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**The works of ... Lord Byron**

The parliamentary speeches - Letter on the life of Pope ; The deformed transformed ; The vision of judgment ; The curse of Minerva

**Byron, George Gordon**

**Zwickau, 1825**

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Vol. XXX. 1) The deformed transformed, a drama. - 2) The vision of judgment. - 3) The curse of Minerva, a poem.

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THE WORKS OF LORD BYRON.

VOL. XXX.

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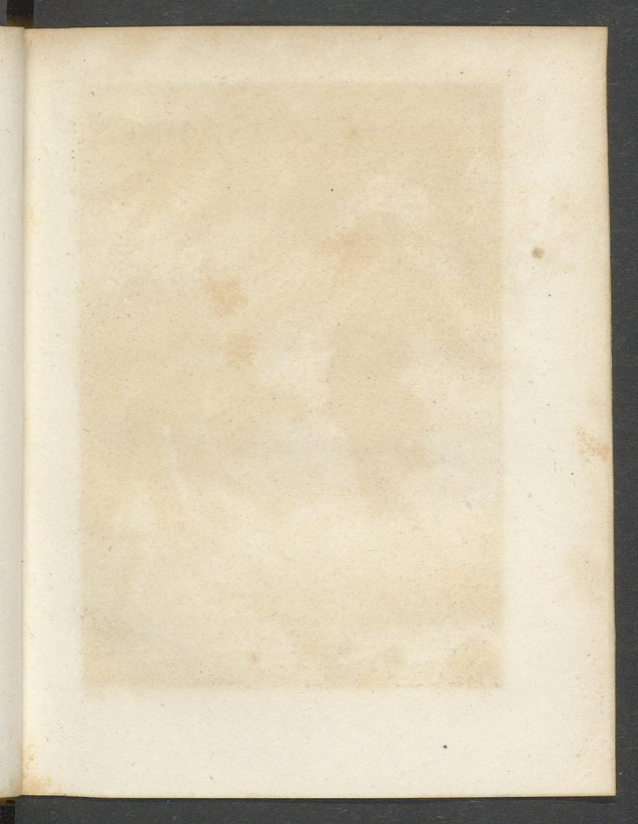
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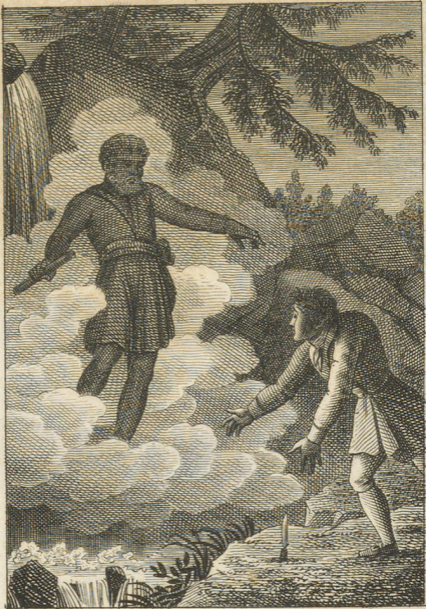
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No. 133.

THE WORKS OF LORD BYRON.

Vol. XXX.





21. 1804

THE  
W O R K S  
OF  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
L O R D B Y R O N.

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VOL. XXX.

- 1) THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED, A DRAMA. —  
2) THE VISION OF JUDGMENT. — 3) THE CURSE OF  
MINERVA, A POEM.
- 

ZWICKAU,

PRINTED FOR THE BROTHERS SCHUMANN.

1825.

THE  
O. B. K. S.

THE FIRST HONORABLE

LORD BYRON



Vol. VII

- 1) The General Introduction, a Drama
- 2) The Family of the Poet — 3) The Poet's
- M. B. A. H. P.

W. B. K. S.

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSellers

1825

*This production is founded partly on the story  
of a Novel, called "The White Brothers," by  
M. de La Harpe, and partly on the story  
of the "Famulus" by the great author. The  
present publication contains the first two Parts  
only, and the other two will be issued. The  
real story perhaps appears in the sequel.*

**THE**

**DEFORMED TRANSFORMED.**

**A DRAMA.**

THE

DEFORMED TRANSFORMED

A DRAMA

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

*This production is founded partly on the story of a Novel, called «The Three Brothers," published many years ago, from which M. G. Lewis's «Wood Demon" was also taken — and partly on the «Faust" of the great Goëthe. The present publication contains the first two Parts only, and the opening chorus of the third. The rest may perhaps appear hereafter.*

*Spirits, Soldiers, Citizens of Rome, Priests,  
Peasants, &c.*

This production is founded partly on the story  
of a Novel, called "The Three Brothers," pu-  
blished many years ago, from which M. G.  
Lewis's "Wood Demon" was also taken — and  
partly on the "Fable" of the great Goddess. The  
present publication contains the first two Parts  
only, and the opening chorus of the third. The  
rest may perhaps appear hereafter.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

---

*Stranger, afterwards Cæsar.*

*Arnold.*

*Bourbon.*

*Philibert.*

*Cellini.*

*Bertha.*

*Olimpia.*

*Spirits, Soldiers, Citizens of Rome, Priests,  
Peasants, etc.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

---

Stranger, afterwards Caesar.

Arnold.

Bowden.

Philbert.

Collin.

Bertha.

Olympia.

Spirits, Soldiers, Citizens of Rome, Friends,  
Parents, etc.

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THE  
DEFORMED TRANSFORMED.

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PART I,

SCENE I. — *A Forest.*

*Enter Arnold and his mother Bertha.*

*Bertha.*

Out, hunchback!

*Arnold.*

I was born so, mother!

*Bertha.*

Out!

Thou Incubus! Thou Nightmare! Of seven sons  
The sole abortion!

*Arnold.*

Would that I had been so,  
And never seen the light!

*Bertha.*

I would so too!  
But as thou *hast* — hence, hence — and do  
thy best.  
That back of thine may bear its burthen; 'tis  
More high, if not so broad as that of others.

*Arnold.*

It bears its burthen; — but, my heart! Will it  
Sustain that which you lay upon it, mother?  
I love, or at the least, I loved you: nothing,  
Save you, in nature, can love aught like me.  
You nursed me — do not kill me.

*Bertha.*

Yes — I nursed thee,  
Because thou wert my first-born, and I knew not  
If there would be another unlike thee,  
That monstrous sport of nature. But get hence,  
And gather wood!

*Arnold.*

I will: but when I bring it,  
Speak to me kindly. Though my brothers are  
So beautiful and lusty, and as free

As the free chase they follow, do not spurn me:  
Our milk has been the same.

*Bertha.*

As is the hedgehog's,  
Which sucks at midnight from the wholesome dam  
Of the young bull, until the milkmaid finds  
The nipple next day sore and udder dry.  
Call not thy brothers brethren! Call me not  
Mother; for if I brought thee forth, it was  
As foolish hens at times hatch vipers, by  
Sitting upon strange eggs. Out, urchin, out!

*(Exit Bertha.)*

*Arnold (solus).*

Oh mother! — She is gone, and I must do  
Her bidding; — wearily but willingly  
I would fulfil it, could I only hope  
A kind word in return. What shall I do?

*(Arnold begins to cut wood: in doing  
this he wounds one of his hands.)*

My labour for the day is over now.  
Accursed be this blood that flows so fast;  
For double curses will be my meed now  
At home. — What home? I have no home,  
no kin,  
No kind — not made like other creatures, or  
To share their sports or pleasures. Must I bleed  
too

Like them? Oh that each drop which falls to  
 earth  
 Would rise a snake to sting them, as they  
 have stung me!  
 Or that the devil, to whom they liken me,  
 Would aid his likeness! If I must partake  
 His form, why not his power? Is it because  
 I have not his will too? For one kind word  
 From her who bore me, would still reconcile me  
 Even to this hateful aspect. Let me wash  
 The wound.

*(Arnold goes to a spring and stoops to  
 wash his hand: he starts back.)*

They are right; and Nature's mirror shows me  
 What she hath made me. I will not look on it  
 Again, and scarce dare think on't. Hideous wretch  
 That I am! The very waters mock me with  
 My horrid shadow — like a demon placed  
 Deep in the fountain to scare back the cattle  
 From drinking therein. *(He pauses.)*

And shall I live on,  
 A burthen to the earth, myself, and shame  
 Unto what brought me into life? Thou blood,  
 Which flowest so freely from a scratch, let me  
 Try if thou wilt not in a fuller stream  
 Pour forth my woes for ever with thyself  
 On earth, to which I will restore at once  
 This hateful compound of her atoms, and

Resolve back to her elements, and take  
 The shape of any reptile save myself,  
 And make a world for myriads of new worms!  
 This knife! now let me prove if it will sever  
 This wither'd slip of nature's nightshade — my  
 Vile form — from the creation, as it hath  
 The green bough from the forest.

(*Arnold places the knife in the ground,  
 with the point upwards.*)

Now 'tis set,  
 And I can fall upon it. Yet one glance  
 On the fair day, which sees no foul thing like  
 Myself, and the sweet sun, which warmed me,  
 but

In vain. The birds — how joyously they sing!  
 So let them, for I would not be lamented:  
 But let their merriest notes be Arnold's knell;  
 The falling leaves my monument; the murmur  
 Of the near fountain my sole elegy.  
 Now, knife, stand firmly, as I fain would fall!

(*As he rushes to throw himself upon the  
 knife, his eye is suddenly caught by the  
 fountain, which seems in motion.*)

The fountain moves without a wind: but shall  
 The ripple of a spring change my resolve?  
 No. Yet it moves again! The waters stir,  
 Not as with air, but by some subterrane

And rocking power of the internal world.  
 What's here? A mist! No more? —

*[A cloud comes from the fountain. He stands  
 gazing upon it: it is dispelled, and a tall  
 black man comes towards him.]*

*Arnold.*

What would you? Speak!  
 Spirit or man?

*Stranger.*

As man is both, why not  
 Say both in one?

*Arnold.*

Your form is man's, and yet  
 You may be devil.

*Stranger.*

So many men are that  
 Which is so called or thought, that you may  
   add me |  
 To which you please, without much wrong to  
   either.  
 But come: you wish to kill yourself; — pursue  
 Your purpose.



*Stranger.*

Were I to taunt a buffalo with this  
 Cloven foot of thine, or the swift dromedary  
 With thy sublime of humps, the animals  
 Would revel in the compliment. And yet  
 Both beings are more swift, more strong, more  
 mighty  
 In action and endurance than thyself,  
 And all the fierce and fair of the same kind  
 With thee. Thy form is natural: 'twas only  
 Nature's mistaken largess to bestow  
 The gifts which are of others upon man.

*Arnold.*

Give me the strength then of the buffalo's foot,  
 When he spurns high the dust, beholding his  
 Near enemy; or let me have the long  
 And patient swiftness of the desert-ship,  
 The helm-less dromedary; — and I'll bear  
 Thy fiendish sarcasm with a saintly patience.

*Stranger.*

I will.

*Arnold (with surprise).*

Thou canst?

*Stranger.*

Perhaps. Would you aught else?

*Arnold.*

Thou mockest me.

*Stranger.*

Not I. Why should I mock  
What all are mocking? That's poor sport me-  
thinks.

To talk thee in human language (for  
Thou canst not yet speak mine), the forester  
Hunts not the wretched coney, but boar,  
Or wolf, or lion, leaving paltry game  
To petty burghers, who leave once a year  
Their walls, to fill their household caldrons with  
Such scullion prey. The meanest gibe at thee, —  
Now *I* can mock the mightiest.

*Arnold.*

Then waste not  
Thy time on me: I seek thee not.

*Stranger.*

Your thoughts  
Are not far from me. Do not send me back:  
I am not so easily recalled to do  
Good service.

*Arnold.*

What wilt thou do for me?

*Stranger:*

Change  
Shapes with you, if you will, since yours so  
irks you;  
Or form you to your wish in any shape.

*Arnold.*

Oh! then you are indeed the demon, for  
Nought else would wittingly wear mine.

*Stranger.*

I'll show thee  
The brightest which the world e'er bore, and  
give thee  
Thy choice.

*Arnold.*

On what condition?

*Stranger.*

There's a question  
An hour ago you would have given your soul  
To look like other men, and now you pause  
To wear the form of heroes.

*Arnold.*

No; I will not:  
I must not compromise my soul.

*Stranger.* What soul,  
Worth naming so, would dwell in such a  
carcass?

*Arnold.*

'Tis an aspiring one, whate'er the tenement  
In which it is mislodged. But name your  
compact:  
Must it be signed in blood?

*Stranger.*

Not in your own.

*Arnold.*

Whose blood then?

*Stranger.*

We will talk of that hereafter.  
But I'll be moderate with you, for I see  
Great things within you. You shall have no bond  
But your own will, no contract save your deeds.  
Are you content?

*Arnold.*

I take thee at thy word.

*Stranger.*

Now then! —

[ *The Stranger approaches the fountain, and turns to Arnold.*

A little of your blood.

*Arnold.*

For what?

*Stranger.*

To mingle with the magic of the waters,  
And make the charm effective.

*Arnold (holding out his wounded arm).*

Take it all.

*Stranger.*

Not now. A few drops will suffice for this.

[ *The Stranger takes some of Arnold's blood in his hand, and casts it into the fountain.*

Shadows of Beauty!

Shadows of Power!

Rise to your duty —

This is the hour!

Walk lovely and pliant

From the depth of this fountain,

As the cloud-shapen giant

Bestrides the Hartz mountain.\*  
 Come as ye were,  
 That our eyes may behold  
 The model in air  
 Of the form I will mould,  
 Bright as the Iris  
 When ether is spann'd; —  
 Such *his* desire is, [*Pointing to Arnold.*  
 Such my command!  
 Demons heroic —  
 Demons who wore  
 The form of the Stoic  
 Or Sophist of yore —  
 Or the shape of each Victor,  
 From Macedon's boy  
 To each high Roman's picture,  
 Who breathed to destroy —  
 Shadows of Beauty!  
 Shadows of Power!  
 Up to your duty —  
 This is the hour!

[*Various Phantoms arise from the waters,  
 and pass in succession before the Stranger  
 and Arnold.*

---

\* This is a well-known German superstition —  
 a gigantic shadow produced by reflection on  
 the Brocken.

*Arnold.*

What do I see?

*Stranger.*

The black-eyed Roman, with  
The eagle's beak between those eyes which ne'er  
Beheld a conqueror, or look'd along  
The land he made not Rome's, while Rome  
became  
His, and all theirs who heir'd his very name.

*Arnold.*

The Phantom's bald; my quest is beauty. Could I  
Inherit but his fame with his defects!

*Stranger.*

His brow was girt with laurels more than hairs.  
You see his aspect — choose it or reject.  
I can but promise you his form; his fame  
Must be long sought and fought for.

*Arnold.*

I will fight too,  
But not as a mock Cæsar. Let him pass;  
His aspect may be fair, but suits me not.

*Stranger.*

Then you are far more difficult to please  
Than Cato's sister, or than Brutus' mother,

Or Cleopatra at sixteen — an age  
 When love is not less in the eye than heart.  
 But be it so! Shadow, pass on!

[*The Phantom of Julius Cæsar disappears.*

*Arnold.*

And can it  
 Be, that the man who shook the earth is gone  
 And left no footstep?

*Stranger.*

There you err. His substance  
 Left graves enough, and woes enough, and fame  
 More than enough to track his memory;  
 But for his shadow, 'tis no more than yours,  
 Except a little longer and less crooked  
 I' the sun. Behold another!

[*A second Phantom passes.*

*Arnold.*

Who is he?

*Stranger.*

He was the fairest and the bravest of  
 Athenians. Look upon him well.

*Arnold.*

He is  
 More lovely than the last. How beautiful

*Stranger.*

Such was the curled son of Ciniás; — would'st  
 thou  
 Invest thee with his form?

*Arnold.*

Would that I had  
 Been born with it! But since I may choose fur-  
 ther,  
 I will look further.

[*The Shade of Alcibiades disappears.*

*Stranger.*

Lo! Behold again!

*Arnold.*

What! that low, swarthy, short-nosed, round-  
 eyed satyr,  
 With the wide nostrils and Silenus' aspect,  
 The splay feet and low stature! I had better  
 Remain that which I am.

*Stranger.*

And yet he was  
 The earth's perfection of all mental beauty,  
 And personification of all virtue.  
 But you reject him?

*Arnold.*

If his form could bring me  
That which redeemed it — no.

*Stranger.*

I have no power  
To promise that; but you may try, and find it  
Easier in such a form, or in your own.

*Arnold.*

No. I was not born for philosophy,  
Though I have that about me which has need  
Let him fleet on. on't.

*Stranger.*

Be air, thou hemlock-drinker!

[*The Shadow of Socrates disappears: another rises.*]

*Arnold.*

What's here? whose broad brow and whose curly  
beard

And manly aspect look like Hercules,  
Save that his jocund eye hath more of Bacchus  
Than the sad Purger of the infernal world,  
Leaning dejected on his club of conquest,  
As if he knew the worthlessness of those  
For whom he had fought.

*Stranger.*

It was the man who 'lost  
The ancient world for love.

*Arnold.*

I cannot blame him,  
Since I have risked my soul because I find not  
That which he exchanged the earth for.

*Stranger.*

Since so far  
You seem congenial, will you wear his features?

*Arnold.*

No. As you leave me choice, I am difficult,  
If but to see the heroes I should ne'er  
Have seen else on this side of the dim shore  
Whence they float back before us.

*Stranger.*

Hence, Triumvir!  
Thy Cleopatra's waiting.

[*The Shade of Anthony disappears: another  
arises.*]

*Arnold.*

Who is this?  
Who truly looketh like a demigod,  
Blooming and bright, with golden hair, and  
stature,  
If not more high than mortal, yet immortal  
In all that nameless bearing of his limbs,

Which he wears as the Sun his rays — a so-  
 mething  
 Which shines from him, and yet is but the  
 flashing  
 Emanation of a thing more glorious still:  
 Was he e'er human only?

*Stranger.*

Let the earth speak,  
 If there be atoms of him left, or even  
 Of the more solid gold that formed his urn.

*Arnold.*

Who was this Glory of mankind?

*Stranger.*

The shame  
 Of Greece in peace, her thunderbolt in war —  
 Demetrius the Macedonian and  
 Taker of cities.

*Arnold.*

Yet one shadow more.

*Stranger (addressing the Shadow).*

Get thee to Lamia's lap!

[*The Shade of Demetrius Poliorcetes vanishes:  
 another rises.*]

*Stranger.*

I'll fit you still,  
 Fear not, my Hunchback. If the shadows of  
 That which existed please not your nice taste,

I'll animate the ideal marble, till  
Your soul be reconciled to her new garment.

*Arnold.*

Content! I will fix here.

*Stranger.*

I must commend  
Your choice. The god-like son of the Sea-goddess,  
The unshorn boy of Peleus, with his locks  
As beautiful and clear as the amber waves  
Of rich Pactolus rolled o'er sands of gold,  
Softened by intervening crystal, and  
Rippled like flowing waters by the wind,  
All vowed to Sperchius as they were — behold  
them!

And *him* — as he stood by Polixena,  
With sanctioned and with softened love, before  
The altar, gazing on his Trojan bride,  
With some remorse within for Hector slain  
And Priam weeping, mingled with deep passion  
For the sweet downcast virgin, whose young  
hand

Trembled in *his* who slew her brother. So  
He stood i' the temple! Look upon him as  
Greece look'd her last upon her best, the instant  
Ere Paris' arrow flew.

*Arnold.*

I gaze upon him  
As if I were his soul, whose form shall soon  
Envelope mine.

*Stranger.*

You have done well. The greatest  
Deformity should only barter with  
The extremest beauty, if the proverb's true  
Of mortals, that extremes meet.

*Arnold.*

Come! Be quick!

I am impatient.

*Stranger.*

As a youthful beauty  
Before her glass. *You both* see what is not,  
But deem it is what must be.

*Arnold.*

Must I wait?

*Stranger.*

No; that were pity. But a word or two:  
His stature is twelve cubits: would you so far  
Outstep these times, and be a Titan? Or  
(To talk canonically) wax a Son  
Of Anak?

*Arnold.*

Why not?

*Stranger.*

Glorious ambition!

I love thee most in dwarfs! A mortal of  
Philistine stature would have gladly pared  
His own Goliath down to a slight David;  
But thou, my manikin, would'st soar a show

Rather than hero. Thou shalt be indulg'd,  
 If such be thy desire; and yet, by being  
 A little less removed from present men  
 In figure, thou canst sway them more; for all  
 Would rise against thee now, as if to hunt  
 A new found mammoth; and their cursed engines,  
 Their culverins and so forth, would find way  
 Through our friend's armour there, with greater  
 ease  
 Than the adulterer's arrow through his heel:  
 Which Thetis had forgotten to baptise  
 In Styx.

*Arnold.*

Then let it be as thou deem'st best.

*Stranger.*

Thou shalt be beauteous as the thing thou see'st,  
 And strong as what it was, and —

*Arnold.*

I ask not  
 For valour, since deformity is daring.  
 It is its essence to o'ertake mankind  
 By heart and soul, and make itself the equal—  
 Aye, the superior of the rest. There is  
 A spur in its halt movements, to become  
 All that the others cannot, in such things  
 As still are free to both, to compensate.



Which makes me lonely. Nay, I could have  
borne

It all, had not my mother spurned me from  
her.

The she-bear licks her cubs into a sort  
Of shape; — my dam beheld my shape was  
hopeless.

Had she exposed me, like the Spartan, ere  
I knew the passionate part of life, I had  
Been a clod of the valley, — happier nothing  
Than what I am. But even thus, the lowest,  
Ugliest, and meanest of mankind, what courage  
And perseverance could have done, perchance  
Had made me something — as it has made  
heroes

Of the same mould as mine. You lately saw  
me

Master of my own life, and quick to quit it;  
And he who is so, is the master of  
Whatever dreads to die.

*Stranger.*

Decide between

What you have been, or will be.

*Arnold.*

I have done so.

You have open'd brighter prospects to my eyes,  
And sweeter to my heart. As I am now,

I might be feared, admired, respected, loved  
 Of all save those next to me, of whom I  
 Would be beloved. As thou showest me  
 A choice of forms, I take the one I view.  
 Haste! haste!

*Stranger.*

And what shall *I* wear?

*Arnold.*

Who can command all forms, will choose the  
 highest,  
 Something superior even to that which was  
 Pelides now before us. Perhaps *his*  
 Who slew him, that of Paris: or—still higher—  
 The poet's God, clothed in such limbs as are  
 Themselves a Poetry.

*Stranger.*

Less will content me;  
 For I too love a change.

*Arnold.*

Your aspect is  
 Dusky, but not uncomely.

*Stranger.*

If I chose,

I might be whiter; but I have a penchant  
 For black — it is so honest, and besides  
 Can neither blush with shame nor pale with  
 fear:

But I have worn it long enough of late,  
 And now I'll take your figure.

*Arnold.*

Mine!

*Stranger.*

Yes. You  
 Shall change with Thetis' son, and I with Bertha  
 Your mother's offspring. People have their tastes;  
 You have yours — I mine.

*Arnold.*

Dispatch! dispatch!

*Stranger.*

Even so.

*(The stranger takes some earth and moulds  
 it along the turf. And then addresses  
 the Phantom of Achilles.)*

Beautiful Shadow  
 Of Thetis's boy!  
 Who sleeps in the meadow  
 Whose grass grows o'er Troy:

From the red earth, like Adam,\*  
 Thy likeness I shape,  
 As the Being who made him,  
 Whose actions I ape.  
 Thou clay, be all glowing,  
 Till the rose in his cheek  
 Be as fair as, when blowing,  
 It wears its first streak!  
 Ye violets, I scatter,  
 Now turn into eyes!  
 And thou sunshiny water,  
 Of blood take the guise!  
 Let these hyacinth boughs  
 Be his long, flowing hair,  
 And wave o'er his brows,  
 As thou wavest in air!  
 Let his heart be this marble  
 I tear from the rock!  
 But his voice as the warble  
 Of birds on yon oak!  
 Let his flesh be the purest  
 Of mould, in which grew  
 The lily-root surest,  
 And drank the best dew!  
 Let his limbs be the lightest  
 Which clay can compound!

---

\* Adam means «*red earth*,» from which the first man was formed.

And his aspect the brightest  
 On earth to be found!  
 Elements, near me,  
 Be mingled and stirred,  
 Know me, and hear me,  
 And leap to my word!  
 Sunbeams, awaken  
 This earth's animation!  
 'Tis done! He hath taken  
 His stand in Creation!

*(Arnold falls senseless; his soul passes into the shape of Achilles, which rises from the ground; while the Phantom has disappeared, part by part, as the figure was formed from the earth.)*

*Arnold (in his new form).*

I love, and I shall be beloved! Oh life!  
 At last I feel thee! Glorious spirit!

*Stranger.*

Stop!

What shall become of your abandoned garment,  
 Your hump, and lump, and clod of ugliness,  
 Which late you wore, or were?

*Arnold.*

Who cares! Let wolves  
 And vultures take it, if they will.

*Stranger.*

And if  
They do, and are not scared by it, you'll say  
It must be peace-time, and no better fare  
Abroad i' the fields.

*Arnold.*

Let us but leave it there,  
No matter what becomes on 't.

*Stranger.*

That's ungracious,  
If not ungrateful. Whatso'er it be,  
It hath sustained your soul full many a day.

*Arnold.*

Aye as the dunghill may conceal a gem  
Which is now set in gold, as jewels should be.

*Stranger.*

But if I give another form, it must be  
By fair exchange, not robbery. For they  
Who make men without women's aid, have long  
Had patents for the same, and do not love  
Your interlopers. The Devil may take men,  
Not make them, — though he reap the benefit  
Of the original workmanship: — and therefore  
Some one must be found to assume the shape  
You have quitted.

*Arnold.*

Who would do so?

*Stranger.*

That I know not,

And therefore I must.

*Arnold.*

You!

*Stranger.*

I said it ere

You inhabited your present dome of beauty.

*Arnold.*

True. I forget all things in the new joy  
Of this immortal change.

*Stranger.*

In a few moments

I will be as you were, and you shall see  
Yourself for ever by you, as your shadow.

*Arnold.*

I would be spared this.

*Stranger.*

But it cannot be.

What! shrink already, being what you are,  
From seeing what you were?

*Arnold.*

Do as thou wilt.

*Stranger (to the late form of Arnold, extended on the earth).*

Clay! not dead, but soul-less!

Though no man would choose thee,  
An immortal no less

Designs not to refuse thee.

Clay thou art; and unto spirit

All clay is of equal merit.

Fire! *without* which nought can live;Fire! but *in* which nought can live,

Save the fabled salamander,

Or immortal souls which wander,

Praying what doth not forgive,

Howling for a drop of water,

Burning in a quenchless lot:

Fire! the only element

Where nor fish, beast, bird, nor worm,

Save the worm which dieth not,

Can preserve a moment's form,

But must with thyself be blent:

Fire! man's safeguard and his slaughter:

Fire! Creation's first-born daughter,

And Destruction's threatened son,

When Heaven with the world hath done:

Fire! assist me to renew

Life in what lies in my view

Stiff and cold!  
 His resurrection rests with me and you!  
 One little, marshy spark of flame —  
 And he again shall seem the same;  
 But I his spirit's place shall hold!

(*An Ignis-fatuus flits through the wood, and rests on the brow of the body. The Stranger disappears: the body rises.*)

*Arnold (in his new form).*

Oh! horrible!

*Stranger (in Arnold's late shape).*

What! tremblest thou?

*Arnold.*

Not so —

I merely shudder. Where is fled the shape  
 Thou lately worest!

*Stranger.*

To the world of shadows.  
 But let us thread the present. Whither wilt  
 thou?

*Arnold.*

Must thou be my companion?

*Stranger.*

Wherefore not?  
Your betters keep worse company.

*Arnold.*

*My betters!*

*Stranger.*

Oh! you wax proud, I see, of your new form:  
I'm glad of that. Ungrateful too! That's well;  
You improve apace: — two changes in an in-  
stant,

And you are old in the world's ways already.  
But bear with me: indeed you'll find me useful  
Upon your pilgrimage. But come, pronounce  
Where shall we now be errant?

*Arnold.*

Where the world  
It thickest, that I may behold it in  
Its workings.

*Stranger.*

That's to say where there is war  
And woman in activity. Let's see!  
Spain — Italy — the new Atlantic world —  
Afric with all its Moors. In very truth,  
There is small choice; the whole race are just  
now  
Tugging as usual at each other's hearts.

*Arnold.*

I have heard great things of Rome.

*Stranger.*

A goodly choice —  
And scarce a better to be found on earth,  
Since Sodom was put out. The field is wide too;  
For now the Frank, and Hun, and Spanish scion  
Of the old Vandals are at play along  
The sunny shores of the world's garden.

*Arnold.*

How

Shall we proceed?

*Stranger.*

Like gallants, on good coursers.  
What ho! my chargers! Never yet were better,  
Since Phaeton was upset into the Po.  
Our Pages too!

*Enter two Pages, with four coal-black Horses.*

*Arnold.*

A noble sight!

*Stranger.*

And of

A nobler breed. Match me in Barbary,

Or your Kochlani race of Araby,  
With these!

*Arnold.*

The mighty stream, which volumes high,  
From their proud nostrils, burns the very air;  
And sparks of flame, like dancing fire-flies,  
wheel  
Around their manes, as common insects swarm  
Round common steeds towards sunset.

*Stranger.*

Mount, my Lord;  
They and I are your servitors.

*Arnold.*

And these,  
Our dark-eyed pages — what may be their names?

*Stranger.*

You shall baptise them.

*Arnold.*

What! in holy water?

*Stranger.*

Why not! The deeper sinner, better saint.

*Arnold.*

They are beautiful, and cannot, sure, be demons?

*Stranger.*

True; the Devil's always ugly; and your beauty  
Is never diabolical.

*Arnold.*

I'll call him  
Who bears the golden horn, and wears such  
bright  
And blooming aspect, *Huon*; for he looks  
Like to the lovely boy lost in the forest  
And never found till now. And for the other  
And darker, and more thoughtful, who smi-  
les not,  
But looks as serious though serene as night,  
He shall be *Memnon*, from the Ethiop king  
Whose statue turns a harper once a day.  
And you?

*Stranger.*

I have ten thousand names, and twice  
As many attributes; but as I wear  
A human shape, will take a human name.

*Arnold.*

More human than the shape (though it was  
mine once)  
I trust.

*Stranger.*

Then call me *Cæsar*.

*Arnold.*

Why, that name  
Belongs to empires, and has been but borne  
By the world's Lords.

*Stranger.*

And there fore fittest for  
The Devil in disguise — since so you deem me,  
Unless you call me Pope instead.

*Arnold.*

Well then,  
Cæsar thou shalt be. For myself, my name  
Shall be plain Arnold still.

*Cæsar.*

We'll add a title —  
«Count Arnold:» it hath no ungracious sound,  
And will look well upon a billet-doux.

*Arnold.*

Or in an order for a battle-field.

*Cæsar sings.*

To horse! to horse! my coal-black steed  
Paws the ground and snuffs the air!  
There's not a foal of Arab's breed  
More knows whom he must bear!  
On the hill he will not tire,  
Swifter as it waxes higher;

In the marsh he will not slacken,  
 On the plain he overtaken;  
 In the wave he will not sink,  
 Nor pause at the brook's side to drink;  
 In the race he will not pant,  
 In the combat he'll not faint;  
 On the stones he will not stumble,  
 Time nor toil shall make him humble;  
 In the stall he will not stiffen,  
 But be winged as a Griffin,  
 Only flying with his feet:  
 And will not such a voyage be sweet?  
 Merrily! merrily! never unsound,  
 Shall our bonny black horses skim over the  
 ground!  
 From the Alps to the Caucasus, ride we, or fly!  
 For we'll leave them behind in the glance of  
 an eye.

*[ They mount their horses, and disappear.*

## SCENE II.

*A Camp before the Walls of Rome.*

*Arnold and Cæsar.*

*Cæsar.*

You are well entered now.

*Arnold.*

Aye; but my path  
Has been o'er carcasses: mine eyes are full  
Of blood.

*Cæsar.*

Then wipe them, and see clearly. Why!  
Thou art a conqueror; the chosen knight  
And free companion of the gallant Bourbon,  
Late Constable of France; and now to be  
Lord of the city which hath been Earth's lord  
Under its Emperors, and — changing sex,  
Not sceptre, an hermaphrodite of empire —  
*Lady* of the Old World.

*Arnold.*

How *old*? What! are there  
New worlds?

*Cæsar.*

To *you*. You'll find there are such shortly,  
By its rich harvests, new disease, and gold;  
From one *half* of the world named a *whole*  
new one,  
Because you know no better than the dull  
And dubious notice of your eyes and ears.

*Arnold.*

I'll trust them.

*Cæsar.*

Do! They will deceive you sweetly,  
And that is better than the bitter truth.

*Arnold.*

Dog!

*Cæsar.*

Man!

*Arnold.*

Devil!

*Cæsar.*

Your obedient, humble servant.

*Arnold.*

Say *Master* rather. Thou hast lured me on,  
Through scenes of blood and lust, still I am here.

*Cæsar.*

And where would'st thou be?

*Arnold.*

Oh, at peace — in peace!

*Cæsar.*

And where is that which is so? From the star  
To the winding worm, all life is motion; and  
In life *commotion* is the extremest point  
Of life. The planet wheels till it becomes



Of joy (as once of torture unto him,  
God and God's Son, man's sole and only refuge).

*Cæsar.*

'Tis there, and shall be.

*Arnold.*

What?

*Cæsar.*

The Crucifix

Above, and many altar shrines below.  
Also some culverins upon the walls,  
And harquebusses, and what not, besides  
The men who are to kindle them to death  
Of other men.

*Arnold.*

And those scarce mortal arches,  
Pile above pile of everlasting wall,  
The theatre where emperors and their subjects  
(Those subjects *Romans*) stood at gaze upon  
The battles of the monarchs of the wild  
And wood, the lion and his tusky rebels  
Of the then untamed desert, brought to joust  
In the arena; (as right well they might,  
When they had left no human foe unconquered;)  
Made even the forest pay its tribute of  
Life to their amphitheatre, as well

As Dacia men to die the eternal death  
 For a sole instant's pastime, and «Pass on  
 To a new gladiator!» — Must it fall?

*Cæsar.*

The city or the amphitheatre?  
 The church, or one, or all? for you confound  
 Both them and me.

*Arnold.*

To-morrow sounds the assault  
 With the first cock-crow.

*Cæsar.*

Which, if it end with  
 The evening's first nightingale, will be  
 Something new in the annals of great sieges:  
 For men must have their prey after long toil.

*Arnold.*

The Sun goes down as calmly, and perhaps  
 More beautifully, than he did on Rome  
 On the day Remus leapt her wall.

*Cæsar.*

I saw him.

*Arnold.*

You!

*Cæsar.*

Yes, sir. You forget I am or was  
 Spirit, till I took up with your cast shape  
 And a worse name. I'm Cæsar and a hunch-  
 back

Now. Well! the first of Cæsars was a bald-  
 head,

And loved his laurels better as a wig  
 (So history says) than as glory. Thus  
 The world runs on, but we'll be merry still.  
 I saw your Romulus (simple as I am  
 Slay his own twin, quick-born of the same  
 womb,

Because he leapt a ditch ('twas then no wall,  
 Whate'er it now be); and Rome's earliest  
 cement

Was brother's blood; and if its native blood  
 Be spilt till the choked Tiber be as red  
 As e'er 'twas yellow, it will never wear  
 The deep hue of the Ocean and the Earth,  
 Which the great robber sons of Fratricide  
 Have made their never-ceasing scene of slaughter  
 For ages.

*Arnold.*

But what have these done, their far  
 Remote descendants, who have lived in peace,  
 The peace of heaven, and in her sushine of  
 Piety?

*Cæsar.*

And what had *they* done, whom the old  
Romans o'erswept? — Hark!

*Arnold.*

They are soldiers singing  
A reckless roundelay, upon the eve  
Of many deaths, it may be of their own.

*Cæsar.*

And why should they not sing as well as swans?  
They are black ones, to be sure;

*Arnold.*

So, you are learn'd,  
I see, too.

*Cæsar.*

In my grammar, certes. I  
Was educated for a monk of all times,  
And once I was well versed in the forgotten  
Etruscan letters, and — were I so minded —  
Could make their hieroglyphics plainer than  
Your alphabet.

*Arnold.*

And wherefore do you not?

*Cæsar.*

It answers better to resolve the alphabet  
 Back into hieroglyphics. Like your statesman,  
 And prophet, pontiff, doctor, alchymist,  
 Philosopher, and what not, they have built  
 More Babels without new dispersion, than  
 The stammering young ones of the Flood's dull  
 ooze,  
 Who failed and fled each other. Why? why,  
 marry,  
 Because no man could understand his neighbour.  
 They are wiser now, and will not separate  
 For nonsense. Nay, it is their brotherhood,  
 Their Shibboleth, their Koran, Talmud, their  
 Cabala; their best brick-work wherewithal  
 They build more —

*Arnold.*

(interrupting him).

Oh, thou everlasting sneerer!  
 Be silent! How the soldiers' rough strain seems  
 Softened by distance to a hymn-like cadence!  
 Listen!

*Cæsar.*

Yes. I have heard the Angels sing.

*Arnold.*

And Demons howl.

*Caesar.*

And Man too. Let us listen:

I love all music.

*Song of the Soldiers within.*

The Black Bands came over  
 The Alps and their snow,  
 With Bourbon, the rover,  
 They past the broad Po.  
 We have beaten all foemen,  
 We have captured a king,  
 We have turned back on no men,  
 And so let us sing!  
 Here's the Bourbon for ever!  
 Though penniless all,  
 We'll have one more endeavour  
 At yonder old wall.  
 With the Bourbon we'll gather  
 At day-dawn before  
 The gates, and together  
 Or break or climb o'er  
 The wall: on the ladder  
 As mounts each firm foot,  
 Our shout shall grow gladder,  
 And death only be mute.  
 With the Bourbon we'll mount o'er  
 The walls of old Rome,

And who then shall coun't o'er  
 The spoils of each dome?  
 Up! up! with the lily!  
 And down with the keys!  
 In old Rome, the Seven-hilly,  
 We'll revel at ease.  
 Her streets shall be gory,  
 Her Tiber all red,  
 And her temples so hoary  
 Shall clang with our tread.  
 Oh, the Bourbon! the Bourbon!  
 The Bourbon for aye!  
 Of our song bear the burthen!  
 And fire, fire away!  
 With Spain for the vanguard,  
 Our varied host comes?  
 And next to the Spaniard  
 Beat Germany's drums;  
 And Italy's lances  
 Are couched at their mother;  
 But our leader from France is,  
 Who warred with his brother.  
 Oh, the Bourbon! the Bourbon!  
 Sans country or home,  
 We'll follow the Bourbon,  
 To plunder old Rome.

*Cæsar.*

An indifferent song  
For those within the walls, methinks, to hear.

*Arnold.*

Yes, if they keep to their chorus. But here  
comes  
The General with his chiefs and men of trust.  
A goodly rebel!

*Enter the Constable Bourbon, "cum suis,"*  
*etc. etc. etc.*

*Philibert.*

How now, noble Prince,  
You are not cheerful?

*Bourbon.*

Why should I be so?

*Philibert.*

Upon the eve of conquest, such as ours,  
Most men would be so.

*Bourbon.*

If I were secure!

*Philibert.*

Doubt not our soldiers. Were the walls of adamant,  
They'd crack them. Hunger is a sharp artillery.

*Bourbon.*

That they will falter is my least of fears.  
That they will be repulsed, with Bourbon for  
Their chief, and all their kindled appetites  
To marshal them on — were those hoary walls  
Mountains, and those who guard them like the  
Gods  
Of the old fables, I would trust my Titans; —  
But now —

*Philibert.*

They are but men who war with mortals.

*Bourbon.*

True: but those walls have girded in great ages,  
And sent forth mighty spirits. The past earth  
And present Phantom of imperious Rome  
Is peopled with those warriors; and methinks  
They flit along the eternal city's rampart,  
And stretch their glorious, gory, shadowy hands,  
And beckon me away!

*Philibert.*

So let them! Wilt thou  
Turn back from shadowy menaces of shadows?



*Bourbon.*

A thousand years have manned the walls  
 With all their heroes, — the last Cato stands  
 And tear his bowels, rather than survive  
 The liberty of that I would enslave.  
 And the first Cæsar with his triumphs flits  
 From battlement to battlement.

*Philibert.*

Then conquer  
 The walls for which he conquered, and be greater!

*Bourbon.*

True: so I will, or perish.

*Philibert.*

You can not.  
 In such an enterprise to die is rather  
 The dawn of an eternal day, than death.

*Count Arnold and Cæsar advance.*

*Cæsar.*

And the mere men — do they too sweat beneath  
 The noon of this same ever-scorching glory?

*Bourbon.*

Ah!  
 Welcome the bitter Hunchback! and his Master,

The beauty of our host, and brave as beauteous,  
 And generous as lovely. We shall find  
 Work for you both ere morning.

*Cæsar.*

You will find,  
 So please your Highness, no less for yourself.

*Bourbon.*

And if I do, there, will not be a labourer  
 More forward, Hunchback!

*Cæsar.*

You may well say so,  
 For *you* have seen that back — as general,  
 Placed in the rear in action — but your foes  
 Have never seen it.

*Bourbon.*

That's a fair retort,  
 For I provoked it: — but the Bourbon's breast  
 Has been, and ever shall be, far advanced  
 In danger's face as yours, were you the *Devil*.

*Cæcar.*

And if I were, I might have saved myself  
 The toil of coming here.

*Philibert.*

Why so?

*Cæsar.*

One half

Of your brave bands of their own bold accord  
Will go to him, the other half be sent,  
More swiftly, not less surely.

*Bourbon.*

Arnold, your

Slight crooked friend's as snake-like in his  
words

As his deeds.

*Cæsar.*

Your Highness much mistakes me.  
The first snake was a flatterer — I am none;  
And for my deeds, I only sting when stung.

*Bourbon.*

You are brave, and that's enough for me; and  
quick  
In speech as sharp in action — and that's more.  
I am not alone a soldier, but the soldiers'  
Comrade.

*Cæsar.*

They are but bad company, your Highness;  
And worse even for their friends than foes, as  
being  
More permanent acquaintance.

*Philibert.*

How now, fellow!  
Thou waxest insolent, beyond the privilege  
Of a buffoon.

*Cæsar.*

You mean, I speak the truth.  
I'll lie — it is as easy: then you'll praise me  
For calling you a hero.

*Bourbon.**Philibert!*

Let him alone; he's brave, and ever has  
Been first with that swart face and mountain  
shoulder

In field or storm, and patient in starvation;  
And for his tongue, the camp is full of licence,  
And the sharp stinging of a lively rogue  
Is, to my mind, far preferable to

The gross, dull, heavy, gloomy execration  
Of a mere famished, sullen, grumbling slave,  
Whom nothing can convince save a full meal,  
And wine, and sleep, and a few maravedis,  
With which he deems him rich.

*Cæsar.*

It would be well  
If the Earth's princes asked no more.

*Bourbon.*

Be silent!

*Cæsar.*

Aye, but not idle. Work yourself with words!  
You have few to speak.

*Philibert.*

What means the audacious prater?

*Cæsar*

To prate, like other prophets.

*Bourbon.*

Philibert!

Why will you vex him? Have we not enough  
To think on? Arnold! I will lead the attack  
To-morrow.

*Arnold.*

I have heard as much, my Lord.

*Bourbon.*

And you will follow?

*Arnold.*

Since I must not lead.



*Bourbon.*

That which it was;

*Cæsar.*

In Alaric's time?

*Bourbon.*

No, slave! In the first Cæsar's,  
Whose name you bear like other curs.

*Cæsar.*

And kings.

'Tis a great name for bloodhounds.

*Bourbon.*

There's a demon

In that fierce rattle-snake thy tongue. Wilt never  
Be serious?

*Cæsar.*

On the eve of battle, no; —

That were not soldier-like. 'Tis for the General  
To be more pensive: we adventurers  
Must be more cheerful. Wherefore should we  
think?

Our tutelar deity, in a leader's shape,  
Takes care of us. Keep thought aloof from hosts!  
If the knaves take to thinking, you will have  
To crack those walls alone.

*Bourbon.*

You may sneer, since  
'Tis lucky for you that you fight no worse for't.

*Cæsar.*

I thank you for the freedom; 'tis the only  
Pay I have taken in your Highness' service.

*Bourbon.*

Well, sir, to-morrow you shall pay yourself.  
Look on those towers; they hold my treasury.  
But, Philibert, we'll in to council. Arnold,  
We would request your presence.

*Arnold.*

Prince! my service  
Is yours, as in the field.

*Bourbon.*

In both, we prize it,  
And yours will be a post of trust at day-break.

*Cæsar.*

And mine?

*Bourbon.*

To follow glory with the Bourbon.  
Good night!

*Arnold (to Cæsar).*

Prepare our armour for the assault,  
And wait within my tent.

*(Ezeunt Bourbon, Arnold, Philibert, etc.*

*Cæsar (solus).*

Within thy tent!  
Think'st thou that I pass from thee with my presence?

Or that this crooked coffer, which contained  
Thy principle of life, is aught to me  
Except a mask? And these are Men, forsooth!  
Heroes and chiefs, the flower of Adam's bastards!  
This is the consequence of giving Matter  
The power of Thought. It is a stubborn substance,

And thinks chaotically, as it acts,  
Ever relapsing into its first elements.

Well! I must play with these poor puppets:  
'tis

The Spirit's pastime in his idler hours.

When I grow weary of it, I have business  
Amongst the stars, which these poor creatures  
deem

Were made for them to look at. 'Twere a jest  
now

To bring one down amongst them, and set  
fire

Unto their ant hill: how the pismires then  
 Would scamper o'er the scalding soil, and, cea-  
 sing  
 From tearing down each others' nests, pipe forth  
 One universal orison! Ha! ha! (*Exit Cæsar.*)

PART III

SCENE I

Before the Palace of Rome, The annual  
 exam in motion, with leaders to scatter  
 walks, however, with a white staff over his  
 without, forgoes

the horse of spirits in the air

'Tis the more, but dim and dark  
 Whither flies the silent fates?  
 Whither strikes the clouded sun?  
 Is the day faded before?  
 Nature's eye is dimly  
 O'er the city and holy  
 But without there is a day  
 Should move the stars, which  
 And revive the people when  
 Round which yellow fibres

## P A R T II.

## S C E N E I.

*Before the Walls of Rome. The assault; the army in motion, with ladders to scale the walls; BOURBON, with a white scarf over his armour, foremost.*

*Chorus of Spirits in the air.*

1.

'Tis the morn, but dim and dark.  
Whither flies the silent lark?  
Whither shrinks the clouded sun?  
Is the day indeed begun?  
Nature's eye is melancholy  
O'er the city high and holy:  
But without there is a din  
Should arouse the Saints within,  
And revive the heroic ashes  
Round which yellow Tiber dashes.

Oh ye seven hills! awaken,  
Ere your very base be shaken!

## 2.

Hearken to the steady stamp!  
Mars is in their every tramp!  
Not a step is out of tune,  
As the tides obey the moon!  
On they march, though to self-slaughter,  
Regular as rolling water,  
Whose high waves o'ersweep the border  
Of huge moles, but keep their order,  
Breaking only rank by rank.  
Hearken to the armour's clank!  
Look down o'er each frowning warrior,  
How he glares upon the barrier:  
Look on each step of each ladder,  
As the stripes that streak an adder.

## 3.

Look upon the bristling wall,  
Mann'd without an interval!  
Round and round, and tier on tier,  
Cannon's black mouth, shining spear,  
Lit match, bell-mouth'd musquetoon,  
Gaping to be murderous soon.

All the warlike gear of old,  
 Mix'd with what we now behold,  
 In this strife 'twixt old and new,  
 Gather like a locusts' crew.  
 Shade of Remus! 'tis a time  
 Awful as thy brother's crime!  
 Christians war against Christ's shrine: —  
 Must its lot be like to thine?

4:

Near — and near — nearer still,  
 As the earthquake saps the hill,  
 First with trembling, hollow motion,  
 Like a scarce-awaken'd ocean,  
 Then with stronger shock and louder,  
 Till the rocks are crush'd to powder, —  
 Onward sweeps the rolling host!  
 Heroes of the immortal boast!  
 Mighty Chiefs! Eternal Shadows!  
 First flowers of the bloody meadows  
 Which encompass Rome, the mother  
 Of a people without brother!  
 Will you sleep when nations' quarrels  
 Plough the root up of your laurels?  
 Ye who wept o'er Carthage burning,  
 Weep not — *strike!* for Rome is mourning!<sup>1</sup>

---

\* Scipio, the second Africanus, is said to

## 5.

Onward sweep the varied nations!  
 Famine long hath dealt their rations.  
 To the wall, with Hate and Hunger,  
 Numerous as wolves, and stronger,  
 On they sweep. Oh! glorious city,  
 Must thou be a theme for pity!  
 Fight, like your first sire, each Roman!  
 Alaric was a gentle foeman,  
 Match'd with Bourbon's black banditti!  
 Rouse thee, thou eternal City!  
 Rouse thee! Rather give the porch  
 With thy own hand to thy torch,  
 Than behold such hosts pollute  
 Your worst dwelling with their foot.

## 6.

Ah! behold yon bleeding Spectre!  
 Ilion's children find no Hector;  
 Priam's offspring loved their brother;  
 Roma's sire forgot his mother,  
 When he slew his gallant twin,  
 With inexpiable sin.

---

have repeated a verse of Homer and wept  
 o'er the burning of Carthage. He had better  
 have granted it a capitulation.

See the giant Shadow stride  
 O'er the ramparts high and wide!  
 When he first o'erleapt thy wall,  
 Its foundation mourn'd thy fall.  
 Now, though towering like a Babel,  
 Who to stop his steps are able?  
 Stalking o'er thy highest dome,  
 Remus claims his vengeance, Rome!

## 7.

Now they reach thee in their anger:  
 Fire, and smoke, and hellish clangor  
 Are around thee, thou world's Wonder!  
 Death is in thy walls and under.  
 Now the meeting steel first clashes;  
 Downward then the ladder crashes,  
 With its iron load all gleaming,  
 Lying at its foot blaspheming!  
 Up again! for every warrior  
 Slain, another climbs the barrier.  
 Thicker grows the strife: thy ditches  
 Europe's mingling gore enriches.  
 Rome! Although thy wall may perish,  
 Such manure thy fields will cherish,  
 Making gay the harvest-home;  
 But thy hearths, alas! oh, Rome! —

Yet be Rome amidst thine anguish,  
Fight as thou wast wont to vanquish!

## 8.

Yet once more, ye old Penates!  
Let not your quenched hearths be Ate's!  
Yet again, ye shadowy heroes,  
Yield not to these stranger Neroes!  
Though the Son who slew his mother,  
Shed Rome's blood, he was your brother:  
'Twas the Roman curb'd the Roman; —  
Brennus was a baffled foeman.  
Yet again, ye Saints and Martyrs,  
Rise, for yours are holier charters.  
Mighty Gods of temples falling,  
Yet in ruin still appalling!  
Mightier founders of those altars,  
True and Christian, — strike the assaulters!  
Tiber! Tiber! let thy torrent  
Show even Nature's self abhorrent.  
Let each breathing heart dilated  
Turn, as doth the lion baited!  
Rome be crush'd to one wide tomb,  
But be still the Roman's Rome!

*Bourbon, Arnold, Cæsar, and others, arrive at the foot of the wall. Arnold is about to plant his ladder.*

*Bourbon.*

Hold, Arnold! I am first.

*Arnold.*

Not so, my Lord.

*Bourbon.*

Hold, sir, I charge you! Follow! I am proud  
Of such a follower, but will brook no leader.

*(Bourbon plants his ladder, and begins to mount.)*

Now, boys! On! on!

*(A shot strikes him, and Bourbon falls.)*

*Cæsar.*

And off!

*Arnold.*

Eternal powers!  
The host will be appalled. — But vengeance!  
vengeance!

*Bourbon.*

'Tis nothing — lend me your hand.

(*Bourbon takes Arnold by the hand and rises; but as he puts his foot on the step, falls again.*)

Arnold! I am sped.  
Conceal my fall — all will go well — conceal it!  
Fling my cloak o'er what will be dust anon;  
Let not the soldiers see it.

*Arnold.*

You must be  
Removed; the aid of —

*Bourbon.*

No, my gallant boy;  
Death is upon me. But what is *one* life?  
The Bourbon's spirit shall command them still.  
Keep them yet ignorant that I am but clay,  
Till they are conquerors — then do as you may.

*Cæsar.*

Would not your Highness choose to kiss the  
cross?  
We have no priest here, but the hilt of sword  
May serve instead: — it did the same for Bayard.

*Bourbon.*

Thou bitter slave! to name *him* at this time!  
But I deserve it.

*Arnold (to Cæsar.)*

Villain, hold your peace!

*Cæsar.*

What, when a Christian dies? Shall I not offer  
A Christian «Vade in pace?»

*Arnold.*

Silence! Oh!

Those eyes are glazing, which o'erlook'd the  
world,

And saw no equal.

*Bourbon.*

Arnold, should'st thou see  
France — But hark! hark! the assault grows  
warmer — Oh!  
For but an hour, a minute more of life  
To die within the wall! Hence, Arnold! hence!  
You lose time — they will conquer Rome  
without thee.

*Arnold.*

And without thee!

*Bourbon.*

Not so; I'll lead them still  
In spirit. Cover up my dust, and breathe not  
That I have ceased to breathe. Away! and be  
Victorious!

*Arnold.*

But I must not leave thee thus.

*Bourbon.*

You must — farewell — Up! up! the world is  
winning.

*(Bourbon dies.)*

*Cæsar (to Arnold).*

Come, Count, to business.

*Arnold.*

True. I'll weep hereafter.

*(Arnold covers Bourbon's body with a mantle  
and mounts the ladder, crying*

The Bourbon! Bourbon! On boys! Rome is  
ours!

*Cæsar.*

Good night, Lord Constable! thou wert a man.

*(Cæsar follows Arnold; they reach the battle-  
ment;*

*Arnold and Cæsar are struck down.*

A precious somerset! Is your Countship injured?

*Arnold.*

No.

*(Remounts the ladder.*

*Cæsar.*

A rare blood-hound, when his own is heated!  
 And 'tis no boy's play. Now he strikes them down!  
 His hand is on the battlement — he grasps it  
 As though it were an altar; now his foot  
 Is on it, and — What have we here, a Roman?

(*A man falls.*

The first bird of the covey! he has fall'n  
 On the outside of the nest. Why, how, now,  
 fellow?

*The wounded Man.*

A drop of water!

*Cæsar.*

Blood's the only liquid  
 Nearer than Tiber.

*Wounded Man.*

I have died for Rome. (*Dies.*

*Cæsar.*

And so did Bourbon, in another sense.  
 Oh these immortal men! and their great motives!  
 But I must after my young charge. He is  
 By this time i' the forum. Charge! charge!

(*Cæsar mounts the ladder; the scene closes.*

## SCENE II.

*The City. — Combats between the Besiegers and Besieged in the streets. Inhabitants flying in confusion.*

*Enter Cæsar.*

*Cæsar.*

I cannot find my hero; he is mixed  
With the heroic crowd that now pursue  
The fugitives, or battle with the desperate.  
What have we here? A Cardinal or two  
That do not seem in love with martyrdom.  
How the old red-shanks scamper! Could they  
doff

Their hose as they have doffed their hats,  
'twould be

A blessing, as a mark the less for plunder.  
But let them fly, the crimson kennels now  
Will not much stain their stockings, since the  
mire

Is of the self-same purple hue.

*Enter a party fighting — Arnold at the head of the Besiegers.*

He comes,  
Hand in hand with the mild twins — Gore  
and Glory.

Holla! hold, Count!

*Arnold.*

Away! they must not rally.

*Cæsar.*

I tell thee, be not rash; a golden bridge  
Is for a flying enemy. I gave thee  
A form of beauty, and an  
Exemption from some maladies of body,  
But not of mind, which is not mine to give.  
But though I gave the form of Thetis' son,  
I dipt thee not in Stix; and 'gainst a foe  
I would not warrant thy chivalric heart  
More than Pelides' heel; why then, be cautious;  
And know thyself a mortal still.

*Arnold.*

And who  
With aught of soul would combat if he were  
Invulnerable? That were pretty sport.  
Think'st thou I beat for hares when lions roar?

*(Arnold rushes into the combat.)*

*Cæsar.*

A precious sample of humanity!  
Well, his blood's up, and if a little's shed,  
'Twill serve to curb his fever.

(*Arnold engages with a Roman, who retires towards a portico.*)

*Arnold.*

Yield thee, slave!

I promise quarter.

*Roman.*

That's soon said.

*Arnold.*

And done —

My word is known.

*Roman.*

So shall be my deeds.

(*They re-engage. Cæsar comes forward,*

*Cæsar.*

Why, Arnold! Hold thine own; thou hast in  
hand

A famous artizan, a cunning Sculptor;

Also a dealer in the sword and dagger.

Not so, my musqueteer; 'twas he who slew

The Bourbon from the wall.

*Arnold.*

Aye, did he so?

Then he hath carved his monument.

*Roman.*

I yet

May live to carve your betters.

*Cæsar.*

Well said, my man of marble! Benvenuto,  
Thou hast some practice in both ways; and he  
Who slays Cellini, will have work'd as hard  
As e'er thou didst upon Carrara's blocks.

(*Arnold disarms and wounds Cellini, but  
slightly; the latter draws a pistol and  
fires; then retires and disappears through  
the portico.*)

*Cæsar.*

How farest thou? Thou hast a taste, methinks,  
Of red Bellona's banquet.

*Arnold (staggers).*

'Tis a scratch.

Lend me thy scarf. He shall not not 'scape me  
thus.

*Cæsar:*

Where is it?

*Arnold.*

In the shoulder, not the sword arm —  
And that's enough. I am thirsty: would I had  
A helm of water!

*Cæsar.*

That's a liquid now  
In requisition, but by no means easiest  
To come at.

*Arnold.*

And my thirst increases; — but  
I'll find a way to quench it.

*Cæsar.*

Or be quench'd  
Thyself?

*Arnold.*

The chance is even; we will throw  
The dice thereon. But I lose time in prating;  
Prithee be quick. *Cæsar binds on the scarf.*  
And what do'st thou so idly?  
Why dost not strike?

*Cæsar.*

Your old philosophers  
Beheld mankind, as mere spectators of  
The Olympic games. When I behold a prize  
Worth wrestling for, I may be found a Milo.

*Arnold.*

Aye, 'gainst an oak.



## SCENE III.

*St. Peter's. The Interior of the Church.  
The Pope at the Altar. Priests, etc. crowd-  
ing in confusion, and Citizens flying for  
refuge, pursued by Soldiery. — Enter Cæsar.*

*A Spanish Soldier.*

Down with them, comrades seize upon those lamps!  
Cleave yon bald-pated shaveling to the chine!  
His rosary's of gold!

*Lutheran Soldier.*

Revenge! Revenge!  
Plunder hereafter, but for vengeance now —  
Yonder stands Anti-Christ!

*Cæsar (interposing).*

How now, Schismatic!  
What would'st thou?

*Lutheran Soldier.*

In the holy name of Christ,  
Destroy proud Anti-Christ. I am a Christian.

*Cæsar.*

Yea, a disciple that would make the Founder

Of your belief renounce it, could he see  
Such proselytes. Best stint thyself to plunder.

*Lutheran Soldier.*

I say he is the Devil.

*Cæsar.*

Hush! keep that secret,  
Lest he should recognize you for his own.

*Lutheran Soldier.*

Why would you save him? I repeat he is  
The Devil, or the Devil's Vicar upon Earth.

*Cæsar.*

And that's the reason; would you make a quarrel  
With your best friends? You had far best be  
quiet;  
His hour is not yet come.

*Lutheran Soldier.*

That shall be seen!

(*The Lutheran Soldier rushes forward; a  
shot strikes him from one of the Pope's  
Guard's, and he falls at the foot of the Altar.*)

*Cæsar (to the Lutheran):*

I told you so,

*Lutheran Soldier.*

And will you not avenge me?

*Cæsar.*

Not I! You know that «Vengeance is the Lord's:»  
You see he loves no interlopers.

*Lutheran (dying).*

Oh!

Had I but slain him, I had gone on high,  
Crowned with eternal glory! Heaven, forgive  
My feebleness of arm that reach'd him not,  
And take thy servant to thy mercy. 'Tis  
A glorious triumph still; proud Babylon's  
No more; the Harlot of the Seven Hills  
Hath changed her scarlet raiment for sackcloth  
And ashes!

*(The Lutheran dies.)*

*Cæsar:*

Yes, thine own amidst the rest.  
Well done, old Babel!

*(The Guards defend themselves desperately,  
while the Pontiff escapes, by a private pas-  
sage, to the Vatican and the Castle of St.  
Angelo.)*

*Cæsar.*

Ha! right nobly battled!

Now, Priest! now, Soldier! the two great professions,  
 Together by the ears and hearts! I have not  
 Seen a more comic pantomime since Titus  
 Took Jewry. But the Romans had the best then;  
 Now they must take their turn.

*Soldiers.*

He hath escaped!

Follow;

*Another Soldier.*

They have barred the narrow passage up,  
 And it is clogged with dead even to the door.

*Cæsar.*

I am glad he hath escaped: he may thank me  
 for't

In part. I would not have his Bulls abolished—  
 'Twere worth one half our empire: his Indul-  
 gences

Demand some in return; — no, no, he must  
 not

Fall; — and besides, his now escape may  
 furnish

A future miracle, in future proof  
 Of his infallibility. (*To the Spanish Soldiery*

Well, Cut-throats!

What do you pause for? If you make not haste,

There will not be a link of pious gold left.  
 And *you* too, Catholics! Would ye return  
 From such a pilgrimage without a relic?  
 The very Lutherans have more true devotion:  
 See how they strip the shrines!

*Soldier.*

By holy Peter!  
 He speaks the truth; the heretics will bear  
 The best away.

*Cæsar.*

And that were shame! Go to!  
 Assist in their conversion.  
 (*The Soldiers disperse; many quit the Church,  
 others enter.*)

*Cæsar.*

They are gone,  
 And others come: so flows the wave on wave  
 Of what these creatures call eternity,  
 Deeming themselves the breakers of the ocean,  
 While they are but its bubbles, ignorant  
 That foam is their foundation. So, another!

*Enter Olimpia, flying from the pursuit —  
 She springs upon the Altar.*

*Soldier.*

She's mine.

*Another Soldier (opposing the former.)*

You lie, I track'd her first; and, were she  
The Pope's niece, I'll not yield her. (*They fight.*)

*Third Soldier (advancing towards Olimpia).*

You may settle  
Your claims; I'll make mine good.

*Olimpia.*

Infernal slave!

You touch me not alive.

*Third Soldier.*

Alive or dead!

*Olimpia (embracing a massive crucifix).*

Respect your God!

*Third Soldier.*

Yes, when he shines in gold.  
Girl, you but grasp your dowry.

(*As he advances, Olimpia, with a strong  
and sudden effort, casts down the crucifix;  
it strikes the Soldier, who falls.*)

*Third Soldier.*

Oh, great God!

*Olimpia.*

Ah! now you recognize him.

*Third Soldier.*

My brain's crushed!  
Comrades, help ho! All's darkness! (*He dies.*)

*Other Soldiers (coming up).*

Slay her, although she had a thousand lives:  
She hath killed our comrade.

*Olimpia.*

Welcome such a death!  
You have no life to give, which the worst slave  
Would take. Great God! though thy redeeming  
Son,  
And thy Son's Mother, now receive me as  
I would approach thee, worthy her, and him,  
and thee!

*Enter Arnold.**Arnold.*

What do I see? Accursed Jackalls!  
Forbear!

*Cæsar (aside and laughing).*

Ha! ha! here's equity! The dogs  
Have as much right as he. But to the issue!

*Soldiers.*

Count, she hath slain our comrade.

*Arnold.*

With what weapon?

*Soldier.*

The cross, beneath which he is crushed; behold  
 him  
 Lie there, more like a worm than man; she  
 cast it  
 Upon his head.

*Arnold.*

Even so; there is a woman  
 Worthy a brave man's liking. Were ye such,  
 Ye would have honoured her. But get ye hence,  
 And thank your meanness, other God you have  
 none,  
 For your existence. Had you touched a hair  
 Of those dishevelled locks, I would have thinned  
 Your ranks more than the enemy. Away!  
 Ye Jackalls! gnaw the bones the lion leaves,  
 But not even these till he permits.

*A Soldier (murmuring).*

The Lion  
 Might conquer for himself then.

*Arnold (cuts him down).*

Mutineer!

Rebel in Hell — you shall obey on earth!

*(The Soldiers assault Arnold.*

*Arnold.*

Come on! I'm glad on't! I will show you,  
slaves,

How you should be commanded, and who led  
you

First o'er the wall you were as shy to scale,  
Until I waved my banners from its height,  
As you are bold within it.

*(Arnold mows down the foremost; the rest  
throw down their arms.*

*Soldiers.*

Mercy! mercy!

*Arnold.*

Then learn to grant it. Have I taught you *who*  
Led you o'er Rome's eternal battlements?



*Arnold (to Olimpia).*

Lady! you are safe.

*Olimpia.*

I should be so,  
Had I a knife even; but it matters not —  
Death hath a thousand gates; and on the marble,  
Even at the altar foot, whence I look down  
Upon destruction, shall my head be dash'd,  
Ere thou ascend it. God forgive thee, man!

*Arnold.*

I wish to merit his forgiveness, and  
Thine own, although I have not injured thee.

*Olimpia.*

No! Thou hast only sacked my native land, —  
No injury! — and made my father's house  
A den of thieves — No injury! — this temple —  
Slippery with Roman and holy gore.  
No injury! And now thou would preserve me,  
To be — but that shall never be!

*(She raises her eyes to Heaven, folds her robe  
round her, and prepares to dash herself down  
on the side of the Altar opposite to that where  
Arnold stands.)*

*Arnold.*

Hold! hold!

I swear.

*Olimpia.*

Spare thine already forfeit soul  
A perjury for which even Hell would loathe thee.  
I know thee.

*Arnold.*

No, thou know'st me not; I am not  
Of these men, though —

*Olimpia.*

I judge thee by thy mates;  
It is for God to judge thee as thou art.  
I see thee purple with the blood of Rome;  
Take mine, 'tis all thou e'er shalt have of me!  
And here, upon the marble of this temple,  
Where the baptismal font baptised me God's,  
I offer him a blood less holy  
But not less pure (pure as it left me then,  
A redeemed infant) than the holy water  
The Saints have sanctified!

[ *Olimpia waves her hand to Arnold with  
disdain, and dashes herself on the pave-  
ment from the Altar.*

*Arnold.*

Eternal God!  
I feel thee now! Help! help! She's gone.

*Cæsar (approaches).*

I am here.

*Arnold.*

Thou! but oh, save her!

*Cæsar (assisting him to raise Olimpia).*

She hath done it well;  
The leap was serious.

*Arnold.*

Oh! she is lifeless!

*Cæsar.*

If  
She be so, I have nought to do with that:  
The resurrection is beyond me.

*Arnold.*

Slave!

*Cæsar.*

Aye, slave or master, 'tis all one: methinks  
Good words however are as well at times.

*Arnold.*

Words! — Canst thou aid her?

*Cæsar.*

I will try. A sprinkling  
Of that same holy water may be useful.

[ *He brings some in his helmet from the font.*

*Arnold.*

'Tis mixed with blood.

*Cæsar.*

There is no cleaner now  
In Rome.

*Arnold.*

How pale! how beautiful! how lifeless!  
Alive or dead, thou essence of all beauty,  
I love but thee!

*Cæsar.*

Even so Achilles lov'd  
Penthesilea; with his form it seems  
You have his heart, and yet it was no soft one.

*Arnold.*

She breathes! But no, 'twas nothing, or the last  
Faint flutter life disputes with death.

*Cæsar.*

She breathes.

*Arnold.*

Thou say'st it? Then 'tis truth.

*Cæsar.*

You do me right —  
The Devil speaks truth much oftener than he's  
deemed :

He hath an ignorant audience.

*Arnold (without attending to him).*

Yes! her heart beats.

Alas! that the first beat of the only heart  
I ever wish'd to beat with mine, should vibrate  
To an assassin's pulse.

*Cæsar.*

A sage reflexion,  
But somewhat late i'the day. Where shall we  
bear her?  
I say she lives.

*Arnold.*

And will she live?

*Cæsar.*

As much

As dust can.

*Arnold.*

Then she is dead!

*Cæsar.*

Bah! bah! You are so,  
And do not know it. She will come to life —  
Such as you think so, such as you now are;  
But we must work by human means.

*Arnold.*

We will

Convey her unto the Colonna palace,  
Where I have pitched my banner.

*Cæsar.*

Come then! raise her up!

Softly!

*Arnold.*

*Cæsar.*

As softly as they bear the dead,  
Perhaps because they cannot feel the jolting.

*Arnold.*

But doth she live indeed?

*Cæsar.*

Nay, never fear!  
But if you rue it after, blame not me.

*Arnold.*

Let her but live!

*Cæsar.*

The spirit of her life  
Is yet within her breast, and may revive.  
Count! Count! I am your servant in all things,  
And this is a new office: — 'tis not oft  
I am employed in such; but you perceive  
How stanch a friend is what you call a fiend.  
On earth you have often only fiends for friends;  
Now I desert not mine. Soft! bear her hence,  
The beautiful half-clay, and nearly spirit!

I am almost enamoured of her, as  
Of old the Angels of her earliest sex.

*Arnold.*

Thou!

*Cæsar.*

I. But fear not. I'll not be your rival.

*Arnold.*

Rival!

*Cæsar.*

I could be one right formidable;  
But since I slew the seven husbands of  
Tobia's future bride (and after all  
'Twas sucked out by some incense) I have laid  
Aside intrigue: 'tis rarely worth the trouble  
Of gaining, or — what is more difficult —  
Getting rid of your prize again; for there's  
The rub! at least to mortals.

*Arnold.*

Prithee, peace!

Softly! methinks her lips move, her eyes open!

*Cæsar.*

Like stars, no doubt; for that's a metaphor  
For Lucifer and Venus.

*Arnold.*

To the palace  
Colonna, as I told you!

*Cæsar.*

Oh! I know  
My way through Rome.

*Arnold.*

Now onward, onward! Gently!  
[*Exeunt, bearing Olimpia. — The scene  
closes.*]

## P A R T III.

## S C E N E I.

*A Castle in the Apennines, surrounded by a wild but smiling country. Chorus of Peasants singing before the Gates.*

*Chorus.*

1.

The wars are over,  
The spring is come;  
The bride and her lover  
Have sought their home:  
They are happy, we rejoice;  
Let their hearts have an echo in every voice!

2.

The spring is come; the violet's gone,  
The first-born child of the early sun;  
With us she is but a winter's flower,  
The snow on the hills cannot blast her bower,

And she lifts up her dewy eye of blue  
To the youngest sky of the self-same hue.

## 3.

And when the spring comes with her host  
Of flowers, that flower beloved the most  
Shrinks from the crowd that may confuse  
Her heavenly odour and virgin hues.

## 4.

Pluck the others, but still remember  
Their Herald out of dim December —  
The morning-star of all the flowers,  
The pledge of day-light's lengthen'd hours;  
Nor, 'midst the roses, e'er forget  
The virgin, virgin Violet.

*Enter Cæsar.*

*Cæsar (singing).*

The wars are all over,  
Our swords are all idle,  
The steed bites the bridle,  
The casque's on the wall.  
There's rest for the rover;  
But his armour is rusty,  
And the veteran grows crusty,  
As he yawns in the hall.

He drinks — but what's drinking?  
 A mere pause from thinking!  
 No bugle awakes him with life-and-death-call.

*Chorus.*

But the hound bayeth loudly,  
 The boar 's in the wood,  
 And the falcon longs proudly  
 To spring from her hood:  
 On the wrist of the noble  
 She sits like a crest,  
 And the air is in trouble  
 With birds from their nest.

*Cæsar.*

Oh! Shadow of glory!  
 Dim image of war!  
 But the chase hath no story,  
 Her hero no star,  
 Since Nimrod, the founder  
 Of empire and chase,  
 Who made the woods wonder,  
 And quake for their race.  
 When the Lion was young,  
 In the pride of his might,  
 Then 'twas sport for the strong  
 To embrace him in fight;

To go forth, with a pine  
 For a spear, 'gainst the Mammoth,  
 Or strike through the ravine  
 At the foaming Behemoth,  
 While Man was in stature  
 As towers in our time,  
 The first-born of Nature,  
 And, like her, sublime!

*Chorus.*

But the wars are over,  
 The spring is come;  
 The bride and her lover  
 Have sought their home;  
 They are happy, and we rejoice;  
 Let their hearts have an echo from every voice!

*[Exeunt the Peasantry, singing.]*

THE END.

To go forth, with a plume  
For a spear, against the Mammoth  
Or strike through the resistless  
At the loaming behemoth

While Man was in stature  
As towers in our time,  
The first-born of Nature,  
And, like her, sublime

But the war was over  
The spring is come  
The pride and her lover  
Have sought their home

They are happy, and we rejoice!  
Let their hearts have an echo from every voice!

Exeunt the Peasantry, singing

Chorus

Chorus

Chorus

Chorus

Chorus

Chorus

Chorus

Chorus

THE  
VISION OF JUDGMENT.

BY QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.

SUGGESTED BY THE COMPOSITION SO ENTITLED BY THE  
AUTHOR OF «WAT TYLER.»

---

*«A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!  
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.»*

THE  
VISION OF JUDGMENT.  
BY GUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.

SUGGESTED BY THE COMMISSIONER TO EXAMINE AT THE  
AUTHOR OF "WAT TILLS."

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"A Daniel come to judgment, was a Daniel!"  
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

THE  
VISION OF JUDGMENT.

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## I.

SAINT Peter sat by the celestial gate,  
 His keys were rusty, and the lock was dull,  
 So little trouble had been given of late;  
 Not that the place by any means was full,  
 But since the Gallic era «eighty-eight,”  
 The devils had ta'en a longer, stronger pull,  
 And «a pull altogether,” as they say  
 At sea — which drew most souls another way.

## II.

The angels all were singing out of tune,  
 And hoarse with having little else to do,  
 Excepting to wind up the sun and moon,  
 Or curb a runaway young star or two,

Or wild colt of a comet, which too soon  
 Broke out of bounds o'er the ethereal blue,  
 Splitting some planet with its playful tail,  
 As boats are sometimes by a wanton whale.

## III.

The guardian seraphs had retired on high,  
 Finding their charges past all care below;  
 Terrestrial business fill'd nought in the sky  
 Save the recording angel's black bureau;  
 Who found, indeed, the facts to multiply  
 With such rapidity of vice and woe,  
 That he had stripp'd off both his wings in  
 quills,  
 And yet was in arrear of human ills.

## IV.

His business so augmented of late years,  
 That he was forced, against his will, no  
 doubt  
 (Just like those cherubs, earthly ministers),  
 For some resource to turn himself about,  
 And claim the help of his celestial peers,  
 To aid him ere he should be quite worn out  
 By the increased demand for his remarks;  
 Six angels and twelve saints were named his  
 clerks.

## V.

This was a handsome board — at least for  
heaven;

And yet they had even then enough to do,  
So many conquerors' cars were daily driven,  
So many kingdoms fitted up anew;  
Each day, too, slew its thousands six or seven,  
Till at the crowning carnage, Waterloo,  
They threw their pens down in divine disgust —  
The page was so besmear'd with blood and  
dust.

## VI.

This by the way; 'tis not mine to record  
What angels shrink from: even the very devil  
On this occasion his own work abhorr'd,  
So surfeited with the infernal revel;  
Though he himself had sharpen'd every sword,  
It almost quench'd his innate thirst of evil.  
(Here Satan's sole good work deserves insertion —  
'Tis, that he has both generals in reversion.)

## VII.

Let's skip a few short years of hollow peace,  
Which peopled earth no better, hell as wont,

And heaven none — they form the tyrant's lease,  
 With nothing but new names subscribed  
   upon 't;  
 'Twill one day finish: meantime they increase,  
 "With seven heads and ten horns," and all  
   in front,  
 Like Saint John's foretold beast; but ours are  
   born  
 Less formidable in the head than horn.

## VIII.

In the first year of freedom's second dawn  
 Died George the Third; although no tyrant,  
   one  
 Who shielded tyrants, till each sense withdrawn  
 Left him nor mental nor external sun:  
 A better farmer ne'er brush'd dew from lawn,  
 A worse king never left a realm undone!  
 He died — but left his subjects still behind,  
 One half as mad — and t'other no less blind.

## IX.

He died! — his death made no great stir on  
   earth;  
 His burial made some pomp; there was pro-  
   fusion

Of velvet, gilding, brass, and no great dearth  
 Of aught but tears — save those by col-  
 lusion;  
 For these things may be bought at their true  
 worth:

Of elegy there was the due infusion —  
 Bought also; and the torches, cloaks, and ban-  
 ners,  
 Heralds, and relies of old Gothic manners,

## X.

Form'd a sepulchral melo-drame. Of all  
 The fools who flock'd to swell or see the  
 show,  
 Who cared about the corpse? The funeral  
 Made the attraction, and the black the woe.  
 There throbb'd not there a thought which pier-  
 ced the pall;

And when the gorgeous coffin was laid low,  
 It seem'd the mockery of hell to fold  
 The rottenness of eighty years in gold.

## XI.

So mix his body with the dust! It might  
 Return to what it *must* far sooner, were  
 The natural compound left alone to fight  
 Its way back into earth, and fire, and air;

But the unnatural balsams merely blight  
 What nature made him at his birth, as bare  
 As the mere million's base un-mummied clay —  
 Yet all his spices but prolong decay.

## XII.

He's dead — and upper earth with him has  
 done:

He's buried; save the undertaker's bill,  
 Or lapidary scrawl, the world is gone  
 For him, unless the left a German will;  
 But where's the proctor who will ask his son?  
 In whom his qualities are reigning still,  
 Except that household virtue, most uncommon,  
 Of constancy to a bad, ugly woman.

## XIII.

“God save the king!” It is a large economy  
 In God to save the like; but if he will  
 Be saving, all the better; for not one am I  
 Of those who think damnation better still:  
 I hardly know too if not quite alone am I  
 In this small hope of bettering future ill  
 By circumscribing, with some slight restriction,  
 The eternity of hell's hot jurisdiction.

## XIV.

I know this is unpopular; I know  
 'Tis blasphemous; I know one may be damn'd  
 For hoping on one else may e'er be so;  
 I know my catechism; I know we are cramm'd  
 With the best doctrines till we quite o'erflow;  
 I know that all save England's church have  
 sham'd,  
 And that the other twice two hundred churches  
 And synagogues have made a damn'd bad pur-  
 chase.

## XV.

God help us all! God help me, too! I am,  
 God knows, as helpless as the devil can wish,  
 And not a whit more difficult to damn  
 Than is to bring to land a late-hook'd fish,  
 Or to the butcher to purvey the lamb;  
 Not that I'm fit for such a noble dish  
 As one day will be that immortal fry  
 Of almost every body born to die.

## XVI.

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate,  
 And nodded o'er his keys; when lo! there  
 came

A wonderous noise he had not heard of late —  
 A rushing sound of wind, and stream, and  
 flame; *I know I know I know*  
 In short, a roar of things extremely great,  
 Which would have made aught save a saint  
 exclaim; *I know I know I know*  
 But he, with first a start and then a wink,  
 Said, "There's another star gone out, I think!"

## XVII.

But ere he could return to his repose,  
 A cherub flapp'd his right wing o'er his eyes —  
 At which Saint Peter yawn'd, and rubb'd his  
 nose:  
 "Saint porter," said the Angel, "prithee  
 rise!" *God knows*  
 Waving a goodly wing, which glow'd, as glows  
 An earthly peacock's tail, with heavenly dyes;  
 To which the Saint replied, "Well, what's the  
 matter; *Not that I'm such a noble dish*  
 "Is Lucifer come back with all this clatter?" *Of almost every body here to die*

## XVIII.

"No," quoth the Cherub; "George the Third  
 is dead."  
 "And who is George the Third?" replied the  
 Apostle;

“*What George?*” *what Third?*” “The King of  
England,” said

The Angel. “Well! he wont find kings to  
jostle

“Him on his way; but does he wear his head?”

“Because the — we saw here had a tussle,  
“And ne’er would have got into heaven’s good  
graces,

“Had he not flung his head in all our faces.

#### XIX.

“He was, if I remember, king of — —

“That head of his, which could not keep a  
crown

“On earth, yet ventured in my face to advance

“A claim to those of martyrs — like my own:  
“If I had had my sword, as I had once

“When I cut ears off, I had cut him down;  
“But having but my *keys*, and not my brand,  
“I only knock’d his head from out his hand.

#### XX.

“And then he set up such a headless howl,

“That all the saints came out, and took  
him in;



## XXIII.

While thus they spake, the angelic caravan,  
 Arriving like a rush of mighty wind,  
 Cleaving the fields of space, as doth the swan  
 Some silver stream (say Ganges, Nile, or Inde,  
 Or Thames, or Tweed), and midst them an  
 old man

With an old soul, and both extremely blind,  
 Halted before the gate, and in his shroud  
 Seated their fellow-traveller on a cloud.

## XXIV.

But bringing up the rear of this bright host,  
 A Spirit of a different aspect waved  
 His wings, like thunder-clouds above some coast  
 Whose barren beach with frequent wrecks is  
 paved;  
 His brow was like the deep when tempest-tost;  
 Fierce and unfathomable thoughts engraved  
 Eternal wrath on his immortal face,  
 And *where* he gazed a gloom pervaded space.

## XXV.

As he drew near, he gazed upon the gate,  
 Ne'er to be enter'd more by him or sin,

With such a glance of supernatural hate,  
 As made Saint Peter wish himself within;  
 He potter'd with his keys at a great rate,  
 And sweated through his apostolic skin:  
 Of course his perspiration was but ichor,  
 Or some such other spiritual liquor.

## XXVI.

The very cherubs huddled altogether,  
 Like birds when soars the falcon; and they felt  
 A tingling to the tip of every feather,  
 And form'd a circle, like Orion's belt  
 Around their poor old charge, who scarce knew  
 whither  
 His guards had led him, though they gently  
 dealt  
 With royal manes (for, by many stories,  
 And true, we learn the angels all are Tories).

## XXVII.

As things were in this posture, the gate flew  
 Asunder, and the flashing of its hinges  
 Flung over space an universal hue  
 Of many-colour'd flame, until its tinges  
 Reach'd even our speck of earth, and made a  
 new  
 Aurora borealis spread its fringes

O'er the North Pole; the same seen, when ice-  
 bound,  
 By Captain Parry's crews, in «Melville's Sound.»

## XXVIII.

And from the gate thrown open issued beaming  
 A beautiful and mighty Thing of Light,  
 Radiant with glory, like a banner streaming  
 Victorious from some world-o'erthrowing fight:  
 My poor comparisons must needs be teeming  
 With earthly likenesses, for here the night  
 Of clay obscures our best conceptions, saving  
 Johanna Southcote, or Bob Southey raving.

## XXIX.

'Twas the archangel Michael: all men know  
 The make of angels and archangels, since  
 There's scarce a scribbler has not one to  
 show,  
 From the fiends' leader to the angels' prince.  
 There also are some altar-pieces, though  
 I really can't say that they much evince  
 One's inner notions of immortal spirits;  
 But let the connoisseurs explain *their* merits.



Such was their power, that neither could forget  
 His former friend and future foe; but still  
 There was a high, immortal, proud regret  
 In either's eye, as if 'twere less their will  
 Than destiny to make the eternal years  
 Their date of war, and their «Champ Clos»  
 the spheres.

## XXXIII.

But here they were in neutral space: we know  
 From Job, that Satan hath the power to pay  
 A heavenly visit thrice a year or so;  
 And that «the Sons of God,» like those of  
 clay,  
 Must keep him company; and we might show,  
 From the same book, in how polite a way  
 The dialogue is held between the Powers  
 Of Good and Evil — but 'twould take up  
 hours.

## XXXIV.

And this is not a theologic tract,  
 To prove with Hebrew and with Arabic  
 If Job be allegory or a fact,  
 But a true narrative; and thus I pick





## XXXIX.

«Michael!» replied the Prince of Air, «even  
here,

«Before the gate of him thou servest, must  
«I claim my subject; and will make appear

«That as he was my worshipper in dust,  
«So shall he be in spirit, although dear

«To thee and thine, because nor wine nor  
lust

«Were of his weaknesses! yet on the throne  
«He reign'd o'er millions to serve me alone.

## XL.

«Look to *our* earth, or rather *mine*; it was,

«*Once, more* thy master's: but I triumph  
not

«In this poor planet's conquest, nor, alas!

«Need he thou servest envy me my lot:

«With all the myriads of bright worlds which  
pass

«In worship round him, he may have forgot  
«Yon weak creation of such paltry things;  
«I think few worth damnation save their kings,

## XLI.

“And these but as a kind of quit-rent, to

“Assert my right as lord; and even had

“I such an inclination, ’twere (as you

“Well know) superfluous; they are grown

so bad,

“That hell has nothig better left to do

“Than leave them to themselves: so much

more mad

“And evil by their own internal curse,

“Heaven cannot make them better, nor I worse.

## XLII.

“Look to the earth, I said, and say again:

“When this old, blind, mad, helpless, weak,

poor worm

“Began in youth’s first bloom and flush to

reign,

“The world and he both wore a different

form,

“And much of earth and all the watery plain

“Of ocean call’d him king: through many a

storm

“His isles had floated on the abyss of Time;

“For the rough virtues chose them for their

clime.



## XLV.

- «He ever warr'd with freedom and the free:  
 «Nations as men, home subjects, foreign  
     foes,  
 «So that they utter'd the word 'Liberty!'  
 «Found George the Third their first opponent.  
     Whose  
 «History was ever stain'd as his will be  
 «With national and individual woes?  
 «I grant his household abstinence; I grant  
 «His neutral virtues, which most monarchs  
     want;

## XLVI.

- «I know he was a constant consort; own  
 «He was a decent sire, and middling lord.  
 «All this is much, and most upon a throne;  
 «As temperance, if at Apicius' board,  
 «Is more than at an anchorite's supper shown.  
 «I grant him all the kindest can accord;  
 «And this was well for him, but not for  
     those  
 «Millions who found him what oppression  
     chose.

## XLVII.

- «The new world shook him off; the old yet  
     groans  
 «Beneath what he and his prepared, if not  
 «Completed: he leaves heirs on many thrones  
 «To all his vices, without what begot  
 «Compassion for him — his tame virtues;  
     drones  
 «Who sleep, or despots who have now  
     forgot  
 «A lesson which shall be re-taught them, wake  
 «Upon the throne of Earth; but let them  
     quake!

## XLVIII.

- «Five millions of the primitive, who hold  
 «The faith which makes ye great on earth,  
     implored  
 «A *part* of that vast *all* they held of old, —  
 «Freedom to worship — not alone your  
     Lord,  
 «Michael, but you, and you, Saint Peter! Cold  
 «Must be your souls, if you have not abhorr'd  
 «The foe to Catholic participation  
 «In all the license of a Christian nation.

## XLIX.

“True! he allow’d them to pray God; but, as

“A consequence of prayer, refused the law  
 “Which would have placed them upon the  
 same base

“With those who did not hold the saints in  
 awe.”

But here Saint Peter started from his place,

And cried, “You may the prisoner withdraw:  
 “Ere Heaven shall ope her portals to this  
 Guelf,

“While I am guard, may I be damn’d myself!

## L.

“Sooner will I with Cerberus exchange

“My office (and *his* is no sinecure)

“Than see this royal Bedlam bigot range

“The azure fields of heaven, of that be  
 sure!”

“Saint!” replied Satan, “you do well to  
 avenge

“The wrongs he made your satellites en-  
 dure;

“And if to this exchange you should be given,

“I’ll try to coax *our* Cerberus up to heaven.”

## LI.

Here Michael interposed: «Good saint! and  
devil!

«Pray not so fast; you both out-run discretion.  
«Saint Peter! you were wont to be more civil:

«Satan! excuse this warmth of his expres-  
sion,

«And condescension to the vulgar's level:

«Even saints sometimes forget themselves in  
session.

«Have you got more to say?» — «No!» — «If  
you please,

«I'll trouble you to call your witness.»

## LII.

Then Satan turn'd and waved his swarthy  
hand,

Which stirr'd with its electric qualities  
Clouds farther off than we can understand,  
Although we find him sometimes in our  
skies;

Infernal thunder shook both sea and land

In all the planets, and hell's batteries  
Let off the artillery, which Milton mentions  
As one of Satan's most sublime inventions.

## LIII.

This was a signal unto such damn'd souls  
 As have the privilege of their damnation  
 Extended far beyond the mere controls  
 Of worlds past, present, or to come; no  
 station  
 In theirs particularly in the rolls  
 Of hell assigned; but where their inclina-  
 tion  
 Or business carries them in search of game,  
 They may range freely — being damn'd the  
 same.

## LIV.

They are proud of this — as very well they  
 may,  
 It being a sort of knighthood, or gilt key  
 Stuck in their loins; or like to an "entré"  
 Up the back stairs, or such free masonry:  
 I borrow my comparisons from clay,  
 Being clay myself. Let not those spirits be  
 Offended with such base low likenesses;  
 We know their posts are nobler far than these.

## LV.

When the great signal ran from heaven to  
 hell, —  
 About ten million times the distance reckon'd  
 From our sun to its earth, as we can tell  
 How much time it takes up, even to a se-  
 cond,  
 For every ray that travels to dispel  
 The fogs of London; through which, dimly  
 beacon'd,  
 The weathercocks are gilt, some thrice a year,  
 If that the *summer* is not too severe: —

## LVI.

I say that I can tell — 'twas half a minute;  
 I know the solar beams take up more time  
 Ere, pack'd up for their journey, they begin it;  
 But then their telegraph is less sublime,  
 And if they ran a race, they would not  
 win it  
 'Gainst Satan's couriers bound for their own  
 clime.  
 The sun takes up some years of every ray  
 To reach its goal — the devil not half a day.

## LVII.

Upon the verge of space, about the size  
 Of half-a-crown, a little speck appear'd  
 (I've seen a something like it in the skies  
 In the Ægean; ere a squall); it neared,  
 And, growing bigger, took another guise;  
 Like an aerial ship it tack'd, and steer'd  
 Or *was* steer'd, (I am doubtful of the grammar  
 Of the last phrase, which makes the stanza  
 stammer; —

## LVIII.

But take your choice); and then it grew a  
 cloud,  
 And so it was — a cloud of witnesses.  
 But such a cloud! No land e'er saw a crowd  
 Of locusts numerous as the heavens saw  
 these;  
 They shadow'd with their myriads space; their  
 loud  
 And varied cries were like those of wild-  
 geese  
 (If nations may be liken'd to a goose),  
 And realized the phrase of "hell broke loose."

## LIX.

Here crash'd a sturdy oath of stout John Bull,  
 Who damn'd away his eyes, as heretofore:  
 There Paddy brogued «by Jasus!» — «What's  
 your wull?»

The temperate Scot exclaim'd: the French  
 ghost swore  
 In certain terms I shant translate in full,  
 As the first coachman will; and 'midst the  
 war

The voice of Jonathan was heard to express,  
 «Our President is going to war, I guess.»

## LX.

Besides, there were the Spaniard, Dutch, and  
 Dane;

In short, an universal shoal of shades  
 From Otaheite's Isle to Salisbury Plain,  
 Of all climes and professions, years and  
 trades,  
 Ready to swear against the good king's reign,  
 Bitter as clubs in cards are against spades:  
 All summon'd by this grand «subpœna,» to  
 Try if kings mayn't be damn'd, like me or  
 you.

## LXI.

When Michael saw this host, he first grew  
pale,

As angels can; next, like Italian twilight,  
He turn'd all colours — as a peacock's tail,  
Or sunset streaming through a Gothic skylight  
In some old abbey, or a trout not stale,

Or distant lightning on the horizon *by* night,  
Or a fresh rainbow, or a grand review,  
Of thirty regiments in red, green, and blue.

## LXII.

Then he address'd himself to Satan: «Why —  
«My good old friend, for such I deem you,  
though

«Our different parties make us fight so shy,

«I ne'er mistake you for a *personal* foe;

«Our difference is *political*, and I

«Trust that, whatever may occur below,

«You know my great respect for you; and this

«Makes me regret whate'er you do amiss —

## LXIII.

«Why, my dear Lucifer, would you abuse

«My call for witnesses? I did not mean

«That you should half of earth and hell produce;  
 «'Tis even superfluous, since two honest,  
 clean,  
 «True testimonies are enough: we lose  
 «Our time, nay, our eternity, between  
 «The accusation and defence: if we  
 «Hear both, 'twill stretch our immortality.»

## LXIV.

Satan replied, «To me the matter is  
 «Indifferent, in a personal point of view:  
 «I can have fifty better souls than this  
 «With far less trouble than we have gone  
 through  
 «Already; and I merely argued his  
 «Late Majesty of Britain's case with you  
 «Upon a point of form: you may dispose  
 «Of him; I've kings enough below, God  
 knows!»

## LXV.

Thus spoke the Demon (late call'd «multifaced»  
 By multo-scribbling Southey). «Then we'll  
 call

«One or two persons of the myriads placed  
 «Around our congress, and dispense with all  
 «The rest,” quoth Michael: «Who may be so  
 graced

«As to speak first? there’s choice enough —  
 who shall

«It be?” Then Satan answer’d, «There are  
 many;

«But you may choose Jack Wilkes as well as  
 any.”

## LXVI.

A merry, cock-eyed, curious looking Sprite,

Upon the instant started from the throng,  
 Dress’d in a fashion now forgotten quite;

For all the fashions of the flesh stick long  
 By people in the next world; where unite

All the costumes since Adam’s, right or  
 wrong,

From Eve’s fig-leaf down to the petticoat,

Almost as scanty, of days less remote.

## LXVII.

The Spirit look’d around upon the crowds

Assembled, and exclaim’d, «My friends of all

«The spheres, we shall catch cold amongst  
these clouds;

«So let's to business: why this general call?  
«If those are freeholders I see in shrouds,  
«A'nd tis for an election that they bawl,  
«Behold a candidate with unturn'd-coat!  
«Saint Peter, may I count upon your vote?»

## LXVIII.

«Sir,» replied Michael, «you mistake: these  
things

«Are of a former life, and what we do  
«Above is more august; to judge of kings  
«Is the tribunal met; so now you know.»  
«Then I presume those gentlemen with wings,»  
Said Wilkes, «are cherubs; and that soul  
below

«Looks much like George the Third; but to my  
mind

«A good deal older — Bless me! is he blind?»

## LXIX.

«He is what you behold him, and his doom  
«Depends upon his deeds,» the Angel said.

“If you have aught to arraign in him, the  
tomb

“Gives license to the humblest beggar’s head  
“To lift itself against the loftiest.” — “Some,”

Said Wilkes, “don’t wait to see them laid  
in lead,

“For such a liberty — and I, for one,

“Have told them what I thought beneath the  
sun.”

## LXX.

“*Above* the sun repeat, then, what thou hast  
“To urge against him,” said the Archangel.

“Why,”

Replied the Spirit, “since old scores are past,  
“Must I turn evidence? In faith, not I.

“Besides, I beat him hollow at the last,

“With all his Lords and Commons: in the sky

“I don’t like ripping up old stories, since

“His conduct was but natural in a prince.

## LXXI.

“Foolish, no doubt, and wicked, to oppress

“A poor unlucky devil without a shilling;

«But then I blame the man himself much less  
 «Than Bute and Grafton, and shall be un-  
     willing  
 «To see him punish'd here for their excess,  
 «Since they were both damn'd long ago,  
     and still in  
 «Their place below; for me, I have forgiven,  
 «And vote his 'habeas corpus' into heaven.»

## LXXII.

«Wilkes,» said the Devil, «I understand all  
     this;  
 «You turn'd to half a courtier ere you died,  
 «And seem to think it would not be amiss  
 «To grow a whole one on the other side  
 «Of Charon's ferry; you forget that *his*  
 «Reign is concluded; whatso'er betide,  
 «He won't be sovereign more: you've lost your  
     labour,  
 «For at the best he will but be your neighbour.

## LXXIII.

«However, I knew what to think of it,  
 «When I beheld you, in your jesting way,

«Flitting and whispering round about the spit  
 «Where Belial', upon duty for the day,  
 «With Fox's lard was basting WWilliam Pitt,  
 «His pupil; I knew what to think, I say:  
 «That fellow even in hell breeds farther ills;  
 «I'll have him *gagg'd* — 'twas one of his own  
 bills.

## LXXIV.

«Call Junius!» From the crowd a Shadow  
 stalk'd;  
 And at the name there was a general squeeze,  
 So that the very ghosts no longer walk'd  
 In comfort, at their own aërial ease,  
 But were all ramm'd, and jamm'd (but to be  
 balk'd,  
 As we shall see) and jostled hands and  
 knees,  
 Like wind compress'd and pent within a blad-  
 der,  
 Or like a human cholic, which is sadder.

## LXXV.

The Shadow came! a tall, thin, gray-hair'd  
 figure,  
 That look'd as it had been a shade on earth;

Quick in its motions, with an air of vigour,  
 But nought to mark its breeding or its  
 birth:

Now it wax'd little, then again grew bigger,  
 With now an air of gloom, or savage mirth;  
 But as you gazed upon its features, they  
 Changed every instant — to *what*, none could  
 say.

## LXXVI.

The more intently the ghosts gazed, the less  
 Could they distinguish whose the features  
 were;  
 The Devil himself seem'd puzzled even to guess;  
 They varied like a dream — now here, now  
 there;  
 And several people swore from out the press,  
 They knew him perfectly; and one could  
 swear  
 He was his father; upon which another  
 Was sure he was his mother's cousin's brother:

## LXXXVII.

Another, that he was a duke, or knight,  
 An orator, a lawyer, or a priest,

A nabob, a man-midwife; but the wight  
 Mysterious changed his countenance at least  
 As oft as they their minds: though in full  
 sight

He stood, the puzzle only was increased;  
 The man was a phantasmagoria in  
 Himself — he was so volatile and thin!

## LXXVIII.

The moment that you had pronounced him  
*one,*

Presto! his face changed, and he was an-  
 other;

And when that change was hardly well put on,

It varied, till I don't think his own mother  
 (If that he had a mother) would her son

Have known, he shifted so from one to  
 t'other,

Till guessing from a pleasure grew a task,

At this epistolary «iron mask.»

## LXXIX.

For sometimes he like Cerberus would seem —

«Three gentlemen at once» (as sagely says



Them written without heads; and books we see  
 Are fill'd as well without the latter too:

And really till we fix on somebody

For certain sure to claim them as his due,  
 Their author, like the Niger's mouth, will  
 bother

She world to say if *there* be mouth or author.

## LXXXII.

«And who and what art thou?» the Archangel  
 said.

«For *that*, you may consult my title-page,»  
 Replied this mighty Shadow of a Shade:

«If I have kept my secret half an age,  
 «I scarce shall tell it now.» — «Canst thou  
 upbraid,»

Continued Michael, «George Rex, or allege  
 «Aught further?» Junius answer'd, «You had  
 better

«First ask him for *his* answer to my letter:

## LXXXIII.

«M charges upon record will outlast

«The brass of both his epitaph and tomb.»



The devil Asmodeus to the circle made  
 His way, and look'd as if his journey cost  
 Some trouble. When his burden down he  
 laid,

“What's this?” cried Michael; “why, 'tis  
 not a ghost?”  
 “I know it,” quoth the incubus; “but he  
 “Shall be one, if you leave the affair to me.

## LXXXVI.

“Confound the Renegado! I have sprain'd  
 “My left wing, he's so heavy; one would  
 think  
 “Some of his works about his neck were  
 chain'd.  
 “But to the point: while hovering o'er the  
 brink  
 “Of Skiddaw (where, as usual, it still rain'd),  
 “I saw a taper, far below me, wink,  
 “And, stooping, caught this fellow at a libel —  
 “No less on History than the Holy Bible.

## LXXXVII.

“The former is the devil's scripture, and  
 “The latter yours, good Michael; so the affair

«Belongs to all of us, you understand.  
 «I snatch'd him up just as you see him  
 there,  
 «And brought him off for sentence out of hand:  
 «I've scarcely been ten minutes in the air —  
 «At least a quarter it can hardly be:  
 «I dare say that his wife is still at tea.»

## LXXXVIII.

Here Satan said, «I know this man of old,  
 «And have expected him for some time here;  
 «A sillier fellow you will scarce behold,  
 «Or more conceited in his petty sphere:  
 «But surely it was not worth while to fold  
 «Such trash below your wing, Asmodeus dear!  
 «We had the poor wretch safe (without being  
 bored  
 «With carriage) coming of his own accord.

## LXXXIX.

«But since he's here, let's see what he has  
 done.»  
 «Done!» cried Asmodeus, «he anticipates

"The very business you are now upon,  
 "And scribbles as if head clerk to the Fates.  
 "Who knows to what his ribaldry may run,  
 "When such an ass as this, like Balaam's,  
     prates?"  
 "Let's hear," quoth Michael, "what he has  
     to say;  
 "You know we're bound to that in every way."

## XC.

Now the Bard, glad to get an audience, which  
 By no means often was his case below,  
 Began to cough, and hawk, and hem; and  
     pitch

His voice into that awful note of woe  
 To all unhappy hearers within reach  
 Of poets when the tide of rhyme's in flow;  
 But stuck fast with his first hexameter,  
 Not one of all whose gouty feet would stir.

## XCI.

But ere the spavin'd dactyls could be spurr'd  
 Into recitative, in great dismay  
 Both cherubim and seraphim were heard  
 To murmur loudly through their long array;



I mean — the *slaves hear now*), some cried  
 «off, off,»

As at a farce; till grown quite desperate,  
 The Bard Saint Peter pray'd to interpose  
 (Himself an author) only for his prose.

## XCIV.

The varlet was not an ill-favour'd knave;  
 A good deal like a vulture in the face,  
 With a hook nose and a hawk's eye, which  
 gave

A smart and sharper looking sort of grace  
 To his whole aspect, which, though rather  
 grave,

Was by no means so ugly as his case;  
 But that indeed was hopeless as can be,  
 Quite a poetic felony «*de se.*»

## XCV.

Then Michael blew his trump, and still'd the  
 noise

With one still greater, as is yet the mode  
 On earth besides; except some grumbling voice,  
 Which now and then will make a slight  
 inroad





«In two octavo volumes, nicely bound,  
 «With notes and preface, all that most ab-  
     lures  
 «The pious purchaser; and there's no ground  
 «For fear, for I can choose my own review-  
     wers:  
 «So let me have the proper documents,  
 «That I may add you to my other saints."

## C.

Satan bow'd, and was silent. «Well, if you,  
 «With amiable modesty, decline  
 «My offer, what says Michael? There are few  
 «Whose memoirs could be render'd more  
     divine.  
 «Mine is the pen of all work; not so new  
 «As it was once, but I would make you  
     shine  
 «Like your own trumpet; by the way, my  
     own  
 «Has more of brass in it, and is as well blown.

## CI.

«But talking about trumpets, here's my Vision!  
 «Now you shall judge, all people; yes, you  
     shall

«Judge with my judgment! and by my decision  
 «Be guided who shall enter heaven or fall!  
 «I settle all these things by intuition,  
 «Times present, past, to come, heaven, hell,  
 and all,  
 «Like King Alfonso! \* When I thus see double,  
 I save the Deity some worlds of trouble.»

## CII.

He ceased, and drew forth an MS. ; and no  
 Persuasion on the part of devils, or saints,  
 Or angels, now could stop the torrent; so  
 He read the first three lines of the contents;  
 But at the fourth, the whole spiritual show  
 Had vanish'd with variety of scents,  
 Ambrosial and sulphureous, as they sprang,  
 Like lightning, off from his «melodious twang.»\*\*

---

\* King Alfonso, speaking of the Ptolomean system, said, that «had he been consulted at the creation of the world, he would have spared the Maker some absurdities.»

\*\* See Aubrey's account of the apparition which disappeared «with a curious perfume and a melodious twang;» or see the Anti-quary, vol. I.







THE  
CURSE OF MINERVA.

A POEM.

BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
LORD BYRON.

---

— *Pallas te hac vulnere, Pallas  
Immolat, et pœnam scelerato ex sanguine sumit.*

THE  
CURSE OF MINERVA

A POEM

BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD BYRON

Printed by G. G. and J. B. Nichols, in Pall-mall, London.  
1805.

THE  
CURSE OF MINERVA.

---

Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,  
Along Morea's hills the setting sun:  
Not as in Northern climes, obscurely bright,  
But one unclouded blaze of living light!  
O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws,  
Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows:  
On old Ægina's rock, and Idra's isle,  
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile;  
O'er his own regions ling'ring loves to shine,  
Though there his altars are no more divine.  
Descending fast the mountain shadows kiss  
Thy glorious gulph, unconquer'd Salamis!  
Their azure arches through the long expanse  
More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,





Near Theseus' fane yon solitary palm,  
 All tinged with varied hues arrest the eye —  
 And dull were his that passed them heedless by.

Again the Ægean, heard no more afar,  
 Lulls his chaf'd breast from elemental war;  
 Again his waves in milder tints unfold  
 Their long array of sapphire and of gold,  
 Mix'd with the shades of many a distant isle,  
 That frown — where gentler ocean seems to  
 smile.

As thus within the walls of Pallas' fane  
 I mark'd the beauties of the land and main,  
 Alone and friendless, on the magic shore  
 Whose arts and arms but live in poet's lore;  
 Oft as the matchless dome I turn'd to scan,  
 Sacred to gods, but not secure from man,  
 The past return'd, the present seem'd to cease,  
 And glory knew no clime beyond her Greece.  
 Hours roll'd along, and Dian's orb on high  
 Had gain'd the centre of her softest sky,  
 And yet unwearied still my footsteps trod  
 O'er the vain shrine of many a vanish'd god;  
 But chiefly, Pallas! thine, when Hecate's glare,  
 Check'd by thy columns, fell more sadly fair  
 O'er the chill marble, where the startling tread

Thrills the lone heart like echoes from the  
dead.

Long had I mus'd, and measur'd every trace  
The wreck of Greece recorded of her race,  
When, lo! a giant form before me strode,  
And Pallas hail'd me in her own abode.  
Yes, 'twas Minerva's self, but ah! how changed  
Since o'er the Dardan field in arms she ranged!  
Not such as first, by her divine command,  
Her form appeared from Phidias' plastic hand;  
Gone were the terrors of her awful brow,  
Her idle Ægis bore no Gorgon now;  
Her helm was deep indented, and her lance  
Seem'd weak and shaftless, e'en to mortal  
glance;

The olive branch, which still she deign'd to  
clasp,  
Shrunk from her touch and wither'd in her  
grasp:

And ah! though still the brightest of the sky,  
Celestial tears bedimm'd her large blue eye;  
Round the rent casque her owlet circled slow,  
And mourn'd his mistress with a shriek of woe.

«Mortal! ('twas thus she spake) that blush of  
shame

«Proclaims thee Briton — once a noble name —



"Th' insulted wall sustains his hated name.\*  
 "For Elgin's fame thus grateful Pallas pleads,  
 "Below, his name — above, behold his deeds!  
 "Be ever hail'd with equal honour here  
 "The Gothic Monarch and the Pictish Peer.  
 "Arms gave the first his right, the last had none,

---

\* It is related by a late oriental traveller, that when the wholesale spoliator visited Athens, he caused his own name, with that of his wife, to be inscribed on a pillar of one of the principal temples. This inscription was executed in a very conspicuous manner, and deeply engraved in the marble, at a very considerable elevation. Notwithstanding which precautions, some person, (doubtless inspired by the Patron Goddess) has been at the pains to get himself raised up to the requisite height, and has obliterated the name of the laird, but left that of the lady untouched. The traveller in question accompanied this story by a remark, that it must have cost some labour and contrivance to get at the place, and could only have been effected by much zeal and determination.





«Till burst at length each watery head o'er-  
     flows,  
 «Foul as their soil and frigid as their snows :  
 «Ten thousand schemes of petulance and pride  
 «Despatch her scheming children far and wide ;  
 «Some East, some West, some — every where  
     but North !  
 «In quest of lawless gain they issue forth ;  
 «And thus, accursed be the day and year,  
 «She sent a Pict to play the felon here.  
 «Yet Caledonia claims some native worth,  
 «As dull Bœotia gave a Pindar birth —  
 «So may her few, the letter'd and the brave,  
 «Bound to no clime, and victors o'er the grave,  
 «Shake off the sordid dust of such a land,  
 «And shine like children of a happier strand.  
 «As once of yore, in some obnoxious place,  
 «Ten names (if found) had saved a wretched  
     race !”  
 «Mortal,” the blue-ey'd maid resum'd, «once  
     more,  
 «Bear back my mandate to thy native shore ;  
 «Though fall'n, alas ! this vengeance still is  
     mine,  
 «To turn my counsels far from lands like thine.  
 «Hear then in silence Pallas' stern behest ;



«That art and nature may compare their styles;  
 «While brawny brutes in stupid wonder stare,  
 «And marvel at his Lordship's *stone shop* there.\*  
 «Round the throng'd gate shall sauntering cox-  
     combs creep,  
 «To lounge and lucubrate, to prate and peep:  
 «While many a languid maid, with longing  
     sigh,  
 «On giant statues casts the curious eye;  
 «The room with transient glance appears to  
     skim,  
 «Yet marks the mighty back and length of  
     limb,  
 «Mourns o'er the difference of *now* and *then*;  
 «Exclaims, 'these Greeks indeed were proper  
     men;  
 «Draws slight comparisons of *these* with *those*,  
 «And envies Lais all her Attic beaux:  
 «When shall a modern maid have swains like  
     these?  
 «Alas! Sir Harry is no Hercules!  
 «And last of all, amidst the gaping crew

---

\* Poor Crib was sadly puzzled when exhibited  
 at Elgin house; — he asked if it was not  
 «a stone shop»: he was right, it is a shop.

“Some calm spectator, as he takes his view,\*  
 “In silent indignation mix’d with grief,  
 Admires the plunder, but abhors the thief.

---

\* Alas! all the monuments of Roman magnificence, all the remains of Grecian taste, so dear to the Artist, the Historian, the Antiquary, all depend on the will of an arbitrary sovereign; and that will is influenced too often by interest or vanity, by a nephew or a sycophant. Is a new palace to be erected (at Rome) for an upstart family? the Coliseum is stripped to furnish materials. Does a foreign minister wish to adorn the bleak walls of a northern castle with antiquities? the Temples of Theseus or Minerva must be dismantled, and the works of Phidias or Praxiteles be torn from the shattered frieze. That a decrepid uncle, wrapped up in the religious duties of his age and station, should listen to the suggestions of an interested nephew, is natural: and that an oriental despot should undervalue the masterpieces of Grecian art, is to be expected; though in both cases the consequences of such weakness are much to be lamented —

«Loathed throughout life — scarce pardon'd in  
the dust,  
«May hate pursue his sacrilegious lust!

---

but that the minister of a nation, famed for its knowledge of the language, and its veneration for the monuments of ancient Greece, should have been the prompter and the instrument of these destructions is almost incredible. Such rapacity is a crime against all ages and all generations; it deprives the past of the trophies of their genius and the title deeds of their fame; the present, of the strongest inducements to exertion, the noblest exhibitions that curiosity can contemplate; the future, of the masterpieces of art, the models of imitation. To guard against the repetition of such depredations is the wish of every man of genius, the duty of every man in power, and the common interest of every civilized nation. *Eustace's Classical Tour through Italy*, p. 269.

This attempt to transplant the temple of Vesta from Italy to England, may, perhaps, do honour to the late Lord Bristol's patrio-

“Link'd with the fool who fired th'Ephesian  
dome,

“Shall vengeance follow far beyond the tomb;

“Erostratus and Elgin e'er shall shine

“In many a branding page and burning line!

“Alike condemned for aye to stand accurs'd,

“Perchance the second viler than the first:

“So let him stand, thro' ages yet unborn,

“Fixed statue on the pedestal of scorn!

“Though not for him alone revenge shall wait,

“But fits thy country for her coming fate:

“Hers were the deeds that taught her lawless

son

“To do, what oft Britannia's self had done.

“Look to the Baltic blazing from afar,

“Your old ally yet mourns perfidious war:

“Not to such deeds did Pallas lend her aid,

“Or break the compact which herself had made;

“Far from such councils, from the faithless

field

“She fled — but left behind her Gorgon shield;

“A fatal gift that turned your friends to stone,

---

tism or to his magnificence; but it cannot  
be considered as an indication of either taste  
or judgment. *Ibid*, p. 419.

- «And left lost Albion hated and alone.  
 «Look to the East, where Ganges' swarthy race  
 «Shall shake your usurpation to its base;  
 «Lo! there rebellion rears her ghastly head,  
 «And glares the Nemesis of native dead,  
 «Till Indus rolls a deep purpureal flood,  
 «And claims his long arrear of northern blood.  
 «So may ye perish! Pallas, when she gave  
 «Your free-born rights, forbade ye to enslave.  
 «Look on your Spain, she clasps the hand she  
     hates,  
 «But coldly clasps and thrusts you from her  
     gates.  
 «Bear witness bright Barrossa, thou canst tell,  
 «Whose were the sons that bravely fought and  
     fell.  
 «While Lusitania, kind and dear ally,  
 «Can spare a few to fight and sometimes fly.  
 «Oh glorious field! by Famine fiercely won;  
 «The Gaul retires for once, and all is done!  
 «But when did Pallas teach that one retreat  
 «Retriev'd three long Olympiads of defeat  
 «Look last at home, ye love not to look there,  
 «On the grim smile of comfortless despair;  
 «Your city saddens, loud though revel howls,  
 «Here famine faints, and yonder rapine prowls:  
 «See all alike of more or less bereft,  
 «No misers tremble when there's nothing left:

" 'Blest paper credit,' \* who shall dare to sing?  
 " It clogs like led Corruption's weary wing:  
 " Yet Pallas pluck'd each Premier by the ear  
 " Who gods and men alike disdain'd to hear;  
 " But one, repentant o'er a bankrupt state,  
 " On Pallas calls, but calls, alas! too late:  
 " Then raves for \*\*\*; † to that Mentor bends,  
 " Though he and Pallas never yet were friends:  
 " Him senates hear whom never yet they heard,  
 " Contemptuous once, and now no less absurd:  
 " So once of yore each reasonable frog  
 " Swore faith and fealty to his sovereign log;  
 " Thus hail'd your rulers their Patrician clod,  
 " As Egypt chose an onion for a god.

" Now fare ye well, enjoy your little hour;  
 " Go, — grasp the shadow of your vanish'd power;  
 " Gloss o'er the failure of each fondest scheme,  
 " Your strength a name, your bloated wealth a dream.

---

\* Blest paper credit, last and best supply,  
 That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly.

POPE.

† The Deal and Dover traffickers in specie.



« Wide o'er the realm they wave their kindling  
brands

« And wring her vitals with their fiery hands.

« But one convulsive struggle still remains,

« And Gaul shall weep ere Albion wear her chains.

« The bannered pomp of war, the glittering files,

« O'er whose gay trappings stern Bellona smiles;

« The brazen trump, the spirit-stirring drum,

« That bid the foe defiance ere they come;

« The hero bounding at his country's call,

« The glorious death that decorates his fall,

« Swell the young heart with visionary charms,

« And bid it antedate the joys of arms.

« But know, a lesson you may yet be taught,

« With death alone are laurels cheaply bought;

« Not in the conflict Havoc seeks delight,

« His day of mercy is the day of fight;

« But when the field is fought, the battle won,

« Though drench'd with gore, his woes are but  
begun;

« His deeper deeds ye yet know but by name, —

« The slaughter'd peasant and the ravish'd dame,

« The rifled mansion and the foe-reap'd field,

« Ill suit with souls at home untaught to yield.

« Say with what eye, along the distant down?

« Would flying burghers mark the blazing town,

« How view the column of ascending flames

« Shake his red shadow o'er the startled Thames?



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