the Duke's——

Countess. Think, niece——

Max. Think nothing, Thekla!
Speak what thou feelest.

Countess. Think upon your father.

Max. I did not question thee, as Friedland's daughter.
Thee, the beloved and the unerring god
Within thy heart, I question. What's at stake?
Not whether diadem of royalty
Be to be won or not—that might'st thou think on.
Thy friend, and his soul's quiet, are at stake;
The fortune of a thousand gallant men,
Who will all follow me; shall I forswear
My oath and duty to the Emperor?
Say, shall I send into Octavio's camp
The parricidal ball? For when the ball
Has left its cannon, and is on its flight,
It is no longer a dead instrument!
It lives, a spirit passes into it,

22 *amends 1800, 1828, 1829.* 23 *Outweigh 1800, 1828, 1829.* 28 *my 1800, 1828, 1829.* 37 *can'st 1800, 1828, 1829.* 40 *feelest 1800, 1828, 1829.* 45 *think 1800, 1828, 1829.* 46 *his 1800.*

The avenging furies seize possession of it,
And with sure malice guide it the worst way.
Thekla. O! Max——
Max. Nay, not precipitately either, Thekla.
I understand thee. To thy noble heart
The hardest duty might appear the highest.
The human, not the great part, would I act.
Ev'n from my childhood to this present hour,
Think what the Duke has done for me, how loved me,
And think too, how my father has repaid him.
O likewise the free lovely impulses
Of hospitality, the pious friend's
Faithful attachment, these too are a holy
Religion to the heart; and heavily
The shudderings of nature do avenge
Themselves on the barbarian that insults them.
Lay all upon the balance, all—then speak,
And let thy heart decide it.
Thekla. O, thy own
Hath long ago decided. Follow thou
Thy heart's first feeling ——
Countess Oh! ill-fated woman!
Thekla. Is it possible, that that can be the right,
The which thy tender heart did not at first
Detect and seize with instant impulse? Go,
Fulfil thy duty! I should ever love thee.
Whate'er thou had'st chosen, thou would'st still have acted
Nobly and worthy of thee—but repentance
Shall ne'er disturb thy soul's fair peace.
Max. Then I
Must leave thee, must part from thee!
Thekla. Being faithful
To thine own self, thou art faithful too to me:
If our fates part, our hearts remain united.
A bloody hatred will divide for ever
The houses Piccolomini and Friedland;
But we belong not to our houses—Go!
Quick! quick! and separate thy righteous cause
From our unholy and unblessed one!
The curse of heaven lies upon our head:
'Tis dedicate to ruin. Even me
My father's guilt drags with it to perdition.
Mourn not for me:

57 *Max (interrupting her).* Nay, &c. *1800, 1828, 1829.*

My destiny will quickly be decided.

[MAX *clasps her in his arms. There is heard from behind the Scene a loud, wild, long continued cry,* 'Vivat Ferdinandus,' *accompanied by warlike instruments.*

SCENE X

To these enter TERTSKY.

Countess (*meeting him*). What meant that cry? What was it?

Tertsky. All is lost!

Countess. What! they regarded not his countenance?

Tertsky. 'Twas all in vain.

Duchess. They shouted Vivat!

Tertsky. To the Emperor.

Countess. The traitors!

Tertsky. Nay! he was not once permitted
Even to address them. Soon as he began,
With deafening noise of warlike instruments
They drowned his words. But here he comes.

SCENE XI

To these enter WALLENSTEIN, *accompanied by* ILLO *and* BUTLER.

Wallenstein (*as he enters*). Tertsky!

Tertsky. My General?

Wallenstein. Let our regiments hold themselves
In readiness to march; for we shall leave
Pilsen ere evening. [*Exit* TERTSKY.
Butler!

Butler. Yes, my General.

Wallenstein. The Governor at Egra is your friend
And countryman. Write to him instantly
By a Post Courier. He must be advised,
That we are with him early on the morrow.
You follow us yourself, your regiment with you.

Butler. It shall be done, my General!

Wallenstein (*steps between Max and Thekla*). Part!

Max. O God!

[Cuirassiers *enter with drawn swords, and assemble in*

Scene IX. *After* 92 [MAX . . . *in extreme emotion. There is . . . instruments.* MAX *and* THEKLA *remain without motion in each other's embraces. 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Scene XI. 10 *Wallenstein* (*steps between Max and Thekla, who have remained during this time in each other's arms*). *1800, 1828, 1829.*

the back-ground. At the same time there are heard from below some spirited passages out of the Pappenheim March, which seem to address MAX.

Wallenstein (to the Cuirassiers). Here he is, he is at liberty:
I keep him
No longer.

[*He turns away, and stands so that* MAX *cannot pass by him nor approach the* PRINCESS.

Max. Thou know'st that I have not yet learnt to live
Without thee! I go forth into a desert,
Leaving my all behind me. O do not turn
Thine eyes away from me! O once more shew me
Thy ever dear and honoured countenance.

[MAX *attempts to take his hand, but is repelled; he turns to the* COUNTESS.

Is there no eye that has a look of pity for me?

[*The* COUNTESS *turns away from him; he turns to the* DUCHESS.

My mother!

Duchess. Go where duty calls you. Haply
The time may come, when you may prove to us
A true friend, a good angel at the throne
Of the Emperor.

Max. You give me hope; you would not
Suffer me wholly to despair. No! No!
Mine is a certain misery—Thanks to heaven
That offers me a means of ending it.

[*The military music begins again. The stage fills more and more with armed men.* MAX *sees* BUTLER, *and addresses him.*

And you here, Colonel Butler—and will you
Not follow me? Well, then! remain more faithful
To your new lord, than you have proved yourself
To the Emperor. Come, Butler! promise me,
Give me your hand upon it, that you'll be
The guardian of his life, its shield, its watchman.
He is attainted, and his princely head
Fair booty for each slave that trades in murder.
Now he doth need the faithful eye of friendship,
And those whom here I see—

[*Casting suspicious looks on* ILLO *and* BUTLER.

Illo. Go—seek for traitors
In Galas', in your father's quarters. Here

Is only one. Away! away! and free us
From his detested sight! Away!

[MAX *attempts once more to approach* THEKLA. WALLENSTEIN *prevents him.* MAX *stands irresolute, and in apparent anguish. In the mean time the stage fills more and more; and the horns sound from below louder and louder, and each time after a shorter interval.*

Max. Blow, blow! O were it but the Swedish Trumpets,
And all the naked swords, which I see here,
Were plunged into my breast! What purpose you?
You come to tear me from this place! Beware,
Ye drive me not in desperation.—Do it not!
Ye may repent it! [*The stage is entirely filled with armed men.*
Yet more! weight upon weight to drag me down!
Think what ye're doing. It is not well done
To choose a man despairing for your leader;
You tear me from my happiness. Well, then,
I dedicate your souls to vengeance. Mark!
For your own ruin you have chosen me:
Who goes with me, must be prepared to perish.

[*He turns to the background, there ensues a sudden and violent movement among the* Cuirassiers; *they surround him, and carry him off in wild tumult.* WALLENSTEIN *remains immovable.* THEKLA *sinks into her mother's arms. The curtain falls. The music becomes loud and overpowering, and passes into a complete war-march—the orchestra joins it—and continues during the interval between the second and third Act.*

ACT III

SCENE I

The Burgomaster's *House at Egra.*

BUTLER.

Butler. Here then he is, by his destiny conducted.
Here, Friedland! and no farther! From Bohemia
Thy meteor rose, traversed the sky awhile,
And here upon the borders of Bohemia
Must sink.
Thou hast forsworn the ancient colours,
Blind man! yet trustest to thy ancient fortunes.

Act III Scene I. *Before* 1 *Butler* (*just arrived*). *1800, 1828, 1829.*

Profaner of the altar and the hearth,
Against thy Emperor and fellow-citizens
Thou mean'st to wage the war. Friedland, beware —
The evil spirit of revenge impels thee—
Beware thou, that revenge destroy thee not!

SCENE II

BUTLER *and* GORDON

Gordon. Is it you?
How my heart sinks! The Duke a fugitive traitor!
His princely head attainted! O my God!
Butler. You have received the letter which I sent you
By a post-courier?
Gordon. Yes! and in obedience to it
Opened the strong hold to him without scruple.
For an imperial letter orders me
To follow your commands implicitly.
But yet forgive me; when even now I saw
The Duke himself, my scruples recommenced.
For truly, not like an attainted man,
Into this town did Friedland make his entrance;
His wonted majesty beamed from his brow,
And calm, as in the days when all was right,
Did he receive from me the accounts of office;
'Tis said, that fallen pride learns condescension:
But sparing and with dignity the Duke
Weighed every syllable of approbation,
As masters praise a servant who has done
His duty, and no more.
Butler. 'Tis all precisely
As I related in my letter. Friedland
Has sold the army to the enemy,
And pledged himself to give up Prague and Egra.
On this report the regiments all forsook him,
The five excepted that belong to Tertsky,
And which have followed him, as thou hast seen.
The sentence of attainder is passed on him,
And every loyal subject is required
To give him in to justice, dead or living.
Gordon. A traitor to the Emperor—Such a noble!
Of such high talents! What is human greatness!
I often said, this can't end happily.
His might, his greatness, and this obscure power

Are but a covered pit-fall. The human being
May not be trusted to self-government.
The clear and written law, the deep trod foot-marks
Of ancient custom, are all necessary
To keep him in the road of faith and duty.
The authority entrusted to this man
Was unexampled and unnatural
It placed him on a level with his Emperor,
Till the proud soul unlearned submission. Wo is me;
I mourn for him! for where he fell, I deem
Might none stand firm. Alas! dear General,
We in our lucky mediocrity
Have ne'er experienced, cannot calculate,
What dangerous wishes such a height may breed
In the heart of such a man.
Butler. Spare your laments
Till he need sympathy; for at this present
He is still mighty, and still formidable.
The Swedes advance to Egra by forced marches,
And quickly will the junction be accomplished.
This must not be! The Duke must never leave
This strong hold on free footing; for I have
Pledged life and honour here to hold him prisoner,
And your assistance 'tis on which I calculate.
Gordon. O that I had not lived to see this day!
From his hand I received this dignity,
He did himself entrust this strong hold to me,
Which I am now required to make his dungeon.
We subalterns have no will of our own:
The free, the mighty man alone may listen
To the fair impulse of his human nature.
Ah! we are but the poor tools of the law,
Obedience the sole virtue we dare aim at!
Butler. Nay, let it not afflict you, that your power
Is circumscribed. Much liberty, much error!
The narrow path of duty is securest.
Gordon. And all then have deserted him, you say?
He has built up the luck of many thousands;
For kingly was his spirit: his full hand
Was ever open! Many a one from dust
Hath he selected, from the very dust
Hath raised him into dignity and honour.

After 72 [*With a sly glance on* BUTLER. *1800, 1828, 1829.*

And yet no friend, not one friend hath he purchased,
Whose heart beats true to him in the evil hour.
Butler. Here 's one, I see.
Gordon. I have enjoyed from him
No grace or favour. I could almost doubt,
If ever in his greatness he once thought on
An old friend of his youth. For still my office
Kept me at distance from him; and when first
He to this citadel appointed me,
He was sincere and serious in his duty.
I do not then abuse his confidence,
If I preserve my fealty in that
Which to my fealty was first delivered.
Butler. Say, then, will you fulfil the attainder on him?
Gordon. If it be so—if all be as you say—
If he've betrayed the Emperor, his master,
Have sold the troops, have purposed to deliver
The strong holds of the country to the enemy—
Yea, truly!—there is no redemption for him!
Yet it is hard, that me the lot should destine
To be the instrument of his perdition;
For we were pages at the court of Bergau
At the same period; but I was the senior.
Butler. I have heard so——
Gordon. 'Tis full thirty years since then.
A youth who scarce had seen his twentieth year
Was Wallenstein, when he and I were friends:
Yet even then he had a daring soul:
His frame of mind was serious and severe
Beyond his years: his dreams were of great objects.
He walked amidst us of a silent spirit,
Communing with himself: yet I have known him
Transported on a sudden into utterance
Of strange conceptions; kindling into splendour
His soul revealed itself, and he spake so
That we looked round perplexed upon each other,
Not knowing whether it were craziness,
Or whether it were a god that spoke in him.
Butler. But was it where he fell two story high
From a window-ledge, on which he had fallen asleep;
And rose up free from injury? From this day
(It is reported) he betrayed clear marks

Before 88 *Gordon* (*pauses reflecting—then as in deep dejection*). *1800, 1828, 1829.*

Of a distempered fancy.
Gordon. He became
Doubtless more self-enwrapt and melancholy;
He made himself a Catholic. Marvellously
His marvellous preservation had transformed him.
Thenceforth he held himself for an exempted
And privileged being, and, as if he were
Incapable of dizziness or fall,
He ran along the unsteady rope of life.
But now our destinies drove us asunder:
He paced with rapid step the way of greatness,
Was Count, and Prince, Duke-regent, and Dictator.
And now is all, all this too little for him;
He stretches forth his hands for a king's crown,
And plunges in unfathomable ruin.
Butler. No more, he comes.

SCENE III

To these enter WALLENSTEIN, *in conversation with the* Burgomaster *of Egra.*

Wallenstein. You were at one time a free town. I see,
Ye bear the half eagle in your city arms.
Why the half eagle only?
Burgomaster. We were free,
But for these last two hundred years has Egra
Remained in pledge to the Bohemian crown,
Therefore we bear the half eagle, the other half
Being cancelled till the empire ransom us,
If ever that should be.
Wallenstein. Ye merit freedom.
Only be firm and dauntless. Lend your ears
To no designing whispering court-minions.
What may your imposts be?
Burgomaster. So heavy that
We totter under them. The garrison
Lives at our costs.
Wallenstein. I will relieve you. Tell me,
There are some Protestants among you still?
[*The* Burgomaster *hesitates.*
Yes, yes; I know it. Many lie concealed

2 *half* 1800, 1828, 1829.

Within these walls—Confess now—you yourself—
Be not alarmed. I hate the Jesuits.
Could my will have determined it, they had
Been long ago expelled the empire. Trust me—
Mass-book or Bible—'tis all one to me.
Of that the world has had sufficient proof.
I built a church for the reformed in Glogan
At my own instance. Hark'e, Burgomaster!
What is your name?
Burgomaster. Pachhälbel, may it please you.
Wallenstein. Hark'e!——
But let it go no further, what I now
Disclose to you in confidence.
[*Laying his hand on the* Burgomaster's *shoulder.*
The times
Draw near to their fulfilment, Burgomaster!
The high will fall, the low will be exalted.
Hark'e! But keep it to yourself! The end
Approaches of the Spanish double monarchy—
A new arrangement is at hand. You saw
The three moons that appeared at once in the Heaven.
Burgomaster. With wonder and affright!
Wallenstein. Whereof did two
Strangely transform themselves to bloody daggers,
And only one, the middle moon, remained
Steady and clear.
Burgomaster. We applied it to the Turks.
Wallenstein. The Turks! That all?—I tell you, that two empires
Will set in blood, in the East and in the West,
And Luth'ranism alone remain.
[*Observing* GORDON *and* BUTLER.
I'faith,
'Twas a smart cannonading that we heard
This evening, as we journeyed hitherward;
'Twas on our left hand. Did you hear it here?
Gordon. Distinctly. The wind brought it from the South.
Butler. It seemed to come from Weiden or from Neustadt.
Wallenstein. 'Tis likely. That 's the route the Swedes are taking.

After 16 [*Fixes his eye on him. The* Burgomaster *alarmed. 1800, 1828, 1829.*
27 Disclose to you in confidence. [*Laying . . . shoulder with a certain solemnity. 1800, 1828, 1829.*

How strong is the garrison?
Gordon. Not quite two hundred
Competent men, the rest are invalids.
Wallenstein. Good! And how many in the vale of Jochim?
Gordon. Two hundred arquebussiers have I sent thither
To fortify the posts against the Swedes.
Wallenstein. Good! I commend your foresight. At the works too
You have done somewhat?
Gordon. Two additional batteries
I caused to be run up. They were needless.
The Rhinegrave presses hard upon us, General!
Wallenstein. You have been watchful in your Emperor's service.
I am content with you, Lieutenant-Colonel. [*To* BUTLER.
Release the outposts in the vale of Jochim
With all the stations in the enemy's route. [*To* GORDON.
Governor, in your faithful hands I leave
My wife, my daughter, and my sister. I
Shall make no stay here, and wait but the arrival
Of letters, to take leave of you, together
With all the regiments.

SCENE IV

To these enter COUNT TERTSKY.

Tertsky. Joy, General; joy! I bring you welcome tidings.
Wallenstein. And what may they be?
Tertsky. There has been an engagement
At Neustadt; the Swedes gained the victory.
Wallenstein. From whence did you receive the intelligence?
Tertsky. A countryman from Tirschenseil conveyed it.
Soon after sunrise did the fight begin!
A troop of the Imperialists from Fachau
Had forced their way into the Swedish camp;
The cannonade continued full two hours;
There were left dead upon the field a thousand
Imperialists, together with their Colonel;
Further than this he did not know.
Wallenstein. How came
Imperial troops at Neustadt? Altringer,
But yesterday, stood sixty miles from there.
Count Galas' force collects at Frauenberg,

And have not the full complement. Is it possible,
That Suys perchance had ventured so far onward?
It cannot be.

Tertsky. We shall soon know the whole,
For here comes Illo, full of haste, and joyous.

SCENE V

To these enter ILLO.

Illo (*to Wallenstein*). A courier, Duke! he wishes to speak with thee.

Tertsky. Does he bring confirmation of the victory?

Wallenstein. What does he bring? Whence comes he?

Illo From the Rhinegrave.
And what he brings I can announce to you
Beforehand. Seven leagues distant are the Swedes;
At Neustadt did Max Piccolomini
Throw himself on them with the cavalry;
A murderous fight took place! o'erpower'd by numbers
The Pappenheimers all, with Max their leader,
Were left dead on the field.

Wallenstein (*after a pause*). Where is the messenger? Conduct me to him.

[WALLENSTEIN *is going, when* LADY NEUBRUNN *rushes into the room. Some servants follow her and run across the stage.*

Neubrunn. Help! Help!

Illo and Tertsky (*at the same time*). What now?

Neubrunn. The Princess!

Wallenstein and Tertsky. Does she know it?

Neubrunn. She is dying!

[*Hurries off the stage, when* WALLENSTEIN *and* TERTSKY *follow her.*

SCENE VI

BUTLER *and* GORDON.

Gordon. What's this?

Butler. She has lost the man she lov'd—
Young Piccolomini, who fell in the battle.

Scene V. *Before* 2 *Tertsky* (*eagerly*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 3 *Wallenstein* (*at the same time*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* *After* 9 [WALLENSTEIN *shudders and turns pale*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 11 *Wallenstein* (*after a pause, in a low voice*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* 13 *Neubrunn* (*at the same time with them*). She is dying! *1800, 1828, 1829.*

Gordon. Unfortunate Lady!
Butler. You have heard what Illo
Reporteth, that the Swedes are conquerors,
And marching hitherward.
Gordon. Too well I heard it.
Butler. They are twelve regiments strong, and there are five
Close by us to protect the Duke. We have
Only my single regiment; and the garrison
Is not two hundred strong.
Gordon. 'Tis even so.
Butler. It is not possible with such small force
To hold in custody a man like him.
Gordon. I grant it.
Butler. Soon the numbers would disarm us,
And liberate him.
Gordon. It were to be feared.
Butler (*after a pause*). Know, I am warranty for the event;
With my head have I pledged myself for his,
Must make my word good, cost it what it will,
And if alive we cannot hold him prisoner,
Why—death makes all things certain!
Gordon. Butler! What?
Do I understand you? Gracious God! You could—
Butler. He must not live.
Gordon. And you can do the deed!
Butler. Either you or I. This morning was his last.
Gordon. You would assassinate him.
Butler. 'Tis my purpose.
Gordon. Who leans with his whole confidence upon you!
Butler. Such is his evil destiny!
Gordon. Your General!
The sacred person of your General!
Butler. My General he has been.
Gordon. That 'tis only
A '*has been*' washes out no villainy.
And without judgment passed?
Butler. The execution
Is here instead of judgment.
Gordon. This were murder,
Not justice. The most guilty should be heard.
Butler. His guilt is clear, the Emperor has passed judgment,

19 *You 1800, 1828, 1829.* 20 *you 1800, 1828, 1829.* 26 *has been 1800, 1828, 1829.*

And we but execute his will.
Gordon. We should not
Hurry to realize a bloody sentence.
A word may be recalled, a life can never be.
Butler. Dispatch in service pleases sovereigns.
Gordon. No honest man 's ambitious to press forward
To the hangman's service.
Butler. And no brave man loses
His colour at a daring enterprize.
Gordon. A brave man hazards life, but not his conscience.
Butler. What then? Shall he go forth anew to kindle
The unextinguishable flame of war?
Gordon. Seize him, and hold him prisoner—do not kill him.
Butler. Had not the Emperor's army been defeated,
I might have done so.—But 'tis now past by.
Gordon. O, wherefore opened I the strong hold to him!
Butler. His destiny and not the place destroys him.
Gordon. Upon these ramparts, as beseemed a soldier,
I had fallen, defending the Emperor's citadel!
Butler. Yes! and a thousand gallant men have perished.
Gordon. Doing their duty—that adorns the man!
But murder's a black deed, and nature curses it.
Butler (*brings out a paper*). Here is the manifesto which commands us
To gain possession of his person. See—
It is addressed to you as well as me.
Are you content to take the consequences,
If through our fault he escape to the enemy?
Gordon. I?—Gracious God!
Butler. Take it on yourself.
Let come of it what may, on you I lay it.
Gordon. O God in heaven!
Butler. Can you advise aught else
Wherewith to execute the Emperor's purpose?
Say if you can. For I desire his fall,
Not his destruction.
Gordon. Merciful heaven! what must be
I see as clear as you. Yet still the heart
Within my bosom beats with other feelings!
Butler. Mine is of harder stuff! Necessity
In her rough school hath steeled me. And this Illo
And Tertsky likewise, they must not survive him.

58 Come of it what it may, on you I lay it. *1800, 1828, 1829.*

Gordon. I feel no pang for these. Their own bad hearts
Impelled them, not the influence of the stars.
'Twas they who strewed the seeds of evil passions
In his calm breast, and with officious villainy
Watered and nursed the pois'nous plants. May they
Receive their earnests to the uttermost mite!
Butler. And their death shall precede his!
We meant to have taken them alive this evening
Amid the merry-making of a feast,
And kept them prisoners in the citadels.
But this makes shorter work. I go this instant
To give the necessary orders.

SCENE VII

To these enter ILLO *and* TERTSKY.

Tertsky. Our luck is on the turn. To-morrow come
The Swedes—twelve thousand gallant warriors, Illo!
Then straightways for Vienna. Cheerily, friend!
What! meet such news with such a moody face?
Illo. It lies with us at present to prescribe
Laws, and take vengeance on those worthless traitors,
Those skulking cowards that deserted us;
One has already done his bitter penance
The Piccolomini, be his the fate
Of all who wish us evil! This flies sure
To the old man's heart; he has his whole life long
Fretted and toiled to raise his ancient house
From a Count's title to the name of Prince;
And now must seek a grave for his only son.
Butler. 'Twas pity though! A youth of such heroic
And gentle temperament! The Duke himself,
'Twas easily seen, how near it went to his heart.
Illo. Hark'e, old friend! That is the very point
That never pleased me in our General—
He ever gave the preference to the Italians.
Yea, at this very moment, by my soul!
He'd gladly see us all dead ten times over,
Could he thereby recall his friend to life.
Tertsky. Hush, hush! Let the dead rest! This evening's business
Is, who can fairly drink the other down—
Your regiment, Illo! gives the entertainment.

77 kept] keep *1800, 1828, 1829.*

Come! we will keep a merry carnival—
The night for once be day, and mid full glasses
Will we expect the Swedish Avantgarde.
Illo. Yes, let us be of good cheer for to-day,
For there 's hot work before us, friends! This sword
Shall have no rest, till it be bathed to the hilt
In Austrian blood.
Gordon. Shame, shame! what talk is this,
My Lord Field Marshal? Wherefore foam you so
Against your Emperor?
Butler. Hope not too much
From this first victory. Bethink you, sirs!
How rapidly the wheel of Fortune turns;
The Emperor still is formidably strong.
Illo. The Emperor has soldiers, no commander,
For this King Ferdinand of Hungary
Is but a tyro. Galas? He 's no luck,
And was of old the ruiner of armies.
And then this viper, this Octavio,
Is excellent at stabbing in the back,
But ne'er meets Friedland in the open field.
Tertsky. Trust me, my friends, it cannot but succeed;
Fortune, we know, can ne'er forsake the Duke!
And only under Wallenstein can Austria
Be conqueror.
Illo. The Duke will soon assemble
A mighty army, all come crowding, streaming
To banners dedicate by destiny
To fame and prosperous fortune. I behold
Old times come back again, he will become
Once more the mighty Lord which he has been.
How will the fools, who've now deserted him,
Look then? I can't but laugh to think of them,
For lands will he present to all his friends,
And like a King and Emperor reward
True services; but we've the nearest claims. [*To* GORDON.
You will not be forgotten, Governor!
He'll take you from this nest and bid you shine
In higher station: your fidelity
Well merits it.
Gordon. I am content already,
And wish to climb no higher; where great height is
The fall must needs be great. 'Great height, great depth.'

50 come] comes *1800, 1828, 1829.*

Illo. Here you have no more business for to-morrow;
The Swedes will take possession of the citadel.
Come, Tertsky, it is supper-time. What think you?
Say, shall we have the State illuminated
In honour of the Swede? And who refuses
To do it is a Spaniard and a traitor.
Tertsky. Nay! Nay! not that, it will not please the Duke—
Illo. What! we are masters here; no soul shall dare
Avow himself imperial where we've rule.
Gordon! Good night, and for the last time, take
A fair leave of the place. Send out patroles
To make secure, the watch-word may be altered
At the stroke of ten; deliver in the keys
To the Duke himself, and then you're quit for ever
Your wardship of the gates, for on to-morrow
The Swedes will take possession of the citadel.
Tertsky (*as he is going, to Butler*). You come though to the castle.
Butler. At the right time. [*Exeunt* TERTSKY *and* ILLO.

SCENE VIII

GORDON *and* BUTLER.

Gordon (*looking after them*). Unhappy men! How free from all foreboding!
They rush into the outspread net of murder,
In the blind drunkenness of victory;
I have no pity for their fate. This Illo,
This overflowing and fool-hardy villain
That would fain bathe himself in his Emperor's blood.
Butler. Do as he ordered you. Send round patroles,
Take measures for the citadel's security;
When they are within I close the castle gate
That nothing may transpire.
Gordon. Oh! haste not so!
Nay, stop; first tell me——
Butler. You have heard already,
To-morrow to the Swedes belongs. This night
Alone is ours. They make good expedition,
But we will make still greater. Fare you well.

74 Avow himself imperial where we've the rule. *1800, 1828, 1829.*
Scene VIII. 10 *Gordon* (*with earnest anxiety*). Oh! &c. *1800, 1828, 1829.*

Gordon. Ah! your looks tell me nothing good. Nay, Butler,
I pray you, promise me!
Butler. The sun has set;
A fateful evening doth descend upon us,
And brings on their long night! Their evil stars
Deliver them unarmed into our hands,
And from their drunken dream of golden fortunes
The dagger at their heart shall rouse them. Well,
The Duke was ever a great calculator;
His fellow-men were figures on his chess-board,
To move and station, as his game required.
Other men's honour, dignity, good name,
Did he shift like pawns, and made no conscience of it:
Still calculating, calculating still;
And yet at last his calculation proves
Erroneous; the whole game is lost; and lo!
His own life will be found among the forfeits.
Gordon. O think not of his errors now; remember
His greatness, his munificence, think on all
The lovely features of his character,
On all the noble exploits of his life,
And let them, like an angel's arm, unseen
Arrest the lifted sword.
Butler. It is too late.
I suffer not myself to feel compassion,
Dark thoughts and bloody are my duty now:
[*Grasping* GORDON'S *hand.*
Gordon! 'Tis not my hatred (I pretend not
To love the Duke, and have no cause to love him)
Yet 'tis not now my hatred that impels me
To be his murderer. 'Tis his evil fate.
Hostile concurrences of many events
Control and subjugate me to the office.
In vain the human being meditates
Free action. He is but the wire-worked[1] puppet
Of the blind power, which out of his own choice
Creates for him a dread necessity.
What too would it avail him, if there were

[1] We doubt the propriety of putting so blasphemous a sentiment in the mouth of any character.—T[RANSLATOR]. *1800, 1828, 1829.*

38 *duty 1800, 1828, 1829.*

A something pleading for him in my heart—
Still I must kill him.
Gordon. If your heart speak to you,
Follow its impulse. 'Tis the voice of God.
Think you your fortunes will grow prosperous
Bedewed with blood—his blood? Believe it not!
Butler. You know not. Ask not! Wherefore should it happen,
That the Swedes gained the victory, and hasten
With such forced marches hitherward? Fain would I
Have given him to the Emperor's mercy.—Gordon!
I do not wish his blood—But I must ransom
The honour of my word—it lies in pledge—
And he must die, or——
[*Passionately grasping* GORDON'S *hand.*
Listen then, and know!
I am dishonoured if the Duke escape us.
Gordon. O! to save such a man——
Butler. What!
Gordon. It is worth
A sacrifice.—Come, friend! Be noble-minded!
Our own heart, and not other men's opinions,
Forms our true honour.
Butler. He is a great Lord,
This Duke—and I am but of mean importance.
This is what you would say? Wherein concerns it
The world at large, you mean to hint to me,
Whether the man of low extraction keeps
Or blemishes his honour—
So that the man of princely rank be saved.
We all do stamp our value on ourselves.
The price we challenge for ourselves is given us.
There does not live on earth the man so stationed,
That I despise myself compared with him.
Man is made great or little by his own will;
Because I am true to mine, therefore he dies.
Gordon. I am endeavouring to move a rock.
Thou hadst a mother, yet no human feelings.
I cannot hinder you, but may some God
Rescue him from you! [*Exit* GORDON.

62 *dishonour'd 1800, 1828, 1829.* 66 *Butler* (*with a cold and haughty air*). He is, &c. *1800, 1828, 1829.*

SCENE IX

Butler (*alone*). I treasured my good name all my life long;
The Duke has cheated me of life's best jewel,
So that I blush before this poor weak Gordon!
He prizes above all his fealty;
His conscious soul accuses him of nothing;
In opposition to his own soft heart
He subjugates himself to an iron duty.
Me in a weaker moment passion warped;
I stand beside him, and must feel myself
The worst man of the two. What though the world
Is ignorant of my purposed treason, yet
One man does know it, and can prove it too—
High-minded Piccolomini!
There lives the man who can dishonour me!
This ignominy blood alone can cleanse!
Duke Friedland, thou or I—Into my own hands
Fortune delivers me—The dearest thing a man has is himself.

(*The curtain drops.*)

ACT IV

SCENE I

SCENE—BUTLER'S *Chamber.*

BUTLER, *and* MAJOR GERALDIN.

Butler. Find me twelve strong dragoons, arm them with pikes,
For there must be no firing——
Conceal them somewhere near the banquet-room,
And soon as the dessert is served up, rush all in
And cry—Who is loyal to the Emperor?
I will overturn the table—while you attack
Illo and Tertsky, and dispatch them both.
The castle-palace is well barred and guarded,
That no intelligence of this proceeding
May make its way to the Duke.—Go instantly;
Have you yet sent for Captain Devereux
And the Macdonald?——
Geraldin. They'll be here anon.
[*Exit* GERALDIN.

Scene IX. 12 *One 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Butler. Here 's no room for delay. The citizens
Declare for him, a dizzy drunken spirit
Possesses the whole town. They see in the Duke
A Prince of peace, a founder of new ages
And golden times. Arms too have been given out
By the town-council, and a hundred citizens
Have volunteered themselves to stand on guard.
Dispatch then be the word. For enemies
Threaten us from without and from within.

Scene II

Butler, Captain Devereux, *and* Macdonald.

Macdonald. Here we are, General.
Devereux. What 's to be the watchword?
Butler. Long live the Emperor!
Both (*recoiling*). How?
Butler. Live the House of Austria!
Devereux. Have we not sworn fidelity to Friedland?
Macdonald. Have we not marched to this place to protect him?
Butler. Protect a traitor, and his country's enemy!
Devereux. Why, yes! in his name you administered
Our oath.
Macdonald. And followed him yourself to Egra.
Butler. I did it the more surely to destroy him.
Devereux. So then!
Macdonald. An altered case!
Butler (*to Devereux*). Thou wretched man!
So easily leav'st thou thy oath and colours?
Devereux. The devil!—I but followed your example,
If you could prove a villain, why not we?
Macdonald. We've nought to do with thinking—that 's your business.
You are our General, and give out the orders;
We follow you, though the track lead to hell.
Butler. Good then! we know each other.
Macdonald. I should hope so.
Devereux. Soldiers of fortune are we—who bids most,
He has us.
Macdonald. 'Tis e'en so!
Butler. Well, for the present
Ye must remain honest and faithful soldiers.

13 *thinking 1800, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 16 *Butler* (*appeased*). *1800, 1828, 1829.*

Devereux. We wish no other.
Butler. Ay, and make your fortunes.
Macdonald. That is still better.
Butler. Listen!
Both. We attend.
Butler. It is the Emperor's will and ordinance
To seize the person of the Prince-Duke Friedland,
Alive or dead.
Devereux. It runs so in the letter.
Macdonald. Alive or dead—these were the very words.
Butler. And he shall be rewarded from the State
In land and gold, who proffers aid thereto.
Devereux. Ay? That sounds well. The words sound always well
That travel hither from the Court. Yes! yes!
We know already what Court-words import.
A golden chain perhaps in sign of favour,
Or an old charger, or a parchment patent,
And such like.—The Prince-duke pays better.
Macdonald. Yes,
The Duke's a splendid paymaster.
Butler. All over
With that, my friends! His lucky stars are set.
Macdonald. And is that certain?
Butler. You have my word for it.
Devereux. His lucky fortunes all past by?
Butler. For ever.
He is as poor as we.
Macdonald. As poor as we?
Devereux. Macdonald, we'll desert him.
Butler. We'll desert him?
Full twenty thousand have done that already;
We must do more, my countrymen! In short—
We—we must kill him.
Both. Kill him!
Butler. Yes! must kill him.
And for that purpose have I chosen you.
Both. Us!
Butler. You, Captain Devereux, and thee, Macdonald.
Devereux (*after a pause*). Choose you some other.
Butler. What? art dastardly?
Thou, with full thirty lives to answer for—

28 *words 1800, 1828, 1829.* 42 *Both* (*starting back*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* 45 thee, Macdonald] the Macdonald *1800.*

Thou conscientious of a sudden?
Devereux. Nay,
To assassinate our Lord and General—
Macdonald. To whom we've sworn a soldier's oath—
Butler. The oath
Is null, for Friedland is a traitor.
Devereux. No, no! It is too bad!
Macdonald. Yes, by my soul!
It is too bad. One has a conscience too—
Devereux. If it were not our chieftain, who so long
Has issued the commands, and claim'd our duty.
Butler. Is that the objection?
Devereux. Were it my own father,
And the Emperor's service should demand it of me,
It might be done perhaps—But we are soldiers,
And to assassinate our chief commander,
That is a sin, a foul abomination,
From which no monk or confessor absolves us.
Butler. I am your Pope, and give you absolution.
Determine quickly!
Devereux. 'Twill not do!
Macdonald. 'Twon't do!
Butler. Well, off then! and—send Pestalutz to me.
Devereux. The Pestalutz—
Macdonald. What may you want with him?
Butler. If you reject it, we can find enough—
Devereux. Nay, if he must fall, we may earn the bounty
As well as any other. What think you,
Brother Macdonald?
Macdonald. Why if he must fall,
And will fall, and it can't be otherwise,
One would not give place to this Pestalutz.
Devereux. When do you purpose he should fall?
Butler. This night.
To-morrow will the Swedes be at our gates.
Devereux. You take upon you all the consequences!
Butler. I take the whole upon me.
Devereux. And it is
The Emperor's will, his express absolute will?
For we have instances, that folks may like
The murder, and yet hang the murderer.

65 *Devereux* (*hesitates*). The Pestalutz— *1800, 1828, 1829.* 69 *must 1800, 1828, 1829.* 70 *will 1800, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 72 *Devereux* (*after some reflection*). *1800, 1828, 1829.*

Butler. The manifesto says—alive or dead.
Alive—'tis not possible—you see it is not.
Devereux. Well, dead then! dead! But how can we come at him?
The town is fill'd with Tertsky's soldiery.
Macdonald. Ay! and then Tertsky still remains, and Illo—
Butler. With these you shall begin—you understand me?
Devereux. How? And must they too perish?
Butler. They the first.
Macdonald. Hear, Devereux? A bloody evening this.
Devereux. Have you a man for that? Commission me—
Butler. 'Tis given in trust to Major Geraldin;
This is a carnival night, and there 's a feast
Given at the castle—there we shall surprise them,
And hew them down. The Pestalutz and Lesley
Have that commission—soon as that is finished—
Devereux. Hear, General! It will be all one to you.
Hark'e! let me exchange with Geraldin.
Butler. 'Twill be the lesser danger with the Duke.
Devereux. Danger! The devil! What do you think me, General?
'Tis the Duke's eye, and not his sword, I fear.
Butler. What can his eye do to thee?
Devereux. Death and hell!
Thou know'st that I'm no milk-sop, General!
But 'tis not eight days since the Duke did send me
Twenty gold pieces for this good warm coat
Which I have on! and then for him to see me
Standing before him with the pike, his murderer,
That eye of his looking upon this coat—
Why—why—the devil fetch me! I'm no milk-sop!
Butler. The Duke presented thee this good warm coat,
And thou, a needy wight, hast pangs of conscience
To run him through the body in return.
A coat that is far better and far warmer
Did the Emperor give to him, the Prince's mantle.
How doth he thank the Emperor? With revolt,
And treason.
Devereux. That is true. The devil take
Such thankers! I'll dispatch him.
Butler. And would'st quiet
Thy conscience, thou hast nought to do but simply
Pull off the coat; so canst thou do the deed

With light heart and good spirits.
Devereux. You are right.
That did not strike me. I'll pull off the coat—
So there's an end of it.
Macdonald. Yes, but there's another
Point to be thought of.
Butler. And what's that, Macdonald?
Macdonald. What avails sword or dagger against him?
He is not to be wounded—he is—
Butler. What?
Macdonald. Safe against shot, and stab and flash! Hard frozen,
Secured, and warranted by the black art!
His body is impenetrable, I tell you.
Devereux. In Inglestadt there was just such another—
His whole skin was the same as steel; at last
We were obliged to beat him down with gunstocks.
Macdonald. Hear what I'll do.
Devereux. Well?
Macdonald. In the cloister here
There's a Dominican, my countryman.
I'll make him dip my sword and pike for me
In holy water, and say over them
One of his strongest blessings. That's probatum!
Nothing can stand 'gainst that.
Butler. So do, Macdonald!
But now go and select from out the regiment
Twenty or thirty able-bodied fellows,
And let them take the oaths to the Emperor.
Then when it strikes eleven, when the first rounds
Are passed, conduct them silently as may be
To the house—I will myself be not far off.
Devereux. But how do we get through Hartschier and Gordon,
That stand on guard there in the inner chamber?
Butler. I have made myself acquainted with the place.
I lead you through a back-door that's defended
By one man only. Me my rank and office
Give access to the Duke at every hour.
I'll go before you—with one poniard-stroke
Cut Hartschier's wind-pipe, and make way for you.
Devereux. And when we are there, by what means shall we gain

120 *him 1800, 1828, 1829.* 121 *Butler* (*starting up*). What? *1800, 1828, 1829.* 122 flash] slash *1800, 1828, 1829.*

The Duke's bed-chamber, without his alarming
The servants of the Court; for he has here
A numerous company of followers?

Butler. The attendants fill the right wing; he hates bustle,
And lodges in the left wing quite alone.

Devereux. Were it well over—hey, Macdonald? I
Feel queerly on the occasion, devil knows!

Macdonald. And I too. 'Tis too great a personage.
People will hold us for a brace of villains.

Butler. In plenty, honour, splendour—You may safely
Laugh at the people's babble.

Devereux. If the business
Squares with one's honour—if that be quite certain—

Butler. Set your hearts quite at ease. Ye save for Ferdinand
His Crown and Empire. The reward can be
No small one.

Devereux. And 'tis his purpose to dethrone the Emperor?

Butler. Yes!—Yes!—to rob him of his crown and life.

Devereux. And he must fall by the executioner's hands,
Should we deliver him up to the Emperor
Alive?

Butler. It were his certain destiny.

Devereux. Well! Well! Come then, Macdonald, he shall not
Lie long in pain.

[*Exeunt* BUTLER *through one door,* MACDONALD *and* DEVEREUX *through the other.*

SCENE III

SCENE—*A Gothic Apartment at the* DUCHESS FRIEDLAND'S. THEKLA *on a seat, pale, her eyes closed. The* DUCHESS *and* LADY NEUBRUNN *busied about her.* WALLENSTEIN *and the* COUNTESS *in conversation.*

Wallenstein. How knew she it so soon?

Countess. She seems to have
Foreboded some misfortune. The report
Of an engagement, in the which had fallen
A colonel of the Imperial army, frighten'd her.
I saw it instantly. She flew to meet
The Swedish Courier, and with sudden questioning,
Soon wrested from him the disastrous secret.
Too late we missed her, hastened after her,

Scene III. SCENE—*A Gothic and gloomy, &c. 1800, 1828, 1829.*

We found her lying in his arms, all pale
And in a swoon.
Wallenstein. A heavy, heavy blow!
And she so unprepared! Poor child! How is it?
[*Turning to the* DUCHESS.
Is she coming to herself?
Duchess. Her eyes are opening.
Countess. She lives.
Thekla (*looking around her*). Where am I?
Wallenstein (*steps to her, raising her up in his arms*). Come, cheerly, Thekla! be my own brave girl!
See, there 's thy loving mother. Thou art in
Thy father's arms.
Thekla (*standing up*). Where is he? Is he gone?
Duchess. Who gone, my daughter?
Thekla. He—the man who uttered
That word of misery.
Duchess. O! think not of it,
My Thekla!
Wallenstein. Give her sorrow leave to talk!
Let her complain—mingle your tears with hers,
For she hath suffered a deep anguish; but
She'll rise superior to it, for my Thekla
Hath all her father's unsubdued heart.
Thekla. I am not ill. See, I have power to stand.
Why does my mother weep? Have I alarmed her?
It is gone by—I recollect myself—
[*She casts her eyes round the room, as seeking some one.*
Where is he? Please you, do not hide him from me.
You see I have strength enough: now I will hear him.
Duchess. No, never shall this messenger of evil
Enter again into thy presence, Thekla!
Thekla. My father—
Wallenstein. Dearest daughter!
Thekla. I'm not weak—
Shortly I shall be quite myself again.
You'll grant me one request?
Wallenstein. Name it, my daughter.
Thekla. Permit the stranger to be called to me,
And grant me leave, that by myself I may
Hear his report and question him.
Duchess. No, never!
Countess. 'Tis not advisable—assent not to it.

Wallenstein. Hush! Wherefore would'st thou speak with
him, my daughter?
Thekla. Knowing the whole, I shall be more collected;
I will not be deceived. My mother wishes
Only to spare me. I will not be spared.
The worst is said already: I can hear
Nothing of deeper anguish!
Countess and Duchess. Do it not.
Thekla. The horror overpowered me by surprise.
My heart betrayed me in the stranger's presence;
He was a witness of my weakness, yea,
I sank into his arms; and that has shamed me.
I must replace myself in his esteem,
And I must speak with him, perforce, that he,
The stranger, may not think ungently of me.
Wallenstein. I see she is in the right, and am inclined
To grant her this request of hers. Go, call him.
[LADY NEUBRUNN *goes to call him.*
Duchess. But I, thy mother, will be present—
Thekla. 'Twere
More pleasing to me, if alone I saw him:
Trust me, I shall behave myself the more
Collectedly.
Wallenstein. Permit her her own will.
Leave her alone with him: for there are sorrows,
Where of necessity the soul must be
Its own support. A strong heart will rely
On its own strength alone. In her own bosom,
Not in her mother's arms, must she collect
The strength to rise superior to this blow.
It is mine own brave girl. I'll have her treated
Not as the woman, but the heroine. [*Going.*
Countess (*detaining him*). Where art thou going? I heard
Tertsky say
That 'tis thy purpose to depart from hence
To-morrow early, but to leave us here.
Wallenstein. Yes, ye stay here, placed under the protection
Of gallant men.
Countess. O take us with you, brother.
Leave us not in this gloomy solitude
To brood o'er anxious thoughts. The mists of doubt

66 *thy 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Magnify evils to a shape of horror.
Wallenstein. Who speaks of evil? I entreat you, sister,
Use words of better omen.
Countess. Then take us with you.
O leave us not behind you in a place
That forces us to such sad omens. Heavy
And sick within me is my heart——
These walls breathe on me, like a church-yard vault.
I cannot tell you, brother, how this place
Doth go against my nature. Take us with you.
Come, sister, join you your entreaty!—Niece,
Yours too. We all entreat you, take us with you!
Wallenstein. The place's evil omens will I change,
Making it that which shields and shelters for me
My best beloved.
Lady Neubrunn (returning). The Swedish officer.
Wallenstein. Leave her alone with him. [*Exit.*
Duchess (to Thekla who starts and shivers). There—pale as death!—Child, 'tis impossible
That thou should'st speak with him. Follow thy mother.
Thekla. The Lady Neubrunn then may stay with me.
[*Exeunt* DUCHESS *and* COUNTESS.

SCENE IV

THEKLA, *the* Swedish Captain, LADY NEUBRUNN.

Captain. Princess—I must entreat your gentle pardon—
My inconsiderate rash speech—How could I—
Thekla. You did behold me in my agony.
A most distressful accident occasioned
You from a stranger to become at once
My confidant.
Captain. I fear you hate my presence,
For my tongue spake a melancholy word.
Thekla. The fault is mine. Myself did wrest it from you.
The horror which came o'er me interrupted
Your tale at its commencement. May it please you,
Continue it to the end.
Captain. Princess, 'twill
Renew your anguish.
Thekla. I am firm.——

Scene IV. *Before* 1 *Captain (respectfully approaching her). 1800, 1828, 1829. Before* 3 *Thekla (with dignity). 1800, 1828, 1829.* 3 did behold] have beheld *1800, 1828, 1829.*

I will be firm. Well—how began the engagement?

Captain. We lay, expecting no attack, at Neustadt,
Entrenched but insecurely in our camp,
When towards evening rose a cloud of dust
From the wood thitherward; our vanguard fled
Into the camp, and sounded the alarm.
Scarce had we mounted, ere the Pappenheimers,
Their horses at full speed, broke through the lines,
And leapt the trenches; but their heedless courage
Had borne them onward far before the others—
The infantry were still at distance, only
The Pappenheimers followed daringly
Their daring leader——

[THEKLA *betrays agitation in her gestures. The officer pauses till she makes a sign to him to proceed.*

Captain. Both in van and flanks
With our whole cavalry we now received them;
Back to the trenches drove them, where the foot
Stretched out a solid ridge of pikes to meet them.
They neither could advance, nor yet retreat;
And as they stood on every side wedged in,
The Rhinegrave to their leader called aloud,
Inviting a surrender; but their leader,
Young Piccolomini——

[THEKLA, *as giddy, grasps a chair.*

Known by his plume,
And his long hair, gave signal for the trenches;
Himself leapt first, the regiment all plunged after.
His charger, by a halbert gored, reared up,
Flung him with violence off, and over him
The horses, now no longer to be curbed,——

[THEKLA, *who has accompanied the last speech with all the marks of increasing agony, trembles through her whole frame, and is falling. The* LADY NEUBRUNN *runs to her, and receives her in her arms.*

Neubrunn. My dearest lady ——

Captain. I retire.

Thekla. 'Tis over.
Proceed to the conclusion.

Captain. Wild despair
Inspired the troops with frenzy when they saw
Their leader perish; every thought of rescue

13 *will 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Was spurn'd; they fought like wounded tigers; their
Frantic resistance rous'd our soldiery;
A murderous fight took place, nor was the contest
Finish'd before their last man fell.
Thekla. And where——
Where is—You have not told me all.
Captain (*after a pause*). This morning
We buried him. Twelve youths of noblest birth
Did bear him to interment; the whole army
Followed the bier. A laurel decked his coffin;
The sword of the deceased was placed upon it,
In mark of honour, by the Rhinegrave's self.
Nor tears were wanting; for there are among us
Many, who had themselves experienced
The greatness of his mind, and gentle manners;
All were affected at his fate. The Rhinegrave
Would willingly have saved him; but himself
Made vain the attempt—'tis said he wished to die.
Neubrunn (*to Thekla who has hidden her countenance*). Look up, my dearest lady——
Thekla. Where is his grave?
Captain. At Neustadt, lady; in a cloister church
Are his remains deposited, until
We can receive directions from his father.
Thekla. What is the cloister's name?
Captain. Saint Catharine's.
Thekla. And how far is it thither?
Captain. Near twelve leagues.
Thekla. And which the way?
Captain. You go by Tirschenreit
And Falkenberg, through our advanced posts.
Thekla. Who
Is their commander?
Captain. Colonel Seckendorf.
[THEKLA *steps to the table, and takes a ring from a casket.*
Thekla. You have beheld me in my agony,
And shewn a feeling heart. Please you, accept
[*Giving him the ring.*
A small memorial of this hour. Now go!
Captain. Princess——
[THEKLA *silently makes signs to him to go, and turns from him. The* Captain *lingers, and is about to speak.* LADY NEUBRUNN *repeats the signal, and he retires.*

46 *Thekla* (*faltering*). And where— *1800, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 71 *Captain* (*confused*). *1800, 1828, 1829.*

SCENE V

THEKLA, LADY NEUBRUNN.

Thekla (*falls on Lady Neubrunn's neck*). Now, gentle Neubrunn, shew me the affection
Which thou hast ever promised—prove thyself
My own true friend and faithful fellow-pilgrim.
This night we must away!
Neubrunn. Away! and whither?
Thekla. Whither! There is but one place in the world.
Thither where he lies buried! To his coffin!
Neubrunn. What would you do there?
Thekla. What do there?
That would'st thou not have asked, hadst thou e'er loved.
There, there is all that still remains of him.
That single spot is the whole earth to me.
Neubrunn. That place of death——
Thekla. Is now the only place,
Where life yet dwells for me: detain me not!
Come and make preparations: let us think
Of means to fly from hence.
Neubrunn. Your father's rage——
Thekla. That time is past——
And now I fear no human being's rage.
Neubrunn. The sentence of the world! The tongue of calumny!
Thekla. Whom am I seeking? Him who is no more.
Am I then hastening to the arms——O God!
I haste but to the grave of the beloved.
Neubrunn. And we alone, two helpless feeble women?
Thekla. We will take weapons: my arms shall protect thee.
Neubrunn. In the dark night-time?
Thekla. Darkness will conceal us.
Neubrunn. This rough tempestuous night——
Thekla. Had he a soft bed
Under the hoofs of his war-horses?
Neubrunn. Heaven!
And then the many posts of the enemy!—
Thekla. They are human beings. Misery travels free
Through the whole earth.
Neubrunn. The journey's weary length—
Thekla. The pilgrim, travelling to a distant shrine
Of hope and healing, doth not count the leagues.

22 arms] arm *1800, 1828, 1829.*

Neubrunn. How can we pass the gates?
Thekla. Gold opens them.
Go, do but go.
Neubrunn. Should we be recognized—
Thekla. In a despairing woman, a poor fugitive,
Will no one seek the daughter of Duke Friedland.
Neubrunn. And where procure we horses for our flight?
Thekla. My equerry procures them. Go and fetch him.
Neubrunn. Dares he, without the knowledge of his lord?
Thekla. He will. Go, only go. Delay no longer.
Neubrunn. Dear lady! and your mother?
Thekla. Oh! my mother!
Neubrunn. So much as she has suffered too already;
Your tender mother—Ah! how ill prepared
For this last anguish!
Thekla. Woe is me! my mother! [*Pauses.*
Go instantly.
Neubrunn. But think what you are doing!
Thekla. What can be thought, already has been thought.
Neubrunn. And being there, what purpose you to do?
Thekla. There a divinity will prompt my soul.
Neubrunn. Your heart, dear lady, is disquieted!
And this is not the way that leads to quiet.
Thekla. To a deep quiet, such as he has found.
It draws me on, I know not what to name it,
Resistless does it draw me to his grave.
There will my heart be eased, my tears will flow.
O hasten, make no further questioning!
There is no rest for me till I have left
These walls—they fall in on me—A dim power
Drives me from hence—Oh mercy! What a feeling!
What pale and hollow forms are those! They fill,
They crowd the place! I have no longer room here!
Mercy! Still more! More still! The hideous swarm!
They press on me; they chase me from these walls—
Those hollow, bodiless forms of living men!
Neubrunn. You frighten me so, lady, that no longer
I dare stay here myself. I go and call
Rosenberg instantly. [*Exit* LADY NEUBRUNN.

44 *can 1800, 1828, 1829.*

SCENE VI

Thekla. His spirit 'tis that calls me: 'tis the troop
Of his true followers, who offered up
Themselves to avenge his death: and they accuse me
Of an ignoble loitering—they would not
Forsake their leader even in his death—they died for him!
And shall I live?——
For me too was that laurel-garland twined
That decks his bier. Life is an empty casket:
I throw it from me. O! my only hope;—
To die beneath the hoofs of trampling steeds—
That is the lot of heroes upon earth! [*Exit* THEKLA.[1]

(*The curtain drops.*)

ACT V

SCENE 1

SCENE—*A Saloon, terminated by a gallery which extends far into the back-ground.* WALLENSTEIN *sitting at a table. The* Swedish Captain *standing before him.*

Wallenstein. Commend me to your lord. I sympathize
In his good fortune; and if you have seen me
Deficient in the expressions of that joy
Which such a victory might well demand,
Attribute it to no lack of good will,
For henceforth are our fortunes one. Farewell,
And for your trouble take my thanks. To-morrow
The citadel shall be surrendered to you
On your arrival.

[*The* Swedish Captain *retires.* WALLENSTEIN *sits lost in thought, his eyes fixed vacantly, and his head sustained by his hand. The* COUNTESS TERTSKY

[1] The soliloquy of Thekla consists in the original of six-and-twenty lines, twenty of which are in rhymes of irregular recurrence. I thought it prudent to abridge it. Indeed the whole scene between Thekla and Lady Neubrunn might, perhaps, have been omitted without injury to the play. *1800, 1828, 1829.*

4 *they 1800, 1828, 1829.* 5 *they 1800, 1828, 1829.* 6 *I 1800, 1828, 1829.*

enters, stands before him awhile, unobserved by him; at length he starts, sees her, and recollects himself.

Wallenstein. Com'st thou from her? Is she restored? How is she?

Countess. My sister tells me, she was more collected
After her conversation with the Swede.
She has now retired to rest.

Wallenstein. The pang will soften,
She will shed tears.

Countess. I find thee altered too,
My brother! After such a victory
I had expected to have found in thee
A cheerful spirit. O remain thou firm!
Sustain, uphold us! For our light thou art,
Our sun.

Wallenstein. Be quiet. I ail nothing. Where's
Thy husband?

Countess. At a banquet—he and Illo.

Wallenstein (*rises*). The night's far spent. Betake thee to thy chamber.

Countess. Bid me not go, O let me stay with thee!

Wallenstein (*moves to the window*). There is a busy motion in the Heaven,
The wind doth chase the flag upon the tower,
Fast sweep the clouds, the sickle[1] of the moon,
Struggling, darts snatches of uncertain light.
No form of star is visible! That one

[1] These four lines are expressed in the original with exquisite felicity.

'Am Himmel ist geschäftige Bewegung,
Des Thurmes Fahne jagt der Wind, schnell geht
Der Wolken Zug, *die Mondessichel wankt*,
Und durch die Nacht zeucht ungewisse Helle.'

The word 'moon-sickle' reminds me of a passage in Harris, as quoted by Johnson, under the word 'falcated'. 'The enlightened part of the moon appears in the form of a sickle or reaping-hook, which is while she is moving from the conjunction to the opposition, or from the new moon to the full: but from full to a new again, the enlightened part appears gibbous, and the dark *falcated*.'

The words 'wanken' and 'schweben' are not easily translated. The English words, by which we attempt to render them, are either vulgar or pedantic, or not of sufficiently general application. So 'der Wolken Zug'—The Draft, the Procession of Clouds.—The Masses of the Clouds sweep onward in swift *stream*.

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17 *thou 1800, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 21 *Wallenstein* (*rises and strides across the saloon*). *1800, 1828, 1829.* 25 sweep] fly *1800*: sail *MS. R.*

White stain of light, that single glimmering yonder,
Is from Cassiopeia, and therein
Is Jupiter. (*A pause.*) But now
The blackness of the troubled element hides him!

[*He sinks into profound melancholy, and looks vacantly into the distance.*

Countess (*looks on him mournfully, then grasps his hand*). What art thou brooding on?

Wallenstein. Methinks,
If I but saw him, 'twould be well with me.
He, is the star of my nativity,
And often marvellously hath his aspect
Shot strength into my heart.

Countess. Thou'lt see him again.

Wallenstein. See him again? O never, never again.

Countess. How?

Wallenstein. He is gone—is dust.

Countess. Whom meanest thou then?

Wallenstein. He, the more fortunate! yea, he hath finished!
For him there is no longer any future,
His life is bright—bright without spot it was,
And cannot cease to be. No ominous hour
Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap.
Far off is he, above desire and fear;
No more submitted to the change and chance
Of the unsteady planets. O 'tis well
With him! but who knows what the coming hour
Veil'd in thick darkness brings for us!

Countess. Thou speakest
Of Piccolomini. What was his death?
The courier had just left thee as I came.

[WALLENSTEIN *by a motion of his hand makes signs to her to be silent.*

Turn not thine eyes upon the backward view,
Let us look forward into sunny days,
Welcome with joyous heart the victory,
Forget what it has cost thee. Not to-day,
For the first time, thy friend was to thee dead;
To thee he died, when first he parted from thee.

Before 37 *Wallenstein* (*remains for a while with absent mind, then assumes a livelier manner, and turns suddenly to the Countess*). *1800, 1828, 1829.*
41 *was 1800, 1828, 1829.* 47 *him 1800, 1828, 1829.*

Wallenstein. I shall grieve down this blow, of that I'm conscious.
What does not man grieve down? From the highest,
As from the vilest thing of every day
He learns to wean himself: for the strong hours
Conquer him. Yet I feel what I have lost
In him. The bloom is vanished from my life.
For O! he stood beside me, like my youth,
Transformed for me the real to a dream,
Clothing the palpable and familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn.
Whatever fortunes wait my future toils,
The beautiful is vanished—and returns not.
Countess. O be not treacherous to thy own power.
Thy heart is rich enough to vivify
Itself. Thou lov'st and prizest virtues in him,
The which thyself did'st plant, thyself unfold.
Wallenstein (*stepping to the door*). Who interrupts us now at this late hour?
It is the Governor. He brings the keys
Of the Citadel. 'Tis midnight. Leave me, sister!
Countess. O 'tis so hard to me this night to leave thee—
A boding fear possesses me!
Wallenstein. Fear? Wherefore?
Countess. Should'st thou depart this night, and we at waking
Never more find thee!
Wallenstein. Fancies!
Countess. O my soul
Has long been weighed down by these dark forebodings.
And if I combat and repel them waking,
They still rush down upon my heart in dreams,
I saw thee yesternight with thy first wife
Sit at a banquet gorgeously attired.

57, 58 This anguish will be wearied down, I know;
What pang is permanent with man?
A very inadequate translation of the original.
'Verschmerzen werd' ich diesen Schlag, das weiss ich,
Denn was verschmerzte nicht der Mensch!'
Literally —
I shall *grieve down* this blow, of that I'm conscious:
What does not man grieve down? *1800, 1828, 1829.*

NOTE. In 1834 the *literal* translation of ll. 57, 58 was substituted for the text of the variant and the footnote was omitted.

65 Clothing the palpable and the familiar *1800, 1828, 1829.* 68 *beautiful* *1800, 1828, 1829.*

Wallenstein. This was a dream of favourable omen,
That marriage being the founder of my fortunes.
Countess. To-day I dreamt that I was seeking thee
In thy own chamber. As I entered, lo!
It was no more a chamber; the Chartreuse
At Gitschin 'twas, which thou thyself hast founded,
And where it is thy will that thou should'st be
Interred.
Wallenstein. Thy soul is busy with these thoughts.
Countess. What dost thou not believe that oft in dreams
A voice of warning speaks prophetic to us?
Wallenstein. There is no doubt that there exist such voices.
Yet I would not call them
Voices of warning that announce to us
Only the inevitable. As the sun,
Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image
In the atmosphere, so often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.
That which we read of the fourth Henry's death
Did ever vex and haunt me like a tale
Of my own future destiny. The King
Felt in his breast the phantom of the knife,
Long ere Ravaillac arm'd himself therewith.
His quiet mind forsook him: the phantasma
Started him in his Louvre, chased him forth
Into the open air: like funeral knells
Sounded that coronation festival;
And still with boding sense he heard the tread
Of those feet that ev'n then were seeking him
Throughout the streets of Paris.
Countess. And to thee
The voice within thy soul bodes nothing?
Wallenstein. Nothing.
Be wholly tranquil.
Countess. And another time
I hastened after thee, and thou ran'st from me
Through a long suite, through many a spacious hall,
There seemed no end of it: doors creaked and clapped;
I followed panting, but could not o'ertake thee;
When on a sudden did I feel myself
Grasped from behind—the hand was cold that grasped me—
'Twas thou, and thou did'st kiss me, and there seemed

96 *them 1800, 1828, 1829.* 114 *thee 1800, 1828, 1829.*

A crimson covering to envelop us.

Wallenstein. That is the crimson tapestry of my chamber.

Countess (gazing on him). If it should come to that—if I should see thee,
Who standest now before me in the fulness
Of life— [*She falls on his breast and weeps.*

Wallenstein. The Emperor's proclamation weighs upon thee—
Alphabets wound not—and he finds no hands.

Countess. If he should find them, my resolve is taken—
I bear about me my support and refuge. [*Exit* COUNTESS.

SCENE II

WALLENSTEIN, GORDON.

Wallenstein. All quiet in the town?

Gordon. The town is quiet.

Wallenstein. I hear a boisterous music! and the Castle
Is lighted up. Who are the revellers?

Gordon. There is a banquet given at the Castle
To the Count Tertsky, and Field Marshal Illo.

Wallenstein. In honour of the victory.—This tribe
Can shew their joy in nothing else but feasting.
[*Rings. The* Groom of the Chamber *enters.*
Unrobe me. I will lay me down to sleep.
[WALLENSTEIN *takes the keys from* GORDON.
So we are guarded from all enemies,
And shut in with sure friends.
For all must cheat me, or a face like this
[*Fixing his eye on* GORDON.
Was ne'er a hypocrite's mask.
[*The* Groom of the Chamber *takes off his mantle, collar and scarf.*

Wallenstein. Take care—what is that?

Groom of the Chamber. The golden chain is snapped in two.

Wallenstein. Well, it has lasted long enough. Here—give it.
[*He takes and looks at the chain.*
'Twas the first present of the Emperor.
He hung it round me in the war of Friule,
He being then Archduke; and I have worn it
Till now from habit——
From superstition if you will. Belike,
It was to be a talisman to me,

131 *should 1800, 1828, 1829.*

And while I wore it on my neck in faith,
It was to chain to me all my life long
The volatile fortune whose first pledge it was.
Well, be it so! Henceforward a new fortune
Must spring up for me; for the potency
Of this charm is dissolved.

[Groom of the Chamber *retires with the vestments.* WALLENSTEIN *rises, takes a stride across the room, and stands at last before* GORDON *in a posture of meditation.*

How the old time returns upon me! I
Behold myself once more at Burgau, where
We two were pages of the Court together.
We oftentimes disputed: thy intention
Was ever good; but thou wert wont to play
The moralist and preacher, and would'st rail at me—
That I strove after things too high for me,
Giving my faith to bold unlawful dreams,
And still extol to me the golden mean.
—Thy wisdom hath been proved a thriftless friend
To thy own self. See, it has made thee early
A superannuated man, and (but
That my munificent stars will intervene)
Would let thee in some miserable corner
Go out like an untended lamp.

Gordon. My Prince!
With light heart the poor fisher moors his boat,
And watches from the shore the lofty ship
Stranded amid the storm.

Wallenstein. Art thou already
In harbour then, old man? Well! I am not.
The unconquered spirit drives me o'er life's billows;
My planks still firm, my canvas swelling proudly.
Hope is my goddess still, and youth my inmate;
And while we stand thus front to front almost,
I might presume to say, that the swift years
Have passed by powerless o'er my unblanched hair.

[*He moves with long strides across the saloon, and remains on the opposite side over against* GORDON.

Who now persists in calling Fortune false?
To me she has proved faithful, with fond love
Took me from out the common ranks of men,
And like a mother goddess, with strong arm
Carried me swiftly up the steps of life.

Nothing is common in my destiny,
Nor in the furrows of my hand. Who dares
Interpret then my life for me as 'twere
One of the undistinguishable many?
True in this present moment I appear
Fallen low indeed; but I shall rise again.
The high flood will soon follow on this ebb;
The fountain of my fortune, which now stops
Repressed and bound by some malicious star,
Will soon in joy play forth from all its pipes.

Gordon. And yet remember I the good old proverb,
'Let the night come before we praise the day.'
I would be slow from long-continued fortune
To gather hope: for hope is the companion
Given to the unfortunate by pitying Heaven.
Fear hovers round the head of prosperous men,
For still unsteady are the scales of fate.

Wallenstein (smiling). I hear the very Gordon that of old
Was wont to preach to me, now once more preaching;
I know well, that all sublunary things
Are still the vassals of vicissitude.
The unpropitious gods demand their tribute.
This long ago the ancient Pagans knew:
And therefore of their own accord they offered
To themselves injuries, so to atone
The jealousy of their divinities:
And human sacrifices bled to Typhon.

[*After a pause, serious, and in a more subdued manner.*

I too have sacrific'd to him—For me
There fell the dearest friend, and through my fault
He fell! No joy from favourable fortune
Can overweigh the anguish of this stroke.
The envy of my destiny is glutted:
Life pays for life. On his pure head the lightning
Was drawn off which would else have shattered me.

Scene III

To these enter Seni.

Wallenstein. Is not that Seni? and beside himself,
If one may trust his looks! What brings thee hither
At this late hour, Baptista?

Seni. Terror, Duke!

On thy account.
Wallenstein. What now?
Seni. Flee ere the day-break!
Trust not thy person to the Swedes!
Wallenstein. What now
Is in thy thoughts?
Seni (with louder voice). Trust not thy person to these Swedes.
Wallenstein. What is it then?
Seni (still more urgently). O wait not the arrival of these Swedes!
An evil near at hand is threatening thee
From false friends. All the signs stand full of horror!
Near, near at hand the net-work of perdition—
Yea, even now 'tis being cast around thee!
Wallenstein. Baptista, thou art dreaming!—Fear befools thee.
Seni. Believe not that an empty fear deludes me.
Come, read it in the planetary aspects;
Read it thyself, that ruin threatens thee
From false friends!
Wallenstein. From the falseness of my friends
Has risen the whole of my unprosperous fortunes.
The warning should have come before! At present
I need no revelation from the stars
To know that.
Seni. Come and see! trust thine own eyes!
A fearful sign stands in the house of life;
An enemy, a fiend lurks close behind
The radiance of thy planet—O be warned!
Deliver not thyself up to these heathens
To wage a war against our holy church.
Wallenstein (laughing gently). The oracle rails that way! Yes, yes! Now
I recollect. This junction with the Swedes
Did never please thee—lay thyself to sleep,
Baptista! Signs like these I do not fear.
Gordon (who during the whole of this dialogue has shewn marks of extreme agitation, and now turns to Wallenstein). My Duke and General! May I dare presume?
Wallenstein. Speak freely.
Gordon. What if 'twere no mere creation
Of fear, if God's high providence vouchsaf'd
To interpose its aid for your deliverance,
And made that mouth its organ.

Wallenstein. Ye're both feverish!
How can mishap come to me from the Swedes?
They sought this junction with me—'tis their interest.
Gordon (with difficulty suppressing his emotion). But what if the arrival of these Swedes—
What if this were the very thing that winged
The ruin that is flying to your temples?
[*Flings himself at his feet.*
There is yet time, my Prince.
Seni. O hear him! hear him!
Gordon (rises). The Rhinegrave's still far off. Give but the orders,
This citadel shall close its gates upon him.
If then he will besiege us, let him try it.
But this I say; he'll find his own destruction
With his whole force before these ramparts, sooner
Than weary down the valour of our spirit.
He shall experience what a band of heroes,
Inspirited by an heroic leader,
Is able to perform. And if indeed
It be thy serious wish to make amends
For that which thou hast done amiss,—this, this
Will touch and reconcile the Emperor,
Who gladly turns his heart to thoughts of mercy,
And Friedland, who returns repentant to him,
Will stand yet higher in his Emperor's favour,
Than e'er he stood when he had never fallen.
Wallenstein (contemplates him with surprise, remains silent awhile, betraying strong emotion). Gordon—your zeal and fervour lead you far.
Well, well—an old friend has a privilege.
Blood, Gordon, has been flowing. Never, never
Can the Emperor pardon me: and if he could,
Yet I—I ne'er could let myself be pardoned.
Had I foreknown what now has taken place,
That he, my dearest friend, would fall for me,
My first death-offering: and had the heart
Spoken to me, as now it has done—Gordon,
It may be, I might have bethought myself.
It may be too, I might not. Might or might not,
Is now an idle question. All too seriously
Has it begun to end in nothing, Gordon!

51 amends] amend *1800, 1828, 1829.*

Let it then have its course. [*Stepping to the window.*
All dark and silent—at the castle too
All is now hushed—Light me, Chamberlain!
[*The* Groom of the Chamber, *who had entered during the last dialogue, and had been standing at a distance and listening to it with visible expressions of the deepest interest, advances in extreme agitation, and throws himself at the* DUKE'S *feet.*
And thou too! But I know why thou dost wish
My reconcilement with the Emperor.
Poor man! he hath a small estate in Cärnthen,
And fears it will be forfeited because
He 's in my service. Am I then so poor,
That I no longer can indemnify
My servants? Well! To no one I employ
Means of compulsion. If 'tis thy belief
That fortune has fled from me, go! Forsake me.
This night for the last time mayst thou unrobe me,
And then go over to thy Emperor.
Gordon, good night! I think to make a long
Sleep of it: for the struggle and the turmoil
Of this last day or two were great. May't please you!
Take care that they awake me not too early.
[*Exit* WALLENSTEIN, *the* Groom of the Chamber *lighting him.* SENI *follows.* GORDON *remains on the darkened stage, following the* DUKE *with his eye, till he disappears at the farther end of the gallery: then by his gestures the old man expresses the depth of his anguish, and stands leaning against a pillar.*

SCENE IV

GORDON, BUTLER (*at first behind the scenes*).

Butler (*not yet come into view of the stage*). Here stand in silence till I give the signal.

Gordon (*starts up*). 'Tis he, he has already brought the murderers.

Butler. The lights are out. All lies in profound sleep.

Gordon. What shall I do, shall I attempt to save him?
Shall I call up the house? Alarm the guards?

Butler (*appears, but scarcely on the stage*). A light gleams hither from the corridor.
It leads directly to the Duke's bedchamber.

87 were] was *1800, 1828, 1829.*

Gordon. But then I break my oath to the Emperor;
If he escape and strengthen the enemy,
Do I not hereby call down on my head
All the dread consequences?
Butler (*stepping forward*). Hark! Who speaks there?
Gordon. 'Tis better, I resign it to the hands
Of providence. For what am I, that I
Should take upon myself so great a deed?
I have not murdered him, if he be murdered;
But all his rescue were my act and deed;
Mine—and whatever be the consequences,
I must sustain them.
Butler (*advances*). I should know that voice.
Gordon. Butler!
Butler. 'Tis Gordon. What do you want here?
Was it so late then, when the Duke dismissed you?
Gordon. Your hand bound up and in a scarf?
Butler. 'Tis wounded.
That Illo fought as he was frantic, till
At last we threw him on the ground.
Gordon. Both dead?
Butler. Is he in bed?
Gordon. Ah, Butler!
Butler. Is he? speak.
Gordon. He shall not perish! Not through you! The Heaven
Refuses your arm. See—'tis wounded!—
Butler. There is no need of my arm.
Gordon. The most guilty
Have perished, and enough is given to justice.
[*The* Groom of the Chamber *advances from the gallery with his finger on his mouth, commanding silence.*
Gordon. He sleeps! O murder not the holy sleep!
Butler. No! he shall die awake. [*Is going.*
Gordon. His heart still cleaves
To earthly things: he 's not prepared to step
Into the presence of his God!
Butler (*going*). God 's merciful!
Gordon (*holds him*). Grant him but this night's respite.
Butler (*hurrying off*). The next moment

13 that *I 1800, 1828, 1829.* 15 *I 1800, 1828, 1829.* 16 *my 1800, 1828, 1829.* 17 *Mine 1800, 1828, 1829.* 19 *you 1800, 1828, 1829.* 23 *Gordon* (*shuddering*). Both dead? *1800, 1828, 1829.* 25 *not 1800, 1828, 1829.* 26 *your 1800, 1828* 27 *my 1800, 1828, 1829.*

May ruin all.

Gordon (*holds him still*). One hour!——

Butler. Unhold me! What
Can that short respite profit him?

Gordon. O—Time
Works miracles. In one hour many thousands
Of grains of sand run out; and quick as they,
Thought follows thought within the human soul.
Only one hour! Your heart may change its purpose,
His heart may change its purpose—some new tidings
May come; some fortunate event, decisive,
May fall from Heaven and rescue him. O what
May not one hour achieve!

Butler. You but remind me,
How precious every minute is!

(*He stamps on the floor.*)

SCENE V

To these enter MACDONALD *and* DEVEREUX, *with the* Halberdiers.

Gordon (*throwing himself between him and them*). No, monster!
First over my dead body thou shalt tread.
I will not live to see the accursed deed!

Butler (*forcing him out of the way*). Weak-hearted dotard!
[*Trumpets are heard in the distance.*

Devereux and Macdonald. Hark! The Swedish trumpets!
The Swedes before the ramparts! Let us hasten!

Gordon (*rushes out*). O, God of Mercy!

Butler (*calling after him*). Governor, to your post!

Groom of the Chamber (*hurries in*). Who dares make larum here? Hush! The Duke sleeps.

Devereux (*with loud harsh voice*). Friend, it is time now to make larum.

Groom of the Chamber. Help!
Murder!

Butler. Down with him!

Groom of the Chamber (*run through the body by Devereux, falls at the entrance of the gallery*). Jesus Maria!

Butler. Burst the doors open!

[*They rush over the body into the gallery—two doors are heard to crash one after the other—Voices deadened by the distance—Clash of arms—then all at once a profound silence.*

39 *Your* 1800, 1828, 1829. 40 *His* 1800, 1828, 1829.

Scene VI

Countess Tertsky (*with a light*). Her bed-chamber is empty; she herself
Is no where to be found! The Neubrunn too,
Who watched by her, is missing. If she should
Be flown—But whither flown? We must call up
Every soul in the house. How will the Duke
Bear up against these worst bad tidings? O
If that my husband now were but returned
Home from the banquet: Hark! I wonder whether
The Duke is still awake! I thought I heard
Voices and tread of feet here! I will go
And listen at the door. Hark! What is that?
'Tis hastening up the steps!

Scene VII

Countess, Gordon.

Gordon (*rushes in out of breath*). 'Tis a mistake,
'Tis not the Swedes—Ye must proceed no further—
Butler! O God! Where is he?
[*Then observing the* Countess.
Countess! Say——

Countess. You are come then from the castle? Where 's my husband?

Gordon. Your husband!—Ask not!—To the Duke——

Countess. Not till
You have discovered to me——

Gordon. On this moment
Does the world hang. For God's sake! to the Duke.
While we are speaking—— [*Calling loudly.*
Butler! Butler! God!

Countess. Why, he is at the castle with my husband.
[Butler *comes from the gallery.*

Gordon. 'Twas a mistake—'Tis not the Swedes—it is
The Imperialist's Lieutenant-General
Has sent me hither, will be here himself
Instantly.—You must not proceed.

Butler. He comes

Before 5 *Gordon* (*in an agony of affright*). *1800, 1828, 1829.*

Too late. [GORDON *dashes himself against the wall.*
Gordon. O God of mercy!
Countess. What too late?
Who will be here himself? Octavio
In Egra? Treason! Treason! Where 's the Duke?
[*She rushes to the gallery.*

SCENE VIII

Servants *run across the stage full of terror. The whole Scene must be spoken entirely without pauses.*

Seni (*from the gallery*). O bloody frightful deed!
Countess. What is it, Seni?
Page (*from the gallery*). O piteous sight!
[*Other* Servants *hasten in with torches.*
Countess. What is it? For God's sake!
Seni. And do you ask?
Within the Duke lies murder'd—and your husband
Assassinated at the Castle. [*The* COUNTESS *stands motionless.*
Female Servant (*rushing across the stage*). Help! Help! the Duchess!
Burgomaster (*enters*). What mean these confused
Loud cries, that wake the sleepers of this house?
Gordon. Your house is cursed to all eternity.
In your house doth the Duke lie murdered!
Burgomaster (*rushing out*). Heaven forbid!
First Servant. Fly! fly! they murder us all!
Second Servant (*carrying silver plate*). That way! The lower
Passages are blocked up.
Voice (*from behind the Scene*). Make room for the Lieutenant-General!
[*At these words the* COUNTESS *starts from her stupor, collects herself, and retires suddenly.*
Voice (*from behind the Scene*). Keep back the people! Guard the door.

Scene VIII. 3 *you 1800, 1828, 1829.*

SCENE IX

To these enters OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI *with all his train. At the same time* DEVEREUX *and* MACDONALD *enter from out the Corridor with the* Halberdiers. WALLENSTEIN'S *dead body is carried over the back part of the stage, wrapped in a piece of crimson tapestry.*

Octavio (*entering abruptly*). It must not be! It is not possible!
Butler! Gordon!
I'll not believe it. Say no!

[GORDON *without answering points with his hand to the body of* WALLENSTEIN *as it is carried over the back of the stage.* OCTAVIO *looks that way, and stands overpowered with horror.*

Devereux (*to Butler*). Here is the golden fleece—the Duke's sword—

Macdonald. Is it your order—

Butler (*pointing to Octavio*). Here stands he who now
Hath the sole power to issue orders.

[DEVEREUX *and* MACDONALD *retire with marks of obeisance. One drops away after the other, till only* BUTLER, OCTAVIO, *and* GORDON *remain on the stage.*

Octavio (*turning to Butler*). Was that my purpose, Butler, when we parted?
O God of Justice!
To thee I lift my hand! I am not guilty
Of this foul deed.

Butler. Your hand is pure. You have
Availed yourself of mine.

Octavio. Merciless man!
Thus to abuse the orders of thy Lord—
And stain thy Emperor's holy name with murder,
With bloody, most accursed assassination!

Butler. I've but fulfilled the Emperor's own sentence.

Octavio. O curse of Kings,
Infusing a dread life into their words,
And linking to the sudden transient thought
The unchangeable irrevocable deed.
Was there necessity for such an eager
Despatch? Could'st thou not grant the merciful

10 *hand* 1800, 1828, 1829. *Before* 15 *Butler* (*calmly*). 1800, 1828, 1829.

A time for mercy? Time is man's good Angel.
To leave no interval between the sentence,
And the fulfilment of it, doth beseem
God only, the immutable!
Butler. For what
Rail you against me? What is my offence?
The Empire from a fearful enemy
Have I delivered, and expect reward.
The single difference betwixt you and me
Is this: you placed the arrow in the bow;
I pulled the string. You sowed blood, and yet stand
Astonished that blood is come up. I always
Knew what I did, and therefore no result
Hath power to frighten or surprise my spirit.
Have you aught else to order?—for this instant
I make my best speed to Vienna; place
My bleeding sword before my Emperor's throne,
And hope to gain the applause which undelaying
And punctual obedience may demand
From a just judge. [*Exit* BUTLER.

SCENE X

To these enter the COUNTESS TERTSKY, *pale and disordered. Her utterance is slow and feeble, and unimpassioned.*

Octavio (*meeting her*). O Countess Tertsky! These are the results
Of luckless unblest deeds.
Countess. They are the fruits
Of your contrivances. The Duke is dead,
My husband too is dead, the Duchess struggles
In the pangs of death, my niece has disappeared.
This house of splendour, and of princely glory,
Doth now stand desolated: the affrighted servants
Rush forth through all its doors. I am the last
Therein; I shut it up, and here deliver
The keys.
Octavio. O Countess! my house too is desolate.
Countess. Who next is to be murdered? Who is next
To be maltreated? Lo! The Duke is dead.
The Emperor's vengeance may be pacified!
Spare the old servants; let not their fidelity

10 *Octavio* (*with a deep anguish*). O Countess! *1800, 1828, 1829.*

Be imputed to the faithful as a crime—
The evil destiny surprised my brother
Too suddenly; he could not think on them.
Octavio. Speak not of vengeance! Speak not of maltreatment!
The Emperor is appeased; the heavy fault
Hath heavily been expiated—nothing
Descended from the father to the daughter,
Except his glory and his services.
The Empress honours your adversity,
Takes part in your afflictions, opens to you
Her motherly arms! Therefore no farther fears!
Yield yourself up in hope and confidence
To the Imperial Grace!
Countess. To the grace and mercy of a greater Master
Do I yield up myself. Where shall the body
Of the Duke have its place of final rest?
In the Chartreuse, which he himself did found.
At Gitschin rests the Countess Wallenstein;
And by her side, to whom he was indebted
For his first fortunes, gratefully he wished
He might sometime repose in death! O let him
Be buried there. And likewise, for my husband's
Remains, I ask the like grace. The Emperor
Is now proprietor of all our castles.
This sure may well be granted us—one sepulchre
Beside the sepulchres of our forefathers!
Octavio. Countess, you tremble, you turn pale!
Countess. You think
More worthily of me, than to believe
I would survive the downfall of my house.
We did not hold ourselves too mean to grasp
After a monarch's crown—the crown did fate
Deny, but not the feeling and the spirit
That to the crown belong! We deem a
Courageous death more worthy of our free station
Than a dishonoured life.—I have taken poison.
Octavio. Help! Help! Support her!
Countess. Nay, it is too late.

27 *Countess (with her eye raised to heaven). 1800, 1828, 1829.* 41 *Countess (reassembles all her powers, and speaks with energy and dignity).* You think *1800, 1828, 1829.*

In a few moments is my fate accomplished.

[*Exit* COUNTESS.

Gordon. O house of death and horrors!

[*An officer enters, and brings a letter with the great seal.*

Gordon (*steps forward and meets him*). What is this? It is the Imperial Seal.

[*He reads the Address, and delivers the letter to* OCTAVIO *with a look of reproach, and with an emphasis on the word.*

To the Prince Piccolomini.

[OCTAVIO, *with his whole frame expressive of sudden anguish, raises his eyes to heaven.*

(*The curtain drops.*)

The following mistranslations, which were noted in the *Westminster Review*, Art. 3, July 1850, are recorded in the Notes affixed to *The Dramatic Works* of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 1852, pp. 426-7.

THE PICCOLOMINI.

Act I, Scene 2, line 106. 'Der Posten' is rendered 'travelling-bills' instead of an 'item' or 'article in an account'.

Act I, Scene 4, line 27. 'Geschmeidig' is rendered 'hammered out' instead of 'pliant'.

Act I, Scene 8, line 28. 'Das holde Kind' is rendered 'The voice of my child' instead of 'The charming child'.

Act I, Scene 9, line 13. 'Jagdzug' is rendered 'hunting dress' instead of 'hunting stud'.

Act II, Scene 7, line 9. 'Was denn?' is rendered 'What then?' instead of 'What?'

Act II, Scene 12, lines 94, 95. 'Ist unser Glaub' eine Kanzel und Altar' is rendered 'Our faith hangs upon the pulpit and altar' instead of 'is without pulpit and altar'.

Act II, Scene 12, line 104. 'Taboriten' is rendered 'minstrels' instead of 'a branch of the Hussites'. [Pointed out by Ferd. Freiligrath, *Athenaeum*, Aug. 31, 1861.]

Act IV, Scene 7, line 103. 'Losung' is rendered 'redemption' instead of 'watchword'.

THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.

Act II, Scene 6, *Note*. 'Verstecktesten' is rendered 'most spotted' instead of 'most secret'.

REMORSE[1]

PREFACE

THIS Tragedy was written in the summer and autumn of the year 1797; at Nether Stowey, in the county of Somerset. By whose recommendation, and of the manner in which both the Play and the Author were treated by the Recommender, let me be permitted to relate: that I knew of its having been received only by a third person; that I could procure neither answer nor the manuscript; and that but for an accident I should have had no copy of the Work itself. That such treatment would damp a young man's exertions may be easily conceived: there was no need of after-misrepresentation and calumny, as an additional sedative.

[2][As an amusing anecdote, and in the wish to prepare future Authors, as young as I then was and as ignorant of the world, of[3] the treatment they may meet with, I will add, that the Person[4] who by a twice conveyed recommendation (in the year 1797) had urged me to write a Tragedy[5]: who on my own objection that I was utterly ignorant of all Stage-tactics had promised that *he* would himself make the necessary alterations, if the Piece should be at all representable; who together with the copy of the Play (hastened by his means so as to prevent the full developement[6] of the characters) received a letter from the Author to this purport, '*that conscious of his inexperience, he had cherished no expectations, and should therefore feel no disappointment from the rejection of the Play; but that if beyond his hopes Mr.* —— *found in it any capability of being adapted to the Stage, it was delivered to him as if it had been his own Manuscript, to add, omit, or alter, as he saw occasion; and that* (*if it were rejected*) *the Author would deem himself amply remunerated by the addition to his Experience, which he should receive, if Mr.* —— *would point out*[7] *to him the nature of its unfitness for public Repre-*

[1] Preface, Prologue, and Epilogue do not appear in the 1834 edition.

[2] The long passage here placed within square brackets [ ] appeared in the first edition only. [3] of] for *MS. R.* (For *MS. R* see p. 819.)

[4] Richard Brinsley Sheridan. [5] Tragedy for his theatre *MS. R.*

[6] I need not say to Authors, that as to the *essentials* of a Poem, little can be superinduced without dissonance, after the first warmth of conception and composition. [Note by *S. T. C.*, first edition.]

[7] would condescend to point out *MS. R.*

sentation';—that this very Person returned[1] me no answer, and[2], spite of repeated applications, retained my Manuscript when I was not conscious of any other Copy being in existence (my duplicate having been destroyed by an accident); that he[3] suffered this Manuscript to wander about the Town from his house, so that but ten days ago I saw[4] the song in the third Act *printed* and set to music, without my name, by Mr. Carnaby, in the year 1802; likewise that the same person asserted[5] (as I have been assured) that the Play was rejected, because I would not submit to the alteration of one ludicrous line; and finally[6] in the year 1806 amused and delighted (as who was ever in his company, if I may trust the universal report, without being amused and delighted?) a large company at the house of a highly respectable Member of Parliament, with the ridicule of the[7] Tragedy, as 'a *fair specimen*', of the *whole* of which he adduced a line:

'*Drip! drip! drip! there's nothing here but dripping.*'

In the original copy of the Play, in the first Scene of the fourth Act, Isidore *had* commenced his Soliloquy in the Cavern with the words:

'Drip! drip! a ceaseless sound of water-drops,'[8],[9]

[1] not only returned *MS. R.* [2] and] not only *MS. R.*

[3] that he] not only *MS. R.* [4] I for the first time saw *MS R.*

[5] likewise . . . assured] not only asserted *MS. R.*

[6] but finally (and it is this last fact alone, which was malice for which no excuse of indolence self-made is adduced which determined me to refer to what I had already forgiven and almost forgotten) in the year 1806 *MS. R.*

[7] the] this *MS. R.*

[8] (Private.) Had the Piece been really silly (and I have proof positive that Sheridan did not think it so) yet 10 years afterwards to have committed a breach of confidence in order to injure the otherwise . . . that on the ground of an indiscretion into which he had himself seduced the writer, and the writer, too, a man whose reputation was his Bread—a man who had devoted the firstlings of his talents to the celebration of Sheridan's genius—and who after he met treatment not only never spoke unkindly or resentfully of it, but actually was zealous and frequent in defending and praising his public principles of conduct in the *Morning Post*—and all this in the presence of men of Rank previously disposed to think highly . . . I am sure you will not be surprised that *this* did provoke me, and that it justifies to my heart the detail here printed.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

P.S.—I never spoke severely of R. B. S. but once and then I confess, I *did* say that Sheridan was Sheridan. *MS. R.*

[9] The fourth act of the play in its original shape, and, presumably, as sent to Sheridan, opened with the following lines:—

'Drip! drip! drip! drip!—in such a place as this
It has nothing else to do but drip! drip! drip!
I wish it had not dripp'd upon my torch.'

as far as I can at present recollect: for on the possible ludicrous association being pointed out to me, I instantly and thankfully struck out the line. And as to my obstinate *tenacity*, not only my old acquaintance, but (I dare boldly aver) both the Managers of Drury Lane Theatre, and every Actor and Actress, whom I have recently met in the Green Room, will repel the accusation: perhaps not without surprise.]

I thought it right to record these circumstances;[1] but I turn gladly and with sincere gratitude to the converse. In the close of last year I was advised to present the Tragedy once more to the Theatre. Accordingly having altered the names, I ventured to address a letter to Mr. Whitbread, requesting information as to whom I was to present my Tragedy. My Letter was instantly and most kindly answered, and I have now nothing to tell but a Tale of Thanks. I should scarce know where to begin, if the goodness of the Manager, Mr. ARNOLD, had not called for my first acknowledgements. Not merely as an *acting Play*, but as a dramatic *Poem*, the 'REMORSE' has been importantly and manifoldly benefited by his suggestions. I can with severest truth say, that every hint he gave me was the ground of some improvement. In the next place it is my duty to mention Mr. RAYMOND, the Stage Manager. Had the 'REMORSE' been his own Play—nay, that is saying too little—had I been his brother, or his dearest friend, he could not have felt or exerted himself more zealously.

As the Piece is now acting, it may be thought presumptuous in me to speak of the Actors; yet how can I abstain, feeling, as I do, Mrs. GLOVER'S[2] powerful assistance, and knowing the circumstances[3] under which she consented to act Alhadra? A time will come, when without painfully oppressing her feelings, I may speak of this more fully. To Miss SMITH I have an equal,

In *MS. III* the opening lines are erased and the fourth Act opens thus:—

This ceaseless dreary sound of { ~~water-drops~~ / dropping water

I would they had not fallen upon my Torch!

After the lapse of sixteen years Coleridge may have confused the corrected version with the original. There is no MS. authority for the line as quoted in the Preface.

[1] 'This circumstance.' Second edition.

[2] The caste was as follows:—*Marquis Valdez*, Mr. Pope; *Don Alvar*, Mr. Elliston; *Don Ordonio*, Mr. Rae; *Monviedro*, Mr. Powell; *Zulimez*, Mr. Crooke; *Isidore*, Mr. De Camp; *Naomi*, Mr. Wallack; *Donna Teresa*, Miss Smith; *Alhadra*, Mrs. Glover.

[3] Mrs. G.'s eldest child was buried on the Thursday—two others were ill, and one, with croup given over (tho' it has since recovered) and spite

though different acknowledgement to make, namely, for her acceptance of a character not fully developed, and quite inadequate to her extraordinary powers. She enlivened and supported many passages, which (though not perhaps wholly uninteresting in the closet) would but for her have hung heavy on the ears of a Theatrical Audience. And in speaking the Epilogue, a composition which (I fear) my hurry will hardly excuse, and which, as unworthy of her name, is here [1828, 1829, 1834] omitted, she made a sacrifice, which only her established character with all judges of Tragic action, could have rendered compatible with her duty to herself. To Mr. DE CAMP's judgement and full conception of Isidore; to Mr. POPE's accurate representation of the partial, yet honourable Father; to Mr. ELLISTON's energy in the character of ALVAR, and who in more than one instance *gave* it beauties and striking points, which not only delighted but surprised me; and to Mr. RAE[1], to whose zeal, and unwearied study of his part, I am not less indebted as a *Man*, than to his impassioned realization of ORDONIO, as an *Author*;——to these, and to all concerned with the bringing out of the Play, I can address but one word—THANKS!—but that word is uttered sincerely! and to persons constantly before the eye of the Public, a public acknowledgement becomes appropriate, and a duty.

I defer all answers to the different criticisms on the Piece to an Essay, which I am about to publish immediately, on Dramatic Poetry, relatively to the present State of the Metropolitan Theatres.

From the necessity of hastening the Publication I was obliged to send the Manuscript intended for the Stage: which is the sole cause of the number of directions printed in italics.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

of her's, the physician's and my most passionate remonstrances, she was forced to act Alhadra on the Saturday!!!

Mrs. Glover (I do not much like her, in some respects) was duped into a marriage with a worthless Sharper, who passed himself off on her as a man of rank and fortune and who now lives and feeds himself and his vices on her salary—and hence all her affections flow in the channel of her maternal feelings. She is a passionately fond mother, and to act Alhadra on the Saturday after the Thursday's Burial! *MS. H.* (For *MS. H* see p. 819.)

[1] Poor Rae! a good man as Friend, Husband, Father. He did his best! but his person is so insignificant, tho' a handsome man off the stage—and, worse than that, the thinness and an insufficiency of his voice—yet Ordonio has done him service. *MS. H.*

PROLOGUE

BY C. LAMB[1]

Spoken by Mr. CARR

THERE are, I am told, who sharply criticise
Our modern theatres' unwieldy size.
We players shall scarce plead guilty to that charge,
Who think a house can never be too large:
Griev'd when a rant, that 's worth a nation's ear,
Shakes some prescrib'd Lyceum's petty sphere;
And pleased to mark the grin from space to space
Spread epidemic o'er a town's broad face.—
O might old Betterton or Booth return
To view our structures from their silent urn,
Could Quin come stalking from Elysian glades,
Or Garrick get a day-rule from the shades—
Where now, perhaps, in mirth which Spirits approve,
He imitates the ways of men above,
And apes the actions of our upper coast,
As in his days of flesh he play'd the ghost:—
How might they bless our ampler scope to please,
And hate their own old shrunk up audiences.—
Their houses yet were palaces to those,
Which Ben and Fletcher for their triumphs chose.
Shakspeare, who wish'd a kingdom for a stage,
Like giant pent in disproportion'd cage,
Mourn'd his contracted strengths and crippled rage.
He who could tame his vast ambition down
To please some scatter'd gleanings of a town,
And, if some hundred auditors supplied
Their meagre meed of claps, was satisfied,
How had he felt, when that dread curse of Lear's
Had burst tremendous on a thousand ears,
While deep-struck wonder from applauding bands
Return'd the tribute of as many hands!
Rude were his guests; he never made his bow
To such an audience as salutes us now.
He lack'd the balm of labour, female praise.
Few Ladies in his time frequented plays,

[1] A rejected address—which poor Charles was restless to have used. I fitted him with an Epilogue of the same calibre with his Prologue, but I thought it would be going a little too far to publish mine. *MS. H.*

Or came to see a youth with awkward art
And shrill sharp pipe burlesque the woman's part.
The very use, since so essential grown,
Of painted scenes, was to his stage unknown.
The air-blest castle, round whose wholesome crest,
The martlet, guest of summer, chose her nest—
The forest walks of Arden's fair domain,
Where Jaques fed his solitary vein—
No pencil's aid as yet had dared supply,
Seen only by the intellectual eye.
Those scenic helps, denied to Shakspeare's page,
Our Author owes to a more liberal age.
Nor pomp nor circumstance are wanting here;
'Tis for himself alone that he must fear.
Yet shall remembrance cherish the just pride,
That (be the laurel granted or denied)
He first essay'd in this distinguished fane,
Severer muses and a tragic strain.

EPILOGUE

Written by the Author, and spoken by Miss Smith *in the character of* Teresa.

[As printed in *The Morning Chronicle*, Jan. 28, 1813.]

Oh! the procrastinating idle rogue,
The Poet has just sent his Epilogue;
Ay, 'tis just like him!—and the *hand!*
[*Poring over the manuscript.*
The stick!
I could as soon decipher Arabic!
But, hark! my wizard's own poetic elf
Bids me take courage, and make one myself!
An heiress, and with sighing swains in plenty
From blooming nineteen to full-blown five-and-twenty,
Life beating high, and youth upon the wing,
'A six years' absence was a heavy thing!'
Heavy!—nay, let 's describe things as they are,
With sense and nature 'twas at open war—
Mere affectation to be singular.
Yet ere you overflow in condemnation,
Think first of poor Teresa's education;
'Mid mountains wild, near billow-beaten rocks,

Where sea-gales play'd with her dishevel'd locks,
Bred in the spot where first to light she sprung,
With no Academies for ladies young—
Academies—(sweet phrase!) that well may claim
From Plato's sacred grove th' appropriate name!
No morning visits, no sweet waltzing dances—
And then for reading—what but huge romances,
With as stiff morals, leaving earth behind 'em,
As the brass-clasp'd, brass-corner'd boards that bind 'em.
Knights, chaste as brave, who strange adventures seek,
And faithful loves of ladies, fair as meek;
Or saintly hermits' wonder-raising acts,
Instead of—novels founded upon facts!
Which, decently immoral, have the art
To spare the blush, and undersap the heart!
Oh, think of these, and hundreds worse than these,
Dire disimproving disadvantages,
And grounds for pity, not for blame, you'll see,
E'en in Teresa's six years' constancy.

[*Looking at the manuscript.*

But stop! what 's this?—Our Poet bids me say,
That he has woo'd your feelings in this Play
By no too real woes, that make you groan,
Recalling kindred griefs, perhaps your own,
Yet with no image compensate the mind,
Nor leave one joy for memory behind.
He'd wish no loud laugh, from the sly, shrewd sneer,
To unsettle from your eyes the quiet tear
That Pity had brought, and Wisdom would leave there.
Now calm he waits your judgment! (win or miss),
By no loud plaudits saved, damn'd by no factious hiss.

[S. T. C.]

REMORSE [1]

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS [2]

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

1797.	1813–1834.
VELEZ .	= MARQUIS VALDEZ, *Father to the two brothers, and Doña Teresa's Guardian.*
ALBERT .	= DON ALVAR, *the eldest son.*
OSORIO .	= DON ORDONIO, *the youngest son.*
FRANCESCO	= MONVIEDRO, *a Dominican and Inquisitor.*
MAURICE	= ZULIMEZ, *the faithful attendant on Alvar.*
FERDINAND	= ISIDORE, *a Moresco Chieftain, ostensibly a Christian. Familiars of the Inquisition.*
NAOMI .	= NAOMI. *Moors, Servants, &c.*
MARIA .	= DOÑA TERESA, *an Orphan Heiress.*
ALHADRA, *wife of* FERDINAND,	= ALHADRA, *Wife of Isidore.*

FAMILIARS OF THE INQUISITION.

MOORS, SERVANTS, &c.

Time. The reign of Philip II., just at the close of the civil wars against the Moors, and during the heat of the persecution which raged against them, shortly after the edict which forbade the wearing of Moresco apparel under pain of death.

[1] *Remorse*, a recast of *Osorio*, was first played at Drury Lane Theatre, January 23, 1813, and had a run of twenty nights. It was first published as a pamphlet of seventy-two pages in 1813, and ran through three editions. The Second Edition, which numbered seventy-eight pages, was enlarged by an Appendix consisting of a passage which formed part of Act IV, Scene 2 of *Osorio*, and had been published in the *Lyrical Ballads* (1798, 1800, 1802, and 1805) as a separate poem entitled 'The Foster-Mother's Tale' (*vide ante*, pp. 182–4, 571–4), and of a second passage numbering twenty-eight lines, which was afterwards printed as a footnote to *Remorse*, Act II, Scene 2, line 42 (*vide post*, p. 842) 'You are a painter, &c.' The Third Edition was a reissue of the Second. In the *Athenæum*, April 1, 1896, J. D. Campbell points out that there were three issues of the First Edition, of which he had only seen the first; viz. (1) the normal text [Edition I]; (2) a second issue [Edition I (*b*)] quoted by the Editor (R. H. Shepherd) of *Osorio*, 1877, as a variant of Act V, line 252; (3) a third issue quoted by the same writer in his edition of *P. W.*, 1877–80, iii. 154, 155 [Edition I (*c*)]. There is a copy of Edition I (*b*) in the British Museum: save in respect of Act V, line 252, it does not vary from Edition I. I have not seen a copy of Edition I (*c*). Two copies of *Remorse* annotated by S. T. Coleridge have passed through my hands, (1) a copy of the First Edition presented to the Manager of the Theatre, J. G. Raymond (*MS. R.*), and (2) a copy of the Second Edition presented to Miss Sarah Hutchinson (*MS. H.*). *Remorse* is included in 1828, 1829, and 1834.

[2] This Tragedy has a particular advantage—it has the *first* scene, in which Prologue plays Dialogue with Dumby. *MS. H.*

ACT I

SCENE I

The Sea Shore on the Coast of Granada.

DON ALVAR, *wrapt in a Boat cloak, and* ZULIMEZ (*a Moresco*), *both as just landed.*

Zulimez. No sound, no face of joy to welcome us!
Alvar. My faithful Zulimez, for one brief moment
Let me forget my anguish and their crimes.
If aught on earth demand an unmix'd feeling,
'Tis surely this—after long years of exile,
To step forth on firm land, and gazing round us,
To hail at once our country, and our birth-place.
Hail, Spain! Granada, hail! once more I press
Thy sands with filial awe, land of my fathers!
Zulimez. Then claim your rights in it! O, revered Don Alvar,
Yet, yet give up your all too gentle purpose.
It is too hazardous! reveal yourself,
And let the guilty meet the doom of guilt!
Alvar. Remember, Zulimez! I am his brother,
Injured indeed! O deeply injured! yet
Ordonio's brother.
Zulimez. Nobly-minded Alvar!
This sure but gives his guilt a blacker dye.
Alvar. The more behoves it I should rouse within him
Remorse! that I should save him from himself.
Zulimez. Remorse is as the heart in which it grows:
If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews
Of true repentance; but if proud and gloomy,
It is a poison-tree, that pierced to the inmost
Weeps only tears of poison!
Alvar. And of a brother,
Dare I hold this, unproved? nor make one effort
To save him?—Hear me, friend! I have yet to tell thee,
That this same life, which he conspired to take,
Himself once rescued from the angry flood,
And at the imminent hazard of his own.
Add too my oath—
Zulimez. You have thrice told already
The years of absence and of secrecy,

19 Remorse] REMORSE *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 20 Remorse] REMORSE *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 31 years] year *Editions 1, 2, 3.*

To which a forced oath bound you; if in truth
A suborned murderer have the power to dictate
A binding oath—
Alvar. My long captivity
Left me no choice: the very wish too languished
With the fond hope that nursed it; the sick babe
Drooped at the bosom of its famished mother.
But (more than all) Teresa's perfidy;
The assassin's strong assurance, when no interest,
No motive could have tempted him to falsehood:
In the first pangs of his awaken'd conscience,
When with abhorrence of his own black purpose
The murderous weapon, pointed at my breast,
Fell from his palsied hand—
Zulimez. Heavy presumption!
Alvar. It weighed not with me—Hark! I will tell thee all;
As we passed by, I bade thee mark the base
Of yonder cliff—
Zulimez. That rocky seat you mean,
Shaped by the billows?—
Alvar. There Teresa met me
The morning of the day of my departure.
We were alone: the purple hue of dawn
Fell from the kindling east aslant upon us,
And blending with the blushes on her cheek,
Suffused the tear-drops there with rosy light.
There seemed a glory round us, and Teresa
The angel of the vision![1]
Had'st thou seen
How in each motion her most innocent soul
Beamed forth and brightened, thou thyself would'st tell me,
Guilt is a thing impossible in her!
She must be innocent!
Zulimez. Proceed, my lord!
Alvar. A portrait which she had procured by stealth,
(For even then it seems her heart foreboded

[1] May not a man, without breach of the 8th Commandment, take out of his left pocket and put into his right? *MS. H.* [*Vide ante*, p. 406, *To William Wordsworth*, l. 48.]

35 wish] *Wish Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 36 hope] *Hope Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 55 *After* vision! [*Then with agitation Editions 1, 2, 3.* 56-9 Compare *Destiny of Nations*, ll. 174-6, p. 137. 59 *After Zulimez* (*with a sigh*), *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

Or knew Ordonio's moody rivalry)
A portrait of herself with thrilling hand
She tied around my neck, conjuring me,
With earnest prayers, that I would keep it sacred
To my own knowledge: nor did she desist,
Till she had won a solemn promise from me,
That (save my own) no eye should e'er behold it
Till my return. Yet this the assassin knew,
Knew that which none but she could have disclosed.
Zulimez. A damning proof!
Alvar. My own life wearied me!
And but for the imperative voice within,
With mine own hand I had thrown off the burthen.
That voice, which quelled me, calmed me: and I sought
The Belgic states: there joined the better cause;
And there too fought as one that courted death!
Wounded, I fell among the dead and dying,
In death-like trance: a long imprisonment followed.
The fulness of my anguish by degrees
Waned to a meditative melancholy;
And still the more I mused, my soul became
More doubtful, more perplexed; and still Teresa,
Night after night, she visited my sleep,
Now as a saintly sufferer, wan and tearful,
Now as a saint in glory beckoning to me!
Yes, still as in contempt of proof and reason,
I cherish the fond faith that she is guiltless!
Hear then my fix'd resolve: I'll linger here
In the disguise of a Moresco chieftain.—
The Moorish robes?—
Zulimez. All, all are in the sea-cave,
Some furlong hence. I bade our mariners
Secrete the boat there.
Alvar. Above all, the picture
Of the assassination—
Zulimez. Be assured
That it remains uninjured.
Alvar. Thus disguised
I will first seek to meet Ordonio's—wife!
If possible, alone too. This was her wonted walk,
And this the hour; her words, her very looks
Will acquit her or convict.

86 Yes] And *Edition 1.* 95 wife] *wife Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

Zulimez. Will they not know you?
Alvar. With your aid, friend, I shall unfearingly
Trust the disguise; and as to my complexion,
My long imprisonment, the scanty food,
This scar—and toil beneath a burning sun,
Have done already half the business for us.
Add too my youth, since last we saw each other.
Manhood has swoln my chest, and taught my voice
A hoarser note—Besides, they think me dead:
And what the mind believes impossible,
The bodily sense is slow to recognize.
Zulimez. 'Tis yours, sir, to command, mine to obey.
Now to the cave beneath the vaulted rock,
Where having shaped you to a Moorish chieftain,
I'll seek our mariners; and in the dusk
Transport whate'er we need to the small dell
In the Alpujarras—there where Zagri lived.
Alvar. I know it well: it is the obscurest haunt
Of all the mountains—[1] [*Both stand listening.*
Voices at a distance!
Let us away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

Enter TERESA *and* VALDEZ.

Teresa. I hold Ordonio dear; he is your son
And Alvar's brother.
Valdez. Love him for himself,
Nor make the living wretched for the dead.
Teresa. I mourn that you should plead in vain, Lord Valdez,
But heaven hath heard my vow, and I remain
Faithful to Alvar, be he dead or living.
Valdez. Heaven knows with what delight I saw your loves,
And could my heart's blood give him back to thee
I would die smiling. But these are idle thoughts!
Thy dying father comes upon my soul
With that same look, with which he gave thee to me;

[1] Till the Play was printed off, I never remembered or, rather, never recollected that this phrase was taken from Mr. Wordsworth's Poems. Thank God it was not from his MSS. Poems; and at the 2nd Edition I was afraid to point it out lest it should appear a trick to introduce his name. *MS. H.* [Coleridge is thinking of a line in *The Brothers*, 'It is the loneliest place in all these hills.']

105 since] when *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 113 I'll] I will *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 115 Alpujarras] Alpuxarras *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

I held thee in my arms a powerless babe,
While thy poor mother with a mute entreaty
Fixed her faint eyes on mine. Ah not for this,
That I should let thee feed thy soul with gloom,
And with slow anguish wear away thy life,
The victim of a useless constancy.
I must not see thee wretched.
Teresa. There are woes
Ill bartered for the garishness of joy!
If it be wretched with an untired eye
To watch those skiey tints, and this green ocean;
Or in the sultry hour beneath some rock,
My hair dishevelled by the pleasant sea breeze,
To shape sweet visions, and live o'er again
All past hours of delight! If it be wretched
To watch some bark, and fancy Alvar there,
To go through each minutest circumstance
Of the blest meeting, and to frame adventures
Most terrible and strange, and hear him tell them;[1]
(As once I knew a crazy Moorish maid
Who drest her in her buried lover's clothes,
And o'er the smooth spring in the mountain cleft
Hung with her lute, and played the selfsame tune
He used to play, and listened to the shadow
Herself had made)—if this be wretchedness,
And if indeed it be a wretched thing
To trick out mine own death-bed, and imagine
That I had died, died just ere his return!
Then see him listening to my constancy,
Or hover round, as he at midnight oft
Sits on my grave and gazes at the moon;
Or haply in some more fantastic mood,
To be in Paradise, and with choice flowers
Build up a bower where he and I might dwell,

[1] [Here Valdez bends back, and smiles at her wildness, which Teresa noticing, checks her enthusiasm, and in a soothing half-playful tone and manner, apologizes for her fancy, by the little tale in the parenthesis.] *Editions 2, 3, 1829.*

Here Valdez bends back, with a smile of *wonder* at the witness of the Fancy, which Teresa noting, she checks her enthusiasm, and in a persuasive half-pleading tone and action exemplifies her meaning in the little Tale included in the Parenthesis. *MS. Note to First Edition.*

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29 him] *him Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

And there to wait his coming! O my sire!
My Alvar's sire! if this be wretchedness
That eats away the life, what were it, think you,
If in a most assured reality
He should return, and see a brother's infant
Smile at him from my arms?
Oh what a thought!

Valdez. A thought? even so! mere thought! an empty thought.
The very week he promised his return——

Teresa. Was it not then a busy joy? to see him,
After those three years' travels! we had no fears—
The frequent tidings, the ne'er failing letter,
Almost endeared his absence! Yet the gladness,
The tumult of our joy! What then if now——

Valdez. O power of youth to feed on pleasant thoughts,
Spite of conviction! I am old and heartless!
Yes, I am old—I have no pleasant fancies—
Hectic and unrefreshed with rest—

Teresa. My father!

Valdez. The sober truth is all too much for me!
I see no sail which brings not to my mind
The home-bound bark in which my son was captured
By the Algerine—to perish with his captors!

Teresa. Oh no! he did not!

Valdez. Captured in sight of land!
From yon hill point, nay, from our castle watch-tower
We might have seen——

Teresa. His capture, not his death.

Valdez. Alas! how aptly thou forget'st a tale
Thou ne'er didst wish to learn! my brave Ordonio
Saw both the pirate and his prize go down,
In the same storm that baffled his own valour,
And thus twice snatched a brother from his hopes:
Gallant Ordonio! O beloved Teresa,
Would'st thou best prove thy faith to generous Alvar,
And most delight his spirit, go, make thou

50 my] *my Editions 2, 3, 1829.* 51 *After* thought [*Clasping her forehead. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 54 *Teresa (abruptly). Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 61 fancies] dreams *Edition 1.* 62 *Teresa (with great tenderness).* My, &c. *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 75 Gallant Ordonio! (*Pauses, then tenderly.*) *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 77 And most delight his spirit, go, thou make *Edition 1.*

His brother happy, make his aged father
Sink to the grave in joy.
Teresa. For mercy's sake
Press me no more! I have no power to love him.
His proud forbidding eye, and his dark brow,
Chill me like dew-damps of the unwholesome night:
My love, a timorous and tender flower,
Closes beneath his touch.
Valdez. You wrong him, maiden!
You wrong him, by my soul! Nor was it well
To character by such unkindly phrases
The stir and workings of that love for you
Which he has toiled to smother. 'Twas not well,
Nor is it grateful in you to forget
His wounds and perilous voyages, and how
With an heroic fearlessness of danger
He roam'd the coast of Afric for your Alvar.
It was not well—You have moved me even to tears.
Teresa. Oh pardon me, Lord Valdez! pardon me!
It was a foolish and ungrateful speech,
A most ungrateful speech! But I am hurried
Beyond myself, if I but hear of one
Who aims to rival Alvar. Were we not
Born in one day, like twins of the same parent?
Nursed in one cradle? Pardon me, my father!
A six years' absence is a heavy thing,
Yet still the hope survives——
Valdez (*looking forward*). Hush! 'tis Monviedro.
Teresa. The Inquisitor! on what new scent of blood?

Enter MONVIEDRO *with* ALHADRA.

Monviedro. Peace and the truth be with you! Good my Lord,
My present need is with your son.
We have hit the time. Here comes he! Yes, 'tis he.

Enter from the opposite side DON ORDONIO.

My Lord Ordonio, this Moresco woman
(Alhadra is her name) asks audience of you.
Ordonio. Hail, reverend father! what may be the business?
Monviedro. My lord, on strong suspicion of relapse

94 Lord Valdez] my father *Edition 1.* 103 *forward*] *forwards Editions 1, 2, 3.* 104 what] some *Edition 1.* 105 *Monviedro* (*having first made his obeisance to Valdez and Teresa*). *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* *After* 106 [*Looking forward Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

To his false creed, so recently abjured,
The secret servants of the Inquisition
Have seized her husband, and at my command
To the supreme tribunal would have led him,
But that he made appeal to you, my lord,
As surety for his soundness in the faith.
Though lessoned by experience what small trust
The asseverations of these Moors deserve,
Yet still the deference to Ordonio's name,
Nor less the wish to prove, with what high honour
The Holy Church regards her faithful soldiers,
Thus far prevailed with me that——
Ordonio. Reverend father,
I am much beholden to your high opinion,
Which so o'erprizes my light services. [*Then to* ALHADRA.
I would that I could serve you; but in truth
Your face is new to me.
Monviedro. My mind foretold me
That such would be the event. In truth, Lord Valdez,
'Twas little probable, that Don Ordonio,
That your illustrious son, who fought so bravely
Some four years since to quell these rebel Moors,
Should prove the patron of this infidel!
The warranter of a Moresco's faith!
Now I return.
Alhadra. My Lord, my husband's name
Is Isidore. (ORDONIO *starts.*) You may remember it:
Three years ago, three years this very week,
You left him at Almeria.
Monviedro. Palpably false!
This very week, three years ago, my lord,
(You needs must recollect it by your wound)
You were at sea, and there engaged the pirates,
The murderers doubtless of your brother Alvar!
What, is he ill, my Lord? how strange he looks!
Valdez. You pressed upon him too abruptly, father!

112 his] their *Edition 1.* 118 lessoned] lessened *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829, 1834.* 133 warranter] guarantee *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 136 Stage-direction *om. Edition 1.* 142 murderers] *murderers Editions 2, 3, 1829.* *After* 142 [TERESA *looks at* MONVIEDRO *with disgust and horror.* ORDONIO'S *appearance to be collected from what follows.* 143 *Mon.* (*to* VALDEZ, *and pointing at* ORDONIO). What, is he ill, &c. *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 144 *Valdez* (*angrily*). You, &c. *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* pressed upon] started on *Edition 1.*

The fate of one, on whom, you know, he doted.
Ordonio. O Heavens! I?—I doted?
Yes! I doted on him.
[ORDONIO *walks to the end of the stage,* VALDEZ *follows.*
Teresa. I do not, can not, love him. Is my heart hard?
Is my heart hard? that even now the thought
Should force itself upon me?—Yet I feel it!
Monviedro. The drops did start and stand upon his forehead!
I will return. In very truth, I grieve
To have been the occasion. Ho! attend me, woman!
Alhadra (*to Teresa*). O gentle lady! make the father stay,
Until my lord recover. I am sure,
That he will say he is my husband's friend.
Teresa. Stay, father! stay! my lord will soon recover.
Ordonio (*as they return, to Valdez*). Strange, that this Monviedro
Should have the power so to distemper me!
Valdez. Nay, 'twas an amiable weakness, son!
Monviedro. My lord, I truly grieve——
Ordonio. Tut! name it not.
A sudden seizure, father! think not of it.
As to this woman's husband, I do know him.
I know him well, and that he is a Christian.
Monviedro. I hope, my lord, your merely human pity
Doth not prevail——
Ordonio. 'Tis certain that he was a catholic;
What changes may have happened in three years,
I can not say; but grant me this, good father:
Myself I'll sift him: if I find him sound,
You'll grant me your authority and name
To liberate his house.
Monviedro. Your zeal, my lord,
And your late merits in this holy warfare
Would authorize an ampler trust—you have it.
Ordonio. I will attend you home within an hour.
Valdez. Meantime return with us and take refreshment.
Alhadra. Not till my husband's free! I may not do it.
I will stay here.

146 *Ordonio* (*starting as in sudden agitation*). *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* I?—I] *I?—I Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* *After* 146 [*Then recovering himself. Editions 1, 2, 3.* 147 doted] *doted Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* *After* 147 . . . *follows soothing him. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 148 *Teresa* (*her eye following Ordonio*). *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 163 do] *do Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 164 is] *is Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 167 was] *was Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

Teresa (*aside*). Who is this Isidore?
Valdez. Daughter!
Teresa. With your permission, my dear lord,
I'll loiter yet awhile t'enjoy the sea breeze.
[*Exeunt* VALDEZ, MONVIEDRO *and* ORDÑIO.
Alhadra. Hah! there he goes! a bitter curse go with him,
A scathing curse!
You hate him, don't you, lady?
Teresa. Oh fear not me! my heart is sad for you.
Alhadra. These fell inquisitors! these sons of blood!.
As I came on, his face so maddened me,
That ever and anon I clutched my dagger
And half unsheathed it——
Teresa. Be more calm, I pray you.
Alhadra. And as he walked along the narrow path
Close by the mountain's edge, my soul grew eager;
'Twas with hard toil I made myself remember
That his Familiars held my babes and husband.
To have leapt upon him with a tiger's plunge,
And hurl'd him down the rugged precipice,
O, it had been most sweet!
Teresa. Hush! hush for shame!
Where is your woman's heart?
Alhadra. O gentle lady!
You have no skill to guess my many wrongs,
Many and strange! Besides, I am a Christian,
And Christians never pardon—'tis their faith!
Teresa. Shame fall on those who so have shewn it to thee!
Alhadra. I know that man; 'tis well he knows not me.
Five years ago (and he was the prime agent),
Five years ago the holy brethren seized me.
Teresa. What might your crime be?
Alhadra. I was a Moresco!
They cast me, then a young and nursing mother,
Into a dungeon of their prison house,
Where was no bed, no fire, no ray of light,
No touch, no sound of comfort! The black air,
It was a toil to breathe it! when the door,

183 A scathing curse! [*Then, as if recollecting herself, and with a timid look. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* *After* 184 *Teresa* (*perceiving that Alhadra is conscious she has spoken imprudently*). *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 185 my] *my Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 188 my] *my Editions 2, 3, 1829.* 199 Many and strange! Besides, (*ironically*) I, &c. *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

Slow opening at the appointed hour, disclosed
One human countenance, the lamp's red flame
Cowered as it entered, and at once sank down.
Oh miserable! by that lamp to see
My infant quarrelling with the coarse hard bread
Brought daily; for the little wretch was sickly—
My rage had dried away its natural food.
[1] In darkness I remained—the dull bell counting,
Which haply told me, that the all-cheering sun
Was rising on our garden. When I dozed,
My infant's moanings mingled with my slumbers
And waked me.—If you were a mother, lady,
I should scarce dare to tell you, that its noises
And peevish cries so fretted on my brain
That I have struck the innocent babe in anger.
Teresa. O Heaven! it is too horrible to hear.
Alhadra. What was it then to suffer? 'Tis most right
That such as you should hear it.—Know you not,
What nature makes you mourn, she bids you heal? [2]
Great evils ask great passions to redress them,
And whirlwinds fitliest scatter pestilence.
Teresa. You were at length released?
Alhadra. Yes, at length
I saw the blessed arch of the whole heaven!
'Twas the first time my infant smiled. No more—
For if I dwell upon that moment, Lady,
A trance comes on which makes me o'er again
All I then was—my knees hang loose and drag,
And my lip falls with such an idiot laugh,
That you would start and shudder!
Teresa. But your husband—
Alhadra. A month's imprisonment would kill him, Lady.
Teresa. Alas, poor man!
Alhadra. He hath a lion's courage,
Fearless in act, but feeble in endurance;
Unfit for boisterous times, with gentle heart
He worships nature in the hill and valley,

[1] 218–20. Compare Fragment.
[2] 229. Compare line 13 of the lines 'Addressed to a Young Man of Fortune', p. 157.

218–20 In darkness I remained—counting the bell
Which haply told me, that the blessed Sun
Was rising on my garden. *Edition 1.*

Not knowing what he loves, but loves it all—
Enter ALVAR *disguised as a Moresco, and in Moorish garments.*
Teresa. Know you that stately Moor?
Alhadra. I know him not:
But doubt not he is some Moresco chieftain,
Who hides himself among the Alpujarras.
Teresa. The Alpujarras? Does he know his danger,
So near this seat?
Alhadra. He wears the Moorish robes too,
As in defiance of the royal edict.
[ALHADRA *advances to* ALVAR, *who has walked to the back of the stage, near the rocks.* TERESA *drops her veil.*
Alhadra. Gallant Moresco! An inquisitor,
Monviedro, of known hatred to our race——
Alvar. You have mistaken me. I am a Christian.
Alhadra. He deems, that we are plotting to ensnare him:
Speak to him, Lady—none can hear you speak,
And not believe you innocent of guile.
Teresa. If aught enforce you to concealment, Sir—
Alhadra. He trembles strangely.
[ALVAR *sinks down and hides his face in his robe.*
Teresa. See, we have disturbed him.
[*Approaches nearer to him.*
I pray you, think us friends—uncowl your face,
For you seem faint, and the night-breeze blows healing.
I pray you, think us friends!
Alvar (*raising his head*). Calm, very calm!
'Tis all too tranquil for reality!
And she spoke to me with her innocent voice,
That voice, that innocent voice! She is no traitress!
Teresa. Let us retire (*haughtily to Alhadra*).
Alhadra. He is indeed a Christian.
Alvar (*aside*). She deems me dead, yet wears no mourning garment!
Why should my brother's—wife—wear mourning garments?
[*To* TERESA.
Your pardon, noble dame! that I disturbed you:
I had just started from a frightful dream.

248 Alpujarras] Alpuxarras *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 249 Alpujarras] Alpuxarras *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 254 *Alvar* (*interrupting her*). *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 256 you] *you Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* *After* 267 [*They advance to the front of the Stage. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 268 *Alhadra* (*with scorn*). He is, &c. *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

Teresa. Dreams tell but of the past, and yet, 'tis said,
They prophesy—
Alvar. The Past lives o'er again
In its effects, and to the guilty spirit
The ever-frowning Present is its image.
Teresa. Traitress! (*Then aside.*)
What sudden spell o'ermasters me?
Why seeks he me, shunning the Moorish woman?
Alvar. I dreamt I had a friend, on whom I leant
With blindest trust, and a betrothéd maid,
Whom I was wont to call not mine, but me:
For mine own self seem'd nothing, lacking her.
This maid so idolized, that trusted friend
Dishonoured in my absence, soul and body!
Fear, following guilt, tempted to blacker guilt,
And murderers were suborned against my life.
But by my looks, and most impassioned words,
I roused the virtues that are dead in no man,
Even in the assassins' hearts! they made their terms,
And thanked me for redeeming them from murder.
Alhadra. You are lost in thought: hear him no more, sweet Lady!
Teresa. From morn to night I am myself a dreamer,
And slight things bring on me the idle mood!
Well sir, what happened then?
Alvar. On a rude rock,
A rock, methought, fast by a grove of firs,
Whose thready leaves to the low-breathing gale
Made a soft sound most like the distant ocean,
I stayed, as though the hour of death were passed,
And I were sitting in the world of spirits—
For all things seemed unreal! There I sate—
The dews fell clammy, and the night descended,
Black, sultry, close! and ere the midnight hour
A storm came on, mingling all sounds of fear,
That woods, and sky, and mountains, seemed one havock.
The second flash of lightning shewed a tree
Hard by me, newly scathed. I rose tumultuous:
My soul worked high, I bared my head to the storm,
And with loud voice and clamorous agony,
Kneeling I prayed to the great Spirit that made me,

After 278 [TERESA *looks round uneasily, but gradually becomes attentive as* ALVAR *proceeds in the next speech. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

Prayed, that Remorse might fasten on their hearts,
And cling with poisonous tooth, inextricable
As the gored lion's bite!
Teresa. A fearful curse!
Alhadra. But dreamt you not that you returned and killed them?
Dreamt you of no revenge?
Alvar. She would have died
Died in her guilt—perchance by her own hands!
And bending o'er her self-inflicted wounds,
I might have met the evil glance of frenzy,
And leapt myself into an unblest grave!
I prayed for the punishment that cleanses hearts:
For still I loved her!
Alhadra. And you dreamt all this?
Teresa. My soul is full of visions all as wild!
Alhadra. There is no room in this heart for puling love-tales.
Teresa (lifts up her veil, and advances to Alvar). Stranger, farewell! I guess not who you are,
Nor why you so addressed your tale to me.
Your mien is noble, and, I own, perplexed me,
With obscure memory of something past,
Which still escaped my efforts, or presented
Tricks of a fancy pampered with long wishing.
If, as it sometimes happens, our rude startling,
Whilst your full heart was shaping out its dream,
Drove you to this, your not ungentle, wildness—
You have my sympathy, and so farewell!
But if some undiscovered wrongs oppress you,
And you need strength to drag them into light,
The generous Valdez, and my Lord Ordonio,
Have arm and will to aid a noble sufferer,
Nor shall you want my favourable pleading.[1]

[*Exeunt* TERESA *and* ALHADRA.

Alvar (alone). 'Tis strange! It cannot be! my Lord Ordonio!

[1] (*then an half-pause and dropping the voice as hinted by the relaxation of the metre*—'Nor shall you,' &c.).—I mention this because it is one of the lines

310 Remorse] REMORSE *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*
312 As the gored lion's *bite*!
Teresa (shuddering). A fearful curse! *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*
313 *Alhadra (fiercely).* But dreamt, &c. *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 314 *Alvar (his voice trembling, and in tones of deep distress).* She would, &c. *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 331 wildness] kindness *Editions 1, 2, 3.* 338 my] *my Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

Her Lord Ordonio! Nay, I will not do it!
I cursed him once—and one curse is enough!
How sad she looked, and pale! but not like guilt—
And her calm tones—sweet as a song of mercy!
If the bad spirit retain'd his angel's voice,
Hell scarce were Hell. And why not innocent?
Who meant to murder me, might well cheat her?
But ere she married him, he had stained her honour;
Ah! there I am hampered. What if this were a lie
Framed by the assassin? Who should tell it him,
If it were truth? Ordonio would not tell him.
Yet why one lie? all else, I know, was truth.
No start, no jealousy of stirring conscience!
And she referred to me—fondly, methought!
Could she walk here if she had been a traitress?
Here where we played together in our childhood?
Here where we plighted vows? where her cold cheek
Received my last kiss, when with suppressed feelings
She had fainted in my arms? It cannot be!
'Tis not in nature! I will die believing,
That I shall meet her where no evil is,
No treachery, no cup dashed from the lips.
I'll haunt this scene no more! live she in peace!
Her husband—aye her husband! May this angel
New mould his canker'd heart! Assist me, heaven,
That I may pray for my poor guilty brother! [*Exit.*

ACT II

SCENE I

A wild and mountainous country. ORDONIO *and* ISIDORE *are discovered, supposed at a little distance from* ISIDORE'S *house.*

Ordonio. Here we may stop: your house distinct in view,
Yet we secured from listeners.
Isidore. Now indeed

for which Mr. Gifford (whose §§ in the *Quarterly Rev.* drove M. L. *mad* with a severer fit than she had ever had before) declared me at Murray's shop fit to be whipt as an idle Schoolboy—and, alas, I had conceited it to be a little beauty! *MS. H.*

339 Her] *Her Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*
348 him] *him Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*
350 know] *know Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*
352 me] *me Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*
362 husband] *husband Editions 2, 3, 1829.*
After 364 End of the Act First. *Editions 1, 2, 3.*

My house! and it looks cheerful as the clusters
Basking in sunshine on yon vine-clad rock,
That over-brows it! Patron! Friend! Preserver!
Thrice have you saved my life. Once in the battle
You gave it me: next rescued me from suicide
When for my follies I was made to wander,
With mouths to feed, and not a morsel for them:
Now but for you, a dungeon's slimy stones
Had been my bed and pillow.
Ordonio. Good Isidore!
Why this to me? It is enough, you know it.
Isidore. A common trick of gratitude, my lord,
Seeking to ease her own full heart——
Ordonio. Enough!
A debt repaid ceases to be a debt.
You have it in your power to serve me greatly.
Isidore. And how, my lord? I pray you to name the thing.
I would climb up an ice-glazed precipice
To pluck a weed you fancied!
Ordonio. Why—that—Lady—
Isidore. 'Tis now three years, my lord, since last I saw you:
Have you a son, my lord?
Ordonio. O miserable— [*Aside.*
Isidore! you are a man, and know mankind.
I told you what I wished—now for the truth—
She loved the man you kill'd.
Isidore. You jest, my lord?
Ordonio. And till his death is proved she will not wed me.
Isidore. You sport with me, my lord?
Ordonio. Come, come! this foolery
Lives only in thy looks, thy heart disowns it!
Isidore. I can bear this, and any thing more grievous
From you, my lord—but how can I serve you here?
Ordonio. Why, you can utter with a solemn gesture
Oracular sentences of deep no-meaning,
Wear a quaint garment, make mysterious antics—
Isidore. I am dull, my lord! I do not comprehend you.
Ordonio. In blunt terms, you can play the sorcerer.
She hath no faith in Holy Church, 'tis true:

3 My] *My Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 17 And how, my lord? I pray you name the thing. *Editions 1, 2, 3.* 19 *Ordonio (with embarrassment and hesitation). Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 23 truth] *truth Editions 2, 3, 1829.* 24 *Isidore (looking as suddenly alarmed). Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

Her lover schooled her in some newer nonsense!
Yet still a tale of spirits works upon her.
She is a lone enthusiast, sensitive,
Shivers, and can not keep the tears in her eye:
And such do love the marvellous too well
Not to believe it. We will wind up her fancy
With a strange music, that she knows not of—
With fumes of frankincense, and mummery,
Then leave, as one sure token of his death,
That portrait, which from off the dead man's neck
I bade thee take, the trophy of thy conquest.
Isidore. Will that be a sure sign?
Ordonio. Beyond suspicion.
Fondly caressing him, her favour'd lover,
(By some base spell he had bewitched her senses)
She whispered such dark fears of me forsooth.
As made this heart pour gall into my veins.
And as she coyly bound it round his neck
She made him promise silence; and now holds
The secret of the existence of this portrait
Known only to her lover and herself.
But I had traced her, stolen unnotic'd on them,
And unsuspected saw and heard the whole.
Isidore. But now I should have cursed the man who told me
You could ask aught, my lord, and I refuse—
But this I can not do.
Ordonio. Where lies your scruple?
Isidore. Why—why, my lord!
You know you told me that the lady lov'd you,
Had loved you with incautious tenderness;
That if the young man, her betrothéd husband,
Returned, yourself, and she, and the honour of both
Must perish. Now though with no tenderer scruples
Than those which being native to the heart,
Than those, my lord, which merely being a man—
Ordonio. This fellow is a Man—he killed for hire
One whom he knew not, yet has tender scruples!
[*Then turning to* ISIDORE.

37 upon] on *Edition 1.* 61 *Isidore (with stammering). Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 63 incautious] *incautious Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 67 native] *native Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 69 *Ordonio (aloud, though to express his contempt he speaks in the third person) Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

These doubts, these fears, thy whine, thy stammering—
Pish, fool! thou blunder'st through the book of guilt,
Spelling thy villainy.
Isidore. My lord—my lord,
I can bear much—yes, very much from you!
But there's a point where sufferance is meanness:
I am no villain—never kill'd for hire—
My gratitude——
Ordonio. O aye—your gratitude!
'Twas a well-sounding word—what have you done with it?
Isidore. Who proffers his past favours for my virtue—
Ordonio. Virtue——
Isidore. Tries to o'erreach me—is a very sharper,
And should not speak of gratitude, my lord.
I knew not 'twas your brother!
Ordonio. And who told you?
Isidore. He himself told me.
Ordonio. Ha! you talk'd with him!
And those, the two Morescoes who were with you?
Isidore. Both fell in a night brawl at Malaga.
Ordonio (*in a low voice*). My brother—
Isidore. Yes, my lord, I could not tell you!
I thrust away the thought—it drove me wild.
But listen to me now—I pray you listen——
Ordonio. Villain! no more. I'll hear no more of it.
Isidore. My lord, it much imports your future safety
That you should hear it.
Ordonio (*turning off from Isidore*). Am not I a man!
'Tis as it should be! tut—the deed itself
Was idle, and these after-pangs still idler!
Isidore. We met him in the very place you mentioned.
Hard by a grove of firs—
Ordonio. Enough—enough—
Isidore. He fought us valiantly, and wounded all;
In fine, compelled a parley.
Ordonio. Alvar! brother!
Isidore. He offered me his purse—
Ordonio. Yes?

79 *Ordonio* (*with bitter scorn*). *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 83 *Ordonio* (*alarmed*). *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 84 those] these *Edition 1.* 91 Am I not a *man*? *Edition 1.* I] *I Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 97 *Ordonio* (*sighing as if lost in thought*). *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 98 *Ordonio* (*with eager suspicion*). *Editions 2, 3, 1829.*

Isidore. Yes—I spurned it.—
He promised us I know not what—in vain!
Then with a look and voice that overawed me,
He said, What mean you, friends? My life is dear:
I have a brother and a promised wife,
Who make life dear to me—and if I fall,
That brother will roam earth and hell for vengeance.
There was a likeness in his face to yours;
I asked his brother's name: he said—Ordonio,
Son of Lord Valdez! I had well nigh fainted.
At length I said (if that indeed I said it,
And that no Spirit made my tongue its organ,)
That woman is dishonoured by that brother,
And he the man who sent us to destroy you.
He drove a thrust at me in rage. I told him
He wore her portrait round his neck. He look'd
As he had been made of the rock that propt his back—
Aye, just as you look now—only less ghastly!
At length recovering from his trance, he threw
His sword away, and bade us take his life,
It was not worth his keeping.

Ordonio. And you kill'd him?
Oh blood hounds! may eternal wrath flame round you!
He was his Maker's Image undefac'd!
It seizes me—by Hell I will go on!
What—would'st thou stop, man? thy pale looks won't save thee!
Oh cold—cold—cold! shot through with icy cold!

Isidore (*aside*). Were he alive he had returned ere now.
The consequence the same—dead through his plotting!

Ordonio. O this unutterable dying away—here—
This sickness of the heart!
What if I went
And liv'd in a hollow tomb, and fed on weeds?
Aye! that's the road to heaven! O fool! fool! fool!
What have I done but that which nature destined,
Or the blind elements stirred up within me?
If good were meant, why were we made these beings?
And if not meant—

98 *Isidore* (*indignantly*). *Editions 2, 3, 1829.* 108 I] *1 Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 109 its] his *Edition 1.* 120 He was the image of the Deity. *Edition 1.* *After* 120 [*A pause. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* *After* 122 [*A pause Editions 2, 3, 1829.* 127 This sickness of the heart [*A pause. Editions 1. 2, 3, 1829, &c.* *After* 129 [*A pause. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

Isidore. You are disturbed, my lord!
Ordonio (*starts*). A gust of the soul! i'faith it overset me.
O 'twas all folly—all! idle as laughter!
Now, Isidore! I swear that thou shalt aid me.
Isidore (*in a low voice*). I'll perish first!
Ordonio. What dost thou mutter of?
Isidore. Some of your servants know me, I am certain.
Ordonio. There 's some sense in that scruple; but we'll mask you.
Isidore. They'll know my gait: but stay! last night I watched
A stranger near the ruin in the wood,
Who as it seemed was gathering herbs and wild flowers.
I had followed him at distance, seen him scale
Its western wall, and by an easier entrance
Stole after him unnoticed. There I marked,
That mid the chequer work of light and shade
With curious choice he plucked no other flowers,
But those on which the moonlight fell: and once
I heard him muttering o'er the plant. A wizard—
Some gaunt slave prowling here for dark employment.
Ordonio. Doubtless you question'd him?
Isidore. 'Twas my intention,
Having first traced him homeward to his haunt.
But lo! the stern Dominican, whose spies
Lurk every where, already (as it seemed)
Had given commission to his apt familiar
To seek and sound the Moor; who now returning,
Was by this trusty agent stopped midway.
I, dreading fresh suspicion if found near him
In that lone place, again concealed myself:
Yet within hearing. So the Moor was question'd,
And in your name, as lord of this domain,
Proudly he answered, 'Say to the Lord Ordonio,
He that can bring the dead to life again!'
Ordonio. A strange reply!
Isidore. Aye, all of him is strange.
He called himself a Christian, yet he wears
The Moorish robes, as if he courted death.
Ordonio. Where does this wizard live?

Before 134 *Ordonio* (*starts, looking at him wildly; then, after a pause, during which his features are forced into a smile*). *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 145 Stole] Stoln *Editions 1, 2, 3.* 161 your] *your Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

Isidore (*pointing to the distance*). You see that brooklet?
Trace its course backward: through a narrow opening
It leads you to the place.
Ordonio. How shall I know it?
Isidore. You cannot err. It is a small green dell
Built all around with high off-sloping hills,
And from its shape our peasants aptly call it
The Giant's Cradle. There's a lake in the midst,
And round its banks tall wood that branches over,
And makes a kind of faery forest grow
Down in the water. At the further end
A puny cataract falls on the lake;
And there, a curious sight! you see its shadow
For ever curling, like a wreath of smoke,
Up through the foliage of those faery trees.
His cot stands opposite. You cannot miss it.
Ordonio (*in retiring stops suddenly at the edge of the scene, and then turning round to Isidore*). Ha!—Who lurks there!
Have we been overheard?
There where the smooth high wall of slate-rock glitters——
Isidore. 'Neath those tall stones, which propping each the other,
Form a mock portal with their pointed arch?
Pardon my smiles! 'Tis a poor idiot boy,
Who sits in the sun, and twirls a bough about,
His weak eyes seeth'd in most unmeaning tears.
And so he sits, swaying his cone-like head,
And staring at his bough from morn to sun-set,
See-saws his voice in inarticulate noises.
Ordonio. 'Tis well, and now for this same wizard's lair.
Isidore. Some three strides up the hill, a mountain ash
Stretches its lower boughs and scarlet clusters
O'er the old thatch.
Ordonio. I shall not fail to find it.
[*Exeunt* ORDONIO *and* ISIDORE.

After 181 Some three yards up the hill a mountain ash
Stretches its lower boughs and scarlet clusters
O'er the old thatch.
Ord. I shall not fail to find it.
[*Exit* ORDONIO. ISIDORE *goes into his Cottage.* *Edition 1*

182–95 *om. Edition 1.*

SCENE II

The inside of a Cottage, around which flowers and plants of various kinds are seen. Discovers ALVAR, ZULIMEZ *and* ALHADRA, *as on the point of leaving.*

Alhadra (*addressing Alvar*). Farewell then! and though many
thoughts perplex me,
Aught evil or ignoble never can I
Suspect of thee! If what thou seem'st thou art,
The oppressed brethren of thy blood have need
Of such a leader.

Alvar. Nobly-minded woman!
Long time against oppression have I fought,
And for the native liberty of faith
Have bled and suffered bonds. Of this be certain:
Time, as he courses onward, still unrolls
The volume of concealment. In the future,
As in the optician's glassy cylinder,
The indistinguishable blots and colours
Of the dim past collect and shape themselves,
Upstarting in their own completed image
To scare or to reward.
I sought the guilty,
And what I sought I found: but ere the spear
Flew from my hand, there rose an angel form
Betwixt me and my aim. With baffled purpose
To the Avenger I leave vengeance, and depart!

Whate'er betide, if aught my arm may aid,
Or power protect, my word is pledged to thee:
For many are thy wrongs, and thy soul noble.
Once more, farewell. [*Exit* ALHADRA.
Yes, to the Belgic states
We will return. These robes, this stained complexion,
Akin to falsehood, weigh upon my spirit.
Whate'er befall us, the heroic Maurice
Will grant us an asylum, in remembrance
Of our past services.

Zulimez. And all the wealth, power, influence which is yours,
You let a murderer hold?

Alvar. O faithful Zulimez!
That my return involved Ordonio's death,
I trust, would give me an unmingled pang,

9 Time] TIME *Editions 2, 3, 1829.* 10 future] FUTURE *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 13 past] PAST *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

Yet bearable:—but when I see my father
Strewing his scant grey hairs, e'en on the ground,
Which soon must be his grave, and my Teresa—
Her husband proved a murderer, and her infants
His infants—poor Teresa!—all would perish,
All perish—all! and I (nay bear with me)
Could not survive the complicated ruin!

Zulimez. Nay now! I have distress'd you—you well know,
I ne'er will quit your fortunes. True, 'tis tiresome!
You are a painter,[1] one of many fancies!

[1] The following lines I have preserved in this place, not so much as explanatory of the picture of the assassination, as (if I may say so without disrespect to the Public) to gratify my own feelings, the passage being no mere *fancy* portrait; but a slight, yet not unfaithful, profile of one,* who still lives, nobilitate felix, arte clarior, vitâ colendissimus.

Zulimez (speaking of Alvar in the third person).

Such was the noble Spaniard's own relation.
He told me, too, how in his early youth,
And his first travels, 'twas his choice or chance
To make long sojourn in sea-wedded Venice;
There won the love of that divine old man,
Courted by mightiest kings, the famous Titian!
Who, like a second and more lovely Nature,
By the sweet mystery of lines and colours
Changed the blank canvas to a magic mirror,
That made the absent present; and to shadows
Gave light, depth, substance, bloom, yea, thought and motion.
He loved the old man, and revered his art:
And though of noblest birth and ample fortune,
The young enthusiast thought it no scorn
But this inalienable ornament,
To be his pupil, and with filial zeal
By practice to appropriate the sage lessons,
Which the gay, smiling old man gladly gave.
The art, he honoured thus, requited him:
And in the following and calamitous years
Beguiled the hours of his captivity.

Alhadra. And then he framed this picture? and unaided
By arts unlawful, spell, or talisman!

Alvar. A potent spell, a mighty talisman!
The imperishable memory of the deed,
Sustained by love, and grief, and indignation!
So vivid were the forms within his brain,
His very eyes, when shut, made pictures of them!

[Note in Appendix to the second and later editions of *Remorse.*]

* Sir George Beaumont. [Written 1814.] *Editions 1828, 1829.*

36 her] *her Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 37 His] *His Editions 2, 3, 1829.*
40 *Zulimez (much affected). Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

You can call up past deeds, and make them live
On the blank canvas! and each little herb,
That grows on mountain bleak, or tangled forest,
You have learnt to name——
Hark! heard you not some footsteps?
Alvar. What if it were my brother coming onwards?
I sent a most mysterious message to him.

Enter ORDONIO

Alvar. It is he!
Ordonio (*to himself as he enters*). If I distinguish'd right her gait and stature,
It was the Moorish woman, Isidore's wife,
That passed me as I entered. A lit taper,
In the night air, doth not more naturally
Attract the night-flies round it, than a conjuror
Draws round him the whole female neighbourhood.
[*Addressing* ALVAR.
You know my name. I guess, if not my person.
I am Ordonio, son of the Lord Valdez.
Alvar. The Son of Valdez!
[ORDONIO *walks leisurely round the room, and looks attentively at the plants.*
Zulimez (*to Alvar*). Why, what ails you now?
How your hand trembles! Alvar, speak! what wish you?
Alvar. To fall upon his neck and weep forgiveness!
Ordonio (*returning, and aloud*). Plucked in the moonlight from a ruined abbey—
Those only, which the pale rays visited!
O the unintelligible power of weeds,
When a few odd prayers have been muttered o'er them:
Then they work miracles! I warrant you,
There's not a leaf, but underneath it lurks
Some serviceable imp.
There's one of you
Hath sent me a strange message.
Alvar. I am he.
Ordonio. With you, then, I am to speak:
[*Haughtily waving his hand to* ZULIMEZ.
And mark you, alone. [*Exit* ZULIMEZ.

49 *Alvar* (*starting*). *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 58 *Alvar* (*with deep emotion*). *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 66 lurks] works *Edition 1.* 68 Hath] Who *Edition 1.*

'He that can bring the dead to life again!'—
Such was your message, Sir! You are no dullard,
But one that strips the outward rind of things!
Alvar. 'Tis fabled there are fruits with tempting rinds,
That are all dust and rottenness within.
Would'st thou I should strip such?
Ordonio. Thou quibbling fool,
What dost thou mean? Think'st thou I journeyed hither
To sport with thee?
Alvar. O no, my lord! to sport
Best suits the gaiety of innocence.
Ordonio (*aside*). O what a thing is man! the wisest heart
A fool! a fool that laughs at its own folly,
Yet still a fool! [*Looks round the cottage.*
You are poor!
Alvar. What follows thence?
Ordonio. That you would fain be richer.
The inquisition, too—You comprehend me?
You are poor, in peril. I have wealth and power,
Can quench the flames, and cure your poverty:
And for the boon I ask of you but this,
That you should serve me—once—for a few hours.
Alvar. Thou art the son of Valdez! would to Heaven
That I could truly and for ever serve thee.
Ordonio. The slave begins to soften. [*Aside.*
You are my friend,
'He that can bring the dead to life again,'
Nay, no defence to me! The holy brethren
Believe these calumnies—I know thee better.
Thou art a man, and as a man I'll trust thee!
Alvar (*aside*). Alas! this hollow mirth—Declare your business.
Ordonio. I love a lady, and she would love me
But for an idle and fantastic scruple.
Have you no servants here, no listeners?
[ORDONIO *steps to the door.*
Alvar. What, faithless too? False to his angel wife?
To such a wife? Well might'st thou look so wan,
Ill-starr'd Teresa!——Wretch! my softer soul
Is pass'd away, and I will probe his conscience!
Ordonio. In truth this lady lov'd another man,
But he has perish'd.

89 *Alvar* (*solemnly*). *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* *After* 94 [*Then with great bitterness. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

Alvar. What! you kill'd him? hey?
Ordonio. I'll dash thee to the earth, if thou but think'st it!
Insolent slave! how dar'dst thou—
[*Turns abruptly from* ALVAR, *and then to himself.*
Why! what's this?
'Twas idiotcy! I'll tie myself to an aspen,
And wear a fool's cap—
Alvar. Fare thee well—[1]
I pity thee, Ordonio, even to anguish. [ALVAR *is retiring.*
Ordonio. Ho! [*Calling to* ALVAR.
Alvar. Be brief, what wish you?
Ordonio. You are deep at bartering—You charge yourself
At a round sum. Come, come, I spake unwisely.
Alvar. I listen to you.
Ordonio. In a sudden tempest
Did Alvar perish—he, I mean—the lover—
The fellow——
Alvar. Nay, speak out! 'twill ease your heart
To call him villain!—Why stand'st thou aghast?
Men think it natural to hate their rivals.
Ordonio. Now, till she knows him dead, she will not wed me.
Alvar. Are you not wedded, then? Merciful Heaven!
Not wedded to Teresa?
Ordonio. Why, what ails thee?
What, art thou mad? why look'st thou upward so?
Dost pray to Lucifer, Prince of the Air?
Alvar. Proceed. I shall be silent.
Ordonio. To Teresa?
Politic wizard! ere you sent that message,
You had conn'd your lesson, made yourself proficient
In all my fortunes. Hah! you prophesied
A golden crop! Well, you have not mistaken—

[1] The line should run thus—
And wear a fool's cap.
Alvar. Fare thee well! (Oh! Brother!) (*aside*)
Then aloud]
I pity thee, Ordonio, even to anguish. *MS. H.*

109 *Alvar* (*watching his agitation*). *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* *After* 110 [*Alvar retires to the back of the stage. Edition 1.* 111 *Ordonio* (*having recovered himself*). *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 119 *Ordonio* (*hesitating*). *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 120 *Alvar* (*with eager vehemence*). *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 121 Teresa] TERESA *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 124 *Alvar* (*recollecting himself*). *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* Teresa] *Teresa Editions 2, 3, 1829.* *After* 124 [ALVAR *sits, and leaning on the table, hides his face. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

Be faithful to me and I'll pay thee nobly.
Alvar. Well! and this lady!
Ordonio. If we could make her certain of his death,
She needs must wed me. Ere her lover left her,
She tied a little portrait round his neck,
Entreating him to wear it.
Alvar. Yes! he did so!
Ordonio. Why no: he was afraid of accidents,
Of robberies, and shipwrecks, and the like.
In secrecy he gave it me to keep,
Till his return.
Alvar. What! he was your friend then?
Ordonio. I was his friend.—
Now that he gave it me,
This lady knows not. You are a mighty wizard—
Can call the dead man up—he will not come.—
He is in heaven then—there you have no influence.
Still there are tokens—and your imps may bring you
Something he wore about him when he died.
And when the smoke of the incense on the altar
Is pass'd, your spirits will have left this picture.
What say you now?
Alvar. Ordonio, I will do it.
Ordonio. We'll hazard no delay. Be it to-night,
In the early evening. Ask for the Lord Valdez.
I will prepare him. Music too, and incense,
(For I have arranged it—music, altar, incense)
All shall be ready. Here is this same picture,
And here, what you will value more, a purse.
Come early for your magic ceremonies.
Alvar. I will not fail to meet you.
Ordonio. Till next we meet, farewell! [*Exit* ORDONIO.
Alvar (*alone, indignantly flings the purse away and gazes passionately at the portrait*). And I did curse thee!
At midnight! on my knees! and I believed
Thee perjur'd, thee a traitress! thee dishonour'd!
O blind and credulous fool! O guilt of folly!
Should not thy inarticulate fondnesses,

130 *Alvar* (*lifting up his head*). *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 134 *Alvar* (*sighing*). *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 140 *Ordonio* (*wounded and embarrassed*). *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 147 will] can *Edition 1.* 148 *Alvar* (*after a pause*). *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 159 *Thee* perjur'd, *thee* a traitress *Edition 1.* *Thee* perjur'd, *thee* a traitress! *Thee* dishonoured *Editions 2, 3, 1829.* 161 inarticulate] *inarticulate Editions 2, 3, 1829.*

Thy infant loves—should not thy maiden vows
Have come upon my heart? And this sweet Image
Tied round my neck with many a chaste endearment,
And thrilling hands, that made me weep and tremble—
Ah, coward dupe! to yield it to the miscreant,
Who spake pollution of thee! barter for life
This farewell pledge, which with impassioned vow
I had sworn that I would grasp—ev'n in my Death-pang!

I am unworthy of thy love, Teresa,
Of that unearthly smile upon those lips,
Which ever smiled on me! Yet do not scorn me—
I lisp'd thy name, ere I had learnt my mother's.

Dear portrait! rescued from a traitor's keeping,
I will not now profane thee, holy image,
To a dark trick. That worst bad man shall find
A picture, which will wake the hell within him,
And rouse a fiery whirlwind in his conscience.

ACT III

SCENE I

A Hall of Armory, with an Altar at the back of the Stage. Soft Music from an instrument of Glass or Steel.

VALDEZ, ORDONIO, *and* ALVAR *in a Sorcerer's robe, are discovered.*

Ordonio. This was too melancholy, Father.
Valdez. Nay,
My Alvar lov'd sad music from a child.
Once he was lost; and after weary search
We found him in an open place in the wood,
To which spot he had followed a blind boy,
Who breath'd into a pipe of sycamore
Some strangely moving notes: and these, he said,
Were taught him in a dream. Him we first saw
Stretch'd on the broad top of a sunny heath-bank:
And lower down poor Alvar, fast asleep,
His head upon the blind boy's dog. It pleas'd me
To mark how he had fasten'd round the pipe
A silver toy his grandam had late given him.
Methinks I see him now as he then look'd—

16a infant . . . maiden] *Infant . . . Maiden Editions 2, 3, 1829.* 167-9 barter . . . Death-pang *om. Edition 1.* 168 which with] with which *Editions 2, 3.* 174 portrait] Image *Edition 1.* *After* 178 End of the Second Act. *Editions 1, 2, 3.*

Even so!—He had outgrown his infant dress,
Yet still he wore it.
Alvar (*aside*). My tears must not flow!
I must not clasp his knees, and cry, My father!

Enter TERESA *and* Attendants.

Teresa. Lord Valdez, you have asked my presence here,
And I submit; but (Heaven bear witness for me)
My heart approves it not! 'tis mockery.
Ordonio. Believe you then no preternatural influence:
Believe you not that spirits throng around us?
Teresa. Say rather that I have imagined it
A possible thing: and it has sooth'd my soul
As other fancies have; but ne'er seduced me
To traffic with the black and frenzied hope
That the dead hear the voice of witch or wizard. [*To* ALVAR.
Stranger, I mourn and blush to see you here,
On such employment! With far other thoughts
I left you.
Ordonio (*aside*). Ha! he has been tampering with her?
Alvar. O high-soul'd Maiden! and more dear to me
Than suits the stranger's name!—
I swear to thee
I will uncover all concealéd guilt.
Doubt, but decide not! Stand ye from the altar.
[*Here a strain of music is heard from behind the scene.*
Alvar. With no irreverent voice or uncouth charm
I call up the departed!
Soul of Alvar!
Hear our soft suit, and heed my milder spell:
So may the gates of Paradise, unbarr'd,
Cease thy swift toils! Since haply thou art one
Of that innumerable company
Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,
Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,
With noise too vast and constant to be heard:
Fitliest unheard! For oh, ye numberless,
And rapid travellers! what ear unstunn'd,
What sense unmadden'd, might bear up against
The rushing of your congregated wings? [*Music.*
Even now your living wheel turns o'er my head!

16 *Alvar* (*aside*). Stage-direction *om. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 33 stranger's] *Stranger's Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 35 Doubt, but decide not! Stand from off the altar. *Edition 1.*

Ye, as ye pass, toss high the desart sands,
That roar and whiten, like a burst of waters,
A sweet appearance, but a dread illusion
To the parch'd caravan that roams by night!
And ye upbuild on the becalmed waves
That whirling pillar, which from earth to heaven
Stands vast, and moves in blackness! Ye too split
The ice mount! and with fragments many and huge
Tempest the new-thaw'd sea, whose sudden gulfs
Suck in, perchance, some Lapland wizard's skiff!
Then round and round the whirlpool's marge ye dance,
Till from the blue swoln corse the soul toils out,
And joins your mighty army.

[*Here behind the scenes a voice sings the three words,*
'Hear, Sweet Spirit.'

Soul of Alvar!
Hear the mild spell, and tempt no blacker charm!
By sighs unquiet, and the sickly pang
Of a half-dead, yet still undying hope,
Pass visible before our mortal sense!
So shall the Church's cleansing rites be thine,
Her knells and masses that redeem the dead!

SONG

Behind the Scenes, accompanied by the same Instrument as before.

Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell,
Lest a blacker charm compel!
So shall the midnight breezes swell
With thy deep long-lingering knell.

And at evening evermore,
In a chapel on the shore,
Shall the chaunter, sad and saintly,
Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful masses chaunt for thee,
Miserere Domine!

Hark! the cadence dies away
On the quiet moonlight sea:
The boatmen rest their oars and say,
Miserere Domine! | *A long pause.*

After 49 [*Music expressive of the movements and images that follow. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 54 upbuild] build up *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 62 Stage-direction [*Here behind, &c. om. Edition 1.* 75 chaunter] Chaunters *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 80 quiet] yellow *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

Ordonio. The innocent obey nor charm nor spell!
My brother is in heaven. Thou sainted spirit,
Burst on our sight, a passing visitant!
Once more to hear thy voice, once more to see thee,
O 'twere a joy to me!
Alvar. A joy to thee!
What if thou heard'st him now? What if his spirit
Re-enter'd its cold corse, and came upon thee
With many a stab from many a murderer's poniard?
What (if his stedfast eye still beaming pity
And brother's love) he turn'd his head aside,
Lest he should look at thee, and with one look
Hurl thee beyond all power of penitence?
Valdez. These are unholy fancies!
Ordonio. Yes, my father,
He is in Heaven!
Alvar (*still to Ordonio*). But what if he had a brother,
Who had lived even so, that at his dying hour,
The name of Heaven would have convulsed his face,
More than the death-pang?
Valdez. Idly prating man!
Thou hast guess'd ill: Don Alvar's only brother
Stands here before thee—a father's blessing on him!
He is most virtuous.
Alvar (*still to Ordonio*). What, if his very virtues
Had pampered his swoln heart and made him proud?
And what if pride had duped him into guilt?
Yet still he stalked a self-created god,
Not very bold, but exquisitely cunning;
And one that at his mother's looking-glass
Would force his features to a frowning sternness?
Young Lord! I tell thee, that there are such beings—
Yea, and it gives fierce merriment to the damn'd,
To see these most proud men, that loath mankind,
At every stir and buzz of coward conscience,
Trick, cant, and lie, most whining hypocrites!
Away, away! Now let me hear more music. [*Music again.*
Teresa. 'Tis strange, I tremble at my own conjectures!
But whatsoe'er it mean, I dare no longer
Be present at these lawless mysteries,
This dark provoking of the hidden Powers!

95 *Ordonio* (*struggling with his feelings*). *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

Already I affront—if not high Heaven—
Yet Alvar's memory!—Hark! I make appeal
Against the unholy rite, and hasten hence
To bend before a lawful shrine, and seek
That voice which whispers, when the still heart listens,
Comfort and faithful hope! Let us retire.

Alvar (*to Teresa*). O full of faith and guileless love, thy Spirit
Still prompts thee wisely. Let the pangs of guilt
Surprise the guilty: thou art innocent!

[*Exeunt* TERESA *and* Attendant. *Music as before.*

The spell is mutter'd—Come, thou wandering shape,
Who own'st no master in a human eye,
Whate'er be this man's doom, fair be it, or foul,
If he be dead, O come! and bring with thee
That which he grasp'd in death! But if he live,
Some token of his obscure perilous life.

[*The whole Music clashes into a Chorus.*

CHORUS

Wandering demons, hear the spell!
Lest a blacker charm compel—

[*The incense on the altar takes fire suddenly, and an illuminated picture of* ALVAR'S *assassination is discovered, and having remained a few seconds is then hidden by ascending flames.*

Ordonio (*starting*). Duped! duped! duped!—the traitor Isidore!

[*At this instant the doors are forced open,* MONVIEDRO *and the* Familiars of the Inquisition, Servants, *&c., enter and fill the stage.*

Monviedro. First seize the sorcerer! suffer him not to speak!
The holy judges of the Inquisition
Shall hear his first words.—Look you pale, Lord Valdez?
Plain evidence have we here of most foul sorcery.
There is a dungeon underneath this castle,
And as you hope for mild interpretation,
Surrender instantly the keys and charge of it.

Ordonio (*recovering himself as from stupor, to Servants*). Why haste you not? Off with him to the dungeon!

[*All rush out in tumult.*

122 bend] kneel *Edition 1.* 125 *Alvar* (*to Teresa anxiously*). *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 129 a human eye] an eye of flesh *Edition 1.* 134 demons] demon *Edition 1.* 136 *Ordonio* (*starting in great agitation*). *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 141 this] the *Edition 1.*

SCENE II

Interior of a Chapel, with painted Windows.

Enter TERESA.

Teresa. When first I entered this pure spot, forebodings
Press'd heavy on my heart: but as I knelt,
Such calm unwonted bliss possess'd my spirit,
A trance so cloudless, that those sounds, hard by,
Of trampling uproar fell upon mine ear
As alien and unnoticed as the rain-storm
Beats on the roof of some fair banquet-room,
While sweetest melodies are warbling——

Enter VALDEZ.

Valdez. Ye pitying saints, forgive a father's blindness,
And extricate us from this net of peril!

Teresa. Who wakes anew my fears, and speaks of peril?

Valdez. O best Teresa, wisely wert thou prompted!
This was no feat of mortal agency!
That picture—Oh, that picture tells me all!
With a flash of light it came, in flames it vanished,
Self-kindled, self-consum'd: bright as thy life,
Sudden and unexpected as thy fate,
Alvar! My son! My son!—The Inquisitor—

Teresa. Torture me not! But Alvar—Oh of Alvar?

Valdez. How often would he plead for these Morescoes!
The brood accurst! remorseless, coward murderers!

Teresa. So? so?—I comprehend you—He is——

Valdez. He is no more!

Teresa. O sorrow! that a father's voice should say this,
A Father's Heart believe it!

Valdez. A worse sorrow
Are fancy's wild hopes to a heart despairing!

Teresa. These rays that slant in through those gorgeous windows,
From yon bright orb—though coloured as they pass,
Are they not light?—Even so that voice, Lord Valdez!
Which whispers to my soul, though haply varied
By many a fancy, many a wishful hope,

SCENE II] SCENE III. *Interior of a Chapel Edition 1.* 20 would he] wouldst thou *Edition 1.* 22 *Teresa (wildly). Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829. Valdez (with averted countenance). Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 24 A worse sorrow] And how painful *Edition 1.*

Speaks yet the truth: and Alvar lives for me!
Valdez. Yes, for three wasting years, thus and no other,
He has lived for thee—a spirit for thy spirit!
My child, we must not give religious faith
To every voice which makes the heart a listener
To its own wish.
Teresa. I breath'd to the Unerring
Permitted prayers. Must those remain unanswer'd,
Yet impious sorcery, that holds no commune
Save with the lying spirit, claim belief?
Valdez. O not to-day, not now for the first time
Was Alvar lost to thee—
Accurst assassins!
Disarmed, o'erpowered, despairing of defence,
At his bared breast he seem'd to grasp some relique
More dear than was his life——
Teresa. O Heavens! my portrait!
And he did grasp it in his death pang!
Off, false demon,
That beat'st thy black wings close above my head![1]
[ORDONIO *enters with the keys of the dungeon in his hand.*
Hush! who comes here? The wizard Moor's employer!
Moors were his murderers, you say? Saints shield us
From wicked thoughts——
[VALDEZ *moves towards the back of the stage to meet* ORDONIO, *and during the concluding lines of* TERESA'S *speech appears as eagerly conversing with him.*
Is Alvar dead? what then?
The nuptial rites and funeral shall be one!
Here's no abiding-place for thee, Teresa.—
Away! they see me not—Thou seest me, Alvar!
To thee I bend my course.—But first one question,
One question to Ordonio.—My limbs tremble—
There I may sit unmark'd—a moment will restore me.
[*Retires out of sight.*

[1] 45-6. Compare *The Death of Wallenstein*, Act I, Sc. IV, ll. 48-9. See note by J. D. Campbell, *P. W.*, 1893, p. 650.

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41 Was Alvar lost to thee— [*Turning off, aloud, but yet as to himself. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 44 *Teresa (with faint shriek). Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* my] *my Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 45 He grasp'd it in his death-pang! *Edition 1.* did] *did Editions 2, 3, 1829.* 49 Is] *Is Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 52 Thou] *Thou Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* *After* 55 Stage-direction *om. Edition 1.*

Ordonio (*as he advances with Valdez*). These are the dungeon keys. Monviedro knew not,
That I too had received the wizard's message,
'He that can bring the dead to life again.'
But now he is satisfied, I plann'd this scheme
To work a full conviction on the culprit,
And he entrusts him wholly to my keeping.
Valdez. 'Tis well, my son! But have you yet discovered
(Where is Teresa?) what those speeches meant—
Pride, and hypocrisy, and guilt, and cunning?
Then when the wizard fix'd his eye on you,
And you, I know not why, look'd pale and trembled—
Why—why, what ails you now?—
Ordonio. Me? what ails me?
A pricking of the blood—It might have happen'd
At any other time.—Why scan you me?
Valdez. His speech about the corse, and stabs and murderers,
Bore reference to the assassins——
Ordonio. Dup'd! dup'd! dup'd!
The traitor, Isidore! [*A pause, then wildly.*
I tell thee, my dear father!
I am most glad of this.
Valdez. True—sorcery
Merits its doom; and this perchance may guide us
To the discovery of the murderers.
I have their statures and their several faces
So present to me, that but once to meet them
Would be to recognize.
Ordonio. Yes! yes! we recognize them.
I was benumb'd, and staggered up and down
Through darkness without light—dark—dark—dark!
My flesh crept chill, my limbs felt manacled
As had a snake coil'd round them!—Now 'tis sunshine,
And the blood dances freely through its channels!
[*Then to himself.*
This is my virtuous, grateful Isidore!
[*Then mimicking* ISIDORE'S *manner and voice.*
'A common trick of gratitude, my lord!'

67 *Ordonio* (*confused*). *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 73 *Valdez* (*confused*). *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* *After* 83 [*Turns off abruptly; then to himself. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 84 grateful] *grateful Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

Old Gratitude! a dagger would dissect
His 'own full heart'—'twere good to see its colour.
Valdez. These magic sights! O that I ne'er had yielded
To your entreaties! Neither had I yielded,
But that in spite of your own seeming faith
I held it for some innocent stratagem,
Which love had prompted, to remove the doubts
Of wild Teresa—by fancies quelling fancies!
Ordonio. Love! love! and then we hate! and what? and wherefore?
Hatred and love! fancies opposed by fancies!
What? if one reptile sting another reptile?
Where is the crime? The goodly face of nature
Hath one disfeaturing stain the less upon it.
Are we not all predestined transiency,
And cold dishonour? Grant it, that this hand
Had given a morsel to the hungry worms
Somewhat too early—Where's the crime of this?
That this must needs bring on the idiotcy
Of moist-eyed penitence—'tis like a dream!
Valdez. Wild talk, my son! But thy excess of feeling——
Almost I fear it hath unhinged his brain.
Ordonio (*Teresa reappears and advances slowly*). Say, I had laid a body in the sun!
Well! in a month there swarm forth from the corse
A thousand, nay, ten thousand sentient beings
In place of that one man.—Say, I had kill'd him!
[TERESA *stops listening.*
Yet who shall tell me, that each one and all
Of these ten thousand lives is not as happy,
As that one life, which being push'd aside,
Made room for these unnumbered——
Valdez. O mere madness!
[TERESA *moves hastily forwards, and places herself directly before* ORDONIO.
Ordonio. Teresa? or the phantom of Teresa?

94 *Ordonio* (*in a slow voice, as reasoning to himself*). *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 101 Had] *Had Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* *After* 105 [*Averting himself. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 107 *Ordonio* (*now in soliloquy, and now addressing his father; and just after the speech has commenced, Teresa, &c. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 110 kill'd] *kill'd Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* *After* 110 [TERESA *starts and stops listening. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* *Before* 115 *Ordonio* (*checking the feeling of surprise, and forcing his tones into an expression of playful courtesy*). *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

Teresa. Alas! the phantom only, if in truth
The substance of her being, her life's life,
Have ta'en its flight through Alvar's death-wound— [*A pause.*
Where—
(Even coward murder grants the dead a grave)
O tell me, Valdez!—answer me, Ordonio!
Where lies the corse of my betrothéd husband?
Ordonio. There, where Ordonio likewise would fain lie!
In the sleep-compelling earth, in unpierc'd darkness![1]
For while we live—
An inward day that never, never sets,
Glares round the soul, and mocks the closing eyelids!

Over his rocky grave the fir-grove sighs
A lulling ceaseless dirge! 'Tis well with him.
[*Strides off towards the altar, but returns as* VALDEZ *is speaking.*
Teresa. The rock! the fir-grove! [*To* VALDEZ.
Did'st thou hear him say it?
Hush! I will ask him!
Valdez. Urge him not—not now!
This we beheld. Nor he nor I know more,
Than what the magic imagery revealed.
The assassin, who pressed foremost of the three——
Ordonio. A tender-hearted, scrupulous, grateful villain,
Whom I will strangle!
Valdez. While his two companions——
Ordonio. Dead! dead already! what care we for the dead?
Valdez (*to Teresa*). Pity him! soothe him! disenchant his spirit!

[1] It was pleasing to observe, during the Rehearsal all the Actors and Actresses and even the Mechanics on the stage clustering round while these lines were repeating just as if it had been a favourite strain of Music. But from want of depth and volume of voice in Rae, they did not produce an equal effect on the Public till after the Publication—and *then* they (I understand) were applauded. I have never seen the Piece since the first Night. *S. T. C.*

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124 live] LIVE *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 128 him] HIM *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* *After* 128 [*Strides off in agitation towards the altar, &c. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 129 *Teresa* (*recoiling with the expression appropriate to the passion*). *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* thou] *thou Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 131 beheld . . . he] *beheld . . . He Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 134 grateful] *grateful Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 135 *Valdez* (*looking with anxious disquiet at his Son, yet attempting to proceed with his description*). *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

These supernatural shews, this strange disclosure,
And this too fond affection, which still broods
O'er Alvar's fate, and still burns to avenge it—
These, struggling with his hopeless love for you,
Distemper him, and give reality
To the creatures of his fancy.
Ordonio. Is it so?
Yes! yes! even like a child, that too abruptly
Roused by a glare of light from deepest sleep
Starts up bewildered and talks idly.
Father!
What if the Moors that made my brother's grave,
Even now were digging ours? What if the bolt,
Though aim'd, I doubt not, at the son of Valdez,
Yet miss'd its true aim when it fell on Alvar?
Valdez. Alvar ne'er fought against the Moors,—say rather,
He was their advocate; but you had march'd
With fire and desolation through their villages.—
Yet he by chance was captured.
Ordonio. Unknown, perhaps,
Captured, yet as the son of Valdez, murdered.
Leave all to me. Nay, whither, gentle lady?
Valdez. What seek you now?
Teresa. A better, surer light
To guide me——
Both Valdez and Ordonio. Whither?
Teresa. To the only place
Where life yet dwells for me, and ease of heart.
These walls seem threatening to fall in upon me!
Detain me not! a dim power drives me hence,
And that will be my guide.
Valdez. To find a lover!
Suits that a high-born maiden's modesty?
O folly and shame! Tempt not my rage, Teresa!
Teresa. Hopeless, I fear no human being's rage.
And am I hastening to the arms——O Heaven!
I haste but to the grave of my belov'd!
[*Exit*, VALDEZ *following after her.*
Ordonio. This, then, is my reward! and I must love her?
Scorn'd! shudder'd at! yet love her still? yes! yes!

146 Starts up bewildered and talks idly. [*Then mysteriously. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 158 *Both.* Whither *Edition 1.* 168 must] *must Editions 1, 2, 3.*

By the deep feelings of revenge and hate
I will still love her—woo her—win her too! [*A pause.*
Isidore safe and silent, and the portrait
Found on the wizard—he, belike, self-poison'd
To escape the crueller flames——My soul shouts triumph!
The mine is undermined! blood! blood! blood!
They thirst for thy blood! thy blood, Ordonio! [*A pause.*
The hunt is up! and in the midnight wood
With lights to dazzle and with nets they seek
A timid prey: and lo! the tiger's eye
Glares in the red flame of his hunter's torch!

To Isidore I will dispatch a message,
And lure him to the cavern! aye, that cavern!
He cannot fail to find it. Thither I'll lure him,
Whence he shall never, never more return!
[*Looks through the side window.*
A rim of the sun lies yet upon the sea,
And now 'tis gone! All shall be done to-night. [*Exit.*

ACT IV

Scene I

A cavern, dark, except where a gleam of moonlight is seen on one side at the further end of it; supposed to be cast on it from a crevice in a part of the cavern out of sight. Isidore *alone, an extinguished torch in his hand.*

Isidore. Faith 'twas a moving letter—very moving!
'His life in danger, no place safe but this!
'Twas his turn now to talk of gratitude.'
And yet—but no! there can't be such a villain.
It can not be!
Thanks to that little crevice,
Which lets the moonlight in! I'll go and sit by it.
To peep at a tree, or see a he-goat's beard,
Or hear a cow or two breathe loud in their sleep—
Any thing but this crash of water drops!
These dull abortive sounds that fret the silence
With puny thwartings and mock opposition!

171 win] *win Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 176 thy] *thy Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* *After* 186 end of the Third Act. *Editions 1, 2, 3.*

So beats the death-watch to a sick man's ear.

[*He goes out of sight, opposite to the patch of moonlight: and returns.*

A hellish pit! The very same I dreamt of!
I was just in—and those damn'd fingers of ice
Which clutch'd my hair up! Ha!—what's that—it mov'd.

[ISIDORE *stands staring at another recess in the cavern. In the mean time* ORDONIO *enters with a torch, and halloes to* ISIDORE.

Isidore. I swear that I saw something moving there!
The moonshine came and went like a flash of lightning——
I swear, I saw it move.

Ordonio (*goes into the recess, then returns*).

A jutting clay stone
Drops on the long lank weed, that grows beneath:
And the weed nods and drips.[1]

Isidore. A jest to laugh at!
It was not that which scar'd me, good my lord.

Ordonio. What scar'd you, then?

Isidore. You see that little rift?
But first permit me!

[*Lights his torch at* ORDONIO'S, *and while lighting it.*

(A lighted torch in the hand
Is no unpleasant object here—one's breath
Floats round the flame, and makes as many colours
As the thin clouds that travel near the moon.)
You see that crevice there?
My torch extinguished by these water-drops,
And marking that the moonlight came from thence,
I stept in to it, meaning to sit there;
But scarcely had I measured twenty paces—
My body bending forward, yea, o'erbalanced
Almost beyond recoil, on the dim brink
Of a huge chasm I stept. The shadowy moonshine
Filling the void so counterfeited substance,
That my foot hung aslant adown the edge.

[1] 18–20. Compare *This Lime-Tree Bower my Prison*, ll. 17–20, p. 179. See note by J. D. Campbell, *P. W.*, 1893, p. 651.

After 12 [*He goes . . . moonlight: returns after a minute's elapse, in an extasy of fear. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 13 pit] *pit Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 18 *Ordonio* (*goes . . . returns, and with great scorn*). *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 20 *Isidore* (*forcing a laugh faintly*). *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

Was it my own fear?
Fear too hath its instincts!
[1](And yet such dens as these are wildly told of,
And there are beings that live, yet not for the eye)
An arm of frost above and from behind me
Pluck'd up and snatched me backward. Merciful Heaven!
You smile! alas, even smiles look ghastly here!
My lord, I pray you, go yourself and view it.

Ordonio. It must have shot some pleasant feelings through you.

Isidore. If every atom of a dead man's flesh
Should creep, each one with a particular life,
Yet all as cold as ever—'twas just so!
Or had it drizzled needle-points of frost
Upon a feverish head made suddenly bald—

Ordonio. Why, Isidore,
I blush for thy cowardice. It might have startled,
I grant you, even a brave man for a moment—
But such a panic—

Isidore. When a boy, my lord!
I could have sate whole hours beside that chasm,
Push'd in huge stones and heard them strike and rattle
Against its horrid sides: then hung my head
Low down, and listened till the heavy fragments
Sank with faint crash in that still groaning well,
Which never thirsty pilgrim blest, which never
A living thing came near—unless, perchance,
Some blind-worm battens on the ropy mould
Close at its edge.

Ordonio. Art thou more coward now?

Isidore. Call him, that fears his fellow-man, a coward!

[1] 38-9. These two lines uttered in an under-voice, and timidly, as anticipating Ordonio's sneer, and yet not able to disguise his own superstition. *Marginal Note to First Edition.*

What trouble had I not, and at last almost fruitless, to teach De Camp the hurried under-voice with which Isidore should utter these two lines, as anticipating Ordonio's scorn, and yet unable to suppress his own superstition—and yet De Camp, spite of voice, person, and inappropriate protrusion of the chest, understood and realised his part better than all the rest—to the man of sense, I mean. *MS. H.*

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47 ever] eve *Edition 1.* 49 *Ordonio* (*interrupting him*). *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 51 brave] *brave Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 60 battens] fattens *Edition 1.*

I fear not man—but this inhuman cavern,
It were too bad a prison-house for goblins.
Beside, (you'll smile, my lord) but true it is,
My last night's sleep was very sorely haunted
By what had passed between us in the morning.
O sleep of horrors! Now run down and stared at
By forms so hideous that they mock remembrance—
Now seeing nothing and imagining nothing,
But only being afraid—stifled with fear!
While every goodly or familiar form
Had a strange power of breathing terror round me![1]
I saw you in a thousand fearful shapes;
And, I entreat your lordship to believe me,
In my last dream——
Ordonio. Well?
Isidore. I was in the act
Of falling down that chasm, when Alhadra
Wak'd me: she heard my heart beat.
Ordonio. Strange enough!
Had you been here before?
Isidore. Never, my lord!
But mine eyes do not see it now more clearly,
Than in my dream I saw—that very chasm.
Ordonio (*after a pause*). I know not why it should be! yet it is—
Isidore. What is, my lord?
Ordonio. Abhorrent from our nature
To kill a man.—
Isidore. Except in self-defence.
Ordonio. Why that 's my case; and yet the soul recoils from it—
'Tis so with me at least. But you, perhaps,
Have sterner feelings?
Isidore. Something troubles you.
How shall I serve you? By the life you gave me,
By all that makes that life of value to me,

[1] 72-3. In the *Biographia Literaria*, 1817, ii. 78 Coleridge puts these lines into another shape:—

The simplest and the most familiar things
Gain a strange power of spreading awe around them.

See note by J. D. Campbell, *P. W.*, 1893, p. 651.

68-73 *om. Edition 1.* 71 afraid] *afraid Editions 2, 3, 1829.* 82 *Ordonio* (*stands lost in thought, then after a pause*). *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* is] *is Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

My wife, my babes, my honour, I swear to you,
Name it, and I will toil to do the thing,
If it be innocent! But this, my lord!
Is not a place where you could perpetrate,
No, nor propose a wicked thing. The darkness,
When ten strides off we know 'tis cheerful moonlight,
Collects the guilt, and crowds it round the heart.
It must be innocent.

Ordonio. Thyself be judge.
One of our family knew this place well.

Isidore. Who? when? my lord?

Ordonio. What boots it, who or when?
Hang up thy torch—I'll tell his tale to thee.

[*They hang up their torches on some ridge in the cavern.*

He was a man different from other men,
And he despised them, yet revered himself.

Isidore (*aside*). He? He despised? Thou'rt speaking of thyself!
I am on my guard, however: no surprise.

[*Then to* ORDONIO.

What, he was mad?

Ordonio. All men seemed mad to him!
Nature had made him for some other planet,
And pressed his soul into a human shape
By accident or malice. In this world
He found no fit companion.

Isidore. Of himself he speaks. [*Aside.*
Alas! poor wretch!
Mad men are mostly proud.

Ordonio. He walked alone,
And phantom thoughts unsought-for troubled him.
Something within would still be shadowing out
All possibilities; and with these shadows
His mind held dalliance. Once, as so it happened,
A fancy crossed him wilder than the rest:
To this in moody murmur and low voice
He yielded utterance, as some talk in sleep:
The man who heard him.—
Why did'st thou look round?

Isidore. I have a prattler three years old, my lord!

97 It must be innocent. [ORDONIO *darkly, and in the feeling of self-justification, tells what he conceives of his own character and actions, speaking of himself in the third person. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 103 He? He] He? *He Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

In truth he is my darling. As I went
From forth my door, he made a moan in sleep—
But I am talking idly—pray proceed!
And what did this man?
Ordonio. With this human hand
He gave a substance and reality
To that wild fancy of a possible thing.—
Well it was done!
Why babblest thou of guilt?
The deed was done, and it passed fairly off.
And he whose tale I tell thee—dost thou listen?
Isidore. I would, my lord, you were by my fire-side,
I'd listen to you with an eager eye,
Though you began this cloudy tale at midnight,
But I do listen—pray proceed, my lord.
Ordonio. Where was I?
Isidore. He of whom you tell the tale—
Ordonio. Surveying all things with a quiet scorn,
Tamed himself down to living purposes,
The occupations and the semblances
Of ordinary men—and such he seemed!
But that same over ready agent—he—
Isidore. Ah! what of him, my lord?
Ordonio. He proved a traitor,
Betrayed the mystery to a brother-traitor,
And they between them hatch'd a damnéd plot
To hunt him down to infamy and death.
What did the Valdez? I am proud of the name
Since he dared do it.—
[ORDONIO *grasps his sword, and turns off from* ISIDORE, *then after a pause returns.*
Our links burn dimly.
Isidore. A dark tale darkly finished! Nay, my lord!
Tell what he did.
Ordonio. That which his wisdom prompted—
He made the traitor meet him in this cavern,
And here he kill'd the traitor.
Isidore. No! the fool!
He had not wit enough to be a traitor.
Poor thick-eyed beetle! not to have foreseen
That he who gulled thee with a whimpered lie

124 this] his *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 127 Well it was done! [*Then very wildly. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 140 him . . . He] *him . . . He, Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

To murder his own brother, would not scruple
To murder thee, if e'er his guilt grew jealous,
And he could steal upon thee in the dark!

Ordonio. Thou would'st not then have come, if—

Isidore. Oh yes, my lord!
I would have met him arm'd, and scar'd the coward.

[ISIDORE *throws off his robe; shews himself armed, and draws his sword.*

Ordonio. Now this is excellent and warms the blood!
My heart was drawing back, drawing me back
With weak and womanish scruples. Now my vengeance
Beckons me onwards with a warrior's mien,
And claims that life, my pity robb'd her of—
Now will I kill thee, thankless slave, and count it
Among my comfortable thoughts hereafter.

Isidore. And all my little ones fatherless—
Die thou first.

[*They fight,* ORDONIO *disarms* ISIDORE, *and in disarming him throws his sword up that recess opposite to which they were standing.* ISIDORE *hurries into the recess with his torch,* ORDONIO *follows him; a loud cry of 'Traitor! Monster!' is heard from the cavern, and in a moment* ORDONIO *returns alone.*

Ordonio. I have hurl'd him down the chasm! treason for treason.
He dreamt of it: henceforward let him sleep,
A dreamless sleep, from which no wife can wake him.
His dream too is made out—Now for his friend.

[*Exit* ORDONIO.

SCENE II

The interior Court of a Saracenic or Gothic Castle, with the Iron Gate of a Dungeon visible.

Teresa. Heart-chilling superstition! thou canst glaze
Ev'n pity's eye with her own frozen tear.
In vain I urge the tortures that await him;

155 thee] *thee Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* *After* 167 [*They fight . . . standing.* (The rest of the stage-direction is here omitted.)

Isid. (*springing wildly towards Ordonio*). Still I can strangle thee!
Ord. Nay fool, stand off!
I'll kill thee, but not so. Go fetch thy sword.

[ISIDORE *hurries into the recess with his torch,* ORDONIO *follows him . . . returns alone. Edition 1.*

169 dreamt] *dreamt Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 171 dream] *dream Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* *Before* 1 stage-direction *om.* Scene II is headed '*The Sea-Coast*' *Edition 1.* *The interior . . . of Dungeon visible. Editions 2, 3, 1829.*

Even Selma, reverend guardian of my childhood,
My second mother, shuts her heart against me!
Well, I have won from her what most imports
The present need, this secret of the dungeon
Known only to herself.—A Moor! a Sorcerer!
No, I have faith, that Nature ne'er permitted
Baseness to wear a form so noble. True,
I doubt not that Ordonio had suborned him
To act some part in some unholy fraud;
As little doubt, that for some unknown purpose
He hath baffled his suborner, terror-struck him,
And that Ordonio meditates revenge!
But my resolve is fixed! myself will rescue him,
And learn if haply he knew aught of Alvar.

Enter VALDEZ.

Valdez. Still sad?—and gazing at the massive door
Of that fell dungeon which thou ne'er had'st sight of,
Save what, perchance, thy infant fancy shap'd it
When the nurse still'd thy cries with unmeant threats.
Now by my faith, girl! this same wizard haunts thee!
A stately man, and eloquent and tender—
Who then need wonder if a lady sighs
Even at the thought of what these stern Dominicans—

Teresa. The horror of their ghastly punishments
Doth so o'ertop the height of all compassion,
That I should feel too little for mine enemy,
If it were possible I could feel more,
Even though the dearest inmates of our household
Were doom'd to suffer them. That such things are—

Valdez. Hush, thoughtless woman!

Teresa. Nay, it wakes within me
More than a woman's spirit.

Valdez. No more of this—
What if Monviedro or his creatures hear us!
I dare not listen to you.

Teresa. My honoured lord,
These were my Alvar's lessons, and whene'er
I bend me o'er his portrait, I repeat them,
As if to give a voice to the mute image.

17 know] knew *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 18 *Valdez.* Still sad, Teresa! This same wizard haunts you *Edition 1.* 19 22 *om. Edition 1.* *After* 23 [*With a sneer. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 26 *Teresa (with solemn indignation). Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 33 woman's] woman *Edition 1.*

Valdez. ———We have mourned for Alvar.
Of his sad fate there now remains no doubt.
Have I no other son?
Teresa. Speak not of him!
That low imposture! That mysterious picture!
If this be madness, must I wed a madman?
And if not madness, there is mystery,
And guilt doth lurk behind it.
Valdez. Is this well?
Teresa. Yes, it is truth: saw you his countenance?
How rage, remorse, and scorn, and stupid fear
Displaced each other with swift interchanges?
O that I had indeed the sorcerer's power.——
I would call up before thine eyes the image
Of my betrothéd Alvar, of thy first-born!
[1] His own fair countenance, his kingly forehead,
His tender smiles, love's day-dawn on his lips!
That spiritual and almost heavenly light
In his commanding eye—his mien heroic,
Virtue's own native heraldry! to man
Genial, and pleasant to his guardian angel.
Whene'er he gladden'd, how the gladness spread
Wide round him! and when oft with swelling tears,
Flash'd through by indignation, he bewail'd
The wrongs of Belgium's martyr'd patriots,
Oh, what a grief was there—for joy to envy,
Or gaze upon enamour'd!
O my father!
Recall that morning when we knelt together,
And thou didst bless our loves! O even now,
Even now, my sire! to thy mind's eye present him,
As at that moment he rose up before thee,
Stately, with beaming look! Place, place beside him
Ordonio's dark perturbéd countenance!
Then bid me (Oh thou could'st not) bid me turn
From him, the joy, the triumph of our kind!
To take in exchange that brooding man, who never
Lifts up his eye from the earth, unless to scowl.
Valdez. Ungrateful woman! I have tried to stifle
An old man's passion! was it not enough,
That thou hast made my son a restless man,

[1] 52–63. Compare Fragment No. 39, p. 1005.

62 *there Editions 2, 3, 1829.*

Banish'd his health, and half unhing'd his reason;
But that thou wilt insult him with suspicion?
And toil to blast his honour? I am old,
A comfortless old man!

Teresa. O grief! to hear
Hateful entreaties from a voice we love!

Enter a Peasant *and presents a letter to* VALDEZ.

Valdez (*reading it*). 'He dares not venture hither!' Why, what can this mean?
'Lest the Familiars of the Inquisition,
That watch around my gates, should intercept him;
But he conjures me, that without delay
I hasten to him—for my own sake entreats me
To guard from danger him I hold imprison'd—
He will reveal a secret, the joy of which
Will even outweigh the sorrow.'—Why what can this be?
Perchance it is some Moorish stratagem,
To have in me a hostage for his safety.
Nay, that they dare not! Ho! collect my servants!
I will go thither—let them arm themselves. [*Exit* VALDEZ.

Teresa (*alone*). The moon is high in heaven, and all is hush'd.
Yet anxious listener! I have seem'd to hear
A low dead thunder mutter thro' the night,
As 'twere a giant angry in his sleep.
O Alvar! Alvar! that they could return,
Those blessed days that imitated heaven,
When we two wont to walk at eventide;
When we saw nought but beauty; when we heard
The voice of that Almighty One who loved us
In every gale that breathed, and wave that murmur'd!
O we have listen'd, even till high-wrought pleasure
Hath half assumed the countenance of grief,
And the deep sigh seemed to heave up a weight
Of bliss, that pressed too heavy on the heart. [*A pause.*
And this majestic Moor, seems he not one
Who oft and long communing with my Alvar
Hath drunk in kindred lustre from his presence,
And guides me to him with reflected light?
What if in yon dark dungeon coward treachery
Be groping for him with envenomed poniard—
Hence, womanish fears, traitors to love and duty—
I'll free him. [*Exit* TERESA.

80, 81 *Teresa.*—O Grief . . . we love! *om. Edition 1.*

Scene III

The mountains by moonlight. Alhadra *alone in a Moorish dress.*

Alhadra. Yon hanging woods, that touch'd by autumn seem[1]
As they were blossoming hues of fire and gold
The flower-like woods, most lovely in decay,
The many clouds, the sea, the rock, the sands,
Lie in the silent moonshine: and the owl,
(Strange! very strange!) the screech-owl only wakes!
Sole voice, sole eye of all this world of beauty!
Unless, perhaps, she sing her screeching song
To a herd of wolves, that skulk athirst for blood.
Why such a thing am I?—Where are these men?
I need the sympathy of human faces,
To beat away this deep contempt for all things,
Which quenches my revenge. O! would to Alla,
The raven, or the sea-mew, were appointed
To bring me food! or rather that my soul
Could drink in life from the universal air!
It were a lot divine in some small skiff
Along some Ocean's boundless solitude,
To float for ever with a careless course,
And think myself the only being alive!

My children!—Isidore's children!—Son of Valdez,
This hath new strung mine arm. Thou coward tyrant!
To stupify a woman's heart with anguish
Till she forgot—even that she was a mother!

[*She fixes her eye on the earth. Then drop in one after another, from different parts of the stage, a considerable number of* Morescoes, *all in Moorish garments and Moorish armour. They form a circle at a distance round* Alhadra, *and remain silent till* Naomi *enters.*

Scene III. 1–24 *om. Edition 1. Before* 25 *The mountains by moonlight.* Alhadra *alone in a Moorish dress; her eye fixed on the earth. Then drop in one after another, from different parts of the stage, a considerable number of Morescoes, all in Moorish garments. They form a circle at a distance round* Alhadra.

A Moresco, Naomi, *advances from out the circle.*

Naomi. Woman! may Alla, &c. *Edition 1.*

Stage-direction *after* 24 [*She fixes . . . and remain silent till the Second in Command,* Naomi, *enters, distinguished by his dress and armour, and by the silent obeisance paid to him on his entrance by the other* Moors. *Editions 2, 3, 1829.*

Naomi. Woman! May Alla and the Prophet bless thee!
We have obeyed thy call. Where is our chief?
And why didst thou enjoin these Moorish garments?
Alhadra (*raising her eyes, and looking round on the circle*).
Warriors of Mahomet! faithful in the battle!
My countrymen! Come ye prepared to work
An honourable deed? And would ye work it
In the slave's garb? Curse on those Christian robes!
They are spell-blasted: and whoever wears them,
His arm shrinks wither'd, his heart melts away,
And his bones soften.
Naomi. Where is Isidore?
Alhadra. This night I went from forth my house, and left
His children all asleep: and he was living!
And I return'd and found them still asleep,
But he had perished——
All Morescoes. Perished?
Alhadra. He had perished!
Sleep on, poor babes! not one of you doth know
That he is fatherless—a desolate orphan!
Why should we wake them? Can an infant's arm
Revenge his murder?
One Moresco (*to another*). Did she say his murder?
Naomi. Murder? Not murdered?
Alhadra. Murdered by a Christian!
[*They all at once draw their sabres.*
Alhadra (*to Naomi, who advances from the circle*). Brother
of Zagri! fling away thy sword;
This is thy chieftain's! [*He steps forward to take it.*
Dost thou dare receive it?
For I have sworn by Alla and the Prophet,
No tear shall dim these eyes, this woman's heart
Shall heave no groan, till I have seen that sword
Wet with the life-blood of the son of Valdez! [*A pause.*
Ordonio was your chieftain's murderer!
Naomi. He dies, by Alla!
All (*kneeling*). By Alla!
Alhadra. This night your chieftain armed himself,
And hurried from me. But I followed him
At distance, till I saw him enter—there!

Before 28 *Alhadra* (*lifting up eyes, and looking, &c.*). *Edition 1.* 35 *Alhadra* (*in a deep low voice*). *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 54 *there Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

Naomi. The cavern?

Alhadra. Yes, the mouth of yonder cavern
After a while I saw the son of Valdez
Rush by with flaring torch; he likewise entered.
There was another and a longer pause;
And once, methought I heard the clash of swords!
And soon the son of Valdez re-appeared:
He flung his torch towards the moon in sport,
And seemed as he were mirthful! I stood listening,
Impatient for the footsteps of my husband!

Naomi. Thou called'st him?

Alhadra. I crept into the cavern—
'Twas dark and very silent.
What said'st thou?
No! no! I did not dare call, Isidore,
Lest I should hear no answer! A brief while,
Belike, I lost all thought and memory
Of that for which I came! After that pause,
O Heaven! I heard a groan, and followed it:
And yet another groan, which guided me
Into a strange recess—and there was light,
A hideous light! his torch lay on the ground;
Its flame burnt dimly o'er a chasm's brink:
I spake; and whilst I spake, a feeble groan
Came from that chasm! it was his last! his death-groan!

Naomi. Comfort her, Alla!

Alhadra. I stood in unimaginable trance
And agony that cannot be remembered,
Listening with horrid hope to hear a groan!
But I had heard his last: my husband's death-groan!

Naomi. Haste! let us onward.

Alhadra. I looked far down the pit—
My sight was bounded by a jutting fragment:
And it was stained with blood. Then first I shrieked,
My eye-balls burnt, my brain grew hot as fire,
And all the hanging drops of the wet roof
Turned into blood—I saw them turn to blood!
And I was leaping wildly down the chasm,
When on the farther brink I saw his sword,
And it said, Vengeance!—Curses on my tongue!

65 'Twas dark and very silent. [*Then wildly. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*
72 *light Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* *After* 77 *All.* Haste, let us seek the murderer. *Edition 1.*

The moon hath moved in Heaven, and I am here,
And he hath not had vengeance! Isidore!
Spirit of Isidore! thy murderer lives!
Away! away!
All. Away! away!
[*She rushes off, all following her.*

ACT V

SCENE I

A Dungeon.

ALVAR (*alone*) *rises slowly from a bed of reeds.*

Alvar. And this place my forefathers made for man!
This is the process of our love and wisdom
To each poor brother who offends against us—
Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty?
Is this the only cure? Merciful God!
Each pore and natural outlet shrivelled up
By ignorance and parching poverty,
His energies roll back upon his heart,
And stagnate and corrupt, till, chang'd to poison,
They break out on him, like a loathsome plague-spot!
Then we call in our pampered mountebanks:
And this is their best cure! uncomforted
And friendless solitude, groaning and tears,
And savage faces, at the clanking hour,
Seen through the steam and vapours of his dungeon
By the lamp's dismal twilight! So he lies
Circled with evil, till his very soul
Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deformed
By sights of evermore deformity!
With other ministrations thou, O Nature!
Healest thy wandering and distempered child:
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets;
Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters!
Till he relent, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy;
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,

His angry spirit healed and harmonized
By the benignant touch of love and beauty.

I am chill and weary! Yon rude bench of stone,
In that dark angle, the sole resting-place!
But the self-approving mind is its own light
And life's best warmth still radiates from the heart
Where love sits brooding, and an honest purpose.
[*Retires out of sight.*

Enter TERESA *with a taper.*

Teresa. It has chilled my very life——my own voice scares me;
Yet when I hear it not I seem to lose
The substance of my being—my strongest grasp
Sends inwards but weak witness that I am.
I seek to cheat the echo.—How the half sounds
Blend with this strangled light! Is he not here—
[*Looking round.*
O for one human face here—but to see
One human face here to sustain me.—Courage!
It is but my own fear! The life within me,
It sinks and wavers like this cone of flame,
Beyond which I scarce dare look onward! Oh!
If I faint? If this inhuman den should be
At once my death-bed and my burial vault?
[*Faintly screams as* ALVAR *emerges from the recess.*
Alvar (*rushes towards her, and catches her as she is falling*).
O gracious heaven! it is, it is Teresa!
Shall I reveal myself? The sudden shock
Of rapture will blow out this spark of life,
And joy complete what terror has begun.
O ye impetuous beatings here, be still!
Teresa, best beloved! pale, pale, and cold!
Her pulse doth flutter! Teresa! my Teresa!
Teresa (*recovering*). I heard a voice; but often in my dreams
I hear that voice! and wake and try—and try—
To hear it waking! but I never could—
And 'tis so now—even so! Well! he is dead—

30 touch] torch *Edition 1.* 36 life] life-blood *Edition 1.* *After* 41 As in a dream I ask; if it be a dream *Edition 1.* 46 Beyond which I scarce dare to look! (*shudders*) *Edition 1.* *After* 46 [*Shuddering. Editions 2, 3, 1829.* *After* 48 [*Faintly . . . recess, and moves hastily towards her. Edition 1.* *After* 55 *Teresa* (*recovering, looks round wildly*). *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

Murdered perhaps! and I am faint, and feel
As if it were no painful thing to die!
Alvar. Believe it not, sweet maid! Believe it not.
Belovéd woman! 'Twas a low imposture
Framed by a guilty wretch.
Teresa. Ha! Who art thou?
Alvar. Suborned by his brother—
Teresa. Didst thou murder him?
And dost thou now repent? Poor troubled man,
I do forgive thee, and may Heaven forgive thee!
Alvar. Ordonio—he—
Teresa. If thou didst murder him—
His spirit ever at the throne of God
Asks mercy for thee: prays for mercy for thee,
With tears in Heaven!
Alvar. Alvar was not murdered.
Be calm! Be calm, sweet maid!
Teresa. Nay, nay, but tell me! [*A pause.*
O 'tis lost again!
This dull confuséd pain— [*A pause.*
Mysterious man!
Methinks I can not fear thee: for thine eye
Doth swim with love and pity—Well! Ordonio—
Oh my foreboding heart! And he suborned thee,
And thou didst spare his life? Blessings shower on thee,
As many as the drops twice counted o'er
In the fond faithful heart of his Teresa!
Alvar. I can endure no more. The Moorish sorcerer
Exists but in the stain upon his face.
That picture—
Teresa. Ha! speak on!
Alvar. Beloved Teresa!
It told but half the truth. O let this portrait

62 *Alvar (eagerly).* *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 64 *Teresa (retires from him, and feebly supports herself against a pillar of the dungeon).* Ha! who art thou? *Alvar (exceedingly affected).* Suborned, &c. *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 65 *thou* *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

72 *Teresa (wildly).* Nay, nay, but tell me!
[*A pause, then presses her forehead.*
O 'tis lost again!
This dull confused pain. [*A pause, she gazes at* ALVAR.
Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.

77 *he Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 83 *Teresa (advances towards him).* *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

Tell all—that Alvar lives—that he is here!
Thy much deceived but ever faithful Alvar.
[*Takes her portrait from his neck, and gives it her.*
Teresa (*receiving the portrait*). The same—it is the same!
Ah! Who art thou?
Nay, I will call thee, Alvar! [*She falls on his neck.*
Alvar. O joy unutterable!
But hark! a sound as of removing bars
At the dungeon's outer door. A brief, brief while
Conceal thyself, my love! It is Ordonio.
For the honour of our race, for our dear father;
O for himself too (he is still my brother)
Let me recall him to his nobler nature,
That he may wake as from a dream of murder!
O let me reconcile him to himself,
Open the sacred source of penitent tears,
And be once more his own beloved Alvar.
Teresa. O my all virtuous love! I fear to leave thee
With that obdurate man.
Alvar. Thou dost not leave me!
But a brief while retire into the darkness:
O that my joy could spread its sunshine round thee!
Teresa. The sound of thy voice shall be my music!
Alvar! my Alvar! am I sure I hold thee?
Is it no dream? thee in my arms, my Alvar! [*Exit.*
[*A noise at the Dungeon door. It opens, and* ORDONIO *enters, with a goblet in his hand.*
Ordonio. Hail, potent wizard! in my gayer mood
I poured forth a libation to old Pluto,
And as I brimmed the bowl, I thought on thee.
Thou hast conspired against my life and honour,
Hast tricked me foully; yet I hate thee not.
Why should I hate thee? this same world of ours,
'Tis but a pool amid a storm of rain,
And we the air-bladders that course up and down,
And joust and tilt in merry tournament;
And when one bubble runs foul of another,
The weaker needs must break.
Alvar. I see thy heart!

98 own *om. Edition 1.* *After* 103 [*Retiring, she returns hastily and embracing* ALVAR. *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* *Before* 106 *Ordonio* (*with affected gravity*). *Edition 1* (*c*) (?). 107 old Pluto] oblivion *Edition 1.* *After* 115 [*Waving his hand to* ALVAR. *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

There is a frightful glitter in thine eye
Which doth betray thee. Inly-tortured man,
This is the revelry of a drunken anguish,
Which fain would scoff away the pang of guilt,
And quell each human feeling.
Ordonio. Feeling! feeling!
The death of a man—the breaking of a bubble—
'Tis true I cannot sob for such misfortunes;
But faintness, cold and hunger—curses on me
If willingly I e'er inflicted them!
Come, take the beverage; this chill place demands it.
[ORDONIO *proffers the goblet.*
Alvar. Yon insect on the wall,
Which moves this way and that its hundred limbs,
Were it a toy of mere mechanic craft,
It were an infinitely curious thing!
But it has life, Ordonio! life, enjoyment!
And by the power of its miraculous will
Wields all the complex movements of its frame
Unerringly to pleasurable ends!
Saw I that insect on this goblet's brim
I would remove it with an anxious pity!
Ordonio. What meanest thou?
Alvar. There 's poison in the wine.
Ordonio. Thou hast guessed right; there's poison in the wine.
There 's poison in't—which of us two shall drink it?
For one of us must die!
Alvar. Whom dost thou think me?
Ordonio. The accomplice and sworn friend of Isidore.
Alvar. I know him not.
And yet methinks, I have heard the name but lately.
Means he the husband of the Moorish woman?
Isidore? Isidore?
Ordonio. Good! good! that lie! by heaven it has restored me.
Now I am thy master!—Villain! thou shalt drink it,
Or die a bitterer death.
Alvar. What strange solution
Hast thou found out to satisfy thy fears,
And drug them to unnatural sleep?
[ALVAR *takes the goblet, and throws it to the ground.*
My master!

150 [ALVAR . . . *and throws it to the ground with stern contempt. Edition 1.* [ALVAR . . . *and throwing it to the ground, &c. Editions 2, 3, 1829.*

Ordonio. Thou mountebank!
Alvar. Mountebank and villain!
What then art thou? For shame, put up thy sword!
What boots a weapon in a withered arm?
I fix mine eye upon thee, and thou tremblest!
I speak, and fear and wonder crush thy rage,
And turn it to a motionless distraction!
Thou blind self-worshipper! thy pride, thy cunning,
Thy faith in universal villainy,
Thy shallow sophisms, thy pretended scorn
For all thy human brethren—out upon them!
What have they done for thee? have they given thee peace?
Cured thee of starting in thy sleep? or made
The darkness pleasant when thou wak'st at midnight?
Art happy when alone? Can'st walk by thyself
With even step and quiet cheerfulness?
Yet, yet thou may'st be saved——
Ordonio. Saved? saved?
Alvar. One pang!
Could I call up one pang of true remorse!
Ordonio. He told me of the babes that prattled to him,
His fatherless little ones! remorse! remorse!
Where got'st thou that fool's word? Curse on remorse!
Can it give up the dead, or recompact
A mangled body? mangled—dashed to atoms!
Not all the blessings of a host of angels
Can blow away a desolate widow's curse!
And though thou spill thy heart's blood for atonement,
It will not weigh against an orphan's tear!
Alvar. But Alvar——
Ordonio. Ha! it chokes thee in the throat,
Even thee; and yet I pray thee speak it out.
Still Alvar!—Alvar!—howl it in mine ear!
Heap it like coals of fire upon my heart,
And shoot it hissing through my brain!
Alvar. Alas!
That day when thou didst leap from off the rock
Into the waves, and grasped thy sinking brother,
And bore him to the strand; then, son of Valdez,
How sweet and musical the name of Alvar!
Then, then, Ordonio, he was dear to thee,

166 *Ordonio (vacantly repeating the words).* Saved? Saved? *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 177 *Alvar (almost overcome by his feelings). Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

And thou wert dear to him: heaven only knows
How very dear thou wert! Why did'st thou hate him!
O heaven! how he would fall upon thy neck,
And weep forgiveness!
Ordonio. Spirit of the dead!
Methinks I know thee! ha! my brain turns wild
At its own dreams!—off— off, fantastic shadow!
Alvar. I fain would tell thee what I am, but dare not!
Ordonio. Cheat! villain! traitor! whatsoever thou be—
I fear thee, man!
Teresa (*rushing out and falling on Alvar's neck*). Ordonio!
'tis thy brother!
[ORDONIO *runs upon* ALVAR *with his sword.* TERESA *flings herself on* ORDONIO *and arrests his arm.*
Stop, madman, stop!
Alvar. Does then this thin disguise impenetrably
Hide Alvar from thee? Toil and painful wounds
And long imprisonment in unwholesome dungeons,
Have marred perhaps all trait and lineament
Of what I was! But chiefly, chiefly, brother,
My anguish for thy guilt!
Ordonio—Brother!
Nay, nay, thou shalt embrace me.
Ordonio (*drawing back, and gazing at Alvar*). Touch me not!
Touch not pollution, Alvar! I will die.
[*He attempts to fall on his sword,* ALVAR *and* TERESA *prevent him.*
Alvar. We will find means to save your honour. Live,
Oh live, Ordonio! for our father's sake!
Spare his grey hairs!
Teresa. And you may yet be happy.
Ordonio. O horror! not a thousand years in heaven
Could recompose this miserable heart,
Or make it capable of one brief joy!
Live! live! Why yes! 'Twere well to live with you:
For is it fit a villain should be proud?
My brother! I will kneel to you, my brother! [*Kneeling.*
Forgive me, Alvar!——Curse me with forgiveness!

193 *Alvar* (*seizing his hand*). *Edition 1.* *After* 195 [ORDONIO *with frantic wildness runs, &c. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 203 *Ordonio* (*drawing back and gazing at Alvar with a countenance of at once awe and terror*). Touch me not! *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 207 And] Oh *Edition 1.* 214 *Curse Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

Alvar. Call back thy soul, Ordonio, and look round thee!
Now is the time for greatness! Think that heaven—
Teresa. O mark his eye! he hears not what you say.
Ordonio. Yes, mark his eye! there's fascination in it!
Thou said'st thou did'st not know him—That is he!
He comes upon me!
Alvar. Heal, O heal him, heaven!
Ordonio. Nearer and nearer! and I can not stir!
Will no one hear these stifled groans, and wake me?
He would have died to save me, and I killed him—
A husband and a father!—
Teresa. Some secret poison
Drinks up his spirits!
Ordonio. Let the eternal justice
Prepare my punishment in the obscure world—
I will not bear to live—to live—O agony!
And be myself alone my own sore torment!
[*The doors of the dungeon are broken open, and in rush* ALHADRA, *and the band of* Moorescoes.
Alhadra. Seize first that man!
[ALVAR *presses onward to defend* ORDONIO.
Ordonio. Off, ruffians! I have flung away my sword.
Woman, my life is thine! to thee I give it!
Off! he that touches me with his hand of flesh,
I'll rend his limbs asunder! I have strength
With this bare arm to scatter you like ashes.
Alhadra. My husband—
Ordonio. Yes, I murdered him most foully.
Alvar and Teresa. O horrible!
Alhadra. Why did'st thou leave his children?
Demon, thou should'st have sent thy dogs of hell
To lap their blood. Then, then I might have hardened
My soul in misery, and have had comfort.
I would have stood far off, quiet though dark,
And bade the race of men raise up a mourning
For a deep horror of desolation,
Too great to be one soul's particular lot!
Brother of Zagri! let me lean upon thee.
The time is not yet come for woman's anguish,

218 *Ordonio (pointing at vacancy). Edition 1.* *(pointing at the vacancy). Editions 2, 3, 1829.* 225 *Ordonio (fiercely recollecting himself). Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* *After* 229 *(Alvar presses on as if to defend Ordonio). Edition 1.* 243 one] one's *1829.* *After* 244 *[Struggling to suppress her feelings. Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

I have not seen his blood—Within an hour
Those little ones will crowd around and ask me,
Where is our father? I shall curse thee then!
Wert thou in heaven, my curse would pluck thee thence!
Teresa. He doth repent! See, see, I kneel to thee!
O let him live! That agéd man, his father——
Alhadra. Why had he such a son?
[*Shouts from the distance of* Rescue! Rescue! Alvar! Alvar! *and the voice of* VALDEZ *heard.*
Rescue?—and Isidore's spirit unavenged?—
The deed be mine! [*Suddenly stabs* ORDONIO.
Now take my life!
Ordonio (*staggering from the wound*). Atonement!
Alvar (*while with Teresa supporting Ordonio*). Arm of avenging Heaven

246 *his Editions 2, 3, 1829.* 252 *Alhadra* (*sternly*). *Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.* 254 *my Editions 1, 2, 3, 1829.*

254-9 The deed be mine! (*Suddenly stabs* ORDONIO.) Now take *my* life!
Alv. (*while with* TERESA *supporting* ORDONIO). Arm of avenging Heaven!
Thou hast snatch'd from me my most cherish'd hope
But go! my word was pledged to thee. Away!
Brave not my Father's vengeance! [*The Moors hurry off* ALHADRA.
Ord. She hath aveng'd the blood of Isidore. *Edition 1.*

255 *Ordonio* (*with great majesty*). 'Tis well thou hast avenged thysolf, O Woman! *Edition 1* (*b*).

[*Note.*—In his collation of *Remorse* with *Osorio*, the Editor of *P. W.* 1877-1880, iv. 154 affixes to lines 289-303 of the Fifth Act of *Osorio* the following variant, said to be derived from the First Edition of *Remorse*:—After the cry of 'No mercy' (*Osorio*, Act V, l. 300), '*Naomi advances with the sword and* ALHADRA *snatches it from him and suddenly stabs* ORDONIO ALVAR *rushes through the Moors and catches him in his arms.*' After Ordonio's dying speech [ll. 304-307], there are '*shouts of Alvar! Alvar! behind the scenes. A Moor rushes in*'—

Moor. We are surprised! away! away! this instant!
The country is in arms! Lord Valdez heads them,
And still cries out, 'My son! my Alvar lives!'
Haste to the shore! they come the opposite road.
Your wives and children are already safe.
The boat is on the shore—the vessel waits.
Alhadra. Thou then art Alvar! to my aid and safety
Thy word stands pledged.
Alvar. Arm of avenging Heaven!
I had two cherish'd hopes—the one remains,
The other thou hast snatch'd from me: but my word
Is pledged to thee; nor shall it be retracted—
Edition 1 (*c*) (*?*).

[For MS. version of this variant see note on p. 597.]

Thou hast snatched from me my most cherished hope—
But go! my word was pledged to thee.
Ordonio. Away!
Brave not my Father's rage! I thank thee! Thou—
[*Then turning his eyes languidly to* ALVAR.
She hath avenged the blood of Isidore!
I stood in silence like a slave before her
That I might taste the wormwood and the gall,
And satiate this self-accusing heart
With bitterer agonies than death can give.
Forgive me, Alvar!
Oh!—could'st thou forget me! [*Dies.*
[ALVAR *and* TERESA *bend over the body of* ORDONIO.
Alhadra (*to the Moors*). I thank thee, Heaven! thou hast ordained it wisely,
That still extremes bring their own cure. That point
In misery, which makes the oppressed Man
Regardless of his own life, makes him too
Lord of the Oppressor's—Knew I a hundred men
Despairing, but not palsied by despair,
This arm should shake the kingdoms of the world;
The deep foundations of iniquity
Should sink away, earth groaning from beneath them;
The strongholds of the cruel men should fall,
Their temples and their mountainous towers should fall;
Till desolation seemed a beautiful thing,
And all that were and had the spirit of life,
Sang a new song to her who had gone forth,
Conquering and still to conquer!
[ALHADRA *hurries off with the* Moors; *the stage fills with armed* Peasants, *and* Servants, ZULIMEZ *and* VALDEZ *at their head.* VALDEZ *rushes into* ALVAR'S *arms.*
Alvar. Turn not thy face that way, my father! hide,
Oh hide it from his eye! Oh let thy joy
Flow in unmingled stream through thy first blessing.
[*Both kneel to* VALDEZ.
Valdez. My Son! My Alvar! bless, Oh bless him, heaven!

257 But go!] Yet, yet *MS. H.* *After* 259 (ORDONIO *follows* ALHADRA *with his eye which then raising languidly to* ALVAR *he compleats his meaning*, but substituting '*the*' for '*Thee*'). *Marginal stage-direction inserted in MS. H.* Stage-direction *preceding* 265 *and* 265–79 *om. Edition 1.* *Before* 280 [*The stage fills with armed peasants . . .* ALVAR'S *arms. Edition 1.*

Teresa. Me too, my Father?
Valdez. Bless, Oh bless my children! [*Both rise.*
Alvar. Delights so full, if unalloyed with grief,
Were ominous. In these strange dread events
Just Heaven instructs us with an awful voice,
That Conscience rules us e'en against our choice.
Our inward Monitress to guide or warn,
If listened to; but if repelled with scorn,
At length as dire Remorse, she reappears,
Works in our guilty hopes, and selfish fears!
Still bids, Remember! and still cries, Too late!
And while she scares us, goads us to our fate.

APPENDIX

THE following Scene, as unfit for the stage, was taken from the tragedy, in the year 1797, and published in the Lyrical Ballads. [1798, pp. 28–31: *vide ante*, pp. 182–4.]

Enter Teresa and Selma.

Teresa. 'Tis said, he spake of you familiarly,
As mine and Alvar's common foster-mother.
Selma. Now blessings on the man, whoe'er he be
That joined your names with mine! O my sweet Lady,
As often as I think of those dear times,
When you two little ones would stand, at eve,
On each side of my chair, and make me learn
All you had learnt in the day; and how to talk
In gentle phrase; then bid me sing to you——
'Tis more like heaven to come, than what has been!
Teresa. But that entrance, Selma?
Selma. Can no one hear? It is a perilous tale!
Teresa. No one.
Selma. My husband's father told it me,
Poor old Sesina—angels rest his soul;
He was a woodman, and could fell and saw
With lusty arm. You know that huge round beam
Which props the hanging wall of the old chapel?
Beneath that tree, while yet it was a tree,
He found a baby wrapt in mosses, lined
With thistle-beards, and such small locks of wool
As hang on brambles. Well, he brought him home,
And reared him at the then Lord Valdez' cost.
And so the babe grew up a pretty boy,

A pretty boy, but most unteachable—
And never learn'd a prayer, nor told a bead,
But knew the names of birds, and mocked their notes,
And whistled, as he were a bird himself.
And all the autumn 'twas his only play
To gather seeds of wild flowers, and to plant them
With earth and water on the stumps of trees.
A Friar, who gathered simples in the wood,
A grey-haired man, he loved this little boy:
The boy loved him, and, when the friar taught him,
He soon could write with the pen; and from that time
Lived chiefly at the convent or the castle.
So he became a rare and learned youth:
But O! poor wretch! he read, and read, and read,
Till his brain turned; and ere his twentieth year
He had unlawful thoughts of many things:
And though he prayed, he never loved to pray
With holy men, nor in a holy place.
But yet his speech, it was so soft and sweet,
The late Lord Valdez ne'er was wearied with him.
And once, as by the north side of the chapel
They stood together chained in deep discourse,
The earth heaved under them with such a groan,
That the wall tottered, and had well nigh fallen
Right on their heads. My Lord was sorely frightened;
A fever seized him, and he made confession
Of all the heretical and lawless talk
Which brought this judgment: so the youth was seized,
And cast into that hole. My husband's father
Sobbed like a child—it almost broke his heart:
And once he was working near this dungeon,
He heard a voice distinctly; 'twas the youth's,
Who sung a doleful song about green fields,
How sweet it were on lake or wide savanna
To hunt for food, and be a naked man,
And wander up and down at liberty.
He always doted on the youth, and now
His love grew desperate; and defying death,
He made that cunning entrance I described,
And the young man escaped.

Teresa. 'Tis a sweet tale:
Such as would lull a listening child to sleep,
His rosy face besoiled with unwiped tears.

And what became of him?
Selma. He went on shipboard
With those bold voyagers who made discovery
Of golden lands. Sesina's younger brother
Went likewise, and when he returned to Spain,
He told Sesina, that the poor mad youth,
Soon after they arrived in that new world,
In spite of his dissuasion, seized a boat,
And all alone set sail by silent moonlight
Up a great river, great as any sea,
And ne'er was heard of more: but 'tis supposed,
He lived and died among the savage men.

ZAPOLYA[1]

A CHRISTMAS TALE

IN TWO PARTS[2]

Πὰρ πυρὶ χρὴ τοιαῦτα λέγειν χειμῶνος ἐν ὥρᾳ.

APUD ATHENAEUM.

ADVERTISEMENT

THE form of the following dramatic poem is in humble imitation of the *Winter's Tale* of Shakspeare, except that I have called the first part a Prelude instead of a first Act, as a somewhat nearer resemblance to the plan of the ancients, of which one specimen is left us in the Æschylean Trilogy of the *Agamemnon*, the *Orestes*, and the *Eumenides*. Though a matter of form merely, yet two plays, on different periods of the same tale, might seem less bold, than an interval of twenty years between a first and second act. This is, however, in mere obedience to custom. The effect does not, in reality, at all depend on the Time of the interval; but on a very different principle. There are cases in which an interval of twenty hours between the acts would have a worse effect (*i. e.* render the imagination less disposed to take the position required) than twenty years in other cases. For the rest, I shall be well content if my readers will take it up, read and judge it, as a Christmas tale.

[1] First published in 1817: included in 1828, 1829 and 1834. *Zapolya* was written at Calne, in Wiltshire, in 1815. It was offered to the Committee of Management of Drury Lane Theatre, and rejected, in March, 1816.

[2] Title] Zapolya, &c. The Prelude entitled 'The Usurper's Fortune'; and The Sequel entitled 'The Usurper's Fate'. By S. T. Coleridge, Esq. *1817.*

Orestes] *Choephoroe MS. S. T. C.*

Part I

THE PRELUDE, ENTITLED 'THE USURPER'S FORTUNE'

CHARACTERS

Emerick, *Usurping King of Illyria.*
Raab Kiuprili, *an Illyrian Chieftain.*
Casimir, *Son of* Kiuprili.
Chef Ragozzi, *a Military Commander.*
Zapolya, *Queen of Illyria.*

Scene I

Front of the Palace with a magnificent Colonnade. On one side a military Guard-house. Sentries pacing backward and forward before the Palace. Chef Ragozzi, *at the door of the Guard-house, as looking forwards at some object in the distance.*

Chef Ragozzi. My eyes deceive me not, it must be he,
Who but our chief, my more than father, who
But Raab Kiuprili moves with such a gait?
Lo! e'en this eager and unwonted haste
But agitates, not quells, its majesty.
My patron! my commander! yes, 'tis he!
Call out the guards. The Lord Kiuprili comes.
[*Drums beat, &c., the* Guard *turns out.*

Enter Raab Kiuprili.

Raab Kiuprili (*making a signal to stop the drums, &c.*). Silence! enough! This is no time, young friend,
For ceremonious dues. The summoning drum,
Th' air-shattering trumpet, and the horseman's clatter,
Are insults to a dying sovereign's ear.
Soldiers, 'tis well! Retire! your General greets you,
His loyal fellow-warriors. [Guards *retire.*
Chef Ragozzi. Pardon my surprise.
Thus sudden from the camp, and unattended!
What may these wonders prophesy?
Raab Kiuprili. Tell me first,
How fares the king? His majesty still lives?
Chef Ragozzi. We know no otherwise; but Emerick's friends
(And none but they approach him) scoff at hope.
Raab Kiuprili. Ragozzi! I have reared thee from a child,

3 *such 1817, 1828, 1829.*

And as a child I have reared thee. Whence this air
Of mystery? That face was wont to open
Clear as the morning to me, shewing all things.
Hide nothing from me.

Chef Ragozzi. O most loved, most honoured,
The mystery that struggles in my looks
Betrayed my whole tale to thee, if it told thee
That I am ignorant; but fear the worst.
And mystery is contagious. All things here
Are full of motion: and yet all is silent:
And bad men's hopes infect the good with fears.

Raab Kiuprili. I have trembling proof within how true thou speakest.

Chef Ragozzi. That the prince Emerick feasts the soldiery,
Gives splendid arms, pays the commanders' debts,
And (it is whispered) by sworn promises
Makes himself debtor—hearing this, thou hast heard
All———
But what my lord will learn too soon himself.

Raab Kiuprili. Ha!—Well then, let it come! Worse scarce can come.
This letter written by the trembling hand
Of royal Andreas calls me from the camp
To his immediate presence. It appoints me,
The Queen, and Emerick, guardians of the realm,
And of the royal infant. Day by day,
Robbed of Zapolya's soothing cares, the king
Yearns only to behold one precious boon,
And with his life breathe forth a father's blessing.

Chef Ragozzi. Remember you, my lord! that Hebrew leech
Whose face so much distempered you?

Raab Kiuprili. Barzoni?
I held him for a spy; but the proof failing
(More courteously, I own, than pleased myself),
I sent him from the camp.

Chef Ragozzi. To him, in chief,
Prince Emerick trusts his royal brother's health.

Raab Kiuprili. Hide nothing, I conjure you! What of him?

20 And *as* a child have reared thee *1817.* And *as* a child I, &c. *1828, 1829.* 22 to] on *1817* *Before* 30 *Raab Kiuprili* (*his hand to his heart*). *1817, 1828, 1829.* 32 commanders'] commander's *1817, 1828, 1829.* 35 All—— [*Then in a subdued and saddened voice. 1817, 1828, 1829.* 39 ANDREAS *1817, 1828, 1829.* 43 ZAPOLYA *1817, 1828, 1829.*

Chef Ragozzi. With pomp of words beyond a soldier's cunning,
And shrugs and wrinkled brow, he smiles and whispers!
Talks in dark words of women's fancies; hints
That 'twere a useless and a cruel zeal
To rob a dying man of any hope,
However vain, that soothes him: and, in fine,
Denies all chance of offspring from the Queen.
Raab Kiuprili. The venomous snake! My heel was on its head,
And (fool!) I did not crush it!
Chef Ragozzi. Nay, he fears
Zapolya will not long survive her husband.
Raab Kiuprili. Manifest treason! Even this brief delay
Half makes me an accomplice——(If he live,)
[*Is moving toward the palace.*
If he but live and know me, all may——
Chef Ragozzi. Halt! [*Stops him.*
On pain of death, my Lord! am I commanded
To stop all ingress to the palace.
Raab Kiuprili. Thou!
Chef Ragozzi. No place, no name, no rank excepted—
Raab Kiuprili. Thou!
Chef Ragozzi. This life of mine, O take it, Lord Kiuprili!
I give it as a weapon to thy hands,
Mine own no longer. Guardian of Illyria,
Useless to thee, 'tis worthless to myself.
Thou art the framer of my nobler being;
Nor does there live one virtue in my soul,
One honourable hope, but calls thee father.
Yet ere thou dost resolve, know that yon palace
Is guarded from within, that each access
Is thronged by armed conspirators, watched by ruffians
Pampered with gifts, and hot upon the spoil
Which that false promiser still trails before them.
I ask but this one boon—reserve my life
Till I can lose it for the realm and thee!
Raab Kiuprili. My heart is rent asunder. O my country,
O fallen Illyria, stand I here spell-bound?
Did my King love me? Did I earn his love?
Have we embraced as brothers would embrace?
Was I his arm, his thunder-bolt? And now
Must I, hag-ridden, pant as in a dream?

70 *thy 1817, 1828, 1829.*

Or, like an eagle, whose strong wings press up
Against a coiling serpent's folds, can I
Strike but for mockery, and with restless beak
Gore my own breast?—Ragozzi, thou art faithful?
Chef Ragozzi. Here before Heaven I dedicate my faith
To the royal line of Andreas.
Raab Kiuprili. Hark, Ragozzi!
Guilt is a timorous thing ere perpetration:
Despair alone makes wicked men be bold.
Come thou with me! They have heard my voice in flight,
Have faced round, terror-struck, and feared no longer
The whistling javelins of their fell pursuers.
Ha! what is this?
[*Black flag displayed from the Tower of the Palace: a death-bell tolls, &c.*
Vengeance of Heaven! He is dead.
Chef Ragozzi. At length then 'tis announced. Alas! I fear,
That these black death-flags are but treason's signals.
Raab Kiuprili. A prophecy too soon fulfilled! See yonder!
O rank and ravenous wolves! the death-bell echoes
Still in the doleful air—and see! they come.
Chef Ragozzi. Precise and faithful in their villainy
Even to the moment, that the master traitor
Had pre-ordained them.
Raab Kiuprili. Was it over-haste,
Or is it scorn, that in this race of treason
Their guilt thus drops its mask, and blazons forth
Their infamous plot even to an idiot's sense?
Chef Ragozzi. Doubtless they deem Heaven too usurp'd!
Heaven's justice
Bought like themselves!
Being equal all in crime,
Do you press on, ye spotted parricides!
For the one sole pre-eminence yet doubtful,
The prize of foremost impudence in guilt?
Raab Kiuprili. The bad man's cunning still prepares the way
For its own outwitting. I applaud, Ragozzi!
Ragozzi! I applaud,

Before 103 *Raab Kiuprili* (*looking forwards anxiously*). *1817, 1828, 1829.*
113 Bought like themselves! [*During this conversation music is heard, first solemn and funereal, and then changing to spirited and triumphal. 1817, 1828, 1829.*
118 . . . I applaud, Ragozzi! [*Musing to himself—then— 1817, 1828, 1829.*

In thee, the virtuous hope that dares look onward
And keeps the life-spark warm of future action
Beneath the cloak of patient sufferance.
Act and appear, as time and prudence prompt thee:
I shall not misconceive the part thou playest.
Mine is an easier part—to brave the usurper.

[*Enter a procession of* EMERICK'S *Adherents*, Nobles, Chieftains, *and* Soldiers, *with Music. They advance toward the front of the stage.* KIUPRILI *makes the signal for them to stop.—The Music ceases.*

Leader of the Procession. The Lord Kiuprili?—Welcome from the camp.

Raab Kiuprili. Grave magistrates and chieftains of Illyria,
In good time come ye hither, if ye come
As loyal men with honourable purpose
To mourn what can alone be mourned; but chiefly
To enforce the last commands of royal Andreas
And shield the Queen, Zapolya: haply making
The mother's joy light up the widow's tears.

Leader. Our purpose demands speed. Grace our procession;
A warrior best will greet a warlike king.

Raab Kiuprili. This patent written by your lawful king,
(Lo! his own seal and signature attesting)
Appoints as guardians of his realm and offspring,
The Queen, and the Prince Emerick, and myself.

[*Voices of* Live KING EMERICK! an EMERICK! an EMERICK!

What means this clamour? Are these madmen's voices?
Or is some knot of riotous slanderers leagued
To infamize the name of the king's brother
With a lie black as Hell? unmanly cruelty,
Ingratitude, and most unnatural treason? [*Murmurs.*
What mean these murmurs? Dare then any here
Proclaim Prince Emerick a spotted traitor?
One that has taken from you your sworn faith,
And given you in return a Judas' bribe,
Infamy now, oppression in reversion,
And Heaven's inevitable curse hereafter?

[*Loud murmurs, followed by cries*—EMERICK! No Baby Prince! No Changelings!

Yet bear with me awhile! Have I for this

135 *lawful 1817, 1828, 1829.*

Bled for your safety, conquered for your honour?
Was it for this, Illyrians! that I forded
Your thaw-swoln torrents, when the shouldering ice
Fought with the foe, and stained its jagged points
With gore from wounds I felt not? Did the blast
Beat on this body, frost-and-famine-numbed,
Till my hard flesh distinguished not itself
From the insensate mail, its fellow warrior?
And have I brought home with me Victory,
And with her, hand in hand, firm-footed Peace,
Her countenance twice lighted up with glory,
As if I had charmed a goddess down from Heaven?
But these will flee abhorrent from the throne
Of usurpation!
[*Murmurs increase—and cries of* Onward! Onward!
Have you then thrown off shame,
And shall not a dear friend, a loyal subject,
Throw off all fear? I tell ye, the fair trophies
Valiantly wrested from a valiant foe,
Love's natural offerings to a rightful king,
Will hang as ill on this usurping traitor,
This brother-blight, this Emerick, as robes
Of gold plucked from the images of gods
Upon a sacrilegious robber's back. [*Enter* LORD CASIMIR.

Casimir. Who is this factious insolent, that dares brand
The elected King, our chosen Emerick?
My father!

Raab Kiuprili. Casimir! He, he a traitor!
Too soon indeed, Ragozzi! have I learnt it. [*Aside.*

Casimir. My father and my lord!

Raab Kiuprili. I know thee not!

Leader. Yet the remembrancing did sound right filial.

Raab Kiuprili. A holy name and words of natural duty
Are blasted by a thankless traitor's utterance.

Casimir. O hear me, Sire! not lightly have I sworn
Homage to Emerick. Illyria's sceptre
Demands a manly hand, a warrior's grasp.

159 VICTORY *1817, 1828, 1829.*
160 PEACE *1817, 1828, 1829.*
After 172 [*During the last four lines, enter* LORD CASIMIR, *with expressions of anger and alarm. 1817, 1828, 1829.*
After 174 [*Starts—then approaching with timid respect. 1817, 1828, 1829.*
175 My father! *Raab Kiuprili (turning away). 1817, 1828, 1829.*
Before 177 *Casimir (with reverence). 1817, 1828, 1829.*

The queen Zapolya's self-expected offspring
At least is doubtful: and of all our nobles,
The king, inheriting his brother's heart,
Hath honoured us the most. Your rank, my lord!
Already eminent, is—all it can be—
Confirmed: and me the king's grace hath appointed
Chief of his council and the lord high steward.

Raab Kiuprili. (Bought by a bribe!) I know thee now still less.

Casimir. So much of Raab Kiuprili's blood flows here,
That no power, save that holy name of father,
Could shield the man who so dishonoured me.

Raab Kiuprili. The son of Raab Kiuprili a bought bond-slave,
Guilt's pander, treason's mouth-piece, a gay parrot,
School'd to shrill forth his feeder's usurp'd titles,
And scream, Long live King Emerick!

Leaders. Aye, King Emerick!
Stand back, my lord! Lead us, or let us pass.

Soldier. Nay, let the general speak!

Soldiers. Hear him! hear him!

Raab Kiuprili. Hear me,
Assembled lords and warriors of Illyria,
Hear, and avenge me! Twice ten years have I
Stood in your presence, honoured by the king:
Beloved and trusted. Is there one among you
Accuses Raab Kiuprili of a bribe?
Or one false whisper in his sovereign's ear?
Who here dares charge me with an orphan's rights
Outfaced, or widow's plea left undefended?
And shall I now be branded by a traitor,
A bought, bribed wretch, who, being called my son,
Doth libel a chaste matron's name, and plant
Hensbane and aconite on a mother's grave?
The underling accomplice of a robber,
That from a widow and a widow's offspring
Would steal their heritage? To God a rebel,
And to the common father of his country
A recreant ingrate!

Casimir. Sire! your words grow dangerous.
High-flown romantic fancies ill-beseem

187 *Your 1817, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 192 *Casimir (struggling with his passion). 1817, 1828, 1829.* 210 *my 1817, 1828, 1829.*

Your age and wisdom. 'Tis a statesman's virtue,
To guard his country's safety by what means
It best may be protected—come what will
Of these monk's morals!
Raab Kiuprili (aside). Ha! the elder Brutus
Made his soul iron, though his sons repented.
They boasted not their baseness. [*Draws his sword.*
Infamous changeling!
Recant this instant, and swear loyalty,
And strict obedience to thy sovereign's will;
Or, by the spirit of departed Andreas,
Thou diest——
[Chiefs, *&c., rush to interpose; during the tumult enter* EMERICK, *alarmed.*
Emerick. Call out the guard! Ragozzi! seize the assassin.——
Kiuprili? Ha!—— [*Making signs to the guard to retire.*
Pass on, friends! to the palace.
[*Music recommences.—The Procession passes into the Palace.*
Emerick. What? Raab Kiuprili? What? a father's sword
Against his own son's breast?
Raab Kiuprili. 'Twould best excuse him,
Were he thy son, Prince Emerick. I abjure him.
Emerick. This is my thanks, then, that I have commenced
A reign to which the free voice of the nobles
Hath called me, and the people, by regards
Of love and grace to Raab Kiuprili's house?
Raab Kiuprili. What right hadst thou, Prince Emerick, to bestow them?
Emerick. By what right dares Kiuprili question me?
Raab Kiuprili. By a right common to all loyal subjects—
To me a duty! As the realm's co-regent,
Appointed by our sovereign's last free act,
Writ by himself.— [*Grasping the Patent.*
Emerick. Aye!—Writ in a delirium!
Raab Kiuprili. I likewise ask, by whose authority

223 *his 1817.* 224 *They* BOASTED not *their* baseness. [*Starts, and draws his sword. 1817, 1828, 1829.* 230. Kiuprili? Ha!—— [*With lowered voice, at the same time with one hand making, &c. 1817, 1828, 1829. After* 230 [*Music . . . Palace.—During which time* EMERICK *and* KIUPRILI *regard each other stedfastly. 1817, 1828, 1829.* 233 *thy—I 1817, 1828, 1829.* 234 thanks] thank *1817.* 240 *me 1817, 1828, 1829.* 243 *Emerick (with a contemptuous sneer).* Aye!—Writ, &c. *1817, 1828, 1829.*

The access to the sovereign was refused me?
Emerick. By whose authority dared the general leave
His camp and army, like a fugitive?
Raab Kiuprili. A fugitive, who, with victory for his comrade,
Ran, open-eyed, upon the face of death!
A fugitive, with no other fear, than bodements
To be belated in a loyal purpose—
At the command, Prince! of my king and thine,
Hither I came; and now again require
Audience of Queen Zapolya; and (the States
Forthwith convened) that thou dost shew at large,
On what ground of defect thou'st dared annul
This thy King's last and solemn act—hast dared
Ascend the throne, of which the law had named,
And conscience should have made thee, a protector.
Emerick. A sovereign's ear ill brooks a subject's questioning!
Yet for thy past well-doing—and because
'Tis hard to erase at once the fond belief
Long cherished, that Illyria had in thee
No dreaming priest's slave, but a Roman lover
Of her true weal and freedom—and for this, too,
That, hoping to call forth to the broad day-light
And fostering breeze of glory all deservings,
I still had placed thee foremost.
Raab Kiuprili. Prince! I listen.
Emerick. Unwillingly I tell thee, that Zapolya,
Maddened with grief, her erring hopes proved idle—
Casimir. Sire! speak the whole truth! Say, her fraud detected!
Emerick. According to the sworn attests in council
Of her physician——
Raab Kiuprili (*aside*). Yes! the Jew, Barzoni!
Emerick. Under the imminent risk of death she lies,
Or irrecoverable loss of reason,
If known friend's face or voice renew the frenzy.
Casimir (*to Kiuprili*). Trust me, my lord! a woman's trick has duped you—
Us too—but most of all, the sainted Andreas.
Even for his own fair fame, his grace prays hourly
For her recovery, that (the States convened)
She may take counsel of her friends.

252 *my 1817, 1828, 1829.* 268 *thee 1817, 1828, 1829.* 271 fraud] *frauds 1817: fraud's 1828, 1829.*

Emerick. Right, Casimir!
Receive my pledge, lord general. It shall stand
In her own will to appear and voice her claims;
Or (which in truth I hold the wiser course)
With all the past passed by, as family quarrels,
Let the Queen Dowager, with unblenched honours,
Resume her state, our first Illyrian matron.
Raab Kiuprili. Prince Emerick! you speak fairly, and your pledge too
Is such, as well would suit an honest meaning.
Casimir. My lord! you scarce know half his grace's goodness.
The wealthy heiress, high-born fair Sarolta,
Bred in the convent of our noble ladies,
Her relative, the venerable abbess,
Hath, at his grace's urgence, wooed and won for me.
Emerick. Long may the race, and long may that name flourish,
Which your heroic deeds, brave chief, have rendered
Dear and illustrious to all true Illyrians.
Raab Kiuprili. The longest line that ever tracing herald
Or found or feigned, placed by a beggar's soul
Hath but a mushroom's date in the comparison:
And with the soul, the conscience is coeval,
Yea, the soul's essence.
Emerick. Conscience, good my lord,
Is but the pulse of reason. Is it conscience,
That a free nation should be handed down,
Like the dull clods beneath our feet, by chance
And the blind law of lineage? That whether infant,
Or man matured, a wise man or an idiot,
Hero or natural coward, shall have guidance
Of a free people's destiny, should fall out
In the mere lottery of a reckless nature,
Where few the prizes and the blanks are countless?
Or haply that a nation's fate should hang
On the bald accident of a midwife's handling
The unclosed sutures of an infant's skull?
Casimir. What better claim can sovereign wish or need
Than the free voice of men who love their country?
Those chiefly who have fought for 't? Who by right,
Claim for their monarch one, who having obeyed,

288 *speak 1817, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 298 *Raab Kiuprili (sternly). 1817, 1828, 1829.*

So hath best learnt to govern; who, having suffered,
Can feel for each brave sufferer and reward him?
Whence sprang the name of Emperor? Was it not
By Nature's fiat? In the storm of triumph,
'Mid warriors' shouts, did her oracular voice
Make itself heard: Let the commanding spirit
Possess the station of command!
Raab Kiuprili. Prince Emerick,
Your cause will prosper best in your own pleading.
Emerick (*aside to Casimir*). Ragozzi was thy school-mate—a bold spirit!
Bind him to us!—Thy father thaws apace! [*Then aloud.*
Leave us awhile, my lord!—Your friend, Ragozzi,
Whom you have not yet seen since his return,
Commands the guard to-day.
[CASIMIR *retires to the Guard-house; and after a time appears before it with* CHEF RAGOZZI.
We are alone.
What further pledge or proof desires Kiuprili?
Then, with your assent——
Raab Kiuprili. Mistake not for assent
The unquiet silence of a stern resolve
Throttling the impatient voice. I have heard thee, Prince!
And I have watched thee, too; but have small faith in
A plausible tale told with a flitting eye.
[EMERICK *turns as about to call for the* Guard.
In the next moment I am in thy power,
In this thou art in mine. Stir but a step,
Or make one sign—I swear by this good sword,
Thou diest that instant.
Emerick. Ha, ha!—Well, Sir!—Conclude your homily.
Raab Kiuprili. A tale which, whether true or false, comes guarded
Against all means of proof, detects itself.
The Queen mew'd up—this too from anxious care
And love brought forth of a sudden, a twin birth
With thy discovery of her plot to rob thee
Of a rightful throne!—Mark how the scorpion, falsehood,
Coils round in its own perplexity, and fixes
Its sting in its own head!
Emerick. Aye! to the mark!

Before 343 *Raab Kiuprili* (*in a somewhat suppressed voice*). *1817, 1828, 1829.*
349 Coils round its perplexity *1817.*

Raab Kiuprili. Had'st thou believed thine own tale, had'st thou fancied
Thyself the rightful successor of Andreas,
Would'st thou have pilfered from our school-boys' themes
These shallow sophisms of a popular choice?
What people? How convened? or, if convened,
Must not the magic power that charms together
Millions of men in council, needs have power
To win or wield them? Better, O far better
Shout forth thy titles to yon circling mountains,
And with a thousand-fold reverberation
Make the rocks flatter thee, and the volleying air,
Unbribed, shout back to thee, King Emerick!
By wholesome laws to embank the sovereign power,
To deepen by restraint, and by prevention
Of lawless will to amass and guide the flood
In its majestic channel. is man's task
And the true patriot's glory! In all else
Men safelier trust to Heaven, than to themselves
When least themselves in the mad whirl of crowds
Where folly is contagious, and too oft
Even wise men leave their better sense at home
To chide and wonder at them when returned.

Emerick (*aloud*). Is't thus thou scoff'st the people? most of all,
The soldiers, the defenders of the people?

Raab Kiuprili. O most of all, most miserable nation,
For whom the imperial power, enormous bubble!
Is blown and kept aloft, or burst and shattered
By the bribed breath of a lewd soldiery!
Chiefly of such, as from the frontiers far,
(Which is the noblest station of true warriors)
In rank licentious idleness beleaguer
City and Court, a venomed thorn i' the side
Of virtuous kings, the tyrant's slave and tyrant,
Still ravening for fresh largess! But with such
What title claim'st thou, save thy birth? What merits
Which many a liegeman may not plead as well,
Brave though I grant thee? If a life outlaboured
Head, heart, and fortunate arm, in watch and war,

Before 351 *Raab Kiuprili* (*aloud: he and Emerick standing at equi-distance from the Palace and the Guard-house*). *1817, 1828, 1829.* 351 *fancied 1817, 1828, 1829.* 354 *popular choice 1817, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 375 *Raab Kiuprili* (*aloud*). *1817, 1828, 1829.*

For the land's fame and weal; if large acquests,
Made honest by the aggression of the foe,
And whose best praise is, that they bring us safety;
If victory, doubly-wreathed, whose under-garland
Of laurel-leaves looks greener and more sparkling
Thro' the grey olive-branch; if these, Prince Emerick!
Give the true title to the throne, not thou—
No! (let Illyria, let the infidel enemy
Be judge and arbiter between us!) I,
I were the rightful sovereign!

Emerick. I have faith
That thou both think'st and hop'st it. Fair Zapolya,
A provident lady—

Raab Kiuprili. Wretch beneath all answer!

Emerick. Offers at once the royal bed and throne!

Raab Kiuprili. To be a kingdom's bulwark, a king's glory,
Yet loved by both, and trusted, and trust-worthy,
Is more than to be king; but see! thy rage
Fights with thy fear. I will relieve thee! Ho! [*To the* Guard.

Emerick. Not for thy sword, but to entrap thee, ruffian!
Thus long I have listened—Guard—ho! from the Palace.

[*The* Guard *post from the Guard-house with* Chef Ragozzi *at their head, and then a number from the Palace—* Chef Ragozzi *demands* Kiuprili's *sword, and apprehends him.*

Casimir. O agony! [*To* Emerick.
Sire, hear me!
[*To* Kiuprili, *who turns from him.*
Hear me, father!

Emerick. Take in arrest that traitor and assassin!
Who pleads for his life, strikes at mine, his sovereign's.

Raab Kiuprili. As the Co-regent of the Realm, I stand
Amenable to none save to the States
Met in due course of law. But ye are bond-slaves,
Yet witness ye that before God and man
I here impeach Lord Emerick of foul treason,
And on strong grounds attaint him with suspicion
Of murder—

Emerick. Hence with the madman!

Raab Kiuprili. Your Queen's murder,
The royal orphan's murder: and to the death

395 *thou 1817, 1828, 1829.* 410 *his 1817, 1828, 1829.*

Defy him, as a tyrant and usurper.

[*Hurried off by* RAGOZZI *and the* Guard.

Emerick. Ere twice the sun hath risen, by my sceptre
This insolence shall be avenged.

Casimir. O banish him!
This infamy will crush me. O for my sake,
Banish him, my liege lord!

Emerick. What? to the army?
Be calm, young friend! Nought shall be done in anger.
The child o'erpowers the man. In this emergence
I must take counsel for us both. Retire. [*Exit* CASIMIR.

Emerick (*alone, looks at a Calendar*). The changeful planet, now in her decay,
Dips down at midnight, to be seen no more.
With her shall sink the enemies of Emerick,
Cursed by the last look of the waning moon:
And my bright destiny, with sharpened horns,
Shall greet me fearless in the new-born crescent. [*Exit.*

Scene changes to the back of the Palace—a Wooded Park, and Mountains. Enter ZAPOLYA, *with an infant in arms.*

Zapolya. Hush, dear one! hush! My trembling arm disturbs thee!
Thou, the protector of the helpless! Thou,
The widow's husband and the orphan's father,
Direct my steps! Ah whither? O send down
Thy angel to a houseless babe and mother,
Driven forth into the cruel wilderness!
Hush, sweet one! Thou art no Hagar's offspring: thou art
The rightful heir of an anointed king!
What sounds are those? It is the vesper chaunt
Of labouring men returning to their home!
Their queen has no home! Hear me, heavenly Father!
And let this darkness——
Be as the shadow of thy outspread wings
To hide and shield us! Start'st thou in thy slumbers?
Thou canst not dream of savage Emerick. Hush!
Betray not thy poor mother! For if they seize thee
I shall grow mad indeed, and they'll believe
Thy wicked uncle's lie. Ha! what? A soldier?

423 *Emerick* (*scornfully*). What? &c. *1817, 1828, 1829.* *After* 426 [*Exit* CASIMIR *in agitation. 1817, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 433 *Scene changes to another view, namely the back, &c. 1817, 1828, 1829.* 447 *Thou 1817, 1828, 1829.*

[*Enter* CHEF RAGOZZI.

Chef Ragozzi. Sure Heaven befriends us. Well! he hath escaped!
O rare tune of a tyrant's promises
That can enchant the serpent treachery
From forth its lurking hole in the heart. 'Ragozzi!
O brave Ragozzi! Count! Commander! What not?'
And all this too for nothing! a poor nothing!
Merely to play the underling in the murder
Of my best friend Kiuprili! His own son—monstrous!
Tyrant! I owe thee thanks, and in good hour
Will I repay thee, for that thou thought'st me too
A serviceable villain. Could I now
But gain some sure intelligence of the queen:
Heaven bless and guard her!

Zapolya (coming forward). Art thou not Ragozzi?

Chef Ragozzi. The Queen! Now then the miracle is full!
I see heaven's wisdom is an over-match
For the devil's cunning. This way, madam, haste!

Zapolya. Stay! Oh, no! Forgive me if I wrong thee!
This is thy sovereign's child: Oh, pity us,
And be not treacherous! [*Kneeling.*

Chef Ragozzi (raising her). Madam! For mercy's sake!

Zapolya. But tyrants have a hundred eyes and arms!

Chef Ragozzi. Take courage, madam! 'Twere too horrible,
(I can not do't) to swear I'm not a monster!—
Scarce had I barr'd the door on Raab Kiuprili—

Zapolya. Kiuprili! How?

Chef Ragozzi. There is not time to tell it,—
The tyrant called me to him, praised my zeal—
(And be assured I overtopt his cunning
And seemed right zealous.) But time wastes: In fine,
Bids me dispatch my trustiest friends, as couriers
With letters to the army. The thought at once
Flashed on me. I disguised my prisoner—

Zapolya. What, Raab Kiuprili?

Chef Ragozzi. Yes! my noble general!
I sent him off, with Emerick's own pacquet,
Haste, and post haste—Prepared to follow him——

Before 451 [*She starts back—and enter, &c. 1817, 1828, 1829.* 454-5 'Ragozzi... What not?'] *Ragozzi... What not? 1817, 1828, 1829.* 460 *me 1817, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 464 *Zapolya (coming fearfully forward). 1817, 1828, 1829.* 483 *him 1817, 1828, 1829.*

Zapolya. Ah, how? Is it joy or fear? My limbs seem sinking!—

Chef Ragozzi (*supporting her*). Heaven still befriends us. I have left my charger,
A gentle beast and fleet, and my boy's mule,
One that can shoot a precipice like a bird,
Just where the wood begins to climb the mountains.
The course we'll thread will mock the tyrant's guesses,
Or scare the followers. Ere we reach the main road
The Lord Kiuprili will have sent a troop
To escort me. Oh, thrice happy when he finds
The treasure which I convoy!

Zapolya. One brief moment,
That praying for strength I may have strength. This babe,
Heaven's eye is on it, and its innocence
Is, as a prophet's prayer, strong and prevailing!
Through thee, dear babe, the inspiring thought possessed me,
When the loud clamor rose, and all the palace
Emptied itself—(They sought my life, Ragozzi!)
Like a swift shadow gliding, I made way
To the deserted chamber of my lord.— [*Then to the infant.*
And thou didst kiss thy father's lifeless lips,
And in thy helpless hand, sweet slumberer!
Still clasp'st the signet of thy royalty.
As I removed the seal, the heavy arm
Dropt from the couch aslant, and the stiff finger
Seemed pointing at my feet. Provident Heaven!
Lo, I was standing on the secret door,
Which, through a long descent where all sound perishes,
Led out beyond the palace. Well I knew it——
But Andreas framed it not! He was no tyrant!

Chef Ragozzi. Haste, madam! Let me take this precious burden! [*He kneels as he takes the child.*

Zapolya. Take him! And if we be pursued, I charge thee,
Flee thou and leave me! Flee and save thy king!
[*Then as going off, she looks back on the palace.*
Thou tyrant's den, be called no more a palace!
The orphan's angel at the throne of heaven
Stands up against thee, and there hover o'er thee
A Queen's, a Mother's, and a Widow's curse.
Henceforth a dragon's haunt, fear and suspicion
Stand sentry at thy portals! Faith and honour,

495 *have 1817, 1828, 1829.* 512 *Andreas: He 1817, 1828, 1829.*

Driven from the throne, shall leave the attainted nation:
And, for the iniquity that houses in thee,
False glory, thirst of blood, and lust of rapine,
(Fateful conjunction of malignant planets)
Shall shoot their blastments on the land. The fathers
Henceforth shall have no joy in their young men,
And when they cry: Lo! a male child is born!
The mother shall make answer with a groan.
For bloody usurpation, like a vulture,
Shall clog its beak within Illyria's heart.
Remorseless slaves of a remorseless tyrant,
They shall be mocked with sounds of liberty,
And liberty shall be proclaimed alone
To thee, O Fire! O Pestilence! O Sword!
Till Vengeance hath her fill.—And thou, snatched hence,
Poor friendless fugitive! with mother's wailing,
Offspring of Royal Andreas, shalt return,
With trump and timbrel-clang, and popular shout,
In triumph to the palace of thy fathers! [*Exeunt.*

524 rapine] ravine *1817.* 528 *Lo! . . . borne! 1817, 1828, 1829.* 533 *sounds 1817, 1828, 1829.* *After* 536 [*Again to the infant. 1817, 1828, 1829.* *After* 540 END OF THE PRELUDE. *1817.*

Part II

THE SEQUEL, ENTITLED 'THE USURPER'S FATE'

ADDITIONAL CHARACTERS

Old Bathory, *a Mountaineer.*
Bethlen Bathory, *the young Prince Andreas, supposed son of Old* Bathory.
Lord Rudolph, *a Courtier, but friend to the Queen's party.*
Laska, *Steward to* Casimir, *betrothed to* Glycine.
Pestalutz, *an Assassin, in* Emerick's *employ.*
Lady Sarolta, *Wife of* Lord Casimir.
Glycine, *Orphan Daughter of* Chef Ragozzi.

Between the flight of the Queen, and the civil war which immediately followed, and in which Emerick *remained the victor, a space of twenty years is supposed to have elapsed.*

USURPATION ENDED; OR, SHE COMES AGAIN

ACT I

Scene I

A Mountainous Country. Bathory's *Dwelling at the end of the Stage. Enter* Lady Sarolta *and* Glycine.

Glycine. Well then! our round of charity is finished.
Rest, Madam! You breathe quick.
Sarolta. What, tired, Glycine?
No delicate court-dame, but a mountaineer
By choice no less than birth, I gladly use
The good strength Nature gave me.
Glycine. That last cottage
Is built as if an eagle or a raven
Had chosen it for her nest.
Sarolta. So many are
The sufferings which no human aid can reach,
It needs must be a duty doubly sweet
To heal the few we can. Well! let us rest.
Glycine. There?
[*Pointing to* Bathory's *dwelling.*
Sarolta. Here! For on this spot Lord Casimir
Took his last leave. On yonder mountain-ridge
I lost the misty image which so long
Lingered, or seemed at least to linger on it.

11 [*Pointing to* Bathory's *dwelling.* Sarolta *answering, points to where she then stands.*

Glycine. And what if even now, on that same ridge,
A speck should rise, and still enlarging, lengthening,
As it clomb downwards, shape itself at last
To a numerous cavalcade, and spurring foremost,
Who but Sarolta's own dear lord returned
From his high embassy?
Sarolta. Thou hast hit my thought!
All the long day, from yester-morn to evening,
The restless hope fluttered about my heart.
Oh we are querulous creatures! Little less
Than all things can suffice to make us happy;
And little more than nothing is enough
To discontent us.—Were he come, then should I
Repine he had not arrived just one day earlier
To keep his birth-day here, in his own birth-place.
Glycine. But our best sports belike, and gay processions
Would to my lord have seemed but work-day sights
Compared with those the royal court affords.
Sarolta. I have small wish to see them. A spring morning
With its wild gladsome minstrelsy of birds
And its bright jewelry of flowers and dew-drops
(Each orbéd drop an orb of glory in it)
Would put them all in eclipse. This sweet retirement
Lord Casimir's wish alone would have made sacred:
But, in good truth, his loving jealousy
Did but command, what I had else entreated.
Glycine. And yet had I been born Lady Sarolta,
Been wedded to the noblest of the realm,
So beautiful besides, and yet so stately——
Sarolta. Hush! Innocent flatterer!
Glycine. Nay! to my poor fancy
The royal court would seem an earthly heaven,
Made for such stars to shine in, and be gracious.
Sarolta. So doth the ignorant distance still delude us!
Thy fancied heaven, dear girl, like that above thee,
In its mere self a cold, drear, colourless void,
Seen from below and in the large, becomes
The bright blue ether, and the seat of gods!
Well! but this broil that scared you from the dance?
And was not Laska there: he, your betrothed?
Glycine. Yes, madam! he was there. So was the maypole,
For we danced round it.
Sarolta. Ah, Glycine! why,

Why did you then betroth yourself?
Glycine. Because
My own dear lady wished it! 'twas you asked me!
Sarolta. Yes, at my lord's request, but never wished,
My poor affectionate girl, to see thee wretched.
Thou knowest not yet the duties of a wife.
Glycine. Oh, yes! It is a wife's chief duty, madam!
To stand in awe of her husband, and obey him,
And, I am sure, I never shall see Laska
But I shall tremble.
Sarolta. Not with fear, I think,
For you still mock him. Bring a seat from the cottage.
[*Exit* GLYCINE *into the cottage,* SAROLTA *continues her speech looking after her.*
Something above thy rank there hangs about thee,
And in thy countenance, thy voice, and motion,
Yea, e'en in thy simplicity, Glycine,
A fine and feminine grace, that makes me feel
More as a mother than a mistress to thee!
Thou art a soldier's orphan! that—the courage,
Which rising in thine eye, seems oft to give
A new soul to its gentleness, doth prove thee!
Thou art sprung too of no ignoble blood,
Or there's no faith in instinct!
[*Angry voices and clamour within.*

Re-enter GLYCINE.

Glycine. Oh, madam! there's a party of your servants,
And my lord's steward, Laska, at their head,
Have come to search for old Bathory's son,
Bethlen, that brave young man! 'twas he, my lady,
That took our parts, and beat off the intruders,
And in mere spite and malice, now they charge him
With bad words of Lord Casimir and the king.
Pray don't believe them, madam! This way! This way!
Lady Sarolta's here.— [*Calling without.*
Sarolta. Be calm, Glycine.

Enter LASKA *and* Servants *with* OLD BATHORY.

Laska (to Bathory). We have no concern with you! What needs your presence?
Old Bathory. What! Do you think I'll suffer my brave boy

56 *you 1817, 1828, 1829.* After 74 [*Angry voices and clamour without. 1817.*

To be slandered by a set of coward-ruffians,
And leave it to their malice,—yes, mere malice!—
To tell its own tale?

[LASKA *and* Servants *bow to Lady* SAROLTA.

Sarolta. Laska! What may this mean?

Laska. Madam! and may it please your ladyship!
This old man's son, by name Bethlen Bathory,
Stands charged, on weighty evidence, that he,
On yester-eve, being his lordship's birth-day,
Did traitorously defame Lord Casimir:
The lord high steward of the realm, moreover——

Sarolta. Be brief! We know his titles!

Laska. And moreover
Raved like a traitor at our liege King Emerick.
And furthermore, said witnesses make oath,
Led on the assault upon his lordship's servants;
Yea, insolently tore, from this, your huntsman,
His badge of livery of your noble house,
And trampled it in scorn.

Sarolta (to the Servants who offer to speak). You have had your spokesman!
Where is the young man thus accused?

Old Bathory. I know not:
But if no ill betide him on the mountains,
He will not long be absent!

Sarolta. Thou art his father?

Old Bathory. None ever with more reason prized a son;
Yet I hate falsehood more than I love him.
But more than one, now in my lady's presence,
Witnessed the affray, besides these men of malice;
And if I swerve from truth——

Glycine. Yes! good old man!
My lady! pray believe him!

Sarolta. Hush, Glycine
Be silent, I command you. [*Then to* BATHORY.
Speak! we hear you!

Old Bathory. My tale is brief. During our festive dance,
Your servants, the accusers of my son,
Offered gross insults, in unmanly sort,
To our village maidens. He (could he do less?)
Rose in defence of outraged modesty,
And so persuasive did his cudgel prove,

Before 89 *Laska (pompously, as commencing a set speech). 1817, 1828, 1829.*

(Your hectoring sparks so over-brave to women
Are always cowards) that they soon took flight,
And now in mere revenge, like baffled boasters,
Have framed this tale, out of some hasty words
Which their own threats provoked.
Sarolta. Old man! you talk
Too bluntly! Did your son owe no respect
To the livery of our house?
Old Bathory. Even such respect
As the sheep's skin should gain for the hot wolf
That hath begun to worry the poor lambs!
Laska. Old insolent ruffian!
Glycine. Pardon! pardon, madam!
I saw the whole affray. The good old man
Means no offence, sweet lady!—You, yourself,
Laska! know well, that these men were the ruffians!
Shame on you!
Sarolta. What! Glycine? Go, retire! [*Exit* GLYCINE.
Be it then that these men faulted. Yet yourself,
Or better still belike the maidens' parents,
Might have complained to us. Was ever access
Denied you? Or free audience? Or are we
Weak and unfit to punish our own servants?
Old Bathory. So then! So then! Heaven grant an old man patience!
And must the gardener leave his seedling plants,
Leave his young roses to the rooting swine
While he goes ask their master, if perchance
His leisure serve to scourge them from their ravage?
Laska. Ho! Take the rude clown from your lady's presence!
I will report her further will!
Sarolta. Wait then,
Till thou hast learnt it! Fervent good old man!
Forgive me that, to try thee, I put on
A face of sternness, alien to my meaning!
[*Then speaks to the* Servants.
Hence! leave my presence! and you, Laska! mark me!
Those rioters are no longer of my household!
If we but shake a dewdrop from a rose
In vain would we replace it, and as vainly
Restore the tear of wounded modesty

132 *Sarolta (speaks with affected anger). 1817, 1828, 1829.* *ter* 132 [*Exit* GLYCINE, *mournfully. 1817, 1828, 1829.* 135 *us 1817, 1828, 1829.*

To a maiden's eye familiarized to licence.—
But these men, Laska—
Laska (aside). Yes, now 'tis coming.
Sarolta. Brutal aggressors first, then baffled dastards,
That they have sought to piece out their revenge
With a tale of words lured from the lips of anger
Stamps them most dangerous; and till I want
Fit means for wicked ends, we shall not need
Their services. Discharge them! You, Bathory!
Are henceforth of my household! I shall place you
Near my own person. When your son returns,
Present him to us!
Old Bathory. Ha! what strangers here!
[1] What business have they in an old man's eye?
Your goodness, lady—and it came so sudden—
I can not—must not—let you be deceived.
I have yet another tale, but— [*Then to* SAROLTA *aside.*
not for all ears!
Sarolta. I oft have passed your cottage, and still praised
Its beauty, and that trim orchard-plot, whose blossoms
The gusts of April showered aslant its thatch.
Come, you shall show it me! And, while you bid it
Farewell, be not ashamed that I should witness
The oil of gladness glittering on the water
Of an ebbing grief. [BATHORY *shows her into his cottage.*
Laska (alone). Vexation! baffled! school'd!
Ho! Laska! wake! why? what can all this mean?
She sent away that cockatrice in anger!
Oh the false witch! It is too plain, she loves him.
And now, the old man near my lady's person,
She'll see this Bethlen hourly!
[LASKA *flings himself into the seat.* GLYCINE *peeps in.*
Glycine. Laska! Laska!
my lady gone?
Laska. Gone.

[1] This line was borrowed unconsciously from the Excursion. ['Why should a tear be in an old man's eye?' *Excursion*, Bk. I, l. 598 (1814).] Refers (i. e. 'strangers' in l. 163) to the tears which he feels starting in his eye. The following line was borrowed from Mr. Wordsworth's Excursion. *1817, 1828, 1829.*

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174 Of an ebbing grief. [BATHORY *bowing, shows, &c. 1817, 1828, 1829.*
179 She'll see . . . hourly. [LASKA . . . *peeps in timidly. 1817, 1828, 1829.*
180 *Laska (surlily).* Gone *1817, 1828, 1829.*

Glycine. Have you yet seen him?
Is he returned? [LASKA *starts up.*
Has the seat stung you, Laska?
Laska. No, serpent! no; 'tis you that sting me; you!
What! you would cling to him again?
Glycine. Whom?
Laska. Bethlen! Bethlen!
Yes; gaze as if your very eyes embraced him!
Ha! you forget the scene of yesterday!
Mute ere he came, but then—Out on your screams,
And your pretended fears!
Glycine. Your fears, at least,
Were real, Laska! or your trembling limbs
And white cheeks played the hypocrites most vilely!
Laska. I fear! whom? what?
Glycine. I know what I should fear,
Were I in Laska's place.
Laska. What?
Glycine. My own conscience,
For having fed my jealousy and envy
With a plot, made out of other men's revenges,
Against a brave and innocent young man's life!
Yet, yet, pray tell me!
Laska. You will know too soon.
Glycine. Would I could find my lady! though she chid me—
Yet this suspense— [*Going.*
Laska. Stop! stop! one question only—
I am quite calm—
Glycine. Ay, as the old song says,
Calm as a tiger, valiant as a dove.
Nay now, I have marred the verse: well! this one question—
Laska. Are you not bound to me by your own promise?
And is it not as plain—
Glycine. Halt! that's two questions.
Laska. Pshaw! Is it not as plain as impudence,
That you're in love with this young swaggering beggar,
Bethlen Bathory? When he was accused,
Why pressed you forward? Why did you defend him?
Glycine. Question meet question: that's a woman's privilege,

181 Is he returned? [LASKA *starts up from his seat. 1817, 1828, 1829.*
188 *Your 1817, 1828, 1829.* 191 I should] *I should 1817, 1828, 1829.*
196 *Laska (malignantly).* You, &c. *1817, 1828, 1829.* 207 *you: you 1817, 1828, 1829.*

Why, Laska, did you urge Lord Casimir
To make my lady force that promise from me?
Laska. So then, you say, Lady Sarolta forced you?
Glycine. Could I look up to her dear countenance,
And say her nay? As far back as I wot of
All her commands were gracious, sweet requests.
How could it be then, but that her requests
Must needs have sounded to me as commands?
And as for love, had I a score of loves,
I'd keep them all for my dear, kind, good mistress.
Laska. Not one for Bethlen?
Glycine. Oh! that's a different thing.
To be sure he's brave, and handsome, and so pious
To his good old father. But for loving him—
Nay, there, indeed you are mistaken, Laska!
Poor youth! I rather think I grieve for him;
For I sigh so deeply when I think of him!
And if I see him, the tears come in my eyes,
And my heart beats; and all because I dreamt
That the war-wolf[1] had gored him as he hunted
In the haunted forest!
Laska. You dare own all this?
Your lady will not warrant promise-breach.
Mine, pampered Miss! you shall be; and I'll make you
Grieve for him with a vengeance. Odd's, my fingers
Tingle already! [*Makes threatening signs.*
Glycine (*aside*). Ha! Bethlen coming this way!
[GLYCINE *then cries out.*
Oh, save me! save me! Pray don't kill me, Laska!

Enter BETHLEN *in a Hunting Dress.*

Bethlen. What, beat a woman!
Laska (*to Glycine*). O you cockatrice!
Bethlen. Unmanly dastard, hold!
Laska. Do you chance to know
Who—I—am, Sir?—('Sdeath! how black he looks!)

[1] For the best account of the War-wolf or Lycanthropus, see Drayton's *Moon-calf*, Chalmers' English Poets, vol. iv, p. 133.

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209 *you 1817, 1828, 1829.* 211 *forced 1817, 1828, 1829.* 221 *loving 1817, 1828, 1829.* 222 *there 1817, 1828, 1829.* 223 *grieve 1817, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 233 [GLYCINE *then cries out as if afraid of being beaten. 1817, 1828, 1829.* 235 *Laska* (*pompously*). Do you, &c. *1817, 1828, 1829.*

Bethlen. I have started many strange beasts in my time,
But none less like a man, than this before me
That lifts his hand against a timid female.
Laska. Bold youth! she's mine.
Glycine. No, not my master yet,
But only is to be; and all, because
Two years ago my lady asked me, and
I promised her, not him; and if she'll let me,
I'll hate you, my lord's steward.
Bethlen. Hush, Glycine!
Glycine. Yes, I do, Bethlen; for he just now brought
False witnesses to swear away your life:
Your life, and old Bathory's too.
Bethlen. Bathory's!
Where is my father? Answer, or——Ha! gone!
[LASKA *during this time retires from the Stage.*
Glycine. Oh, heed not him! I saw you pressing onward,
And did but feign alarm. Dear gallant youth,
It is your life they seek!
Bethlen. My life?
Glycine. Alas,
Lady Sarolta even—
Bethlen. She does not know me!
Glycine. Oh that she did! she could not then have spoken
With such stern countenance. But though she spurn me,
I will kneel, Bethlen—
Bethlen. Not for me, Glycine!
What have I done? or whom have I offended?
Glycine. Rash words, 'tis said, and treasonous of the king.
[BETHLEN *mutters to himself.*
Glycine (*aside*). So looks the statue, in our hall, o' the god,
The shaft just flown that killed the serpent!
Bethlen. King!
Glycine. Ah, often have I wished you were a king.
You would protect the helpless every where,
As you did us. And I, too, should not then
Grieve for you, Bethlen, as I do; nor have

241 *is 1817, 1828, 1829.* 243 *her: him: she'll 1817, 1828, 1829.* *After* 248 [LASKA *during this time slinks off the Stage, using threatening gestures to* GLYCINE. *1817, 1828, 1829.* 249 *him 1817, 1828, 1829.* 251 *your 1817, 1828, 1829.* *After* 257 [BETHLEN *mutters to himself indignantly. 1817, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 259 *Bethlen* (*muttering aside*). *1817, 1828, 1829.*

The tears come in my eyes; nor dream bad dreams
That you were killed in the forest; and then Laska
Would have no right to rail at me, nor say
(Yes, the base man, he says,) that I—I love you.
Bethlen. Pretty Glycine! wert thou not betrothed—
But in good truth I know not what I speak.
This luckless morning I have been so haunted
With my own fancies, starting up like omens,
That I feel like one, who waking from a dream
Both asks and answers wildly.—But Bathory?
Glycine. Hist! 'tis my lady's step! She must not see you!
[BETHLEN *retires.*

Enter from the Cottage SAROLTA *and* BATHORY.

Sarolta. Go, seek your son! I need not add, be speedy—
You here, Glycine? [*Exit* BATHORY.
Glycine. Pardon, pardon, Madam!
If you but saw the old man's son, you would not,
You could not have him harmed.
Sarolta. Be calm, Glycine!
Glycine. No, I shall break my heart.
Sarolta. Ha! is it so?
O strange and hidden power of sympathy,
That of like fates, though all unknown to each,
Dost make blind instincts, orphan's heart to orphan's
Drawing by dim disquiet!
Glycine. Old Bathory—
Sarolta. Seeks his brave son. Come, wipe away thy tears.
Yes, in good truth, Glycine, this same Bethlen
Seems a most noble and deserving youth.
Glycine. My lady does not mock me?
Sarolta. Where is Laska?
Has he not told thee?
Glycine. Nothing. In his fear—
Anger, I mean—stole off—I am so fluttered—
Left me abruptly—
Sarolta. His shame excuses him!
He is somewhat hardly tasked; and in discharging
His own tools, cons a lesson for himself.
Bathory and the youth henceforward live
Safe in my lord's protection.
Glycine. The saints bless you!

279 *Glycine.* No . . . heart. [*Sobbing. Sarolta* (*taking her hand*). Ha! &c. *1817, 1828, 1829.*

Shame on my graceless heart! How dared I fear,
Lady Sarolta could be cruel?
Sarolta. Come,
Be yourself, girl!
Glycine. O, 'tis so full here!
And now it can not harm him if I tell you,
That the old man's son—
Sarolta. Is not that old man's son!
A destiny, not unlike thine own, is his.
For all I know of thee is, that thou art
A soldier's orphan: left when rage intestine[1]
Shook and engulphed the pillars of Illyria.
This other fragment, thrown back by that same earthquake,
This, so mysteriously inscribed by nature,
Perchance may piece out and interpret thine.
Command thyself! Be secret! His true father——
Hear'st thou?
Glycine. O tell—
Bethlen (*rushing out*). Yes, tell me, Shape from heaven!
Who is my father?
Sarolta (*gazing with surprise*). Thine? Thy father? Rise!
Glycine. Alas! He hath alarmed you, my dear lady!
Sarolta. His countenance, not his act!
Glycine. Rise, Bethlen! Rise!
Bethlen. No; kneel thou too! and with thy orphan's tongue
Plead for me! I am rooted to the earth
And have no power to rise! Give me a father!
There is a prayer in those uplifted eyes
That seeks high Heaven! But I will overtake it,

[1] In the English dramatic Iambic pentameter, a — and hypera-catalectic, [*sic*] the arsis strengthened by the emphasis (in which our blank verse differs from the Greek Prosody, which acknowledges no influence from emphasis) and assisted by the following caesura, permits the licence of an amphimacer — ∪ — for a spondee — —: the intermediate ∪ being sucked up. Thus, orphan: left:—and still more easily an amphibrach for a spondee. This oth | er fragment | thrown back, &c.

[MS, note by S. T. C. in copy of first Edition to lines 302 and 304. In the text 'órphan' and 'frágment' are marked with an accent.]

297 O, 'tis so full *here.* [*At her heart. 1817, 1828, 1829.* 299 *not 1817, 1828, 1829.* 301 *thee 1817, 1828, 1829.* 308 *Glycine* (*eagerly*). O tell— *Bethlen* (*who had overheard the last few words, now rushes out*). Yes, &c. *1817, 1828, 1829.* 309 *Thy 1817, 1828, 1829.*

And bring it back, and make it plead for me
In thine own heart! Speak! Speak! Restore to me
A name in the world!
Sarolta. By that blest Heaven I gazed at,
I know not who thou art. And if I knew,
Dared I—But rise!
Bethlen. Blest spirits of my parents,
Ye hover o'er me now! Ye shine upon me!
And like a flower that coils forth from a ruin,
I feel and seek the light I can not see!
Sarolta. Thou see'st yon dim spot on the mountain's ridge,
But what it is thou know'st not. Even such
Is all I know of thee—haply, brave youth,
Is all Fate makes it safe for thee to know!
Bethlen. Safe? Safe? O let me then inherit danger,
And it shall be my birth-right!
Sarolta (aside). That look again!—
The wood which first incloses, and then skirts
The highest track that leads across the mountains—
Thou know'st it, Bethlen?
Bethlen. Lady, 'twas my wont
To roam there in my childhood oft alone
And mutter to myself the name of father.
For still Bathory (why, till now I guessed not)
Would never hear it from my lips, but sighing
Gazed upward. Yet of late an idle terror——
Glycine. Madam, that wood is haunted by the war-wolves,
Vampires, and monstrous——
Sarolta. Moon-calves, credulous girl!
Haply some o'ergrown savage of the forest
Hath his lair there, and fear hath framed the rest.
After that last great battle, (O young man!
Thou wakest anew my life's sole anguish) that
Which fixed Lord Emerick on his throne, Bathory
Led by a cry, far inward from the track,
In the hollow of an oak, as in a nest,
Did find thee, Bethlen, then a helpless babe.
The robe that wrapt thee was a widow's mantle.
Bethlen. An infant's weakness doth relax my frame.
O say—I fear to ask——
Sarolta. And I to tell thee.

340 *Sarolta (with a smile).* Moon-calves, &c. *1817, 1828, 1829.* *After* 342 [*Then speaking again to* BETHLEN. *1817, 1828, 1829.*

Bethlen. Strike! O strike quickly! See, I do not shrink.
I am stone, cold stone.
Sarolta. Hid in a brake hard by,
Scarce by both palms supported from the earth,
A wounded lady lay, whose life fast waning
Seemed to survive itself in her fixt eyes,
That strained towards the babe. At length one arm
Painfully from her own weight disengaging,
She pointed first to heaven, then from her bosom
Drew forth a golden casket. Thus entreated
Thy foster-father took thee in his arms,
And kneeling spake: 'If aught of this world's comfort
Can reach thy heart, receive a poor man's troth,
That at my life's risk I will save thy child!'
Her countenance worked, as one that seemed preparing
A loud voice, but it died upon her lips
In a faint whisper, 'Fly! Save him! Hide—hide all!'
Bethlen. And did he leave her? What! had I a mother?
And left her bleeding, dying? Bought I vile life
With the desertion of a dying mother?
Oh agony!
Glycine. Alas! thou art bewildered,
And dost forget thou wert a helpless infant!
Bethlen. What else can I remember, but a mother
Mangled and left to perish?
Sarolta. Hush, Glycine!
It is the ground-swell of a teeming instinct:
Let it but lift itself to air and sunshine,
And it will find a mirror in the waters
It now makes boil above it. Check him not!
Bethlen. O that I were diffused among the waters
That pierce into the secret depths of earth,
And find their way in darkness! Would that I
Could spread myself upon the homeless winds!
And I would seek her! for she is not dead!
She can not die! O pardon, gracious lady!
You were about to say, that he returned—
Sarolta. Deep Love, the godlike in us, still believes
Its objects as immortal as itself!
Bethlen. And found her still—
Sarolta. Alas! he did return,

After 352 [*Striking his breast.* *1817, 1828, 1829.* 384 *can not 1817, 1828, 1829.*

He left no spot unsearched in all the forest,
But she (I trust me by some friendly hand)
Had been borne off.
Bethlen. O whither?
Glycine. Dearest Bethlen!
I would that you could weep like me! O do not
Gaze so upon the air!
Sarolta. While he was absent,
A friendly troop, 'tis certain, scoured the wood,
Hotly pursued indeed by Emerick.
Bethlen. Emerick.
Oh hell!
Glycine. Bethlen!
Bethlen. Hist! I'll curse him in a whisper!
This gracious lady must hear blessings only.
She hath not yet the glory round her head,
Nor those strong eagle wings, which make swift way
To that appointed place, which I must seek;
Or else she were my mother!
Sarolta. Noble youth!
From me fear nothing! Long time have I owed
Offerings of expiation for misdeeds
Long past that weigh me down, though innocent!
Thy foster-father hid the secret from thee,
For he perceived thy thoughts as they expanded,
Proud, restless, and ill-sorting with thy state!
Vain was his care! Thou'st made thyself suspected
E'en where suspicion reigns, and asks no proof
But its own fears! Great Nature hath endowed thee
With her best gifts! From me thou shalt receive
All honourable aidance! But haste hence!
Travel will ripen thee, and enterprise
Beseems thy years! Be thou henceforth my soldier!
And whatsoe'er betide thee, still believe
That in each noble deed, achieved or suffered,
Thou solvest best the riddle of thy birth!
And may the light that streams from thine own honour
Guide thee to that thou seekest!
Glycine. Must he leave us?

393 *Sarolta (continuing the story).* While, &c. *1817, 1828, 1829.* 396 *Glycine (to silence him).* Bethlen! *1817, 1828, 1829.* 401 *she 1817, 1828, 1829.* 414 *my 1817, 1828, 1829.*

Bethlen. And for such goodness can I return nothing
But some hot tears that sting mine eyes? Some sighs
That if not breathed would swell my heart to stifling?
May heaven and thine own virtues, high-born lady,
Be as a shield of fire, far, far aloof
To scare all evil from thee! Yet, if fate
Hath destined thee one doubtful hour of danger,
From the uttermost region of the earth, methinks,
Swift as a spirit invoked, I should be with thee!
And then, perchance, I might have power to unbosom
These thanks that struggle here. Eyes fair as thine
Have gazed on me with tears of love and anguish,
Which these eyes saw not, or beheld unconscious;
And tones of anxious fondness, passionate prayers,
Have been talked to me! But this tongue ne'er soothed
A mother's ear, lisping a mother's name!
O, at how dear a price have I been loved
And no love could return! One boon then, lady!
Where'er thou bidd'st, I go thy faithful soldier,
But first must trace the spot, where she lay bleeding
Who gave me life. No more shall beast of ravine
Affront with baser spoil that sacred forest!
Or if avengers more than human haunt there,
Take they what shape they list, savage or heavenly,
They shall make answer to me, though my heart's blood
Should be the spell to bind them. Blood calls for blood!
[*Exit Bethlen.*

Sarolta. Ah! it was this I feared. To ward off this
Did I withhold from him that old Bathory
Returning hid beneath the self-same oak,
Where the babe lay, the mantle, and some jewel
Bound on his infant arm.

Glycine. Oh, let me fly
And stop him! Mangled limbs do there lie scattered
Till the lured eagle bears them to her nest.
And voices have been heard! And there the plant grows
That being eaten gives the inhuman wizard
Power to put on the fell hyæna's shape.

Sarolta. What idle tongue hath bewitched thee, Glycine?
I hoped that thou had'st learnt a nobler faith.

Glycine. O chide me not, dear lady; question Laska,

456 *thee 1817, 1828, 1847.*

Or the old man.

Sarolta. Forgive me, I spake harshly.
It is indeed a mighty sorcery
That doth enthral thy young heart, my poor girl,
And what hath Laska told thee?

Glycine. Three days past
A courier from the king did cross that wood;
A wilful man, that armed himself on purpose:
And never hath been heard of from that time!

[*Sound of horns without.*

Sarolta. Hark! dost thou hear it!

Glycine. 'Tis the sound of horns!
Our huntsmen are not out!

Sarolta. Lord Casimir
Would not come thus! [*Horns again.*

Glycine. Still louder!

Sarolta. Haste we hence!
For I believe in part thy tale of terror!
But, trust me, 'tis the inner man transformed:
Beasts in the shape of men are worse than war-wolves.

[SAROLTA *and* GLYCINE *exeunt. Trumpets, &c. louder.*
Enter EMERICK, LORD RUDOLPH, LASKA, *and* Huntsmen *and* Attendants.

Rudolph. A gallant chase, sire.

Emerick. Aye, but this new quarry
That we last started seems worth all the rest. [*then to Laska.*
And you—excuse me—what 's your name?

Laska. Whatever
Your majesty may please.

Emerick. Nay, that 's too late, man.
Say, what thy mother and thy godfather
Were pleased to call thee.

Laska. Laska, my liege sovereign.

Emerick. Well, my liege subject, Laska! And you are
Lord Casimir's steward?

Laska. And your majesty's creature.

Emerick. Two gentle dames made off at our approach.
Which was your lady?

Laska My liege lord, the taller.
The other, please your grace, is her poor handmaid,
Long since betrothed to me. But the maid 's froward—

467 *Our 1817, 1828, 1829.* 480 *Two 1817, 1828, 1829.*

Yet would your grace but speak—
Emerick. Hùm, master steward!
I am honoured with this sudden confidence.
Lead on. [*to Laska, then to Rudolph.*
Lord Rudolph, you'll announce our coming.
Greet fair Sarolta from me, and entreat her
To be our gentle hostess. Mark, you add
How much we grieve, that business of the state
Hath forced us to delay her lord's return.
Lord Rudolph (*aside*). Lewd, ingrate tyrant! Yes, I will announce thee.
Emerick. Now onward all. [*Exeunt attendants.*
A fair one, by my faith!
If her face rival but her gait and stature,
My good friend Casimir had his reasons too.
'Her tender health, her vow of strict retirement,
Made early in the convent—His word pledged—'
All fictions, all! fictions of jealousy.
Well! If the mountain move not to the prophet,
The prophet must to the mountain! In this Laska
There's somewhat of the knave mixed up with dolt.
Through the transparence of the fool, methought,
I saw (as I could lay my finger on it)
The crocodile's eye, that peered up from the bottom.
This knave may do us service. Hot ambition
Won me the husband. Now let vanity
And the resentment for a forced seclusion
Decoy the wife! Let him be deemed the aggressor
Whose cunning and distrust began the game! [*Exit.*

ACT II

SCENE I

A savage wood. At one side a cavern, overhung with ivy. ZAPOLYA *and* RAAB KIUPRILI *discovered: both, but especially the latter, in rude and savage garments.*

Raab Kiuprili. Heard you then aught while I was slumbering?
Zapolya. Nothing.

Scene I. 492 *Emerick* (*solus*). A fair, &c. *1817, 1828, 1829.* 494 *his 1817, 1828, 1829.* 495–6 *' Her tender . . . pledged—' 1817, 1828, 1829.* *After* 508 END OF ACT I *1817.*

Only your face became convulsed. We miserable!
Is heaven's last mercy fled? Is sleep grown treacherous?
Raab Kiuprili. O for a sleep, for sleep itself to rest in!
I dream'd I had met with food beneath a tree,
And I was seeking you, when all at once
My feet became entangled in a net:
Still more entangled as in rage I tore it.
At length I freed myself, had sight of you,
But as I hastened eagerly, again
I found my frame encumbered: a huge serpent
Twined round my chest, but tightest round my throat.
Zapolya. Alas! 'twas lack of food: for hunger chokes!
Raab Kiuprili. And now I saw you by a shrivelled child
Strangely pursued. You did not fly, yet neither
Touched you the ground, methought, but close above it
Did seem to shoot yourself along the air,
And as you passed me, turned your face and shrieked.
Zapolya. I did in truth send forth a feeble shriek,
Scarce knowing why. Perhaps the mock'd sense craved
To hear the scream, which you but seemed to utter.
For your whole face looked like a mask of torture!
Yet a child's image doth indeed pursue me
Shrivelled with toil and penury!
Raab Kiuprili. Nay! what ails you?
Zapolya. A wondrous faintness there comes stealing o'er me.
Is it Death's lengthening shadow, who comes onward,
Life's setting sun behind him?
Raab Kiuprili. Cheerly! The dusk
Will quickly shroud us. Ere the moon be up,
Trust me I'll bring thee food!
Zapolya. Hunger's tooth has
Gnawn itself blunt. O, I could queen it well
O'er my own sorrows as my rightful subjects.
But wherefore, O revered Kiuprili! wherefore
Did my importunate prayers, my hopes and fancies,
Force thee from thy secure though sad retreat?
Would that my tongue had then cloven to my mouth!
But Heaven is just! With tears I conquered thee,
And not a tear is left me to repent with!
Had'st thou not done already—had'st thou not
Suffered—oh, more than e'er man feigned of friendship?

21 *hear 1817, 1828, 1829.*

Raab Kiuprili. Yet be thou comforted! What! had'st thou faith
When I turned back incredulous? 'Twas thy light
That kindled mine. And shall it now go out,
And leave thy soul in darkness? Yet look up,
And think thou see'st thy sainted lord commissioned
And on his way to aid us! Whence those late dreams,
Which after such long interval of hopeless
And silent resignation all at once
Night after night commanded thy return
Hither? and still presented in clear vision
This wood as in a scene? this very cavern?
Thou darest not doubt that Heaven's especial hand
Worked in those signs. The hour of thy deliverance
Is on the stroke:—for misery can not add
Grief to thy griefs, or patience to thy sufferance!

Zapolya. Can not! Oh, what if thou wert taken from me?
Nay, thou said'st well: for that and death were one.
Life's grief is at its height indeed; the hard
Necessity of this inhuman state
Hath made our deeds inhuman as our vestments.
Housed in this wild wood, with wild usages,
Danger our guest, and famine at our portal—
Wolf-like to prowl in the shepherd's fold by night!
At once for food and safety to affrighten
The traveller from his road—

[GLYCINE *is heard singing without.*

Raab Kiuprili. Hark! heard you not
A distant chaunt?

SONG

By GLYCINE

A sunny shaft did I behold,
From sky to earth it slanted:
And poised therein a bird so bold—
Sweet bird, thou wert enchanted!
He sank, he rose, he twinkled, he trolled
Within that shaft of sunny mist;
His eyes of fire, his beak of gold,
All else of amethyst!

57 *Life's 1817, 1828, 1829.* 59 *Hath 1817, 1828, 1829.* 70 sank] *sank 1817, 1828, 1829.*

And thus he sang: 'Adieu! adieu!
Love's dreams prove seldom true.
The blossoms, they make no delay:
The sparkling dew-drops will not stay.
Sweet month of May,
We must away;
Far, far away!
To-day! to-day!'

Zapolya. Sure 'tis some blest spirit!
For since thou slew'st the usurper's emissary
That plunged upon us, a more than mortal fear
Is as a wall, that wards off the beleaguerer
And starves the poor besieged. [*Song again.*

Raab Kiuprili. It is a maiden's voice! quick to the cave!

Zapolya. Hark! her voice falters! [*Exit* ZAPOLYA.

Raab Kiuprili. She must not enter
The cavern, else I will remain unseen!
[KIUPRILI *retires to one side of the stage.* GLYCINE *enters singing.*

Glycine. A savage place! saints shield me! Bethlen! Bethlen!
Not here?—There's no one here! I'll sing again!
[*Sings again.*
If I do not hear my own voice, I shall fancy
Voices in all chance sounds! [*Starts.*
'Twas some dry branch
Dropt of itself! Oh, he went forth so rashly,
Took no food with him—only his arms and boar-spear!
What if I leave these cakes, this cruse of wine,
Here by this cave, and seek him with the rest?

Raab Kiuprili (*unseen*). Leave them and flee!

Glycine (*shrieks, then recovering*). Where are you?

Raab Kiuprili (*still unseen*). Leave them!

Glycine. 'Tis Glycine!
Speak to me, Bethlen! speak in your own voice!
All silent!—If this were the war-wolf's den!
'Twas not his voice!—
[GLYCINE *leaves the provisions, and exit.* KIUPRILI *comes forward, seizes them and carries them into the cavern.* GLYCINE *returns.*

75-6 *om. 1817.* *Before* 90 *Glycine* (*fearfully*). *1817, 1828, 1829.* 102 [GLYCINE *leaves the provisions, and exit fearfully.* . . . GLYCINE *returns, having recovered herself. 1817, 1828, 1829.*

Glycine. Shame! Nothing hurt me!
If some fierce beast have gored him, he must needs
Speak with a strange voice. Wounds cause thirst and hoarseness!
Speak, Bethlen! or but moan. St—St——No—Bethlen!
If I turn back and he should be found dead here,
[*She creeps nearer and nearer to the cavern.*
I should go mad!—Again!—'Twas my own heart!
Hush, coward heart! better beat loud with fear,
Than break with shame and anguish!
[*As she approaches to enter the cavern,* KIUPRILI *stops her.* GLYCINE *shrieks.*
Saints protect me!
Raab Kiuprili. Swear then by all thy hopes, by all thy fears—
Glycine. Save me!
Raab Kiuprili. Swear secrecy and silence!
Glycine. I swear!
Raab Kiuprili. Tell what thou art, and what thou seekest?
Glycine. Only
A harmless orphan youth, to bring him food—
Raab Kiuprili. Wherefore in this wood?
Glycine. Alas! it was his purpose—
Raab Kiuprili. With what intention came he? Would'st thou save him,
Hide nothing!
Glycine. Save him! O forgive his rashness!
He is good, and did not know that thou wert human!
Raab Kiuprili. Human?
With what design?
Glycine. To kill thee, or
If that thou wert a spirit, to compel thee
By prayers, and with the shedding of his blood,
To make disclosure of his parentage.
But most of all—
Zapolya (*rushing out from the cavern*). Heaven's blessing on thee! Speak!
Glycine. Whether his mother live, or perished here!
Zapolya. Angel of mercy, I was perishing
And thou did'st bring me food: and now thou bring'st
The sweet, sweet food of hope and consolation

Before 118 *Raab Kiuprili* (*repeats the word*). *1817, 1828, 1829.* 118 Human? [*Then sternly. 1817, 1828, 1829.*

To a mother's famished heart! His name, sweet maiden!
Glycine. E'en till this morning we were wont to name him
Bethlen Bathory!
Zapolya. Even till this morning?
This morning? when my weak faith failed me wholly!
Pardon, O thou that portion'st out our sufferance,
And fill'st again the widow's empty cruse!
Say on!
Glycine. The false ones charged the valiant youth
With treasonous words of Emerick—
Zapolya. Ha! my son!
Glycine. And of Lord Casimir—
Raab Kiuprili (aside). O agony! my son!
Glycine. But my dear lady—
Zapolya and Raab Kiuprili. Who?
Glycine. Lady Sarolta
Frowned and discharged these bad men.
Raab Kiuprili (to himself). Righteous Heaven
Sent me a daughter once, and I repined
That it was not a son. A son was given me.
My daughter died, and I scarce shed a tear:
And lo! that son became my curse and infamy.
Zapolya (embraces Glycine). Sweet innocent! and you came here to seek him,
And bring him food. Alas! thou fear'st?
Glycine. Not much!
My own dear lady, when I was a child,
Embraced me oft, but her heart never beat so.
For I too am an orphan, motherless!
Raab Kiuprili (to Zapolya). O yet beware, lest hope's brief flash but deepen
The after gloom, and make the darkness stormy!
In that last conflict, following our escape,
The usurper's cruelty had clogged our flight
With many a babe and many a childing mother.
This maid herself is one of numberless
Planks from the same vast wreck. [*Then to* GLYCINE *again.*
Well! Casimir's wife—
Glycine. She is always gracious, and so praised the old man

135 *my 1817, 1828, 1829.* *Glycine.* And of Lord Casimir— *Raab Kiuprili (aside).* O agony! *my* son. *Erased* [? *by S. T. C. in copy of 1817.*]
137 *Raab Kiuprili (turning off and to himself). 1817, 1828, 1829.* 137–41 *Raab Kiuprili (turning off,* &c.) . . . infamy. *Erased* [? *by S. T. C. in copy of 1817*].

That his heart o'erflowed, and made discovery
That in this wood—
Zapolya. O speak!
Glycine. A wounded lady—
[ZAPOLYA *faints—they both support her.*
Glycine. Is this his mother?
Raab Kiuprili. She would fain believe it,
Weak though the proofs be. Hope draws towards itself
The flame with which it kindles. [*Horn heard without.*
To the cavern!
Quick! quick!
Glycine. Perchance some huntsmen of the king's.
Raab Kiuprili. Emerick?
Glycine. He came this morning—
[*They retire to the cavern, bearing* ZAPOLYA. *Then enter* BETHLEN, *armed with a boar-spear.*
Bethlen. I had a glimpse
Of some fierce shape; and but that Fancy often
Is Nature's intermeddler, and cries halves
With the outward sight, I should believe I saw it
Bear off some human prey. O my preserver!
Bathory! Father! Yes, thou deserv'st that name!
Thou did'st not mock me! These are blessed findings!
The secret cypher of my destiny [*Looking at his signet.*
Stands here inscribed: it is the seal of fate!
Ha!—Had ever monster fitting lair, 'tis yonder!
Thou yawning den, I well remember thee!
Mine eyes deceived me not. Heaven leads me on!
Now for a blast, loud as a king's defiance,
To rouse the monster couchant o'er his ravine!
[*Blows the horn—then a pause.*
Another blast! and with another swell
To you, ye charméd watchers of this wood!
If haply I have come, the rightful heir
Of vengeance: if in me survive the spirits
Of those, whose guiltless blood flowed streaming here!
[*Blows again louder.*
Still silent? Is the monster gorged? Heaven shield me!
Thou, faithful spear! be both my torch and guide.
[*As* BETHLEN *is about to enter,* KIUPRILI *speaks from the cavern unseen.*

156 *Zapolya (in agitation).* O speak. *1817, 1828, 1829.* 170 Ha!—(*observing the cave*). *1817, 1828, 1829.*

Raab Kiuprili. Withdraw thy foot! Retract thine idle spear,
And wait obedient!
Bethlen. Ha! What art thou? speak!
Raab Kiuprili (still unseen). Avengers!
Bethlen. By a dying mother's pangs
E'en such am I. Receive me!
Raab Kiuprili (still unseen). Wait! Beware!
At thy first step, thou treadest upon the light,
Thenceforth must darkling flow, and sink in darkness!
Bethlen. Ha! see my boar-spear trembles like a reed!—
Oh, fool! mine eyes are duped by my own shuddering.—
Those piléd thoughts, built up in solitude,
Year following year, that pressed upon my heart
As on the altar of some unknown God,
Then, as if touched by fire from heaven descending,
Blazed up within me at a father's name—
Do they desert me now?—at my last trial?
Voice of command! and thou, O hidden Light!
I have obeyed! Declare ye by what name
I dare invoke you! Tell what sacrifice
Will make you gracious.
Raab Kiuprili (still unseen). Patience! Truth! Obedience!
Be thy whole soul transparent! so the Light,
Thou seekest, may enshrine itself within thee!
Thy name?
Bethlen. Ask rather the poor roaming savage,
Whose infancy no holy rite had blest,
To him, perchance, rude spoil or ghastly trophy,
In chase or battle won, have given a name.
I have none—but like a dog have answered
To the chance sound which he that fed me, called me.
Raab Kiuprili (still unseen). Thy birth-place?
Bethlen. Deluding spirits! Do ye mock me?
Question the Night! Bid Darkness tell its birth-place?
Yet hear! Within yon old oak's hollow trunk,
Where the bats cling, have I surveyed my cradle!
The mother-falcon hath her nest above it,
And in it the wolf litters!——I invoke you,
Tell me, ye secret ones! if ye beheld me
As I stood there, like one who having delved
For hidden gold hath found a talisman,

183 *Bethlen (in amazement). 1817, 1828, 1829.* 196 VOICE: LIGHT *1817, 1828, 1829.*

O tell! what rights, what offices of duty
This signet doth command? What rebel spirits
Owe homage to its Lord?
Raab Kiuprili (*still unseen*). More, guiltier, mightier,
Than thou mayest summon! Wait the destined hour!
Bethlen. O yet again, and with more clamorous prayer,
I importune ye! Mock me no more with shadows!
This sable mantle—tell, dread voice! did this
Enwrap one fatherless!
Zapolya (*unseen*). One fatherless!
Bethlen. A sweeter voice!—A voice of love and pity!
Was it the softened echo of mine own?
Sad echo! but the hope it kill'd was sickly,
And ere it died it had been mourned as dead!
One other hope yet lives within my soul:
Quick let me ask!—while yet this stifling fear,
This stop of the heart, leaves utterance!—Are—are these
The sole remains of her that gave me life?
Have I a mother? [ZAPOLYA *rushes out to embrace him.*
Ha!
Zapolya. My son! my son!
A wretched—Oh no, no! a blest—a happy mother!
[*They embrace.* KIUPRILI *and* GLYCINE *come forward and the curtain drops.*

ACT III

SCENE I

A stately room in LORD CASIMIR'S *castle. Enter* EMERICK *and* LASKA.

Emerick. I do perceive thou hast a tender conscience,
Laska, in all things that concern thine own
Interest or safety.
Laska. In this sovereign presence
I can fear nothing, but your dread displeasure.
Emerick. Perchance, thou think'st it strange, that I of all men
Should covet thus the love of fair Sarolta,

Before 225 *Bethlen* (*starting*). *1817, 1828, 1829.* 233 [ZAPOLYA . . . *him.* BETHLEN *starts.* Ha! *Zapolya* (*embracing him*). My son, &c. *1817, 1828, 1829.* *After* 234 *and stage directions.* END OF ACT II. *1817.*
Act III, Scene I. 5 *I 1817, 1828, 1829.*

Dishonouring Casimir?
Laska. Far be it from me!
Your Majesty's love and choice bring honour with them.
Emerick. Perchance, thou hast heard that Casimir is my friend,
Fought for me, yea, for my sake, set at nought
A parent's blessing; braved a father's curse?
Laska (aside). Would I but knew now, what his Majesty meant!
Oh yes, Sire! 'tis our common talk, how Lord
Kiuprili, my Lord's father—
Emerick. 'Tis your talk,
Is it, good statesman Laska?
Laska. No, not mine,
Not mine, an please your Majesty! There are
Some insolent malcontents indeed that talk thus—
Nay worse, mere treason. As Bathory's son,
The fool that ran into the monster's jaws.
Emerick. Well, 'tis a loyal monster if he rids us
Of traitors! But art sure the youth 's devoured?
Laska. Not a limb left, an please your Majesty!
And that unhappy girl—
Emerick. Thou followed'st her
Into the wood? [LASKA *bows assent.*
Henceforth then I'll believe
That jealousy can make a hare a lion.
Laska. Scarce had I got the first glimpse of her veil,
When, with a horrid roar that made the leaves
Of the wood shake—
Emerick. Made thee shake like a leaf!
Laska. The war-wolf leapt; at the first plunge he seized her;
Forward I rushed!
Emerick. Most marvellous!
Laska. Hurled my javelin;
Which from his dragon-scales recoiling—
Emerick. Enough!
And take, friend, this advice. When next thou tonguest it,
Hold constant to thy exploit with this monster,
And leave untouched your common talk aforesaid,
What your Lord did, or should have done.
Laska. My talk?
The saints forbid! I always said, for my part,

34 *common-talk 1817, 1828, 1829.* 35 *My 1817, 1828, 1829.*

'Was not the king Lord Casimir's dearest friend?
Was not that friend a king? Whate'er he did
'Twas all from pure love to his Majesty.'
Emerick. And this then was thy talk? While knave and coward,
Both strong within thee, wrestle for the uppermost,
In slips the fool and takes the place of both.
Babbler! Lord Casimir did, as thou and all men.
He loved himself, loved honours, wealth, dominion.
All these were set upon a father's head:
Good truth! a most unlucky accident!
For he but wished to hit the prize; not graze
The head that bore it: so with steady eye
Off flew the parricidal arrow.—Even
As Casimir loved Emerick, Emerick
Loves Casimir, intends him no dishonour.
He winked not then, for love of me forsooth!
For love of me now let him wink! Or if
The dame prove half as wise as she is fair,
He may still pass his hand, and find all smooth.
[*Passing his hand across his brow.*
Laska. Your Majesty's reasoning has convinced me.
Emerick. Thee!
'Tis well! and more than meant. For by my faith
I had half forgotten thee.—Thou hast the key?
[LASKA *bows.*
And in your lady's chamber there's full space?
Laska. Between the wall and arras to conceal you.
Emerick. Here! This purse is but an earnest of thy fortune,
If thou prov'st faithful. But if thou betrayest me,
Hark you!—the wolf that shall drag thee to his den
Shall be no fiction.
[*Exit* EMERICK. LASKA *manet with a key in one hand, and a purse in the other.*
Laska. Well then! here I stand,
Like Hercules, on either side a goddess.
Call this (*looking at the purse*)
Preferment; this (*holding up the key*) Fidelity!
And first my golden goddess: what bids she?

37-9 *'Was not the . . . Majesty.' 1817, 1828, 1829.* 40 *thy 1817, 1828, 1829.* 51 *him 1817, 1828, 1829.* 52 *me 1817, 1828, 1829.* 56 *Emerick (with a slight start, as one who had been talking aloud to himself: then with scorn). 1817. 1828, 1829.* 63 *thee 1817, 1828, 1829.*

Only:—'This way, your Majesty! hush! The household
Are all safe lodged.'—Then, put Fidelity
Within her proper wards, just turn her round—
So—the door opens—and for all the rest,
'Tis the king's deed, not Laska's. Do but this
And—'I'm the mere earnest of your future fortunes.'
But what says the other?—Whisper on! I hear you!
[*Putting the key to his ear.*
All very true!—but, good Fidelity!
If I refuse King Emerick, will you promise,
And swear now, to unlock the dungeon door,
And save me from the hangman? Aye! you're silent!
What, not a word in answer? A clear nonsuit!
Now for one look to see that all are lodged
At the due distance—then—yonder lies the road
For Laska and his royal friend, King Emerick!
[*Exit* LASKA. *Then enter* BATHORY *and* BETHLEN.

Bethlen. He looked as if he were some God disguised
In an old warrior's venerable shape
To guard and guide my mother. Is there not
Chapel or oratory in this mansion?

Old Bathory. Even so.

Bethlen. From that place then am I to take
A helm and breast-plate, both inlaid with gold,
And the good sword that once was Raab Kiuprili's.

Old Bathory. Those very arms this day Sarolta show'd me—
With wistful look. I'm lost in wild conjectures!

Bethlen. O tempt me not, e'en with a wandering guess,
To break the first command a mother's will
Imposed, a mother's voice made known to me!
'Ask not, my son,' said she, 'our names or thine.
The shadow of the eclipse is passing off
The full orb of thy destiny! Already
The victor Crescent glitters forth and sheds
O'er the yet lingering haze a phantom light.
Thou canst not hasten it! Leave then to Heaven
The work of Heaven: and with a silent spirit
Sympathize with the powers that work in silence!'
Thus spake she, and she looked as she were then

68–9 '*This way . . . safe lodged.*' *1817, 1828, 1829.* 73 '*I'm . . . fortunes.*' *1817, 1828, 1829.* 95–102 '*Ask not my son,*' said she, '*our . . . in silence!*' *1817, 1828, 1829.*

Fresh from some heavenly vision!
[*Re-enter* LASKA, *not perceiving them.*
Laska. All asleep!
[*Then observing* BETHLEN, *stands in idiot-affright.*
I must speak to it first—Put—put the question!
I'll confess all! [*Stammering with fear.*
Old Bathory. Laska! what ails thee, man?
Laska (*pointing to Bethlen*). There!
Old Bathory. I see nothing! where?
Laska. He does not see it!
Bethlen, torment me not!
Bethlen. Soft! Rouse him gently!
He hath outwatched his hour, and half asleep,
With eyes half open, mingles sight with dreams.
Old Bathory. Ho! Laska! Don't you know us! 'tis Bathory
And Bethlen!
Laska. Good now! Ha! ha! An excellent trick.
Afraid? Nay, no offence! But I must laugh.
But are you sure now, that 'tis you, yourself?
Bethlen. Would'st be convinced?
Laska. No nearer, pray! consider!
If it should prove his ghost, the touch would freeze me
To a tombstone. No nearer!
Bethlen. The fool is drunk!
Laska. Well now! I love a brave man to my heart.
I myself braved the monster, and would fain
Have saved the false one from the fate she tempted.
Old Bathory. You, Laska?
Bethlen (*to Bathory*). Mark! Heaven grant it may be so!
Glycine?
Laska. She! I traced her by the voice.
You'll scarce believe me, when I say I heard
The close of a song: the poor wretch had been singing:
As if she wished to compliment the war-wolf
At once with music and a meal!
Bethlen (*to Bathory*). Mark that!
Laska. At the next moment I beheld her running,
Wringing her hands with, 'Bethlen! O poor Bethlen!'
I almost fear, the sudden noise I made,

112 *Laska* (*recovering himself*) Good now. *1817, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 115 *Bethlen* (*holding up his hand as if to strike him*). *1817, 1828, 1829.* 116 *should 1817, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 118 *Laska* (*still more recovering*). *1817, 1828, 1829.* 121 *You 1817, 1828, 1829.* 128 *'Bethlen! O poor Bethlen!' 1817, 1828, 1829.*

Rushing impetuous through the brake, alarmed her.
She stopt, then mad with fear, turned round and ran
Into the monster's gripe. One piteous scream
I heard. There was no second—I—
Bethlen. Stop there!
We'll spare your modesty! Who dares not honour
Laska's brave tongue, and high heroic fancy?
Laska. You too, Sir Knight, have come back safe and sound!
You played the hero at a cautious distance!
Or was it that you sent the poor girl forward
To stay the monster's stomach? Dainties quickly
Pall on the taste and cloy the appetite!
Old Bathory. Laska, beware! Forget not what thou art!
Should'st thou but dream thou'rt valiant, cross thyself!
And ache all over at the dangerous fancy!
Laska. What then! you swell upon my lady's favour,
High Lords and perilous of one day's growth!
But other judges now sit on the bench!
And haply, Laska hath found audience there,
Where to defend the treason of a son
Might end in lifting up both son and father
Still higher; to a height from which indeed
You both may drop, but, spite of fate and fortune,
Will be secured from falling to the ground.
'Tis possible too, young man! that royal Emerick,
At Laska's rightful suit, may make inquiry
By whom seduced, the maid so strangely missing—
Bethlen. Soft! my good Laska! might it not suffice,
If to yourself, being Lord Casimir's steward,
I should make record of Glycine's fate?
Laska. 'Tis well! it shall content me! though your fear
Has all the credit of these lowered tones.
First we demand the manner of her death?
Bethlen. Nay! that 's superfluous! Have you not just told us,
That you yourself, led by impetuous valour,
Witnessed the whole? My tale 's of later date.
After the fate, from which your valour strove
In vain to rescue the rash maid, I saw her!
Laska. Glycine?
Bethlen. Nay! Dare I accuse wise Laska,
Whose words find access to a monarch's ear,

151 *may 1817, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 161 [*Then very pompously. 1817, 1828, 1829.*

Of a base, braggart lie? It must have been
Her spirit that appeared to me. But haply
I come too late? It has itself delivered
Its own commission to you?
Old Bathory. 'Tis most likely!
And the ghost doubtless vanished, when we entered
And found brave Laska staring wide—at nothing!
Laska 'Tis well! You've ready wits! I shall report them,
With all due honour, to his Majesty!
Treasure them up, I pray! A certain person,
Whom the king flatters with his confidence,
Tells you, his royal friend asks startling questions!
'Tis but a hint! And now what says the ghost!
Bethlen. Listen! for thus it spake: 'Say thou to Laska,
Glycine, knowing all thy thoughts engrossed
In thy new office of king's fool and knave,
Foreseeing thou'lt forget with thine own hand
To make due penance for the wrongs thou'st caused her,
For thy soul's safety, doth consent to take it
From Bethlen's cudgel'—thus. [*Beats him off.*
Off! scoundrel! off!
[LASKA *runs away.*
Old Bathory. The sudden swelling of this shallow dastard
Tells of a recent storm: the first disruption
Of the black cloud that hangs and threatens o'er us.
Bethlen. E'en this reproves my loitering. Say where lies
The oratory?
Old Bathory. Ascend yon flight of stairs!
Midway the corridor a silver lamp
Hangs o'er the entrance of Sarolta's chamber,
And facing it, the low arched oratory!
Me thou'lt find watching at the outward gate:
For a petard might burst the bars, unheard
By the drenched porter, and Sarolta hourly
Expects Lord Casimir, spite of Emerick's message!
Bethlen. There I will meet you! And till then good-night!
Dear good old man, good-night!
Old Bathory. O yet one moment!
What I repelled, when it did seem my own,
I cling to, now 'tis parting—call me father!
It can not now mislead thee. O my son,
Ere yet our tongues have learnt another name,

174 *brave 1817, 1828, 1829.* 181–7 *'Say thou . . . cudgel' 1817, 1828, 1829.*

Bethlen!—say 'Father' to me!
Bethlen. Now, and for ever
My father! other sire than thou, on earth
I never had, a dearer could not have!
From the base earth you raised me to your arms,
And I would leap from off a throne, and kneeling,
Ask Heaven's blessing from thy lips. My father!
Bathory. Go! Go! [*Exit* BETHLEN.
May every star now shining over us,
Be as an angel's eye, to watch and guard him! [*Exit* BATHORY.

Scene changes to a splendid Bed-chamber, hung with tapestry.
SAROLTA *and an* Attendant.

Attendant. We all did love her, madam!
Sarolta. She deserved it!
Luckless Glycine! rash, unhappy girl!
'Twas the first time she e'er deceived me.
Attendant. She was in love, and had she not died thus,
With grief for Bethlen's loss, and fear of Laska,
She would have pined herself to death at home.
Sarolta. Has the youth's father come back from his search?
Attendant. He never will, I fear me. O dear lady!
That Laska did so triumph o'er the old man—
It was quite cruel—'You'll be sure,' said he,
'To meet with part at least of your son Bethlen,
Or the war-wolf must have a quick digestion!
Go! Search the wood by all means! Go! I pray you!'
Sarolta. Inhuman wretch!
Attendant. And old Bathory answered
With a sad smile, 'It is a witch's prayer,
And may Heaven read it backwards.' Though she was rash,
'Twas a small fault for such a punishment!
Sarolta. Nay! 'twas my grief, and not my anger spoke.
Small fault indeed! but leave me, my poor girl!
I feel a weight that only prayer can lighten.
[*Exit* Attendant.
O they were innocent, and yet have perished
In their May of life; and Vice grows old in triumph.

212 *Bathory.* Go! Go! [BETHLEN *breaks off and exit.* BATHORY *looks affectionately after him. 1817, 1828, 1829.* *After* 213 *Scene changes . . . tapestry.* SAROLTA *in an elegant Night Dress, and an* Attendant. *1817, 1828 1829.* 223–6 *'You'll be sure,' said he, 'To meet with* PART . . . *pray you!' 1817 1828, 1829.* 228–9 *'It is . . . backwards.' 1817, 1828, 1829.* 234 *they 1817, 1828, 1829.*

Is it Mercy's hand, that for the bad man holds
Life's closing gate?——
Still passing thence petitionary Hours
To woo the obdurate spirit to repentance?
Or would this chillness tell me, that there is
Guilt too enormous to be duly punished,
Save by increase of guilt? The Powers of Evil
Are jealous claimants. Guilt too hath its ordeal,
And Hell its own probation!—Merciful Heaven,
Rather than this, pour down upon thy suppliant
Disease, and agony, and comfortless want!
O send us forth to wander on, unsheltered!
Make our food bitter with despiséd tears!
Let viperous scorn hiss at us as we pass!
Yea, let us sink down at our enemy's gate,
And beg forgiveness and a morsel of bread!
With all the heaviest worldly visitations
Let the dire father's curse that hovers o'er us
Work out its dread fulfilment, and the spirit
Of wronged Kiuprili be appeased. But only,
Only, O merciful in vengeance! let not
That plague turn inward on my Casimir's soul!
Scare thence the fiend Ambition, and restore him
To his own heart! O save him! Save my husband!

[*During the latter part of this speech* EMERICK *comes forward from his hiding-place.* SAROLTA *seeing him, without recognizing him.*

In such a shape a father's curse should come.

Emerick (*advancing*). Fear not.

Sarolta. Who art thou? Robber? Traitor?

Emerick. Friend!

Who in good hour hath startled these dark fancies,
Rapacious traitors, that would fain depose
Joy, love, and beauty, from their natural thrones:
Those lips, those angel eyes, that regal forehead.

Sarolta. Strengthen me, Heaven! I must not seem afraid! [*Aside.*

The king to-night then deigns to play the masker.
What seeks your Majesty?

Emerick. Sarolta's love;
And Emerick's power lies prostrate at her feet.

257 *soul 1817, 1828, 1829.*

Sarolta. Heaven guard the sovereign's power from such debasement!
Far rather, Sire, let it descend in vengeance
On the base villain, on the faithless slave
Who dared unbar the doors of these retirements!
For whom? Has Casimir deserved this insult?
O my misgiving heart! If—if—from Heaven
Yet not from you, Lord Emerick!
Emerick. Chiefly from me.
Has he not like an ingrate robbed my court
Of Beauty's star, and kept my heart in darkness?
First then on him I will administer justice—
If not in mercy, yet in love and rapture.
[*Seizes her*
Sarolta. Help! Treason! Help!
Emerick. Call louder! Scream again!
Here's none can hear you!
Sarolta. Hear me, hear me, Heaven!
Emerick. Nay, why this rage? Who best deserves you? Casimir,
Emerick's bought implement, the jealous slave
That mews you up with bolts and bars? or Emerick
Who proffers you a throne? Nay, mine you shall be.
Hence with this fond resistance! Yield; then live
This month a widow, and the next a queen!
Sarolta. Yet, yet for one brief moment [*Struggling.*
Unhand me, I conjure you.
[*She throws him off, and rushes towards a toilet.* EMERICK *follows, and as she takes a dagger, he grasps it in her hand.*
Emerick. Ha! Ha! a dagger;
A seemly ornament for a lady's casket!
'Tis held, devotion is akin to love,
But yours is tragic! Love in war! It charms me,
And makes your beauty worth a king's embraces!
[*During this speech* BETHLEN *enters armed.*
Bethlen. Ruffian, forbear! Turn, turn and front my sword!
Emerick. Pish! who is this?
Sarolta. O sleepless eye of Heaven!
A blest, a blessed spirit! Whence camest thou?
May I still call thee Bethlen?
Bethlen. Ever, lady,

272 villain] ingrate *1817 1828, 1829.*

Your faithful soldier!
Emerick. Insolent slave! Depart
Know'st thou not me?
Bethlen. I know thou art a villain
And coward! That thy devilish purpose marks thee!
What else, this lady must instruct my sword!
Sarolta. Monster, retire! O touch him not, thou blest one!
This is the hour that fiends and damnéd spirits
Do walk the earth, and take what form they list!
Yon devil hath assumed a king's!
Bethlen. Usurped it!
Emerick. The king will play the devil with thee indeed!
But that I mean to hear thee howl on the rack,
I would debase this sword, and lay thee prostrate
At this thy paramour's feet; then drag her forth
Stained with adulterous blood, and—
—mark you, traitress!
Strumpeted first, then turned adrift to beggary!
Thou prayed'st for't too.
Sarolta. Thou art so fiendish wicked,
That in thy blasphemies I scarce hear thy threats!
Bethlen. Lady, be calm! fear not this king of the buskin!
A king? Oh laughter! A king Bajazet!
That from some vagrant actor's tiring-room,
Hath stolen at once his speech and crown!
Emerick. Ah! treason!
Thou hast been lessoned and tricked up for this!
As surely as the wax on thy death-warrant
Shall take the impression of this royal signet,
So plain thy face hath ta'en the mask of rebel!
[BETHLEN *seizes* EMERICK'S *hand and eagerly observes the signet.*
Bethlen. It must be so! 'Tis e'en the counterpart!
But with a foul usurping cypher on it!
The light hath flashed from Heaven, and I must follow it!
O curst usurper! O thou brother-murderer!
That mad'st a star-bright queen a fugitive widow!
Who fill'st the land with curses, being thyself
All curses in one tyrant! see and tremble!

300 *me 1817.* 311 Stained with adulterous blood, and— [*Then to Sarolta. 1817, 1828, 1829.* *After* 322 [EMERICK *points his hand haughtily towards* BETHLEN, *who catching a sight of the signet, seizes his hand and eagerly observes the signet, then flings the hand back with indignant joy. 1817, 1828, 1829.*

This is Kiuprili's sword that now hangs o'er thee!
Kiuprili's blasting curse, that from its point
Shoots lightnings at thee. Hark! in Andreas' name,
Heir of his vengeance, hell-hound! I defy thee.

[*They fight, and just as* EMERICK *is disarmed, in rush* CASIMIR, OLD BATHORY, *and* Attendants. CASIMIR *runs in between the combatants, and parts them; in the struggle* BETHLEN'S *sword is thrown down.*

Casimir. The king! disarmed too by a stranger! Speak!
What may this mean?

Emerick. Deceived, dishonored lord!
Ask thou yon fair adultress! She will tell thee
A tale, which would'st thou be both dupe and traitor,
Thou wilt believe against thy friend and sovereign!
Thou art present now, and a friend's duty ceases:
To thine own justice leave I thine own wrongs.
Of half thy vengeance I perforce must rob thee,
For that the sovereign claims. To thy allegiance
I now commit this traitor and assassin.

[*Then to the* Attendants.

Hence with him to the dungeon! and to-morrow,
Ere the sun rises,—Hark! your heads or his!

Bethlen. Can Hell work miracles to mock Heaven's justice?

Emerick. Who speaks to him dies! The traitor that has menaced
His king, must not pollute the breathing air,
Even with a word!

Casimir (*to Bathory*). Hence with him to the dungeon!

[*Exit* BETHLEN, *hurried off by* BATHORY *and* Attendants.

Emerick. We hunt to-morrow in your upland forest:
Thou (*to Casimir*) wilt attend us: and wilt then explain
This sudden and most fortunate arrival.

[*Exit* EMERICK; *Manent* CASIMIR *and* SAROLTA.

Sarolta. My lord! my husband! look whose sword lies yonder!
It is Kiuprili's, Casimir; 'tis thy father's!
And wielded by a stripling's arm, it baffled,
Yea, fell like Heaven's own lightnings on that Tarquin.

Casimir. Hush! hush!

339 *now 1817, 1828, 1829.* 341 *half 1817, 1828, 1829.* 342 *that 1817, 1828, 1829.* *After* 353 [*Pointing to the sword which* BETHLEN *had been disarmed of by the* Attendants. *1817, 1828, 1829.* 357 *Casimir.* Hush! Hush! [*In an under voice. 1817, 1828, 1829.*

I had detected ere I left the city
The tyrant's curst intent. Lewd, damnéd ingrate!
For him did I bring down a father's curse!
Swift, swift must be our means! To-morrow's sun
Sets on his fate or mine! O blest Sarolta!
No other prayer, late penitent, dare I offer,
But that thy spotless virtues may prevail
O'er Casimir's crimes, and dread Kiuprili's curse!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I

A glade in a wood. Enter CASIMIR *looking anxiously around.*

Casimir. This needs must be the spot! O, here he comes!

Enter LORD RUDOLPH.

Well met, Lord Rudolph!——
Your whisper was not lost upon my ear,
And I dare trust—
Lord Rudolph. Enough! the time is precious!
You left Temeswar late on yester-eve?
And sojourned there some hours?
Casimir. I did so!
Lord Rudolph. Heard you
Aught of a hunt preparing?
Casimir. Yes; and met
The assembled huntsmen!
Lord Rudolph. Was there no word given?
Casimir. The word for me was this:—The royal Leopard
Chases thy milk-white dedicated Hind.
Lord Rudolph. Your answer?
Casimir. As the word proves false or true
Will Casimir cross the hunt, or join the huntsmen!
Lord Rudolph. The event redeemed their pledge?
Casimir. It did, and therefore
Have I sent back both pledge and invitation.
The spotless Hind hath fled to them for shelter,
And bears with her my seal of fellowship!
[*They take hands.*

After 362 [*Embracing her. 1817, 1828, 1829.* *After* 365 [*Exeunt consulting. 1817, 1828, 1829.* END OF ACT III. *1817.* *After* 16 [*They take hands, &c. 1817, 1828, 1829.*

Lord Rudolph. But Emerick! how when you reported to him
Sarolta's disappearance, and the flight
Of Bethlen with his guards?
Casimir. O he received it
As evidence of their mutual guilt. In fine,
With cozening warmth condoled with, and dismissed me.
Lord Rudolph. I entered as the door was closing on you:
His eye was fixed, yet seemed to follow you,—
With such a look of hate, and scorn and triumph,
As if he had you in the toils already,
And were then choosing where to stab you first.
But hush! draw back!
Casimir. This nook is at the furthest
From any beaten track.
Lord Rudolph. There! mark them!
[*Points to where* LASKA *and* PESTALUTZ *cross the Stage.*
Casimir. Laska!
Lord Rudolph. One of the two I recognized this morning;
His name is Pestalutz: a trusty ruffian,
Whose face is prologue still to some dark murder.
Beware no stratagem, no trick of message,
Dispart you from your servants.
Casimir (*aside*). I deserve it.
The comrade of that ruffian is my servant:
The one I trusted most and most preferred.
But we must part. What makes the king so late?
It was his wont to be an early stirrer.
Lord Rudolph. And his main policy.
To enthral the sluggard nature in ourselves
Is, in good truth, the better half of the secret
To enthral the world: for the will governs all.
See, the sky lowers! the cross-winds waywardly
Chase the fantastic masses of the clouds
With a wild mockery of the coming hunt!
Casimir. Mark yonder mass! I make it wear the shape
Of a huge ram that butts with head depressed.

37 *Lord Rudolph.* And his main policy too. *1817.*

44-55 *Casimir.* Mark too, the edges of yon lurid mass!
Restless and vext, as if some angering hand,
With fitful, tetchy snatch, unrolled and pluck'd
The jetting ringlets of the vaporous fleece!
These are sure signs of conflict nigh at hand,
And elemental war! *1817–1851.*

[Note.—The text of *1829. 1834*, is inscribed in *Notebook* 20 (*1808–1825*).]

Lord Rudolph (*smiling*). Belike, some stray sheep of the
oozy flock,
Which, if bards lie not, the Sea-shepherds tend,
Glaucus or Proteus. But my fancy shapes it
A monster couchant on a rocky shelf.
Casimir. Mark too the edges of the lurid mass—
Restless, as if some idly-vexing Sprite,
On swift wing coasting by, with tetchy hand
Pluck'd at the ringlets of the vaporous Fleece.
These are sure signs of conflict nigh at hand,
And elemental war! [*A single trumpet heard at some distance.*
Lord Rudolph. That single blast
Announces that the tyrant's pawing courser
Neighs at the gate. [*Trumpets.*
Hark! now the king comes forth!
For ever 'midst this crash of horns and clarions
He mounts his steed, which proudly rears an-end
While he looks round at ease, and scans the crowd,
Vain of his stately form and horsemanship!
I must away! my absence may be noticed.
Casimir. Oft as thou canst, essay to lead the hunt
Hard by the forest-skirts; and ere high noon
Expect our sworn confederates from Temeswar.
I trust, ere yet this clouded sun slopes westward.
That Emerick's death, or Casimir's, will appease
The manes of Zapolya and Kiuprili! [*Exit* RUDOLPH.
The traitor, Laska!——
And yet Sarolta, simple, inexperienced,
Could see him as he was, and often warned me.
Whence learned she this?—O she was innocent!
And to be innocent is Nature's wisdom!
The fledge-dove knows the prowlers of the air,
Feared soon as seen, and flutters back to shelter.
And the young steed recoils upon his haunches,
The never-yet-seen adder's hiss first heard.
O surer than Suspicion's hundred eyes
Is that fine sense, which to the pure in heart,
By mere oppugnancy of their own goodness,
Reveals the approach of evil. Casimir!
O fool! O parricide! through yon wood did'st thou,

47 Which, as Poets tell us, the Sea-Shepherds tend, *Notebook* 20. 48 *my 1828, 1829.* 57 Neighs at the gate. [*A volley of Trumpets. 1817, 1828, 1829.* *After* 68 [*Exit* RUDOLPH *and manet* CASIMIR.

With fire and sword, pursue a patriot father,
A widow and an orphan. Dar'st thou then
(Curse-laden wretch) put forth these hands to raise
The ark, all sacred, of thy country's cause?
Look down in pity on thy son, Kiuprili!
And let this deep abhorrence of his crime,
Unstained with selfish fears, be his atonement!
O strengthen him to nobler compensation
In the deliverance of his bleeding country! [*Exit* CASIMIR.

Scene changes to the mouth of a Cavern, as in Act II. ZAPOLYA *and* GLYCINE *discovered.*

Zapolya. Our friend is gone to seek some safer cave:
Do not then leave me long alone, Glycine!
Having enjoyed thy commune, loneliness,
That but oppressed me hitherto, now scares.

Glycine. I shall know Bethlen at the furthest distance,
And the same moment I descry him, lady,
I will return to you. [*Exit* GLYCINE.

[*Enter* OLD BATHORY, *speaking as he enters.*

Old Bathory. Who hears? A friend!
A messenger from him who bears the signet!

Zapolya. He hath the watch-word!—Art thou not Bathory?

Old Bathory. O noble lady! greetings from your son!
[BATHORY *kneels.*

Zapolya. Rise! rise! Or shall I rather kneel beside thee,
And call down blessings from the wealth of Heaven
Upon thy honoured head? When thou last saw'st me
I would full fain have knelt to thee, and could not,
Thou dear old man! How oft since then in dreams
Have I done worship to thee, as an angel
Bearing my helpless babe upon thy wings!

Old Bathory. O he was born to honour! Gallant deeds
And perilous hath he wrought since yester-eve.

95–6 That but oppressed me hitherto, now scares me.
You will ken Bethlen?
Glycine. O at farthest distance,
Yea, oft where Light's own courier-beam exhausted
Drops at the threshold, and forgets its message,
A something round me of a wider reach
Feels his approach, and trembles back to tell me.

MS. correction (in the *margin* of *Zapolya 1817*) inserted in text of *P. and D. W.* 1877, iv. pp. 270–71.

After 99 [ZAPOLYA, *who had been gazing affectionately after* GLYCINE, *starts at* BATHORY'S *voice. 1817, 1828, 1829.*

Now from Temeswar (for to him was trusted
A life, save thine, the dearest) he hastes hither—
Zapolya. Lady Sarolta mean'st thou?
Old Bathory. She is safe.
The royal brute hath overleapt his prey,
And when he turned, a sworded Virtue faced him.
My own brave boy—O pardon, noble lady!
Your son——
Zapolya. Hark! Is it he?
Old Bathory. I hear a voice
Too hoarse for Bethlen's! 'Twas his scheme and hope,
Long ere the hunters could approach the forest,
To have led you hence.—Retire.
Zapolya. O life of terrors!
Old Bathory. In the cave's mouth we have such 'vantage ground
That even this old arm—

[*Exeunt* ZAPOLYA *and* BATHORY *into the cave.*

Enter LASKA *and* PESTALUTZ.

Laska. Not a step further!
Pestalutz. Dastard! was this your promise to the king?
Laska. I have fulfilled his orders. Have walked with you
As with a friend: have pointed out Lord Casimir:
And now I leave you to take care of him.
For the king's purposes are doubtless friendly.
Pestalutz. Be on your guard, man!
Laska. Ha! what now?
Pestalutz. Behind you!
'Twas one of Satan's imps, that grinned and threatened you
For your most impudent hope to cheat his master!
Laska. Pshaw! What! you think 'tis fear that makes me leave you?
Pestalutz. Is't not enough to play the knave to others,
But thou must lie to thine own heart?
Laska. Friend! Laska will be found at his own post,
Watching elsewhere for the king's interest.
There's a rank plot that Laska must hunt down,
'Twixt Bethlen and Glycine!
Pestalutz. What! the girl

Before 128 *Pestalutz* (*affecting to start*). *1817, 1828, 1829.* 128 *Laska* (*in affright*). Ha, &c. *1817, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 134 *Laska* (*pompously*). *1817, 1828, 1829.* 137 *Pestalutz* (*with a sneer*). What! &c. *1817, 1828, 1829.*

Whom Laska saw the war-wolf tear in pieces?

Laska. Well! Take my arms! Hark! should your javelin fail you,
These points are tipt with venom. [*Seeing* GLYCINE *without.*
By Heaven! Glycine!
Now as you love the king, help me to seize her!

[*They run out after* GLYCINE. *Enter* BATHORY *from the cavern.*

Old Bathory. Rest, lady, rest! I feel in every sinew
A young man's strength returning! Which way went they?
The shriek came thence. [*Enter* GLYCINE.

Glycine. Ha! weapons here? Then, Bethlen, thy Glycine
Will die with thee or save thee!

[*She seizes them and rushes out.* BATHORY *following. Music, and* Peasants *with hunting spears cross the stage, singing chorally.*

CHORAL SONG

Up, up! ye dames, ye lasses gay!
To the meadows trip away.
'Tis you must tend the flocks this morn,
And scare the small birds from the corn.
Not a soul at home may stay:
For the shepherds must go
With lance and bow
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

Leave the hearth and leave the house
To the cricket and the mouse:
Find grannam out a sunny seat,
With babe and lambkin at her feet.
Not a soul at home may stay:
For the shepherds must go
With lance and bow
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

[*Exeunt* Huntsmen.

Before 139 *Laska (throwing down a bow and arrows). 1817, 1828, 1829.* 139 Take] there's *1817, 1828, 1829.* 140 These points are tipt with venom. [*Starts and sees* GLYCINE *without. 1817, 1828, 1829. After* 141 [*They run...* GLYCINE, *and she shrieks without: then enter, &c. 1817, 1828, 1829.* 144 The shriek came thence. [*Clash of swords, and* BETHLEN'S *voice heard from behind the scenes;* GLYCINE *enters alarmed; then, as seeing* LASKA'S *bow and arrows. 1817, 1828, 1829. After* 146 [*She seizes... following her. Lively and irregular music, and* Peasants *with hunting spears, &c. 1817, 1828, 1829. After* 162 *Re-enter, as the* Huntsmen *pass off,* BATHORY, *&c. 1817, 1828, 1829.*

Re-enter BATHORY, BETHLEN, *and* GLYCINE.

Glycine. And now once more a woman——
Bethlen. Was it then
That timid eye, was it those maiden hands
That sped the shaft, which saved me and avenged me?
Old Bathory. 'Twas as a vision blazoned on a cloud
By lightning, shaped into a passionate scheme
Of life and death! I saw the traitor, Laska,
Stoop and snatch up the javelin of his comrade;
The point was at your back, when her shaft reached him.
The coward turned, and at the self-same instant
The braver villain fell beneath your sword.

Enter ZAPOLYA.

Zapolya. Bethlen! my child! and safe too!
Bethlen. Mother! Queen.
Royal Zapolya! name me Andreas!
Nor blame thy son, if being a king, he yet
Hath made his own arm minister of his justice.
So do the gods who launch the thunderbolt!
Zapolya. O Raab Kiuprili! Friend! Protector! Guide!
In vain we trenched the altar round with waters,
A flash from Heaven hath touched the hidden incense—
Bethlen. And that majestic form that stood beside thee
Was Raab Kiuprili!
Zapolya. It was Raab Kiuprili;
As sure as thou art Andreas, and the king.
Old Bathory. Hail Andreas! hail my king!
Andreas. Stop, thou revered one,
Lest we offend the jealous destinies
By shouts ere victory. Deem it then thy duty
To pay this homage, when 'tis mine to claim it.
Glycine. Accept thine hand-maid's service! [*Kneeling.*
Zapolya. Raise her, son!
O raise her to thine arms! she saved thy life,
And through her love for thee, she saved thy mother's!
Hereafter thou shalt know, that this dear maid
Hath other and hereditary claims
Upon thy heart, and with Heaven guarded instinct

Before 163 *Glycine* (*leaning on Bethlen*). *1817, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 166 *Bathory* (*to Bethlen exultingly*). *1817, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 181 *Bethlen* (*hastily*). *1817, 1828, 1829.* 184 *Bathory.* Hail . . . my king! [*Triumphantly. 1817, 1828, 1829.*

But carried on the work her sire began!

Andreas. Dear maid! more dear thou canst not be! the rest
Shall make my love religion. Haste we hence:
For as I reached the skirts of this high forest,
I heard the noise and uproar of the chase,
Doubling its echoes from the mountain foot.

Glycine. Hark! sure the hunt approaches.

[*Horn without, and afterwards distant thunder.*

Zapolya. O Kiuprili!

Old Bathory. The demon-hunters of the middle air
Are in full cry, and scare with arrowy fire
The guilty! Hark! now here, now there, a horn
Swells singly with irregular blast! the tempest
Has scattered them! [*Horns at a distance.*

Zapolya. O Heavens! where stays Kiuprili?

Old Bathory. The wood will be surrounded! leave me here.

Andreas. My mother! let me see thee once in safety,
I too will hasten back, with lightning's speed,
To seek the hero!

Old Bathory. Haste! my life upon it
I'll guide him safe.

Andreas (*thunder*). Ha! what a crash was there!
Heaven seems to claim a mightier criminal
Than yon vile subaltern.

Zapolya. Your behest, High powers,
Lo, I obey! To the appointed spirit,
That hath so long kept watch round this drear cavern,
In fervent faith, Kiuprili, I entrust thee!

[*Exeunt* ZAPOLYA, ANDREAS, *and* GLYCINE.

Old Bathory. Yon bleeding corse may work us mischief still:
Once seen, 'twill rouse alarm and crowd the hunt
From all parts towards this spot. Stript of its armour,
I'll drag it hither.

[*Exit* BATHORY. *Several* Hunters *cross the Stage. Enter* KIUPRILI.

205 Has scattered them! [*Horns heard as from different places at a distance. 1817, 1828, 1829.* 207 *thee 1817, 1828, 1829.* *After* 209 [*Thunder again. 1817, 1828, 1829.* *After* 211 [*Pointing without to the body of* PESTALUTZ. *1817, 1828, 1829.* 213 Lo] Low *1828, 1829.* *After* 215 [*Exeunt . . .* GLYCINE, ANDREAS *having in haste dropt his sword. Manet* BATHORY. *1817, 1828, 1829.* 216 Yon bleeding corse *(pointing to Pestalutz's body) 1817, 1828, 1829.* 219 I'll drag it hither. [*Exit* BATHORY. *After awhile several* Hunters *cross the stage as scattered. Some time after, enter* KIUPRILI *in his disguise, fainting with fatigue, and as pursued. 1817, 1828, 1829.*

Raab Kiuprili (*throwing off his disguise*). Since Heaven alone
can save me, Heaven alone
Shall be my trust.
Haste! haste! Zapolya, flee!
Gone! Seized perhaps? Oh no, let me not perish
Despairing of Heaven's justice! Faint, disarmed,
Each sinew powerless; senseless rock, sustain me!
Thou art parcel of my native land!
A sword!
Ha! and my sword! Zapolya hath escaped,
The murderers are baffled, and there lives
An Andreas to avenge Kiuprili's fall!—
There was a time, when this dear sword did flash
As dreadful as the storm-fire from mine arm—
I can scarce raise it now—yet come, fell tyrant!
And bring with thee my shame and bitter anguish,
To end his work and thine! Kiuprili now
Can take the death-blow as a soldier should.

Re-enter BATHORY, *with the dead body of* PESTALUTZ.

Old Bathory. Poor tool and victim of another's guilt!
Thou follow'st heavily: a reluctant weight!
Good truth, it is an undeservéd honour
That in Zapolya and Kiuprili's cave
A wretch like thee should find a burial-place.
'Tis he!—In Andreas' and Zapolya's name
Follow me, reverend form! Thou need'st not speak,
For thou canst be no other than Kiuprili.

Kiuprili. And are they safe? [*Noise without.*

Old Bathory. Conceal yourself, my lord!
I will mislead them!

Kiuprili. Is Zapolya safe?

Old Bathory. I doubt it not; but haste, haste, I conjure
you! [*Enter* CASIMIR.

Casimir. Monster!
Thou shalt not now escape me!

Old Bathory. Stop, lord Casimir!
It is no monster.

221 Shall be my trust. [*Then speaking as to* ZAPOLYA *in the Cavern.* Haste! . . . flee! [*He enters the Cavern, and then returns in alarm. 1817, 1828, 1829.* 225 *Thou* art parcel of my native land. [*Then observing the sword. 1817, 1828, 1829.* 226 *my 1817, 1828, 1829.* 230 arm] arms *1817, 1828, 1829.* 232 bitter] bitterer *1817.* 233 *his 1817, 1828, 1829.* *After* 239 [*Then observing* KIUPRILI. *1817, 1828, 1829.*] *After* 245 [*As he retires, in rushes* CASIMIR. *1817, 1828, 1829.* 246 *Casimir* (*entering*). Monster! *1817, 1828, 1829.*

Casimir. Art thou too a traitor?
Is this the place where Emerick's murderers lurk?
Say where is he that, tricked in this disguise,
First lured me on, then scared my dastard followers?
Thou must have seen him. Say where is th' assassin?
Old Bathory. There lies the assassin! slain by that same sword
That was descending on his curst employer,
When entering thou beheld'st Sarolta rescued!
Casimir. Strange providence! what then was he who fled me?
Thy looks speak fearful things! Whither, old man!
Would thy hand point me?
Old Bathory. Casimir, to thy father.
Casimir. The curse! the curse! Open and swallow me,
Unsteady earth! Fall, dizzy rocks! and hide me!
Old Bathory. Speak, speak, my lord!
Kiuprili. Bid him fulfil his work!
Casimir. Thou art Heaven's immediate minister, dread spirit!
O for sweet mercy, take some other form,
And save me from perdition and despair!
Old Bathory. He lives!
Casimir. Lives! A father's curse can never die!
Kiuprili. O Casimir! Casimir!
Old Bathory. Look! he doth forgive you!
Hark! 'tis the tyrant's voice. [EMERICK's *voice without.*
Casimir. I kneel, I kneel!
Retract thy curse! O, by my mother's ashes,
Have pity on thy self-abhorring child!
If not for me, yet for my innocent wife,
Yet for my country's sake, give my arm strength,
Permitting me again to call thee father!
Kiuprili. Son, I forgive thee! Take thy father's sword;
When thou shalt lift it in thy country's cause,
In that same instant doth thy father bless thee!

Enter EMERICK.

Emerick. Fools! Cowards! follow—or by Hell I'll make you

253 *Bathory.* There (*pointing to the body of* PESTALUTZ) *1817, 1828, 1829. After* 256 [BATHORY *points to the Cavern, whence* KIUPRILI *advances. 1817, 1828, 1829. Before* 259 *Casimir* (*discovering Kiuprili*). *1817, 1828, 1829. Before* 261 *Bathory* (*to Kiuprili*). *1817, 1828, 1829.* 261 *Kiuprili* (*holds out the sword to Bathory*). Bid him, &c. *1817, 1828, 1829. Before* 266 *Kiuprili* (*in a tone of pity*). *1817, 1828, 1829. After* 275 [KIUPRILI *and* CASIMIR *embrace; they all retire to the Cavern supporting* KIUPRILI. CASIMIR *as by accident drops his robe, and* BATHORY *throws it over the body of* PESTALUTZ. *1817, 1828, 1829. Before* 276 *Emerick* (*entering*). *1817, 1828, 1829.*

Find reason to fear Emerick, more than all
The mummer-fiends that ever masqueraded
As gods or wood-nymphs!—
Ha! 'tis done then!
Our necessary villain hath proved faithful,
And there lies Casimir, and our last fears!
Well!—Aye, well!——
And is it not well? For though grafted on us,
And filled too with our sap, the deadly power
Of the parent poison-tree lurked in its fibres:
There was too much of Raab Kiuprili in him:
The old enemy looked at me in his face,
E'en when his words did flatter me with duty.

Enter CASIMIR *and* BATHORY.

Old Bathory (*aside*). This way they come!
Casimir (*aside*). Hold them in check awhile,
The path is narrow! Rudolph will assist thee.
Emerick (*aside*). And ere I ring the alarum of my sorrow,
I'll scan that face once more, and murmur—Here
Lies Casimir, the last of the Kiuprilis!
Hell! 'tis Pestalutz!
Casimir (*coming forward*). Yes, thou ingrate Emerick!
'Tis Pestalutz! 'tis thy trusty murderer!
To quell thee more, see Raab Kiuprili's sword!
Emerick. Curses on it and thee! Think'st thou that petty omen
Dare whisper fear to Emerick's destiny?
Ho! Treason! Treason!
Casimir. Then have at thee, tyrant!
[*They fight.* EMERICK *falls.*
Emerick. Betrayed and baffled
By mine own tool!——Oh! [*Dies.*
Casimir. Hear, hear, my Father!
Thou should'st have witnessed thine own deed. O Father,
Wake from that envious swoon! The tyrant's fallen!

279 As gods or wood-nymphs!— [*Then sees the body of* PESTALUTZ, *covered by* CASIMIR'S *cloak. 1817, 1828, 1829.* 281 *last 1817, 1828, 1829.* 283 *not 1817, 1828, 1829.* *After* 288 [*As* EMERICK *moves towards the body, enter from the Cavern* CASIMIR *and* BATHORY. *1817, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 289 *Bathory* (*pointing to where the noise is, and aside to Casimir*). *1817, 1828, 1829.* 289 *Casimir* (*aside to Bathory*). Hold, &c. *1817, 1828, 1829.* *Before* 291 *Emerick* (*aside, not perceiving Casimir and Bathory, and looking at the dead body*). *1817, 1828, 1829.* *After* 293 [*Uncovers the face, and starts. 1817, 1828, 1829.* 301 *Casimir* (*triumphantly*). Hear, &c. *1817, 1828, 1829.*

Thy sword hath conquered! As I lifted it
Thy blessing did indeed descend upon me;
Dislodging the dread curse. It flew forth from me
And lighted on the tyrant!

Enter RUDOLPH, BATHORY, *and* Attendants.

Rudolph and Bathory. Friends! friends to Casimir!

Casimir. Rejoice, Illyrians! the usurper's fallen.

Rudolph. So perish tyrants! so end usurpation!

Casimir. Bear hence the body, and move slowly on!
One moment——
Devoted to a joy, that bears no witness,
I follow you, and we will greet our countrymen
With the two best and fullest gifts of heaven—
A tyrant fallen, a patriot chief restored!

[CASIMIR *enters the Cavern.*

SCENE.—*Chamber in* CASIMIR'S *Castle.* Confederates *discovered.*

First Confederate. It cannot but succeed, friends. From this palace
E'en to the wood, our messengers are posted
With such short interspace, that fast as sound
Can travel to us, we shall learn the event!

Enter another Confederate.

What tidings from Temeswar?

Second Confederate. With one voice
Th' assembled chieftains have deposed the tyrant;
He is proclaimed the public enemy,
And the protection of the law withdrawn.

First Confederate. Just doom for him, who governs without law!
Is it known on whom the sov'reignty will fall?

Second Confederate. Nothing is yet decided: but report
Points to Lord Casimir. The grateful memory
Of his renownéd father——

Enter SAROLTA.

Hail to Sarolta!

Sarolta. Confederate friends! I bring to you a joy
Worthy your noble cause! Kiuprili lives,
And from his obscure exile, hath returned

Before 308 *Rudolph and Bathory (entering). 1817, 1828, 1829.* *After* 316 [*Exeunt* CASIMIR *into the Cavern. The rest on the opposite side. 1817, 1828, 1829.*
Before 317 *Scene changes to a splendid Chamber, &c. 1817, 1828, 1829.*

To bless our country. More and greater tidings
Might I disclose; but that a woman's voice
Would mar the wondrous tale. Wait we for him,
The partner of the glory—Raab Kiuprili;
For he alone is worthy to announce it.

[*Shouts of* 'Kiuprili, Kiuprili,' *and* 'The Tyrant's fallen,' *without. Enter* KIUPRILI, CASIMIR, RUDOLPH, BATHORY, *and* Attendants.

Raab Kiuprili. Spare yet your joy, my friends! A higher waits you:
Behold, your Queen!

[*Enter* ZAPOLYA *and* ANDREAS *royally attired, with* GLYCINE.

Confederate. Comes she from heaven to bless us?
Other Confederates. It is! it is!
Zapolya. Heaven's work of grace is full! Kiuprili, thou art safe!
Raab Kiuprili. Royal Zapolya!
To the heavenly powers, pay we our duty first;
Who not alone preserved thee, but for thee
And for our country, the one precious branch
Of Andreas' royal house. O countrymen,
Behold your King! And thank our country's genius,
That the same means which have preserved our sovereign,
Have likewise reared him worthier of the throne
By virtue than by birth. The undoubted proofs
Pledged by his royal mother, and this old man,
(Whose name henceforth be dear to all Illyrians)
We haste to lay before the assembled council.
All. Hail, Andreas! Hail, Illyria's rightful king!
Andreas. Supported thus, O friends! 'twere cowardice
Unworthy of a royal birth, to shrink
From the appointed charge. Yet, while we wait
The awful sanction of convened Illyria,
In this brief while, O let me feel myself
The child, the friend, the debtor!—Heroic mother!—
But what can breath add to that sacred name?
Kiuprili! gift of Providence, to teach us
That loyalty is but the public form
Of the sublimest friendship, let my youth
Climb round thee, as the vine around its elm:

After 337 [*Shouts . . . without. Then enter* KIUPRILI . . . Attendants, *after the clamour has subsided. 1817, 1828, 1829.* 339 Behold, your Queen! [*Enter from opposite side,* ZAPOLYA, *&c. 1817, 1828, 1829.*

Thou my support and I thy faithful fruitage.
My heart is full, and these poor words express not,
They are but an art to check its over-swelling.
Bathory! shrink not from my filial arms!
Now, and from henceforth thou shalt not forbid me
To call thee father! And dare I forget
The powerful intercession of thy virtue,
Lady Sarolta? Still acknowledge me
Thy faithful soldier!—But what invocation
Shall my full soul address to thee, Glycine?
Thou sword that leap'dst forth from a bed of roses:
Thou falcon-hearted dove?

Zapolya. Hear that from me, son!
For ere she lived, her father saved thy life,
Thine, and thy fugitive mother's!

Casimir. Chef Ragozzi!
O shame upon my head! I would have given her
To a base slave!

Zapolya. Heaven overruled thy purpose,
And sent an angel to thy house to guard her!
Thou precious bark! freighted with all our treasures!
The sports of tempests, and yet ne'er the victim,
How many may claim salvage in thee! Take her, son!
A queen that brings with her a richer dowry
Than orient kings can give!

Sarolta. A banquet waits!—
On this auspicious day, for some few hours
I claim to be your hostess. Scenes so awful
With flashing light, force wisdom on us all!
E'en women at the distaff hence may see,
That bad men may rebel, but ne'er be free;
May whisper, when the waves of faction foam,
None love their country, but who love their home;
For freedom can with those alone abide,
Who wear the golden chain, with honest pride,
Of love and duty, at their own fire-side:
While mad ambition ever doth caress
Its own sure fate, in its own restlessness!

END OF ZAPOLYA.

365 *my . . . I 1817, 1828, 1829.* 377 *thy 1817, 1828, 1829.* 381 And sent an angel (*pointing to* SAROLTA) to thy, &c. *1817, 1828, 1829.* *After* 382 [*To* ANDREAS. *1817, 1828, 1829.* 384 How many may claim salvage in thee! (*Pointing to* GLYCINE.) Take, &c. *1817, 1828, 1829.* *After* 398 FINIS. *1817.*

EPIGRAMS[1]

1

EPIGRAM

AN APOLOGY FOR SPENCERS

SAID William to Edmund I can't guess the reason
Why Spencers abound in this bleak wintry season.
Quoth Edmund to William, I perceive you're no Solon—
Men may purchase a half-coat when they cannot a whole-one.

BRISTOLIENSIS.

March 21, 1796. First published in *The Watchman*, No. IV, March 25, 1796. First collected *Poems*, 1907.

[1] A great, perhaps the greater, number of Coleridge's Epigrams are adaptations from the German of Wernicke, Lessing, and other less known epigrammatists. They were sent to the *Morning Post* and other periodicals to supply the needs of the moment, and with the rarest exceptions they were deliberately excluded from the collected editions of his poetical works which received his own sanction, and were published in his lifetime. Collected for the first time by Mrs. H. N. Coleridge and reprinted in the third volume of *Essays on His Own Times* (1850), they have been included, with additions and omissions, in *P. and D. W.*, 1877–1880, *P. W.*, 1885, *P. W.*, 1890, and the Illustrated Edition of Coleridge's *Poems*, issued in 1907. The adaptations from the German were written and first published between 1799 and 1802. Of the earlier and later epigrams the greater number are original. Four epigrams were published anonymously in *The Watchman*, in April, 1796. Seventeen epigrams, of which twelve are by Coleridge, two by Southey, and three by Tobin, were published anonymously in the *Annual Anthology* of 1800. Between January 2, 1798, and October 11, 1802 Coleridge contributed at least thirty-eight epigrams to the *Morning Post*. Most of these epigrams appeared under the well-known signature ΕΣΤΗΣΕ. Six epigrams, of which five had been published in the *Morning Post*, were included in *The Friend* (No. 11, Oct. 26, 1809). Finally, Coleridge contributed six epigrams to the *Keepsake*, of which four had been published in the *Morning Post*, and one in the *Annual Anthology*. Epigrams were altogether excluded from *Sibylline Leaves* and from the three-volume editions of 1828 and 1829; but in 1834 the rule was relaxed and six epigrams were allowed to appear. Two of these, *In An Album* ('Parry seeks the Polar Ridge') and *On an Insignificant* (''Tis Cypher lies beneath this Crust') were published for the first time.

For the discovery of the German originals of some twenty epigrams, now for the first time noted and verified, I am indebted to the generous assistance of Dr. Hermann Georg Fiedler, Taylorian Professor of the German Language and Literature at Oxford, and of my friend Miss Katharine Schlesinger.

2

EPIGRAM

ON A LATE MARRIAGE BETWEEN AN OLD MAID AND FRENCH PETIT MAÎTRE

THO' Miss ——'s match is a subject of mirth,
She considered the matter full well,
And wisely preferred leading one ape on earth
To perhaps a whole dozen in hell.

First published in *The Watchman*, No. V, April 2, 1796. Included in *Literary Remains*, 1836, i. 45. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 368.

3

EPIGRAM

ON AN AMOROUS DOCTOR

FROM Rufa's eye sly Cupid shot his dart
And left it sticking in Sangrado's heart.
No quiet from that moment has he known,
And peaceful sleep has from his eyelids flown.
And opium's force, and what is more, alack!
His own orations cannot bring it back.
In short, unless she pities his afflictions,
Despair will make him take his *own prescriptions*.

First published in *The Watchman*, No. V, April 2, 1796. Included in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 45. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 368.

4

EPIGRAM

OF smart pretty Fellows in Bristol are numbers, some
Who so modish are grown, that they think plain sense cumbersome;
And lest they should seem to be queer or ridiculous,
They affect to believe neither God or *old Nicholas*!

First published in article 'To Caius Gracchus' (signed S. T. Coleridge) in *The Watchman*, No. V, p. 159. Reprinted in *Essays on His Own Times*, 1850, i. 164. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 368.

5

ON DEPUTY ——

By many a booby's vengeance bit
I leave your haunts, ye sons of wit!
And swear, by Heaven's blessed light,
That Epigrams no more I'll write.
Now hang that ***** for an ass,
Thus to thrust in his idiot face,
Which spite of oaths, if e'er I spy,
I'll write an Epigram—or die.

LABERIUS.

First published in *Morning Post*, Jan. 2, 1798. First collected, *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 369.

6

[EPIGRAM]

To be ruled like a Frenchman the Briton is loth,
Yet in truth a *direct-tory* governs them both.

1798. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 166.

7

ON MR. ROSS, USUALLY COGNOMINATED *NOSY*[1]

I FANCY whenever I spy Nosy
Ross,
More great than a Lion is Rhy nose
ros.

1799. Now first published from an MS.

8

[EPIGRAM]

BOB now resolves on marriage schemes to trample,
And now he'll have a wife all in a trice.
Must I advise—Pursue thy dad's example
And marry not.—There, heed now my advice.

Imitated from Lessing's 'Bald willst du, Trill, und bald willst du dich nicht beweiben.' *Sinngedicht* No. 93. Now first published from an MS.

[1] N.B. Bad in itself, and, as Bob Allen used to say of his puns, looks damned ugly upon paper.

9

[EPIGRAM]

SAY what you will, Ingenious Youth!
You'll find me neither Dupe nor Dunce!
Once you deceived me—only once,
'Twas then when you told me the Truth.

1799. First published from an MS. in 1893. Adapted from Lessing's *Sinngedicht* No. 45. *An einen Lügner.* 'Du magst so oft, so fein, als dir nur möglich, lügen.'

10

[ANOTHER VERSION]

IF the guilt of all lying consists in deceit,
Lie on—'tis your duty, sweet youth!
For believe me, then only we find you a cheat
When you cunningly tell us the truth.

1800. First published in *Annual Anthology*, 1800. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 163.

11

ON AN INSIGNIFICANT[1]

No doleful faces here, no sighing—
Here rots a thing that *won* by dying:
'Tis Cypher lies beneath this crust—
Whom Death *created* into dust.

1799. First published from an MS. in 1893. The two last lines were printed for the first time in 1834. Adapted from Lessing's *Sinngedicht* No. 52. *Grabschrift des Nitulus.*

'Hier modert Nitulus, jungfräuliches Gesichts,
Der durch den Tod gewann: er wurde Staub aus Nichts.'

12

[EPIGRAM]

THERE comes from old Avaro's grave
A deadly stench—why, sure they have
Immured his *soul* within his grave?

1799. First published in *Keepsake*, 1829, p. 122. Included in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 46. Adapted from Lessing's *Sinngedicht* No. 27. *Auf Lukrins Grab.* 'Welch tötender Gestank hier, wo Lukrin begraben.'

[1] Lines 3, 4, with the heading 'On an Insignificant,' were written by S. T. C. in Southey's copy of the *Omniana* of 1812 [see nos. 9, 11]. See *P. W.*, 1885, ii. 402, *Note.*

13

ON A SLANDERER

From yonder tomb of recent date,
There comes a strange mephitic blast.
Here lies—Ha! Backbite, you at last—
'Tis he indeed: and sure as fate,
They buried him in overhaste—
Into the earth he has been cast,
And in this grave,
Before the man had breathed his last.

1799. First published from an MS. in 1893. An expansion of [Epigram] No. 12.

14

LINES IN A GERMAN STUDENT'S ALBUM

We both attended the same College,
Where sheets of paper we did blur many,
And now we're going to sport our knowledge,
In England I, and you in Germany.

First published in Carlyon's *Early Years, &c.*, 1856, i. 68. First collected *P. and D. W.*, ii. 374.

15

[HIPPONA]

Hippona lets no silly flush
Disturb her cheek, nought makes her blush.
Whate'er obscenities you say,
She nods and titters frank and gay.
Oh Shame, awake one honest flush
For this,—that nothing makes her blush.

First published in *Morning Post*, (?) Aug. 29, 1799. Included in *An. Anth.*, 1800, and in *Essays, &c.*, iii. 971. First collected *P. and D. W.*, ii. 164. Adapted from Lessing's *Sinngedicht* No. 10. *Auf Lucinden.* 'Sie hat viel Welt, die muntere Lucinde.'

16

ON A READER OF HIS OWN VERSES

Hoarse Mævius reads his hobbling verse
To all and at all times,
And deems them both divinely smooth,
His vŏice as well as rhymes.

But folks say, Mævius is no ass!
But Mævius makes it clear
That he 's a monster of an ass,
An ass without an ear.

First published in *Morning Post*, Sept. 7, 1799. Included in *An. Anth.*, 1800; *Keepsake*, 1829, p. 122; *Lit. Rem.*, i. 49. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 162. Adapted from Wernicke's *Epigrams*, Bk. IX, No. 42. *An einen gewissen Pritschmeister.* 'Umsonst dass jedermann, dieweil du manches Blatt.'

17

ON A REPORT OF A MINISTER'S DEATH WRITTEN IN GERMANY

Last Monday all the Papers said
That Mr. —— was dead;
Why, then, what said the City?
The tenth part sadly shook their head,
And shaking sigh'd and sighing said,
'Pity, indeed, 'tis pity!'

But when the said report was found
A rumour wholly without ground,
Why, then, what said the city?
The other *nine* parts shook their head,
Repeating what the tenth had said,
'Pity, indeed, 'tis pity!'

First published in *Morning Post*, Sept. 18, 1799. Included in *Keepsake*, 1829, p. 122; *Lit. Rem.*, i. 46. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 166. Adapted from Lessing's *Sinngedicht* No. 29. *Auf den falschen Ruf von Nigrins Tode.* 'Es sagte, sonder alle Gnade, die ganze Stadt Nigrinen tot.'

---

2 That Mr. —— was surely dead *M.P.* 3 Why] Ah *M.P.* 4 their] the *M.P.* 9 Why] Ah *M.P.* 10 their] the *M.P.*

18

[DEAR BROTHER JEM]

Jem writes his verses with more speed
Than the printer's boy can set 'em;
Quite as fast as we can read,
And only not so fast as we forget 'em.

First published in *Morning Post*, Sept. 23, 1799. Included in *An. Anth.*, 1800; *Essays, &c.*, 1850, iii. 974. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 164.

19

JOB'S LUCK

Sly Beelzebub took all occasions
To try Job's constancy and patience;
He took his honours, took his health,
He took his children, took his wealth,
His camels, horses, asses, cows—
And the *sly* Devil did not take his spouse.

But Heaven that brings out good from evil,
And loves to disappoint the Devil,
Had predetermined to restore
Twofold all Job had before,
His children, camels, horses, cows,—
Short-sighted Devil, not to take his *spouse*!

1799. First published in *Morning Post*, Sept. 26, 1801. Included in *Annual Register*, 1827, and *Keepsake*, 1829. First collected 1834.

The first stanza of 'Job's Luck' is adapted from Fr. v. Logan's *Sinngedicht, Hiob's Weib*. Lessing's edition, Bk. III, No. 90:—

'Als der Satan ging von Hiob, ist sein Anwalt dennoch blieben,
Hiobs Weib; er hätte nimmer einen bessern aufgetrieben.'

The second stanza is adapted from Fr. v. Logan's *Sinngedicht, Auf den Hornutus, ibid.* Bk. I, No. 68:—

'Hornutus las, was Gott Job habe weggenommen,
Sei doppelt ihm hernach zu Hause wiederkommen:
Wie gut, sprach er, war dies, dass Gott sein Weib nicht nahm,
Auf dass Job ihrer zwei für eine nicht bekam!'

The original source is a Latin epigram by John Owen (*Audoenus Oxoniensis*), Bk. III, No. 198. See *N. and Q.*, 1st Series, ii. 516.

Title] The Devil Outwitted *M.P.* 3 honours] honour *M.P.*

20

ON THE SICKNESS OF A GREAT MINISTER

Pluto commanded death to take away
Billy—Death made pretences to obey,
And only made pretences, for he shot
A headless dart that struck nor wounded not.
The ghaunt Economist who (tho' my grandam
Thinks otherwise) ne'er shoots his darts at random

Mutter'd, 'What? put my Billy in arrest?
Upon my life that were a pretty jest!
So flat a thing of Death shall ne'er be said or sung—
No! Ministers and Quacks, them take I not so young.'

First published in *Morning Post*, Oct. 1, 1799. Now reprinted for the first time. Adapted from Lessing's *Sinngedicht* No. 119. *Auf die Genesung einer Buhlerin*. 'Dem Tode wurde jüngst von Pluto anbefohlen.'

21

[TO A VIRTUOUS OECONOMIST]

WERNICKE

YOU'RE careful o'er your wealth 'tis true:
Yet so that of your plenteous store
The needy takes and blesses you,
For you hate Poverty, but not the Poor.

First published in *Morning Post*, Oct. 28, 1799. Now reprinted for the first time. Adapted from Wernicke's *Epigrams* (Bk. I, No. 49). *An den sparsamen Celidon.*

'Du liebst zwar Geld und Gut, doch so dass dein Erbarmen
Der Arme fühlt.'

22

[L'ENFANT PRODIGUE]

JACK drinks fine wines, wears modish clothing,
But prithee where lies Jack's estate?
In Algebra for there I found of late
A quantity call'd less than nothing.

First published in *Morning Post*, Nov. 16, 1799. Included in *An. Anth.*, 1800. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 163.

23

ON SIR RUBICUND NASO

A COURT ALDERMAN AND WHISPERER OF SECRETS

SPEAK out, Sir! you're safe, for so ruddy your nose
That, talk where you will, 'tis all *under the Rose.*

First published in *Morning Post*, Dec. 7, 1799. Included in *Essays, &c.*, iii. 975. First collected *Poems*, 1907. Compare Lessing's *Sinngedicht* No. 35. *Auf eine lange Nase.*

24

TO MR. PYE

On his *Carmen Seculare* (a title which has by various persons who have heard it, been thus translated, 'A Poem *an age long*').

YOUR Poem must *eternal* be,
Eternal! it can't fail,
For 'tis *incomprehensible*,
And without head or tail!

First published in *Morning Post*, Jan. 24, 1800. Included in *Keepsake*, 1829, p. 277. First collected *P. and D. W.*, ii. 161.

25

[NINETY-EIGHT]

O WOULD the Baptist come again
And preach aloud with might and main
Repentance to our viperous race!
But should this miracle take place,
I hope, ere Irish ground he treads,
He'll lay in a good stock of heads!

First published in *An. Anth.*, 1800. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 162. Adapted from Friedrich von Logau's *Sinngedicht, Johannes der Täufer*, Lessing's edition, Bk. I, No. 80:—

'Nicht recht! nicht recht! würd' immer schrein
Johannes, sollt' er wieder sein.
Doch käm er, riet' ich, dass er dächte,
Wie viel er Köpf' in Vorrat brächte.'

26

OCCASIONED BY THE FORMER

I HOLD of all our viperous race
The greedy creeping things in place
Most vile, most venomous; and then
The United Irishmen!
To come on earth should John determine,
Imprimis, we'll excuse his sermon.
Without a word the good old Dervis
Might work incalculable service,
At once from tyranny and riot
Save laws, lives, liberties and moneys,
If sticking to his ancient diet
He'd but eat up our locusts and *wild honeys*!

First published in *An. Anth.*, 1800. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 162.

After 4 Now by miraculous deeds to stir them *MS.*

27

[A LIAR BY PROFESSION]

As Dick and I at Charing Cross were walking,
Whom should we see on t'other side pass by
But Informator with a stranger talking,
So I exclaim'd, 'Lord, what a lie!'
Quoth Dick—'What, can you hear him?'
'Hear him! stuff!
I saw him open his mouth—an't that enough?'

First published in *An. Anth.*, 1800. First collected *P. and D. W.*, ii. 163. Adapted from Lessing's *Sinngedicht* No. 142. *Auf den Ley.* 'Der gute Mann, den Ley beiseite dort gezogen!'

28

TO A PROUD PARENT

THY babes ne'er greet thee with the father's name;
'My Lud!' they lisp. Now whence can this arise?
Perhaps their mother feels an honest shame
And will not teach her infant to tell lies.

First published in *An. Anth.*, 1800, included in *Essays, &c.*, iii. 997. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 164. Adapted from Lessing's *Sinngedicht* No. 17. *An den Doktor Sp* **. 'Dein Söhnchen lässt dich nie den Namen Vater hören.'

29

RUFA

THY lap-dog, Rufa, is a dainty beast,
It don't surprise me in the least
To see thee lick so dainty clean a beast.
But that so dainty clean a beast licks thee,
Yes—that surprises me.

First published in *An. Anth.*, 1800. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 164. Adapted from Lessing's *Sinngedicht* No. 66. *An die Dorilis.* 'Dein Hündchen, Dorilis, ist zärtlich, tändelnd, rein.'

30

ON A VOLUNTEER SINGER

SWANS sing before they die—'twere no bad thing
Should certain persons die before they sing.

First published in *An. Anth.*, 1800. Included in *Keepsake*, 1829, p. 277; *Essays, &c.*, 1850, iii. 988. First collected in 1834.

31

OCCASIONED BY THE LAST

A JOKE (cries Jack) without a sting—
Post obitum can no man sing.
And true, if Jack don't mend his manners
And quit the atheistic banners,
Post obitum will Jack run foul
Of such *folks* as can only *howl*.

First published in *An. Anth.*, 1800. Included in *Essays, &c.*, iii. 988. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 165.

1 joke] jest *Essays, &c.* 5 *folks*] sparks *Essays, &c.*

32

EPITAPH ON MAJOR DIEMAN

KNOW thou who walks't by, Man! that wrapp'd up in lead, man,
What once was a Dieman, now lies here a dead man.
Alive a proud MAJOR! but ah me! of our poor all,
The soul having gone, he is now merely Corporal.

? 1800. Now first published from MS.

33

ON THE ABOVE

As long as ere the life-blood's running,
Say, what can stop a Punster's punning?
He dares bepun even thee, O Death!
To *pun*ish him, Stop thou his breath.

? 1800. Now first published from MS.

34

EPITAPH

ON A BAD MAN

OF him that in this gorgeous tomb doth lie,
This sad brief tale is all that Truth can give—
He lived like one who never thought to die,
He died like one who dared not hope to live![1]

First published in *Morning Post*, Sept. 22, 1801. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 168.

[1] The antithesis was, perhaps, borrowed from an Epigram entitled 'Posthumous Fame', included in *Elegant Extracts*, ii. 260.

If on his spacious marble we rely,
Pity a worth like his should ever die!
If credit to his real life we give,
Pity a wretch like him should ever live.

ANOTHER VERSION

Under this stone does Walter Harcourt lie,
Who valued nought that God or man could give;
He lived as if he never thought to die;
He died as if he dared not hope to live![1]

[The name Walter Harcourt has been supplied by the editor.—S. C.]

Obiit Saturday, Sept. 10, 1830.

W. H. *EHEU!*

Beneath this stone does William Hazlitt lie,
Thankless of all that God or man could give.
He lived like one who never thought to die,
He died like one who dared not hope to live.

35

TO A CERTAIN MODERN NARCISSUS

Do call, dear Jess, whene'er my way you come;
My looking-glass will always be at home.

First published in *Morning Post*, Dec. 16, 1801. Included in *Essays, &c.*, iii. 978. First collected in 1893.

36

TO A CRITIC

WHO EXTRACTED A PASSAGE FROM A POEM WITHOUT ADDING A WORD RESPECTING THE CONTEXT, AND THEN DERIDED IT AS UNINTELLIGIBLE.

Most candid critic, what if I,
By way of joke, pull out your eye,
And holding up the fragment, cry,
'Ha! ha! that men such fools should be!
Behold this shapeless Dab!—and he
Who own'd it, fancied it could *see*!'
The joke were mighty analytic,
But should you like it, candid critic?

First published in *Morning Post*, Dec. 16, 1801: included in *Keepsake*, 1829, and in *Essays, &c*, iii. 977–8. First collected in *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 167.

[1] The first and second versions are included in *Essays, &c.*, 1850, iii. 976: the third version was first published in 1893.

In 1830 Coleridge re-wrote (he did not publish) the second version as an Epitaph on Hazlitt. The following apologetic note was affixed :—

'With a sadness at heart, and an earnest hope grounded on his misanthropic sadness, when I first knew him in his twentieth or twenty-first year, that a something existed in his bodily organism that in the sight of the All-Merciful lessened his responsibility, and the moral imputation of his acts and feelings.' *MS.*

37

ALWAYS AUDIBLE

PASS under Jack's window at twelve at night
You'll hear him still—he's roaring!
Pass under Jack's window at twelve at noon,
You'll hear him still—he's snoring!

First published in *Morning Post*, Dec. 19, 1801. First collected 1893.

38

PONDERE NON NUMERO

FRIENDS should be *weigh'd*, not *told*; who boasts to have won
A *multitude* of friends, he ne'er had *one*.

First published in *Morning Post*, Dec. 26, 1801. Included in *Essays, &c.*, iii. 978. First collected in 1893. Adapted from Friedrich von Logan's *Sinngedicht* (Lessing's edition, Bk. II, No. 65).

'Freunde muss man sich erwahlen
Nur nach Wägen, nicht nach Zählen.'

Cf. also Logan, Book II, No. 30.

39

THE COMPLIMENT QUALIFIED

To wed a fool, I really cannot see
Why thou, Eliza, art so very loth;
Still on a par with other pairs you'd be,
Since thou hast wit and sense enough for both.

First published in *Morning Post*, Dec. 26, 1801. First collected 1893. The title referred to an epigram published in *M. P.* Dec. 24, 1801.

40

[The twenty-one 'Original Epigrams' following were printed in the *Morning Post*, in September and October, 1802, over the signature 'ΕΣΤΗΣΕ'. They were included in *Essays, &c.*, iii. 978-86, and were first collected in *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 171-8.]

WHAT is an Epigram? a dwarfish whole,
Its body brevity, and wit its soul.

First published in *Morning Post*, Sept. 23, 1802. Included in *Poetical Register*, 1802 (1803), ii. 253; and in *The Friend*, No. 12, Nov. 9, 1809. Cf. Wernicke's *Beschaffenheit der Überschriften* (i.e. The Nature of the epigram), Bk. I, No. 1.

'Dann lässt die Überschrift kein Leser aus der Acht,
Wenn in der Kürz' ihr Leib, die Seel' in Witz bestehet.'

41

CHARLES, grave or merry, at no lie would stick,
And taught at length his memory the same trick.
Believing thus what he so oft repeats,
He 's brought the thing to such a pass, poor youth,
That now himself and no one else he cheats,
Save when unluckily he tells the truth.

First published in *Morning Post*, Sept. 23, 1802. Included in *P. R.* 1802, ii. 317, and *The Friend*, No. 12, Nov. 9, 1809.

42

AN evil spirit 's on thee, friend! of late!
Ev'n from the hour thou cam'st to thy Estate.
Thy mirth all gone, thy kindness, thy discretion,
Th' estate hath prov'd to thee a most complete *possession*.
Shame, shame, old friend! would'st thou be truly best,
Be thy wealth's Lord, not slave! *possessor* not *possess'd*.

First published in *Morning Post*, Sept. 23, 1802. Included in *P. R.* 1802, ii. 317, and *The Friend*, No. 12, Nov. 9, 1809.

43

HERE lies the Devil—ask no other name.
Well—but you mean Lord——? Hush! we mean the same.

First published in *Morning Post*, Sept. 23, 1802. Included in *P. R.* 1802, ii. 363, and *The Friend*, No. 12, Nov. 9, 1809.

44

TO ONE WHO PUBLISHED[1] IN PRINT

WHAT HAD BEEN ENTRUSTED TO HIM BY MY FIRESIDE

Two things hast thou made known to half the nation,
My secrets and my want of penetration:
For O! far more than all which thou hast penn'd
It shames me to have call'd a wretch, like thee, my friend!

First published in *Morning Post*, Sept. 23, 1802. Adapted from Wernicke's *Epigrams* (Bk. I, No. 12), *An einen falschen Freund*. 'Weil ich mich dir vertraut, eh' ich dich recht gekennet.'

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[1] The 'One who published' was, perhaps, Charles Lloyd, in his novel, *Edmund Oliver*, 2 vols. 1798. Compare the following Epigram of Prior's:—

To John I ow'd great obligation,
But John unhappily thought fit
To publish it to all the nation:
Sure John and I are more than quit.

45

'Obscuri sub luce maligna.'—VIRG.

SCARCE any scandal, but has a handle;
In truth most falsehoods have their rise;
Truth first unlocks Pandora's box,
And out there fly a host of lies.
Malignant light, by cloudy night,
To precipices it decoys one!
One nectar-drop from Jove's own shop
Will flavour a whole cup of poison.

First published in *Morning Post*, Sept. 23, 1802.

46

OLD HARPY jeers at castles in the air,
And thanks his stars, whenever Edmund speaks,
That such a dupe as that is not his heir—
But know, old Harpy! that these fancy freaks,
Though vain and light, as floating gossamer,
Always amuse, and sometimes mend the heart:
A young man's idlest hopes are still his pleasures,
And fetch a higher price in Wisdom's mart
Than all the unenjoying Miser's treasures.

First published in *Morning Post*, Sept. 23, 1802. Included in *P. R.*, 1802, ii. 368. Adapted from Wernicke, Bk. VII, No. 40, *An einen Geizhals.*

'Steht's einem Geizhals an auf Aelius zu schmähn
Weil er vergebens hofft auf was nicht kann geschehn?'

47

TO A VAIN YOUNG LADY

DIDST thou think less of thy dear self
Far more would others think of thee!
Sweet Anne! the knowledge of thy wealth
Reduces thee to poverty.
Boon Nature gave wit, beauty, health,
On thee as on her darling pitching;
Couldst thou forget thou'rt thus enrich'd
That moment would'st thou become rich in!
And wert thou not so self-bewitch'd,
Sweet Anne! thou wert, indeed, bewitching.

First published in *Morning Post*, Sept. 28 1802. Included in *The Friend*, No. 12, Nov. 9, 1809.

48

A HINT TO PREMIERS AND FIRST CONSULS

FROM AN OLD TRAGEDY, VIZ. AGATHA TO KING ARCHELAUS

THREE truths should make thee often think and pause;
The first is, that thou govern'st over men;
The second, that thy power is from the laws;
And this the third, that thou must die!—and then?—

First published in *Morning Post*, Sept. 27, 1802. Included in *Essays, &c.*, iii. 992. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 162.

49

FROM me, Aurelia! you desired
Your proper praise to know;
Well! you're the FAIR by all admired—
Some twenty years ago.

First published in *Morning Post*, Oct. 2, 1802.

50

FOR A HOUSE-DOG'S COLLAR

WHEN thieves come, I bark: when gallants, I am still—
So perform both my Master's and Mistress's will.

First published in *Morning Post*, Oct. 2, 1802. Included in *The Friend* (title, 'For a French House-Dog's Collar'), No. 12, Nov. 9, 1809.

51

IN vain I praise thee, Zoilus!
In vain thou rail'st at me!
Me no one credits, Zoilus!
And no one credits thee!

First published in *Morning Post*, Oct. 2, 1802. Adapted from a Latin Epigram 'In Zoilum,' by George Buchanan:

'Frustra ego te laudo, frustra
Me, Zoile, laedis;
Nemo mihi credit,
Zoile, nemo, tibi.'

52

EPITAPH ON A MERCENARY MISER

A POOR benighted Pedlar knock'd
One night at SELL-ALL'S door,
The same who saved old SELL-ALL'S life—
'Twas but the year before!
And Sell-all rose and let him in,
Not utterly unwilling,
But first he bargain'd with the man,
And took his only shilling!
That night he dreamt he'd given away his pelf,
Walk'd in his sleep, and sleeping hung himself!
And now his soul and body rest below;
And here they say his punishment and fate is
To lie awake and every hour to know
How many people read his tombstone GRATIS.

First published in *Morning Post*, Oct. 9, 1802.

53

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN AN AUTHOR AND HIS FRIEND

Author. Come; your opinion of my manuscript!
Friend. Dear Joe! I would almost as soon be whipt.
Author. But I *will* have it!
Friend. If it must be had—(*hesitating*)
You write so ill, I scarce could read the hand—
Author. A mere evasion!
Friend. And you spell so bad,
That what I read I could not understand.

First published in *Morning Post*, Oct. 11, 1802.

54

Μωροσοφία OR WISDOM IN FOLLY

TOM SLOTHFUL talks, as slothful Tom beseems,
What he shall shortly gain and what be doing,
Then drops asleep, and so prolongs his dreams
And thus *enjoys* at once what half the world are *wooing*.

First published in *Morning Post*, Oct. 11, 1802.

55

EACH Bond-street buck conceits, unhappy elf!
He shews his *clothes*! Alas! he shews *himself*.
O that they knew, these overdrest self-lovers,
What hides the body oft the mind discovers.

First published in *Morning Post*, Oct. 11, 1802.

56

FROM AN OLD GERMAN POET

THAT France has put us oft to rout
With *powder*, which ourselves found out;
And laughs at us for fools in *print*,
Of which our genius was the Mint;
All this I easily admit,
For we have genius, France has wit.
But 'tis too bad, that blind and mad
To Frenchmen's wives each travelling German goes,
Expands his manly vigour by *their* sides,
Becomes the father of his country's foes
And turns *their warriors* oft to parricides.

First published in *Morning Post*, Oct. 11, 1802. Adapted from Wernicke's *Epigrams* (Bk. VIII, No. 4), *Auf die Buhlerey der Deutschen in Frankreich*.

'Dass Frankreich uns pflegt zu verwunden
Durch Pulver, welches wir erfunden.'

57

ON THE CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE,

THAT IN THE GERMAN LANGUAGE THE SUN IS FEMININE, AND THE MOON MASCULINE

OUR English poets, bad and good, agree
To make the Sun a male, the Moon a she.
He drives HIS dazzling diligence on high,
In verse, as constantly as in the sky;
And cheap as blackberries our sonnets shew
The Moon, Heaven's huntress, with HER silver bow;
By which they'd teach us, if I guess aright,
Man rules the day, and woman rules the night.
In Germany, they just reverse the thing;
The Sun becomes a queen, the Moon a king.

Now, that the Sun should represent the women,
The Moon the men, to me seem'd mighty humming;
And when I first read German, made me stare.
Surely it is not that the wives are there
As *common* as the Sun, to lord and loon,
And all their husbands *hornéd* as the Moon.

First published in *Morning Post*, Oct. 11, 1802. Adapted from Wernicke's *Epigrams* (Bk. VII, No. 15), *Die Sonne und der Mond*

'Die Sonn' heisst die, der Mond heisst der
In unsrer Sprach', und kommt daher,
Weil meist die Fraun wie die *gemein*,
Wie der *gehörnt* wir Männer sein.'

58

SPOTS IN THE SUN

My father confessor is strict and holy,
Mi Fili, still he cries, *peccare noli.*
And yet how oft I find the pious man
At Annette's door, the lovely courtesan!
Her soul's deformity the good man wins
And not her charms! he comes to hear her sins!
Good father! I would fain not do thee wrong;
But ah! I fear that they who oft and long
Stand gazing at the sun, to count each spot,
Must sometimes find the sun itself too hot.

First published in *Morning Post*, Oct. 11, 1802.

59

When Surface talks of other people's worth
He has the weakest memory on earth!
And when his own good deeds he deigns to mention,
His *memory* still is no whit better grown;
But then he makes up for it, all will own,
By a prodigious talent of *invention.*

First published in *Morning Post*, Oct. 11, 1802.

60

TO MY CANDLE

THE FAREWELL EPIGRAM

Good Candle, thou that with thy brother, Fire,
Art my best friend and comforter at night,
Just snuff'd, thou look'st as if thou didst desire
That I on thee an epigram should write.

Dear Candle, burnt down to a finger-joint,
Thy own flame is an epigram of sight;
'Tis *short*, and *pointed*, and *all over* light,
Yet gives *most* light and burns the keenest at the point.
Valete et Plaudite.

First published in *Morning Post*, Oct. 11, 1802.

61

EPITAPH

ON HIMSELF

HERE sleeps at length poor Col., and without screaming—
Who died as he had always lived, a-dreaming:
Shot dead, while sleeping, by the Gout within—
Alone, and all unknown, at E'nbro' in an Inn.

'Composed in my sleep for myself while dreaming that I was dying' . . . at the Black Bull, Edinburgh, Tuesday, Sept. 13, 1803. Sent in a letter to Thomas Wedgwood, Sept. 16, 1803. First published Cottle's *Reminiscences*, 1848, p. 467. First collected in 1893.

62

THE TASTE OF THE TIMES

SOME whim or fancy pleases every eye;
For talents premature 'tis now the rage:
In Music how great Handel would have smil'd
T' have seen what crowds are raptur'd with a child!
A Garrick we have had in little Betty—
And now we're told we have a Pitt in Petty!
All must allow, since thus it is decreed,
He is a very *petty* Pitt indeed!

? 1806.

First printed (from an autograph MS.) by Mr. Bertram Dobell in the *Athenæum*, Jan. 9, 1904. Now collected for the first time.

63

ON PITT AND FOX

BRITANNIA'S boast, her glory and her pride,
Pitt in his Country's service lived and died:
At length resolv'd, like Pitt had done, to do,
For once to serve his Country, Fox died too!

First published by Mr. B. Dobell in the *Athenæum*, Jan. 6, 1904. This

epigram belongs to the same MS. source as the preceding, 'On the Taste of the Times,' and may have been the composition of S. T. C.

In *Fugitive Pieces* (1806) (see *P. W.*, 1898, i. 84) Byron published a reply 'for insertion in the *Morning Chronicle* to the following illiberal impromptu on the death of Mr. Fox, which appeared in the *Morning Post* [Sept. 26, 1806]:—

> "Our Nation's Foes lament on Fox's death,
> But bless the hour when Pitt resigned his breath:
> These feelings wide let Sense and Truth unclue,
> We give the palm where Justice points its due."'

I have little doubt that this 'illiberal impromptu' was published by S. T. C., who had just returned from Italy and was once more writing for the press. It is possible that he veiled his initials in the line, 'Let Sense and Truth unClue.'

64

An excellent adage commands that we should
Relate of the dead that alone which is good;
But of the great Lord who here lies in lead
We know nothing good but that he is dead.

First published in *The Friend*, No. 12, Nov. 9, 1809. Included in *Essays, &c.*, iii. 986. First collected in *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 178.

65

COMPARATIVE BREVITY OF GREEK AND ENGLISH

χρυσὸν ἀνὴρ εὑρὼν ἔλιπε βρόχον, αὐτὰρ ὁ χρυσὸν
ὃν λίπεν οὐχ εὑρὼν ἧψεν ὃν εὗρε βρόχον.

Jack finding gold left a rope on the ground:
Bill missing his gold used the rope which he found.

First published in *Omniana*, 1812, ii. 123. First collected in *P. and D. W.* 1877, ii. 374.

66

EPIGRAM ON THE SECRECY OF A CERTAIN LADY

'She's secret as the grave, allow!'
'I do; I cannot doubt it.
But 'tis a grave with tombstone on,
That tells you all about it.'

First published in *The Courier*, Jan. 3, 1814. Included in *Essays, &c.*, iii. 986. Now collected for the first time.

67

MOTTO

FOR A TRANSPARENCY DESIGNED BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON AND EXHIBITED AT BRISTOL ON 'PROCLAMATION DAY'—*June* 29, 1814.

We've fought for Peace, and conquer'd it at last,
The rav'ning vulture's leg seems fetter'd fast!
Britons, rejoice! and yet be wary too:
The chain may break, the clipt wing sprout anew.

First published in Cottle's *Early Recollections*, 1836, ii. 145. First collected 1890.

ANOTHER VERSION

We've conquered us a Peace, like lads true metalled:
And Bankrupt *Nap's* accounts seem all now settled.

Ibid. ii. 145. First collected 1893.

68

Money, I've heard a wise man say,
Makes herself wings and flies away—
Ah! would she take it in her head
To make a pair for me instead.

First published (from an MS.) in 1893.

69

MODERN CRITICS

No private grudge they need, no personal spite,
The *viva sectio* is its own delight!
All enmity, all envy, they disclaim,
Disinterested thieves of our good name—
Cool, sober murderers of their neighbours' fame!

First published in *Biog. Lit.*, 1817, ii. 118. First collected in *P. W.*, 1885, ii. 363.

70

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM

Parry seeks the Polar ridge,
Rhymes seeks S. T. Coleridge,
Author of Works, whereof—tho' not in Dutch—
The public little knows—the publisher too much.

First published in 1884.

71

TO A LADY WHO REQUESTED ME TO WRITE A POEM UPON NOTHING

On nothing, Fanny, shall I write?
Shall I not one charm of thee indite?
The Muse is most unruly,
And vows to sing of what's more free,
More soft, more beautiful than thee;—
And that is *Nothing*, truly!

First published in the *Gazette of Fashion*, Feb. 22, 1822. Reprinted (by Mr. Bertram Dobell) in *N. and Q.*, 10th Series, vol. vi, p. 145. Now collected for the first time.

72

SENTIMENTAL

The rose that blushes like the morn,
Bedecks the valleys low;
And so dost thou, sweet infant corn,
My Angelina's toe.

But on the rose there grows a thorn
That breeds disastrous woe;
And so dost thou, remorseless corn,
On Angelina's toe.

First published in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 59. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 366.

73

So Mr. Baker heart did pluck—
And did a-courting go!
And Mr. Baker is a buck;
For why? he *needs* the *doe*.

First published in *Letters, Conversations, &c.*, 1836, ii. 21. First collected in *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 373.

74

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

'A heavy wit shall hang at every lord,'
So sung Dan Pope; but 'pon my word,
He was a story-teller,
Or else the times have altered quite;
For wits, or heavy, now, or light
Hang each by a bookseller.
S. T. C.

First published in *News of Literature*, Dec. 10, 1825. See *Arch. Constable and his Literary Correspondents*, 1873, iii. 482. First collected in 1893.

75

THE ALTERNATIVE

This way or that, ye Powers above me!
I of my grief were rid—
Did Enna either really love me,
Or cease to think she did.

First published in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 59. Included in *Essays, &c.*, iii. 987. First collected in *P. W.*, 1885, ii. 364.

76

In Spain, that land of Monks and Apes,
The thing called Wine doth come from grapes,
But on the noble River Rhine,
The thing called Gripes doth come from Wine!

First published in *Memoirs of C. M. Young*, 1871, p. 221. First collected in 1893.

77

INSCRIPTION FOR A TIME-PIECE

Now! It is gone—Our brief hours travel post,
Each with its thought or deed, its Why or How:—
But know, each parting hour gives up a ghost
To dwell within thee—an eternal Now!

First published in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 60. First collected in 1844.

78

ON THE MOST VERACIOUS ANECDOTIST, AND SMALL-TALK MAN, THOMAS HILL, ESQ.[1]

Tom Hill, who laughs at Cares and Woes,
As nauci—nili—pili—
What is *he* like, as I suppose?
Why, to be sure, a Rose—a Rose.
At least, no soul that Tom Hill knows
Could e'er recall a *Li-ly*.

Now first published from an MS.

---

[1] Extempore, in reply to a question of Mr. Theodore Hook's—'Look at him, and say what you think: Is not he like a Rose?'

79

NOTHING speaks our mind so well
As to speak Nothing. Come then, tell
Thy Mind in Tears, whoe'er thou be
That ow'st a name to Misery:
None can *fluency* deny
To Tears, the Language of the Eye.

Now first published from an MS. in the British Museum.

80

EPITAPH OF THE PRESENT YEAR ON THE MONUMENT OF THOMAS FULLER

A LUTHERAN stout, I hold for Goose-and-Gaundry
Both the Pope's Limbo and his fiery Laundry:
No wit e'er saw I in Original Sin,
And no Sin find I in Original Wit;
But if I'm all in the wrong, and, Grin for Grin,
Scorch'd Souls must pay for each too lucky hit,—
Oh, Fuller! much I fear, so vast thy debt,
Thou art not out of Purgatory yet;
Tho' one, eight, three and three this year is reckon'd,
And thou, I think, didst die *sub* Charles the Second.

Nov. 28, 1833.
Now first published from an MS.

JEUX D'ESPRIT

1

MY GODMOTHER'S BEARD[1]

So great the charms of Mrs. Mundy,
That men grew rude, a kiss to gain:
This so provok'd the dame that one day
To Pallas chaste she did complain:

Nor vainly she address'd her prayer,
Nor vainly to that power applied;
The goddess bade a length of hair
In deep recess her muzzle hide:

Still persevere! to love be callous!
For I have your petition heard!
To snatch a kiss were vain (cried Pallas)
Unless you first should shave your beard.

? 1791.

First published in *Table Talk and Omniana*, 1888, p. 392. The lines were inscribed by Coleridge in Gillman's copy of the *Omniana* of 1812. An apologetic note is attached. J. P. Collier (*Old Man's Diary*, 1871, March 5, 1832, Part I, p. 34) says that Coleridge 'recited the following not very good epigram by him on his godmother's beard; the consequence of which was that he was struck out of her will'. Most probably the lines, as inscribed on the margin of *Omniana*, were written about 1830 or 1831. First collected in *Coleridge's Poems*, 1907.

4 Pallas chaste] Wisdom's Power *S. T. C.*

2

LINES TO THOMAS POOLE

[Quoted in a letter from Coleridge to John Thelwall, dated Dec. 17, 1796.]

. . . . Joking apart, I would to God we could sit by a fireside and joke *vivâ voce*, face to face—Stella [Mrs. Thelwall] and Sara [Mrs. S. T. Coleridge], Jack Thelwall and I!—as I once wrote to my dear *friend* T. Poole,—

[1] 'There is a female saint (St. Vuilgefortis), whom the Jesuit Sautel, in his *Annus Sacer Poeticus*, has celebrated for her beard—a mark of divine favour bestowed upon her for her prayers.' *Omniana*, 1812, ii. 54. 'Pereant

Repeating
Such verse as Bowles, heart honour'd Poet sang,
That wakes the Tear, yet steals away the Pang,
Then, or with Berkeley, or with Hobbes romance it,
Dissecting Truth with metaphysic lancet.
Or, drawn from up these dark unfathom'd wells,
In wiser folly chink the Cap and Bells.
How many tales we told! what jokes we made,
Conundrum, Crambo, Rebus, or Charade;
Ænigmas that had driven the Theban mad,
And Puns, these best when exquisitely bad;
And I, if aught of archer vein I hit,
With my own laughter stifled my own wit.

1796. First published in 1893.

3

TO A WELL-KNOWN MUSICAL CRITIC, REMARKABLE FOR HIS EARS STICKING THROUGH HIS HAIR.

O ——! O ——! of you we complain
For exposing those ears to the wind and the rain.
Thy face, a huge whitlow just come to a head,
Ill agrees with those ears so raw and so red.

A Musical Critic of old fell a-pouting
When he saw how his asinine honours were sprouting;
But he hid 'em quite snug, in a full friz of hair,
And the Barber alone smoked his donkeys [so] rare.

Thy judgment much worse, and thy *perkers* as ample,
O give heed to King Midas, and take his example.
Thus to *publish* your fate is as useless as wrong—
You but prove by your ears, what we guessed from your tongue.

LABERIUS.

First published in the *Morning Post*, January 4, 1798. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877–80, ii. 370.

---

qui ante nos nostra dixere! What! can nothing be one's own? This is the more vexatious, for at the age of eighteen I lost a legacy of fifty pounds for the following epigram on my godmother's beard, which she had the *barbarity* to revenge by striking me out of her will.' *S. T. C.*

4

TO T. POOLE

AN INVITATION

PLUCKING flowers from the Galaxy
On the pinions of Abstraction,
I did quite forget to ax 'e,
Whether you have an objaction,
With us to swill 'e and to swell 'e
And make a pig-stie of your belly.
A lovely limb most dainty
Of a *ci-devant* Mud-raker,
I makes bold to acquaint 'e
We've trusted to the Baker:
And underneath it satis
Of the subterrene apple
By the erudite 'clep'd *taties*—
With which, if you'ld wish to grapple,
As sure as I'm a sloven,
The clock will not strike twice one,
When the said dish will be out of the oven,
And the dinner will be a nice one.

P. S.

Besides we've got some cabbage.
You Jew-dog, if you linger,
May the Itch in pomp of scabbage
Pop out between each finger.

January, 1797.

First published (*minus* the postscript) in *Thomas Poole and His Friends*, 1888, i. 211.

5

SONG

TO BE SUNG BY THE LOVERS OF ALL THE NOBLE LIQUORS COMPRISED UNDER THE NAME OF ALE.

A.

YE drinkers of Stingo and Nappy so free,
Are the Gods on Olympus so happy as we?

B.

They cannot be so happy!
For why? they drink no Nappy.

A.

But what if Nectar, in their lingo,
Is but another name for Stingo?

B.

Why, then we and the Gods are equally blest,
And Olympus an Ale-house as good as the best!

First published in *Morning Post*, September 18, 1801. Included in *Essays, &c.*, iii. 995-6. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 167.

6

DRINKING *VERSUS* THINKING

OR, A SONG AGAINST THE NEW PHILOSOPHY

My Merry men all, that drink with glee
This fanciful Philosophy,
Pray tell me what good is it?
If *antient Nick* should come and take,
The same across the Stygian Lake,
I guess we ne'er should miss it.

Away, each pale, self-brooding spark
That goes truth-hunting in the dark,
Away from our carousing!
To Pallas we resign such fowls—
Grave birds of wisdom! ye're but owls,
And all your trade but *mousing*!

My merry men all, here's punch and wine,
And spicy bishop, drink divine!
Let's live while we are able.
While Mirth and Sense sit, hand in glove,
This Don Philosophy we'll shove
Dead drunk beneath the table!

First published in *Morning Post*, September 25, 1801. Included in *Essays, &c.*, iii. 966-7. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 168.

7

THE WILLS OF THE WISP

A SAPPHIC

Vix ea nostra voco

Lunatic Witch-fires! Ghosts of Light and Motion!
Fearless I see you weave your wanton dances
Near me, far off me; you, that tempt the traveller
Onward and onward.

Wooing, retreating, till the swamp beneath him
Groans—and 'tis dark!—This woman's wile—I know it!
Learnt it from *thee*, from *thy* perfidious glances!
Black-ey'd Rebecca!

First published in *Morning Post*, December 1, 1801. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 169.

8

TO CAPTAIN FINDLAY

When the squalls were flitting and fleering
And the vessel was tacking and veering;
Bravo! Captain Findlay,
Who foretold a fair wind
Of a constant mind;
For he knew which way the wind lay,
Bravo! Captain Findlay.

A Health to Captain Findlay,
Bravo! Captain Findlay!
When we made but ill speed with the Speedwell,
Neither poets nor sheep could feed well:
Now grief rotted the Liver,
Yet Malta, dear Malta, as far off as ever!

Bravo! Captain Findlay,
Foretold a fair wind,
Of a constant mind,
For he knew which way the wind lay!

May 4, 1804.

Now first published from a Notebook. The rhymes are inserted between the following entries:—'Thursday night—Wind chopped about and about, once fairly to the west, for a minute or two—but now, ½ past 9, the Captain comes down and promises a fair wind for to-morrow. We shall see.' 'Well, and we have got a wind the right way at last!'

9

ON DONNE'S POEM 'TO A FLEA'

Be proud as Spaniards! Leap for pride ye Fleas!
Henceforth in Nature's mimic World grandees.
In Phœbus' archives registered are ye,
And this your patent of Nobility.
No skip-Jacks now, nor civiller skip-Johns,
Dread Anthropophagi! specks of living bronze,

I hail you one and all, sans Pros or Cons,
Descendants from a noble race of Dons.
What tho' that great ancestral Flea be gone,
Immortal with immortalising Donne,
His earthly spots bleached off a Papist's gloze,
In purgatory fire on Bardolph's nose.
1811.

Now first published from an MS.

10

[EX LIBRIS S. T. C.][1]

This, Hannah Scollock! may have been the case;
Your writing therefore I will not erase.
But now this Book, once yours, belongs to me,
The *Morning Post's* and *Courier's* S. T. C.;—
Elsewhere in College, knowledge, wit and scholarage
To Friends and Public known as S. T. Coleridge.
Witness hereto my hand, on Ashley Green,
One thousand, twice four hundred, and fourteen
Year of our Lord—and of the month November
The fifteenth day, if right I do remember.
15th Nov. 1814. Ashley, Box, Bath.

First published in *Lit. Rem.*, iii. 57. First collected *P. and D.W.*, 1877, ii. 387.

11

ΕΓΩΕΝΚΑΙΠΑΝ

The following burlesque on the Fichtean Egoismus may, perhaps, be amusing to the few who have studied the system, and to those who are unacquainted with it, may convey as tolerable a likeness of Fichte's idealism as can be expected from an avowed caricature. [S. T. C.]

The Categorical Imperative, or the annunciation of the New Teutonic God, ΕΓΩΕΝΚΑΙΠΑΝ: a dithyrambic Ode, by Querkopf Von Klubstick, Grammarian, and Subrector in Gymnasio. . . .

Eu! Dei vices gerens, ipse Divus,
(Speak English, Friend!) the God Imperativus,
Here on this market-cross aloud I cry:
'I, I, I! I itself I!

[1] These lines are written on a fly-leaf of a copy of *Five Bookes of the Church* by Richard Field (folio 1635), under the inscription: 'Hannah Scollock, her book, February 10, 1787.' The volume was bequeathed to the poet's younger son, Derwent Coleridge, and is now in the possession of the Editor.

The form and the substance, the what and the why,
The when and the where, and the low and the high,
The inside and outside, the earth and the sky,
I, you, and he, and he, you and I,
All souls and all bodies are I itself I!
All I itself I!
(Fools!. a truce with this starting!)
All my I! all my I!
He's a heretic dog who but adds Betty Martin!'
Thus cried the God with high imperial tone:
In robe of stiffest state, that scoff'd at beauty,
A pronoun-verb imperative he shone—
Then substantive and plural-singular grown,
He thus spake on:—'Behold in I alone
(For Ethics boast a syntax of their own)
Or if in ye, yet as I doth depute ye,
In O! I, you, the vocative of duty!
I of the world's whole Lexicon the root!
Of the whole universe of touch, sound, sight,
The genitive and ablative to boot:
The accusative of wrong, the nom'native of right.
And in all cases the case absolute!
Self-construed, I all other moods decline:
Imperative, from nothing we derive us;
Yet as a super-postulate of mine,
Unconstrued antecedence I assign,
To X Y Z, the God Infinitivus!'

1815.

First published in *Biographia Literaria*, 1817, i. 148*n*. First collected *P. and D. W*, 1877, ii. 370.

12

THE BRIDGE STREET COMMITTEE

Jack Snipe
Eats Tripe:
It is therefore credible
That tripe is edible.
And therefore, perforce,
It follows, of course,
That the Devil will gripe
All who do not eat Tripe.

And as Nic is too slow
To fetch 'em below:

And Gifford, the attorney,
Won't quicken their journey;
The Bridge-Street Committee
That colleague without pity,
To imprison and hang
Carlile and his gang,
Is the pride of the City,
And 'tis Association
That, alone, saves the Nation
From Death and Damnation.

First published in *Letters and Conversations, &c.*, 1836, i. 90, 91. These lines, which were inscribed in one of Coleridge's notebooks, refer to a 'Constitutional association' which promoted the prosecution of Richard Carlile, the publisher of Paine's *Age of Reason*, for blasphemy. See *Diary* of H. C. Robinson, 1869, ii. 134, 135. First collected *P. W.*, 1885, ii. 405.

13

NONSENSE SAPPHICS[1]

Here's Jem's first copy of nonsense verses,
All in the antique style of Mistress Sappho,
Latin just like Horace the tuneful Roman,
Sapph's imitator:

But we Bards, we classical Lyric Poets,
Know a thing or two in a scurvy Planet:
Don't we, now? Eh? Brother Horatius Flaccus,
Tip us your paw, Lad:—

Here's to Mæcenas and the other worthies;
Rich men of England! would ye be immortal?
Patronise Genius, giving Cash and Praise to
Gillman Jacobus;

Gillman Jacobus, he of Merchant Taylors',
Minor ætate, ingenio at stupendus,
Sapphic, Heroic, Elegiac,—what a
Versificator!

First published in *Essays, &c.*, 1850, iii. 987. First collected 1893.

[1] Written for James Gillman Junr. as a School Exercise, for *Merchant Taylors'*, c. 1822-3.

14

TO SUSAN STEELE ON RECEIVING THE PURSE

EXTRUMPERY LINES

My dearest Dawtie!
That 's never naughty—
When the Mare was stolen, and not before,
The wise man got a stable-door:
And he and I are brother Ninnies,
One Beast *he* lost and I two guineas;
And as sure as it 's wet when it above rains,
The man's brains and mine both alike had thick coverings,
For if he lost one mare, poor I lost two sovereigns!
A cash-pouch I have got, but no cash to put in it,
Tho' there 's gold in the world and Sir Walter can win it:
For your sake I'll keep it for better or worse,
So here is a dear loving kiss for your purse.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

1829. Now first published from an MS.

15

ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS[1]

I.—*By Likeness*

FOND, peevish, wedded pair! why all this rant?
O guard your tempers! hedge your tongues about
This empty head should warn you on that point—
The teeth were quarrelsome, and so fell out.

S. T. C.

II.—*Association by Contrast*

PHIDIAS changed marble into feet and legs.
Disease! vile anti-Phidias! thou, i' fegs!
Hast turned my live limbs into marble pegs.

III.—*Association by Time*

SIMPLICIUS SNIPKIN *loquitur*

I TOUCH this scar upon my skull behind,
And instantly there rises in my mind
Napoleon's mighty hosts from Moscow lost,
Driven forth to perish in the fangs of Frost.

[1] Written in pencil on the blank leaf of a book of lectures delivered at the London University, in which the Hartleyan doctrine of association was assumed as a true basis.

For in that self-same month, and self-same day,
Down Skinner Street I took my hasty way—
Mischief and Frost had set the boys at play;
I stept upon a slide—oh! treacherous tread!—
Fell smash with bottom bruised, and brake my head!
Thus Time's co-presence links the great and small,
Napoleon's overthrow, and Snipkin's fall.

?1830. First published in *Fraser's Magazine*, Jan. 1835, Art. 'Coleridgeiana'. First collected 1893.

16

VERSES TRIVOCULAR

Of one scrap of science I've evidence ocular.
A heart of one chamber they call unilocular,
And in a sharp frost, or when snow-flakes fall floccular,
Your wise man of old wrapp'd himself in a Roquelaure,
Which was called a Wrap-rascal when folks would be jocular.
And shell-fish, the small, Periwinkle and Cockle are,
So with them will I finish these verses trivocular.

Now first published from an MS.

17

CHOLERA CURED BEFORE-HAND

Or a premonition promulgated gratis for the use of the Useful Classes, specially those resident in St. Giles's, Saffron Hill, Bethnal Green, etc.; and likewise, inasmuch as the good man is merciful even to the beasts, for the benefit of the Bulls and Bears of the Stock Exchange.

Pains ventral, subventral,
In stomach or entrail,
Think no longer mere prefaces
For grins, groans, and wry faces;
But off to the doctor, fast as ye can crawl!
Yet far better 'twould be not to have them at all.

Now to 'scape inward aches,
Eat no plums nor plum-cakes;
Cry avaunt! new potato—
And don't drink, like old Cato.
Ah! beware of Dispipsy,
And don't ye get tipsy!
For tho' gin and whiskey
May make you feel frisky,

1-6 *om. Letter 1832.* 7-8 To escape Belly ache Eat no plums nor plum cake *Letter 1832.* 12 And therefore dont get tipsy *Letter 1832.*

They're but crimps to Dispipsy;
And nose to tail, with this gipsy
Comes, black as a porpus,
The diabolus ipse,
Call'd Cholery Morpus;
Who with horns, hoofs, and tail, croaks for carrion to feed him,
Tho' being a Devil, no one never has seed him!

Ah! then my dear honies,
There's no cure for you
For loves nor for monies:—
You'll find it too true.
Och! the hallabaloo!
Och! och! how you'll wail,
When the offal-fed vagrant
Shall turn you as blue
As the gas-light unfragrant,
That gushes in jets from beneath his own tail;—
'Till swift as the mail,
He at last brings the cramps on,
That will twist you like Samson.
So without further blethring,
Dear mudlarks! my brethren!
Of all scents and degrees,
(Yourselves and your shes)
Forswear all cabal, lads,
Wakes, unions, and rows,
Hot dreams and cold salads,
And don't pig in styes that would suffocate sows!
Quit Cobbett's, O'Connell's and Beelzebub's banners,
And whitewash at once bowels, rooms, hands, and manners!

July 26, 1832. First published in *P. W.* 1834. These lines were enclosed in a letter to J. H. Green, dated July 26, 1832, with the following introduction: 'Address premonitory to the Sovereign People, or the Cholera cured before-hand, promulgated *gratis* for the use of the useful classes, specially of those resident in St. Giles, Bethnal Green, Saffron Hill, etc., by their Majesties', i.e. the People's, loyal subject—Demophilus Mudlarkiades.'

---

16 with this gipsy] of Dys Pipsy *Letter 1832.* 22 And oh! och my dear Honies *Letter 1832.* 28 offal-fed] horn-and-hoof'd *Letter 1832.* 41 dreams] drams *Letter 1832.* 44 And whitewash at once your Guts, Rooms and Manners *Letter 1832.*

After 44
Vivat Rex Popellio!
Vivat Regina Plebs!
Hurra! 3 times 3 thrice
repeated Hurra! *Letter, 1832.*

18

TO BABY BATES

You come from o'er the waters,
From famed Columbia's land,
And you have sons and daughters,
And money at command.

But I live in an island,
Great Britain is its name,
With money none to buy land,
The more it is the shame.

But we are all the children
Of one great God of Love,
Whose mercy like a mill-drain
Runs over from above.

Lullaby, lullaby,
Sugar-plums and cates,
Close your little peeping eye,
Bonny Baby B——s.

First collected 1893. 'Baby Bates' was the daughter of Joshua Bates, one of the donors of the Boston Library. Her father and mother passed a year (1828-1829) at Highgate, 'close to the house of Dr. and Mrs. Gillman.' See a letter to Mrs. Bates from S. T. C. dated Jan. 23, 1829. *N. and Q.* 4th Series, i. 469.

19

TO A CHILD[1]

Little Miss Fanny,
So cubic and canny,
With blue eyes and blue shoes—
The Queen of the Blues!
As darling a girl as there is in the world—
If she'll laugh, skip and jump,
And not be *Miss Glump*!

1834. First published in *Athenæum*, Jan. 28, 1888. First collected 1893.

[1] To Miss Fanny Boyce, afterwards Lady Wilmot Horton.

FRAGMENTS FROM A NOTEBOOK[1]

Circa 1796–98

1

LIGHT cargoes waft of modulated Sound
From viewless Hybla brought, when Melodies
Like Birds of Paradise on wings, that aye
Disport in wild variety of hues,
Murmur around the honey-dropping flower.

First published in 1893. Compare *The Eolian Harp* (Aug. 1795), lines 20-5 (*ante* p. 101).

2

BROAD-BREASTED rock—hanging cliff that glasses
His rugged forehead in the calmy sea.[2]

First published in 1893. Compare *Destiny of Nations* (1796), lines 342, 343 (*ante* p. 143).

3

WHERE Cam his stealthy flowings most dissembles
And scarce the Willow's watery shadow trembles.

First published in 1893. Compare line 1 of *A Fragment Found in a Lecture-Room*, 'Where deep in mud Cam rolls his slumbrous stream' (*ante*, p. 35).

4

WITH secret hand heal the conjectur'd wound,
[or]
Guess at the wound, and heal with secret hand.

First published in 1893. The alternative line was first published in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 279.

---

[1] One of the earliest of Coleridge's Notebooks, which fell into the hands of his old schoolfellow, John Mathew Gutch, the printer and proprietor of *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal*, was purchased by the Trustees of the British Museum in 1868, and is now included in *Add. MSS.* as No. 27901. The fragments of verse contained in the notebook are included in *P. W.* 1893, pp. 453–8. The notebook as a whole was published by Professor A. Brandl in 1896 (*S. T. Coleridge's Notizbuch aus den Jahren 1795–1798*). Nineteen entries are included by H. N. Coleridge in *Poems and Poetical Fragments* published in *Literary Remains*, 1836, i. 277–80.

[2] An incorrect version of the lines was published in *Lit. Rem.*, ii. 280.

5

OUTMALIC'D Calumny's imposthum'd Tongue.

First published in 1893. A line from *Verses to Horne Tooke*, July 4, 1796, line 20 (*ante*, p. 151).

6

And write Impromptus
Spurring their Pegasus to tortoise gallop.

First published in 1893.

7

DUE to the Staggerers, that made drunk by Power
Forget thirst's eager promise, and presume,
Dark Dreamers! that the world forgets it too.

First published in *Lit. Rem.*, 1836, i. 27. 1 Due] These *L. R.*

8

Perish warmth
Unfaithful to its seeming!

First published in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 279.

9

OLD age, 'the shape and messenger of Death,'
'His wither'd Fist still knocking at Death's door.'

First published in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 279. Quoted from Sackville's *Induction to a Mirrour for Magistrates*, stanza 48:

'His wither'd fist stil knocking at deathes dore,
Tumbling and driveling as he drawes his breth;
For briefe, the shape and messenger of death.'

10

God no distance knows,
All of the whole possessing!

First published in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 279. Compare *Religious Musings*, ll. 156–7.

11

WHEREFORE art thou come? doth not the Creator of all things know all things? And if thou art come to seek him, know that where thou wast, there he was.

First published in 1893. Compare the *Wanderings of Cain*.

12

AND cauldrons the scoop'd earth, a boiling sea.

First published in 1893.

13

RUSH on my ear, a cataract of sound.

First published in 1893.

14

THE guilty pomp, consuming while it flares.

First published in 1893.

15

MY heart seraglios a whole host of Joys.

First published in 1893.

16

AND Pity's sigh shall answer thy tale of Anguish
Like the faint echo of a distant valley.

First published in *Notizbuch*, 1896, p. 350.

17

A DUNGEON

IN darkness I remain'd—the neighb'ring clock
Told me that now the rising sun shone lovely
On my garden.

First published in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 279. Compare *Osorio*, Act I, lines 219–21 (*ante*, p. 528), and *Remorse*, Act I, Scene II, lines 218–20 (*ante*, p. 830).

2 sun at dawn *L. R.*

18

THE Sun (for now his orb 'gan slowly sink)
Shot half his rays aslant the heath whose flowers
Purpled the mountain's broad and level top;
Rich was his bed of clouds, and wide beneath
Expecting Ocean smiled with dimpled face.

First published in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 278. Compare *This Lime-Tree Bower* (1797), lines 32–7 (*ante*, pp. 179, 180).

19

LEANNESS, disquietude, and secret Pangs.

First published in *Notizbuch*, p. 351.

20

SMOOTH, shining, and deceitful as thin Ice.

First published in *Notizbuch*, p. 355.

21

WISDOM, Mother of retired Thought.

First published in 1893.

22

Nature wrote Rascal on his face,
By chalcographic art!

First published in 1893.

23

IN this world we dwell among the tombs
And touch the pollutions of the Dead.

First published in 1893. Compare *Destiny of Nations*, ll. 177-8 (*ante*, p. 137).

24

THE mild despairing of a Heart resigned.

First published in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 278.

25

SUCH fierce vivacity as fires the eye
Of Genius fancy-craz'd.

First published in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 278. Compare *Destiny of Nations*, ll. 257, 258 (*ante*, p. 139).

26

—— like a mighty Giantess
Seiz'd in sore travail and prodigious birth
Sick Nature struggled: long and strange her pangs;
Her groans were horrible, but O! most fair
The Twins she bore—EQUALITY and PEACE!

First published in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 278. Compare concluding lines of the second strophe of *Ode to the Departing Year*, 4°, 1796.

27

Discontent
Mild as an infant low-plaining in its sleep.

First published in 1893.

28

—— terrible and loud,
As the strong Voice that from the Thunder-cloud
Speaks to the startled Midnight.

First published in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 278.

29

The swallows
Interweaving there, mid the pair'd sea-mews
At distance wildly-wailing!

First published in 1893.

30

THE Brook runs over sea-weeds.
Sabbath day—from the Miller's merry wheel
The water-drops dripp'd leisurely.

First published in 1893. It is possible the Fragments were some of the 'studies' for *The Brook*. See *Biog. Lit.*, Cap. X, ed. 1907, i. 129.

31

On the broad mountain-top
The neighing wild-colt races with the wind
O'er fern and heath-flowers.

First published in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 278.

32

A long deep lane
So overshadow'd, it might seem one bower—
The damp clay-banks were furr'd with mouldy moss.

First published in 1893.

33

BROAD-BREASTED Pollards, with broad-branching heads.

First published in 1893.

34

'TWAS sweet to know it only possible—
Some *wishes* cross'd my mind and dimly cheer'd it—
And one or two poor melancholy Pleasures—
In these, the pale unwarming light of Hope
Silv'ring their flimsy wing, flew silent by,
Moths in the Moonlight.

First published in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 277, 278.

4 In these] Each in *L. R.* 5 their] its *L. R.*

35

Behind the thin
Grey cloud that cover'd but not hid the sky
The round full moon look'd small.

First published in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 277. Compare *Christabel*, ll. 16, 17 (*ante*, p. 216).

36

The subtle snow
In every breeze rose curling from the Grove
Like pillars of cottage smoke.

First published in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 278.

The Subtle snow in every passing breeze
Rose curling from the grove like shafts of smoke. *L. R.*

37

THE sunshine lies on the cottage-wall,
A-shining thro' the snow.

First published in 1893.

38

A MANIAC in the woods—She crosses heedlessly the woodman's path—scourg'd by rebounding boughs.

First published in 1893.

Compare this with discarded stanza in 'Introduction to the Tale of the Dark Ladié' as printed in the *Morning Post*, Dec. 21, 1799 (vide *ante*, p. 333).

And how he cross'd the woodman's paths,
Thro' briars and swampy mosses beat;
How boughs rebounding scourg'd his limbs,
And low stubs gor'd his feet.

Note by J. D. Campbell, *P. W.*, 1893, p. 456.

39

HYMNS—MOON

IN a cave in the mountains of Cashmeer, an image of ice, which makes its appearance thus: Two days before the new moon there appears a bubble of ice, which increases in size every day till the fifteenth day, at which it is an ell or more in height;—then, as the moon decreases the Image does also till it vanishes. *Mem.* Read the whole 107th page of Maurice's *Indostan.*

First published in 1893. 'Hymns to the Sun, the Moon, and the Elements' are included in a list of projected works enumerated in the Gutch Notebook. The 'caves of ice' in *Kubla Khan* may have been a reminiscence of the 107th page of Maurice's *Hindostan.*

40

THE tongue can't speak when the mouth is cramm'd with earth—
A little mould fills up most eloquent mouths,
And a square stone with a few pious texts
Cut neatly on it, keeps the mould down tight.

First published in 1893. Compare *Osorio*, Act III, lines 259–62 (*ante*, p. 560).

41

AND with my whole heart sing the stately song,
Loving the God that made me.

First published in 1893. Compare *Fears in Solitude*, ll. 196–7 (*ante*, p. 263).

42

GOD'S Image, Sister of the Cherubim!

First published in 1893. Compare the last line of *The Ode to the Departing Year* (*ante*, p. 168).

43

AND re-implace God's Image in the Soul.

First published in 1893.

44

AND arrows steeled with wrath.

First published in 1893.

45

LOV'D the same Love, and hated the same hate,
Breath'd in his soul! etc. etc.

First published in 1893.

46

O MAN! thou half-dead Angel!

First published in 1893.

47

THY stern and sullen eye, and thy dark brow
Chill me, like dew-damps of th' unwholesome Night.
My Love, a timorous and tender flower,
Closes beneath thy Touch, unkindly man!
Breath'd on by gentle gales of Courtesy
And cheer'd by sunshine of impassion'd look—
Then opes its petals of no vulgar hues.

First published in 1893. See *Remorse*, Act I, Sc. II, ll. 81–4 (*ante*, p. 826). Compare *Osorio*, Act. I, ll. 80–3 (*ante*, p. 522).

48

With skill that never Alchemist yet told,
Made drossy Lead as ductile as pure Gold.

First published in 1893.

49

Grant me a Patron, gracious Heaven! whene'er
My unwash'd follies call for Penance drear:
But when more hideous guilt this heart infests
Instead of fiery coals upon my Pate,
O let a *titled* Patron be my Fate;—
That fierce Compendium of Ægyptian Pests!
Right reverend Dean, right honourable Squire,
Lord, Marquis, Earl, Duke, Prince,—or if aught higher,
However proudly nicknamed, he shall be
Anathema Maránatha to me!

First published, *Lit. Rem.*, i. 281.

FRAGMENTS[1]

1

O'ER the raised earth the gales of evening sigh;
And, see, a daisy peeps upon its slope!
I wipe the dimming waters from mine eye;
Even on the cold grave lights the Cherub Hope.[2]

? 1787. First published in *Poems*, 1852 (p. 379, Note 1). First collected 1893.

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[1] The following 'Fragments', numbered 1–63, consist of a few translations and versicles inserted by Coleridge in his various prose works, and a larger number of fragments, properly so called, which were published from MS. sources in 1893, or are now published for the first time. These fragments are taken exclusively from Coleridge's Notebooks (the source of *Anima Poetæ*, 1895), and were collected, transcribed, and dated by the present Editor for publication in 1893. The fragments now published for the first time were either not used by J. D. Campbell in 1893, or had not been discovered or transcribed. The very slight emendations of the text are due to the fact that Mr. Campbell printed from copies, and that the collection as a whole has now for the second time been collated with the original MSS. Fragments numbered 64, 96, 98, 111, 113, in *P. W.*, 1893, are quotations from the plays and poems of William Cartwright (1611–1643). They are not included in the present issue. Fragments 56, 58, 59, 61, 63, 67, 80, 81, 83, 88, 91, 93, 94, 117–120, are inserted in the text or among 'Jeux d'Esprit', or under other headings. The chronological order is for the most part conjectural, and differs from that suggested in 1893. It must be borne in mind that the entries in Coleridge's Notebooks are not continuous, and that the additional matter in prose or verse was inserted from time to time, wherever a page or half a page was not filled up. It follows that the context is an uncertain guide to the date of any given entry. Pains have been taken to exclude quotations from older writers, which Coleridge neither claimed nor intended to claim for his own, but it is possible that two or three of these fragments of verse are not original.

[2] This quatrain, described as 'The concluding stanza of an Elegy on a Lady who died in Early Youth', is from part of a memorandum in S. T. C.'s handwriting headed 'Relics of my School-boy Muse; i.e. fragments of poems composed before my fifteenth year'. It follows *First Advent of Love*, 'O fair is Love's first hope,' &c. (vide *ante*, p. 443), and is compared with Age—a stanza written forty years later than the preceding—'Dew-drops are the gems of morning,' &c. (p. 440).

ANOTHER VERSION.

O'er her piled grave the gale of evening sighs,
And flowers will grow upon its grassy slope,
I wipe the dimming waters from mine eye
Even on the cold grave dwells the Cherub Hope.

Unpublished Letter to Thomas Poole, Feb. 1. 1801, on the death of Mrs. Robinson ('Perdita').

2

SEA-WARD, white gleaming thro' the busy scud
With arching Wings, the sea-mew o'er my head
Posts on, as bent on speed, now passaging
Edges the stiffer Breeze, now, yielding, drifts,
Now floats upon the air, and sends from far
A wildly-wailing Note.

Now first published from an MS. Compare Fragment No. 29 of Fragments from a Notebook.

3

OVER MY COTTAGE

THE Pleasures sport beneath the thatch;
But Prudence sits upon the watch;
Nor Dun nor Doctor lifts the latch!

1799. First published from an MS. in 1893. Suggested by Lessing's *Sinngedicht* No. 104.

4

IN the lame and limping metre of a barbarous Latin poet—
Est meum et est tuum, amice! at si amborum nequit esse,
Sit meum, amice, precor: quia certe sum mage pauper.

'Tis mine and it is likewise yours;
But and if this will not do,
Let it be mine, because that I
Am the poorer of the Two!

Nov. 1, 1801. First published in the Preface to *Christabel*, 1816. First collected 1893.

5

NAMES do not always meet with LOVE,
And LOVE wants courage without a *name.*[1]

Dec. 1801. Now first published from an MS.

6

THE Moon, how definite its orb!
Yet gaze again, and with a steady gaze—
'Tis there indeed,—but where is it not?—
It is suffused o'er all the sapphire Heaven,
Trees, herbage, snake-like stream, unwrinkled Lake,
Whose very murmur does of it partake!

[1] These two lines, slightly altered, were afterwards included in *Alice du Clos* (ll. 111, 112), *ante*, p. 473

And low and close the broad smooth mountain is more a thing of Heaven than when distinct by one dim shade, and yet undivided from the universal cloud in which it towers infinite in height.

?1801. First published from an MS. in 1893.

7

Such love as mourning Husbands have
To her whose Spirit has been newly given
To her guardian Saint in Heaven—
Whose Beauty lieth in the grave—

(Unconquered, as if the Soul could find no purer Tabernacle, nor place of sojourn than the virgin Body it had before dwelt in, and wished to stay there till the Resurrection)—

Far liker to a Flower now than when alive,
Cold to the Touch and blooming to the eye.

Sept. 1803. Now first published from an MS.

8

[THE NIGHT-MARE DEATH IN LIFE]

I know 'tis but a dream, yet feel more anguish
Than if 'twere truth. It has been often so:
Must I die under it? Is no one near?
Will no one hear these stifled groans and wake me?

? 1803. Now first published from an MS.

9

Bright clouds of reverence, sufferably bright,
That intercept the dazzle, not the Light;
That veil the finite form, the boundless power reveal,
Itself an earthly sun of pure intensest white.

1803. First published from an MS. in 1893.

10

A BECK IN WINTER[1]

Over the broad, the shallow, rapid stream,
The Alder, a vast hollow Trunk, and ribb'd—
All mossy green with mosses manifold,
And ferns still waving in the river-breeze

[1] The lines are an attempt to reduce to blank verse one of many minute descriptions of natural objects and scenic effects. The concluding lines are illegible.

Sent out, like fingers, five projecting trunks—
The shortest twice 6 (?) of a tall man's strides.—
One curving upward in its middle growth
Rose straight with grove of twigs—a pollard tree:—
The rest more backward, gradual in descent—
One in the brook and one befoamed its waters:
One ran along the bank in the elk-like head
And pomp of antlers—

Jan. 1804. Now first published from an MS. (pencil).

11

I FROM the influence of thy Looks receive,
Access in every virtue, in thy Sight
More wise, more wakeful, stronger, if need were
Of outward strength.—

1804. Now first published from an MS.

12

WHAT never is, but only is to be
This is not Life:—
O hopeless Hope, and Death's Hypocrisy!
And with perpetual promise breaks its promises.

1804–5. Now first published from an MS.

13

THE silence of a City, how awful at Midnight!
Mute as the battlements and crags and towers
That Fancy makes in the clouds, yea, as mute
As the moonlight that sleeps on the steady vanes.

(or)

The cell of a departed anchoret,
His skeleton and flitting ghost are there,
Sole tenants—
And all the City silent as the Moon
That steeps in quiet light the steady vanes
Of her huge temples.

1804–5. Now first published from an MS.

14

O BEAUTY in a beauteous body dight!
Body that veiling brightness, beamest bright;
Fair cloud which less we see, than by thee see the light.

1805. First published from an MS. in 1893.

15

O TH' Oppressive, irksome weight
Felt in an uncertain state:
Comfort, peace, and rest adieu
Should I prove at last untrue!
Self-confiding wretch, I thought
I could love thee as I ought,
Win thee and deserve to feel
All the Love thou canst reveal,
And still I chuse thee, follow still.

1805. First published from an MS. in 1893.

16

'TWAS not a mist, nor was it quite a cloud,
But it pass'd smoothly on towards the sea—
Smoothly and lightly between Earth and Heaven:
So, thin a cloud,
It scarce bedimm'd the star that shone behind it:
And Hesper now
Paus'd on the welkin blue, and cloudless brink,
A golden circlet! while the Star of Jove—
That other lovely star—high o'er my head
Shone whitely in the centre of his Haze
. . . one black-blue cloud
Stretch'd, like the heaven, o'er all the cope of Heaven.

Dec. 1797. First published from an MS. in 1893.

17

[NOT A CRITIC—BUT A JUDGE]

WHOM should I choose for my Judge? the earnest, impersonal reader,
Who, in the work, forgets me and the world and himself!
You who have eyes to detect, and Gall to Chastise the imperfect,
Have you the heart, too, that loves,—feels and rewards the Compleat?

1805. Now first published from an MS.

18

A SUMPTUOUS and magnificent Revenge.

March 1806. First published from an MS. in 1893.

19

[DE PROFUNDIS CLAMAVI]

COME, come thou bleak December wind,
And blow the dry leaves from the tree!
Flash, like a love-thought, thro' me, Death!
And take a life that wearies me.

Leghorn, June 7, 1806. First published in *Letters of S. T. C.*, 1875, ii. 499, n. 1. Now collected for the first time. Adapted from Percy's version of 'Waly, Waly, Love be bonny', st. 8.

Marti'mas wind when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
O gentle death, when wilt thou cum?
For of my life I am wearie.

20

As some vast Tropic tree, itself a wood,
That crests its head with clouds, beneath the flood
Feeds its deep roots, and with the bulging flank
Of its wide base controls the fronting bank—
(By the slant current's pressure scoop'd away
The fronting bank becomes a foam-piled bay)
High in the Fork the uncouth Idol knits
His channel'd brow; low murmurs stir by fits
And dark below the horrid Faquir sits—
An Horror from its broad Head's branching wreath
Broods o'er the rude Idolatry beneath—

1806-7. Now first published from an MS.

21

LET Eagle bid the Tortoise sunward soar—
As vainly Strength speaks to a broken Mind.[1]

1807. First published in *Thomas Poole and His Friends*, 1888, ii. 195.

22

THE body,
Eternal Shadow of the finite Soul,
The Soul's self-symbol, its image of itself.
Its own yet not itself.

Now first published from an MS.

[1] These lines, 'slip torn from some old letter,' are endorsed by Poole, 'Reply of Coleridge on my urging him to exert himself.' First collected in 1893.

23

Or Wren or Linnet,
In Bush and Bushet;
No tree, but in it
A cooing Cushat.

May 1807. Now first published from an MS

24

The reed roof'd village still bepatch'd with snow
Smok'd in the sun-thaw.

1798. Now first published from an MS. Compare *Frost at Midnight*, ll. 69–70, *ante*, p. 242.

25

And in Life's noisiest hour
There whispers still the ceaseless love of thee,
The heart's self-solace } and soliloquy.
commune }

1807. Now first published from an MS.

26

You mould my Hopes you fashion me within:
And to the leading love-throb in the heart,
Through all my being, through my pulses beat;
You lie in all my many thoughts like Light,
Like the fair light of Dawn, or summer Eve,
On rippling stream, or cloud-reflecting lake;
And looking to the Heaven that bends above you,
How oft! I bless the lot that made me love you.

1807. Now first published from an MS.

27

And my heart mantles in its own delight.

Now first published from an MS.

28

The spruce and limber yellow-hammer
In the dawn of spring and sultry summer,
In hedge or tree the hours beguiling
With notes as of one who brass is filing.

1807. Now first published from an MS.

29

FRAGMENT OF AN ODE ON NAPOLEON

O'ERHUNG with yew, midway the Muses mount
From thy sweet murmurs far, O Hippocrene!
Turbid and black upboils an angry fount
Tossing its shatter'd foam in vengeful spleen—
Phlegethon's rage Cocytus' wailings hoarse
Alternate now, now mixt, made known its headlong course:
Thither with terror stricken and surprise,
(For sure such haunts were ne'er to Muse's choice)
Euterpe led me. Mute with asking eyes
I stood expectant of her heavenly voice.
Her voice entranc'd my terror and made flow
In a rude understrain the maniac fount below.
'Whene'er (the Goddess said) abhorr'd of Jove
Usurping Power his hands in blood imbrues—

? 1808. Now first published from an MS.

30

THE singing Kettle and the purring Cat,
The gentle breathing of the cradled Babe,
The silence of the Mother's love-bright eye,
And tender smile answering its smile of Sleep.

1803. First published from an MS. in 1893.

31

Two wedded hearts, if ere were such,
Imprison'd in adjoining cells,
Across whose thin partition-wall
The builder left one narrow rent,
And where, most content in discontent,
A joy with itself at strife—
Die into an intenser life.

1808. First published from an MS. in 1893.

ANOTHER VERSION

THE builder left one narrow rent,
Two wedded hearts, if ere were such,
Contented most in discontent,
Still there cling, and try in vain to touch!

O Joy! with thy own joy at strife,
That yearning for the Realm above
Wouldst die into intenser Life,
And Union absolute of Love!

1808. First published from an MS. in 1893.

32

Sole Maid, associate sole, to me beyond
Compare all living creatures dear—
Thoughts, which have found their harbour in thy heart
Dearest! *me* thought of *him* to thee so dear!

1809. First published from an MS. in 1893.

33

EPIGRAM ON KEPLER

FROM THE GERMAN

No mortal spirit yet had clomb so high
As Kepler—yet his Country saw him die
For very want! the *Minds* alone he fed,
And so the *Bodies* left him without bread.

1799. First published in *The Friend*, Nov. 30, 1809 (1818, ii. 95; 1850, ii. 69). First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 374.

1 spirit] Genius *MS.* 2 yet] and *MS.* 3 *Minds*] *Souls MS. crascd.*

34

When Hope but made Tranquillity be felt:
A flight of Hope for ever on the wing
But made Tranquillity a conscious thing;
And wheeling round and round in sportive coil,
Fann'd the calm air upon the brow of Toil.

1810. First published from an MS. in 1893.

35

I have experienced
The worst the world can wreak on me—the worst
That can make Life indifferent, yet disturb
With whisper'd discontent the dying prayer—
I have beheld the whole of all, wherein
My heart had any interest in this life
To be disrent and torn from off my Hopes

That nothing now is left. Why then live on?
That hostage that the world had in its keeping
Given by me as a pledge that I would live—
That hope of Her, say rather that pure Faith
In her fix'd Love, which held me to keep truce
With the tyranny of Life—is gone, ah! whither?
What boots it to reply? 'tis gone! and now
Well may I break this Pact, this league of Blood
That ties me to myself—and break I shall.

1810. First published from an MS. in 1893.

36

As when the new or full Moon urges
The high, large, long, unbreaking surges
Of the Pacific main.

1811. First published from an MS. in 1893.

37

O MERCY, O me, miserable man!
Slowly my wisdom, and how slowly comes
My Virtue! and how rapidly pass off
My Joys! *my Hopes*! my Friendships, and my Love!

1811. Now first published from an MS.

38

A LOW dead Thunder mutter'd thro' the night,
As 'twere a giant angry in his sleep—
Nature! sweet nurse, O take me in thy lap
And tell me of my Father yet unseen,
Sweet tales, and true, that lull me into sleep
And leave me dreaming.

1811. First published from an MS. in 1893.

39

HIS own fair countenance, his kingly forehead,
His tender smiles, Love's day-dawn on his lips,
Put on such heavenly, spiritual light,
At the same moment in his steadfast eye
Were Virtue's native crest, th' innocent soul's
Unconscious meek self-heraldry,—to man
Genial, and pleasant to his guardian angel.
He suffer'd nor complain'd;—though oft with tears

He mourn'd th' oppression of his helpless brethren,—
And sometimes with a deeper holier grief
Mourn'd for the oppressor—but this in sabbath hours—
A solemn grief, that like a cloud at sunset,
Was but the veil of inward meditation
Pierced thro' and saturate with the intellectual rays
It soften'd.

1812. First published (with many alterations of the MS.) in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 277. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1887, ii. 364. Compare Teresa's speech to Valdez, *Remorse*, Act IV, Scene II, lines 52-68 (*ante*, p. 866).

40

[ARS POETICA]

In the two following lines, for instance, there is nothing objectionable, nothing which would preclude them from forming, in their proper place, part of a descriptive poem :—

'Behold yon row of pines, that shorn and bow'd
Bend from the sea-blast, seen at twilight eve.'

But with a small alteration of rhythm, the same words would be equally in their place in a book of topography, or in a descriptive tour. The same image will rise into a semblance of poetry if thus conveyed :—

'Yon row of bleak and visionary pines,
By twilight-glimpse discerned, mark! how they flee
From the fierce sea-blast, all their tresses wild
Streaming before them.'

1815. First published in *Biog. Lit.*, 1817, ii. 18; 1847, ii. 20. First collected 1893.

41

TRANSLATION OF THE FIRST STROPHE OF PINDAR'S SECOND OLYMPIC

'As nearly as possible word for word.'

Ye harp-controlling hymns!
(or)
Ye hymns the sovereigns of harps!
What God? what Hero?
What Man shall we celebrate?
Truly Pisa indeed is of Jove,
But the Olympiad (or, the Olympic games) did Hercules establish,
The first-fruits of the spoils of war.
But Theron for the four-horsed car

That bore victory to him,
It behoves us now to voice aloud:
The Just, the Hospitable,
The Bulwark of Agrigentum,
Of renowned fathers
The Flower, even him
Who preserves his native city erect and safe.

1815. First published in *Biog. Lit.*, 1817, ii. 90; 1847, ii. 93. First collected 1893.

42

O! SUPERSTITION is the giant shadow
Which the solicitude of weak mortality,
Its back toward Religion's rising sun,
Casts on the thin mist of th' uncertain future.

1816. First published from an MS. in 1893.

43

TRANSLATION OF A FRAGMENT OF HERACLITUS[1]

Not hers
To win the sense by words of rhetoric,
Lip-blossoms breathing perishable sweets;
But by the power of the informing Word
Roll sounding onward through a thousand years
Her deep prophetic bodements.

1816. First published in *Lit. Rem.*, iii. 418, 419. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 367.

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[1] The translation is embodied in a marginal note on the following quotation from *The Select Discourses* by John Smith, 1660:—

'*So the Sibyl was noted by Heraclitus as μαινομένῳ στόματι γελαστὰ καὶ ἀκαλλώπιστα φθεγγομένη, as one speaking ridiculous and unseemly speeches with her furious mouth.*' The fragment is misquoted and misunderstood: for *γελαστά*, etc., should be *ἀμύριστα* unperfumed, inornate lays, not redolent of art.—Render it thus:

Not her's, etc.

Στόματι μαινομένῳ is 'with ecstatic mouth'.

J. D. Campbell in a note to this Fragment (*P. W.*, 1893, pp. 464–5) quotes the 'following prose translation of the same passage', from Coleridge's *Statesman's Manual* (1816, p. 132): 'Multiscience (or a variety and quantity of acquired knowledge) does not test intelligence. But the Sibyll with wild enthusiastic mirth shrilling forth unmirthful, inornate and unperfumed truths, reaches to a thousand years with her voice through the power of God.'

The prose translation is an amalgam of two fragments. The first sentence is quoted by Diogenes Laertius, ix. 1: the second by Plutarch, de Pyth. orac. 6, p. 377.

44

TRUTH I pursued, as Fancy sketch'd the way,
And wiser men than I went worse astray.

First published as Motto to Essay II, *The Friend*, 1818, ii. 37; 1850, ii. 27. First collected 1893.

45

IMITATED FROM ARISTOPHANES

(*Nubes* 315, 317.)

μεγάλαι θεαὶ ἀνδράσιν ἀργοῖς,
αἵπερ γνώμην καὶ διάλεξιν καὶ νοῦν ἡμῖν παρέχουσι
καὶ τερατείαν καὶ περίλεξιν καὶ κρούσιν καὶ κατάληψιν.

For the ancients . . . had their glittering VAPORS, which (as the comic poet tells us) fed a host of sophists.

GREAT goddesses are they to lazy folks,
Who pour down on us gifts of fluent speech,
Sense most sententious, wonderful fine *effect*,
And how to talk about it and about it,
Thoughts brisk as bees, and pathos soft and thawy.

1817. First published in *The Friend*, 1818, iii. 179; 1850, iii. 138. First collected 1893.

46

LET clumps of earth, however glorified,
Roll round and round and still renew their cycle—
Man rushes like a winged Cherub through
The infinite space, and that which has been
Can therefore never be again——

1820. First published from an MS. in 1893.

47

TO EDWARD IRVING

But *you*, honored IRVING, are as little disposed as myself to favor *such* doctrine! [as that of Mant and D'Oyly on Infant Baptism].

FRIEND pure of heart and fervent! we have learnt
A different lore! We may not thus profane
The Idea and Name of Him whose Absolute Will
Is Reason—Truth Supreme!—Essential Order!

1824. First published in *Aids to Reflection*, 1825, p. 373. First collected 1893.

48

[LUTHER—DE DÆMONIBUS]

The devils are in woods, in waters, in wildernesses, and in dark pooly places, ready to hurt and prejudice people, etc.—Doctoris Martini Lutheri Colloquia Mensalia—(Translated by Captain Henry Bell. London, 1652, p. 370).

'The angel 's like a flea,
The devil is a bore;—'
No matter for that! quoth S. T. C.,
I love him the better therefore.

Yes! heroic Swan, I love thee even when thou gabblest like a goose; for thy geese helped to save the Capitol.

1826. First published in *Lit. Rem.*, 1839, iv. 52. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 367.

49

THE NETHERLANDS

WATER and windmills, greenness, Islets green;—
Willows whose Trunks beside the shadows stood
Of their own higher half, and willowy swamp:—
Farmhouses that at anchor seem'd—in the inland sky
The fog-transfixing Spires—
Water, wide water, greenness and green banks,
And water seen—

June 1828. Now first published from an MS.

50

ELISA[1]

TRANSLATED FROM CLAUDIAN

DULCIA dona mihi tu mittis semper Elisa!
Et quicquid mittis Thura putare decet.

The above adapted from an Epigram of Claudian [No. lxxxii, Ad Maximum Qui mel misit], by substituting *Thura* for *Mella*: the original Distich being in return for a present of Honey.

Imitation

Sweet Gift! and always doth Elisa send
Sweet Gifts and full of fragrance to her Friend
Enough for Him to know they come from HER:
Whate'er she sends is Frankincense and Myrrh.

[1] These rhymes were addressed to a Miss Eliza Nixon, who supplied S. T. C. with books from a lending library.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME SUBJECT BY S. T. C. HIMSELF

Semper Elisa! mihi tu suaveolentia donas:
Nam quicquid donas, te redolere puto.

Translation

Whate'er thou giv'st, it still is sweet to me,
For *still* I find it redolent of thee.

1833, 4. Now first published from an MS.

51

PROFUSE KINDNESS

Νήπιοι οὐδὲ ἴσασιν ὅσῳ πλέον ἥμισυ πάντος.
HESIOD. [*Works and Days*, l. 40.]

WHAT a spring-tide of Love to dear friends in a shoal!
Half of it to one were worth double the whole!

Undated. First published in *P. W.*, 1834.

52

I STAND alone, nor tho' my heart should break,
Have I, to whom I may complain or speak.
Here I stand, a hopeless man and sad,
Who hoped to have seen my Love, my Life.
And strange it were indeed, could I be glad
Remembering her, my soul's betrothéd wife.
For in this world no creature that has life
Was e'er to me so gracious and so good.
Her loss is to my Heart, like the Heart's blood.

? S. T. C. Undated. First published from an MS. in 1893. These lines are inscribed on a fly-leaf of Tom. II of Benedetto Menzini's *Poesie*, 1782.

53

NAPOLEON

THE Sun with gentle beams his rage disguises,
And, like aspiring Tyrants, temporises—
Never to be endured but when he falls or rises.

? S. T. C. Undated. Now first published from an MS.

54

THICKER than rain-drops on November thorn.

Undated. Now first published from an MS.

55

His native accents to her stranger's ear,
Skill'd in the tongues of France and Italy—
Or while she warbles with bright eyes upraised,
Her fingers shoot like streams of silver light
Amid the golden haze of thrilling strings.

Undated. First published from an MS. in 1893.

56

Each crime that once estranges from the virtues
Doth make the memory of their features daily
More dim and vague, till each coarse counterfeit
Can have the passport to our confidence
Sign'd by ourselves. And fitly are they punish'd
Who prize and seek the honest man but as
A safer lock to guard dishonest treasures.

? S. T. C. Undated. First published in *Lit. Rem.*, i. 281. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 365.

57

Where'er I find the Good, the True, the Fair,
I ask no names—God's spirit dwelleth there!
The unconfounded, undivided Three,
Each for itself, and all in each, to see
In man and Nature, is Philosophy.

Undated. First published from an MS. in 1893.

58

A wind that with Aurora hath abiding
Among the Arabian and the Persian Hills.

Undated. First published from an MS. in 1893.

59

I [S. T. C.] find the following lines among my papers, in my own writing, but whether an unfinished fragment, or a contribution to some friend's production, I know not:—

What boots to tell how o'er his grave
She wept, that would have died to save;
Little they know the heart, who deem
Her sorrow but an infant's dream
Of transient love begotten;
A passing gale, that as it blows
Just shakes the ripe drop from the rose—
That dies and is forgotten.

O Woman! nurse of hopes and fears,
All lovely in thy spring of years,
Thy soul in blameless mirth possessing,
Most lovely in affliction's tears,
More lovely still than tears suppressing.

Undated. First published in Allsop's *Letters, Conversations*, &c. First collected *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii. 373.

60

THE THREE SORTS OF FRIENDS

Though friendships differ endless *in degree*,
The *sorts*, methinks, may be reduced to three.
*Ac*quaintance many, and *Con*quaintance few;
But for *In*quaintance I know only two—
The friend I've mourned with, and the maid I woo!

My dear Gillman—The ground and *matériel* of this division of one's friends into *ac, con* and *in*quaintance, was given by Hartley Coleridge when he was scarcely five years old [1801]. On some one asking him if Anny Sealy (a little girl he went to school with) was an acquaintance of his, he replied, very fervently pressing his right hand on his heart, 'No, she is an *in*quaintance!' 'Well! 'tis a father's tale'; and the recollection soothes your old friend and *in*quaintance, S. T. Coleridge.

Undated. First published in *Fraser's Magazine* for Jan. 1835, Art. *Coleridgeiana*, p. 54. First collected 1893.

61

If fair by Nature
She honours the fair Boon with fair adorning,
And graces that bespeak a gracious breeding,
Can gracious Nature lessen Nature's Graces?
If taught by both she betters both and honours
Fair gifts with fair adorning, know you not
There is a beauty that resides within;—
A fine and delicate spirit of womanhood
Of inward birth?—

Now first published from an MS.

62

BO-PEEP AND I SPY—

In the corner *one*—
I spy Love!
In the corner *None*,
I spy Love.

1826. Now first published from an MS.

63

A SIMILE

As the shy hind, the soft-eyed gentle Brute
Now moves, now stops, approaches by degrees—
At length emerges from the shelt'ring Trees,
Lur'd by her Hunter with the Shepherd's flute,
Whose music travelling on the twilight breeze,
When all besides was mute—
She oft had heard, and ever lov'd to hear;
She fearful Beast! but that no sound of Fear ——

Undated. Now first published from an MS.

64

BARON GUELPH OF ADELSTAN. A FRAGMENT

For ever in the world of Fame
We live and yet abide the same:
Clouds may intercept our rays,
Or desert Lands reflect our blaze.

The beauteous Month of May began,
And all was Mirth and Sport,
When Baron Guelph of Adelstan
Took leave and left the Court.

From Fête and Rout and Opera far
The full town he forsook,
And changed his wand and golden star
For Shepherd's Crown and Crook.

The knotted net of light and shade
Beneath the budding tree,
A sweeter day-bed for him made
Than Couch and Canopy.

In copse or lane, as Choice or Chance
Might lead him was he seen;
And join'd at eve the village dance
Upon the village green.

Nor endless—

Undated. Now first published from an MS.

METRICAL EXPERIMENTS[1]

1

AN EXPERIMENT FOR A METRE

I HEARD a voice pealing loud triumph to-day:
The voice of the Triumph, O Freedom, was thine!
Sumptuous Tyranny challeng'd the fray,[2]
'Drunk with Idolatry, drunk with wine.'
Whose could the Triumph be Freedom but thine?
Stars of the Heaven shine to feed thee;
Hush'd are the Whirl-blasts and heed thee;—
By her depth, by her height, Nature swears thou art mine!

[1] 'He attributed in part, his writing so little, to the extreme care and labour which he applied in elaborating his metres. He said that when he was intent on a new experiment in metre, the time and labour he bestowed were inconceivable; that he was quite an epicure in sound.' —Wordsworth on Coleridge (as reported by Mr. Justice Coleridge), *Memoirs of W. Wordsworth*, 1851, ii. 306.

In a letter to Poole dated March 16, 1801, Coleridge writes: 'I shall . . . immediately publish my *Christabel*, with the Essays on the "Preternatural", and on Metre' (*Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i. 349). Something had been done towards the collection of materials for the first 'Essay', a great deal for the second. In a notebook (No. 22) which contains dated entries of 1805, 1815, &c., but of which the greater portion, as the context and various handwritings indicate, belongs to a much earlier date, there are some forty-eight numbered specimens of various metres derived from German and Italian sources. To some of these stanzas or strophes a metrical scheme with original variants is attached, whilst other schemes are exemplified by metrical experiments in English, headed 'Nonsense Verses'. Two specimens of these experiments, headed 'A Sunset' and 'What is Life', are included in the text of *P. W.*, 1893 (pp. 172, 173), and in that of the present issue, pp. 393, 394. They are dated 1805 in accordance with the dates of Coleridge's own comments or afterthoughts, but it is almost certain that both sets of verses were composed in 1801. The stanza entitled 'An Angel Visitant' belongs to the same period. Ten other sets of 'Nonsense Verses' of uncertain but early date are now printed for the first time.

[2] Sumptuous Tyranny floating this way. [MS.] On p. 17 of Notebook 22 Coleridge writes:—

– ∪ ∪, – ∪ ∪, – ∪, –
Drunk with I—dolatry—drunk with, Wine.

A noble metre if I can find a metre to precede or follow.

Sūmptŭŏus Dālĭlă flōatĭng thĭs wāy
Drunk with Idolatry, drunk with wine.

Both lines are from Milton's *Samson Agonistes*.

1. Amphibrach tetrameter catalectic ∪ – ∪ | ∪ – ∪ | ∪ – ∪ | ∪ –
2. Ditto.
3. Three pseudo amphimacers, and one long syllable.
4. Two dactyls, and one perfect Amphimacer.
5. = 1 and 2.
6. – ∪ – | – ∪ – ∪ |
7. – ∪ – | – ∪ – ∪ |
8. – ∪ – | – ∪ –, – ∪ –, – ∪ –

1801. Now first published from an MS.

2

TROCHAICS

THUS she said, and, all around,
Her diviner spirit, gan to borrow;
Earthly Hearings hear unearthly sound,
Hearts heroic faint, and sink aswound.
Welcome, welcome, spite of pain and sorrow,
Love to-day, and Thought to-morrow.

1801. Now first published from an MS.

3

THE PROPER UNMODIFIED DOCHMIUS

(*i. e.* antispastic Catalectic)

Bĕnĭgn shōōtĭng stārs, ĕcstātĭc dĕlĭght.
or The Lord's throne in Heaven ămĭd āngĕl troops
Amid troops of Angels God throned on high.

1801. Now first published from an MS.

4

IAMBICS

No cold shall thee benumb,
Nor darkness stain thy sight;
To thee new Heat, new Light
Shall from this object come,
Whose Praises if thou now wilt sound aright,
My Pen shall give thee leave hereafter to be dumb.

1801. Now first published from an MS.

5

NONSENSE

Sing impassionate Soul! of Mohammed the complicate story:
Sing, unfearful of Man, groaning and ending in care.
Short the Command and the Toil, but endlessly mighty the Glory!
Standing aloof if it chance, vainly our enemy's scare:
What tho' we wretchedly fare, wearily drawing the Breath—,
Malice in wonder may stare; merrily move we to Death.

Now first published from an MS.

6

A PLAINTIVE MOVEMENT

[11′ 4ˋ 11′ 4ˋ | 10′ 6ˋ 4′ 10ˋ]

Go little Pipe! for ever I must leave thee,
Ah, vainly true!
Never, ah never! must I more receive thee?
Adieu! adieu!
Well, thou art gone! and what remains behind,
Soothing the soul to Hope?
The moaning Wind—
Hide with sere leaves my Grave's undaisied Slope.

(?) October, 1814.

[It would be better to alter this metre—
10′ 6ˋ 6′ 10ˋ | 11′ 4ˋ 11′ 4ˋ: and still more plaintive if the 1st and 4th were 11′ 11′ as well as the 5th and 7th.]

Now first published from an MS.

7

AN EXPERIMENT FOR A METRE

⏑ ⏑ –, ⏑ ⏑ –
⏑ ⏑ –, ⏑ ⏑ –
⏑ –
– ⏑ – } ⏑ ⏑ –; ⏑ ⏑ –, ⏑ ⏑ –
⏑ –
– ⏑ – } ⏑ ⏑ –, ⏑ ⏑ –, ⏑ ⏑ –
⏑ –
⏑ ⏑ – } ⏑ ⏑ –, ⏑ ⏑ –

When thy Beauty appears,
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an Angel new dight from the Sky,
At distance I gaze, and am awed by my fears,
So strangely you dazzle my Eye.

Now first published from an MS.

8

NONSENSE VERSES

[AN EXPERIMENT FOR A METRE]

Ye fowls of ill presage,
  Go vanish into Night!
Let all things sweet and fair
Yield homage to the pair:
  From Infancy to Age
Each Brow be smooth and bright,
As Lake in evening light.
To-day be Joy! and Sorrow
  Devoid of Blame
  (The widow'd Dame)
Shall welcome be to-morrow.
Thou, too, dull Night! may'st come unchid:
This wall of Flame the Dark hath hid
With turrets each a Pyramid;—
For the Tears that we shed, are Gladness,
  A mockery of Sadness!

Now first published from an MS.

9

NONSENSE

[AN EXPERIMENT FOR A METRE]

I wish on earth to sing
Of Jove the bounteous store,
That all the Earth may ring
With Tale of Wrong no more.
I fear no foe in field or tent,
Tho' weak our cause yet strong his Grace:
As Polar roamers clad in Fur,
Unweeting whither we were bent
We found as 'twere a native place,
  Where not a Blast could stir:
For Jove had his Almighty Presence lent:
Each eye beheld, in each transfigured Face,
The radiant light of Joy, and Hope's forgotten Trace.
or O then I sing Jove's bounteous store—
On rushing wing while sea-mews roar,
And raking Tides roll Thunder on the shore.

Now first published from an MS.

10

EXPERIMENTS IN METRE

THERE in some darksome shade
Methinks I'd weep
Myself asleep,
And there forgotten fade.

First published from an MS. in 1893.

11

ONCE again, sweet Willow, wave thee!
Why stays my Love?
Bend, and in yon streamlet—lave thee!
Why stays my Love?
Oft have I at evening straying,
Stood, thy branches long surveying,
Graceful in the light breeze playing,—
Why stays my Love?

1. Four Trochees /.
2. One spondee, Iambic \.
3. Four Trochees 1.
4. Repeated from 2.
5, 6, 7. A triplet of 4 Trochees—8 repeated.

First published from an MS. in 1893.

12

– ∪, – ∪ ∪, – ∪ ∪, – ∪ ∪
– ∪, – ∪ ∪, – ∪ ∪,
– ∪, – ∪ ∪, – ∪ ∪, – ∪ ∪
∪ – ∪, – ∪ ∪, – ∪ ∪, –
– ∪ ∪, – ∪
∪ – ∪ ∪, – ∪ etc.

Songs of Shepherds and rustical Roundelays,
Forms of Fancies and whistled on Reeds,
Songs to solace young Nymphs upon Holidays
Are too unworthy for wonderful deeds—

Round about, hornéd
Lucinda they swarméd,
And her they informéd,
How minded they were,
Each God and Goddess,
To take human Bodies
As Lords and Ladies to follow the Hare.

Now first published from an MS.

13

A METRICAL ACCIDENT

Curious instance of casual metre and rhyme in a prose narrative (*The Life of Jerome of Prague*). The metre is Amphibrach dimeter Catalectic ∪ – ∪ | ∪ –, and the rhymes antistrophic.

Then Jerome did call *a*
From his flame-pointed Fence; *b*
Which under he trod, *c*
As upward to mount *d*
From the fiery flood,—*e*

'I summon you all, *a*
A hundred years hence, *b*
To appear before God, *c*
To give an account *d*
Of my innocent blood!' *e*

July 7, 1826. Now first published from an MS.

NOTES BY PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY

1. I think most ears would take these as anapaestic throughout. But the introduction of Milton's

Drunk with Idolatry, drunk with wine

as a *leit-motiv* is of the first interest.

Description of it, l. 4, very curious. I should have thought no one could have run 'drunk with wine' together as one foot.

2. Admirable! I hardly know better trochaics.

3. Very interesting: but the terminology odd. The dochmius, a five-syllabled foot, is (in *one* form—there are about thirty!) an antispast ∪ – – ∪ *plus* a syllable. Catalectic means (*properly*) *minus* a syllable. But the verses as quantified are really dochmiac, and the only

attempts I have seen. Shall I own I can't get any *English* Rhythm on them?

4. More ordinary: but a good arrangement and wonderful for the date.

5. Not nonsense at all: but, metrically, really his usual elegiac.

6. This, *if early*, is almost priceless. It is not only lovely in itself, but an obvious attempt to recover the zig-zag outline and varied cadence of seventeenth century born—the things that Shelley to some extent, Beddoes and Darley more, and Tennyson and Browning most were to master. I subscribe (most humbly) to his suggestions, especially his second.

7. Very like some late seventeenth-century (Dryden time) motives and a *leetle* 'Moorish'.

8. Like 6, and charming.

9. A sort of recurrence to *Pindaric*—again pioneer, as the soul of S. T. C. *had* to be always.

10 and 11. Ditto.

13. Again, *I* should say, anapaestic—but this anapaest and amphibrach quarrel is *ἄσπονδος*.

APPENDIX I

FIRST DRAFTS, EARLY VERSIONS, ETC.

A

[Vide *ante*, p. 100]

EFFUSION 35

Clevedon, August 20th, 1795.[1]

(First Draft)

MY pensive SARA! thy soft Cheek reclin'd
Thus on my arm, how soothing sweet it is
Beside our Cot to sit, our Cot o'ergrown
With white-flowr'd Jasmine and the blossom'd myrtle,
(Meet emblems they of Innocence and Love!)
And watch the Clouds, that late were rich with light,
Slow-sad'ning round, and mark the star of eve
Serenely brilliant, like thy polish'd Sense,
Shine opposite! What snatches of perfume
The noiseless gale from yonder bean-field wafts!
The stilly murmur of the far-off Sea
Tells us of Silence! and behold, my love!
In the half-closed window we will place the Harp,
Which by the desultory Breeze caress'd,
Like some coy maid half willing to be woo'd,
Utters such sweet upbraidings as, perforce,
Tempt to repeat the wrong! [*M. R.*]

EFFUSION, p. 96. (1797.)

(Second Draft)

MY pensive SARA! thy soft Cheek reclin'd
Thus on my arm, most soothing sweet it is
To sit beside our Cot, our Cot o'ergrown
With white-flower'd Jasmin, and the broad-leav'd Myrtle
(Meet emblems they of Innocence and Love!)
And watch the Clouds that, late were rich with light,
Slow-sadd'ning round, and mark the Star of eve

[1] Now first published from Cottle's MSS. preserved in the Library of Rugby School.

Serenely brilliant (such should WISDOM be!)
Shine opposite. How exquisite the Scents
Snatch'd from yon Bean-field! And the world *so* hush'd!
The stilly murmur of the far-off Sea
Tells us of Silence! And that simplest Lute
Plac'd lengthways in the clasping casement, hark!
How by the desultory Breeze caress'd
(Like some coy Maid half-yielding to her Lover)
It pours such sweet Upbraidings, as must needs
Tempt to repeat the wrong. And now it's strings
Boldlier swept, the long sequacious notes
Over delicious Surges sink and rise
In aëry voyage, Music such as erst
Round rosy bowers (so Legendaries tell)
To sleeping Maids came floating witchingly
By wand'ring West winds stoln from Faery land;
Where on some magic Hybla MELODIES
Round many a newborn honey-dropping Flower
Footless and wild, like Birds of Paradise,
Nor pause nor perch, warbling on untir'd wing.

And thus, my Love! as on the midway Slope
Of yonder Hill I stretch my limbs at noon
And tranquil muse upon Tranquillity.
Full many a Thought uncall'd and undetain'd
And many idle flitting Phantasies
Traverse my indolent and passive Mind
As wild, as various, as the random Gales
That swell or flutter on this subject Lute.
And what if All of animated Life
Be but as Instruments diversly fram'd
That tremble into thought, while thro' them breathes
One infinite and intellectual Breeze,
And all in diff'rent Heights so aptly hung.
That Murmurs indistinct and Bursts sublime,
Shrill Discords and most soothing Melodies,
Harmonious from Creation's vast concent—
Thus *God* would be the universal Soul,

40–43 In diff'rent heights, so aptly hung, that all
In half-heard murmurs and loud bursts sublime,
Shrill discords and most soothing melodies,
Raises one great concent—one concent formed,
Thus God, the only universal Soul—
Alternative version, MS. R.

Mechaniz'd matter as th' organic harps
And each one's Tunes be that, which each calls I.

But thy more serious Look a mild Reproof
Darts, O beloved Woman, and thy words
Pious and calm check these unhallow'd Thoughts,
These Shapings of the unregen'rate Soul,
Bubbles, that glitter as they rise and break
On vain Philosophy's aye-babbling Spring:
Thou biddest me walk humbly with my God!
Meek Daughter in the family of Christ.
Wisely thou sayest, and holy are thy words!
Nor may I unblam'd or speak or think of Him,
Th' INCOMPREHENSIBLE! save when with Awe
I praise him, and with Faith that inly feels,
Who with his saving Mercies healèd me.
A sinful and most miserable man
Wilder'd and dark, and gave me to possess
PEACE and this COT, and THEE, my best-belov'd!

[*MS. R.*]

B

RECOLLECTION[1]

[Vide *ante*, pp. 53, 48]

As the tir'd savage, who his drowsy frame
Had bask'd beneath the sun's unclouded flame,
Awakes amid the troubles of the air,
The skiey deluge and white lightning's glare,
Aghast he scours before the tempest's sweep,
And sad recalls the sunny hour of sleep!
So tost by storms along life's wild'ring way
Mine eye reverted views that cloudless day,
When by my native brook I wont to rove,
While HOPE with kisses nurs'd the infant LOVE!

Dear native brook! like peace so placidly
Smoothing thro' fertile fields thy current meek—
Dear native brook! where first young POESY
Star'd wildly eager in her noon-tide dream;

[1] First published in *The Watchman*, No. V, April 2, 1796: reprinted in Note 39 (p. 566) of *P. W.*, 1892. The Editor (J. D. Campbell) points out that this poem as printed in *The Watchman* is made up of lines 71–86 of *Lines on an Autumnal Evening* (vide *ante*, p. 53), of lines 2–11 of *Sonnet to the River Otter*, and of lines 13, 14 of *The Gentle Look*, and *Anna and Harland*.

Where blameless Pleasures dimpled Quiet's cheek,
As water-lilies *ripple* thy slow stream!
How many various-fated years have past,
What blissful and what anguish'd hours, since last
I skimm'd the smooth thin stone along thy breast
Numb'ring its light leaps! Yet so deep imprest
Sink the sweet scenes of childhood, that mine eyes
I never shut amid the sunny blaze,
But strait, with all their tints, thy waters rise,
The crossing plank, and margin's willowy maze,
And bedded sand, that, vein'd with various dyes,
Gleam'd thro' thy bright transparence to the gaze—
Ah! fair tho' faint those forms of memory seem
Like Heaven's bright bow on thy smooth evening stream.

C

THE DESTINY OF NATIONS

[Add. *MSS.* 34,225. f. 5. Vide *ante*, p. 131.]

[DRAFT I]

AUSPICIOUS Reverence! Hush all meaner song,
Till we the deep prelúsive strain have pour'd
To the Great Father, only Rightful King,
Eternal Father! king omnipotent;
Beneath whose shadowing banners wide-unfurl'd
Justice leads forth her tyrant-quelling Hosts.
Such Symphony demands best Instrument.

Seize, then, my Soul, from Freedom's trophied dome
The harp which hanging high between the shields
Of Brutus and Leonidas, oft gives
A fitful music, when with breeze-like Touch
Great Spirits passing thrill its wings: the Bard
Listens and knows, thy will to work by Fame.
For what is Freedom, but the unfetter'd use
Of all the powers which God for use had given?
But chiefly this, him first to view, him last,
Thro' shapes, and sounds, and all the world of sense,
The change of empires, and the deeds of Man
Translucent, as thro' clouds that veil the Light.
But most, O Man! in thine in wasted Sense
And the still growth of Immortality

Image of God, and his Eternity.
But some there are who deem themselves most wise
When they within this gross and visible sphere
Chain down the winged thought, scoffing ascent
Proud in their meanness—and themselves they mock
With noisy emptiness of learned phrase
Their subtle fluids, impacts, essences,
Self-working tools, uncaused effects, and all
Those blind Omniscients, those Almighty Slaves,
Untenanting Creation of its God!

But properties are God: the Naked Mass
(If Mass there be, at best a guess obscure,)
Acts only by its inactivity.
Here we pause humbly. Others boldlier dream,
That as one body is the Aggregate
Of Atoms numberless, each organiz'd,
So by a strange and dim similitude
Infinite myriads of self-conscious minds
Form one all-conscious Spirit, who controlls
With absolute ubiquity of Thought
All his component Monads: linked Minds,
Each in his own sphere evermore evolving
Its own entrusted powers—Howe'er this be,
Whether a dream presumptious, caught from earth
And earthly form, or vision veiling Truth,
Yet the Omnific Father of all Worlds
God in God immanent, the eternal Word;
That gives forth, yet remains—Sun, that at once
Dawns, rises, sets and crowns the Height of Heaven,
Great general Agent in all finite souls,
Doth in that action put on finiteness,
For all his Thoughts are acts, and every act
A Being of Substance; God impersonal,
Yet in all worlds impersonate in all,
Absolute Infinite, whose dazzling robe
Flows in rich folds, and darts in shooting Hues
Of infinite Finiteness! he rolls each orb
Matures each planet, and Tree, and spread thro' all
Wields all the Universe of Life and Thought,
[Yet leaves to all the Creatures meanest, highest,
Angelic Right, self-conscious Agency—]

[*Note.* The last two lines of Draft I are erased.]

[DRAFT II]

AUSPICIOUS Reverence! Hush all meaner song,
Ere we the deep prelusive strain have pour'd
To the Great Father, only Rightful king
All-gracious Father, king Omnipotent!
Mind! co-eternal Word! forth-breathing Sound!
Aye unconfounded: undivided Trine—
Birth and Procession; ever re-incircling Act!
God in God immanent, distinct yet one!
Omnific, Omniform. The Immoveable,
That goes forth and remains, eke—— and at once
Dawns, rises, and sets and crowns the height of Heaven!
[Cf. *Anima Poetæ*, 1895, p. 162.]

Such Symphony demands best Instrument.
Seize then, my soul! from Freedom's trophied dome.
The harp which hanging high between the shields
Of Brutus and Leonidas, gives oft
A fateful Music, when with breeze-like Touch
Pure spirits thrill its strings: the Poet's heart
Listens, and smiling knows that Poets demand
Once more to live for Man and work by Fame:
For what is Freedom, but th' unfetter'd use
Of all the Powers, which God for use had given!
Thro' the sweet Influence of harmonious Word——

. . . . . .

The zephyr-travell'd Harp, that flashes forth
Jets and low wooings of wild melody
That sally forth and seek the meeting Ear,
Then start away, half-wanton, half-afraid
Like the red-breast forced by wintry snows,
In the first visits by the genial Hearth,
From the fair Hand, that tempts it to—
Or like a course of flame, from the deep sigh
Of the idly-musing Lover dreaming of his Love
With thoughts and hopes and fears, { sinking, snatching, / as warily, upward
Bending, recoiling, fluttering as itself

. . . . . .

And cheats us with false prophecies of sound

9 i. e. jure suo, by any inherent Right.

[DRAFT III]

AUSPICIOUS Reverence! Hush all meaner song,
Till we the deep prelusive strain have pour'd
To the Great Father, only Rightful king,
All Gracious Father, king Omnipotent!
To Him, the inseparate, unconfounded TRINE,
MIND! Co-eternal WORD! Forth-breathing SOUND!
Birth! and PROCESSION! Ever-circling ACT!
GOD in GOD immanent, distinct yet one!
Sole Rest, true Substance of all finite Being!
Omnific! Omniform! The Immoveable,
That goes forth and remaineth: and at once
Dawns, rises, sets and crowns the height of Heaven!

. . . . . .

Such Symphony demands best Instrument.
Seize then, my Soul! from Freedom's trophied dome
The Harp, that hanging high between the Shields
Of Brutus and Leonidas, flashes forth
Starts of shrill-music, when with breeze-like Touch
Departed Patriots thrill the——

D

PASSAGES IN SOUTHEY'S *Joan of Arc* (FIRST EDITION, 1796) CONTRIBUTED BY S. T. COLERIDGE[1].

[Vide *ante*, p. 131]

BOOK I, ll. 33–51.

"O France," he cried, "my country"!
When soft as breeze that curls the summer clouds
At close of day, stole on his ear a voice
Seraphic.
"Son of Orleans! grieve no more.
"His eye not slept, tho' long the All-just endured

37 not slept] slept not *MS. corr. by Southey.*

[1] Over and above the contributions to the Second Book of the *Joan of Arc*, which Southey acknowledged, and which were afterwards embodied in the *Destiny of Nations*, Coleridge claimed a number of passages in Books I, III, and IV. The passages are marked by S. T. C. in an annotated copy of the First Edition 4°, at one time the property of Coleridge's friend W. Hood of Bristol, and afterwards of John Taylor Brown. See *North British Review*, January, 1864.

"The woes of France; at length his bar'd right arm
"Volleys red thunder. From his veiling clouds
"Rushes the storm, Ruin and Fear and Death.
"Take Son of Orleans the relief of Heaven:
"Nor thou the wintry hours of adverse fate
"Dream useless: tho' unhous'd thou roam awhile,
"The keen and icy wind that shivers *thee*
"Shall brace thine arm, and with stern discipline
"Firm thy strong heart for fearless enterprise
"As who, through many a summer night serene
"Had hover'd round the fold with coward wish;
"Horrid with brumal ice, the fiercer wolf
"From his bleak mountain and his den of snows
"Leaps terrible and mocks the shepherd's spears."

ll. 57–59.

nor those ingredients dire
Erictho mingled on Pharsalia's field,
Making the soul retenant its cold corse.

ll. 220–222.

the groves of Paradise
Gave their mild echoes to the choral songs
Of new-born beings.—

ll. 267–280.

And oft the tear from his averted eye
He dried; mindful of fertile fields laid waste,
Dispeopled hamlets, the lorn widow's groan,
And the pale orphan's feeble cry for bread.
But when he told of those fierce sons of guilt
That o'er this earth which God had fram'd so fair
Spread desolation, and its wood-crown'd hills
Make echo to the merciless war-dog's howl;
And how himself from such foul savagery
Had scarce escap'd with life, then his stretch'd arm
Seem'd, as it wielded the resistless sword
Of Vengeance: in his eager eye the soul
Was eloquent; warm glow'd his manly cheek;
And beat against his side the indignant heart.

39 red] S. T. C. notes this word as Southey's. 46 Firm] S. T. C. writes against this word *Not English.*

ll. 454–460.

then methought
From a dark lowering cloud, the womb of tempests,
A giant arm burst forth and dropt a sword
That pierc'd like lightning thro' the midnight air.
Then was there heard a voice, which in mine ear
Shall echo, at that hour of dreadful joy
When the pale foe shall wither in my rage.

ll. 484–496.[1]

Last evening lone in thought I wandered forth.
Down in the dingle's depth there is a brook
That makes its way between the craggy stones,
Murmuring hoarse murmurs. On an aged oak
Whose root uptorn by tempests overhangs
The stream, I sat, and mark'd the deep red clouds
Gather before the wind, while the rude dash
Of waters rock'd my senses, and the mists
Rose round: there as I gazed, a form dim-seen
Descended, like the dark and moving clouds
That in the moonbeam change their shadowy shapes.
His voice was on the breeze; he bade me hail
The missioned Maid! for lo! the hour was come.

Book III, ll. 73–82.

Martyr'd patriots—spirits pure
Wept by the good ye fell! Yet still survives
Sow'd by your toil and by your blood manur'd
Th' imperishable seed, soon to become
The Tree, beneath whose vast and mighty shade
The sons of men shall pitch their tents in peace,
And in the unity of truth preserve
The bond of love. For by the eye of God
Hath Virtue sworn, that never one good act
Was work'd in vain.

Book IV, ll. 328–336.

The murmuring tide
Lull'd her, and many a pensive pleasing dream
Rose in sad shadowy trains at Memory's call.
She thought of Arc, and of the dingled brook,

[1] Suggested and in part written by S. T. C.

Whose waves oft leaping on their craggy course
Made dance the low-hung willow's dripping twigs;
And where it spread into a glassy lake,
Of the old oak which on the smooth expanse.
Imag'd its hoary mossy-mantled boughs.

E

[Vide *ante*, p. 186.]

THE RIME OF THE ANCYENT MARINERE[1], IN SEVEN PARTS.

ARGUMENT

How a Ship having passed the Line was driven by Storms to the cold Country towards the South Pole; and how from thence she made her course to the Tropical Latitude of the Great Pacific Ocean; and of the strange things that befell; and in what manner the Ancyent Marinere came back to his own Country.

I.

It is an ancyent Marinere,
And he stoppeth one of three:
"By thy long grey beard and thy glittering eye
"Now wherefore stoppest me?

"The Bridegroom's doors are open'd wide,
"And I am next of kin;
"The Guests are met, the Feast is set,—
"May'st hear the merry din.

But still he holds the wedding-guest—
There was a Ship, quoth he—
"Nay, if thou'st got a laughsome tale,
"Marinere! come with me."

[1] First published in *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798, pp. [1]-27; republished in *Lyrical Ballads*, 1800, vol. i; *Lyrical Ballads*, 1802, vol. i; *Lyrical Ballads*, 1805, vol. i; reprinted in *The Poems of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, Appendix, pp. 404-29, London: E. Moxon, Son, and Company, [1870]; reprinted in *Lyrical Ballads* edition of 1798, edited by Edward Dowden, LL D., 1890, in *P. W.*, 1893, Appendix E, pp. 512-20, and in *Lyrical Ballads*, . . . 1798. edited by Thomas Hutchinson, 1898. The text of the present issue has been collated with that of an early copy of *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798 (containing *Lewti*, pp. 68-7), presented by Coleridge to his sister-in-law, Miss Martha Fricker. The lines were not numbered in *L. B*, 1798.

He holds him with his skinny hand,
  Quoth he, there was a Ship—
"Now get thee hence, thou grey-beard Loon!
  "Or my Staff shall make thee skip.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
  The wedding guest stood still
And listens like a three year's child;
  The Marinere hath his will.

The wedding-guest sate on a stone,
  He cannot chuse but hear:
And thus spake on that ancyent man,
  The bright-eyed Marinere.

The Ship was cheer'd, the Harbour clear'd—
  Merrily did we drop
Below the Kirk, below the Hill,
  Below the Light-house top.

The Sun came up upon the left,
  Out of the Sea came he:
And he shone bright, and on the right
  Went down into the Sea.

Higher and higher every day,
  Till over the mast at noon—
The wedding-guest here beat his breast,
  For he heard the loud bassoon.

The Bride hath pac'd into the Hall,
  Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
  The merry Minstralsy.

The wedding-guest he beat his breast,
  Yet he cannot chuse but hear:
And thus spake on that ancyent Man,
  The bright-eyed Marinere.

Listen, Stranger! Storm and Wind,
  A Wind and Tempest strong!
For days and weeks it play'd us freaks—
  Like Chaff we drove along.

Listen, Stranger! Mist and Snow,
  And it grew wond'rous cauld:
And Ice mast-high came floating by
  As green as Emerauld.

And thro' the drifts the snowy clifts
  Did send a dismal sheen;
Ne shapes of men ne beasts we ken—
  The Ice was all between.

The Ice was here, the Ice was there,
  The Ice was all around:
It crack'd and growl'd, and roar'd and howl'd—
  Like noises of a swound.

At length did cross an Albatross,
  Thorough the Fog it came;
And an it were a Christian Soul,
  We hail'd it in God's name.

The Marineres gave it biscuit-worms,
  And round and round it flew:
The Ice did split with a Thunder-fit,
  The Helmsman steer'd us thro'.

And a good south wind sprung up behind,
  The Albatross did follow;
And every day for food or play
  Came to the Marinere's hollo!

In mist or cloud on mast or shroud,
  It perch'd for vespers nine,
Whiles all the night thro' fog smoke-white,
  Glimmer'd the white moon-shine.

"God save thee, ancyent Marinere!
  "From the fiends that plague thee thus—
"Why look'st thou so?"—with my cross bow
  I shot the Albatross.

II.

The Sun came up upon the right,
  Out of the Sea came he;
And broad as a weft upon the left
  Went down into the Sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
  But no sweet Bird did follow
Ne any day for food or play
  Came to the Marinere's hollo!

63 And an] As if *MS. corr. by S. T. C.* 75 *Corrected in the Errata to* fog-smoke white. 83 ~~weft~~ [*S. T. C.*]

And I had done an hellish thing
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averr'd, I had kill'd the Bird
That made the Breeze to blow.

Ne dim ne red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averr'd, I had kill'd the Bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay
That bring the fog and mist.

The breezes blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow follow'd free:
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent Sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the Sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the Sea.

All in a hot and copper sky
The bloody sun at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, ne breath ne motion,
As idle as a painted Ship
Upon a painted Ocean.

Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Ne any drop to drink.

The very deeps did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy Sea.

About, about, in reel and rout,
The Death-fires danc'd at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green and blue and white.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so:
Nine fathom deep he had follow'd us
From the Land of Mist and Snow.

And every tongue thro' utter drouth
Was wither'd at the root;
We could not speak no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah wel-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young;
Instead of the Cross the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

III.

I saw a something in the Sky
No bigger than my fist;
At first it seem'd a little speck
And then it seem'd a mist:
It mov'd and mov'd, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it ner'd and ner'd;
And, an it dodg'd a water-sprite,
It plung'd and tack'd and veer'd.

With throat unslack'd, with black lips bak'd
Ne could we laugh, ne wail:
Then while thro' drouth all dumb they stood
I bit my arm and suck'd the blood
And cry'd, A sail! a sail!

With throat unslack'd, with black lips bak'd
Agape they hear'd me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin
And all at once their breath drew in
As they were drinking all.

She doth not tack from side to side—
Hither to work us weal
Withouten wind, withouten tide
She steddies with upright keel.

The western wave was all a flame,
The day was well nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

And strait the Sun was fleck'd with bars
(Heaven's mother send us grace)
As if thro' a dungeon grate he peer'd
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she neres and neres!
Are those *her* Sails that glance in the Sun
Like restless gossameres?

Are those *her* naked ribs, which fleck'd
The sun that did behind them peer?
And are those two all, all the crew,
That woman and her fleshless Pheere?

His bones were black with many a crack,
All black and bare, I ween;
Jet-black and bare, save where with rust
Of mouldy damps and charnel crust
They're patch'd with purple and green.

Her lips are red, *her* looks are free,
Her locks are yellow as gold:
Her skin is as white as leprosy,
And she is far liker Death than he;
Her flesh makes the still air cold.

The naked Hulk alongside came
And the Twain were playing dice;
"The Game is done! I've won, I've won!"
Quoth she, and whistled thrice.

A gust of wind sterte up behind
And whistled thro' his bones;
Thro' the holes of his eyes and the hole of his mouth
Half-whistles and half-groans.

179 For "those" read "these" *Errata, p.* [*221*], *L. B. 1798.*

With never a whisper in the Sea
  Off darts the Spectre-ship;
While clombe above the Eastern bar
The horned Moon, with one bright Star
  Almost atween the tips.

One after one by the horned Moon
  (Listen, O Stranger! to me)
Each turn'd his face with a ghastly pang
  And curs'd me with his ee.

Four times fifty living men,
  With never a sigh or groan,
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump
  They dropp'd down one by one.

Their souls did from their bodies fly,—
  They fled to bliss or woe;
And every soul it pass'd me by,
  Like the whiz of my Cross-bow.

IV.

"I fear thee, ancyent Marinere!
  "I fear thy skinny hand;
"And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
  "As is the ribb'd Sea-sand.

"I fear thee and thy glittering eye
  "And thy skinny hand so brown—
Fear not, fear not, thou wedding guest!
  This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all all alone
  Alone on the wide wide Sea;
And Christ would take no pity on
  My soul in agony.

The many men so beautiful,
  And they all dead did lie!
And a million million slimy things
  Liv'd on—and so did I.

I look'd upon the rotting Sea,
  And drew my eyes away;
I look'd upon the eldritch deck,
  And there the dead men lay.

I look'd to Heav'n, and try'd to pray;
  But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came and made
  My heart as dry as dust.

I clos'd my lids and kept them close,
  Till the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
  And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
  Ne rot, ne reek did they;
The look with which they look'd on me,
  Had never pass'd away.

An orphan's curse would drag to Hell
  A spirit from on high:
But O! more horrible than that
  Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights I saw that curse,
  And yet I could not die.

The moving Moon went up the sky,
  And no where did abide:
Softly she was going up
  And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemock'd the sultry main
  Like morning frosts yspread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
  A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship
  I watch'd the water-snakes:
They mov'd in tracks of shining white;
And when they rear'd, the elfish light
  Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
  I watch'd their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black
They coil'd and swam; and every track
  Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gusht from my heart,
And I bless'd them unaware!
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I bless'd them unaware.

The self-same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

V.

O sleep, it is a gentle thing,
Belov'd from pole to pole!
To Mary-queen the praise be yeven
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck
That had so long remain'd,
I dreamt that they were fill'd with dew
And when I awoke it rain'd.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams
And still my body drank.

I mov'd and could not feel my limbs,
I was so light, almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed Ghost.

The roaring wind! it roar'd far off,
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air bursts into life,
And a hundred fire-flags sheen
To and fro they are hurried about;
And to and fro, and in and out
The stars dance on between.

The coming wind doth roar more loud;
  The sails do sigh, like sedge:
The rain pours down from one black cloud
  And the Moon is at its edge.

Hark! hark! the thick black cloud is cleft,
  And the Moon is at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning falls with never a jag
  A river steep and wide.

The strong wind reach'd the ship: it roar'd
  And dropp'd down, like a stone!
Beneath the lightning and the moon
  The dead men gave a groan.

They groan'd, they stirr'd, they all uprose,
  Ne spake, ne mov'd their eyes:
It had been strange, even in a dream
  To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steer'd, the ship mov'd on;
  Yet never a breeze up-blew;
The Marineres all 'gan work the ropes,
  Where they were wont to do:
They rais'd their limbs like lifeless tools—
  We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
  Stood by me knee to knee:
The body and I pull'd at one rope,
  But he said nought to me—
And I quak'd to think of my own voice
  How frightful it would be!

The day-light dawn'd—they dropp'd their arms,
  And cluster'd round the mast:
Sweet sounds rose slowly thro' their mouths
  And from their bodies pass'd.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
  Then darted to the sun:
Slowly the sounds came back again
  Now mix'd, now one by one.

After 338 * * * * * * *MS., L. B. 1798.*

Sometimes a dropping from the sky
I heard the Lavrock sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are
How they seem'd to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning.

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceas'd: yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Listen, O listen, thou Wedding-guest!
"Marinere! thou hast thy will:
"For that, which comes out of thine eye, doth make
"My body and soul to be still."

Never sadder tale was told
To a man of woman born:
Sadder and wiser thou wedding-guest!
Thou'lt rise to-morrow morn.

Never sadder tale was heard
By a man of woman born:
The Marineres all return'd to work
As silent as beforne.

The Marineres all 'gan pull the ropes,
But look at me they n'old:
Thought I, I am as thin as air—
They cannot me behold.

Till noon we silently sail'd on
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship
Mov'd onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep
From the land of mist and snow
The spirit slid: and it was He
That made the Ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune
And the Ship stood still also.

The sun right up above the mast
  Had fix'd her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir
  With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
  With a short uneasy motion.

Then, like a pawing horse let go,
  She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head,
  And I fell into a swound.

How long in that same fit I lay,
  I have not to declare;
But ere my living life return'd,
I heard and in my soul discern'd
  Two voices in the air,

"Is it he?" quoth one, "Is this the man?
  "By him who died on cross,
"With his cruel bow he lay'd full low
  "The harmless Albatross.

"The spirit who 'bideth by himself
  "In the land of mist and snow,
"He lov'd the bird that lov'd the man
  "Who shot him with his bow.

The other was a softer voice,
  As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he the man hath penance done,
  And penance more will do.

VI.

First Voice.

"But tell me, tell me! speak again,
  "Thy soft response renewing—
"What makes that ship drive on so fast?
  "What is the Ocean doing?

Second Voice.

"Still as a Slave before his Lord,
  "The Ocean hath no blast:
"His great bright eye most silently
  "Up to the moon is cast—

"If he may know which way to go,
"For she guides him smooth or grim.
"See, brother, see! how graciously
"She looketh down on him.

First Voice.

"But why drives on that ship so fast
"Withouten wave or wind?

Second Voice.

"The air is cut away before,
"And closes from behind.

"Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high,
"Or we shall be belated:
"For slow and slow that ship will go,
"When the Marinere's trance is abated."

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fix'd on me their stony eyes
That in the moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never pass'd away:
I could not draw my een from theirs
Ne turn them up to pray.

And in its time the spell was snapt,
And I could move my een:
I look'd far-forth, but little saw
Of what might else be seen.

Like one, that on a lonely road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turn'd round, walks on
And turns no more his head:
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breath'd a wind on me,
Ne sound ne motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea
In ripple or in shade.

It rais'd my hair, it fann'd my cheek,
  Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
  Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
  Yet she sail'd softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
  On me alone it blew.

O dream of joy! is this indeed
  The light-house top I see?
Is this the Hill? Is this the Kirk?
  Is this mine own countrée?

We drifted o'er the Harbour-bar,
  And I with sobs did pray—
"O let me be awake, my God!
  "Or let me sleep alway!"

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
  So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moon light lay,
  And the shadow of the moon.

The moonlight bay was white all o'er,
  Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
  Like as of torches came.

A little distance from the prow
  Those dark-red shadows were;
But soon I saw that my own flesh
  Was red as in a glare.

I turn'd my head in fear and dread,
  And by the holy rood,
The bodies had advanc'd, and now
  Before the mast they stood.

They lifted up their stiff right arms,
  They held them strait and tight;
And each right-arm burnt like a torch,
  A torch that's borne upright.
Their stony eye-balls glitter'd on
  In the red and smoky light.

I pray'd and turn'd my head away
  Forth looking as before.
There was no breeze upon the bay,
  No wave against the shore.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less
  That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steep'd in silentness
  The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,
  Till rising from the same
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
  In crimson colours came.

A little distance from the prow
  Those crimson shadows were:
I turn'd my eyes upon the deck—
  O Christ! what saw I there?

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat;
  And by the Holy rood
A man all light, a seraph-man,
  On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each wav'd his hand:
  It was a heavenly sight:
They stood as signals to the land,
  Each one a lovely light:

This seraph-band, each wav'd his hand,
  No voice did they impart—
No voice; but O! the silence sank,
  Like music on my heart.

Eftsones I heard the dash of oars,
  I heard the pilot's cheer:
My head was turn'd perforce away
  And I saw a boat appear.

Then vanish'd all the lovely lights;
  The bodies rose anew:
With silent pace, each to his place,
  Came back the ghastly crew.
The wind, that shade nor motion made,
  On me alone it blew.

The pilot, and the pilot's boy
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy,
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

VII.

This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the Sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with Marineres
That come from a far Contrée.

He kneels at morn and noon and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss, that wholly hides
The rotted old Oak-stump.

The Skiff-boat ne'rd: I heard them talk,
"Why, this is strange, I trow!
"Where are those lights so many and fair
"That signal made but now?

"Strange, by my faith! the Hermit said—
"And they answer'd not our cheer.
"The planks look warp'd, and see those sails
"How thin they are and sere!
"I never saw aught like to them
"Unless perchance it were

"The skeletons of leaves that lag
"My forest-brook along:
"When the Ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
"And the Owlet whoops to the wolf below
"That eats the she-wolf's young.

"Dear Lord! it has a fiendish look—
(The Pilot made reply)
"I am afear'd—"Push on, push on!
"Said the Hermit cheerily.

The Boat came closer to the Ship,
But I ne spake ne stirr'd!
The Boat came close beneath the Ship,
And strait a sound was heard!

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reach'd the Ship, it split the bay;
The Ship went down like lead.

Stunn'd by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote:
Like one that had been seven days drown'd
My body lay afloat:
But, swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the Ship,
The boat spun round and round:
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I mov'd my lips: the Pilot shriek'd
And fell down in a fit.
The Holy Hermit rais'd his eyes
And pray'd where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laugh'd loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro,
"Ha! ha!" quoth he—"full plain I see,
"The devil knows how to row."

And now all in mine own Countrée
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepp'd forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy Man!
The Hermit cross'd his brow—
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say
"What manner man art thou?"

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrench'd
With a woeful agony,
Which forc'd me to begin my tale
And then it left me free.

Since then at an uncertain hour,
  Now oftimes and now fewer,
That anguish comes and makes me tell
  My ghastly aventure.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
  I have strange power of speech;
The moment that his face I see
I know the man that must hear me;
  To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
  The Wedding-guests are there;
But in the Garden-bower the Bride
  And Bride-maids singing are:
And hark the little Vesper-bell
  Which biddeth me to prayer.

O Wedding-guest! this soul hath been
  Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
  Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the Marriage-feast,
  'Tis sweeter far to me
To walk together to the Kirk
  With a goodly company.

To walk together to the Kirk
  And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
  And Youths, and Maidens gay.

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
  To thee, thou wedding-guest!
He prayeth well who loveth well,
  Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best,
  All things both great and small:
For the dear God, who loveth us,
  He made and loveth all.

The Marinere, whose eye is bright,
  Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone; and now the wedding-guest
  Turn'd from the bridegroom's door.

He went, like one that hath been stunn'd
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

F

THE RAVEN

[As printed in the *Morning Post*, March 10, 1798.]

[Vide *ante*, p. 169.]

UNDER the arms of a goodly oak-tree,
There was of Swine a large company.
They were making a rude repast,
Grunting as they crunch'd the mast.
Then they trotted away: for the wind blew high—
One acorn they left, ne more mote you spy.
Next came a Raven, who lik'd not such folly;
He belong'd, I believe, to the witch MELANCHOLY!
Blacker was he than the blackest jet;
Flew low in the rain; his feathers were wet.
He pick'd up the acorn and buried it strait,
By the side of a river both deep and great.
Where then did the Raven go?
He went high and low—
O'er hill, o'er dale did the black Raven go!
Many Autumns, many Springs;
Travell'd he with wand'ring wings;
Many Summers, many Winters—
I can't tell half his adventures.
At length he return'd, and with him a she;
And the acorn was grown a large oak-tree.
They built them a nest in the topmost bough,
And young ones they had, and were jolly enow.
But soon came a Woodman in leathern guise:
His brow like a pent-house hung over his eyes.
He'd an axe in his hand, and he nothing spoke,
But with many a hem! and a sturdy stroke,
At last he brought down the poor Raven's own oak.
His young ones were kill'd, for they could not depart,
And his wife she did die of a broken heart!

The branches from off it the Woodman did sever!
And they floated it down on the course of the River:
They saw'd it to planks, and it's rind they did strip,
And with this tree and others they built up a ship.
The ship, it was launch'd; but in sight of the land,
A tempest arose which no ship could withstand.
It bulg'd on a rock, and the waves rush'd in fast—
The auld Raven flew round and round, and caw'd to the blast.
He heard the sea-shriek of their perishing souls—
They be sunk! O'er the top-mast the mad water rolls.
The Raven was glad that such fate they did meet,
They had taken his all, and REVENGE WAS SWEET!

G

LEWTI; OR THE CIRCASSIAN'S LOVE-CHANT[1]

[Vide *ante*, p. 253.]

(1)

[Add. MSS. 27,902]

HIGH o'er the silver rocks I roved
To forget the form I loved
In hopes fond fancy would be kind
And steal my Mary from my mind
T'was twilight and the lunar beam
Sailed slowly o'er Tamaha's stream
As down its sides the water strayed
Bright on a rock the moonbeam playe[d]
It shone, half-sheltered from the view
By pendent boughs of tressy yew
True, true to love but false to rest,
So fancy whispered to my breast,
So shines her forehead smooth and fair
Gleaming through her sable hair
I turned to heaven—but viewed on high
The languid lustre of her eye

[1] The first ten lines of MS. version (1) were first published in *Note* 44 of *P. W.*, 1893, p. 518, and the MS. as a whole is included in *Coleridge's Poems*, A Facsimile Reproduction of The Proofs and MSS., &c., 1899, pp. 132–4. MSS. (2) and (3) are now printed for the first time.

The moons mild radiant edge I saw
Peeping a black-arched cloud below
Nor yet its faint and paly beam
Could tinge its skirt with yellow gleam
I saw the white waves o'er and o'er
Break against a curved shore
Now disappearing from the sight
Now twinkling regular and white
Her mouth, her smiling mouth can shew
As white and regular a row
Haste Haste, some God indulgent prove
And bear me, bear me to my love
Then might—for yet the sultry hour
Glows from the sun's oppressive power
Then might her bosom soft and white
Heave upon my swimming sight
As yon two swans together heave
Upon the gently-swelling wave
Haste—haste some God indulgent prove
And bear—oh bear me to my love.

(2)

[Add. MSS. 35,343.]

THE CIRCASSIAN'S LOVE-CHAUNT

~~Wild Indians~~

HIGH o'er the rocks at night I rov'd
~~silver~~
To forget the form I lov'd.
Image of LEWTI! from my mind
~~Cora~~
Depart! for LEWTI is not kind!
~~Cora~~

Bright was the Moon: the Moon's bright beam
Speckled with many a moving shade,
Danc'd upon Tamaha's stream;
But brightlier on the Rock it play'd,
The Rock, half-shelter'd from my view
By pendent boughs of tressy Yew!
True to Love, but false to Rest,
My fancy whisper'd in my breast—
So shines my Lewti's forehead fair
Gleaming thro' her sable hair,

Image of LEWTI! from my mind
~~Cora~~
Depart! for LEWTI is not kind.
~~Cora~~

I saw a cloud of whitest hue;
Onward to the Moon it pass'd!
Still brighter and more bright it grew
With floating colours not a few,
Till it reach'd the Moon at last.

LEWTI; OR THE CIRCASSIAN'S LOVE-CHANT

(3)

[Add. MSS. 35,343, f. 3 recto.]

HIGH o'er the rocks at night I rov'd
To forget the form I lov'd.
Image of LEWTI! from my mind
Depart: for LEWTI is not kind.

Bright was the Moon: the Moon's bright bea[m]
Speckled with many a moving shade,
Danc'd upon TAMAHA'S stream;
But brightlier on the Rock it play'd,
The Rock, half-shelter'd from my view
By pendent boughs of tressy Yew!
True to Love, but false to Rest,
My fancy whisper'd in my breast—
So shines my LEWTI'S forehead fair
Gleaming thro' her sable hair!
Image of LEWTI! from my mind
Depart—for LEWTI is not kind.

I saw a Cloud of whitest hue—
Onward to the Moon it pass'd.
Still brighter and more bright it grew
With floating colours not a few,
Till it reach'd the Moon at last:
Then the Cloud was wholly bright
With a rich and amber light!
~~deep~~
And so with many a hope I seek,
And so with joy I find my LEWTI:
And even so my pale wan cheek
Drinks in as deep a flush of Beauty

Image of LEWTI! leave my mind
If Lewti never will be kind!

Away the little Cloud, away.
Away it goes—away so soon
~~alone~~
Alas! it has no power to stay:
It's hues are dim, it's hues are grey
Away it passes from the Moon.
And now tis whiter than before—
As white as my poor cheek will be,
When, LEWTI! on my couch I lie
A dying Man for Love of thee!
~~Thou living Image~~
Image of LEWTI in my mind,
Methinks thou lookest not ~~kin~~ unkind!

H

INTRODUCTION TO THE TALE OF THE DARK LADIE[1]

[Vide *ante*, p. 330.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

SIR,

The following Poem is the Introduction to a somewhat longer one, for which I shall solicit insertion on your next open day. The use of the Old Ballad word, *Ladie*, for Lady, is the only piece of obsoleteness in it; and as it is professedly a tale of ancient times, I trust, that 'the affectionate lovers of venerable antiquity' (as Camden says) will grant me their pardon, and perhaps may be induced to admit a force and propriety in it. A heavier objection may be adduced against the Author, that in these times of fear and expectation, when novelties *explode* around us in all directions, he should presume

[1] Published in the *Morning Post*, Dec. 21, 1799. Collated with two MSS. —*MS.* (*1*); *MS.* (*2*)—in the British Museum [Add. MSS. 27,902]. See *Coleridge's Poems*, A Facsimile of the Proofs, &c., edited by the late James Dykes Campbell, 1899. *MS. 1* consists of thirty-two stanzas (unnumbered), written on nine pages: *MS. 2* (which begins with stanza 6, and ends with stanza 30) of fourteen stanzas (unnumbered) written on four pages.

Title—The Dark Ladiè. *MS. B.M.* (*1*).

to offer to the public a silly tale of old fashioned love; and, five years ago, I own, I should have allowed and felt the force of this objection. But, alas! explosion has succeeded explosion so rapidly, that novelty itself ceases to appear new; and it is possible that now, even a simple story, wholly unspired [? inspired] with politics or personality, may find some attention amid the hubbub of Revolutions, as to those who have resided a long time by the falls of Niagara, the lowest whispering becomes distinctly audible.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

1

O LEAVE the Lily on its stem;
O leave the Rose upon the spray;
O leave the Elder-bloom, fair Maids!
And listen to my lay.

2

A Cypress and a Myrtle bough,
This morn around my harp you twin'd,
Because it fashion'd mournfully
Its murmurs in the wind.

3

And now a Tale of Love and Woe,
A woeful Tale of Love I sing:
Hark, gentle Maidens, hark! it sighs
And trembles on the string.

4

But most, my own dear Genevieve!
It sighs and trembles most for thee!
O come and hear the cruel wrongs
Befel the dark Ladie!

5

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve!
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

2 Rose upon] Rose-bud on *MS. B.M.* (*1*). 3 fair] dear *erased MS.* (*1*). 7 mournfully] sad and sweet *MS.* (*1*). 8 in] to *MS.* (*1*). 16 Ladie] Ladié *MS.* (*2*). 20 The song that makes her grieve. *MS.* (*1*).

6

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

7

O ever in my waking dreams,
I dwell upon that happy hour,
When midway on the Mount I sate
Beside the ruin'd Tow'r.

8

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve,
And she was there, my hope! my joy!
My own dear Genevieve!

9

She lean'd against the armed Man
The statue of the armed Knight—

21-4 Each thought, each feeling of the Soul,
All lovely sights, each tender name,
All, all are ministers of Love,
That stir our mortal frame. *MS.* (*1*).

22 All, all that stirs this mortal frame *MS. B.M.* (*2*). 24 feed] fan *MS.* (*2*).

25 O ever in my lonely walk *erased MS.* (*1*).
In lonely walk and noontide dreams *MS.* (*1*).
O ever when I walk alone *erased MS.* (*1*).

26 I feed upon that blissful hour *MS.* (*1*).
I feed upon that hour of Bliss *erased MS.* (*1*).
That ruddy eve that blissful hour *erased MS.* (*1*).

26 dwell] feed *MS.* (*2*).

27 When midway on the mount I ~~sate~~ stood we *MS.* (*1*).
When we too stood upon the Hill *erased MS.* (*1*).

29 The Moonshine stole upon the ground *erased MS.* (*1*).
The Moon ~~be blended on~~ the ground *MS.* (*1*).

30 Had] And *erased MS.* (*1*). 31 was there] stood near (was there *erased*) *MS.* (*1*).

33-6 Against a grey stone rudely carv'd,
The statue of an armed Knight,
She lean'd ~~the~~ in melancholy mood,
~~And~~ To watch'd the lingering Light *MS.* (*1*).

33-4 ~~She lean'd against~~ a ~~chissold stone~~ tall
~~The statue of a~~ *MS.* (*1*).

34 the] an *MS.* (*1*) [Stanza 10, revised.]

She stood and listen'd to my harp,
Amid the ling'ring light.

10

I play'd a sad and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story,
An old rude song, that fitted well
The ruin wild and hoary.

11

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace:
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

12

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand,
And how for ten long years he woo'd
The Ladie of the Land:

13

I told her, how he pin'd, and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone,
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own!

14

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace.
And she forgave me, that I gaz'd
Too fondly on her face!

37 sad] soft *MSS.* (*1, 2*). doleful] mournful *erased MS.* (*1*). 39 An] And *MS.* (*2*). rude] wild *erased MS.* (*1*).

41–4 With flitting Blush and downcast eyes,
In modest melancholy grace
The Maiden stood: perchance I gaz'd
Too fondly on her face. *Erased MS.* (*1*).

45–8 *om. MS.* (*1*). 49 ~~I gaz'd and when~~ I sang of love *MS.* (*1*).

53–6 With flitting Blush and downcast eyes
and
With downcast eyes *in* modest grace
for
~~She listen'd; and perchance I gaz'd~~
Too fondly on her face. *MS.* (*1*).

55 And] Yet *MS.* (*1*).

15

But when I told the cruel scorn,
That craz'd this bold and lovely Knight;
And how he roam'd the mountain woods,
Nor rested day or night;

16

And how he cross'd the Woodman's paths,
Thro' briars and swampy mosses beat;
How boughs rebounding scourg'd his limbs,
And low stubs gor'd his feet.

17

How sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once,
In green and sunny glade;

18

There came and look'd him in the face
An Angel beautiful and bright,
And how he knew it was a Fiend,
This mis'rable Knight!

19

And how, unknowing what he did,
He leapt amid a lawless band,
And sav'd from outrage worse than death
The Ladie of the Land.

20

And how she wept, and clasp'd his knees,
And how she tended him in vain,
And meekly strove to expiate
The scorn that craz'd his brain;

57 told] sang *MS.* (*1*). 59 roam'd] cross'd *MS.* (*1*). 60 or] nor *MS.* (*1*). 61–4 *om. MS.* (*1*). 65 How sometimes from the hollow Trees *MS.* (*1*).

69–72 look'd
There came and ~~star'd~~ him in the face
An[d] Angel beautiful and bright,
And how he knew it was a fiend
And yell'd with strange affright. *MS.* (*1*).

74 lawless] murderous *MS.* (*1*). 77 clasp'd] kiss'd *MS.* (*1*). 79 meekly] how she *MS.* (*1*).

21

And how she nurs'd him in a cave;
  And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest leaves
  A dying man he lay;

22

His dying words—but when I reach'd
  That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My fault'ring voice and pausing harp
  Disturb'd her soul with pity.

23

All impulses of soul and sense
  Had thrill'd my guiltless Genevieve—
The music and the doleful tale,
  The rich and balmy eve;

24

And hopes and fears that kindle hope,
  An undistinguishable throng;
And gentle wishes long subdu'd,
  Subdu'd and cherish'd long.

25

She wept with pity and delight—
  She blush'd with love and maiden shame,
And like the murmurs of a dream,
  I heard her breathe my name.

87 fault'ring] trembling *MS.* (*1*) *erased.* 90 guiltless] guileless *MS.* (*1*).

Between 96 *and* 97

And while midnight
~~While~~ Fancy like the ~~nuptial~~ Torch
That bends and rises in the wind
Lit up with wild and broken lights
The Tumult of her mind. *MS.* (*1*) *erased.*

99 And like the murmur of a dream *MSS.* (*1*, *2*).
And ~~in a~~ murmur ~~faint and sweet~~ *MS.* (*1*) *erased.*
~~She half-pronounced my name.~~

100 She breathed her Lover's name. *MS.* (*1*) *erased.*

26

I saw her bosom heave and swell,
Heave and swell with inward sighs—
I could not choose but love to see
Her gentle bosom rise.

27

Her wet cheek glow'd; she stept aside,
As conscious of my look she stept;
Then suddenly, with tim'rous eye,
She flew to me, and wept;

28

She half-inclos'd me with her arms—
She press'd me with a meek embrace;
And, bending back her head, look'd up,
And gaz'd upon my face.

29

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see,
The swelling of her heart.

101–4 I saw her gentle Bosom heave
Th' inaudible and frequent sigh;
modest
And ah! the ~~bashful~~ Maiden mark'd
The wanderings of my eye [s] *MS.* (*1*) *erased.*

105–8 *om. MS.* (*1*). 105 cheek] cheeks *MS.* (*2*). 108 flew] fled *MS.* (*2*).

side
109–16 And closely to my ~~heart~~ she press'd
And ask'd me with her swimming eyes
might
That I ~~would~~ rather feel than see
Her gentle Bosom rise.—
side
Or And closely to my ~~heart~~ she press'd
And closer still with bashful art—
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her Heart. *MS.* (*1*) *erased.*

111 And] Then *MS.* (*2*) *erased.*

30

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beaut'ous bride.

31

And now once more a tale of woe,
A woeful tale of love, I sing:
For thee, my Genevieve! it sighs,
And trembles on the string.

32

When last I sang the cruel scorn
That craz'd this bold and lonely Knight,
And how he roam'd the mountain woods,
Nor rested day or night;

33

I promis'd thee a sister tale
Of Man's perfidious cruelty:
Come, then, and hear what cruel wrong
Befel the Dark Ladie.

End of the Introduction.

117 And now serene, serene and chaste
But soon in calm and solemn tone *MS.* (*1*) *erased.*

118 And] She *MS.* (*1*) *erased.* virgin] maiden *MSS.* (*1, 2*).

bright] dear *MS.* (*1*) *erased.* beaut'ous] lovely *MS.* (*1*) *erased.*

125-8 When last I sang of Him whose heart
Was broken by a woman's scorn—
And how he cross'd the mountain woods
All frantic and forlorn *MS.* (*1*).

129 sister] moving *MS.* (*1*). 131 wrong] wrongs *MS.* (*1*).

Ladie] Ladié *MS.* (*1*) *After* 132 *The Dark Ladiè. MS.* (*1*).

I

THE TRIUMPH OF LOYALTY.[1]

[Vide *ante*, p. 421.]

AN HISTORIC DRAMA

IN

FIVE ACTS.

FIRST PERFORMED WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE, ON SATURDAY, FEBRUARY THE 7TH, 1801.

APOECIDES.
Quis hoc scit factum?

EPIDICUS.
Ego ita esse factum dico.

PERIPHANES.
Scin' tu istuc?

EPIDICUS.
Scio.

PERIPHANES.
Qui tu scis?

EPIDICUS.
Quia ego vidi.

PERIPHANES.
[Ipse vidistine [Tragediam?]] Nimis factum bene!

EPIDICUS.
Sed vestita, aurata, ornata, ut lepide! ut concinne! ut nove! [Proh Dii immortales! tempestatem (plausuum Populus) nobis nocte hac misit!][2]

(Plaut. *Epidicus*. Act 2. Scen. 2, ll. 22 sqq.)

LONDON.
PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN AND REES,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.
1801.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Earl Henry	MR. KEMBLE
Don Curio	MR. C. KEMBLE
Sandoval	MR. BARRYMORE
Alva, the Chancellor	MR. AICKIN
Barnard, Earl Henry's Groom of the Chamber	MR. SUETT
Don Fernandez	MR. BANNISTER, JUN.
The Governor of the State Prison	MR. DAVIS
Herreras (Oropeza's Uncle) and three Conspirators	MESSRS. PACKER, WENTWORTH, MATHEW, and GIBBON
Officers and Soldiers of Earl Henry's Regiment.	
The Queen of Navarre	MRS. SIDDONS
Donna Oropeza	MRS. POWELL
Mira, her attendant	MISS DECAMP
Aspasia, a singer	MRS. CROUCH

Scene, partly at the Country seat of Donna Oropeza, and partly in Pampilona [*sic*], the Capital of Navarre.

[1] Now first published from an MS. in the British Museum (Add. MSS. 34,225). *The Triumph of Loyalty*, 'a sort of dramatic romance' (see *Letter to Poole*, December 5, 1800; *Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i. 343), was begun and left unfinished in the late autumn of 1800. An excerpt (ll. 277-358) was revised and published as 'A Night Scene. A Dramatic Fragment,' in *Sibylline Leaves* (1817), vide *ante*, pp. 421-3. The revision of the excerpt (ll. 263-349) with respect to the order and arrangement of its component parts is indicated by asterisks, which appear to be contemporary with the MS. I have, therefore, in printing the MS., followed the revised and not the original order of these lines. Again, in the hitherto unpublished portion of the MS. (ll. 1-263) I have omitted rough drafts of passages which were rewritten, either on the same page or on the reverse of the leaf.

[2] The words enclosed in brackets are not to be found in the text. They were either invented or adapted by Coleridge *ad hoc*. The text of the passage as a whole has been reconstructed by modern editors.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOYALTY

ACT I

SCENE I. *A cultivated Plain, skirted on the Left by a Wood. The Pyrenees are visible in the distance. Small knots of Soldiers all in the military Dress of the middle Ages are seen passing across the Stage. Then*

Enter EARL HENRY *and* SANDOVAL, *both armed.*

Sandoval. A delightful plain this, and doubly pleasant after so long and wearisome a descent from the Pyranees [*sic*]. Did you not observe how our poor over wearied horses mended their pace as soon as they reached it? 4

Earl Henry. I must entreat your forgiveness, gallant Castilian! I ought ere this to have bade you welcome to my native Navarre.

Sandoval. Cheerily, General! Navarre has indeed but ill repaid your services, in thus recalling you from the head of an army which you yourself had collected and disciplined. But the wrongs and insults which you have suffered—— 11

Earl Henry. Deserve my thanks, Friend! In the sunshine of Court-favor I could only *believe* that I loved my Queen and my Country: now I *know* it. But why name I my Country or my Sovereign? I owe all my wrongs to the private enmity of the Chancellor. 16

Sandoval. Heaven be praised, you have atchieved [*sic*] a delicious revenge upon him!—that the same Courier who brought the orders for your recall carried back with him the first tidings of your Victory—it was exquisite good fortune! 20

Earl Henry. Sandoval! my gallant Friend! Let me not deceive you. To you I have vowed an undisguised openness. The gloom which overcast me, was occasioned by causes of less public import. 24

Sandoval. Connected, I presume, with that Mansion, the spacious pleasure grounds of which we noticed as we were descending from the mountain. Lawn and Grove, River and Hillock—it looked within these high walls, like a World of itself. 29

Earl Henry. This Wood scarcely conceals these high walls from us. Alas! I know the place too well. . . . Nay, why too well?—But wherefore spake you, Sandoval, of this Mansion? What know you? 33

Sandoval. Nothing. Therefore I spake of it. On our descent from the mountain I pointed it out to you and asked to whom it belonged—you became suddenly absent, and answered me only by looks of Disturbance and Anxiety.

Earl Henry. That Mansion once belonged to Manric [*sic*], Lord of Valdez. 39

Sandoval. Alas, poor Man! the same, who had dangerous claims to the Throne of Navarre.

Earl Henry. Claims?—Say rather, pretensions—plausible only to the unreasoning Multitude.

Sandoval. Pretensions then (*with bitterness*). 44

Earl Henry. Bad as these were, the means he employed to give effect to them were still worse. He trafficked with France against the independence of his Country. He was a traitor, my Friend! and died a traitor's death. His two sons suffered with him, and many, (I fear, too many) of his adherents. 49

Sandoval. Earl Henry! (*a pause*) If the sentence were just, why was not the execution of it public. . . . It is reported, that they were—but no! I will not believe it—the honest soul of my friend would not justify so foul a deed.

Earl Henry. Speak plainly—what is reported? 54

Sandoval. That they were all assassinated by order of the new Queen.

Earl Henry. Accursed be the hearts that framed and the tongues that scattered the Calumny!—The Queen was scarcely seated on her throne; the Chancellor, who had been her Guardian, exerted a pernicious influence over her judgement—she was taught to fear dangerous commotions in the Capital, she was intreated to prevent the bloodshed of the deluded citizens, and thus overawed she reluctantly consented to permit the reinforcement of an obsolete law, and——

Sandoval. They were not assassinated then?—— 65

Earl Henry. Why these bitter tones to me, Sandoval? Can a law assassinate? Don Manrique [*sic*] and his accomplices drank the sleepy poison adjudged by that law in the State Prison at Pampilona. At that time I was with the army on the frontiers of France. 70

Sandoval. Had *you* been in the Capital——

Earl Henry. I would have pledged my life on the safety of a public Trial and a public Punishment. 73

Sandoval. Poisoned! The Father and his Sons!—And this, Earl Henry, was the first act of that Queen, whom you idolize!

Earl Henry. No, Sandoval, No! This was not *her* act. She roused herself from the stupor of alarm, she suspended *in opposition to the advice of her council,* all proceedings against the inferior partisans of the Conspiracy; she facilitated the escape of Don Manrique's brother, and to Donna Oropeza, his daughter and only surviving child, she restored all her father's possessions, nay became herself her Protectress and Friend. These were the acts, these the first acts of my royal Mistress.

Sandoval. And how did Donna Oropeza receive these favors?

Earl Henry. Why ask you that? Did they not fall on her, like heavenly dews? 86

Sandoval. And will they not rise again, like an earthly mist? What is Gratitude opposed to Ambition, filial revenge, and Woman's rivalry—what is it but a cruel Curb in the mouth of a fiery Horse, maddening the fierce animal whom it cannot restrain? Forgive me, Earl Henry! I meant not to move you so deeply. 92

Earl Henry. Sandoval, you have uttered that in a waking hour which having once dreamt, I feared the return of sleep lest I should dream it over again. My Friend (*his Voice trembling*) I woo'd the daughter of Don Manrique, *but* we are interrupted. 97

Sandoval. It is Fernandez.

Earl Henry (*struggling with his emotions*). A true-hearted old fellow—— 100

Sandoval. As splenetic as he is brave.

Enter FERNANDEZ.

Earl Henry. Well, my ancient! how did you like our tour through the mountains. (EARL HENRY *sits down on the seat by the woodside.*) 104

Fernandez. But little, General! and my faithful charger
Liked it still less.
The field of battle in the level plain
By Fontarabia was more to our taste.

Earl Henry. Where is my brother, Don Curio! Have you Seen him of late?

After 88 in which all her wrongs will appear twofold — (or) in a mist of which her Wrongs will wander, magnified into giant shapes. *MS. erased.*

Fernandez. Scarcely, dear General!
For by my troth I have been laughing at him
Even till the merry tears so filled my eyes
That I lost sight of him.
Sandoval. But wherefore, Captain.
Fernandez. He hath been studying speeches with fierce gestures;
Speeches brimfull of wrath and indignation,
The which he hopes to vent in open council:
And, in the heat and fury of this fancy
He grasp'd your groom of the Chamber by the throat
Who squeaking piteously, Ey! quoth your brother,
I cry you Mercy, Fool! Hadst been indeed
The Chancellor, I should have strangled thee.
Sandoval. Ha, ha! poor Barnard!
Fernandez. What you know my Gentleman,
My Groom of the Chamber, my Sieur Barnard, hey?
Sandoval. I know him for a barren-pated coxcomb.
Fernandez. But very weedy, Sir! in worthless phrases,
A sedulous eschewer of the popular
And the colloquial—one who seeketh dignity
I' th' paths of circumlocution! It would have
Surpris'd you tho', to hear how nat'rally
He squeak'd when Curio had him by the throat.
Sandoval. I know him too for an habitual scorner
Of Truth.
Fernandez. And one that lies more dully than
Old Women dream, without pretence of fancy,
Humour or mirth, a most disinterested,
Gratuitous Liar.
Earl Henry. Ho! enough, enough!
Spare him, I pray you, were 't but from respect
To the presence of his Lord.
Sandoval. I stand reprov'd.
Fernandez. I too, but that I know our noble General
Maintains him near his person, only that
If he should ever go in jeopardy
Of being damn'd (as he 's now persecuted)
For his virtue and fair sense, he may be sav'd
By the supererogation of this Fellow's
Folly and Worthlessness.——

110 *After* General! And yet I have not stirred from his side. That is to say— *MS. erased.*

Earl Henry. Hold, hold, good Ancient!
Do you not know that this Barnard saved my life?
Well, but my brother——
Fernandez. He will soon be here.
I swear by this, my sword, dear General,
I swear he has a Hero's soul—I only
Wish I could communicate to him
My gift of governing the spleen.—Then he
Has had his colors, the drums too of the Regiment
All put in cases—O, that stirs the Soldiery.
Earl Henry. Impetuous Boy!
Fernandez. Nay, Fear not for them, General.
The Chancellor, no doubt, will take good care
To let their blood grow cool on garrison duty.
Sandoval. Earl Henry! Frown not thus upon Fernandez;
'Tis said, and all the Soldiery believe it,
That the five Regiments who return with you
Will be dispers'd in garrisons and castles,
And other Jails of honourable name.
So great a crime it is to have been present
In duty and devotion to a Hero!
Fernandez. What now? What now? The politic Chancellor is
The Soldier's friend, and rather than not give
Snug pensions to brave Men, he'll overlook
All small disqualifying circumstances
Of youth and health, keen eye and muscular limb,
He'll count our scars, and set them down for maims.
And gain us thus all privileges and profits
Of Invalids and superannuate veterans.
Earl Henry. 'Tis but an idle rumour—See! they come.

Enter BARNARD *and a number of* Soldiers, *their Colours wound up, and the Drums in Cases, and after them* DON CURIO. *All pay the military Honors to the General. During this time* FERNANDEZ *has hurried up in front of the Stage.*

Enter DON CURIO.

Don Curio (*advancing to* EARL HENRY). Has Barnard told you?
Insult on insult! by mine honor, Brother!
(BARNARD *goes beside* CURIO) And by our Father's soul they mean to saint you,
Having first prov'd your Patience more than mortal.

Earl Henry. Take heed, Don Curio! lest with greater right
They scoff my Brother for a choleric boy.
What insult then?
Don Curio. Our Friend, the Chancellor,
Welcomes you home, and shares the common joy
In the most happy tidings of your Victory:
But as to your demand of instant audience
From the Queen's Royal Person,—'tis rejected!
Sandoval. Rejected?
Barnard (*making a deep obeisance*). May it please the Earl!
Earl Henry. Speak, Barnard.
Barnard. The noble Youth, your very valiant brother,
And wise as valiant (*bowing to* Don Curio *who puffs at him*)
rightly doth insinuate
Fortune deals nothing singly—whether Honors
Or Insults, whether it be Joys or Sorrows,
They crowd together on us, or at best
Drop in in quick succession.
Fernandez (*mocking him*). 'Ne'er rains it, but it pours,' or, at the best,
'More sacks upon the mill.' This fellow 's a
Perpetual plagiarist from his Grandmother, and
How slily in the parcel wraps [he] up
The stolen goods!
Earl Henry. Be somewhat briefer, Barnard.
Barnard. But could I dare insinuate to your Brother
A fearless Truth, Earl Henry—it were this:
Even Lucifer, Prince of the Air, hath claims
Upon our justice.
Fernandez. Give the Devil his Due!
Why, thou base Lacquerer of worm-eaten proverbs,
[And] wherefore dost thou not tell us at once
What the Chancellor said to thee?
Barnard (*looking round superciliously at* Fernandez).
The Queen hath left the Capital affecting
Rural retirement, but 'I will hasten'
(Thus said the Chancellor) 'I myself will hasten
And lay before her Majesty the Tidings
Both of Earl Henry's Victory and return.
She will vouchsafe, I doubt not, to re-enter
Her Capital, without delay, and grant
The wish'd for Audience with all public honour.'
Don Curio. A mere Device, I say, to pass a slight on us.

Fernandez (*to himself*). To think on 't. Pshaw! A fellow, that must needs
Have been decreed an Ass by acclamation,
Had he not looked so very like an Owl.
And he to—— (*turns suddenly round, and faces* BARNARD *who had even then come close beside him*).
Boo!——Ah! is it you, Sieur Barnard!
Barnard. No other, Sir!
Fernandez. And is it not reported,
That you once sav'd the General's life?
Barnard. 'Tis certain!
Fernandez. Was he asleep? And were the hunters coming
And did you bite him on the nose?
Barnard. What mean you?
Fernandez. That was the way in which the Flea i' th' Fable
Once sav'd the Lion's life.
Earl Henry. 'Tis well.
The Sun hath almost finish'd his Day's Travels;
We too will finish ours. Go, gallant Comrades,
And at the neighbouring Mansion, for us all,
Claim entertainment in your General's name.

Exeunt Soldiers, &c. *As they are leaving the Stage.*

Fernandez (*to* BARNARD). A word with you! You act the Chancellor
Incomparably well.
Barnard. Most valiant Captain,
Vouchsafe a manual union.
Fernandez (*griping* [sic] *his hand with affected fervor*). 'Tis no wonder,
Don Curio should mistook [*sic*] you for him.
Barnard. Truly,
The Chancellor, and I, it hath been notic'd
Are of one stature.
Fernandez. And Don Curio's *Gripe* too
Had lent a guttural Music to your voice,

Before 211.

Fortune! Plague take her for a blind old Baggage!
That such a patch as Barnard should have had
The Honour to have sav'd our General's life.
That Barnard! that mock-man! that clumsy forgery
Of Heaven's Image. Any other heart
But mine own would have turn'd splenetic to think of it.
MS. erased.

A sort of bagpipe Buz, that suited well
Your dignity of utterance.
Barnard (*simpering courteously*). Don Fernandez,
Few are the storms that bring unmingled evil.
Fernandez (*mocking him*). 'Tis an ill wind, that blows no good, Sieur Barnard! [*Exeunt.*

DON CURIO *lingering behind.*

Don Curio. I have offended you, my brother.
Earl H. Yes!
For you've not learnt the noblest part of valour,
To suffer and obey. Drums put in cases,
Colours wound up—what means this Mummery?
We are sunk low indeed, if wrongs like our's
Must seek redress in impotent Freaks of Anger.
(This way, Don Sandoval) of boyish anger——

(*Walks with* SANDOVAL *to the back of the Stage.*)

Don Curio (*to himself*). Freaks! freaks! But what if they have sav'd from bursting
The swelling heart of one, whose Cup of Hope
Was savagely dash'd down—even from his lips?—
Permitted just to see the face of War,
Then like a truant boy, scourgd home again
One Field my whole Campaign! One glorious Battle
To madden one with Hope!—Did he not pause
Twice in the fight, and press me to his breastplate,
And cry, that all might hear him, Well done, brother!
No blessed Soul, just naturalized in Heaven,
Pac'd ever by the side of an Immortal
More proudly, Henry! than I fought by thine—
Shame on these tears!—this, too, is boyish anger! [*Exit.*

EARL HENRY *and* SANDOVAL *return to the front of the stage.*

Earl Henry. I spake more harshly to him, than need was.
Sandoval. Observ'd you how he pull'd his beaver down—
Doubtless to hide the tears, he could not check.
Earl Henry. Go, sooth [*sic*] him, Friend!—And having reach'd the Castle
Gain Oropeza's private ear, and tell her
Where you have left me.

(*As* SANDOVAL *is going*)

Nay, stay awhile with me.
I am too full of dreams to meet her now.

Sandoval. You lov'd the daughter of Don Manrique?
Earl Henry. Loved?
Sandoval. Did you not say, you woo'd her?
Earl Henry. Once I lov'd
Her whom I dar'd not woo!——
Sandoval. And woo'd perchance
One whom you lov'd not!
Earl Henry. O I were most base
Not loving Oropeza. True, I woo'd her
Hoping to heal a deeper wound: but she
Met my advances with an empassion'd Pride
That kindled Love with Love. And when her Sire
Who in his dream of Hope already grasp'd
The golden circlet in his hand, rejected
My suit, with Insult, and in memory
Of ancient Feuds, pour'd Curses on my head,
Her Blessings overtook and baffled them.
But thou art stern, and with unkindling Countenance
Art inly reasoning whilst thou listenest to me.
Sandoval. Anxiously, Henry! reasoning anxiously.
But Oropeza—
Earl Henry. Blessings gather round her!
Within this wood there winds a secret passage,
Beneath the walls, which open out at length
Into the gloomiest covert of the Garden.—
The night ere my departure to the Army,
She, nothing trembling, led me through that gloom,
And to the covert by a silent stream,
Which, with one star reflected near its marge,
Was the sole object visible around me.
The night so dark, so close, the umbrage o'er us!
No leaflet stirr'd;—yet pleasure hung upon us,
The gloom and stillness of the balmy night-air.
A little further on an arbor stood,
Fragrant with flowering Trees—I well remember
What an uncertain glimmer in the Darkness
Their snow-white Blossoms made—thither she led me,

269 an empassion'd *S. L.*: empassioned *1834.* 276 unkindling] unkindly *S. L., 1834.* 281 open] opens *S. L.* 285 the] that. a] that *S. L.* (corr. in Errata, p. [xi]) *S. L.* 288 o'er] near *S. L.* (corr. in Errata, p. [xi]) *S. L.*

289–290 No leaflet stirr'd; the air was almost sultry;
So deep, so dark, so close, the umbrage o'er us!
No leaflet stirr'd, yet pleasure hung upon *S. L.*

To that sweet bower! Then Oropeza trembled—
I heard her heart beat—if 'twere not my own.
Sandoval. A rude and scaring note, my friend!
Earl Henry. Oh! no!
I have small memory of aught but pleasure.
The inquietudes of fear, like lesser Streams
Still flowing, still were lost in those of Love:
So Love grew mightier from the Fear, and Nature,
Fleeing from Pain, shelter'd herself in Joy.
The stars above our heads were dim and steady,
Like eyes suffus'd with rapture. Life was in us:
We were all life, each atom of our Frames
A living soul—I vow'd to die for her:
With the faint voice of one who, having spoken,
Relapses into blessedness, I vow'd it:
That solemn Vow, a whisper scarcely heard,
A murmur breath'd against a lady's Cheek.
Oh! there is Joy above the name of Pleasure,
Deep self-possession, an intense Repose.
No other than as Eastern Sages feign,
The God, who floats upon a Lotos Leaf,
Dreams for a thousand ages; then awaking,
Creates a world, and smiling at the bubble,
Relapses into bliss. Ah! was that bliss
Fear'd as an alien, and too vast for man?
For suddenly, intolerant of its silence,
Did Oropeza, starting, grasp my forehead.
I caught her arms; the veins were swelling on them.
Thro' the dark Bower she sent a hollow voice;—
'Oh! what if all betray me? what if thou?'
I swore, and with an inward thought that seemed

310 Cheek] Ear *S. L.*
After 312.

Deep repose of bliss we lay
No other than as Eastern Sages gloss,
The God who floats upon a Lotos leaf
Dreams for a thousand ages, then awaking
Creates a World, then loathing the dull task
Relapses into blessedness, when an omen
Screamed from the Watch-tower—'twas the Watchman's cry,
And Oropeza starting. *MS.* (*alternative reading*).

313 feign] paint *S. L.* *Before* 314 Sandoval (*with a sarcastic smile*) *S. L.* 314–16 Compare Letter to Thelwall, Oct. 16, 1797, *Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i. 229. 317 bliss.—*Earl Henry.* Ah! was that bliss *S. L.* 319 intolerant] impatient *S. L.*

The unity and substance of my Being,
I swore to her, that were she red with guilt,
I would exchange my unblench'd state with hers.—
Friend! by that winding passage, to the Bower
I now will go—all objects there will teach me
Unwavering Love, and singleness of Heart.
Go, Sandoval! I am prepar'd to meet her—
Say nothing of me—I myself will seek her—
Nay, leave me, friend! I cannot bear the torment
And Inquisition of that scanning eye.—
[*Earl Henry retires into the wood.*

Sandoval (*alone*). O Henry! always striv'st thou to be great
By thine own act—yet art thou never great
But by the Inspiration of great Passion.
The Whirl-blast comes, the desert-sands rise up
And shape themselves; from Heaven to Earth they stand,
As though they were the Pillars of a Temple,
Built by Omnipotence in its own honour!
But the Blast pauses, and their shaping spirit
Is fled: the mighty Columns were but sand,
And lazy Snakes trail o'er the level ruins!
I know, he loves the Queen. I know she is
His Soul's first love, and this is ever his nature—
To his first purpose, his soul toiling back
Like the poor storm-wreck'd [sailor] to his Boat,
Still swept away, still struggling to regain it. [*Exit.*

Herreras. He dies, that stirs! Follow me this instant.

(First Conspirator *takes his arrow, snaps it, and throws it on the ground. The two others do the same.*)

Herreras. Accursed cowards! I'll go myself, and make sure work (*drawing his Dagger*).

325 unity and] purpose and the *S. L.*

After 327

Even as a Herdsboy mutely plighting troth
Gives his true Love a Lily for a Rose. *MS. erased.*

334 Inquisition] keen inquiry *S. L.*

Before 335.

Earl Henry thou art dear to me—perchance
For these follies; since the Health of Reason,
Our would-be Sages teach, engenders not
The Whelks and Tumours of particular Friendship.
MS. erased.

339 Heaven to Earth] Earth to Heaven *S. L.*

(HERRERAS *strides towards the arbor, before he reaches it, stops and listens and then returns hastily to the front of the stage, as he turns his Back to the Arbor,* EARL HENRY *appears, watching the* Conspirators, *and enters the Arbor unseen.*)

First Conspirator. Has she *seen* us think you?

The Mask. No! she has not *seen* us; but she heard us distinctly.

Herreras. There was a rustling in the wood—go, all of you, stand on the watch—towards the passage.

A Voice from the Arbor. Mercy! Mercy! Tell me, why you murder me.

Herreras. I'll do it first. (*Strides towards the Arbor,* EARL HENRY *rushes out of it.*)

The Mask. Jesu Maria. (*They all three fly,* EARL HENRY *attempts to seize* HERRERAS, *who defending himself retreats into the Covert follow'd by the* EARL. THE QUEEN *comes from out the arbor, veiled—stands listening a moment, then lifts up her veil, with folded hands assumes the attitude of Prayer, and after a momentary silence breaks into audible soliloquy.*)

The Queen. I pray'd to thee, All-wonderful! And thou
Didst make my very Prayer the Instrument,
By which thy Providence sav'd me. Th' armed Murderer
Who with suspended breath stood listening to me,
Groan'd as I spake thy name. In that same moment,
O God! thy Mercy shot the swift Remorse
That pierc'd his Heart. And like an Elephant
Gor'd as he rushes to the first assault,
He turn'd at once and trampled his Employers.
But hark! (*drops her veil*)—O God in Heaven! they come again.

(EARL HENRY *returns with the Dagger in his hand.*)

Earl Henry (*as he is entering*). The violent pull with which
I seiz'd his Dagger
Unpois'd me and I fell.

[END OF THE FRAGMENT.]

J

CHAMOUNY; THE HOUR BEFORE SUNRISE

A Hymn

[Vide *ante*, p. 876.]

[As published in *The Morning Post*, Sept. 11, 1802]

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course—so long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O Chamouny!
The Arvè and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, dread mountain form,
Resist from forth thy silent sea of pines
How silently! Around thee, and above,
Deep is the sky, and black: transpicuous, deep,
An ebon mass! Methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It seems thy own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity.
O dread and silent form! I gaz'd upon thee,
Till thou, still present to my bodily eye,
Did'st vanish from my thought. Entranc'd in pray'r,
I worshipp'd the Invisible alone.
Yet thou, meantime, wast working on my soul,
E'en like some deep enchanting melody,
So sweet, we know not, we are list'ning to it.
But I awoke, and with a busier mind,
And active will self-conscious, offer now
Not, as before, involuntary pray'r
And passive adoration!—
Hand and voice,
Awake, awake! and thou, my heart, awake!
Awake ye rocks! Ye forest pines, awake!
Green fields, and icy cliffs! All join my hymn!
And thou, O silent mountain, sole and bare,
O blacker, than the darkness, all the night,
And visited, all night, by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink—
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald! Wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who fill'd thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee father of perpetual streams?
And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad,

Who call'd you forth from Night and utter Death?
From darkness let you loose, and icy dens,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks
For ever shatter'd, and the same for ever!
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam!
And who commanded, and the silence came—
'Here shall the billows stiffen, and have rest?'

Ye ice-falls! ye that from yon dizzy heights
Adown enormous ravines steeply slope,
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopp'd at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious, as the gates of Heav'n,
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who with lovely flow'rs
Of living blue spread garlands at your feet?
GOD! GOD! The torrents like a shout of nations,
Utter! The ice-plain bursts, and answers GOD!
GOD, sing the meadow-streams with gladsome voice,
And pine groves with their soft, and soul-like sound,
The silent snow-mass, loos'ning, thunders GOD!
Ye dreadless flow'rs! that fringe th' eternal frost!
Ye wild goats, bounding by the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain blast!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element,
Utter forth, GOD! and fill the hills with praise!

And thou, O silent Form, alone and bare,
Whom, as I lift again my head bow'd low
In adoration, I again behold,
And to thy summit upward from thy base
Sweep slowly with dim eyes suffus'd by tears,
Awake, thou mountain form! rise, like a cloud!
Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit thron'd among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heav'n—
Great hierarch, tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell the rising sun,
Earth with her thousand voices calls on God!

ΕΣΤΗΣΕ.

K

DEJECTION: AN ODE[1]

[Vide *ante*, p. 362.]

[As first printed in the *Morning Post*, October 4, 1802.]

"LATE, late yestreen I saw the new Moon
"With the Old Moon in her arms;
"And I fear, I fear, my Master dear,
"We shall have a deadly storm."[2]
BALLAD OF SIR PATRICK SPENCE.

DEJECTION:

AN ODE, WRITTEN APRIL 4, 1802.

I

WELL! If the Bard was weather-wise, who made
The grand Old ballad of SIR PATRICK SPENCE,
This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence
Unrous'd by winds, that ply a busier trade
Than those, which mould yon cloud, in lazy flakes,
Or the dull sobbing draft, that drones and rakes
Upon the strings of this Æolian lute,
Which better far were mute.
For lo! the New Moon, winter-bright!
And overspread with phantom light,

[1] Collated with the text of the poem as sent to W. Sotheby in a letter dated July 19, 1802 (*Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i. 379-84).

[2] In the letter of July 19, 1802, the Ode is broken up and quoted in parts or fragments, illustrative of the mind and feelings of the writer. 'Sickness,' he explains, 'first forced me into *downright metaphysics*. For I believe that by nature I have more of the poet in me. In a poem written during that dejection, to Wordsworth, I thus expressed the thought in language more forcible than harmonious.' Then follow lines 76-87 of the text, followed by lines 87-93 of the text first published in *Sibylline Leaves* ('For not to think of what I needs must feel,' &c.). He then reverts to the 'introduction of the poem':—'The first lines allude to a stanza in the Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence: "Late, late yestreen I saw the new moon with the old one in her arms: and I fear, I fear, my master dear, there will be a deadly Storm."' This serves as a motto to lines 1-75 and 129-39 of the first draft of the text. Finally he 'annexes as a *fragment* a few lines (ll. 88-119) on the "Æolian Lute", it having been introduced in its dronings in the first stanzas.'

Motto—2 Moon] one *Letter to S.* 4 There will be, &c. *Letter to S.*
2 grand] dear *Letter to S.* 5 those] that *Letter to S.* cloud] clouds *Letter to S.*

(With swimming phantom light o'erspread,
But rimm'd and circled by a silver thread)
I see the Old Moon in her lap, foretelling
  The coming on of rain and squally blast:
And O! that even now the gust were swelling,
  And the slant night-show'r driving loud and fast!
Those sounds which oft have rais'd me, while they aw'd,
And sent my soul abroad,
Might now perhaps their wonted impulse give,
Might startle this dull pain, and make it move and live!

II

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,
  A stifled, drowsy, unimpassion'd grief,
  Which finds no nat'ral outlet, no relief,
In word, or sigh, or tear—
O EDMUND! in this wan and heartless mood,
To other thoughts by yonder throstle woo'd,
All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
  Have I been gazing on the Western sky,
And its peculiar tint of yellow-green:
  And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye!
And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
That give away their motion to the stars;
Those stars, that glide behind them, or between,
Now sparkling, now bedimm'd, but always seen;
Yon crescent moon, as fix'd as if it grew,
In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue,
A boat becalm'd! a lovely sky-canoe!
I see them all so excellently fair—
I *see*, not *feel* how beautiful they are!

12 by] with *Letter to S.* 17–20 *om. Letter to S.* 22 stifled] stifling *Letter to S.*

Between 24 *and* 25.

This William, well thou knowest,
Is that sore evil which I dread the most,
And oftnest suffer. In this heartless mood,
To other thoughts by yonder throstle woo'd,
That pipes within the larch-tree, not unseen,
The larch, that pushes out in tassels green
Its bundled leafits, woo'd to mild delights,
By all the tender sounds and gentle sights,
Of this sweet primrose-month, and vainly woo'd
O dearest Poet, in this heartless mood. *Letter to S.*

37 a lovely sky-canoe] thy own sweet sky-canoe *Letter to S.* [*Note.* The reference is to the Prologue to 'Peter Bell'.]

III

My genial spirits fail;
And what can these avail,
To lift the smoth'ring weight from off my breast?
It were a vain endeavour,
Though I should gaze for ever
On that green light that lingers in the west:
I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.

IV

O EDMUND! we receive but what we give,
And in *our* life alone does Nature live:
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
And would we aught behold, of higher worth,
Than that inanimate cold world, *allow'd*
To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth,
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the earth—
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!
O pure of heart! Thou need'st not ask of me
What this strong music in the soul may be?
What, and wherein it doth exist,
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
This beautiful and beauty-making pow'r?
Joy, virtuous EDMUND! joy that ne'er was given,
Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
Joy, EDMUND! is the spirit and the pow'r,
Which wedding Nature to us gives in dow'r,
A new Earth and new Heaven,
Undream'd of by the sensual and the proud—
JOY is the sweet voice, JOY the luminous cloud—
We, we ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colours a suffusion from that light.

48 Edmund] Wordsworth *Letter to S.* 58 potent] powerful *Letter to S.* 65 virtuous Edmund] blameless poet *Letter to S.* 67 Edmund] William *Letter to S.* 71 *om. Letter to S.* 74 the echoes] an echo *Letter to S.*

Yes, dearest EDMUND, yes!
There was a time that, tho' my path was rough,
This joy within me dallied with distress,
And all misfortunes were but as the stuff
Whence fancy made me dreams of happiness:
For hope grew round me, like the twining vine,
And fruits, and foliage, not my own, seem'd mine.
But now afflictions bow me down to earth:
Nor care I, that they rob me of my mirth,
But oh! each visitation
Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,
My shaping spirit of imagination.

[The Sixth and Seventh Stanzas omitted.]

* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * *

VIII

O wherefore did I let it haunt my mind
This dark distressful dream?
I turn from it, and listen to the wind
Which long has rav'd unnotic'd. What a scream
Of agony, by torture, lengthen'd out,
That lute sent forth! O wind, that rav'st without,
Bare crag, or mountain-tairn[1], or blasted tree,
Or pine-grove, whither woodman never clomb,
Or lonely house, long held the witches' home,
Methinks were fitter instruments for thee,
Mad Lutanist! who, in this month of show'rs,
Of dark-brown gardens, and of peeping flow'rs,
Mak'st devil's yule, with worse than wintry song,
The blossoms, buds, and tim'rous leaves among.
Thou Actor, perfect in all tragic sounds!
Thou mighty Poet, ev'n to frenzy bold!

[1] Tairn, a small lake, generally, if not always, applied to the lakes up in the mountains, and which are the feeders of those in the vallies. This address to the wind will not appear extravagant to those who have heard it at night, in a mountainous country. [Note in *M. P.*]

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76 Edmund] poet *Letter to S.* 77 that] when *Letter to S.* 78 This] The *Letter to S.* 82 fruits] fruit *Letter to S.* After 87 six lines 'For not to think', &c., are inserted after a row of asterisks. The direction as to the omission of the Sixth and Seventh Stanzas is only found in the *M.P.* 88 O] Nay *Letter to S.* 93 That lute sent out! O thou wild storm without *Letter to S.* 98 who] that *Letter to S.*

What tell'st thou now about?
'Tis of the rushing of a host in rout,
With many groans of men, with smarting wounds—
At once they groan with pain, and shudder with the cold!
But hush! there is a pause of deepest silence!
And all that noise, as of a rushing crowd,
With groans, and tremulous shudderings—all is over!
It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and loud—
A tale of less affright.
And temper'd with delight,
As EDMUND'S self had fram'd the tender lay—
'Tis of a little child,
Upon a lonesome wild
Not far from home; but she hath lost her way—
And now moans low, in utter grief and fear;
And now screams loud, and hopes to make her mother *hear*!

IX

'Tis midnight, and small thoughts have I of sleep;
Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep!
Visit him, gentle Sleep, with wings of healing,
And may this storm be but a mountain-birth,
May all the stars hang bright above his dwelling,
Silent, as though they *watch'd* the sleeping Earth!
With light heart may he rise,
Gay fancy, cheerful eyes,
And sing his lofty song, and teach me to rejoice!
O EDMUND, friend of my devoutest choice,
O rais'd from anxious dread and busy care,
By the immenseness of the good and fair
Which thou see'st everywhere,
Joy lifts thy spirit, joy attunes thy voice,

106 of] from *Letter to S.* 109 Again! but all that noise *Letter to S.*
111 And it has other sounds, less fearful and less loud *Letter to S.* 114
Edmund's self] thou thyself *Letter to S.* 120-8 *om. Letter to S.*
129-39 Calm steadfast spirit, guided from above,
O Wordsworth! friend of my devoutest choice,
Great son of genius! full of light and love,
Thus, thus, dost thou rejoice.
To thee do all things live, from pole to pole,
Their life the eddying of thy living Soul!
Brother and friend of my devoutest choice,
Thus may'st thou ever, evermore rejoice! *Letter to S.*
[*Note.* In the letter these lines follow line 75 of the text of the *M. P.*]

To thee do all things live from pole to pole,
Their life the eddying of thy living soul!
O simple spirit, guided from above,
O lofty Poet, full of life and love,
Brother and friend of my devoutest choice,
Thus may'st thou ever, evermore rejoice!

ΕΣΤΗΣΕ.

L

TO W. WORDSWORTH[1]

(*Vide ante*, p. 403.)

LINES COMPOSED, FOR THE GREATER PART ON THE NIGHT, ON WHICH HE FINISHED THE RECITATION OF HIS POEM (IN THIRTEEN BOOKS) CONCERNING THE GROWTH AND HISTORY OF HIS OWN MIND

JAN^RY, 1807. COLE-ORTON, NEAR ASHBY DE LA ZOUCH.

O FRIEND! O Teacher! God's great Gift to me!
Into my heart have I receiv'd that Lay,
More than historic, that prophetic Lay,
Wherein (high theme by Thee first sung aright)
Of the Foundations and the Building-up
Of thy own Spirit, thou hast lov'd to tell
What may be told, to th' understanding mind
Revealable; and what within the mind
May rise enkindled. Theme as hard as high!
Of Smiles spontaneous, and mysterious Feard;
(The First-born they of Reason, and Twin-birth)
Of Tides obedient to external Force,
And *currents* self-determin'd, as might seem,
Or by interior Power: of Moments aweful,
Now in thy hidden Life; and now abroad,
Mid festive Crowds, *thy* Brows too garlanded,
A Brother of the Feast: of *Fancies* fair,
Hyblæan Murmurs of poetic Thought,
Industrious in its Joy, by lilied Streams
Native or outland, Lakes and famous Hills!

[1] Now first printed from an original MS. in the possession of Mr. Gordon Wordsworth.

Of more than Fancy, of the Hope of Man
Amid the tremor of a Realm aglow—
Where France in all her Towns lay vibrating,
Ev'n as a Bark becalm'd on sultry seas
Beneath the voice from Heaven, the bursting Crash
Of Heaven's immediate thunder! when no Cloud
Is visible, or Shadow on the Main!
Ah! soon night roll'd on night, and every Cloud
Open'd its eye of Fire: and Hope aloft
Now flutter'd, and now toss'd upon the Storm
Floating! Of Hope afflicted, and struck down,
Thence summon'd homeward—homeward to thy Heart,
Oft from the Watch-tower of Man's absolute Self,
With Light unwaning on her eyes, to look
Far on—herself a Glory to behold,
The Angel of the Vision! Then (last strain!)
Of *Duty*, chosen Laws controlling choice,
Virtue and Love! An Orphic Tale indeed,
A Tale divine of high and passionate Thoughts
To their own music chaunted!

Ah great Bard!
Ere yet that last Swell dying aw'd the Air,
With stedfast ken I view'd thee in the Choir
Of ever-enduring Men. The truly Great
Have all one Age, and from one visible space
Shed influence: for they, both power and act,
Are permanent, and Time is not with them,
Save as it worketh for them, they in it.
Nor less a sacred Roll, than those of old,
And to be plac'd, as they, with gradual fame
Among the Archives of mankind, thy Work
Makes audible a linked Song of Truth,
Of Truth profound a sweet continuous Song
Not learnt, but native, her own natural Notes!
Dear shall it be to every human Heart,
To me how more than dearest! Me, on whom
Comfort from Thee and utterance of thy Love
Came with such heights and depths of Harmony
Such sense of Wings uplifting, that the Storm
Scatter'd and whirl'd me, till my Thoughts became
A bodily Tumult! and thy faithful Hopes,

37 controlling] ? impelling, ? directing.

Thy Hopes of me, dear Friend! by me unfelt
Were troublous to me, almost as a Voice
Familiar once and more than musical
To one cast forth, whose hope had seem'd to die,
A Wanderer with a worn-out heart, [*sic*]
Mid Strangers pining with untended Wounds!

O Friend! too well thou know'st, of what sad years
The long suppression had benumb'd my soul,
That even as Life returns upon the Drown'd,
Th' unusual Joy awoke a throng of Pains—
Keen Pangs of Love, awakening, as a Babe,
Turbulent, with an outcry in the Heart:
And Fears self-will'd, that shunn'd the eye of Hope,
And Hope, that would not know itself from Fear:
Sense of pass'd Youth, and Manhood come in vain;
And Genius given, and knowledge won in vain;
And all, which I had cull'd in Wood-walks wild,
And all, which patient Toil had rear'd, and all,
Commune with Thee had open'd out, but Flowers
Strew'd on my Corse, and borne upon my Bier,
In the same Coffin, for the self-same Grave!

That way no more! and ill beseems it me,
Who came a Welcomer in Herald's guise
Singing of Glory and Futurity,
To wander back on such unhealthful Road
Plucking the Poisons of Self-harm! and ill
Such Intertwine beseems triumphal wreaths
Strew'd before thy Advancing! Thou too, Friend!
O injure not the memory of that Hour
Of thy communion with my nobler mind
By pity or grief, already felt too long!
Nor let my words import more blame than needs.
The Tumult rose and ceas'd: for Peace is nigh
Where Wisdom's Voice has found a list'ning Heart.
Amid the howl of more than wintry Storms
The Halcyon hears the voice of vernal Hours,
Already on the wing!
Eve following eve,
Dear tranquil Time, when the sweet sense of Home
Becomes most sweet! hours for their own sake hail'd,
And more desir'd, more precious, for thy song!
In silence list'ning, like a devout Child,

My soul lay passive; by thy various strain
Driven as in surges now, beneath the stars,
With momentary Stars of my own Birth,
Fair constellated Foam still darting off
Into the darkness! now a tranquil Sea
Outspread and bright, yet swelling to the Moon!

And when O Friend! my Comforter! my Guide!
Strong in thyself and powerful to give strength!
Thy long sustained Lay finally clos'd,
And thy deep Voice had ceas'd (yet thou thyself
Wert still before mine eyes, and round us both
That happy Vision of beloved Faces!
All, whom I deepliest love, in one room all!),
Scarce conscious and yet conscious of it's Close,
I sate, my Being blended in one Thought,
(Thought was it? or aspiration? or Resolve?)
Absorb'd, yet hanging still upon the sound:
And when I rose, I found myself in Prayer!

S. T. COLERIDGE.

M

YOUTH AND AGE

[Vide *ante*, p. 439.]

MS. I

10 SEPT. 1823. WEDNESDAY MORNING, 10 O'CLOCK

ON the tenth day of September,
Eighteen hundred Twenty Three,
Wednesday morn, and I remember
Ten on the *Clock* the Hour to be
[*The Watch and Clock do both agree*]

An *Air* that whizzed διὰ ἐγκεφάλου (right across the diameter of my Brain) exactly like a Hummel Bee, *alias* Dumbeldore, the gentleman with Rappee Spenser (*sic*), with bands of Red, and Orange Plush Breeches, close by my ear, at once sharp and burry, right over the summit of Quantock [item of Skiddaw (*erased*)] at earliest Dawn just between the Nightingale that I stopt to hear in the Copse at the Foot of Quantock, and the

first Sky-Lark that was a Song-Fountain, dashing up and sparkling to the Ear's eye, in full column, or ornamented Shaft of sound in the order of Gothic Extravaganza, out of Sight, over the Cornfields on the Descent of the Mountain on the other side —out of sight, tho' twice I beheld its *mute* shoot downward in the sunshine like a falling star of silver :—

ARIA SPONTANEA

Flowers are lovely, Love is flower-like,
Friendship is a shelt'ring tree—
O the Joys, that came down shower-like,
Of Beauty, Truth, and Liberty,
When I was young, ere I was old!
[*O Youth that wert so glad, so bold,*
What quaint disguise hast thou put on?
Would'st make-believe that thou art gone?
O Youth! thy Vesper Bell] has not yet toll'd.

Thou always were a Masker bold—
What quaint Disguise hast now put on?
To make believe that thou art gone!

O Youth, so true, so fair, so free,
Thy Vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd,
Thou always, &c.

Ah! was it not enough, that Thou
In Thy eternal Glory should outgo me?
Would'st thou not Grief's sad Victory allow
* * * * * *
Hope's a Breeze that robs the Blossoms
Fancy feeds, and murmurs the Bee——
* * * * * *

MS. II

1

Verse, that Breeze mid blossoms straying
Where Hope clings feeding like a Bee.
Both were mine: Life went a Maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young.

When I was young! ah woeful When!
Ah for the Change twixt now and then!
This House of Life, not built with hands
Where now I sigh, where once I sung.—

Or [This snail-like House, not built with hands,
This Body that does me grievous wrong.]

O'er Hill and dale and sounding Sands.
How lightly then it flash'd along—
Like those trim Boats, unknown of yore,
On Winding Lakes and Rivers wide,
That ask no aid of Sail or Oar,
That fear no spite of Wind or Tide.

Pencil { Nought car'd this Body for wind or weather,
When youth and I liv'd in't together.

2

Flowers are lovely, Love is flower-like;
Friendship is a shelt'ring Tree;
O the joys that came down shower-like
Of Beauty, Truth and Liberty
When I was young
When I was young, ~~ah woeful when~~
~~Ah for the change twixt now and then~~
In Heat or Frost we car'd not whether
Night and day we lodged together
woeful when
When I was young—ah ~~words of agony~~
Ah for the change 'twixt now and then
~~O youth my Home-Mate dear so long, so long:~~
I thought that thou and I were one
I scarce believe that thou art gone
Thou always wert a Masker bold
I ~~mark that change,~~ in garb and size
heave the Breath
Those grisled Locks I well behold
But still thy Heart is in thine eyes
What strange disguise hast now put on
To make believe that thou art gone

Or [O youth for years so many so sweet
It seem'd that Thou and I were one
That still I nurse the fond deceit
And scarce believe that thou art gone]

When I was young—ere I was old
Ah! happy ere, ah! woeful When
When I was young, ah woeful when
Which says that Youth and I are twain!
O Youth! for years so many and sweet
'Tis known that Thou and I were one
I'll think it but a false conceit
~~'Tis but a gloomy~~
It cannot be,
~~I'll not believe~~ that thou art gone
Thy Vesper Bell has not yet toll'd
always
~~And~~ thou wert ~~still~~ a masker bold
What hast
~~Some~~ strange disguise ~~thou'st~~ now put on
To make believe that thou art gone?
I see these Locks in silvery slips,
This dragging gait, this alter'd size
But spring-tide blossoms on thy Lips
And ~~the young Heart~~ is in thy eyes
tears take sunshine from
Life is but Thought so think I will
That Youth and I are Housemates still.

Ere I was old
Ere I was old! ah woeful ere
Which tells me youth's no longer here!
O Youth, &c.
Dewdrops are the Gems of Morning,
But the Tears of mournful Eve:
Where no Hope is Life's a Warning
me
That only serves to make ~~us~~ grieve,
Now I am old.

N

LOVE'S APPARITION AND EVANISHMENT[1]

[Vide *ante*, p. 488.]

[FIRST DRAFT]

In vain I supplicate the Powers above;
There is no Resurrection for the Love
That, nursed with tenderest care, yet fades away
In the chilled heart by inward self-decay.

[1] Now first published from an MS.

Like a lorn Arab old and blind
Some caravan had left behind
That sits beside a ruined Well,
And hangs his wistful head aslant,
  Some sound he fain would catch—
Suspended there, as it befell,
  O'er my own vacancy,
  And while I seemed to watch
The sickly calm, as were of heart
  A place where Hope lay dead,
The spirit of departed Love
  Stood close beside my bed.
She bent methought to kiss my lips
  As she was wont to do.
Alas! 'twas with a chilling breath
That awoke just enough of life in death
  To make it die anew.

O

TWO VERSIONS OF THE EPITAPH[1]

INSCRIBED IN A COPY OF GREW'S *Cosmologia Sacra* (1701)

[Vide *ante*, p. 491.]

1

Epitaph
in Hornsey Church yard
Hic Jacet S. T. C.

Stop, Christian Passer-by! Stop, Child of God!
And read with gentle heart. Beneath this sod
There lies a Poet: or what once was He.
[*Up*] O lift thy soul in prayer for S. T. C.
That He who many a year with toil of breath
Found death in life, may here find life in death.
Mercy for praise, to be forgiven for fame
He ask'd, and hoped thro' Christ. Do thou the same.

2

ETESI'S [for Estesi's] Epitaph.

Stop, Christian Visitor! Stop, Child of God,
Here lies a Poet: or what once was He!
[*O*] Pause, Traveller, pause and pray for S. T. C.

[1] First published in *The Athenæum*, April 7, 1888: included in the *Notes* to 1893 (p. 645).

That He who many a year with toil of Breath
Found Death in Life, may here find Life in Death.

And read with gentle heart! Beneath this sod
There lies a Poet, etc.

'Inscription on the Tomb-stone of one not unknown; yet more commonly known by the Initials of his Name than by the Name itself.'

ESTEESE'S *αυτοεπιταφιον*[1]

(From a copy of the *Todten-Tanz* which belonged to Thomas Poole.)

Here lies a Poet; or what once was he:
Pray, gentle Reader, pray for S. T. C.
That he who threescore years, with toilsome breath,
Found Death in Life, may now find Life in Death.

P

[HABENT SUA FATA—POETAE][2]

THE Fox, and Statesman subtile wiles ensure,
The Cit, and Polecat stink and are secure;
Toads with their venom, doctors with their drug,
The Priest, and Hedgehog, in their robes are snug!
Oh, Nature! cruel step-mother, and hard,
To thy poor, naked, fenceless child the Bard!
No Horns but those by luckless Hymen worn,
And those (alas! alas!) not Plenty's Horn!
With naked feelings, and with aching pride,
He hears th' unbroken blast on every side!
Vampire Booksellers drain him to the heart,
And Scorpion Critics cureless venom dart!

[1] First published in the *Notes* to 1893 (p. 646).

[2] First published in Cottle's *Early Recollections*, 1839, i. 172. Now collected for the first time. These lines, according to Cottle, were included in a letter written from Lichfield in January, 1796. They illustrate the following sentence: 'The present hour I seem in a quickset hedge of embarrassments! For shame! I ought not to mistrust God! but, indeed, to hope is far more difficult than to fear. Bulls have horns, Lions have talons.'—They are signed 'S. T. C.' and are presumably his composition.

Q

TO JOHN THELWALL[1]

Some, Thelwall! to the Patriot's meed aspire,
Who, in safe rage, without or rent or scar,
Round pictur'd strongholds sketching mimic war
Closet their valour—Thou mid thickest fire
Leapst on the wall: therefore shall Freedom choose
Ungaudy flowers that chastest odours breathe,
And weave for thy young locks a Mural wreath;
Nor there my song of grateful praise refuse.
My ill-adventur'd youth by Cam's slow stream
Pin'd for a woman's love in slothful ease:
First by thy fair example [taught] to glow
With patriot zeal; from Passion's feverish dream
Starting I tore disdainful from my brow
A Myrtle Crown inwove with Cyprian bough—
Blest if to me in manhood's years belong
Thy stern simplicity and vigorous Song.

R[2]

'Relative to a Friend remarkable for Georgoepiscopal Meanderings, and the combination of the *utile dulci* during his walks to and from any given place, composed, together with a book and a half of an Epic Poem, during one of the *Halts*:—

'Lest after this life it should prove my sad story
That my soul must needs go to the Pope's Purgatory,
Many prayers have I sighed, May T. P. * * * * be my guide,
For so often he'll halt, and so lead me about,
That e'er we get there, thro' earth, sea, or air,
The last Day will have come, and the Fires have burnt out.

'Job Junior.
'*circumbendiborum patientissimus.*'

[1] Now first published from Cottle's MSS. in the Library of Rugby School.

[2] Endorsed by T. P.: 'On my Walks. Written by Coleridge, September, 1807.' First published *Thomas Poole and His Friends*, by Mrs. Henry Sandford, 1888, ii. 196.

APPENDIX II

ALLEGORIC VISION [1]

A FEELING of sadness, a peculiar melancholy, is wont to take possession of me alike in Spring and in Autumn. But in Spring it is the melancholy of Hope: in Autumn it is the melancholy of Resignation. As I was journeying on foot through the Appennine, I fell in with a pilgrim in whom the Spring and the Autumn and the Melancholy of both seemed to have combined. In his discourse there were the freshness and the colours of April:

Qual ramicel a ramo,
Tal da pensier pensiero
In lui germogliava.

[1] First published in *The Courier*, Saturday, August 31, 1811: included in 1829, 1834–5, &c. (3 vols.), and in 1844 (1 vol.). Lines 1–56 were first published as part of the 'Introduction' to *A Lay Sermon*, &c., 1817, pp. xix–xxxi.

The 'Allegoric Vision' dates from August, 1795. It served as a kind of preface or prologue to Coleridge's first Theological Lecture on 'The Origin of Evil. The Necessity of Revelation deduced from the Nature of Man. An Examination and Defence of the Mosaic Dispensation' (see Cottle's *Early Recollections*, 1837, i. 27). The purport of these Lectures was to uphold the golden mean of Unitarian orthodoxy as opposed to the Church on the one hand, and infidelity or materialism on the other. 'Superstition' stood for and symbolized the Church of England. Sixteen years later this opening portion of an unpublished Lecture was rewritten and printed in *The Courier* (Aug. 31, 1811), with the heading 'An Allegoric Vision: Superstition, Religion, Atheism'. The attack was now diverted from the Church of England to the Church of Rome. 'Men clad in black robes,' intent on gathering in their Tenths, become 'men clothed in ceremonial robes, who with menacing countenances drag some reluctant victim to a vast idol, framed of iron bars intercrossed which formed at the same time an immense cage, and yet represented the form of a human Colossus. At the base of the Statue I saw engraved the words "To Dominic holy and merciful, the preventer and avenger of soul-murder".' The vision was turned into a political *jeu d'esprit* levelled at the aiders and abettors of Catholic Emancipation, a measure to which Coleridge was more or less opposed as long as he lived. See *Constitution of Church and State*, 1830, *passim*. A third adaptation of the 'Allegorical Vision' was affixed to the Introduction to *A Lay Sermon: Addressed to the Higher and Middle Classes*, which was published in 1817. The first fifty-six lines, which contain a description of Italian mountain scenery, were entirely new, but the rest of the 'Vision' is an amended and softened reproduction of the preface to the Lecture of 1795. The moral he desires to point is the 'falsehood of extremes'. As Religion is the golden mean between Superstition and Atheism, so the righteous government of a righteous people is the mean between a selfish and oppressive aristocracy, and seditious and unbridled mob-rule. A probable 'Source' of the first draft of the 'Vision' is John Aikin's *Hill of Science, A Vision*, which was included in *Elegant Extracts*, 1794, ii. 801. In the present issue the text of 1834 has been collated with that of 1817 and 1829, but not (exhaustively) with the MS. (1795), or at all with the *Courier* version of 1811.

But as I gazed on his whole form and figure, I bethought me of the not unlovely decays, both of age and of the late season, in the stately elm, after the clusters have been plucked from its entwining vines, and the vines are as bands of dried withies around its trunk and branches. Even so there was a memory on his smooth and ample forehead, which blended with the dedication of his steady eyes, that still looked—I know not, whether upward, or far onward, or rather to the line of meeting where the sky rests upon the distance. But how may I express that dimness of abstraction which lay on the lustre of the pilgrim's eyes like the flitting tarnish from the breath of a sigh on a silver mirror! and which accorded with their slow and reluctant movement, whenever he turned them to any object on the right hand or on the left? It seemed, methought, as if there lay upon the brightness a shadowy presence of disappointments now unfelt, but never forgotten. It was at once the melancholy of hope and of resignation.

We had not long been fellow-travellers, ere a sudden tempest of wind and rain forced us to seek protection in the vaulted door-way of a lone chapelry; and we sate face to face each on the stone bench alongside the low, weather-stained wall, and as close as possible to the massy door.

After a pause of silence: even thus, said he, like two strangers that have fled to the same shelter from the same storm, not seldom do Despair and Hope meet for the first time in the porch of Death! All extremes meet, I answered; but yours was a strange and visionary thought. The better then doth it beseem both the place and me, he replied. From a Visionary wilt thou hear a Vision? Mark that vivid flash through this torrent of rain! Fire and water. Even here thy adage holds true, and its truth is the moral of my Vision. I entreated him to proceed. Sloping his face toward the arch and yet averting his eye from it, he seemed to seek and prepare his words: till listening to the wind that echoed within the hollow edifice, and to the rain without,

> Which stole on his thoughts with its two-fold sound,
> The clash hard by and the murmur all round,[1]

he gradually sank away, alike from me and from his own purpose, and amid the gloom of the storm and in the duskiness of that

[1] From the *Ode to the Rain*, 1802, ll. 15–16:—
O Rain! with your dull two-fold sound,
The clash hard by, and the murmur all round!

21–3 —the breathed tarnish, shall I name it?—on the lustre of the pilgrim's eyes? Yet had it not a sort of strange accordance with *1817*.

37 Compare: like strangers shelt'ring from a storm,
Hope and Despair meet in the porch of Death!
Constancy to an Ideal Object, p. 456.

39 VISIONARY *1817, 1829* 40 VISION *1817, 1829.* 49 sank] sunk *1817.*

place, he sate like an emblem on a rich man's sepulchre, or like a mourner on the sodded grave of an only one—an aged mourner, who is watching the waned moon and sorroweth not. Starting at length from his brief trance of abstraction, with courtesy and an atoning smile he renewed his discourse, and commenced his parable.

During one of those short furloughs from the service of the body, which the soul may sometimes obtain even in this its militant state, I found myself in a vast plain, which I immediately knew to be the Valley of Life. It possessed an astonishing diversity of soils: here was a sunny spot, and there a dark one, forming just such a mixture of sunshine and shade, as we may have observed on the mountains' side in an April day, when the thin broken clouds are scattered over heaven. Almost in the very entrance of the valley stood a large and gloomy pile, into which I seemed constrained to enter. Every part of the building was crowded with tawdry ornaments and fantastic deformity. On every window was portrayed, in glaring and inelegant colours, some horrible tale, or preternatural incident, so that not a ray of light could enter, untinged by the medium through which it passed. The body of the building was full of people, some of them dancing, in and out, in unintelligible figures, with strange ceremonies and antic merriment, while others seemed convulsed with horror, or pining in mad melancholy. Intermingled with these, I observed a number of men, clothed in ceremonial robes, who appeared now to marshal the various groups, and to direct their movements; and now with menacing countenances, to drag some reluctant victim to a vast idol, framed of iron bars intercrossed, which formed at the same time an immense cage, and the shape of a human Colossus.

I stood for a while lost in wonder what these things might mean; when lo! one of the directors came up to me, and with a stern and reproachful look bade me uncover my head, for that the place into which I had entered was the temple of the only true Religion, in the holier recesses of which the great Goddess personally resided. Himself too he bade me reverence, as the consecrated minister of her rites. Awestruck by the name of Religion, I bowed before the priest, and humbly

51-2 *or like* an aged mourner on the sodden grave of an only one—a mourner, *who 1817.* 57-9 It was towards morning when the Brain begins to reassume its waking state, and our dreams approach to the regular trains of Reality, that I found *MS. 1795.* 60 VALLEY OF LIFE *1817, 1829.* 61 and here was *1817, 1829.* 63 mountains' side] Hills *MS. 1795.* 75-86 intermingled with all these I observed a great number of men in Black Robes who appeared now marshalling the various Groups and now collecting with scrupulous care the Tenths of everything that grew within their reach. I stood wondering a while what these Things might be when one of these men approached me and with a reproachful Look bade me uncover my Head for the Place into which I had entered was the Temple of *Religion. MS. 1795.* 80 shape] form *1817.*

and earnestly intreated him to conduct me into her presence. He assented. Offerings he took from me, with mystic sprinklings of water and with salt he purified, and with strange sufflations he exorcised me; and then led me through many a dark and winding alley, the dew-damps of which chilled my flesh, and the hollow echoes under my feet, mingled, methought, with moanings, affrighted me. At length we entered a large hall, without window, or spiracle, or lamp. The asylum and dormitory it seemed of perennial night—only that the walls were brought to the eye by a number of self-luminous inscriptions in letters of a pale sepulchral light, which held strange neutrality with the darkness, on the verge of which it kept its rayless vigil. I could read them, methought; but though each of the words taken separately I seemed to understand, yet when I took them in sentences, they were riddles and incomprehensible. As I stood meditating on these hard sayings, my guide thus addressed me—'Read and believe: these are mysteries!'—At the extremity of the vast hall the Goddess was placed. Her features, blended with darkness, rose out to my view, terrible, yet vacant. I prostrated myself before her, and then retired with my guide, soul-withered, and wondering, and dissatisfied.

As I re-entered the body of the temple I heard a deep buzz as of discontent. A few whose eyes were bright, and either piercing or steady, and whose ample foreheads, with the weighty bar, ridge-like, above the eyebrows, bespoke observation followed by meditative thought; and a much larger number, who were enraged by the severity and insolence of the priests in exacting their offerings, had collected in one tumultuous group, and with a confused outcry of 'This is the Temple of Superstition!' after much contumely, and turmoil, and cruel mal-treatment on all sides, rushed out of the pile: and I, methought, joined them.

We speeded from the Temple with hasty steps, and had now nearly gone round half the valley, when we were addressed by a woman, tall beyond the stature of mortals, and with a something more than human in her countenance and mien, which yet could by mortals be only felt, not conveyed by words or intelligibly distinguished. Deep reflection, animated by ardent feelings, was displayed in them: and hope, without its uncertainty, and a something more than all these, which I understood

92-3 of water he purified me, and then led *MS. 1795.* 94-9 chilled and its hollow echoes beneath my feet affrighted me, till at last we entered a large Hall where not even a Lamp glimmered. Around its walls I observed a number of phosphoric Inscriptions *MS. 1795.* 96-102 *large hall* where not even a single lamp glimmered. It was made half visible by the wan phosphoric rays which proceeded from inscriptions on the walls, in letters of the same pale and sepulchral light. I could read them, methought; but though each one of the *words 1817.* 106 *me.* The fallible becomes infallible, and the infallible remains fallible. Read and believe: these are MYSTERIES! In the middle of *the vast 1817.* 106 MYSTERIES *1829.* 108 *vacant.* No definite thought, no distinct image was afforded me: all was uneasy and obscure feeling. I *prostrated 1817.* 118 SUPERSTITION *1817.*

not, but which yet seemed to blend all these into a divine unity of expression. Her garments were white and matronly, and of the simplest texture. We inquired her name. 'My name,' she replied, 'is Religion.'

The more numerous part of our company, affrighted by the very sound, and sore from recent impostures or sorceries, hurried onwards and examined no farther. A few of us, struck by the manifest opposition of her form and manners to those of the living Idol, whom we had so recently abjured, agreed to follow her, though with cautious circumspection. She led us to an eminence in the midst of the valley, from the top of which we could command the whole plain, and observe the relation of the different parts to each other, and of each to the whole, and of all to each. She then gave us an optic glass which assisted without contradicting our natural vision, and enabled us to see far beyond the limits of the Valley of Life; though our eye even thus assisted permitted us only to behold a light and a glory, but what we could not descry, save only that it was, and that it was most glorious.

And now with the rapid transition of a dream, I had overtaken and rejoined the more numerous party, who had abruptly left us, indignant at the very name of religion. They journied on, goading each other with remembrances of past oppressions, and never looking back, till in the eagerness to recede from the Temple of Superstition they had rounded the whole circle of the valley. And lo! there faced us the mouth of a vast cavern, at the base of a lofty and almost perpendicular rock, the interior side of which, unknown to them and unsuspected, formed the extreme and backward wall of the Temple. An impatient crowd, we entered the vast and dusky cave, which was the only perforation of the precipice. At the mouth of the cave sate two figures; the first, by her dress and gestures, I knew to be Sensuality; the second form, from the fierceness of his demeanour; and the brutal scornfulness of his looks, declared himself to be the monster Blasphemy. He uttered big words, and yet ever and anon I observed that he turned pale at his own courage. We entered. Some remained in the opening of the cave, with the one or the other of its guardians. The rest, and I among them, pressed on, till we reached an ample chamber, that seemed the centre of the rock. The climate of the place was unnaturally cold.

In the furthest distance of the chamber sate an old dim-eyed man, poring with a microscope over the torso of a statue which had neither basis, nor feet, nor head; but on its breast was carved Nature! To this he continually applied his glass, and seemed enraptured with the various inequalities which it

132 RELIGION *1817, 1829.* 141 *parts* of each to the other, *and of 1817, 1829.* 146 *was 1817, 1829.* 161 SENSUALITY *1817, 1829.* 163 BLASPHEMY *1817, 1829.* 173 NATURE *1817, 1829.*

rendered visible on the seemingly polished surface of the marble.—Yet evermore was this delight and triumph followed by expressions of hatred, and vehement railing against a Being, who yet, he assured us, had no existence. This mystery suddenly recalled to me what I had read in the holiest recess of the temple of Superstition. The old man spake in divers tongues, and continued to utter other and most strange mysteries. Among the rest he talked much and vehemently concerning an infinite series of causes and effects, which he explained to be—a string of blind men, the last of whom caught hold of the skirt of the one before him, he of the next, and so on till they were all out of sight; and that they all walked infallibly straight, without making one false step though all were alike blind. Methought I borrowed courage from surprise, and asked him—Who then is at the head to guide them? He looked at me with ineffable contempt, not unmixed with an angry suspicion, and then replied, 'No one.' The string of blind men went on for ever without any beginning; for although one blind man could not move without stumbling, yet infinite blindness supplied the want of sight. I burst into laughter, which instantly turned to terror—for as he started forward in rage, I caught a glimpse of him from behind; and lo! I beheld a monster bi-form and Janus-headed, in the hinder face and shape of which I instantly recognised the dread countenance of Superstition—and in the terror I awoke.

180 *Superstition 1817, 1829.* spake] spoke *1817, 1829.* 196 glimpse] glance *1817, 1829.* 199 SUPERSTITION *1817, 1829.*

APPENDIX III

[Vide *ante* p. 237.]

APOLOGETIC PREFACE TO 'FIRE, FAMINE, AND SLAUGHTER'[1]

At the house of a gentleman[2] who by the principles and corresponding virtues of a sincere Christian consecrates a cultivated genius and the favourable accidents of birth, opulence, and splendid connexions, it was my good fortune to meet, in a dinner-party, with more men of celebrity in science or polite literature than are commonly found collected round the same table. In the course of conversation, one of the party reminded an illustrious poet [Scott], then present, of some verses which he had recited that morning, and which had appeared in a newspaper under the name of a War-Eclogue, in which Fire, Famine, and Slaughter were introduced as the speakers. The gentleman so addressed replied, that he was rather surprised that none of us should have noticed or heard of the poem, as it had been, at the time, a good deal talked of in Scotland. It may be easily supposed that my feelings were at this moment not of the most comfortable kind. Of all present, one only [Sir H. Davy] knew, or suspected me to be the author; a man who would have established himself in the first rank of England's living poets[3], if the Genius of our country had not decreed that

[1] First published in *Sibylline Leaves* in 1817: included in 1828, 1829, and 1834. The 'Apologetic Preface' must have been put together in 1815, with a view to publication in the volume afterwards named *Sibylline Leaves*, but the incident on which it turns most probably took place in the spring of 1803, when both Scott and Coleridge were in London. Davy writing to Poole, May 1, 1803, says that he generally met Coleridge during his stay in town, 'in the midst of large companies, where he was the image of power and activity,' and Davy, as we know, was one of Sotheby's guests. In a letter to Mrs. Fletcher dated Dec. 18, 1830 (?), Scott tells the story in his own words, but throws no light on date or period. The implied date (1809) in Morritt's report of Dr. Howley's conversation (Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, 1837, ii. 245) is out of the question, as Coleridge did not leave the Lake Country between Sept. 1808 and October 1810. Coleridge set great store by 'his own stately account of this lion-show' (ibid.). In a note in a MS. copy of *Sibylline Leaves* presented to his son Derwent he writes:—'With the exception of this slovenly sentence (ll. 109-19) I hold this preface to be my happiest effort in prose composition.'

[2] William Sotheby (1756-1833), translator of Wieland's *Oberon* and the *Georgics* of Virgil. Coleridge met him for the first time at Keswick in July, 1802.

[3] 'The compliment I can witness to be as just as it is handsomely recorded,' Sir W. Scott to Mrs. Fletcher, *Fragmentary Remains* of Sir H. Davy, 1858, p. 113.

he should rather be the first in the first rank of its philosophers and scientific benefactors. It appeared the general wish to hear the lines. As my friend chose to remain silent, I chose to follow his example, and Mr. . . . . [Scott] recited the poem. This he could do with the better grace, being known to have ever been not only a firm and active Anti-Jacobin and Anti-Gallican, but likewise a zealous admirer of Mr. Pitt, both as a good man and a great statesman. As a poet exclusively, he had been amused with the Eclogue; as a poet he recited it; and in a spirit which made it evident that he would have read and repeated it with the same pleasure had his own name been attached to the imaginary object or agent.

After the recitation our amiable host observed that in his opinion Mr. . . . . had over-rated the merits of the poetry; but had they been tenfold greater, they could not have compensated for that malignity of heart which could alone have prompted sentiments so atrocious. I perceived that my illustrious friend became greatly distressed on my account; but fortunately I was able to preserve fortitude and presence of mind enough to take up the subject without exciting even a suspicion how nearly and painfully it interested me.

What follows is the substance of what I then replied, but dilated and in language less colloquial. It was not my intention, I said, to justify the publication, whatever its author's feelings might have been at the time of composing it. That they are calculated to call forth so severe a reprobation from a good man, is not the worst feature of such poems. Their moral deformity is aggravated in proportion to the pleasure which they are capable of affording to vindictive, turbulent, and unprincipled readers. Could it be supposed, though for a moment, that the author seriously wished what he had thus wildly imagined, even the attempt to palliate an inhumanity so monstrous would be an insult to the hearers. But it seemed to me worthy of consideration, whether the mood of mind and the general state of sensations in which a poet produces such vivid and fantastic images, is likely to co-exist, or is even compatible with, that gloomy and deliberate ferocity which a serious wish to realize them would pre-suppose. It had been often observed, and all my experience tended to confirm the observation, that prospects of pain and evil to others, and in general all deep feelings of revenge, are commonly expressed in a few words, ironically tame, and mild. The mind under so direful and fiend-like an influence seems to take a morbid pleasure in contrasting the intensity of its wishes and feelings with the slightness or levity of the expressions by which they are hinted; and indeed feelings so intense and solitary, if they were not precluded (as in almost all cases they would be) by a constitutional activity of fancy

24 *he 1817, 1829.* 41 What follows is substantially the same as *I then 1817, 1829.* 56 *realize 1817, 1829.*

and association, and by the specific joyousness combined with it, would assuredly themselves preclude such activity. Passion, in its own quality, is the antagonist of action; though in an ordinary and natural degree the former alternates with the latter, and thereby revives and strengthens it. But the more intense and insane the passion is, the fewer and the more fixed are the correspondent forms and notions. A rooted hatred, an inveterate thirst of revenge, is a sort of madness, and still eddies round its favourite object, and exercises as it were a perpetual tautology of mind in thoughts and words which admit of no adequate substitutes. Like a fish in a globe of glass, it moves restlessly round and round the scanty circumference, which it cannot leave without losing its vital element.

There is a second character of such imaginary representations as spring from a real and earnest desire of evil to another, which we often see in real life, and might even anticipate from the nature of the mind. The images, I mean, that a vindictive man places before his imagination, will most often be taken from the realities of life: they will be images of pain and suffering which he has himself seen inflicted on other men, and which he can fancy himself as inflicting on the object of his hatred. I will suppose that we had heard at different times two common sailors, each speaking of some one who had wronged or offended him: that the first with apparent violence had devoted every part of his adversary's body and soul to all the horrid phantoms and fantastic places that ever Quevedo dreamt of, and this in a rapid flow of those outrageous and wildly combined execrations, which too often with our lower classes serve for escape-valves to carry off the excess of their passions, as so much superfluous steam that would endanger the vessel if it were retained. The other, on the contrary, with that sort of calmness of tone which is to the ear what the paleness of anger is to the eye, shall simply say, 'If I chance to be made boatswain, as I hope I soon shall, and can but once get that fellow under my hand (and I shall be upon the watch for him), I'll tickle his pretty skin! I won't hurt him! oh no! I'll only cut the —— to the liver!' I dare appeal to all present, which of the two they would regard as the least deceptive symptom of deliberate malignity? nay, whether it would surprise them to see the first fellow, an hour or two afterwards, cordially shaking hands with the very man the fractional parts of whose body and soul he had been so charitably disposing of; or even perhaps risking his life for him? What language Shakespeare considered characteristic of malignant disposition we see in the speech of the good-natured Gratiano, who spoke 'an infinite deal of nothing more than any man in all Venice';

> ——Too wild, too rude and bold of voice!

93 outrageous] outrè, *1817, 1829.* 95 *escape-valves 1817, 1829.* 103 *liver 1817, 1829.* 106 afterwards] afterward *1817, 1829.*

the skipping spirit, whose thoughts and words reciprocally ran away with each other;

> ——O be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!
> And for thy life let justice be accused!

and the wild fancies that follow, contrasted with Shylock's tranquil 'I stand here for Law'.

Or, to take a case more analogous to the present subject, should we hold it either fair or charitable to believe it to have been Dante's serious wish that all the persons mentioned by him (many recently departed, and some even alive at the time,) should actually suffer the fantastic and horrible punishments to which he has sentenced them in his Hell and Purgatory? Or what shall we say of the passages in which Bishop Jeremy Taylor anticipates the state of those who, vicious themselves, have been the cause of vice and misery to their fellow-creatures? Could we endure for a moment to think that a spirit, like Bishop Taylor's, burning with Christian love; that a man constitutionally overflowing with pleasurable kindliness; who scarcely even in a casual illustration introduces the image of woman, child, or bird, but he embalms the thought with so rich a tenderness, as makes the very words seem beauties and fragments of poetry from Euripides or Simonides;—can we endure to think, that a man so natured and so disciplined, did at the time of composing this horrible picture, attach a sober feeling of reality to the phrases? or that he would have described in the same tone of justification, in the same luxuriant flow of phrases, the tortures about to be inflicted on a living individual by a verdict of the Star-Chamber? or the still more atrocious sentences executed on the Scotch anti-prelatists and schismatics, at the command, and in some instances under the very eye of the Duke of Lauderdale, and of that wretched bigot who afterwards dishonoured and forfeited the throne of Great Britain? Or do we not rather feel and understand, that these violent words were mere bubbles, flashes and electrical apparitions, from the magic cauldron of a fervid and ebullient fancy, constantly fuelled by an unexampled opulence of language?

Were I now to have read by myself for the first time the poem in question, my conclusion, I fully believe, would be, that the writer must have been some man of warm feelings and active fancy; that he had painted to himself the circumstances that accompany war in so many vivid and yet fantastic forms, as proved that neither the images nor the feelings were the result of observation, or in any way derived from realities. I should judge that they were the product of his own seething imagination, and therefore impregnated with that pleasurable exultation which is experienced in all energetic exertion of intellectual power; that in the same mood he had generalized the causes of

119 *'I... Law' 1817, 1829.* 125 *Hell and Purgatory 1817, 1829.* 135 a Euripides *1817:* an Euripides *1829.* 136 *so* natured *1817, 1829.*

the war, and then personified the abstract and christened it by the name which he had been accustomed to hear most often associated with its management and measures. I should guess that the minister was in the author's mind at the moment of composition as completely ἀπαθής, ἀναιμόσαρκος, as Anacreon's grasshopper, and that he had as little notion of a real person of flesh and blood,

> Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
> [*Paradise Lost*, II. 668.]

as Milton had in the grim and terrible phantom (half person, half allegory) which he has placed at the gates of Hell. I concluded by observing, that the poem was not calculated to excite passion in any mind, or to make any impression except on poetic readers; and that from the culpable levity betrayed at the close of the eclogue by the grotesque union of epigrammatic wit with allegoric personification, in the allusion to the most fearful of thoughts, I should conjecture that the 'rantin' Bardie', instead of really believing, much less wishing, the fate spoken of in the last line, in application to any human individual, would shrink from passing the verdict even on the Devil himself, and exclaim with poor Burns,

> But fare ye weel, auld Nickie-ben!
> Oh! wad ye tak a thought an' men!
> Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
> Still hae a stake—
> I'm wae to think upon yon den,
> Ev'n for your sake!

I need not say that these thoughts, which are here dilated, were in such a company only rapidly suggested. Our kind host smiled, and with a courteous compliment observed, that the defence was too good for the cause. My voice faltered a little, for I was somewhat agitated; though not so much on my own account as for the uneasiness that so kind and friendly a man would feel from the thought that he had been the occasion of distressing me. At length I brought out these words: 'I must now confess, sir! that I am author of that poem. It was written some years ago. I do not attempt to justify my past self, young as I then was; but as little as I would now write a similar poem, so far was I even then from imagining that the lines would be taken as more or less than a sport of fancy. At all events, if I know my own heart, there was never a moment in my existence in which I should have been more ready, had Mr. Pitt's person been in hazard, to interpose my own body, and defend his life at the risk of my own.'

I have prefaced the poem with this anecdote, because to have printed it without any remark might well have been understood

172 *passion . . . any 1817, 1829.* *betrayed by*, Errata, *1817*, p. [xi]. author] am the author *1817*. 173 *poetic 1817, 1829.* For *betrayed in* r. 174 in the grotesque *1817*. 195 am 203 my body *MS. corr. 1817*.

as implying an unconditional approbation on my part, and this after many years' consideration. But if it be asked why I republished it at all, I answer, that the poem had been attributed at different times to different other persons; and what I had dared beget, I thought it neither manly nor honourable not to dare father. From the same motives I should have published perfect copies of two poems, the one entitled The Devil's Thoughts, and the other, The Two Round Spaces on the Tombstone, but that the three first stanzas of the former, which were worth all the rest of the poem, and the best stanza of the remainder, were written by a friend [Southey] of deserved celebrity; and because there are passages in both which might have given offence to the religious feelings of certain readers. I myself indeed see no reason why vulgar superstitions and absurd conceptions that deform the pure faith of a Christian should possess a greater immunity from ridicule than stories of witches, or the fables of Greece and Rome. But there are those who deem it profaneness and irreverence to call an ape an ape, if it but wear a monk's cowl on its head; and I would rather reason with this weakness than offend it.

The passage from Jeremy Taylor to which I referred is found in his second Sermon on Christ's Advent to Judgment; which is likewise the second in his year's course of sermons. Among many remarkable passages of the same character in those discourses, I have selected this as the most so. 'But when this Lion of the tribe of Judah shall appear, then Justice shall strike, and Mercy shall not hold her hands; she shall strike sore strokes, and Pity shall not break the blow. As there are treasures of good things, so hath God a treasure of wrath and fury, and scourges and scorpions; and then shall be produced the shame of Lust and the malice of Envy, and the groans of the oppressed and the persecutions of the saints, and the cares of Covetousness and the troubles of Ambition, and the insolencies of traitors and the violences of rebels, and the rage of anger and the uneasiness of impatience, and the restlessness of unlawful desires; and by this time the monsters and diseases will be numerous and intolerable, when God's heavy hand shall press the sanies and the intolerableness, the obliquity and the unreasonableness, the amazement and the disorder, the smart and the sorrow, the guilt and the punishment, out from all our sins, and pour them into one chalice, and mingle them with an infinite wrath, and make the wicked drink off all the vengeance, and force it down their unwilling throats with the violence of devils and accursed spirits.'

That this Tartarean drench displays the imagination rather than the discretion of the compounder; that, in short, this passage and others of the same kind are in a bad taste, few will deny

212–13 *The . . . Thoughts 1817, 1829.* 213–14 *The . . . Tombstone 1817, 1829.*
238 insolencies] *indolence 1829.* 238–9 *and the . . . rebels 1817, 1829.*
252 *in . . . taste 1817, 1829.*

at the present day. It would, doubtless, have more behoved the good bishop not to be wise beyond what is written on a subject in which Eternity is opposed to Time, and a Death threatened, not the negative, but the positive Opposite of Life; a subject, therefore, which must of necessity be indescribable to the human understanding in our present state. But I can neither find nor believe that it ever occurred to any reader to ground on such passages a charge against Bishop Taylor's humanity, or goodness of heart. I was not a little surprised therefore to find, in the Pursuits of Literature and other works, so horrible a sentence passed on Milton's moral character, for a passage in his prose writings, as nearly parallel to this of Taylor's as two passages can well be conceived to be. All his merits, as a poet, forsooth—all the glory of having written the Paradise Lost, are light in the scale, nay, kick the beam, compared with the atrocious malignity of heart, expressed in the offensive paragraph. I remembered, in general, that Milton had concluded one of his works on Reformation, written in the fervour of his youthful imagination, in a high poetic strain, that wanted metre only to become a lyrical poem. I remembered that in the former part he had formed to himself a perfect ideal of human virtue, a character of heroic, disinterested zeal and devotion for Truth, Religion, and public Liberty, in act and in suffering, in the day of triumph and in the hour of martyrdom. Such spirits, as more excellent than others, he describes as having a more excellent reward, and as distinguished by a transcendant glory: and this reward and this glory he displays and particularizes with an energy and brilliance that announced the Paradise Lost as plainly, as ever the bright purple clouds in the east announced the coming of the Sun. Milton then passes to the gloomy contrast, to such men as from motives of selfish ambition and the lust of personal aggrandizement should, against their own light, persecute truth and the true religion, and wilfully abuse the powers and gifts entrusted to them, to bring vice, blindness, misery and slavery, on their native country, on the very country that had trusted, enriched and honoured them. Such beings, after that speedy and appropriate removal from their sphere of mischief which all good and humane men must of course desire, will, he takes for granted by parity of reason, meet with a punishment, an ignominy, and a retaliation, as much severer than other wicked men, as their guilt and its consequences were more enormous. His description of this imaginary punishment presents more distinct pictures to the fancy than the extract from Jeremy Taylor; but the thoughts in the latter are incomparably more exaggerated and horrific. All this I knew; but I neither remembered, nor by reference

256 *positive 1817, 1829.* Opposite] Oppositive *1829, 1893.* 264 *his 1817, 1829.* 267 PARADISE LOST *1817, 1829.* 273 former] preceding *MS. corr. 1817.* 278 and as] as *MS. corr. 1817.* 295 *pictures 1817, 1829.* 296 *thoughts 1817, 1829.*

and careful re-perusal could discover, any other meaning, either in Milton or Taylor, but that good men will be rewarded, and the impenitent wicked punished, in proportion to their dispositions and intentional acts in this life; and that if the punishment of the least wicked be fearful beyond conception, all words and descriptions must be so far true, that they must fall short of the punishment that awaits the transcendantly wicked. Had Milton stated either his ideal of virtue, or of depravity, as an individual or individuals actually existing? Certainly not! Is this representation worded historically, or only hypothetically? Assuredly the latter! Does he express it as his own wish that after death they should suffer these tortures? or as a general consequence, deduced from reason and revelation, that such will be their fate? Again, the latter only! His wish is expressly confined to a speedy stop being put by Providence to their power of inflicting misery on others! But did he name or refer to any persons living or dead? No! But the calumniators of Milton daresay (for what will calumny not dare say?) that he had Laud and Strafford in his mind, while writing of remorseless persecution, and the enslavement of a free country from motives of selfish ambition. Now what if a stern antiprelatist should daresay, that in speaking of the insolencies of traitors and the violences of rebels, Bishop Taylor must have individualised in his mind Hampden, Hollis, Pym, Fairfax, Ireton, and Milton? And what if he should take the liberty of concluding, that, in the after-description, the Bishop was feeding and feasting his party-hatred, and with those individuals before the eyes of his imagination enjoying, trait by trait, horror after horror, the picture of their intolerable agonies? Yet this bigot would have an equal right thus to criminate the one good and great man, as these men have to criminate the other. Milton has said, and I doubt not but that Taylor with equal truth could have said it, 'that in his whole life he never spake against a man even that his skin should be grazed.' He asserted this when one of his opponents (either Bishop Hall or his nephew) had called upon the women and children in the streets to take up stones and stone him (Milton). It is known that Milton repeatedly used his interest to protect the royalists; but even at a time when all lies would have been meritorious against him, no charge was made, no story pretended, that he had ever directly or indirectly engaged or assisted in their persecution. Oh! methinks there are other and far better feelings which should be acquired by the perusal of our great elder writers. When I have before me, on the same table, the works of Hammond and Baxter; when I reflect with what joy and dearness their blessed spirits are now loving each other; it seems a mournful thing that their names should be perverted to

310 *wish . . . should 1817, 1829.* 312 *will be 1817, 1829.* 316 *daresay 1817, 1829.* 320 *daresay 1817, 1829.* 320-21 *insolencies . . . rebels 1817, 1829.* 335 *him 1817, 1829.*

an occasion of bitterness among us, who are enjoying that happy mean which the human too-much on both sides was perhaps necessary to produce. 'The tangle of delusions which stifled and distorted the growing tree of our well-being has been torn away; the parasite-weeds that fed on its very roots have been plucked up with a salutary violence. To us there remain only quiet duties, the constant care, the gradual improvement, the cautious unhazardous labours of the industrious though contented gardener—to prune, to strengthen, to engraft, and one by one to remove from its leaves and fresh shoots the slug and the caterpillar. But far be it from us to undervalue with light and senseless detraction the conscientious hardihood of our predecessors, or even to condemn in them that vehemence, to which the blessings it won for us leave us now neither temptation nor pretext. We antedate the feelings, in order to criminate the authors, of our present liberty, light and toleration.' (*The Friend*, No. IV. Sept. 7, 1809.) [1818, i. 105.]

If ever two great men might seem, during their whole lives, to have moved in direct opposition, though neither of them has at any time introduced the name of the other, Milton and Jeremy Taylor were they. The former commenced his career by attacking the Church-Liturgy and all set forms of prayer. The latter, but far more successfully, by defending both. Milton's next work was against the Prelacy and the then existing Church-Government—Taylor's in vindication and support of them. Milton became more and more a stern republican, or rather an advocate for that religious and moral aristocracy which, in his day, was called republicanism, and which, even more than royalism itself, is the direct antipode of modern jacobinism. Taylor, as more and more sceptical concerning the fitness of men in general for power, became more and more attached to the prerogatives of monarchy. From Calvinism, with a still decreasing respect for Fathers, Councils, and for Church-antiquity in general, Milton seems to have ended in an indifference, if not a dislike, to all forms of ecclesiastic government, and to have retreated wholly into the inward and spiritual church-communion of his own spirit with the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. Taylor, with a growing reverence for authority, an increasing sense of the insufficiency of the Scriptures without the aids of tradition and the consent of authorized interpreters, advanced as far in his approaches (not indeed to Popery, but) to Roman-Catholicism, as a conscientious minister of the English Church could well venture. Milton would be and would utter the same to all on all occasions: he would tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Taylor would become all things to all men, if by any

346 *us 1817, 1829.* 347 *human* TOO-MUCH *1817, 1829.* 349 has] have *1817.* 360 *feelings 1817, 1829.* 361 *authors 1817, 1829.* 373 *called 1817, 1829.* 380 *all 1817, 1829.* 387 Roman-Catholicism] Catholicism *1817, 1829.*

means he might benefit any; hence he availed himself, in his popular writings, of opinions and representations which stand often in striking contrast with the doubts and convictions expressed in his more philosophical works. He appears, indeed, not too severely to have blamed that management of truth (istam falsitatem dispensativam) authorized and exemplified by almost all the fathers: Integrum omnino doctoribus et coetus Christiani antistitibus esse, ut dolos versent, falsa veris intermisceant et imprimis religionis hostes fallant, dummodo veritatis commodis et utilitati inserviant.

The same antithesis might be carried on with the elements of their several intellectual powers. Milton, austere, condensed, imaginative, supporting his truth by direct enunciation of lofty moral sentiment and by distinct visual representations, and in the same spirit overwhelming what he deemed falsehood by moral denunciation and a succession of pictures appalling or repulsive. In his prose, so many metaphors, so many allegorical miniatures. Taylor, eminently discursive, accumulative, and (to use one of his own words) agglomerative; still more rich in images than Milton himself, but images of fancy, and presented to the common and passive eye, rather than to the eye of the imagination. Whether supporting or assailing, he makes his way either by argument or by appeals to the affections, unsurpassed even by the schoolmen in subtlety, agility, and logic wit, and unrivalled by the most rhetorical of the fathers in the copiousness and vividness of his expressions and illustrations. Here words that convey feelings, and words that flash images, and words of abstract notion, flow together, and whirl and rush onward like a stream, at once rapid and full of eddies; and yet still interfused here and there we see a tongue or islet of smooth water, with some picture in it of earth or sky, landscape or living group of quiet beauty.

Differing then so widely and almost contrariantly, wherein did these great men agree? wherein did they resemble each other? In genius, in learning, in unfeigned piety, in blameless purity of life, and in benevolent aspirations and purposes for the moral and temporal improvement of their fellow-creatures! Both of them wrote a Latin Accidence, to render education more easy and less painful to children; both of them composed hymns and psalms proportioned to the capacity of common congregations; both, nearly at the same time, set the glorious example of publicly recommending and supporting general

393 *popular 1817, 1829.* 396 *too severely . . . management 1817, 1829.* 397 *istam . . . dispensativam 1817, 1829.* 410 *agglomerative 1817, 1829.* 416 logic] logical *1817, 1829.* 420 and at once whirl *1817, 1829.* 422 islet] isle *1829.* Carlyle in the *Life of John Sterling*, cap. viii, quotes the last two words of the Preface. Was it from the same source that he caught up the words 'Balmy sunny islets, islets of the blest and the intelligible' which he uses to illustrate the lucid intervals in Coleridge's monologue?

toleration, and the liberty both of the Pulpit and the press! In the writings of neither shall we find a single sentence, like those meek deliverances to God's mercy, with which Laud accompanied his votes for the mutilations and loathsome dungeoning of Leighton and others!—nowhere such a pious prayer as we find in Bishop Hall's memoranda of his own life, concerning the subtle and witty atheist that so grievously perplexed and gravelled him at Sir Robert Drury's till he prayed to the Lord to remove him, and behold! his prayers were heard: for shortly afterward this Philistine-combatant went to London, and there perished of the plague in great misery! In short, nowhere shall we find the least approach, in the lives and writings of John Milton or Jeremy Taylor, to that guarded gentleness, to that sighing reluctance, with which the holy brethren of the Inquisition deliver over a condemned heretic to the civil magistrate, recommending him to mercy, and hoping that the magistrate will treat the erring brother with all possible mildness!—the magistrate who too well knows what would be his own fate if he dared offend them by acting on their recommendation.

The opportunity of diverting the reader from myself to characters more worthy of his attention, has led me far beyond my first intention; but it is not unimportant to expose the false zeal which has occasioned these attacks on our elder patriots. It has been too much the fashion first to personify the Church of England, and then to speak of different individuals, who in different ages have been rulers in that church, as if in some strange way they constituted its personal identity. Why should a clergyman of the present day feel interested in the defence of Laud or Sheldon? Surely it is sufficient for the warmest partisan of our establishment that he can assert with truth,—when our Church persecuted, it was on mistaken principles held in common by all Christendom; and at all events, far less culpable was this intolerance in the Bishops, who were maintaining the existing laws, than the persecuting spirit afterwards shewn by their successful opponents, who had no such excuse, and who should have been taught mercy by their own sufferings, and wisdom by the utter failure of the experiment in their own case. We can say that our Church, apostolical in its faith, primitive in its ceremonies, unequalled in its liturgical forms; that our Church, which has kindled and displayed more bright and burning lights of genius and learning than all other protestant churches since the reformation, was (with the single exception of the times of Laud and Sheldon) least intolerant, when all Christians unhappily deemed a species of intolerance their religious duty; that Bishops of our church were among the first that contended against this error; and finally, that since the

436 *meek . . . mercy 1817, 1829.* 441 *he . . . him 1817, 1829.* 450 *hoping 1817, 1829.* 461 *they 1817, 1829.* 467 culpable were the Bishops *1817, 1829.*

reformation, when tolerance became a fashion, the Church of England in a tolerating age, has shewn herself eminently tolerant, and far more so, both in spirit and in fact, than many of her most bitter opponents, who profess to deem toleration itself an insult on the rights of mankind! As to myself, who not only know the Church-Establishment to be tolerant, but who see in it the greatest, if not the sole safe bulwark of toleration, I feel no necessity of defending or palliating oppressions under the two Charleses, in order to exclaim with a full and fervent heart, Esto perpetua!

481 reformation] Revolution in 1688 *MS. corr. 1817.* 488 *bulwark 1817, 1829* 490 ESTO PERPETUA *1817, 1829.* *After* 490. Braving the cry. O the Vanity and self-dotage of Authors! I, yet, after a reperusal of the preceding Apol. Preface, now some 20 years since its first publication, dare deliver it as my own judgement that both in style and thought it is a work creditable to the head and heart of the Author, tho' he happens to have been the same person, only a few stone lighter and with chesnut instead of silver hair, with his Critic and Eulogist.

S. T. Coleridge,
May, 1829.

[*MS. Note in a copy of the edition of 1829, vol. i, p. 353.*]

APPENDIX IV

PROSE VERSIONS OF POEMS, ETC.

A

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS IN THE COURT OF LOVE

[Vide *ante*, p. 409.]

Why is my Love like the Sun?

1. The Dawn=the presentiment of my Love.

No voice as yet had made the air
Be music with thy name: yet why
That obscure [over *aching*] Hope: that yearning Sigh?
That sense of Promise everywhere?
Beloved! flew thy spirit by?

2. The Sunrise=the suddenness, the all-at-once of Love—and the first silence—the beams of Light fall first on the distance, the interspace still dark.

3. The Cheerful Morning—the established Day-light universal.

4. The Sunset—who can behold it, and think of the Sun-rise? It takes all the thought to itself. The Moon-reflected Light -soft, melancholy, warmthless—the absolute purity (nay, it is always *pure*, but), the incorporeity of Love in absence—Love *per se* is a Potassium—it can subsist by itself, tho' in presence it has a natural and necessary combination with the comburent principle. All other Lights (the fixed Stars) not borrowed from the absent Sun—Lights for other worlds, not for me. I see them and admire, but they irradiate nothing.

B

PROSE VERSION OF GLYCINE'S SONG IN ZAPOLYA

[Vide *ante*, pp. 426, 919, 920.]

1

On the sky with liquid openings of Blue,
The slanting pillar of sun mist,
Field-inward flew a little Bird.
Pois'd himself on the column,
Sang with a sweet and marvellous voice,
Adieu! adieu!
I must away, Far, far away,
Set off to-day.

2

Listened—listened—gaz'd—
Sight of a Bird, sound of a voice—
It was so well with me, and yet so strange.
Heart! Heart!
Swell'st thou with joy or smart?
But the Bird went away—
Adieu! adieu!

3

All cloudy the heavens falling and falling—
Then said I—Ah! summer again—
The swallow, the summer-bird is going,
And so will my Beauty fall like the leaves
From my pining for his absence,
And so will his Love fly away.
Away! away!
Like the summer-bird,
Swift as the Day.

4

But lo! again came the slanting sun-shaft,
Close by me pois'd on its wing,
The sweet Bird sang again,
And looking on my tearful Face
Did it not say,
'Love has arisen,
'True Love makes its summer,
In the Heart'?

1845.

C

Notebook No. 29, p. 168.

21 Feb. 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND

I have often amused myself with the thought of a self-conscious Looking-glass, and the various metaphorical applications of such a fancy—and this morning it struck across the Eolian Harp of my Brain that there was something pleasing and emblematic (of what I did not distinctly make out) in two such Looking-glasses fronting, each seeing the other in itself, and itself in the other. Have you ever noticed the Vault or snug little Apartment which the Spider spins and weaves for itself, by spiral threads round and round, and sometimes with strait lines, so that its lurking parlour or withdrawing-room is an oblong square? This too connected itself in my mind with the melancholy truth, that as we grow older, the World (alas! how often it happens that the less we love it, the more we care for it, the less reason we have to value its Shews, the more anxious are we about them—alas! how often do we become more and more loveless, as Love which can outlive all change save a change with regard to itself, and all loss save the loss of its *Reflex*, is more needed to sooth us and alone is able so to do!) What was I saying? O, I was adverting to the fact that as we advance in years, the World, that spidery Witch, spins its threads narrower and narrower, still closing on us, till at last it shuts us up within four walls, walls of flues and films, windowless—and well if there be sky-lights, and a small opening left for the Light from above. I do not know that I have anything to add, except to remind you, that

pheer or *phere* for *Mqte, Companion, Counterpart,* is a word frequently used by Spencer (*sic*) and Herbert, and the Poets generally, who wrote before the Restoration (1660), before I say that this premature warm and sunny day, antedating Spring, called forth the following.

Strain in the manner of G. HERBERT, which might be entitled THE ALONE MOST DEAR: a Complaint of Jacob to Rachel as in the tenth year of her service he saw in her or *fancied* that he saw symptoms of Alienation. ~~N.B. The Thoughts and Images being modernized and turned into English.~~

(*It was fancy*) [Pencil note by Mrs. Gillman.]

All Nature seems at work. ~~Snails~~ Slugs leave their lair;
The Bees are stirring; Birds are on the wing;
And WINTER slumb'ring in the open air
Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring.
And
~~But~~ I the while, the sole unbusy thing.
Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.
Yet well I ken the banks where [1]Amaranths blow
Have traced the fount whence Streams of Nectar flow.
Bloom, O ye Amaranths! bloom for whom ye may—
For me ye bloom not! Glide, rich streams! away! •
? *Lip unbrighten'd, wreathless B.*
With unmoist Lip and wreathless Brow I stroll;
And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul?
WORK without Hope draws nectar in a sieve;
And HOPE without an Object cannot live.

I speak in figures, inward thoughts and woes
Interpreting by Shapes and outward shews:
{ Where daily nearer me with magic Ties,
{ What time and where, (wove close with magic Ties
Line over line, and thickning as they rise)
The World her spidery threads on all sides spin
Side answ'ring side with narrow interspace,
My Faith (say I; I and my Faith are one)
Hung, as a Mirror, there! And face to face
(For nothing else there was between or near)
One Sister Mirror hid the dreary Wall,
But *that* is broke! And with that { bright compeer / only pheere [2]
I lost my object and my inmost All——
Faith *in* the Faith of THE ALONE MOST DEAR!

JACOB HODIERNUS.

Ah! me!!

Call the World spider: and at fancy's touch
Thought becomes image and I see it such.
With viscous masonry of films and threads
Tough as the nets in Indian Forests found
It blends the Waller's and the Weaver's trades
And soon the tent-like Hangings touch the ground
A dusky chamber that excludes the day
But cease the prelude and resume the lay

[1] *Literally* rendered is Flower Fadeless, or never-fading, from the Greek a NOT and marainō to wither.
[2] Mate, Counterpart.

D

Note to Line 34 of the Joan of Arc *Book II. 1796, pp. 41, 42.*

Line 34. Sir Isaac Newton at the end of the last edition of his Optics supposes that a very subtile and elastic fluid, which he calls aether, is diffused thro' the pores of gross bodies, as well as thro' the open spaces that are void of gross matter: he supposes it to pierce all bodies, and to touch their least particles, acting on them with a force proportional to their number or to the matter of the body on which it acts. He supposes likewise, that it is rarer in the pores of bodies than in open spaces, and even rarer in small pores and dense bodies, than in large pores and rare bodies; and also that its density increases in receding from gross matter; so for instance as to be greater at the $\frac{1}{100}$ of an inch from the surface of any body, than at its surface; and so on. To the action of this aether he ascribes the attractions of gravitation and cohœsion, the attraction and repulsion of electrical bodies, the mutual influences of bodies and light upon each other, the effects and communication of heat, and the performance of animal sensation and motion. David Hartley, from whom this account of aether is chiefly borrowed, makes it the instrument of propagating those vibrations or configurative motions which are ideas. It appears to me, no hypothesis ever involved so many contradictions; for how can the same fluid be both dense and rare in the same body at one time? Yet in the Earth as gravitating to the Moon, it must be very rare; and in the Earth as gravitating to the Sun, it must be very dense. For as Andrew Baxter well observes, it doth not appear sufficient to account how the fluid may act with a force proportional to the body to which another is impelled, to assert that it is rarer in great bodies than in small ones; it must be further asserted that this fluid is rarer or denser in the same body, whether small or great, according as the body to which that is impelled is itself small or great. But whatever may be the solidity of this objection, the following seems unanswerable:

If every particle thro' the whole solidity of a heavy body receive its impulse from the particles of this fluid, it should seem that the fluid itself must be as dense as the very densest heavy body, gold for instance; there being as many impinging particles in the one, as there are gravitating particles in the other which receive their gravitation by being impinged upon: so that, throwing gold or any heavy body upward, against the impulse of this fluid, would be like throwing gold *thro'* gold; and as this aether must be equally diffused over the whole sphere of its activity, it must be as dense when it impels cork as when it impels gold, so that to throw a piece of cork upward, would be as if we endeavoured to make cork penetrate a medium as dense as gold; and tho' we were to adopt the extravagant opinions which have been advanced concerning the progression of pores, yet however porous we suppose a body, if it be not all pore, the argument holds equally, the fluid must be as dense as the body in order to give every particle its impulse.

It has been asserted that Sir Isaac Newton's philosophy leads in its consequences to Atheism: perhaps not without reason. For if matter, by any powers or properties *given* to it, can produce the order of the visible world and even generate thought; why may it not have possessed such properties by *inherent* right? and where is the necessity of a God? matter is according to the mechanic philosophy capable of acting most wisely and most beneficently without Wisdom or Bene-

volence; and what more does the Atheist assert? if matter possess those properties, why might it not have possessed them from all eternity? Sir Isaac Newton's Deity seems to be alternately operose and indolent; to have delegated so much power as to make it inconceivable what he can have reserved. He is dethroned by Vice-regent second causes.

We seem placed here to acquire a knowledge of *effects*. Whenever we would pierce into the *Adyta* of Causation, we bewilder ourselves; and all that laborious Conjecture can do, is to fill up the gaps of imagination. We are restless, because *invisible* things are not the objects of vision—and philosophical systems, for the most part, are received not for their Truth, but in proportion as they attribute to Causes a susceptibility of being *seen*, whenever our visual organs shall have become sufficiently powerful.

E

DEDICATION[1]

Ode on the Departing Year, 1796, pp. [3]–4.

[Vide *ante*, p. 160.]

To Thomas Poole, of Stowey.

My dear Friend—

Soon after the commencement of this month, the Editor of the Cambridge Intelligencer (a newspaper conducted with so much ability, and such unmixed and fearless zeal for the interests of Piety and Freedom, that I cannot but think my poetry honoured by being permitted to appear in it) requested me, by Letter, to furnish him with some Lines for the last day of this Year. I promised him that I would make the attempt; but almost immediately after, a rheumatic complaint seized on my head, and continued to prevent the possibility of poetic composition till within the last three days. So in the course of the last three days the following Ode was produced. In general, when an Author informs the Public that his production was struck off in a great hurry, he offers an insult, not an excuse. But I trust that the present case is an exception, and that the peculiar circumstances which obliged me to write with such unusual rapidity give a propriety to my professions of it: *nec nunc eam apud te jacto, sed et ceteris indico; ne quis asperiore limâ carmen examinet, et a confuso scriptum et quod frigidum erat ni statim traderem.*[2] (I avail myself of the words of Statius, and hope that I shall likewise be able to say of any weightier publication, what *he* has declared of his Thebaid, that it had been tortured[3] with a laborious Polish.)

For me to discuss the *literary* merits of this hasty composition were idle and presumptuous. If it be found to possess that impetuosity of Transition, and that Precipitation of Fancy and Feeling, which are

[1] Published 4to, 1796: reprinted in *P. and D.W.*, 1877, i. 165–8.

[2] The quotation is from an apology addressed 'Meliori suo', prefixed to the Second Book of the *Silvae*:—'nec nunc eam (sc. celeritatem) apud te jacto qui nosti; sed et caeteris indico, ne quis asperiore limâ carmen examinet et a confuso scriptum, et dolenti datum cum paene sint supervacua sint tarda solatia.' Coleridge has 'adapted' the words of Statius to point his own moral.

[3] *Multâ cruciata limâ* [S.T.C.] [Silv. lib. iv. 7, 26.]

the *essential* excellencies of the sublimer Ode, its deficiency in less important respects will be easily pardoned by those from whom alone praise could give me pleasure: and whose minuter criticisms will be disarmed by the reflection, that these Lines were conceived 'not in the soft obscurities of Retirement, or under the Shelter of Academic Groves, but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow'.[1] I am more anxious lest the *moral* spirit of the Ode should be mistaken. You, I am sure, will not fail to recollect that among the Ancients, the Bard and the Prophet were one and the same character; and you *know*, that although I prophesy curses, I pray fervently for blessings. Farewell, Brother of my Soul!

——O ever found the same,
And trusted and belov'd![2]

Never without an emotion of honest pride do I subscribe myself
Your grateful and affectionate friend,
S. T. COLERIDGE.

BRISTOL, *December* 26, 1796.

F

Preface to the MS. of *Osorio*.

[Vide *ante*, p. 519.]

In this sketch of a tragedy, all is imperfect, and much obscure. Among other equally great defects (millstones round the slender neck of its merits) it presupposes a long story; and this long story, which yet is necessary to the complete understanding of the play, is not half told. Albert had sent a letter informing his family that he should arrive about such a time by ship; he was shipwrecked; and wrote a private letter to Osorio, informing him alone of this accident, that he might not shock Maria. Osorio destroyed the letter, and sent assassins to meet Albert... Worse than all, the growth of Osorio's character is nowhere explained - and yet I had most clear and psychologically accurate ideas of the whole of it... A man, who from constitutional calmness of appetites, is seduced into pride and the love of power, by these into misanthropism, or rather a contempt of mankind, and from thence, by the co-operation of envy, and a curiously modified love for a beautiful female (which is nowhere developed in the play), into a most atrocious guilt. A man who is in truth a weak man, yet always duping himself into the belief that he has a soul of iron. Such were some of my leading ideas.

In short the thing is but an embryo, and whilst it remains in manuscript, which it is destined to do, the critic would judge unjustly who should call it a miscarriage. It furnished me with a most important lesson, namely, that to have conceived strongly, does not always imply the power of successful execution. S. T. C.

[From *Early Years and Late Reflections*, by Clement Carlyon, M.D., 1856, i. 143-4.]

[1] From Dr. Johnson's Preface to the *Dictionary of the English Language*. *Works*, 1806, ii. 59.

[2] Akenside's *Pleasures of the Imagination* (Second Version), Bk. I.

APPENDIX V

ADAPTATIONS

For a critical study of Coleridge's alterations in the text of the quotations from seventeenth-century poets, which were inserted in the *Biographia Literaria* (2 vols., 1817), or were prefixed as mottoes to Chapters in the rifacimento of *The Friend* (3 vols., 1818), see an article by J. D Campbell entitled 'Coleridge's Quotations,' which was published in the *Athenæum*, August 20, 1892, and 'Adaptations', *P. W.*, 1893, pp. 471–4. Most of these textual alterations or garblings were noted by H. N. Coleridge in an edition of *The Friend* published in 1837; Mr. Campbell was the first to collect and include the mottoes and quotations in a subsection of Coleridge's Poetical Works. Three poems, (1) 'An Elegy Imitated from Akenside', (2) 'Farewell to Love', (3) 'Mutual Passion altered and modernized from an Old Poet', may be reckoned as 'Adaptations'. The first and third of these composite productions lay no claim to originality, whilst the second, 'Farewell to Love', which he published anonymously in *The Courier*, September 27, 1806, was not included by Coleridge in *Sibylline Leaves*, or in 1828, 1829, 1834. For (1) vide *ante*, p. 69, and *post*, *Read* :— p. 1123; for (2) *ante*, p. 402; and for (3) vide *post*, p. 1118.

1

FULKE GREVILLE. LORD BROOKE

God and the World they worship still together,
Draw not their lawes to him, but his to theirs,
Untrue to both, so prosperous in neither,
Amid their owne desires still raising feares;
'Unwise, as all distracted powers be;
Strangers to God, fooles in humanitie.'

Too good for great things, and too great for good;
Their Princes serve their Priest, &c.

A Treatie of Warres, st. lxvi–vii.

Motto to 'A Lay Sermon', 1817

God and the World *we* worship still together,
Draw not *our* Laws to Him, but *His* to ours;
Untrue to both, so prosperous in neither,
The imperfect Will brings forth but barren Flowers!
Unwise as all distracted *Interests* be,
Strangers to God, fools in Humanity:
Too good for great things and too great for good,
While still 'I dare not' waits upon 'I wou'd'!

S. T. C.

The same quotation from Lord Brooke is used to illustrate Aphorism xvii, 'Inconsistency,' *Aids to Reflection*, 1825, p. 93 (with the word 'both', substituted for 'still' in line 1). Line 8 is from *Macbeth*, Act I, Sc. vii, 'Letting I dare not,' &c. The reference to Lord Brooke was first given in *N. and Q.*, Series VIII, Vol. ii, p. 18.

2

[Vide *ante*, p. 403]

SONNET XCIV [Coelica]

The *Augurs* we of all the world admir'd
Flatter'd by Consulls, honour'd by the State,
Because the event of all that was desir'd
They seem'd to know, and keepe the books of Fate:
Yet though abroad they thus did boast their wit,
Alone among themselves they scornèd it.

Mankind that with his wit doth gild his heart
Strong in his Passions, but in Goodnesse weake,
Making great vices o're the lesse an Art,
Breeds wonder, and mouves Ignorance to speake,
Yet when his fame is to the highest borne,
We know enough to laugh his praise to scorne.

Lines on a King and Emperor-Making-King altered from the 93rd Sonnet of Fulke Greville, the friend of Sir Philip Sydney.
ll. 1–4 The augurs, &c.
l. 5 *Abroad they thus did boast each other's* wit.
l. 7 *Behold yon Corsican with dropsied heart*
l. 9 *He wonder breeds, makes* ignorance to speak
l. 12 TALLEYRAND WILL *laugh his Creature's* praise to scorn.
First published in the *Courier*, Sept. 12, 1806. See Editor's note, *Athenæum*, April 25, 1903, p. 531.

3

OF HUMANE LEARNING

STANZA CLX

For onely that man understands indeed,
And well remembers, which he well can doe,
The Laws live, onely where the Law doth breed
Obedience to the workes it bindes us to:
And as the life of Wisedome hath exprest,
If this ye know, then doe it, and be blest.

LORD BROOKE.

Motto to *Notes on a Barrister's Hints on Evangelical Preaching, 1810*, in *Lit. Rem.*, 1839, iv. 320.
ll. 2, 3 *Who* well remembers *what* he well can do;
The *Faith* lives only where the *faith* doth breed.

4

SIR JOHN DAVIES

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL

(Sect. iv. Stanzas 12–14.)

Doubtless, this could not be, but that she turns
Bodies to spirits, by sublimation strange;
As fire converts to fire the things it burns;
As we our meats into our nature change.

From their gross matter she abstracts the forms,
And draws a kind of quintessence from things;
Which to her proper nature she transforms,
To bear them light, on her celestial wings.

This doth she, when, from things particular,
She doth abstract the universal kinds,
Which bodiless and immaterial are,
And can be only lodg'd within our minds.

Stanza 12 Doubtless, &c.
l. 2 Bodies to *spirit*, &c.
l. 4. As we our *food*, &c.
Stanza 13, l. 1 From their gross matter she abstracts *their* forms.
Stanza 14 *Thus doth she, when from individual states*
She doth abstract the universal kinds;
Which then re-clothed in divers names and fates
Steal access through our senses to our minds.
Biog. Lit., Cap. xiv, 1817, II, 12; 1847, II, Cap. i, pp. 14–15. The alteration was first noted in 1847.

5

DONNE

Eclogue. 'On Unworthy Wisdom'

So reclused Hermits oftentimes do know
More of Heaven's glory than a worldly can:
As Man is of the World, the Heart of Man
Is an Epitome of God's great Book
Of Creatures, and Men need no further look.

These lines are quoted by Coleridge in *The Friend*, 1818, i. 192; 1850, i. 147. The first two lines run thus:
The recluse *Hermit oft*' times *more doth* know
Of the world's inmost wheels, than worldlings can, &c.
The alteration was first pointed out in an edition of *The Friend* issued by H. N. Coleridge in 1837.

6

Letter to Sir Henry Goodyere

Stanzas II, III, IV, and a few words from Stanza V, are prefixed as the motto to Essay XV of *The Friend*, 1818, i. 179; 1850, i. 136.
For Stanza II, line 3—
But he which dwells there is not so; for he
With him who dwells there 'tis not so; for he
For Stanza III—
So had your body her morning, hath her noon,
And shall not better, her next change is night:
But her fair larger guest, t'whom sun and moon
Are sparks, and short liv'd, claims another right.—
The motto reads:
Our bodies had their morning, have their noon,
And shall not better—the next change is night,
But *their* fair larger guest, t'whom sun and moon
Are sparks and short liv'd, claims another right.
The alteration was first noted in 1837. In 1850 line 3 of Stanza III 'fair' is misprinted 'far'.

7

BEN JONSON

A Nymph's Passion

I love, and he loves me again,
  Yet dare I not tell who;
For if the nymphs should know my swain,
  I fear they'd love him too;
  Yet if it be not known,
  The pleasure is as good as none,
For that's a narrow joy is but our own.

I'll tell, that if they be not glad,
  They yet may envy me;
But then if I grow jealous mad,
  And of them pitied be,
  It were a plague 'bove scorn,
  And yet it cannot be forborne,
Unless my heart would, as my thought, be torn.

He is, if they can find him, fair,
  And fresh and fragrant too,
As summer's sky or purged air,
  And looks as lilies do
  That are this morning blown;
  Yet, yet I doubt he is not known,
And fear much more, that more of him be shown.

But he hath eyes so round and bright,
  As make away my doubt,
Where Love may all his torches light
  Though hate had put them out;
  But then, t'increase my fears,
  What nymph soe'er his voice but hears,
Will be my rival, though she have but ears.

I'll tell no more, and yet I love,
  And he loves me; yet no
One unbecoming thought doth move
  From either heart, I know;
  But so exempt from blame,
  As it would be to each a fame,
If love or fear would let me tell his name.

Underwoods No. V.

Mutual Passion

ALTERED AND MODERNIZED FROM AN OLD POET

I love, and he loves me again,
  Yet dare I not tell who:
For if the nymphs should know my swain,
  I fear they'd love him too.
  Yet while my joy's unknown,
  Its rosy buds are but half-blown:
What no one with me shares, seems scarce my own.

I'll tell, that if they be not glad,
They yet may envy me:
But then if I grow jealous mad,
And of them pitied be,
'Twould vex me worse than scorn!
And yet it cannot be forborn,
Unless my heart would *like* my *thoughts* be torn.

He is, if they can find him, fair
And fresh, and fragrant too;
As after rain the summer air,
And looks as lilies do,
That are this morning blown!
Yet, yet I doubt, he is not known,
Yet, yet I fear to have him fully shewn.

But he hath eyes so *large*, and bright.
Which none can see, and doubt
That Love *might thence* his torches light
Tho' Hate had put them out!
But then to *raise* my fears,
His voice—what maid so ever hears
Will be my rival, tho' she have but ears.

I'll tell no more! *yet I love him,*
And he loves me; *yet so,*
That never one low wish did dim
Our love's pure light, I know—
In each so free from blame,
That both of us would gain new fame,
If love's *strong fears* would let me tell his name!

First published in *The Courier*, September 21, 1811; included in the supplementary sheet to *Sibylline Leaves*; reprinted in *Essays on His Own Times*, iii. 995, 996, and in the Appendix to *P. W.*, 1863. It was first pointed out by W. E. Henley that 'Mutual Passion' is an adaptation of 'A Nymph's Passion', No. V of Ben Jonson's *Underwoods*.

8

Underwoods

No. VI. The Hour-Glass.

Consider this small dust, here in the glass
By atoms moved:
Could you believe that this the body was
Of one that loved;
And in his mistress' flame playing like a fly,
Was turned to cinders by her eye:
Yes; and in death, as life unblest,
To have 't exprest,
Even ashes of lovers find no rest.

The Hour-Glass

O think, fair maid! these sands that pass
In slender threads adown this glass,
Were once the body of some swain,
Who lov'd too well and lov'd in vain,
And let one soft sigh heave thy breast,
That not in life alone unblest
E'en lovers' ashes find no rest.

First published in *The Courier*, August 30, 1811; included in *Essays on His Own Times*, iii. 994. Now collected for the first time.

The original is a translation of a Latin Epigram, 'Horologium Pulvereum, Tumulus Alcippi,' by Girolamo Amaltei.

9

The Poetaster. Act I, Scene 1.

O my Tibullus,
Let us not blame him; for against such chances
The heartiest strife of virtue is not proof.
We may read constancy and fortitude
To other souls; but had ourselves been struck
With the like planet, had our loves, like his,
Been ravished from us by injurious death,
And in the height and heat of our best days,
It would have cracked our sinews, shrunk our veins,
And made our very heart-strings jar like his.

Let us not blame him: for against such chances
The heartiest strife of *manhood* is *scarce* proof.
We may read constancy and fortitude
To other souls—but had ourselves been struck
Even in the height and heat of our *keen wishing*,
It might have made our heart-strings jar, like his.

First published as a quotation in the *Historie and Gestes of Maxilian* contributed to *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, January, 1822. Reprinted as Fragment No. 59, *P. W.*, 1893, p. 460.

10

SAMUEL DANIEL

Epistle to Sir Thomas Egerton, Knight

Stanza 5 Must there be still some discord mix'd among,
The harmony of men; whose mood accords
Best with contention, tun'd t'a note of wrong?
That when war fails, peace must make war with words,
And b'armed unto destruction ev'n as strong
As were in ages past our civil swords:
Making as deep, although unbleeding wounds;
That when as fury fails, wisdom confounds.

14 Seeing ev'n injustice may be regular;
And no proportion can there be betwixt
Our actions, which in endless motion are,
And th' ordinances, which are always fix'd:
Ten thousand laws more cannot reach so far
But malice goes beyond, or lives immix'd
So close with goodness, as it ever will
Corrupt, disguise, or counterfeit it still.

15 And therefore did those glorious monarchs (who
Divide with God the style of majesty, &c.

Stanza 5 Must there be still some discord mix'd among
The harmony of men; whose mood accords
Best with contention tun'd *to notes* of wrong?
That when War fails, Peace must make war with words,
With words unto destruction *arm'd more* strong
Than ever were our foreign Foeman's swords;
Making as deep, *tho' not yet bleeding* wounds?
What War left scarless, Calumny confounds.

14 *Truth lies entrapp'd where Cunning finds no bar:*
Since no proportion can there be betwixt
Our actions, which in endless motion are,
And ordinances, which are always fixt.
Ten thousand Laws more cannot reach so far
But Malice goes beyond, or lives *commixt*
So close with Goodness, *that*, it ever will
Corrupt, disguise, or counterfeit it still.

15 And therefore *would our glorious Alfred, who*
Join'd with the King's the good man's Majesty,
Not leave Law's labyrinth without a clue—
Gave to deep skill its just authority,—
. . . . . .
But the last Judgement (this his Jury's plan)—
Left to the natural sense of Work-day Man
Adapted from an elder Poet.

Motto to *The Friend*, Essay xiii, 1818, i. 149; 1850, i. 113. Coleridge's alteration of, and addition to the text of Daniel's poem were first pointed out in an edition of *The Friend*, issued by H. N. Coleridge in 1837.

11

MUSOPHILUS

STANZA CXLVII.

Who will not grant, and therefore this observe,
No state stands sure, but on the grounds of right,
Of virtue, knowledge, judgment to preserve,
And all the powers of learning requisite?
Though other shifts a present turn may serve,
Yet in the trial they will weigh too light.

Blind is that soul which from this truth can swerve
No state stands sure, &c.

Motto to Essay xvi of *The Friend*, 1818, i. 190; 1850, i. 145. The alteration was first noted in 1837.

12

STANZAS XXVII, XXIX, XXX.

Although the stronger constitution shall
Wear out th' infection of distemper'd days,
And come with glory to out-live this fall,
Recov'ring of another spring of praise, &c.

For these lines are the veins and arteries
And undecaying life-strings of those hearts,
That still shall pant, and still shall exercise
The motion, spir't and nature both imparts,
And shall with those alive so sympathize,
As nourish'd with stern powers, enjoy their parts.

O blessed letters! that combine in one
All ages past, and make one live with all:
By you we do confer with who are gone,
And the dead-living unto council call:
By you the unborn shall have communion
Of what we feel, and what does us befall.

O blessed letters, &c.

Since Writings are the Veins, the Arteries,
And undecaying Life-strings of those Hearts,
They still shall pant and still shall exercise
Their mightiest powers when Nature none imparts:
And the strong constitution of their Praise
Wear out the infection of distemper'd days

Motto to 'The Landing-Place', Essay i, *The Friend*, 1818, i. 215; 1850, 165. The piecing together of the lines in the second stanza of the motto was first noted by J. D. Campbell, in *The Athenæum*, art. 'Coleridge's Quotations,' Aug. 20, 1892.

13

CHRISTOPHER HARVEY

THE SYNAGOGUE

THE NATIVITY OR CHRISTMAS DAY.

Unfold thy face, unmask thy ray,
Shine forth, bright sun, double the day;
Let no malignant misty fume
Nor foggy vapour, once presume
To interpose thy perfect sights,
This day which makes us use thy lights
For ever better that we could
That blessed object once behold,
Which is both the circumference
And centre of all excellence, &c.

Substitute the following for the fifth to the eighth line.

To sheath or blunt one happy ray,
That wins new splendour from the day,—
This day that gives thee power to rise,
And shine on hearts as well as eyes:
This birth-day of all souls, when first
On eyes of flesh and blood did burst
That primal great lucific light,
That rays to thee, to us gave sight.

[S. T. C.]

First published in 'Notes on Harvey's Synagogue', *Notes and Lectures*, &c., 1849, ii. 263. Now first collected.

Coleridge's notes to *The Synagogue*, including these original lines, were reprinted in the notes to *The Complete Poems* of Christopher Harvey, 1874, p. 47.

14

MARK AKENSIDE

Blank Verse Inscriptions

No. III.

[For Elegy Imitated from one of Akenside's 'Blank Verse Inscriptions', vide *ante*, p. 69.]

Whoe'er thou art whose path in Summer lies
Through yonder village, turn thee where the Grove
Of branching oaks a rural palace old
Embosoms—there dwells Albert, generous lord
Of all the harvest round. And onward thence
A low plain chapel fronts the morning light
Fast by a silent rivulet. Humbly walk,
O stranger, o'er the consecrated ground;
And on that verdant Hillock, which thou seest
Beset with osiers, let thy pious hand
Sprinkle fresh water from the brook, and strew
Sweet-smelling flowers—for there doth Edmund rest,
The learned shepherd; for each rural art
Famed, and for songs harmonious, and the woes
Of ill-requited love. The faithless pride
Of fair Matilda sank him to the grave
In manhood's prime. But soon did righteous Heaven
With tears, with sharp remorse, and pining care
Avenge her falsehood. Nor could all the gold
And nuptial pomp, which lured her plighted faith
From Edmund to a loftier husband's home,
Relieve her breaking heart, or turn aside
The strokes of death. Go, traveller, relate
The mournful story. Haply some fair maid
May hold it in remembrance, and be taught
That riches cannot pay for truth or love.

15

W. L. BOWLES

——I yet remain
To mourn the hours of youth (yet mourn in vain)
That fled neglected: wisely thou hast trod
The better path—and that high meed which God
Assign'd to virtue, tow'ring from the dust,
Shall wait thy rising, Spirit pure and just!

O God! how sweet it were to think, that all
Who silent mourn around this gloomy ball
Might hear the voice of joy;—but 'tis the will
Of man's great Author, that thro' good and ill
Calm he should hold his course, and so sustain
His varied lot of pleasure, toil and pain!

1793.

['These lines,' which 'were found in Mr. Coleridge's handwriting in one of the Prayer Books in the Chapel of Jesus College, Cambridge,' were first published in *Lit. Rem.*, 1836, i. 34. They were first collected in *P. W.*, 1885, i. 127. The first six lines are (see *P. W.*, 1893, p. 474) taken from Bowles's elegy 'On the Death of Henry Headley'. J. D. Campbell surmised that the last six lines 'practically belonged to the same poem', but of this there is no evidence. The note of the elegy is a lament for the 'untimely sorrow' which had befallen an innocent sufferer, and the additional lines, which Coleridge composed or quoted, moralized the theme.

Note. Bowles wrote, I, alas, remain (l. 1), and 'Ordain'd for virtue' (l. 5).]

16

NAPOLEON

Then we may thank ourselves,
Who spell-bound by the magic name of Peace
Dream golden dreams. Go, warlike Britain, go,
For the grey olive-branch change thy green laurels:
Hang up thy rusty helmet, that the bee
May have a hive, or spider find a loom!
Instead of doubling drum and thrilling fife
Be lull'd in lady's lap with amorous flutes:
But for Napoleon, know, he'll scorn this calm:
The ruddy planet at *his* birth bore sway,
Sanguine adust his humour, and wild fire
His ruling element. Rage, revenge, and cunning
Make up the temper of this Captain's valour.
Adapted from an old Play.

First published in *The Friend*, 1818, ii. 115. In later editions the word 'Adapted' was omitted. First collected in 1893.

J. D. Campbell (*P. W.*, 1893, p. 473) suggests that the 'calm' was, probably, the 'Peace of Amiens'.

APPENDIX VI

ORIGINALS OF TRANSLATIONS

A

[Vide *ante*, p. 307]

MILESISCHES MÄHRCHEN

Ein milesisches Mährchen, Adonide:
Unter heiligen Lorbeerwipfeln glänzte
Hoch auf rauschendem Vorgebirg ein Tempel.
Aus den Fluthen erhub, von Pan gesegnet,
In' Gedüfte der Ferne sich ein Eiland.
Oft, in mondlicher Dämmrung, schwebt' ein Nachen
Vom Gestade des heerdenreichen Eilands,
Zur umwaldeten Bucht, wo sich ein Steinpfad
Zwischen Mirten zum Tempelhain emporwand.
Dort im Rosengebüsch, der Huldgöttinnen
Marmorgruppe geheiligt, fleht' oft einsam
Eine Priesterin, reizend wie Apelles
Seine Grazien malt, zum Sohn Cytherens,
Ihren Kallias freundlich zu umschweben
Und durch Wogen und Dunkel ihn zu leiten,
Bis der nächtliche Schiffer, wonneschauernd,
An den Busen ihr sank.

The German original of the translation was published in *Poems*, 1852, Notes, pp. 387–9.

B

[Vide *ante*, p. 307]

SCHILLER

Der epische Hexameter

Schwindelnd trägt er dich fort auf rastlos strömenden Wogen;
Hinter dir siehst du, du siehst vor dir nur Himmel und Meer.

Das Distichon

Im Hexameter steigt des Springquells flüssige Säule;
Im Pentameter drauf fällt sie melodisch herab.

See *Poems*, 1844, p. 372.

C

[Vide *ante*, p. 308]

STOLBERG

On a Cataract

Unsterblicher Jüngling!
Du strömest hervor
Aus der Felsenkluft.
Kein Sterblicher sah
Die Wiege des Starken;
Es hörte kein Ohr
Das Lallen des Edlen im sprudelnden Quell.

Dich kleidet die Sonne
In Strahlen des Ruhmes!
Sie malet mit Farben des himmlischen Bogens
Die schwebenden Wolken der stäubenden Fluth.

See *Poems*, 1844, pp. 371-2.

D

[Vide *ante*, p. 309]

STOLBERG

Bei Wilhelm Tells Geburtsstätte im Kanton Uri

Seht diese heilige Kapell!
Hier ward geboren Wilhelm Tell,
Hier wo der Altar Gottes steht
Stand seiner Eltern Ehebett!

Mit Mutterfreuden freute sich
Die liebe Mutter inniglich,
Die gedachte nicht an ihren Schmerz
Und hielt das Knäblein an ihr Herz.

Sie flehte Gott: er sei dein Knecht,
Sei stark und muthig und gerecht.
Gott aber dachte: ich thu' mehr
Durch ihn als durch ein ganzes Heer.

Er gab dem Knaben warmes Blut,
Des Rosses Kraft, des Adlers Muth,
Im Felsennacken freien Sinn,
Des Falken Aug' und Feuer drin!

Dem Worte sein' und der Natur
Vertraute Gott das Knäblein nur;
Wo sich der Felsenstrom ergeusst
Erhub sich früh des Helden Geist.

Das Ruder und die Gemsenjagd
Hatt' seine Glieder stark gemacht;
Er scherzte früh mit der Gefahr
Und wusste nicht wie gross er war.

Er wusste nicht dass seine Hand,
Durch Gott gestärkt, sein Vaterland
Erretten würde von der Schmach
Der Knechtschaft, deren Joch er brach.

FRIEDRICH LEOPOLD
GRAF ZU STOLBERG,
1775.

The German original is supplied in the Notes to *P. W.*, 1893, pp. 618, 619.

E

[Vide *ante*, p. 310]

SCHILLER

DITHYRAMBE

Nimmer, das glaubt mir,
Erscheinen die Götter,
Nimmer allein.
Kaum dass ich Bacchus, den Lustigen, habe,
Kommt auch schon Amor, der lächelnde Knabe,
Phöbus, der Herrliche, findet sich ein!
Sie nahen, sie kommen —
Die Himmlischen alle,
Mit Göttern erfüllt sich
Die irdische Halle.

Sagt, wie bewirth' ich,
Der Erdegeborne,
Himmlischen Chor?
Schenket mir euer unsterbliches Leben,
Götter! Was kann euch der Sterbliche geben?
Hebet zu eurem Olymp mich empor.
Die Freude, sie wohnt nur
In Jupiters Saale;
O füllet mit Nektar,
O reicht mir die Schale!

Reich' ihm die Schale!
Schenke dem Dichter,
Hebe, nur ein!
Netz' ihm die Augen mit himmlischem Thaue,
Dass er den Styx, den verhassten, nicht schaue,
Einer der Unsern sich dünke zu seyn.
Sie rauschet, sie perlet,
Die himmlische Quelle:
Der Busen wird ruhig,
Das Auge wird helle.

The German original is printed in the Notes to *P. W.*, 1893, p. 619.

F

[Vide *ante*, p. 311]

GOETHE

Wilhelm Meister, Bk. III, Cap. 1.—*Sämmtliche Werke*, 1860, iii, p. 194.

Kennst du das Land, wo die Citronen blühn,
Im dunkeln Laub die Goldorangen glühn,
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht
Dahin! Dahin
Möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn.

G

[Vide *ante*, p. 311]

FRANÇOIS-ANTOINE-EUGÈNE DE PLANARD

'BATELIER, DIT LISETTE'

Marie, opéra-comique en trois actes, 1826, p. 9.

SUSETTE, *assise dans la barque.*

Batelier, dit Lisette,
Je voudrais passer l'eau,
Mais je suis bien pauvrette
Pour payer le bateau :
— Venez, venez, toujours . . .
Et vogue la nacelle
Qui porte mes amours!

(*Ils abordent. Lubin reste sur la rive à attacher sa barque.*)

SUSETTE, *s'avançant en scène.*

Je m'en vais chez mon père,
Dit Lisette à Colin.
— Eh bien! Crois-tu, ma chère,
Qu'il m'accorde ta main?
— Ah! répondit la belle,
Osez, osez toujours.
— Et vogue la nacelle
Qui porte mes amours!

LUBIN et SUSETTE

Après le mariage,
Toujours dans son bateau
Colin fut le plus sage
Des maris du hameau.
A sa chanson fidèle,
Il répète toujours :
Et vogue la nacelle
Qui porte mes amours!

H

[Vide *ante*, p. 313]

DES KNABEN WUNDERHORN

Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär
Und auch zwei Flüglein hätt',
Flög' ich zu dir;
Weil's aber nicht kann sein,
Weil's aber nicht kann sein,
Bleib' ich allhier.

Bin ich gleich weit von dir,
Bin ich doch im Schlaf bei dir
Und red' mit dir;
Wenn ich erwachen thu',
Wenn ich erwachen thu',
Bin ich allein.

Es vergeht keine Stund' in der Nacht
Da mein Herz nicht erwacht
Und an dich gedenkt.
Wie du mir viel tausendmal,
Wie du mir viel tausendmal,
Dein Herz geschenkt.

I

STOLBERG

Lied eines deutschen Knaben.—*Gesammelte Werke*, Hamburg, 1827, i. 42.

Mein Arm wird stark und gross mein Muth,
Gieb, Vater, mir ein Schwert!
Verachte nicht mein junges Blut;
Ich bin der Väter werth!

Ich finde fürder keine Ruh
Im weichen Knabenstand!
Ich stürb', O Vater, stolz, wie du,
Den Tod für's Vaterland!

Schon früh in meiner Kindheit war
Mein täglich Spiel der Krieg!
Im Bette träumt' ich nur Gefahr
Und Wunden nur und Sieg.

Mein Feldgeschrei erweckte mich
Aus mancher Türkenschlacht;
Noch jüngst ein Faustschlag, welchen ich
Dem Bassa zugedacht!

Da neulich unsrer Krieger Schaar
Auf dieser Strasse zog,
Und, wie ein Vogel, der Husar
Das Haus vorüberflog,

Da gaffte starr und freute sich
Der Knaben froher Schwarm:
Ich aber, Vater, härmte mich,
Und prüfte meinen Arm!

Mein Arm ist stark und gross mein Muth,
Gieb, Vater, mir ein Schwert!
Verachte nicht mein junges Blut;
Ich bin der Väter werth!

The German original is printed in the Notes to *P. W.*, 1893, pp. 617, 618.

J

[Vide *ante*, p. 318]

LESSING

Sämmtliche Schriften, vol. i, p. 50, ed. Lachmann-Maltzahn, Leipzig, 1853.

Die Namen.

Ich fragte meine Schöne:
Wie soll mein Lied dich nennen?
Soll dich als Dorimana,
Als Galathee, als Chloris,
Als Lesbia, als Doris,
Die Welt der Enkel kennen?
Ach! Namen sind nur Töne;
Sprach meine holde Schöne,
Wähl' selbst. Du kannst mich Doris,
Und Galathee und Chloris
Und —— wie du willst mich nennen:
Nur nenne mich die deine.

The German original is printed in the Notes to *P. W.*, 1893, pp. 619, 620.

K

[Vide *ante*, p. 327]

STOLBERG

Hymne an die Erde.

Erde, du Mutter zahlloser Kinder, Mutter und Amme!
Sei mir gegrüsst! Sei mir gesegnet im Feiergesange!
Sieh, O Mutter, hier lieg' ich an deinen schwellenden Brüsten!
Lieg', O Grüngelockte, von deinem wallenden Haupthaar
Sanft umsäuselt und sanft geküsst von thauenden Lüften!
Ach, du säuselst Wonne mir zu, und thauest mir Wehmuth
In das Herz, dass Wehmuth und Wonn' aus schmelzender Seele
Sich in Thränen und Dank und heiligen Liedern ergiessen!
Erde, du Mutter zahlloser Kinder, Mutter und Amme!
Schwester der allesfreuenden Sonne, des freundlichen Mondes
Und der strahlenden Stern', und flammenbeschweiften Kometen,
Eine der jüngsten Töchter der allgebärenden Schöpfung,
Immer blühendes Weib des segenträufelnden Himmels!
Sprich, O Erde, wie war dir als du am ersten der Tage
Deinen heiligen Schooss dem buhlenden Himmel enthülltest?

Dein Erröthen war die erste der Morgenröthen,
Als er im blendenden Bette von weichen schwellenden Wolken
Deine gürtende Binde mit siegender Stärke dir löste!
Schauer durchbebten die stille Natur und tausend und tausend
Leben keimten empor aus der mächtigen Liebesumarmung.
Freudig begrüssten die Fluthen des Meeres neuer Bewohner
Mannigfaltige Schaaren; es staunte der werdende Wallfisch
Ueber die steigenden Ströme die seiner Nasen entbrausten;
Junges Leben durchbrüllte die Auen, die Wälder, die Berge,
Irrte blökend im Thal, und sang in blühenden Stauden.

The German original is printed in the Notes to *P. W.*, 1893, p. 615.

L

[Vide *ante*, p. 376]

FRIEDERIKE BRUN

Chamouny beym Sonnenaufgange

(Nach Klopstock.)

'Aus tiefem Schatten des schweigenden Tannenhains
Erblick' ich bebend dich, Scheitel der Ewigkeit,
Blendenden Gipfel, von dessen Höhe
Ahndend mein Geist ins Unendliche schwebet!

'Wer senkte den Pfeiler tief in der Erde Schooss,
Der, seit Jahrtausenden, fest deine Masse stützt?
Wer thürmte hoch in des Aethers Wölbung
Mächtig und kühn dein umstrahltes Antlitz?

'Wer goss Euch hoch aus des ewigen Winters Reich,
O Zackenströme, mit Donnergetös' herab?
Und wer gebietet laut mit der Allmacht Stimme:
"Hier sollen ruhen die starrenden Wogen"?

'Wer zeichnet dort dem Morgensterne die Bahn?
Wen kränzt mit Blüthen des ewigen Frostes Saum?
Wem tönt in schrecklichen Harmonieen,
Wilder Arveiron, dein Wogengetümmel?

'Jehovah! Jehovah! Kracht's im berstenden Eis:
Lawinendonner rollen's die Kluft hinab:
Jehovah Rauscht's in den hellen Wipfeln,
Flüstert's an rieselnden Silberbächen.'

See *Poems*, 1844, p. 572.

M

[Vide *ante*, p. 392]

Opere del Cavalier Giambattista Marino, with introduction by Giuseppe Zirardini. Napoli, 1861, p. 550.

Alla sua Amica

Sonetto.

Donna, siam rei di morte. Errasti, errai:
Di perdon non son degni i nostri errori,
Tu che avventasti in me sì fieri ardori
Io che le fiamme a sì bel sol furai.

Io che una fiera rigida adorai,
Tu che fosti sord' aspra a' miei dolori;
Tu nell' ire ostinata, io negli amori:
Tu pur troppo sdegnasti, io troppo amai.

Or la pena laggiù nel cieco Averno
Pari al fallo n'aspetta. Arderà poi,
Chi visse in foco, in vivo foco eterno.

Quivi: se Amor fia giusto, amboduo noi,
All' incendio dannati, avrem l' inferno,
Tu nel mio core, ed io negli occhi tuoi.

The Italian original is printed in the Notes to *P. W.*, 1893, p. 632.

N

[Vide *ante*, p. 409]

In diesem Wald, in diesen Gründen
Herrscht nichts, als Freyheit, Lust und Ruh.
Hier sagen wir der Liebe zu,
Im dichtsten Schatten uns zu finden:
Da find' ich dich, mich findest du.

The German original is translated from an MS. Notebook of ? 1801.

O

[Vide *ante*, p. 414]

THE MADMAN AND THE LETHARGIST

Κοινῇ πὰρ κλισίῃ ληθαργικὸς ἠδὲ φρενοπλὴξ
κείμενοι, ἀλλήλων νοῦσον ἀπεσκέδασαν.
ἐξέθορε κλίνης γὰρ ὁ τολμήεις ὑπὸ λύσσης,
καὶ τὸν ἀναίσθητον παντὸς ἔτυπτε μέλους.
πληγαὶ δ' ἀμφοτέροις ἐγένοντ' ἄκος, αἷς ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
ἔγρετο, τὸν δ' ὕπνῳ πουλὺς ἔρυψε κόπος.

Anthologia Græca, Lib. 1, Cap. 45.

See Lessing's 'Zerstreute Anmerkungen über das Epigramm', *Sämmtliche Werke*, 1824, ii. 22.

P

[Vide *ante*, p. 427]

MADRIGALI DEL SIGNOR CAVALIER GUARINI

DIALOGO

FEDE, SPERANZA, CARITÀ.

FEDE.

Canti terreni amori
Chi terreno hà il pensier, terreno il zelo;
Noi Celesti Virtù cantiam del Cielo.

CARITÀ.

Mà chi fia, che vi ascolti
Fuggirà i nostri accenti orecchia piena
De le lusinghe di mortal Sirena?

SPERANZA.

Cantiam pur, che raccolti
Saran ben in virtù di chi li move;
E suoneran nel Ciel, se non altrove.

FE. SP. CA.

Spirane dunque, eterno Padre, il canto,
Che già festi al gran Cantor Ebreo,
Che poi tant' alto feo
Suonar la gloria del tuo nomine santo.

CA. FE.

Noi siam al Ciel rapite
E pur lo star in terra è nostra cura,
A ricondur à Dio l' alme smarrite.

FE. SP.

Così facciamo, e 'n questa valle oscura
L' una sia scorta al sol d' l' intelletto,
L' altra sostegno al vacillante affetto.

CA.

E com' è senz' amor l' anima viva?

SP. FE.

Come stemprata cetra,
Che suona sì, mà di concento priva.

CA. SP.

Amor' è quel, ch' ogni gran dono impetra.

FE.

Mà tempo è, che le genti
Odan l' alta virtù de' nostri accenti.

FE. SP. CA.

O mondo — eco la via;
Chi vuol salir' al Ciel, creda, ami, e spetti.
O félici pensieri
Di chi, per far in Dio santa armonia
E per ogn' altro suon l'anima hà sorda,
FEDE, SPERANZA, e CARITATE accenda.

Il Pastor Fido

Con le Rime
del
Signor Cavalier
Battista Guarini
In Amstelodami

Madrigali 188, 189. 1663 or 9.

Q

[Vide *ante*, p. 435]

STOLBERG

'*An das Meer.*'

Der blinde Sänger stand am Meer,
Die Wogen rauschten um ihn her,
Und Riesenthaten goldner Zeit
Umrauschten ihn im Feierkleid.

Es kam zu ihm auf Schwanenschwung
Melodisch die Begeisterung,
Und Iliad und Odyssee
Entsteigen mit Gesang der See.

The German original is printed in the Notes to *P. W.*, 1893, p. 639. See, too, Prefatory Memoir to the Tauchnitz edition of Coleridge's *Poems*, by F. Freiligrath (1852).

BIBLIOGRAPHY
OF THE
POETICAL WORKS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE
1794–1834

I

The / Fall / of / Robespierre. / An / Historic Drama. / By S. T. Coleridge, / Of Jesus College, Cambridge. / Cambridge: / Printed by Benjamin Flower, / For W. H. Lunn, and J. and J. Merrill; and Sold / By J. March, Norwich. / 1794. / [Price One Shilling.] [8°.

Collation.—Title, one leaf, p. [i], [Dedication] To H. Martin, *Esq.*, Of Jesus College, Cambridge (dated, September 22, 1794), p. [3]; Text, pp. [5]–37.

II

Poems / on / Various Subjects, / By S. T. Coleridge, / Late of Jesus College, Cambridge. / Felix curarum, cui non Heliconia cordi / Serta, nec imbelles Parnassi e vertice laurus! / Sed viget ingenium, et magnos accinctus in usus / Fert animus quascunque vices.—Nos tristia vitae / Solamur cantu. / Stat. *Silv.* Lib. iv. 4.[1] / London: / Printed for G. G. and J. Robinsons, and / J. Cottle, Bookseller, Bristol. / 1796. / [8°.

Collation.—Half-title, Poems / on Various Subjects, / By / S. T. Coleridge, / Late / Of Jesus College, Cambridge. /, one leaf, p. [i]; Title, one leaf, p. [iii]; Preface, pp. [v]–xi; Contents, pp. [xiii]–xvi; Text, pp. [1]–168; Notes on *Religious Musings*, pp. [169]–175; Notes, pp. [177]–188; Errata, p. [189].[2]

Contents.—

PREFACE

Poems on various subjects written at different times and prompted by very different feelings; but which will be read at one time and under the influence of one set of feelings—this is an heavy disadvantage: for we love or admire a poet in proportion as he developes our own sentiments and emotions, or reminds us of our own knowledge.

Compositions resembling those of the present volume are not unfrequently condemned for their querulous egotism. But egotism is to be

---

[1] Felix curarum &c.
. . . . . Nos otia vitae
Solamur cantu, ventosaque gaudia famae
Quaerimus. Statius, *Silvarum* lib. iv, iv, ll. 46–51.

[2] The following Advertisement was issued on a separate sheet:—

London, April 16. / *This day was Published.* / Printed on Wove Paper, and Hot Pressed, / Price 5*s.* in Boards,—Fools-cap 8 vo. / Poems / on Various Subjects, by / S. T. Coleridge, / Late of Jesus College, Cambridge. / London: Printed for G. G. and J. Robinsons, Pater-Noster Row, and / J. Cottle, Bookseller, Bristol; and to be had of the / Publishers of the Watchman / 1796. /

condemned then only when it offends against time and place, as in an History or an Epic Poem. To censure it in a Monody or Sonnet is almost as absurd as to dislike a circle for being round. Why then write Sonnets or Monodies? Because they give me pleasure when perhaps nothing else could. After the more violent emotions of Sorrow, the mind demands solace and can find it in employment alone; but full of its late sufferings it can endure no employment not connected with those sufferings. Forcibly to turn away our attention to other subjects is a painful and in general an unavailing effort.

> "But O how grateful to a wounded heart
> The tale of misery to impart;
> From others' eyes bid artless sorrows flow
> And raise esteem upon the base of woe!"[1]

The communicativeness of our nature leads us to describe our own sorrows; in the endeavor to describe them intellectual activity is exerted; and by a benevolent law of our nature from intellectual activity a pleasure results which is gradually associated and mingles as a corrective with the painful subject of the description. True! it may be answered, but how are the PUBLIC interested in your sorrows or your description? We are for ever attributing a personal unity to imaginary aggregates. What is the PUBLIC but a term for a number of scattered individuals of whom as many will be interested in these sorrows as have experienced the same or similar?

> "Holy be the Lay,
> Which mourning soothes the mourner on his way!"

There is one species of egotism which is truly disgusting; not that which leads us to communicate our feelings to others, but that which would reduce the feelings of others to an identity with our own. The Atheist, who exclaims "pshaw!" when he glances his eye on the praises of Deity, is an Egotist; an old man, when he speaks contemptuously of love-verses, is an Egotist; and your sleek favourites of Fortune are Egotists, when they condemn all "melancholy discontented" verses.

Surely it would be candid not merely to ask whether the Poem pleases ourselves, but to consider whether or no there may not be others to whom it is well-calculated to give an innocent pleasure. With what anxiety every fashionable author avoids the word *I*!—now he transforms himself into a third person,—"the present writer"—now multiplies himself and swells into "*we*"—and all this is the watchfulness of guilt. Conscious that this said *I* is perpetually intruding on his mind and that it monopolizes his heart, he is prudishly solicitous that it may not escape from his lips.

This disinterestedness of phrase is in general commensurate with selfishness of feeling: men old and hackneyed in the ways of the world are scrupulous avoiders of Egotism.

Of the following Poems a considerable number are styled "Effusions," in defiance of Churchill's line

> "Effusion on Effusion *pour* away."[2]

---

[1] From 'An Evening Address to a Nightingale', by Cuthbert Shaw—Anderson's *British Poets*, xi. 564.

[2] 'Why may not LANGHORNE, simple in his lay,
Effusion on *Effusion*, pour away?'
The Candidate, ll. 41-2.

I could recollect no title more descriptive of the manner and matter of the Poems—I might indeed have called the majority of them Sonnets—but they do not possess that *oneness* of thought which I deem indispensible (sic) in a Sonnet—and (not a very honorable motive perhaps) I was fearful that the title "Sonnet" might have reminded my reader of the Poems of the Rev. W. L. Bowles—a comparison with whom would have sunk me below that mediocrity, on the surface of which I am at present enabled to float.

Some of the verses allude to an intended emigration to America on the scheme of an abandonment of individual property.

The Effusions signed C. L. were written by Mr. CHARLES LAMB, of the India House—independently of the signature their superior merit would have sufficiently distinguished them. For the rough sketch of Effusion XVI, I am indebted to Mr. FAVELL. And the first half of Effusion XV was written by the Author of "Joan of Arc", an Epic Poem.

NOTES ATTACHED TO A FIRST DRAFT OF THE PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION [*MS. R*]

(i)

I cannot conclude the Preface without expressing my grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Cottle, Bristol, for the liberality with which (with little probability I know of remuneration from the sale) he purchased the poems, and the typographical elegance by which he endeavoured to recommend them. (or)—the liberal assistance which he afforded me, by the purchase of the copyright with little probability of remuneration from the sale of the Poems.

[This acknowledgement, which was omitted from the Preface to the First Edition, was rewritten and included in the 'Advertisement' to the 'Supplement' to the Second Edition.]

(ii)

TO EARL STANHOPE

A man beloved of Science and of Freedom, these Poems are respectfully inscribed by
The Author.

[In a letter to Miss Cruikshank (? 1807) (*Early Recollections*, 1837, i. 201), Coleridge maintains that the 'Sonnet to Earl Stanhope', which was published in *Poems*, 1796 (vide *ante*, pp. 89, 90), 'was inserted by the fool of a publisher [Cottle prints 'inserted by Biggs, the fool of a printer '] in order, forsooth, that he might send the book and a letter to Earl Stanhope; who (to prove that he is not *mad* in all things) treated both book and letter with silent contempt.' In a note Cottle denies this statement, and maintains that the 'book (handsomely bound) and the letter were sent to Lord S. by Mr. C. himself'. It is possible that before the book was published Coleridge had repented of Sonnet, Dedication, and Letter, and that the 'handsomely bound' volume was sent by Cottle and not by Coleridge, but the 'Dedication' is in his own handwriting and proves that he was, in the first instance at least, *particeps criminis*. See Note by J. D. Campbell, *P.W.*, 1893, pp. 575, 576.]

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III

[A Sheet of Sonnets.]

Collation.—No title; Introduction, pp. [1]-2; Text (of Sonnets Nos. i-xxviii), pp. 3-16. Signatures A. B. B^2. [1796.] [8°.

[There is no imprint. In a letter to John Thelwall, dated December 17, 1796 (*Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i, 206), Coleridge writes, 'I have sent you . . . Item, a sheet of sonnets collected by me, for the use of a few

friends, who payed the printing.' The 'sheet' is bound up with a copy of 'Sonnets and Other poems, by The Rev. W. L. Bowles A. M. Bath, printed by R. Cruttwell: and sold by C. Dilly, Poultry, London, MDCCXCVI. *Fourth Edition*,' which was presented to Mrs. Thelwall, Dec. 18, 1796. At the end of the 'Sonnets' a printed slip (probably a cutting from a newspaper) is inserted, which contains the lines 'To a FRIEND who had declared his intention of Writing no more Poetry' (vide *ante*, pp. 158, 159). This volume is now in the Dyce Collection, which forms part of the Victoria and Albert Museum. See *P. and D. W.*, 1877, ii, pp. 375–9, and *P. W.*, 1893, p. 544.]

Contents.— [INTRODUCTION]

THE composition of the Sonnet has been regulated by Boileau in his Art of Poetry, and since Boileau, by William Preston, in the elegant preface to his Amatory Poems: the rules, which they would establish, are founded on the practice of Petrarch. I have never yet been able to discover either sense, nature, or poetic fancy in Petrarch's poems; they appear to me all one cold glitter of heavy conceits and metaphysical abstractions. However, Petrarch, although not the inventor of the Sonnet, was the first who made it popular; and *his* countrymen have taken his poems as the model. Charlotte Smith and Bowles are they who first made the Sonnet popular among the present English: I am justified therefore by analogy in deducing its laws from *their* compositions.

The Sonnet then is a small poem, in which some lonely feeling is developed. It is limited to a *particular* number of lines, in order that the reader's mind having expected the close at the place in which he finds it, may rest satisfied; and that so the poem may acquire, as it were, a *Totality*, —in plainer phrase, may become a *Whole*. It is confined to fourteen lines, because as some particular number is necessary, and that particular number must be a small one, it may as well be fourteen as any other number. When no reason can be adduced against a thing, Custom is a sufficient reason for it. Perhaps, if the Sonnet were comprized in less than fourteen lines, it would become a serious Epigram; if it extended to more, it would encroach on the province of the Elegy. Poems, in which no lonely feeling is developed, are not Sonnets because the Author has chosen to write them in fourteen lines; they should rather be entitled Odes, or Songs, or Inscriptions. The greater part of Warton's Sonnets are severe and masterly likenesses of the style of the Greek *επιγραμματα*.

In a Sonnet then we require a developement of some lonely feeling, by whatever cause it may have been excited; but those Sonnets appear to me the most exquisite, in which moral Sentiments, Affections, or Feelings, are deduced from, and associated with, the scenery of Nature. Such compositions generate a habit of thought highly favourable to delicacy of character. They create a sweet and indissoluble union between the intellectual and the material world. Easily remembered from their briefness, and interesting alike to the eye and the affections, these are the poems which we can "lay up in our heart, and our soul," and repeat them "when we walk by the way, and when we lie down, and when we rise up". Hence the Sonnets of BOWLES derive their marked superiority over all other Sonnets; hence they domesticate with the heart, and become, as it were, a part of our identity.

Respecting the metre of a Sonnet, the Writer should consult his own convenience.—Rhymes, many or few, or no rhymes at all—whatever the chastity of his ear may prefer, whatever the rapid expression of his feel-

ings will permit ;—all these things are left at his own disposal. A sameness in the final sound of its words is the great and grievous defect of the Italian language. That rule, therefore, which the Italians have established, of exactly *four* different sounds in the Sonnet, seems to have arisen from their wish to have *as many*, not from any dread of finding *more*. But surely it is ridiculous to make the *defect* of a foreign language a reason for our not availing ourselves of one of the marked excellencies of our own. "The Sonnet (says Preston,) will ever be cultivated by those who write on tender, pathetic subjects. It is peculiarly adapted to the state of a man violently agitated by a real passion, and wanting composure and vigor of mind to methodize his thought. It is fitted to express a momentary burst of Passion" etc. Now, if there be one species of composition more difficult and artificial than another, it is an English Sonnet on the Italian Model, Adapted to the agitations of a real passion! Express momentary bursts of feeling in it! I should sooner expect to write pathetic *Axes* or *pour forth Extempore Eggs* and *Altars!*[1] But the best confutation of such idle rules is to be found in the Sonnets of those who have observed them, in their inverted sentences, their quaint phrases, and incongruous mixture of obsolete and spenserian words: and when, at last, the thing is toiled and hammered into fit shape, it is in general racked and tortured Prose rather than any thing resembling Poetry. Miss Seward, who has perhaps succeeded the best in these laborious trifles and who most dogmatically insists on what she calls "the sonnet-claim," has written a very ingenious although unintentional burlesque on her own system, in the following lines prefixed to the Poems of a Mr. Carey.

> "Prais'd be the Poet, who the sonnet-claim,
> Severest of the orders that belong
> Distinct and separate to the Delphic song
> Shall reverence, nor its appropriate name
> Lawless assume: peculiar is its frame—
> From him derived, who spurn'd the city throng,
> And warbled sweet the rocks and woods among,
> Lonely Valclusa! and that heir of Fame,
> Our greater Milton, hath in many a lay
> Woven on this arduous model, clearly shewn
> That English verse may happily display
> Those strict energic measures which alone
> Deserve the name of Sonnet, and convey
> A spirit, force, and grandeur, all their own!
>
> "ANNE SEWARD."
>
> "*A spirit, force, and grandeur, all their own!!*"—EDITOR.[2]

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[1] The ancient little Wits wrote many poems in the shape of Eggs, Altars, and Axes. (*MS. Note by S. T. C.*)

[2] The title of the volume is 'Sonnets and Odes, by Henry Francis Cary. Author of an Irregular Ode to General Elliot. London 1787.'

Lines 6-9 of the Sonnet read thus:—

> From him deriv'd who shun'd and spurn'd the throng
> And warbled sweet, thy Brooks and streams among,
> Lonely Valclusa! and that heir of Fame
> Our English Milton—

Line 14 reads:—

> A grandeur, grace and spirit all their own.

The Poems were the first publication of 'Dante' Cary, then a boy of fifteen, whom Coleridge first met at Muddiford in October, 1816, and whose translation of the *Divina Commedia* he helped to make famous.

[SONNETS]

SONNET

I. To a Friend

'Bereave me not of these delightful Dreams.'—W. L. Bowles.[1]

II. 'With many a weary step at length I gain.'—R. Southey.

III. To Scotland

'Scotland! when thinking on each heathy hill.'—C. Lloyd.

IV. To Craig-Millar Castle in which Mary Queen of Scots was confined.

'This hoary labyrinth, the wreck of Time.'—C. Lloyd.

V. To the River Otter

'Dear native Brook! wild Streamlet of the West.'—S. T. Coleridge.

VI. 'O Harmony! thou tenderest Nurse of Pain.'—W. L. Bowles.

VII. To Evening

'What numerous tribes beneath thy shadowy wing.'—Bamfield.

VIII. On Bathing

'When late the trees were stript by winter pale'.—T. Warton.

IX. 'When eddying Leaves begun in whirls to fly.'—Henry Brooks, (*the Author of the Fool of Quality.*)

X. 'We were two pretty Babes, the younger she'.—Charles Lamb.

[*Note*]. Innocence which while we possess it is playful as a babe, becomes awful, when it departs from us. That is the sentiment of the line, a fine sentiment, and nobly expressed.—The Editor.

XI. 'I knew a gentle maid I ne'er shall view.'—W. Sotheby.

XII. 'Was it some sweet device of faery land.'—Charles Lamb.

XIII. 'When last I rov'd these winding wood-walks green.'—Charles Lamb.

XIV. On a Discovery made too late.

'Thou bleedest, my poor Heart! and thy distress.'—S. T. Coleridge.

XV. 'Hard by the road, where on that little mound.'—Robert Southey.

XVI. The Negro Slave

'Oh he is worn with toil! the big drops run.'—Robert Southey.

XVII. 'Sweet Mercy! how my very heart has bled.'—S. T. Coleridge.

XVIII. 'Could then the babes from yon unshelter'd cot.'—Thomas Russel.

XIX. 'Mild arch of promise on the evening sky.'—Robert Southey.

XX. 'Oh! She was almost speechless nor could hold.'—Charles Lloyd.

XXI. 'When from my dreary Home I first mov'd on'—Charles Lloyd.

XXII. 'In this tumultuous sphere for thee unfit.'—Charlotte Smith.

XXIII. 'I love the mournful sober-suited Night.'—Charlotte Smith.

XXIV. 'Lonely I sit upon the silent shore.'—Thomas Dermody.

XXV. 'Oh! I could laugh to hear the midnight wind.'—Charles Lamb.

XXVI. 'Thou whose stern spirit loves the awful storm.'—W. L. Bowles.

XXVII. 'Ingratitude, how deadly is thy smart.'—Anna Seward.

XXVIII. To the Author of the "Robbers"

'That fearful voice, a famish'd Father's cry.'—S. T. Coleridge.

[At the foot of l. 14. S. T. C. writes—
'I affirm, John Thelwall! that the six last lines of this Sonnet to Schiller are strong and fiery; and you are the only one who thinks otherwise.—There's! a *spurt* of Author-like Vanity for you!']

[1] The three Sonnets of Bowles are not in any Edition since the last quarto pamphlet of his Sonnets. (*MS. Note by S. T. C.*)

IV

ODE / ON THE / DEPARTING YEAR. / BY S. T. COLERIDGE. / Ιου, ιου, ω ω κακα, Υπ' αν με δεινος ορθομαντειας πονος / Στροβει, ταρασσων φροιμιοις εφημιοις, / . . . . . / το μελλον ηξει· και συ μην ταχει παρων / Αγαν γ' αληθομαντιν μ' ερεις. / ÆSCHYL. AGAMEM. 1225. / BRISTOL; Printed by N. Biggs, / and sold by J. Parsons, Paternoster Row, London. / 1796. / [4°.

Collation.—Title, one leaf, p. [1]; Dedication, To Thomas Poole of Stowey, pp. [3]-4; Text, pp. [5]-15; LINES Addressed to a Young Man of Fortune who abandoned himself to an indolent and causeless Melancholy (signed) S. T. Coleridge, p. 16. [Signatures—B (p. 5)—D (p. 13).]

V

POEMS, / By / S. T. COLERIDGE, / Second Edition. / To which are now added / POEMS / *By* CHARLES LAMB, / And / CHARLES LLOYD. / Duplex nobis vinculum, et amicitiae et similium / junctarumque Camœnarum; quod utinam neque mors / solvat, neque temporis longinquitas! / *Groscoll. Epist. ad Car. Utenhov. et Ptol. Lux. Tast.* / Printed by N. Biggs, / For J. Cottle, BRISTOL, and Messrs. / Robinsons, London. / 1797. / [8°.

Collation.—Title-page, one leaf, p. [i]; Half-title, one leaf, Poems / by / S. T. Coleridge / [followed by Motto as in No. II], pp. [iii]-[iv]; Contents, pp. [v]-vi; DEDICATION, *To the Reverend* GEORGE COLERIDGE of OTTERY St. MARY, / DEVON. Notus in frates animi paterni. *Hor. Carm. Lib.* II. 2. /, pp. [vii]-xii; Preface to the First Edition, pp. [xiii]-xvi; Preface to the Second Edition, pp. [xvii]-xx; Half-title, Ode / *on the* / Departing Year [with motto (5 lines) from Aeschy. Agamem. 1225], one leaf, pp. [1]-[2]; Argument, pp. [3]-[4]; Text, pp. [5]-278; Errata (four lines) at the foot of p. 278.

[Carolus Utenhovius (Utenhove, or Uyttenhove) and Ptolomœus Luxius Tasteus were scholar friends of the Scottish poet and historian George Buchanan (1506-1582), who prefixes some Iambics 'Carolo Utenhovio F. S.' to his Hexameters 'Franciscanus et Fratres'. In some Elegiacs addressed to Tasteus and Tevius, in which he complains of his sufferings from gout and kindred maladies, he tells them that Groscollius (Professor of Medicine at the University of Paris) was doctoring him with herbs and by suggestion:—'Et spe languentem consilioque juvat'. Hence the three names. In another set of Iambics entitled 'Mutuus Amor' in which he celebrates the alliance between Scotland and England he writes:—

Non mortis hoc propinquitas
Non temporis longinquitas
Solvet, fides quod nexuit
Intaminata vinculum.

Hence the wording of the motto. Groscollius is, of course, a *mot à double entente*. It is a name and a nickname. The interpretation of the names and the reference to Buchanan's Hexameters were first pointed out by Mr. T. Hutchinson in the *Athenaeum*, Dec. 10, 1898.]

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PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

[Pp. [xiii]—xvi.]

Compositions resembling those of the present volume are not unfrequently condemned for their querulous Egotism. But Egotism is to be condemned then only when it offends against Time and Place, as in an History or an Epic Poem. To censure it in a Monody or Sonnet is almost as absurd as to dislike a circle for being round. Why then write Sonnets or Monodies? Because they give me pleasure when perhaps nothing else could. After the more violent emotions of Sorrow, the mind demands amusement, and can find it in employment alone; but full of its late sufferings, it can endure no employment not in some measure connected with them. Forcibly to turn away our attention to general subjects is a painful and most often an unavailing effort:

> But O! how grateful to a wounded heart
> The tale of Misery to impart—
> From others' eyes bid artless sorrows flow,
> And raise esteem upon the base of woe!
> SHAW.

The communicativeness of our Nature leads us to describe our own sorrows; in the endeavour to describe them, intellectual activity is exerted; and from intellectual activity there results a pleasure, which is gradually associated, and mingles as a corrective, with the painful subject of the description. "True!" (it may be answered) "but how are the PUBLIC interested in your Sorrows or your Description?" We are for ever attributing personal Unities to imaginary Aggregates.—What is the PUBLIC, but a term for a number of scattered Individuals? Of whom as many will be interested in these sorrows, as have experienced the same or similar.

> "Holy be the lay,
> Which mourning soothes the mourner on his way."

If I could judge of others by myself, I should not hesitate to affirm, that the most interesting passages in our most interesting Poems are those, in which the Author developes his own feelings. The sweet voice of Cona[1] never sounds so sweetly as when it speaks of itself; and I should almost suspect that man of an unkindly heart, who could read the opening of the third book of the Paradise Lost without peculiar emotion. By a law of our Nature, he, who labours under a strong feeling, is impelled to seek for sympathy; but a Poet's feelings are all strong. Quicquid amet valde amat. Akenside therefore speaks with philosophical accuracy, when he classes Love and Poetry, as producing the same effects:

> "Love and the wish of Poets when their tongue
> Would teach to others' bosoms, what so charms
> Their own."—PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

There is one species of Egotism which is truly disgusting; not that which leads us to communicate our feelings to others, but that which

[1] Ossian.

would reduce the feelings of others to an identity with our own. The Atheist, who exclaims, "pshaw!" when he glances his eye on the praises of Deity, is an Egotist: an old man, when he speaks contemptuously of Love-verses is an Egotist: and the sleek Favorites of Fortune are Egotists, when they condemn all "melancholy, discontented" verses. Surely, it would be candid not merely to ask whether the poem pleases ourselves but to consider whether or no there may not be others to whom it is well-calculated to give an innocent pleasure.

I shall only add that each of my readers will, I hope, remember that these Poems on various subjects, which he reads at one time and under the influence of one set of feelings, were written at different times and prompted by very different feelings; and therefore that the supposed inferiority of one Poem to another may sometimes be owing to the temper of mind, in which he happens to peruse it.

[Pp. [xvii]–xx.]

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

I RETURN my acknowledgments to the different Reviewers for the assistance, which they have afforded me, in detecting my poetic deficiencies. I have endeavoured to avail myself of their remarks: one third of the former Volume I have omitted, and the imperfections of the republished part must be considered as errors of taste, not faults of carelessness. My poems have been rightly charged with a profusion of double-epithets, and a general turgidness. I have pruned the double-epithets with no sparing hand; and used my best efforts to tame the swell and glitter both of thought and diction. This latter fault however had insinuated itself into my Religious Musings with such intricacy of union, that sometimes I have omitted to disentangle the weed from the fear of snapping the flower. A third and heavier accusation has been brought against me, that of obscurity; but not, I think, with equal justice. An Author is obscure when his conceptions are dim and imperfect, and his language incorrect, or unappropriate, or involved. A poem that abounds in allusions, like the Bard of Gray, or one that impersonates high and abstract truths, like Collins's Ode on the poetical character, claims not to be popular—but should be acquitted of obscurity. The deficiency is in the Reader. But this is a charge which every poet, whose imagination is warm and rapid, must expect from his *contemporaries*. Milton did not escape it; and it was adduced with virulence against Gray and Collins. We now hear no more of it; not that their poems are better understood at present, than they were at their first publication; but their fame is established; and a critic would accuse himself of frigidity or inattention, who should profess not to understand them. But a living writer is yet sub judice; and if we cannot follow his conceptions or enter into his feelings, it is more consoling to our pride to consider him as lost beneath, than as soaring above, us. If any man expect from my poems the same easiness of style which he admires in a drinking-song, for him I have not written. Intelligibilia, non intellectum adfero.

I expect neither profit nor general fame by my writings; and I consider myself as having been amply repayed without either. Poetry has been to

me its own[1] "exceeding great reward": it has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the Good and the Beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.

There were inserted in my former Edition, a few Sonnets of my Friend and old School-fellow, CHARLES LAMB. He has now communicated to me a complete Collection of all his Poems; quae qui non prorsus amet, illum omnes et Virtutes et Veneres odere. My friend CHARLES LLOYD has likewise joined me; and has contributed every poem of his, which he deemed worthy of preservation. With respect to my own share of the Volume, I have omitted a third of the former Edition, and added almost an equal number. The Poems thus added are marked in the Contents by Italics. S. T. C.

STOWEY,
May, 1797.

MS. Notes attached to proof sheets of the second Edition.

(*a*) As neither of us three were present to correct the Press, and as my handwriting is not eminently distinguished for neatness or legibility, the Printer has made a few mistakes. The Reader will consult equally his own convenience, and our credit if before he peruses the volume he will scan the Table of Errata and make the desired alterations.

Stowey, S. T. Coleridge.
May 1797.

(*b*) Table of Contents. (N. B. of my Poems)—and let it be printed in the same manner as Southey's Table of Contents—take care to mark *the new poems* of the Edition by Italics.

Dedication.
Preface to the first Edition.
Refer to the Second Edition.
Ode on the departing Year.
Monody on the death of Chatterton, etc., etc.—

[*MS. R.*]

P. [69].

[Half-title] Sonnets, / *Attempted in the Manner* / Of The / Rev. W. L. Bowles. / Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem / Quod te IMITARI aveo. / LUCRET.

[Pp. 71-74.]

INTRODUCTION TO THE SONNETS

[For lines 1-63 vide *ante*, No. III, The Introduction to the 'Sheet of Sonnets'. Lines 64 to the end are omitted, and the last paragraph runs thus:

The Sonnet has been ever a favourite species of composition with me; but I am conscious that I have not succeeded in it. From a large number

---

[1] Compare *The Pursuits of Literature*, Dialogue 1, lines 50, 55, 56.

The self-supported melancholy Gray
. . . . . .
With his high spirit strove the master bard,
And was his own *exceeding great* reward.

The first Dialogue was published in May 1794. The lines on Gray may have suggested Coleridge's quotation from Genesis, chap. xv, ver. 1, which is supplied in a footnote to line 56.

I have retained ten only, as seemed not beneath mediocrity. Whatever more is said of them, ponamus lucro. S. T. Coleridge.

[*Note.* In a copy of the Edition of 1797, now in the Rowfant Library, S. T. C. comments in a marginal note on the words 'I have never yet been able to discover sense, nature, or poetic fancy in Petrarch's poems,' &c.—'A piece of petulant presumption, of which I should be more ashamed if I did not flatter myself that it stands alone in my writings. The best of the joke is that at the time I wrote it, I did not understand a word of Italian, and could therefore judge of this divine Poet only by bald translations of some half-dozen of his Sonnets.']

[Pp. 243-245.]

ADVERTISEMENT

I HAVE excepted the following Poems from those, which I had determined to omit. Some intelligent friends particularly requested it, observing, that what most delighted me when I was "young in *writing* poetry, would probably best please those who are young in *reading* poetry: and a man must learn to be *pleased* with a subject, before he can yield that attention to it, which is requisite in order to acquire a just taste." I however was fully convinced, that he, who gives to the press, what he does not thoroughly approve in his own closet, commits an act of disrespect, both against himself and his fellow-citizens. The request and the reasoning would not, therefore, have influenced me, had they not been assisted by other motives. The first in order of these verses, which I have thus endeavoured to *reprieve* from immediate oblivion, was originally addressed "To the Author of Poems published anonymously, at Bristol." A second edition of these poems has lately appeared with the Author's name prefixed; and I could not refuse myself the gratification of seeing the name of that man among my poems, without whose kindness they would probably have remained unpublished; and to whom I know myself greatly and variously obliged, as a Poet, a Man and a Christian.

The second is entitled "An Effusion on an Autumnal Evening; written in early youth." In a note to this poem I had asserted that the tale of Florio in Mr. Rogers' "Pleasures of Memory" was to be found in the Lochleven of Bruce. I did (and still do) perceive a certain likeness between the two stories; but certainly not a sufficient one to justify my assertion. I feel it my duty, therefore, to apologize to the Author and the Public, for this rashness; and my sense of honesty would not have been satisfied by the bare omission of the note. No one can see more clearly the *littleness* and futility of imagining plagiarisms in the works of men of Genius; but *nemo omnibus horis sapit*; and my mind, at the time of writing that note, was sick and sore with anxiety, and weakened through much suffering. I have not the most distant knowledge of Mr. Rogers, except as a correct and elegant Poet. If any of my readers should know him personally, they would oblige me by informing him that I have expiated a sentence of unfounded detraction, by an unsolicited and self-originating apology.

Having from these motives re-admitted two, and those the longest of the poems I had omitted, I yielded a passport to the three others, [pp. 256, 262, 264] which were recommended by the greatest number of votes. There are some lines too of Lloyd's and Lamb's in this Appendix. They had been omitted in the former part of the volume, partly by accident;

but I have reason to believe that the Authors regard them, as of inferior merit; and they are therefore rightly placed, where they will receive some beauty from their vicinity to others much worse.

VI

FEARS IN SOLITUDE, / Written in 1798, during the Alarm of an Invasion. / To which are added, / France, an Ode; / And / Frost at Midnight. / By S. T. COLERIDGE. / London: / Printed for J. Johnson, in St. Paul's Church-yard. / 1798. [4°.

Collation.—Half-title, Fears in Solitude, . . . Frost at Midnight. (six lines) [Price ONE SHILLING and SIXPENCE.], one leaf, unpaged; Title, one leaf, unpaged; Text, pp. [1]-23; Advertisement of 'Poems, by W. Cowper', p. [24].

VII

The / PICCOLOMINI, / or the / First Part of WALLENSTEIN, / A Drama / In Five Acts. / Translated From The German Of / Frederick Schiller / By / S. T. COLERIDGE. / LONDON: / Printed for T. N. Longman and O. Rees, Paternoster Row. / 1800. / [8°.

Collation.—Half-title, Translation from a Manuscript Copy attested by the Author / THE PICCOLOMINI, or the First Part of WALLENSTEIN. / Printed by G. Woodfall, Pater-noster Row /, one leaf, unpaged; Title, one leaf, unpaged; Preface of the Translator, pp. [i]-ii; two pages of Advertisements commencing with: Plays just published, etc.; one leaf unpaged; on the reverse Dramatis Personae; Text, pp. [1]-214; *In the Press, and speedily will be published,* From the German of Schiller, THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN; Also WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP, a Prelude of One Act to the former Dramas; with an Essay on the GENIUS of SCHILLER. By S. T. COLERIDGE. N.B. The Drama will be embellished with an elegant Portrait of WALLENSTEIN, engraved by CHAPMAN, pp. [215]-[216].

VIII

The / DEATH / of / WALLENSTEIN. A Tragedy / In Five Acts. / Translated from the German of / FREDERICK SCHILLER, / By / S. T. COLERIDGE. / LONDON: / Printed for T. N. Longman and O. Rees, Paternoster Row, / *By G. Woodfall, No. 22, Paternoster-Row.* / 1800. / [8°.

Collation.—Title, one leaf, unpaged; General Title, Wallenstein. / A Drama / In Two Parts. / Translated, &c., *ut supra,* one leaf, unpaged; Preface of the Translator, two leaves, unpaged; on reverse of second leaf Dramatis Personae; Text, pp. [1]-157; The Imprint, *Printed by G. Woodfall, No. 22, Paternoster-Row, London,* is at the foot of p. 157; Advertisement of 'Books printed by T. N. Longman', &c., p. [158].

[The Frontispiece (sometimes attached to No. VII) is an engraving in stipple of Wallenstein, by J. Chapman.]

IX

Poems, / By / S. T. COLERIDGE. / Felix curarum, &c. (six lines as on title of No. II). Third edition. / LONDON: / Printed by N. Biggs, Crane-Court, Fleet-street, / For T. N. Longman and O. Rees, Pater-/Noster-Row. / 1803. / [8°.

Collation.—Title, one leaf, p. [i]; Contents, pp. [iii]-[iv]; Preface, pp. [v]-xi; Text, pp. [1]-202; The Imprint, Biggs, Printer, Crane-Court, Fleet-street, is at the foot of p. 202.

[The Preface consists of the Preface to the First and Second Editions, as reprinted in No. IV, with the following omissions from that to the Second Edition, viz. Lines 1–5, and Lines 37–45. The Preface to the First Edition (pp. [v]–viii) is signed S. T. C. The Preface to the Second Edition (pp. ix–xi) has no heading, but is marked off by a line from the Preface to the First Edition.

The Third Edition contains all the poems published in the First and Second Editions except (1) To the Rev. W. J. H. (1796); (2) Sonnet to Kosciusko (1796); (3) Written after a Walk (1796); (4) From a Young Lady (1796); (5) On the Christening of a Friend's Child (1797); (6) Introductory Sonnet to C. Lloyd's 'Poems on the Death of Priscilla Farmer' (1797). The half-title to the Sonnets, p. [79], omits the words 'Attempted in the Manner, &c. (see No. V).

The Introduction to the Sonnets is reprinted on pp. 81–4, verbatim from the Second Edition.]

X

POEMS, / By / S. T. COLERIDGE, Esq. / [8°.

Collation.—Half-title (as above), one leaf, p. [1]; The Imprint, Law and Gilbert, Printers, St. John's-Square, London, is at the foot of p. [2]; Text, pp. [3]-16; The Imprint, Printed by Law and Gilbert, St. John's Square, London, is at the foot of p. 16 [n. d. ? 1812].

Contents.—

Fears in Solitude, pp. [3]–9 : France, an Ode, pp. 10–13 : Frost at Midnight, pp. 14–16.

[The three poems which form the contents of the Pamphlet were included in the *Poetical Register* for 1808–1809 which was reissued in 1812. The publishers were F. G. and S. Rivington, the printers Law and Gilbert, St. John's Square, Clerkenwell. The type of the pamphlet is the type of the *Poetical Register*, but the poems were set up and reprinted as a distinct issue. There is no record of the transaction, or evidence that the pamphlet was placed on the market. It was probably the outcome of a private arrangement between the author and the publisher of the *Poetical Register*.]

XI

REMORSE. / A Tragedy, / In Five Acts. / *By* S. T. COLERIDGE. / Remorse is as the heart, in which it grows : / If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews / Of true repentance; but if proud and gloomy, / It is a poison-tree, that pierced to the inmost / Weeps only tears of poison ! / Act I. Scene I. / LONDON : / Printed for W. Pople, 67, Chancery Lane. / 1813. / *Price Three Shillings.* / [8°.

Collation.—Title, one leaf, pp. [i]–[ii]; The Imprint, *W. Pople, Printer, 67, Chancery Lane*, is at the foot of the Reverse; Preface, pp. [iii]–viii; Prologue, pp. [ix]–[x]; Dramatis Personae, p. [xi]; Text, pp. [1]–72; The Imprint, W. Pople, Printer, 67, Chancery Lane, London, is at the foot of p. 72.

XII

REMORSE, &c. (as in No. XI); Second Edition. / LONDON: / Printed for W. Pople, 67, Chancery Lane. / 1813. / *Price Three Shillings.* / [8°.

Collation.—Title, one leaf, pp. [i]–[ii]; The Imprint, *W. Pople, Printer, 67, Chancery Lane*, is at the foot of p. [ii]; Preface, pp. [iii]–vi; Prologue, pp. [vii]–[viii]; Dramatis Personae, p. [ix]; Text, pp. [1]–73; Appendix, pp. [75]–78; The Imprint, W. Pople, Printer, 67, Chancery Lane, London, is at the foot of p. 78.

XIII

Remorse, &c. (as in No. XI); Third Edition. / London: Printed for W. Pople, 67, Chancery Lane. / 1818. / [8°.

For collation vide *supra*, No. XII.

XIV

SIBYLLINE LEAVES: / A / Collection of Poems. / By / S. T. COLERIDGE, Esq. / LONDON: / Rest Fenner, 23, Paternoster Row. / 1817. / [8°.

Collation.—Half-title, one leaf, Sibylline Leaves. / By / S. T. Coleridge Esq. /, unpaged; Title, one leaf, unpaged; The Imprint, *S. Curtis, Printer, Camberwell*, is at the foot of the Reverse of the Title; Preface, pp. [i]-iii; 'Time, Real and Imaginary,' 'The Raven,' 'Mutual Passion,' pp. v-x; Errata, pp. [xi]-[xii]; Half-title, THE RIME / Of The / ANCIENT MARINER / In Seven Parts, p. [1]; Motto from T. Burnet, *Archæol. Phil.*, p. 68, p. [2]; Text, pp. 3-303; The Imprint, Printed by John Evans & Co. St. John-Street, Bristol, is at the foot of p. [304].

[Signatures B-U are marked Vol. ii, i. e. Vol. ii of the *Biographia Literaria*. The printer's bills, which are in my possession, show that in the first instance the Poems were reckoned as Volume ii, and that, in 1816, when the prose work had grown into a second volume, as Volume iii. The entire text of the second volume, afterwards entitled *Sibylline Leaves*, with the exception of the preliminary matter, pp. [i]-[xii], was printed by John Evans & Co. of Bristol—signatures B-G in November-December 1814, and signatures H-U between January and July 1815. The unbound sheets, which were held as a security for the cost of printing &c., and for money advanced, by W. Hood of Bristol, John Matthew Gutch, and others, were redeemed in May 1817 by a London publisher, Rest Fenner, and his partner the Rev. Samuel Curtis of Camberwell. The *Biographia Literaria* was published in July and *Sibylline Leaves* in August, 1817. See note by J. D. Campbell in *P. W.*, 1893, pp. 551, 552.]

PREFACE

THE following collection has been entitled SIBYLLINE LEAVES, in allusion to the fragmentary and widely scattered state in which they have been long suffered to remain. It contains the whole of the author's poetical compositions, from 1793 to the present date, with the exception of a few works not yet finished, and those published in the first edition of his juvenile poems, over which he has no controul.[1] They may be divided into three classes: First, A selection from the Poems added to the second and third editions, together with those originally published in the LYRICAL BALLADS,[2] which after having remained many years out of print, have been omitted by Mr. Wordsworth in the recent collection of all his minor poems, and of course revert to the author. Second, Poems published at very different periods, in various obscure or perishable journals, etc., some with, some without the writer's consent; many imperfect, all incorrect. The third and last class is formed of Poems which have

[1] The 'Eolian Harp', with the title 'Effusion xxxv. Composed August 20, 1795, at Clevedon, Somersetshire', was first published in 1796, and included as 'Composed at Clevedon' in 1797 and 1803. It is possible that it may have been originally printed in a newspaper.

[2] The fourth and last edition of the *Lyrical Ballads* was issued in 1805.

hitherto remained in manuscript. The whole is now presented to the reader collectively, with considerable additions and alterations, and as perfect as the author's judgment and powers could render them.

In my Literary Life, it has been mentioned that, with the exception of this preface, the SIBYLLINE LEAVES have been printed almost two years; and the necessity of troubling the reader with the list of errata[1] [forty-seven in number] which follows this preface, alone induces me to refer again to the circumstances, at the risk of ungenial feelings, from the recollection of its worthless causes.[2] A few corrections of later date have been added.—Henceforward the author must be occupied by studies of a very different kind.

> Ite hinc, CAMŒNÆ! Vos quoque ite, suaves,
> Dulces CAMŒNÆ! Nam (fatebimur verum)
> Dulces fuistis!—Et tamen meas chartas
> Revisitote: sed pudenter et raro!
>
> VIRGIL, *Catalect.* vii.[3]

At the request of the friends of my youth, who still remain my friends, and who were pleased with the wildness of the compositions, I have added two school-boy poems—with a song modernized with some additions from one of our elder poets.[4] Surely, malice itself will scarcely attribute their insertion to any other motive, than the wish to keep alive the recollections from early life.—I scarcely knew what title I should prefix to the first. By imaginary Time,[5] I meant the state of a school-boy's mind when, on his return to school, he projects his being in his day dreams, and lives in his next holidays, six months hence: and this I contrasted with real Time.

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[1] The *List* numbers thirty, and of these not more than twenty are strictly speaking *Errata*. Of the remainder the greater number are textual corrections, emendations, and afterthoughts.

[2] The allusion is to the prolonged and embittered controversy between Coleridge and his friends at Bristol, who had printed his works and advanced him various sums of money on the security of the sheets as printed and the future sale of the works when published. They were angry with him for postponing completion of these works, and keeping them out of their money, and he was naturally and reasonably indignant at the excessive sum charged for paper and printing. The fact was that they had done and intended to do him a kindness, but that in so far as it was a business transaction he suffered at their hands.

[3] The title of these Iambic lines is 'Relictis Aliis Studiis Philosophiam Epicuream amplectitur'.

[4] Ben Jonson, vide *ante*, p. 1118.

[5] Vide *ante*, pp. 419, 420.

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קינת ישרון

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Collation.—Half-title, קינת ישרון / A Hebrew Dirge. /, pp. [1]–[2]; Title, p. [3]; Text, pp. [4]–13. The text of the translation is printed on pp. 5, 7, 9, 11, and 13.

XVI

CHRISTABEL: / Kubla Khan, / A Vision; / The Pains of Sleep. / By / S. T. COLERIDGE, Esq. / LONDON: Printed For John Murray, Albemarle-Street, / By William Bulmer and Co. Cleveland-Row, / St. James's. / 1816. / [8°.

Collation.—Half-title, one leaf, Christabel, &c., pp. i–ii; Title, one leaf, pp. iii–iv; Preface, pp. [v]–vii; Second half-title, Christabel. /Part 1, pp. [1]–[2]; Text, pp. [3]–48; 'Kubla Khan: / or / A Vision in a Dream': Half-title, one leaf, pp. [49]–[50]; 'Of the / Fragment of Kubla Khan', pp. [51]–54; Text, pp. [55]–58; 'The Pains of Sleep': Half-title, pp. [59]–[60]; Text, pp. 61–64; The Imprint, LONDON: Printed by W. Bulmer and Co. / Cleveland-row, St. James's. /, is at the foot of p. 64.

[The pamphlet (1816) was issued 'price 4*s.* 6*d.* *sewed*'. The cover was of brown paper.]

XVII

CHRISTABEL, &c. / By S. T. Coleridge, Esq. / Second Edition. / LONDON: / Printed For John Murray, Albemarle-Street, / By William Bulmer and Co. Cleveland-Row, / St. James's. / 1816. / [8°.

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[The half-title, CHRISTABEL, is in Gothic Character.]

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CHRISTABEL, &c. / By / S. T. Coleridge, Esq. / Third Edition. / LONDON: / Printed For John Murray, Albemarle-Street, / By William Bulmer and Co. Cleveland-Row, / St. James's. / 1816. / [8°.

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[The half-title, CHRISTABEL, is in Gothic Character.]

XIX

ZAPOLYA: A / Christmas tale, / In Two Parts: / The Prelude / Entitled / "THE USURPERS' FORTUNE;" And / The Sequel / Entitled / "THE USURPER'S FATE." / By / S. T. Coleridge, Esq. / *LONDON*: Printed for Rest Fenner, Paternoster Row. / 1817. / [8°.

Collation.—Half-title, ZAPOLYA, one leaf; Title, one leaf; Advertisement, one leaf; Characters, one leaf; Four leaves unpaged; Text, Prelude, pp. [1]–31; Additional Characters, p. [34]; ZAPOLYA (headed, Usurpation Ended; / or / SHE COMES AGAIN./), pp. [35]–128. The imprint, S. Curtis, Camberwell Press, is at the foot of p. 128. Eight pages of advertisements dated September, 1817, are bound up with the volume as issued in a brown paper cover.

XX

The / Poetical Works / Of / S. T. Coleridge, / Including the Dramas of / Wallenstein, Remorse, and Zapolya. / In three Volumes. / Vol. I. / [Vol. II, &c.] London: / William Pickering. / MDCCCXXVIII. / [8°.

Collation.—Vol. I. Half-title, one leaf, The / Poetical Works / of / S. T. Coleridge. / Vol. I. /, p. [i]; Title, one leaf, p. [iii]; The Imprint, Thomas White, Printer, / Johnson's Court. /, is at the foot of p. [iv]; Contents, Volume I, Volume II, Volume III, pp. [v]–x; Preface, To the

First and Second Editions, pp. [1]–6; Half-title, one leaf, Juvenile Poems, p. [7]; Text, pp. [9]–353; The Imprint, Thomas White, Printer, / Crane Court. /, below the figure of a girl watering flowers surmounted by the motto TE FAVENTE VIREBO, is in the centre of p. [554]. [A vignette and double wreath of oak and bay leaves is in the centre of the title-page of Vols. I, II, III.]

Vol. II. Half-title, one leaf; Title, one leaf, with Imprint at the foot of the Reverse, unpaged; Half-title, The Rime / Of / The Ancient Mariner. / In Seven Parts. /, p. [1]; Motto from T. Burnet, in centre of p. [2]; Text, pp. [3]–370; The Imprint, Thomas White, Printer, / Johnson's Court./, is at the foot of p. 370.

Vol. III. Half-title, one leaf; Title, one leaf; The Imprint, Thomas White, Printer, / Johnson's Court. /, is at the foot of the Reverse, unpaged; Half-title, The / Piccolomini, / Or / The First Part of Wallenstein. / A Drama. / Translated from the German of Schiller /, p. [1]; Preface of the Translator, p. [3]; Text, pp. [5]–428; The Imprint Thomas White, Printer / Johnson's Court./, is at the foot of p. 428.

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Ἔρως ἀεὶ λάληθρος ἑταῖρος.
In many ways does the full heart reveal
The presence of the love it would conceal;
But in far more th' estranged heart lets know,
The absence of the love, which yet it fain would shew.
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XXI

THE / POETICAL WORKS / OF / S. T. COLERIDGE, / Including the Dramas of / Wallenstein, Remorse, and Zapolya. / In Three Volumes. / Vol. I, Vol. II, &c. / LONDON: William Pickering. / MDCCCXXIX. / [8°.

Collation.—Vol. I. Title, one leaf, p. [iii]; The Imprint, Thomas White, Printer, / Johnson's Court. /, is at the foot of p. [iv]; Contents, pp. [v]–x; Preface, pp. [1]–7; Half-title, JUVENILE POEMS, p. [9]; Text, pp. [11]–353; The Imprint, Thomas White, &c., below a figure of a girl as in No. XX, is in the centre of p. 354.

[The Half-title and Mottoes are the same as in Vol. I of 1828, No. XX.]

Vol. II. Title, one leaf; The Imprint, Thomas White, Printer, / Johnson's Court. /, is at the foot of the Reverse, unpaged; Half-title, The Rime / of / THE ANCIENT MARINER. / In Seven Parts. /, p. [1]; Motto from T. Burnet, *Archæol. Phil.*, p. 68, p. [2]; Text, pp. [3]–394; The Imprint, Thomas White, &c., is at the foot of p. 394.

[The Half-titles and Mottoes are the same as in Vol. II of 1828, No. XX.]

Vol. III. For Collation see Vol. III of 1828, No. XX.

[The Title-page of this edition (Vols. I, II, III) is ornamented with the Aldine Device, and the Motto, Aldi / Discip. / Anglvs. /]

PREFACE

THE Preface is the same as that of 1803 and 1828, with the addition of the following passage (quoted as a foot-note to the sentence—'I have pruned the double-epithets with no sparing hand; and used my best efforts to tame the swell and glitter both of thought and diction.')—'Without any feeling of anger, I may yet be allowed to express some degree of surprize, that after having run the critical gauntlet for a certain class of faults, which I had, viz. a too ornate, and elaborately poetic diction, and nothing having come before the judgement-seat of the Reviewers during the long interval, I should for at least seventeen years, quarter after quarter, have been placed by them in the foremost rank of the *proscribed*, and made to abide the brunt of abuse and ridicule for faults directly opposite, viz. bald and prosaic language, and an affected simplicity both of matter and manner—faults which assuredly did not enter into the character of my compositions.—LITERARY LIFE, i. 51. Published 1817.' In the *Biog. Lit.* (loc. cit.) the last seven lines of the quotation read as follows—'judgement-seat in the interim, I should, year after year, quarter after quarter, month after month (not to mention sundry petty periodicals of still quicker revolution,' or weekly or diurnal') have been for at least seventeen years consecutively dragged forth by these into the foremost rank of the *proscribed*, and forced to abide the brunt of abuse, for faults directly opposite, and which I certainly had not. How shall I explain this?'

Contents.—The Contents of Vols. I and III are identical with the Contents of Vols. I and III of 1828 (No. XX): A 'Song' (Tho' veiled in spires of myrtle wreath), p. 78, and 'The Alienated Mistress: A Madrigal' (If Love be dead, &c.), p. 93 of Vol. II, 1828, are omitted in Vol. II of 1829; and 'The Allegoric Vision,' 'The Improvisatore, or John Anderson, My Jo, John' [New Thoughts on old Subjects], and 'The Garden of Boccaccio' are inserted in Vol. II of 1829; between 'The Wanderings of Cain' and 'Remorse', pp. 116–42. The text of 1829, which J. D. Campbell followed in *P.W.*, 1893, differs from that of 1828.

XXII

The / Poetical Works / Of / Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats. / Complete in One Volume. / Paris / Published by A. and W. Galignani / No. 18, Rue Vivienne / 1829. / [8°.

Collation.—General half-title, one leaf; The imprint, Printed by Jules Didot Senior, / Printer to His Majesty, Rue du Pont-de-Lodi, No. 6, is on the reverse of the half-title; Title, one leaf, unpaged; Notice of the Publishers, one leaf, unpaged; half-title, The / Poetical Works / of / Samuel Taylor Coleridge. / pp. [i–ii]; Contents, pp. [iii]–iv; Memoir of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, pp. [v]–xi; Text, pp. [1]–225.

[*Note.*—A lithographed vignette of a Harp, &c., is in the centre of the title-page. The frontispiece consists of three portraits of Coleridge (Northcote), Shelley, and Keats, engraved by J. T. Wedgwood.

The contents are identical with those of 1829, with the following additions: (1) 'Recantation—illustrated in the story of the Mad Ox'; (2) 'The Introduction to the Tale of the Dark Ladie' (as published in the *Morning Post*, Dec. 21, 1799); (3) 'The Composition of a Kiss'; (4) 'To a Friend together with an unpublished Poem'; (5) 'The Hour when we shall meet again'; (6) 'Lines to Joseph Cottle'; (7) 'On the Christening of a Friend's Child'; (8) 'The Fall of Robespierre'; (9) 'What is Life?'; (10) 'The Exchange'; (11) Seven Epigrams, viz. (1) 'Names'; (2) Job's Luck'; (3) 'Hoarse Maevius', &c.; (4) 'There comes from old Avaro's', &c.; (5) 'Last Monday', &c.; (6) 'Your Poem', &c. (7) 'Swans sing', &c. ('Job's Luck' had been republished in *The Crypt*, 1827, and the other six in *The Keepsake*, 1829.) 'Fancy in Nubibus, or the Poet in the Clouds' (vide *ante*, p. 435), p. 216, was repeated on p. 217, under the title 'Sonnet, composed by the Seaside, October 1817', with two variants, 'yield' for 'let' in line 4, and 'To' for 'Own' in line 5. 'Love's Burial-Place', and Song, 'Tho' veiled', &c., which had appeared in 1828, were not included in *Galignani*, 1829.]

XXIII

The Devil's Walk; / A Poem. / By / Professor Porson. / Edited with a Biographical Memoir and Notes, By / H. W. Montagu, / Author of Montmorency, Poems, etc. etc. etc. / Illustrated with Beautiful Engravings on wood by Bonner and / Sladen, After the Designs of R. Cruikshank. / Γνωθι σεαυτον / London: / Marsh and Miller, Oxford Street. / And Constable and Co. Edinburgh. [1830.] [12°.

Collation.—Title, one leaf, p. [iii]; The Imprint, London: / Printed by Samuel Bentley, / Dorset-Street, Fleet-Street, is in the centre of p. [iv]; Preface, pp. [v]–viii; Text, pp. [9]–32; 'Variations', p. 33; Advertisement of New Works Published by Marsh and Miller, p. [34]–[36].

[*Note.*—The motto Γνωθι κ.τ.λ may have suggested Coleridge's lines entitled 'Self-knowledge' (*ante*, p. 487). The Pamphlet is enclosed in a paper cover, The Devil's Walk; / By / Professor Porson. / With Illustrations by R. Cruikshank. / London: / Marsh and Miller. / 1830. / *Price One Shilling.* / The Illustrations consist of a Frontispiece and five others to face pp. 10, 14, 19, 24, and 31.]

XXIV

The Devil's Walk; / a Poem. / By / S. T. Coleridge, Esq. / And / Robert Southey, Esq. L. L. D. etc. / Edited with a Biographical Memoir, &c. (five lines as in No. XXIII). Γνωθι σεαυτον / Second Edition. / London: Alfred Miller, 137, Oxford Street; / And Constable, Edinburgh; / Griffin, Glasgow; and Milliken, Dublin. / [1830]. [12°.

Collation.—Title, one leaf, p. [iii]; The Imprint, as in No. XXIII, is in the centre of p. [iv]; Advertisement, pp. [v]-vi; Preface, pp. [vii]-x; Text, pp. 11-32; Variations, p. 33; Advertisement (as in No. XXIII), p. [34].

[*Note.*—The Advertisement, which is dated *October*, 1830, states that the 'Devil's Walk' 'has now put forth its fifteen thousandth copy', and apologizes for 'an error respecting its authorship'. The Second edition forms part of a volume entitled Facetiae, Being a General Collection of the Jeux d' Esprit which have been illustrated by Robert Cruikshank. London: William Kidd, 6, Old Bond Street. MDCCCXXXI. It is followed by the 'Devil's Visit', and 'The Real Devil's Walk.']

XXV

Ten Etchings, / Illustrations of the / Devil's Walk. / By / Thomas Landseer. / London: / Published by R. G. Standing, / 24, Cornhill. / 1831. / [Folio.

Collation.—Title, one leaf, unpaged; The imprint, London: / Henry Baylis, Johnson's Court, Fleet-Street. /, is at the foot of the Reverse. The Devil's Walk. A Word at Starting, pp. 1-14, is followed by the illustrations, unpaged, with a single stanza at the foot of each illustration.

XXVI

THE POETICAL WORKS Of / S. T. COLERIDGE / Vol. I, Vol. II, &c. / LONDON / William Pickering / 1834 / [8°.

Collation.—Vol. I. Half-title, The Poetical Works Of / S. T. Coleridge / In Three Volumes / Vol. I, one leaf, p. [i]; Title, one leaf, pp. [iii]-[iv]; The Imprint, Charles Whittingham / London /, is at the foot of p. [iv]; Preface, pp. [v]-x; Contents, pp. [xi]-xiv; Text, pp. [1]-288; The Imprint, London: / Printed by C. Whittingham, Tooks Court. /, is at the foot of p. 288.

Vol. II. Half-title (as in Vol. I), Vol. II, one leaf, pp. [i]-[ii]; Title, one leaf, pp. [iii]-[iv]; The Imprint (as in Vol. I) is at the foot of p. iv; Contents, pp. [v]-vi; Text, pp. [1]-338; The Imprint (as in Vol. I) is at the foot of p. 338.

Vol. III. Half-title (as in Vol. I), pp. [i]-[ii]; Title, one leaf, pp. [iii]-[iv]; The Imprint (as in Vol. I) is at the foot of p. [iv]; Half-title, The Piccolomini, &c., p. [1]; Preface to the First Edition, p. [3]; Text, pp. [5]-330; 'Love, Hope, and Patience in Education', p. 331; Erratum, p. [332]; The Imprint (as in Vol. I) is at the foot of p. [332].

[*Note.*—This edition, the last printed in the lifetime of the author, was reprinted in 1835, 1840, 1844, 1847, &c. The Title-page is ornamented with the Aldine device and motto as in No. XXI.]

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XXVII

THE POETICAL AND DRAMATIC WORKS of Samuel Taylor Coleridge; With a Life of the Author. London: John Thomas Cox, 84 High Holborn. MDCCCXXXVI. [8°, pp. lxxviii + 408.

The Life of the Author is followed by an Appendix containing 'Coleridge's Will', and 'Contemporary Notices of the Writings and Character of Coleridge'.

The Contents consist of the Poems published in 1797, together with 'The Nightingale'; 'Love'; 'The Ancient Mariner'; 'The Foster Mother's Tale'; four poems and seven sonnets reprinted from 1796; 'On a late Connubial Rupture'; and the 'Three Sonnets . . . in the manner of Contemporary Writers' reprinted from the *Poetical Register*. The Poems conclude with 'A Couplet, written in a volume of Poems presented by Mr. Coleridge to Dr. A.'— a highly respected friend, the loss of whose society he deeply regretted—

> To meet, to know, to love—and then to part,
> Is the sad tale of many a human heart.

For the 'Couplet', vide *ante*, p. 410, 'To Two Sisters', ll. 1, 2. Dr. A. was probably John Anster, LL.D., the translator of Goethe's *Faust*.

The Dramatic Works consist of 'The Piccolomini' and 'The Death of Wallenstein'.

XXVIII

THE POETICAL AND DRAMATIC WORKS of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, with a Life of the Author. London: Thos. Allman 42 Holborn Hill 1837.

[16mo, pp. viii+392.

Note.—The 'Life of the Author' does not form part of this edition. The Contents are identical with those of No. XXVII. The frontispiece depicts the 'Ancient Mariner' and the 'Wedding Guest'. The title-page, 'Drawn and Engraved by J. Romney,' is embellished with a curious vignette depicting a man in a night-cap lying in bed. A wife, or daughter, is in attendance. The vignette was probably designed to illustrate some other work.

XXIX

THE POETICAL WORKS of Samuel Taylor Coleridge with Life of the Author. London: Charles Daly, 14, Leicester Street, Leicester Square, *n.d.*

[16mo, pp. xxxii+[35]-384.

The Contents consist of 'The Ancient Mariner' (with the marginal glosses printed at the end of the poem); the Poems of 1796, 1797, with a few exceptions: 'The Piccolomini'; 'The Death of Wallenstein'; 'The Dark Ladié'; 'The Raven'; 'A Christmas Carol'; and 'Fire, Famine, and Slaughter'—i. e. of poems then out of copyright, or reprinted from the *Morning Post*.

XXX

The Ancient Mariner, and other Poems. By S. T. Coleridge. Price Sixpence. London: Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper, Paternoster-Row. MDCCCXLIII. J. Scott, Printer, 50, Hatfield Street. [16mo, pp. iv+148.

Note.—This edition formed one of the 'Pocket English Classics'. An illustrated title-page depicts the 'skiff-boat' with its crew of the Ancient Mariner, the Holy Hermit, the Pilot, and the Pilot's boy, who is jumping overboard. The flag bears the legend 'The Antient Mariner and Minor Poems By S. T. Coleridge'. The Contents include 'The Ancient Mariner', with the marginal glosses printed at the end of the poem; and a selection of poems published in 1796, 1797.

XXXI

THE POEMS of S. T. Coleridge [Aldine device and motto] London William Pickering 1844. [8°, pp. xvi + 372.

Note.—The Contents of this volume, issued by Mrs. H. N. Coleridge as sole editress, consist of the Poems (not the Dramatic Works) included in 1834, with the following omissions, (1) Music, (2) Devonshire Roads, (3) Inside the Coach, (4) Mathematical Problem, (5) The Nose, (6) Monody on a Tea-kettle, (7) 'The Same,' 'I too a sister had', &c., (8) On Imitation, (9) Honor, (10) Progress of Vice, (11) The Two round spaces on the Tombstone; and the following additions, already republished in *Lit. Remains*, 1836, Vol. I, (1) Epigram, 'Hoarse Mævius', &c., (2) Casimir ad Lyram, (3) On the Christening of a Friend's Child, (4) Introduction to the Tale of the Dark Ladie, (5) An Ode to the Rain, (6) The Exchange, (7) Complaint, 'How seldom, Friend', &c., (8) 'What is Life', (9) Inscription for a Time-Piece, (10) 'Επιτάφιον αὐτόγραπτον. Four songs from the dramas were also included. The German originals of (1) Schiller's 'Lines on a Cataract', (2) Friederike Brun's 'Chamouny at Sunrise', and (3) Schiller's distiches on the 'Homeric Hexameter' and the 'Ovidian Elegiac Metre' are printed on pp. 371, 372.

XXXII

THE POEMS of S. T. Coleridge [Aldine device and motto] London William Pickering 1848. [8°, pp. xvi + 372.

The Contents are identical with those of No. XXXI, with the exception of two additional 'Notes' (pp. 371, 372) containing the German original of Matthisson's *Milesisches Märchen*, and two stanzas of Cotton's *Chlorinda*, of which 'Separation' (*ante*, p. 397) is an adaptation.

XXXIII

THE RAVEN, A Christmas Tale, by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Esq. Illustrated with Eight Plates, By an Old Traveller. [*n. d.*]

Collation.—Oblong folio, pp. i–vi + eight scenes unpaged, faced by eight lithographs.

XXXIV

THE POEMS of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by Derwent and Sara Coleridge. A New Edition. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1852. [8°, pp. xxvii ('Advertisement', and 'Editors' Preface to the Present Edition', pp. [v]–xiv) + 378 + 'Notes', pp. [379]–388.

ADVERTISEMENT

THIS volume was prepared for the press by my lamented sister, Mrs. H. N. Coleridge, and will have an additional interest to many readers as the last monument of her highly-gifted mind. At her earnest request, my name appears with hers on the title-page, but the assistance rendered by me has been, in fact, little more than mechanical. The preface, and the greater part of the notes, are her composition:—the selection and arrangement have been determined almost exclusively by her critical judgment, or from records in her possession. A few slight corrections and unimportant additions are all that have been found necessary, the first and last sheets not having had the benefit of her own revision.

DERWENT COLERIDGE.

ST. MARK'S COLLEGE, CHELSEA,
May 1852.

PREFACE TO THE PRESENT EDITION [1852]

As a chronological arrangement of Poetry in completed collections is now beginning to find general favour, pains have been taken to follow this method in the present Edition of S. T. Coleridge's Poetical and Dramatic Works, as far as circumstances permitted—that is to say, as far as the date of composition of each poem was ascertainable, and as far as the plan could be carried out without effacing the classes into which the Author had himself distributed his most important poetical publication, the 'Sibylline Leaves,' namely, POEMS OCCASIONED BY POLITICAL EVENTS, OR FEELINGS CONNECTED WITH THEM; LOVE POEMS; MEDITATIVE POEMS IN BLANK VERSE; ODES AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. On account of these impediments, together with the fact, that many a poem, such as it appears in its ultimate form, is the growth of different periods, the agreement with chronology in this Edition is approximative rather than perfect: yet in the majority of instances the date of each piece has been made out, and its place fixed accordingly.

In another point of view also, the Poems have been distributed with relation to time: they are thrown into three broad groups, representing, first the Youth,—secondly, the Early Manhood and Middle Life,—thirdly, the Declining Age of the Poet; and it will be readily perceived that each division has its own distinct tone and colour, corresponding to the period of life in which it was composed. It has been suggested, indeed, that Coleridge had four poetical epochs, more or less diversely characterised,—that there is a discernible difference betwixt the productions of his Early Manhood and of his Middle Age, the latter being distinguished from those of his Stowey life, which may be considered as his poetic prime, by a less buoyant spirit. Fire they have; but it is not the clear, bright, mounting fire of his earlier poetry, conceived and executed when 'he and youth were house-mates still.' In the course of a very few years after three-and-twenty all his very finest poems were produced; his twenty-fifth year has been called his *annus mirabilis*. To be a 'Prodigal's favourite—[1] then, worse truth! a Miser's pensioner,' is the lot of Man. In respect of poetry, Coleridge was a 'Prodigal's favourite,' more, perhaps, than ever Poet was before.

* * * * * *

[The poems] produced before the Author's twenty-fourth year [1796], devoted as he was to the 'soft strains' of Bowles, have more in common with the passionate lyrics of Collins and the picturesque wildness of the pretended Ossian, than with the well-tuned sentimentality of that Muse which the overgrateful poet has represented as his earliest inspirer. For the young they will ever retain a peculiar charm, because so fraught with the joyous spirit of youth; and in the minds of all readers that feeling which disposes men 'to set the bud above the rose full-blown' would secure them an interest, even if their intrinsic beauty and sweetness were less adequate to obtain it.

* * * * * *

The present Editors have been guided in the general arrangement of this edition by those of 1817 and 1828, which may be held to represent the author's matured judgment upon the larger and more important part

[1] See Wordsworth's *P. W.* 1896, iii. 21: *The Small Celandine*, ll. 21, 22.

of his poetical productions. They have reason, indeed, to believe, that the edition of 1828 was the last upon which he was able to bestow personal care and attention. That of 1834, the last year of his earthly sojourning, a period when his thoughts were wholly engrossed, so far as the decays of his frail outward part left them free for intellectual pursuits and speculations, by a grand scheme of Christian Philosophy, to the enunciation of which in a long projected work his chief thoughts and aspirations had for many years been directed, was arranged mainly, if not entirely, at the discretion of his earliest Editor, H. N. Coleridge . . . Such alterations only have been made in this final arrangement of the Poetical and Dramatic Works of S. T. Coleridge, by those into whose charge they have devolved, as they feel assured, both the Author himself and his earliest Editor would at this time find to be either necessary or desirable. The observations and experience of eighteen years, a period long enough to bring about many changes in literary opinion, have satisfied them that the immature essays of boyhood and adolescence, not marked with any such prophetic note of genius as certainly does belong to the four school-boy poems they have retained, tend to injure the general effect of a body of poetry. That a writer, especially a writer of verse, should keep out of sight his third-rate performances, is now become a maxim with critics; for they are not, at the worst, effectless: they have an effect, that of diluting and weakening, to the reader's feelings, the general power of the collection. Mr. Coleridge himself constantly, after 1796, rejected a certain portion of his earliest published *Juvenilia*: never printed any attempts of his boyhood, except those four with which the present publication commences, and there can be no doubt that the Editor of 1834 would ere now have come to the conclusion, that only such of the Author's early performances as were sealed by his own approval ought to form a permanent part of the body of his poetical works.

* * * * * *

It must be added, that time has robbed of their charm certain sportive effusions of Mr. Coleridge's later years, which were given to the public in the first gloss and glow of novelty in 1834, and has proved that, though not devoid of the quality of genius, they possess upon the whole, not more than an ephemeral interest. These the Editors have not scrupled to omit on the same grounds and in the same confidence that has been already explained.

* * * * * *

S. C.

CHESTER PLACE, REGENT'S PARK.
March, 1852.

The Contents of 1852 correspond with those of 1844, 1848, with the following omissions: (1) Anthem for the Children of Christ's Hospital; (2) Sonnet, 'Farewell, parental scenes', &c.; (3) To the Muse; (4) With Fielding's Amelia; (5) Sonnet, 'On receiving an account', &c.; (6) Sonnet, 'On seeing a Youth', &c.; (7) Pain; (8) Epigram, 'Hoarse Mævius', &c.; (9) Casimir ad Lyram; (10) 'On the Christening', &c.; (11) Elegy imitated from Akenside; (12) Phantom; (13) Allegoric Vision; (14) Reproof and Reply; (15) Written in an Album, 'Parry', &c.; (16) To the Author of the Ancient Mariner; (17) Job's Luck; (18) On a Volunteer Singer; together with four songs from the dramas.

The additions were (1) Sonnet to Pitt, 'Not always', &c.; (2) Sonnet, 'Not Stanhope', &c.; (3) To the Author of Poems published anonymously at Bristol; (4) The Day-Dream, 'If thou wert here', &c.; (5) The Foster-Mother's Tale; (6) A Hymn; (7) The Alienated Mistress. A Madrigal; (8) To a Lady, 'Tis not the lily brow', &c.; (9) Song, 'Tho' veiled', &c.; (10) L'envoy. 'In vain we supplicate', &c.

The Notes, pp. 379–88, contain, *inter alia*, the Latin original of 'Kisses' (vide *ante*, p. 46), and the Sonnet, 'No more my visionary Soul shall dwell', attributed by Southey to Favell (vide *ante*, p. 68).

XXXV

THE DRAMATIC WORKS of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by Derwent Coleridge. A New Edition. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1852. [8°, pp. xvi + 427.

CONTENTS

Remorse. A Tragedy in Five Acts.
Zapolya. A Christmas Tale. In two Parts. Part I. The Prelude, &c.
Zapolya. Part II. The Sequel, entitled 'The Usurper's Fate.'
The Piccolomini; or the first part of 'Wallenstein.' A Drama. Translated from Schiller.
The Death of Wallenstein. A Tragedy. In Five Acts.
Notes.

Note.—The Preface contains a critical estimate of *Remorse* and *Zapolya*, and of the translation of Schiller's *Wallenstein*. At the close of the Preface [pp. xii–xiv] the Editor comments on the strictures of a writer in the *Westminster Review*, Art. 3 July 1850 (vide *ante*, p. 811), and upholds the merits of the Translation as a whole. The Preface is dated 'St. Mark's College, Chelsea, *July*, 1852'.

XXXVI

THE COMPLETE WORKS of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. With an Introductory Essay upon his Philosophical and Theological opinions. Edited by Professor Shedd. In Seven Volumes. Vol. vii. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, Nos. 329 and 331 Pearl Street, Franklin Square. 1853.

Second Title.—The Poetical and Dramatic Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1853.

[8°, pp. xiv + 15–702.

The Contents are identical with those of 1834, with ten additions first collected in 1844. The Fall of Robespierre is included in the Dramatic Works. 'Lines in Answer to a Letter from Bristol', pp. 67–70, are reprinted as 'Lines Written at Shurton Bars near Bridgewater', pp. 103–5 (vide *ante*, p. 96). Vol. vii was republished with an Index to the preceding six volumes in 1854.

XXXVII

THE POEMS of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by Derwent and Sara Coleridge. With a Biographical Memoir By Ferdinand Freiligrath. Copyright Edition. Leipzig Bernhard Tauchnitz 1860.

Collation.—General Half-title, one leaf, Collection of British Authors. Vol. 512. The Poems, &c. (4 lines). In One Volume, p. [i]; Title, p. [iii]; Half-title, Biographical Memoir of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. By Ferdinand Freiligrath, p. [iv]; Advertisements, p. [v]; Biographical

Memoir, pp. [vi]–xxviii; Advertisement (to ed. of 1852), p. xxix; Preface, pp. [xxxi]–xl; Contents, pp. [xli]–xlv. Text, pp. [1]–836; Notes, pp. [837]–844.

XXXVIII

THE POEMS of S. T. Coleridge. London: Bell and Daldy. 1862.
[16mo, pp. xiii + 299.

XXXIX

THE POEMS of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by Derwent and Sara Coleridge. With an Appendix. A New Edition. London: Edward Moxon & Co., Dover Street. 1863.

[8°, pp. xxvii + [1]–378 + Notes, pp. [379]–388 + Appendix, pp. [391]–404.

The text of the Poems is identical with that of 1852, but a fresh 'Advertisement', pp. [iii]–iv, is prefixed to the 'Advertisement' dated May, 1852.

ADVERTISEMENT

THE last authorised edition of S. T. Coleridge's Poems, published by Mr. Moxon in 1852, bears the names of Derwent and Sara Coleridge, as joint editors. In writing my name with my sister's, I yielded to her particular desire and request, but the work was performed almost entirely by herself. My opinion was consulted as to the general arrangement, and more especially as to the choice or rejection of particular pieces. Even here I had no occasion to do more than confirm the conclusions to which she had herself arrived, and sanction the course which she had herself adopted. I shared in the responsibility, but cannot claim any share in the credit of the undertaking. This edition I propose to leave intact as it came from her own hands. I wish it to remain as one among other monuments of her fine taste, her solid judgment, and her scrupulous conscientiousness.

A few pieces of some interest appear, however, to have been overlooked. Two characteristic sonnets, not included in any former edition of the Poems, have been preserved in an anonymous work, entitled 'Letters, Recollections, and Conversations of S. T. Coleridge.' These with a further selection from the omitted pieces, principally from the Juvenile Poems, have been added in an Appendix. So placed, they will not at any rate interfere with the general effect of the collection, while they add to its completeness.

All these buds of promise were once withdrawn, and, afterwards reproduced by the Author. It is not easy now to draw a line of separation, which shall not be deemed either too indulgent, or too severe. [The concluding lines of the 'Advertisement' dealt with questions of copyright].

DERWENT COLERIDGE.

APPENDIX

[First printed in 1863.]

1. To Nature. [*Letters, Conversations*, &c., 1836, i. 144.]
2. Farewell to Love. [Ibid., i. 143.]
3. 'I yet remain', &c. [First six lines by W. L. Bowles.]
4. Count Rumford's Essays. [By W. L. Bowles.]
5. 'The early Year's', &c. [Ver perpetuum, *ante*, p. 148.]
6. To the Rev. W. J. H. [1796.]
7. To a Primrose. [*The Watchman.*]

8. On the Christening of a Friend's Child. [1797.]
9. Mutual Passion. [*Sibylline Leaves.*]
10. From a Young Lady. [The Silver Thimble, *ante*, p. 104.]
11. Translation of a Paraphrase of the Gospels. [*Biog. Lit.*, 1807, i. 203, 204.]
12. Israel's Lament. [*Ante*, pp. 433, 434.]

Notes.—(1) No. 4 forms part of a Poem 'On Mr. Howard's Account of Lazarettos,' *Sonnets, with other Poems*, 1794, pp. 52, 53. See Mr. T. Hutchinson's note in the *Athenæum*, May 3, 1902.

(2) An MS. of No. 10, 'From a Young Lady', is preserved in the library of Rugby School. The poem is dated August, 1795, and is partly in the 'Young Lady's' handwriting. It is signed 'Sarah Fricker', a proof that her future husband meant from the first to alter the spelling of her name.

(3) The frontispiece of this edition is a lithograph by W. Hall of a portrait of Coleridge, aet. 26, formerly in the possession of Thomas Poole.

XL

THE POEMS of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by Derwent and Sara Coleridge. With an Appendix. A new and enlarged edition, with a brief Life of the author. London: E. Moxon and Co., 44 Dover Street. [1870.] [8°, pp. lxvii + 429.

Note.—The Contents of 1870 are identical with those of 1863, with the addition of an Introductory Essay (i. e. a Critical Memoir) by Derwent Coleridge, pp. xxiii–lix. 'The Rime of the Ancyent Mariner,' in Seven Parts, was reprinted verbatim from the original as it appeared in *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798. The Introductory Memoir (an 'Essay in a Brief Model') has never been reprinted.

XLI

THE RAVEN. A Poem by Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Illustrated by Ella Hallward With an Introduction by the Hon. Stephen Coleridge. H. S. Nichols L^td^, 39 Charing Cross Road London W.C. MDCCCXCVIII. [4°.

Note.—The text is printed on 14 sheets, unpaged. There are thirteen illustrations and other embellishments.

XLII

OSORIO A Tragedy *As originally written in* 1797 By Samuel Taylor Coleridge Now first printed from a Copy recently discovered by the Publisher with the Variorum Readings of 'Remorse' and a Monograph on The History of the Play in its earlier and later form by the Author of 'Tennysoniana' London John Pearson York Street Covent Garden 1873. [8°, pp. xxii + 204.

XLIII

THE POETICAL WORKS of Samuel Taylor Coleridge Edited with an Introductory Memoir and Illustrations by William B. Scott. London. George Routledge and Sons. [1874.] [8°, pp. xxviii + 420.

XLIV

THE POETICAL WORKS OF COLERIDGE AND KEATS With a Memoir of Each Four Volumes in Two. New York Published by Hurd and Houghton Boston: H. O. Houghton and Company The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1878. [8°.

Vol. I, pp. cxl + 872.

Vol. II, pp. vi + 881 + pp. xxxvi + 488 (Life and Poetical Works of Keats).

Note.—This edition was a reprint of the 'Poetical and Dramatic Works' of 1852.

XLV

THE POETICAL AND DRAMATIC WORKS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. FOUNDED ON THE AUTHOR'S LATEST EDITION OF 1834 WITH MANY ADDITIONAL PIECES NOW FIRST INCLUDED, AND A COLLECTION OF VARIOUS READINGS Volume the First [Volume the Second, &c.] [The Aldine device and motto.] London Basil Montagu Pickering 196 Piccadilly 1877. [Reissued, with additions and with the imprint of London Macmillan and Co. 1880.]

Contents.—Vol. I. Contents, &c., pp. viii; Memoir of S. T. Coleridge, pp. [ix]–cxviii; Poems, pp. [1]–217; Appendix (including Southey's Translation of a 'Greek Ode on Astronomy', &c.), pp. 219–224.

Vol. II. Contents, &c., pp. xii; Poems, pp. [1]–352; Supplement, pp. 355*–364*; Appendix, pp. 353–381.

Vol. III. Remorse, and Zapolya, pp. 290.

Vol. IV. Fall of Robespierre, and *Translation of Schiller's 'Wallenstein'*, pp. 413.

Note.—The Editor, Richard Herne Shepherd, included in the first two volumes the poems published by Coleridge in 1796, 1797, *An. Anth.*, 1800, 1803, *Sibylline Leaves* (1817), 1828, 1829, 1834, together with those published by H. N. Coleridge in *Literary Remains*, 1836, by Sara and Derwent Coleridge in 1844, 1852 (with the exception of the Hymn, 1814), and by Derwent Coleridge in the Appendix of 1863.

The following poems collected from various sources were reprinted for the first time:—

Vol. I. (1) Julia; (2) First version of the Sonnet to the Rev. W. L. Bowles; (3) On a late Connubial Rupture; (4) Sonnets signed Nehemiah Higginbottom.

Vol. II. (1) Talleyrand to Lord Granville; (2) A Stranger Minstrel; (3) To Two Sisters, &c.; (4) Water Ballad; (5) Modern Critics; (6) 'The Poet in his lone', &c. [Apologia, &c., *ante*, p. 345]; (7) Song, ex improviso, &c.; (8) The Old Man of the Alps; (9) Three Epigrams from *The Watchman*; (10) Sonnet on the birth of a son; (11) On Deputy ——; (12) To a Musical Critic; (13) Εγωενκαιπαν; (14) The Bridge-street Committee; (15) 'What boots to tell', &c.; (16) Mr. Baker's Courtship; (17) Lines in a German Student's Album; (18) On Kepler; (19) Distich from the Greek.

The Supplement published in 1880 (Vol. II, pp. 355*–364*) contains (1) Monody on Chatterton [First Version]; (2) To the Evening Star; (3) Anna and Harland; (4) Translation of Wrangham's *Hendecasyllabi*, &c.; (5) To Miss Brunton; (6) The Mad Monk. Bibliographical matter of interest and importance is contained in the Memoir, and in the Notes to Vol. II, pp. 375–381. Variants of the text, derived from the *Morning Post*, and from earlier editions, are printed as footnotes to the text. In Vol. III the Editor supplies a collation of the text of *Remorse* as published in 1852 with that of *Osorio* [London: John Pearson, 1873] and with that of the First and Second Editions of *Remorse* published in 1813.

XLVI

The Poetical Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. With Life. Engravings on Steel. Gale and Inglis. Edinburgh: Bernard Terrace. London: 26 Paternoster Square. [1881.] [8°, pp. xxviii + 420.

Note.—This edition includes the *Fall of Robespierre*, and *Christobell. A Gothic Tale* as published in the *European Magazine*, April, 1815.

XLVII

THE POETICAL WORKS of Samuel Taylor Coleridge Edited with Introduction and Notes by T. Ashe, B.A. of St. John's College, Cambridge In Two Volumes. London George Bell and Sons, York Street Covent Garden 1885. [The Frontispiece of Vol. I is a portrait of S. T. Coleridge, aet. 23, from a crayon drawing by Robert Hancock: of Vol. II, a view of Greta Hall, Keswick.] [8°.

Vol. I. Title, &c., pp. [iii]-xiv; Introduction, &c., pp. [xv]-clxxxvi; Poems, pp. 1-212.

Vol. II. Contents, &c., pp. [v]-xiii; Poems, pp. 1-409.

Note.—Section 3 of the Introduction, pp. cxxxviii-clxxxvi, supplies a Bibliography of the Poems. The Dramas are not included in the *Poetical Works*. In the 'Table of Contents' poems not included in 1834 are marked by an asterisk, but of these only three, (1) 'The Tears of a Grateful People'; (2) 'The Humour of Pallas' ['My Godmother's Beard'], and (3) 'Lines written in the Common Place Book of Miss Barbour', were collected for the first time. The 'Introduction', the work of a genuine poet, contains much that is valuable and interesting, but the edition as a whole is by no means an advancement on *P. and D. W.*, 1877-1880.

XLVIII

THE POETICAL WORKS of Samuel Taylor Coleridge Edited with a Biographical Introduction by James Dykes Campbell London Macmillan and Co. And New York 1893 *All rights reserved.*

[8°, pp. cxxiv + 667.

Contents.—Authorities cited in the Introduction—Corrigenda, p. vi; Preface, pp. [vii]-x; Introduction, pp. [xi]-cxxiv; Poems, pp. [1]-210; Dramatic Works, pp. [211]-442; Addenda, (i) Epigrams, pp. [443]-453, (ii) Fragments from a Common Place Book, pp. 453-458, (iii) Fragments from various sources, pp. [459]-470; (iv) Adaptations, pp. [471]-474; Appendix A. The Raven, pp. [475]-476; Appendix B. Greek Prize Ode, &c. [from MS.], pp. 476-477; Appendix C. To a Young Ass [from MS.], pp. 477-478; Appendix D. Osorio [from MSS.], pp. 479-512; Appendix E. The Rime of the Ancient Mariner [1798], pp. 512-520; Appendix F. Mont Blanc. The Summit of the Vale of Chamouny, an Hour before Sunrise—An Hymn (*Coleorton Letters*, 1887, i. 26-29), pp. 521-522; Appendix G. Dejection: An Ode (*M.P.*, Oct. 4, 1802), pp. 522-524; Appendix H. To a Gentleman [W. Wordsworth] (*Coleorton Letters*, i. 213-218), pp. 525-526; Appendix I. Apologetic Preface to 'Fire, Famine and Slaughter', pp. 527-533; Appendix J. Allegoric Verses, pp. 534-537; Appendix K. Titles, Prefaces, and Contents, &c., pp. 537-559; Notes, pp. [561]-654; Index to the Poems, &c., pp. [655]-659; Index to First Lines, pp. [661]-667.

The Poems include all those published in 1877-1880 with the addition of the *Hymn*, first published in 1852, and the omission of 'The Old Man of the Alps' (*M.P.*, Apr. 13, 1798) together with the following pieces collected for the first time (*), or printed for the first time from MSS. (MS.):—(1) Dura Navis (MS.); (2) Nil pejus, &c. (MS.); (3) Quae nocent, &c. (MS.); (4) Invocation (MS.); (5) On a Lady Weeping (MS.); (6) A Wish written, &c. (MS.); (7) An Ode in the Manner of Anacreon (MS.); (8) A Lover's Complaint, &c.; (9) To Fortune (*); (10) The Faded Flower (*); (11) On Bala Hill [by R. Southey] (MS.); (12) Count Rumford [by

W. L. Bowles] (*); (13) Verses to J. Horne Tooke (*); (14) Ad Vilmum Axiologum (MS.); (15) The Snowdrop (MS.); (16) To Matilda Betham, &c. (*); (17) Homeless (*); (18) Sonnet. Translated from Marini (MS.) (19) A Sunset (MS.); (20) Tears of a Grateful People (*); (21) To Mary Pridham (MS.).

Of the Epigrams, pp. 443-455, the following were first printed from MS., (1) 'You're careful', &c.; (2) 'Say what you will', &c.; (3) On an Insignificant 'No doleful', &c.; (4) On a Slanderer 'From yonder tomb', &c.; (5) 'Money I've heard', &c.

Of fifty-four Fragments from a Common Place Book eighteen were first printed in *Literary Remains*, i. 277-281, and the rest were published or collected for the first time: of sixty-six Fragments from Various Sources thirty-three were first published from MSS., and others were collected for the first time.

Much had been accomplished by the Editor of *P. and D. W.*, 1877-1880, but the excellence of the critical apparatus, the style and substance of the critical and explanatory notes, and the amount and quality of fresh material have made and must continue to make the Edition of 1893 the standard edition of Coleridge's *Poetical Works*. The 'Introductory Memoir' was republished as 'A Narrative of the Life of Samuel Taylor Coleridge', Macmillan, 1894.

XLIX

COLERIDGE'S POEMS *A Facsimile Reproduction Of The Proofs And MSS. Of Some* OF THE POEMS EDITED BY THE LATE JAMES DYKES CAMPBELL *Author of "Samuel Taylor Coleridge, A Narrative of the Events of his Life"; and Editor of "The Poetical Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge."* With Preface and Notes By W. Hale White Westminster Archibald Constable and Co. 1899.

Note.—This volume contains a reprint of a volume of proofs endorsed 'Coleridge's MSS. Corrected Copy of a Work'—'Mr. Cottle's', and a facsimile reproduction of three MSS., with the original erasures and alternative readings. The volume of proofs formerly in the possession of J. Dykes Campbell was reproduced by him, and he added the facsimile of the MSS. in the British Museum which he had deciphered and prepared for publication. Four years after his death the sheets were bound up and published with an elucidatory preface by Mr. W. Hale White. A copy of this literary curiosity as it was left by Mr. Campbell, without the Preface, is in the possession of the Editor.

L

CHRISTABEL By Samuel Taylor Coleridge Illustrated by a Facsimile of the Manuscript And by Textual and other Notes By Ernest Hartley Coleridge Hon. F.R.S.L. London: Henry Frowde MCMVII.

[8°, pp. ix + 118.

Note.—The Frontispiece is a photogravure (by Emery Walker) of a pastel drawing of S. T. Coleridge aet. 26. The Collotype Facsimile (thirty-eight leaves unpaged) is inserted between pp. 53 and 54. The text, as collated with three MSS., two transcriptions, and the First Edition, &c., is on pp. 61-96; a Bibliographical Index [Appendix IV] on pp. 111-113. This Edition (dedicated to the Poet's grand-daughters Edith and Christabel Rose Coleridge) was issued by Henry Frowde at the expense of the Royal Society of Literature.

LI

THE POEMS OF COLERIDGE With An Introduction By Ernest Hartley Coleridge And Illustrations By Gerald Metcalfe John Lane The Bodley Head London, W. John Lane Company New York.

[8°, pp. xxxi + 460 + Index to the Poems [461]-466 + Index to First Lines [469]-477.]

Note.—The Illustrations consist of twenty-three full-page illustrations, together with numerous headings, tailpieces, and vignettes. The Contents include all poems previously published which were not subject to the law of copyright :—'The Walk Before Supper', 'The Reproof and Reply', and 'Sancti Dominici Pallium' were printed for the first time from the original MSS.

LII

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER. By Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Illustrated by Twenty-Five Poetic and Dramatic Scenes, Designed and Etched By David Scott, Member of the Scottish Academy of Painting. Edinburgh: Alexander Hill, 50, Princes Street; Ackermann & Co. London. M. DCCC. XXXVII. [Folio.

Note.—Text with marginal glosses in Gothic letters, pp. [5]-25 + twenty-four full-page etchings unpaged, preceded by an illustrated title-page. Scenes from Coleridge's Rime of the Ancient Mariner, By David Scott, S.A. [Etching of the Ancient Mariner on a storm-tost coast ringing a bell, with a motto (*from Kubla Khan*) "All who saw would cry Beware", COLERIDGE.] Edinburgh Published By Alex^r. Hill, 50 Princes Street 1837. The cloth binding is embellished with a vignette—a lyre encircled by a winged serpent.

LIII

COLERIDGE'S RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER Illustrated by J. Noel Paton, R.S.A. Art Union of London 1863 [W. H. M^cFarlane Lithog^r Edinburgh] [Oblong Folio.

Note.—The text, pp. [1]-12, is followed by twenty full-page illustrations. The title-page and cloth binding are embellished with a symbolic vignette—a cross-bow, with twisted snake, resting on a cross encircled with stars.

LIV

THE POETICAL WORKS of Samuel T. Coleridge Edited, with a Critical Memoir, By William Michael Rossetti. Illustrated By Thomas Seccombe. London : E. Moxon, Son, & Co., Dover Street.

[8°, pp. xxxii + 424.

Note.—In a Note affixed to the 'Prefatory Notice' the Editor states that this edition includes all Coleridge's 'Dramas . . . with the exception of *Zapolya*. In lieu of this *The Fall of Robespierre*, which has never as yet been reprinted in England, is introduced.'

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL APPENDIX

No. I

POEMS FIRST PUBLISHED IN NEWSPAPERS OR PERIODICALS

The Cambridge Intelligencer.

Lines written at the King's Arms, Ross, formerly the House of the Man of Ross	Sept. 27, 1794
Absence	Oct. 11, 1794
Sonnet [Anna and Harland]	Oct. 25, 1794
Sonnet [Genevieve]	Nov. 1, 1794
To a Young Man of Fortune, &c.	Dec. 17, 1796
Ode for the Last Day of the Year, 1796	Dec. 31, 1796
Parliamentary Oscillators	Jan. 6, 1798

The Morning Chronicle.

To Fortune	Nov. 7, 1793
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