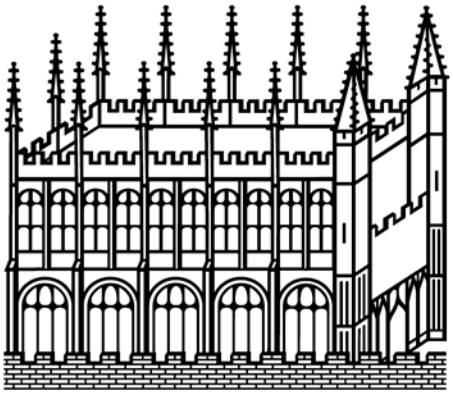

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

VOL. VI.

LONDON:
SPOTTISWOODES and SHAW,
New-street-Square.

Painted by T. Gresvick. *Engraved by E. Finden.*

ST MICHAEL'S MOUNT, CORNWALL.

London, Longman & Co

BALLADS
AND METRICAL TALES,

BY

Robert Bloomfield

In Two Volumes.

VOL. I

Painted by T. Creswick. *Engraved by W. Finden.*

The Well of St. Keyne.

LONDON.
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN AND LONGMANS,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

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COLLECTED BY HIMSELF.

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PATERNOSTER-ROW.

BALLADS AND METRICAL TALES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

Most of the pieces in this volume were written in early life, a few are comparatively of recent date, and there are some of them which lay unfinished for nearly thirty years.

Upon reading, on their first appearance, certain of these Ballads, and of the lighter pieces now comprised in the third volume of this collective edition, Mr. Edgeworth said to me, "Take my word for it, Sir, the bent of your genius is for comedy." I was as little displeased with the intended compliment as one of the most distinguished poets of this age was with Mr. Sheridan, who, upon returning a play which he had offered for acceptance at Drury Lane, told him it was a comical tragedy.

My late friend, Mr. William Taylor of Norwich, whom none who knew him intimately can ever call to mind without affection and regret, has this passage in his Life of Dr. Sayers: — "Not long after this (the year 1800), Mr. Robert Southey visited

Norwich, was introduced to Dr. Sayers, and partook those feelings of complacent admiration which his presence was adapted to inspire.—Dr. Sayers pointed out to us in conversation, as adapted for the theme of a ballad, a story related by Olaus Magnus of a witch, whose coffin was confined by three chains, sprinkled with holy water; but who was, nevertheless, carried off by demons. Already, I believe, Dr. Sayers had made a ballad on the subject, so did I, and so did Mr. Southey; but after seeing the Old Woman of Berkeley, we agreed in awarding to it the preference. Still, the very different manner in which each had employed the same basis of narration might render welcome the opportunity of comparison; but I have not found among the papers of Dr. Sayers a copy of his poem."

There is a mistake here as to the date. This, my first visit to Norwich, was in the spring of 1798; and I had so much to interest me there in the society of my kind host and friend Mr. William Taylor, that the mention at Dr. Sayers's table of the story in Olaus Magnus made no impression on me at the time, and was presently forgotten. Indeed, if I had known that either he or his friend had written or intended to write a ballad upon the subject, that knowledge, however much the story might have pleased me, would have withheld me from all

thought of versifying it. In the autumn of the same year, I passed some days at Hereford with Mr. William Bowyer Thomas, one of the friends with whom, in 1796, I had visited the Arrabida Convent near Setubal. By his means I obtained permission to make use of the books in the Cathedral Library, and accordingly I was locked up for several mornings in that part of the Cathedral where the books were kept in chains. So little were these books used at that time, that in placing them upon the shelves, no regard had been had to the length of the chains; and when the volume which I wished to consult was fastened to one of the upper shelves by a short chain, the only means by which it was possible to make use of it was, by piling upon the reading desk as many volumes with longer chains as would reach up to the length of its tether; then by standing on a chair, I was able to effect my purpose. There, and thus, I first read the story of the Old Woman of Berkeley, in Matthew of Westminster, and transcribed it into a pocket-book. I had no recollection of what had passed at Dr. Sayers's; but the circumstantial details in the monkish Chronicle impressed me so strongly, that I began to versify them that very evening. It was the last day of our pleasant visit at Hereford; and on the following morning the remainder of the Ballad was pencilled in a post-chaise on our way to Abberley.

Mr. Wathen, a singular and obliging person, who afterwards made a voyage to the East Indies, and published an account of what he saw there, traced for me a facsimile of a wooden cut in the Nuremberg Chronicle (which was among the prisoners in the Cathedral). It represents the Old Woman's forcible abduction from her intended place of burial. This was put into the hands of a Bristol artist; and the engraving in wood which he made from it was prefixed to the Ballad when first published, in the second volume of my poems 1799. The Devil alludes to it in his Walk, when he complains of a certain poet as having "put him in ugly ballads with libellous pictures for sale."

The passage from Matthew of Westminster was prefixed to the Ballad when first published, and it has continued to be so in every subsequent edition of my minor poems from that time to the present: for whenever I have founded either a poem, or part of one, upon any legend, or portion of history, I have either extracted the passage to which I was indebted, if its length allowed, or have referred to it. Mr. Payne Collier, however, after the Ballad, with its parentage affixed, had been twenty years before the public, discovered that I had copied the story from Heywood's Nine Books of various History concerning Women, and that I had not thought proper to acknowledge the obligation. The discovery is

thus stated in that gentleman's Poetical Decameron (vol. i. p. 323.). Speaking of the book, one of his Interlocutors says, "It is not of such rarity or singularity as to deserve particular notice now; only if you refer to p. 443. you will find the story on which Mr. Southey founded his mock-ballad of the Old Woman of Berkeley. You will see, too, that the mode in which it is told is extremely similar.

"MORTON. Had Mr. Southey seen Heywood's book?

"BOURNE. It is not improbable; or some quotation from it, the resemblance is so exact: you may judge from the few following sentences."

Part of Heywood's narration is then given; upon which one of the speakers observes, "'The resemblance is exact, and it is not unlikely that Heywood and Southey copied from the same original.'

"BOURNE. Perhaps so; Heywood quotes Guillerimus *in Special. Histor.* lib. xxvi. c. 26. He afterwards relates, as Southey, that the Devil placed the Old Woman of Berkeley before him on a black horse, and that her screams were heard four miles off."

It cannot, however, be disputed, that Mr. Payne Collier has made one discovery relating to this subject; for he has discovered that the Old Woman of Berkeley is a mock-ballad. Certainly this was never suspected by the Author or any of his friends.

It obtained a very different character in Russia, where, having been translated and published, it was prohibited for this singular reason, that children were said to be frightened by it. This I was told by a Russian traveller who called upon me at Keswick.

Keswick, 8th March, 1838.

BALLADS

AND METRICAL TALES.

MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN.

The circumstances related in the following Ballad were told me when a school-boy, as having happened in the north of England. Either Furnes or Kirkstall Abbey (I forget which) was named as the scene. The original story however is in Dr. Plot's History of Staffordshire.

"Amongst the unusual accidents," says this amusing author, "that have attended the female sex in the course of their lives, I think I may also reckon the narrow escapes they have made from death. Whereof I met with one mentioned with admiration by every body at Leek, that happened not far off at the Black Meer of Morridge, which, though famous for nothing for which it is commonly reputed so, (as that it is bottomless, no cattle will drink of it, or birds fly over or settle upon it, all which I found false,) yet is so, for the signal deliverance of a poor woman, enticed thither in a dismal stormy night, by a bloody ruffian, who had first gotten her with child, and intended in this remote inhospitable place to have dispatched her by drowning. The same night (Providence so ordering it) there were several persons of inferior rank drinking in an ale-house at Leek, whereof one having been out, and observing the darkness and other ill circumstances of the weather, coming in again, said to the rest of his companions, that he were a stout man indeed that would venture to go to the Black Meer of Morridge in such a night as that: to which one of them replying, that for a crown or some such sum he would undertake it, the rest joining their purses, said he should have his demand. The bargain being struck, away he went on his journey with a stick in his hand, which he

was to leave there as a testimony of his performance. At length coming near the Meer, he heard the lamentable cries of this distressed woman, begging for mercy, which at first put him to a stand; but being a man of great resolution and some policy, he went boldly on however, counterfeiting the presence of divers other persons, calling Jack, Dick, and Tom, and crying, *Here are the rogues we look'd for*, &c.; which being heard by the murderer, he left the woman and fled; whom the other man found by the Meer side almost stript of her clothes, and brought her with him to Leek as an ample testimony of his having been at the Meer, and of God's providence too."— P. 291.

The metre is Mr. Lewis's invention; and metre is one of the few things concerning which popularity may be admitted as a proof of merit. The ballad has become popular owing to the metre and the story; and it has been made the subject of a fine picture by Mr. Barker.

1.

WHO is yonder poor Maniac, whose wildly-fix'd eyes
Seem a heart overcharged to express?
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs;
She never complains, but her silence implies
The composure of settled distress.

2.

No pity she looks for, no alms doth she seek;
Nor for raiment nor food doth she care:
Through her tatters the winds of the winter blow bleak
On that wither'd breast, and her weather-worn cheek
Hath the hue of a mortal despair.

3.

Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the day,
Poor Mary the Maniac hath been;
The Traveller remembers who journey'd this way
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
As Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

4.

Her cheerful address fill'd the guests with delight
As she welcomed them in with a smile;
Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,
And Mary would walk by the Abbey at night
When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

5.

She loved, and young Richard had settled the day,
And she hoped to be happy for life:
But Richard was idle and worthless, and they
Who knew him would pity poor Mary, and say
That she was too good for his wife.

6.

'T was in autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,
And fast were the windows and door;
Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt bright,
And smoking in silence with tranquil delight
They listen'd to hear the wind roar.

7.

" 'T is pleasant," cried one, " seated by the fire-side,
To hear the wind whistle without."
" What a night for the Abbey!" his comrade replied,
" Methinks a man's courage would now be well tried
Who should wander the ruins about.

8.

" I myself, like a school-boy, should tremble to hear
The hoarse ivy shake over my head;
And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,
Some ugly old Abbot's grim spirit appear,
For this wind might awaken the dead!"

9.

" I 'll wager a dinner," the other one cried,
" That Mary would venture there now."
" Then wager and lose!" with a sneer he replied,
" I 'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,
And faint if she saw a white cow."

10.

" Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?"
His companion exclaim'd with a smile;
" I shall win, . . for I know she will venture there now,
And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough
From the elder that grows in the aisle."

11.

With fearless good-humour did Mary comply,
And her way to the Abbey she bent;
The night was dark, and the wind was high,
And as hollowly howling it swept through the sky,
She shiver'd with cold as she went.

12.

O'er the path so well known still proceeded the Maid
Where the Abbey rose dim on the sight;
Through the gateway she enter'd, she felt not afraid,
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade
Seem'd to deepen the gloom of the night.

13.

All around her was silent, save when the rude blast
Howl'd dismally round the old pile;
Over weed-cover'd fragments she fearlessly pass'd,
And arrived at the innermost ruin at last
Where the elder-tree grew in the aisle.

14.

Well pleased did she reach it, and quickly drew near,
And hastily gather'd the bough;
When the sound of a voice seem'd to rise on her ear,
She paused, and she listen'd intently, in fear,
And her heart panted painfully now.

15.

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head,
She listen'd . . nought else could she hear;
The wind fell; her heart sunk in her bosom with dread,
For she heard in the ruins distinctly the tread
Of footsteps approaching her near.

16.

Behind a wide column half breathless with fear
She crept to conceal herself there:
That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,
And she saw in the moonlight two ruffians appear,
And between them a corpse did they bear.

17.

Then Mary could feel her heart-blood curdle cold;
Again the rough wind hurried by, . .
It blew off the hat of the one, and behold
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it roll'd, . .
She felt, and expected to die.

18.

"Curse the hat!" he exclaims; "Nay, come on till we hide
"The dead body," his comrade replies.
She beholds them in safety pass on by her side,
She seizes the hat, fear her courage supplied,
And fast through the Abbey she flies.

19.

She ran with wild speed, she rush'd in at the door,
She gaz'd in her terror around,
Then her limbs could support their faint burthen no more,
And exhausted and breathless she sank on the floor.
Unable to utter a sound.

20.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,
For a moment the hat met her view; . .
Her eyes from that object convulsively start,
For . . what a cold horror then thrilled through her heart
When the name of her Richard she knew!

21.

Where the old Abbey stands, on the common hard by,
His gibbet is now to be seen;
His irons you still from the road may espy;
The traveller beholds them, and thinks with a sigh
Of poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

Bristol, 1796.

DONICA.

"In Finland there is a Castle which is called the New Rock, moated about with a river of unsounded depth, the water black, and the fish therein very distasteful to the palate. In this are spectres often seen, which foreshow either the death of the Governor, or of some prime officer belonging to the place; and most commonly it appeareth in the shape of a harper, sweetly singing and dallying and playing under the water."

"It is reported of one Donica, that after she was dead, the Devil walked in her body for the space of two years, so that none suspected but she was still alive; for she did both speak and eat, though very sparingly; only she had a deep paleness on her countenance, which was the only sign of death. At length a Magician coming by where she was then in the company of many other virgins, as soon as he beheld her he said, 'Fair Maids, why keep you company with this dead Virgin, whom you suppose to be alive?' when, taking away the magic charm which was tied under her arm, the body fell down lifeless and without motion."

The following Ballad is founded on these stories. They are to be found in the notes to The Hierarchies of the Blessed Angels; a Poem by Thomas Heywood, printed in folio by Adam Islip, 1635.

High on a rock whose castled shade
Darken'd the lake below,
In ancient strength majestic stood
The towers of Arlinkow.

The fisher in the lake below
  Durst never cast his net,
Nor ever swallow in its waves
  Her passing wing would wet.

The cattle from its ominous banks
  In wild alarm would run,
Though parch'd with thirst, and faint beneath
  The summer's scorching sun.

For sometimes when no passing breeze
  The long lank sedges waved,
All white with foam and heaving high
  Its deafening billows raved.

And when the tempest from its base
  The rooted pine would shake,
The powerless storm unruffling swept
  Across the calm dead lake.

And ever then when death drew near
  The house of Arlinkow,
Its dark unfathom'd waters sent
  Strange music from below.

The Lord of Arlinkow was old,
  One only child had he,
Donica was the Maiden's name,
  As fair as fair might be.

A bloom as bright as opening morn
Suffused her clear white cheek;
The music of her voice was mild,
Her full dark eyes were meek.

Far was her beauty known, for none
So fair could Finland boast:
Her parents loved the Maiden much,
Young Eberhard loved her most.

Together did they hope to tread
The pleasant path of life,
For now the day drew near to make
Donica Eberhard's wife.

The eve was fair and mild the air,
Along the lake they stray;
The eastern hill reflected bright
The tints of fading day.

And brightly o'er the water stream'd
The liquid radiance wide;
Donica's little dog ran on
And gamboll'd at her side

Youth, health, and love bloom'd on her cheek,
Her full dark eyes express
In many a glance to Eberhard
Her soul's meek tenderness.

Nor sound was heard, nor passing gale
  Sigh'd through the long lank sedge;
The air was hush'd, no little wave
  Dimpled the water's edge:

When suddenly the lake sent forth
  Its music from beneath,
And slowly o'er the waters sail'd
  The solemn sounds of death.

As those deep sounds of death arose,
  Donica's cheek grew pale,
And in the arms of Eberhard
  The lifeless Maiden fell.

Loudly the Youth in terror shriek'd,
  And loud he call'd for aid,
And with a wild and eager look
  Gazed on the lifeless Maid.

But soon again did better thoughts
  In Eberhard arise,
And he with trembling hope beheld
  The Maiden raise her eyes.

And on his arm reclined she moved
  With feeble pace and slow,
And soon with strength recover'd reach'd
  The towers of Arlinkow.

Yet never to Donica's cheeks
Return'd their lively hue;
Her cheeks were deathy white and wan,
Her lips a livid blue;

Her eyes so bright and black of yore
Were now more black and bright,
And beam'd strange lustre in her face
So deadly wan and white.

The dog that gamboll'd by her side,
And loved with her to stray,
Now at his alter'd mistress howl'd,
And fled in fear away.

Yet did the faithful Eberhard
Not love the Maid the less;
He gazed with sorrow, but he gazed
With deeper tenderness.

And when he found her health unharm'd
He would not brook delay,
But press'd the not unwilling Maid
To fix the bridal day.

And when at length it came, with joy
He hail'd the bridal day,
And onward to the house of God
They went their willing way.

But when they at the altar stood,
And heard the sacred rite,
The hallow'd tapers dimly stream'd
A pale sulphureous light.

And when the Youth with holy warmth
Her hand in his did hold,
Sudden he felt Donica's hand
Grow deadly damp and cold.

But loudly then he shriek'd, for lo!
A Spirit met his view,
And Eberhard in the angel form
His own Donica knew.

That instant from her earthly frame
A Dæmon howling fled,
And at the side of Eberhard
The livid corpse fell dead.

Bristol, 1796.

RUDIGER.

" Divers Princes and Noblemen being assembled in a beautiful and fair Palace, which was situate upon the river Rhine, they beheld a boat or small barge make toward the shore, drawn by a Swan in a silver chain, the one end fastened about her neck, the other to the vessel; and in it an unknown soldier, a man of a comely personage and graceful presence, who stept upon the shore; which done, the boat guided by the Swan left him, and floated down the river. This man fell afterward in league with a fair gentlewoman, married her, and by her had many children. After some years, the same Swan came with the same barge unto the same place; the soldier entering into it, was carried thence the way he came, left wife, children, and family, and was never seen amongst them after."

" Now who can judge this to be other than one of those spirits that are named Incubi?" says Thomas Heywood. I have adopted his story, but not his solution, making the unknown soldier not an evil spirit, but one who had purchased prosperity from a malevolent being, by the promised sacrifice of his first-born child.

Bright on the mountain's heathy slope
The day's last splendours shine,
And rich with many a radiant hue,
Gleam gaily on the Rhine.

And many a one from Waldhurst's walls
Along the river stroll'd,
As ruffling o'er the pleasant stream
The evening gales came cold.

So as they stray'd a swan they saw
  Sail stately up and strong,
And by a silver chain he drew
  A little boat along.

Whose streamer to the gentle breeze
  Long floating flutter'd light;
Beneath whose crimson canopy
  There lay reclined a knight.

With arching crest and swelling breast
  On sail'd the stately swan,
And lightly up the parting tide
  The little boat came on.

And onward to the shore they drew,
  Where having left the knight,
The little boat adown the stream
  Fell soon beyond the sight.

Was never a knight in Waldhurst's walls
  Could with this stranger vie,
Was never a youth at aught esteem'd
  When Rudiger was by.

Was never a maid in Waldhurst's walls
  Might match with Margaret;
Her cheek was fair, her eyes were dark,
  Her silken locks like jet.

And many a rich and noble youth
Had sought to win the fair,
But never a rich and noble youth
Could rival Rudiger.

At every tilt and tourney he
Still bore away the prize;
For knightly feats superior still,
And knightly courtesies.

His gallant feats, his looks, his love,
Soon won the willing fair;
And soon did Margaret become
The wife of Rudiger.

Like morning dreams of happiness
Fast roll'd the months away;
For he was kind and she was kind,
And who so blest as they?

Yet Rudiger would sometimes sit
Absorb'd in silent thought,
And his dark downward eye would seem
With anxious meaning fraught:

But soon he raised his looks again,
And smiled his cares away,
And mid the hall of gaiety
Was none like him so gay.

And onward roll'd the waning months,
The hour appointed came,
And Margaret her Rudiger
Hail'd with a father's name.

But silently did Rudiger
The little infant see;
And darkly on the babe he gazed,—
A gloomy man was he.

And when to bless the little babe
The holy Father came,
To cleanse the stains of sin away
In Christ's redeeming name,

Then did the cheek of Rudiger
Assume a death-pale hue,
And on his clammy forehead stood
The cold convulsive dew;

And faltering in his speech he bade
The Priest the rites delay,
Till he could, to right health restored,
Enjoy the festive day.

When o'er the many-tinted sky
He saw the day decline,
He called upon his Margaret
To walk beside the Rhine;

"And we will take the little babe,
For soft the breeze that blows,
And the mild murmurs of the stream
Will lull him to repose."

And so together forth they went,
The evening breeze was mild,
And Rudiger upon his arm
Pillow'd the little child.

Many gay companies that eve
Along the river roam,
But when the mist began to rise,
They all betook them home.

Yet Rudiger continued still
Along the banks to roam,
Nor aught could Margaret prevail
To turn his footsteps home.

"Oh turn thee, turn thee, Rudiger!
The rising mists behold,
The evening wind is damp and chill,
The little babe is cold!"

"Now hush thee, hush thee, Margaret,
The mists will do no harm,
And from the wind the little babe
Is shelter'd on my arm."

"Oh turn thee, turn thee, Rudiger!
Why onward wilt thou roam?
The moon is up, the night is cold,
And we are far from home."

He answer'd not; for now he saw
A Swan come sailing strong,
And by a silver chain he drew
A little boat along.

To shore they came, and to the boat
Fast leapt he with the child,
And in leapt Margaret . . breathless now,
And pale with fear, and wild.

With arching crest and swelling breast
On sail'd the stately Swan,
And lightly down the rapid tide
The little boat went on.

The full orb'd moon, that beam'd around
Pale splendour through the night,
Cast through the crimson canopy
A dim discolour'd light.

And swiftly down the hurrying stream
In silence still they sail,
And the long streamer fluttering fast,
Flapp'd to the heavy gale.

And he was mute in sullen thought,
And she was mute with fear,
Nor sound but of the parting tide
Broke on the listening ear.

The little babe began to cry;
Then Margaret raised her head,
And with a quick and hollow voice
"Give me the child!" she said.

"Now hush thee, hush thee, Margaret,
Nor my poor heart distress!
I do but pay perforce the price
Of former happiness.

"And hush thee too, my little babe!
Thy cries so feeble cease;
Lie still, lie still; . . a little while
And thou shalt be at peace."

So as he spake to land they drew,
And swift he stept on shore,
And him behind did Margaret
Close follow evermore.

It was a place all desolate,
Nor house nor tree was there;
But there a rocky mountain rose,
Barren, and bleak, and bare.

And at its base a cavern yawn'd,
No eye its depth might view,
For in the moon-beam shining round
That darkness darker grew

Cold horror crept through Margaret's blood,
Her heart it paused with fear,
When Rudiger approach'd the cave,
And cried, " Lo, I am here ! "

A deep sepulchral sound the cave
Return'd " Lo, I am here ! "
And black from out the cavern gloom
Two giant arms appear.

And Rudiger approach'd, and held
The little infant nigh ;
Then Margaret shriek'd, and gather'd then
New powers from agony.

And round the baby fast and close
Her trembling arms she folds,
And with a strong convulsive grasp
The little infant holds.

" Now help me, Jesus ! " loud she cries,
And loud on God she calls ;
Then from the grasp of Rudiger
The little infant falls.

The mother holds her precious babe ;
But the black arms clasp'd him round,
And dragg'd the wretched Rudiger
Adown the dark profound.

Bristol, 1796.

JASPAR.

JASPAR was poor, and vice and want
Had made his heart like stone;
And Jaspar look'd with envious eyes
On riches not his own.

On plunder bent abroad he went
Toward the close of day,
And loiter'd on the lonely road
Impatient for his prey.

No traveller came . . he loiter'd long,
And often look'd around,
And paused and listen'd eagerly
To catch some coming sound.

He sate him down beside the stream
That crost the lonely way,
So fair a scene might well have charm'd
All evil thoughts away:

He sate beneath a willow tree
Which cast a trembling shade;
The gentle river full in front
A little island made;

Where pleasantly the moon-beam shone
  Upon the poplar trees,
Whose shadow on the stream below
  Play'd slowly to the breeze.

He listen'd . . and he heard the wind
  That waved the willow tree;
He heard the waters flow along,
  And murmur quietly.

He listen'd for the traveller's tread,
  The nightingale sung sweet; . .
He started up, for now he heard
  The sound of coming feet;

He started up and graspt a stake,
  And waited for his prey;
There came a lonely traveller,
  And Jaspar crost his way.

But Jaspar's threats and curses fail'd
  The traveller to appal,
He would not lightly yield the purse
  Which held his little all.

Awhile he struggled, but he strove
  With Jaspar's strength in vain;
Beneath his blows he fell and groan'd,
  And never spake again.

Jaspar raised up the murder'd man,
And plunged him in the flood,
And in the running water then
He cleansed his hands from blood.

The waters closed around the corpse,
And cleansed his hands from gore,
The willow waved, the stream flow'd on,
And murmured as before.

There was no human eye had seen
The blood the murderer spilt,
And Jaspar's conscience never felt
The avenging goad of guilt.

And soon the ruffian had consumed
The gold he gain'd so ill,
And years of secret guilt pass'd on,
And he was needy still.

One eve beside the alehouse fire
He sate as it befell,
When in there came a labouring man
Whom Jaspar knew full well.

He sate him down by Jaspar's side,
A melancholy man,
For spite of honest toil, the world
Went hard with Jonathan.

His toil a little earn d, and he
With little was content;
But sickness on his wife had fallen,
And all was well-nigh spent.

Long with his wife and little ones
He shared the scanty meal,
And saw their looks of wretchedness,
And felt what wretches feel.

Their Landlord, a hard man, that day,
Had seized the little left,
And now the sufferer found himself
Of every thing bereft.

He leant his head upon his hand,
His elbow on his knee,
And so by Jaspar's side he sate,
And not a word said he.

" Nay, . . why so downcast ? " Jaspar cried,
" Come . . cheer up, Jonathan !
Drink, neighbour, drink ! 't will warm thy heart . .
Come ! come ! take courage, man ! "

He took the cup that Jaspar gave,
And down he drain'd it quick;
" I have a wife," said Jonathan,
" And she is deadly sick.

"She has no bed to lie upon,
I saw them take her bed . . .
And I have children . . would to God
That they and I were dead!

"Our Landlord he goes home to-night,
And he will sleep in peace . . .
I would that I were in my grave,
For there all troubles cease.

"In vain I pray'd him to forbear,
Though wealth enough has he!
God be to him as merciless
As he has been to me!"

When Jaspar saw the poor man's soul
On all his ills intent,
He plied him with the heartening cup,
And with him forth he went.

'This Landlord on his homeward road
'T were easy now to meet.
The road is lonesome, Jonathan! . .
And vengeance, man! is sweet."

He listen'd to the tempter's voice,
The thought it made him start; . .
His head was hot, and wretchedness
Had harden'd now his heart.

Along the lonely road they went
And waited for their prey,
They sate them down beside the stream
That crost the lonely way.

They sate them down beside the stream
And never a word they said,
They sate and listen'd silently
To hear the traveller's tread.

The night was calm, the night was dark,
No star was in the sky,
The wind it waved the willow boughs,
The stream flow'd quietly.

The night was calm, the air was still,
Sweet sung the nightingale;
The soul of Jonathan was soothed,
His heart began to fail.

'"T is weary waiting here," he cried,
"And now the hour is late, . . .
Methinks he will not come to-night,
No longer let us wait."

'Have patience, man!" the ruffian said,
"A little we may wait;
But longer shall his wife expect
Her husband at the gate."

Then Jonathan grew sick at heart;
"My conscience yet is clear!
Jaspar . . it is not yet too late . .
I will not linger here."

"How now!" cried Jaspar, "why, I thought
Thy conscience was asleep;
No more such qualms, the night is dark,
The river here is deep."

"What matters that," said Jonathan,
Whose blood began to freeze,
"When there is One above whose eye
The deeds of darkness sees?"

"We are safe enough," said Jaspar then,
"If that be all thy fear!
Nor eye above, nor eye below,
Can pierce the darkness here."

That instant as the murderer spake
There came a sudden light;
Strong as the mid-day sun it shone,
Though all around was night;

It hung upon the willow tree,
It hung upon the flood,
It gave to view the poplar isle,
And all the scene of blood.

The traveller who journeys there,
He surely hath espied
A madman who has made his home
Upon the river's side.

His cheek is pale, his eye is wild,
His look bespeaks despair;
For Jaspar since that hour has made
His home unshelter'd there.

And fearful are his dreams at night,
And dread to him the day;
He thinks upon his untold crime,
And never dares to pray.

The summer suns, the winter storms,
O'er him unheeded roll,
For heavy is the weight of blood
Upon the maniac's soul.

Bath, 1798.

LORD WILLIAM.

An imitation of this Ballad in French verse, by J. F. Chatelain, was printed at Tournay, about 1820.

No eye beheld when William plunged
  Young Edmund in the stream,
No human ear but William's heard
  Young Edmund's drowning scream.

Submissive all the vassals own'd
  The murderer for their Lord,
And he as rightful heir possess'd
  The house of Erlingford.

The ancient house of Erlingford
  Stood in a fair domain,
And Severn's ample waters near
  Roll'd through the fertile plain.

And often the way-faring man
  Would love to linger there,
Forgetful of his onward road,
  To gaze on scenes so fair.

But never could Lord William dare
To gaze on Severn's stream;
In every wind that swept its waves
He heard young Edmund's scream.

In vain at midnight's silent hour
Sleep closed the murderer's eyes,
In every dream the murderer saw
Young Edmund's form arise.

In vain by restless conscience driven
Lord William left his home,
Far from the scenes that saw his guilt,
In pilgrimage to roam;

To other climes the pilgrim fled,
But could not fly despair;
He sought his home again, but peace
Was still a stranger there.

Slow were the passing hours, yet swift
The months appeared to roll;
And now the day return'd that shook
With terror William's soul;

A day that William never felt
Return without dismay,
For well had conscience kalendar'd
Young Edmund's dying day.

A fearful day was that; the rains
  Fell fast with tempest roar,
And the swoln tide of Severn spread
  Far on the level shore.

In vain Lord William sought the feast,
  In vain he quaff'd the bowl,
And strove with noisy mirth to drown
  The anguish of his soul.

The tempest, as its sudden swell
  In gusty howlings came,
With cold and death-like feeling seem'd
  To thrill his shuddering frame.

Reluctant now, as night came on,
  His lonely couch he prest;
And, wearied out, he sunk to sleep, .
  To sleep . . but not to rest.

Beside that couch his brother's form,
  Lord Edmund seem'd to stand,
Such and so pale as when in death
  He grasp'd his brother's hand;

Such and so pale his face as when
  With faint and faltering tongue,
To William's care, a dying charge,
  He left his orphan son.

"I bade thee with a father's love
My orphan Edmund guard; . .
Well, William, hast thou kept thy charge!
Take now thy due reward."

He started up, each limb convulsed
With agonizing fear;
He only heard the storm of night. . .
'T was music to his ear.

When lo! the voice of loud alarm
His inmost soul appals;
"What ho! Lord William, rise in haste!
The water saps thy walls!"

He rose in haste, beneath the walls
He saw the flood appear;
It hemm'd him round, 't was midnight now,
No human aid was near.

He heard a shout of joy, for now
A boat approach'd the wall,
And eager to the welcome aid
They crowd for safety all.

"My boat is small," the boatman cried,
"'T will bear but one away;
Come in, Lord William, and do ye
In God's protection stay."

Strange feeling fill'd them at his voice
Even in that hour of woe,
That, save their Lord, there was not one
Who wish'd with him to go.

But William leapt into the boat,
His terror was so sore;
"Thou shalt have half my gold," he cried,
Haste . . haste to yonder shore."

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
Went light along the stream;
Sudden Lord William heard a cry
Like Edmund's drowning scream.

The boatman paused, "Methought I heard
A child's distressful cry!"
"'T was but the howling wind of night,"
Lord William made reply.

"Haste . . haste . . ply swift and strong the oar;
Haste . . haste across the stream!"
Again Lord William heard a cry
Like Edmund's drowning scream.

"I heard a child's distressful voice,"
The boatman cried again.
"Nay, hasten on . . the night is dark . .
And we should search in vain."

"O God! Lord William, dost thou know
How dreadful 't is to die?
And canst thou without pity hear
A child's expiring cry?

"How horrible it is to sink
Beneath the closing stream,
To stretch the powerless arms in vain,
In vain for help to scream!"

The shriek again was heard: it came
More deep, more piercing loud;
That instant o'er the flood the moon
Shone through a broken cloud;

And near them they beheld a child;
Upon a crag he stood,
A little crag, and all around
Was spread the rising flood.

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
Approach'd his resting-place;
The moon-beam shone upon the child,
And show'd how pale his face.

"Now reach thine hand!" the boatman cried,
"Lord William, reach and save!"
The child stretch'd forth his little hands
To grasp the hand he gave.

Then William shriek'd; the hands he felt
Were cold and damp and dead!
He held young Edmund in his arms
A heavier weight than lead.

The boat sunk down, the murderer sunk
Beneath the avenging stream;
He rose, he shriek'd, no human ear
Heard William's drowning scream.

Westbury, 1798.

ST. PATRICK'S PURGATORY.

THIS Ballad was published (1801) in the Tales of Wonder, by Mr. Lewis, who found it among the wefts and strays of the Press. He never knew that it was mine; but after his death I bestowed some pains in recomposing it, because he had thought it worth preserving.

It is founded upon the abridged extract which M. le Grand has given in his *Fabliaux* of a Metrical legend, by Marie de France.

1.

"ENTER, Sir Knight," the Warden cried,
"And trust in Heaven whate'er betide,
Since you have reach'd this bourn;
But first receive refreshment due,
'T will then be time to welcome you
If ever you return."

2.

Three sops were brought of bread and wine;
Well might Sir Owen then divine
The mystic warning given,
That he against our ghostly Foe
Must soon to mortal combat go,
And put his trust in Heaven.

3.

Sir Owen pass'd the convent gate,
The Warden him conducted straight
To where a coffin lay;
The Monks around in silence stand,
Each with a funeral torch in hand
Whose light bedimm'd the day.

4.

"Few Pilgrims ever reach this bourn,"
They said, "but fewer still return;
Yet, let what will ensue,
Our duties are prescribed and clear;
Put off all mortal weakness here,
This coffin is for you.

5.

"Lie there, while we with pious breath
Raise over you the dirge of death,
This comfort we can give;
Belike no living hands may pay
This office to your lifeless clay,
Receive it while you live!"

6.

Sir Owen in a shroud was drest,
They placed a cross upon his breast,
And down he laid his head;
Around him stood the funeral train,
And sung with slow and solemn strain
The Service of the Dead.

7.

Then to the entrance of the Cave
They led the Christian warrior brave;
Some fear he well might feel,
For none of all the Monks could tell
The terrors of that mystic cell,
Its secrets none reveal.

8.

" Now enter here," the Warden cried,
" And God, Sir Owen, be your guide!
Your name shall live in story:
For of the few who reach this shore,
Still fewer venture to explore
St. Patrick's Purgatory."

9.

Adown the Cavern's long descent,
Feeling his way Sir Owen went,
With cautious feet and slow;
Unarm'd, for neither sword nor spear,
Nor shield of proof avail'd him here
Against our ghostly Foe.

10.

The ground was moist beneath his tread,
Large drops fell heavy on his head,
The air was damp and chill,
And sudden shudderings o'er him came,
And he could feel through all his frame
An icy sharpness thrill.

11.

Now steeper grew the dark descent;
In fervent prayer the Pilgrim went,
'T was silence all around,
Save his own echo from the cell,
And the large drops that frequent fell
With dull and heavy sound.

12.

But colder now he felt the cell,
Those heavy drops no longer fell,
Thin grew the piercing air;
And now upon his aching sight,
There dawn'd far off a feeble light,
In hope he hasten'd there.

13.

Emerging now once more to day
A frozen waste before him lay,
A desert wild and wide,
Where ice-rocks in a sunless sky,
On ice-rocks piled, and mountains high,
Were heap'd on every side.

14.

Impending as about to fall
They seem'd, and had that sight been all,
Enough that sight had been
To make the stoutest courage quail;
For what could courage there avail
Against what then was seen?

15.

He saw, as on in faith he past,
Where many a frozen wretch was fast
  Within the ice-clefts pent,
Yet living still, and doom'd to bear
In absolute and dumb despair
  Their endless punishment.

16.

A Voice then spake within his ear,
And fill'd his inmost soul with fear,
  "O mortal Man," it said,
"Adventurers like thyself were these!"
He seem'd to feel his life-blood freeze,
  And yet subdued his dread.

17.

"O mortal Man," the Voice pursued,
"Be wise in time! for thine own good
  Alone I counsel thee;
Take pity on thyself, retrace
Thy steps, and fly this dolorous place
  While yet thy feet are free.

18.

"I warn thee once! I warn thee twice!
Behold! that mass of mountain-ice
  Is trembling o'er thy head!
One warning is allow'd thee more;
O mortal Man, that warning o'er,
  And thou art worse than dead!"

19.

Not without fear, Sir Owen still
Held on with strength of righteous will,
In faith and fervent prayer;
When at the word, "I warn thee thrice!"
Down came the mass of mountain ice,
And overwhelm'd him there.

20.

Crush'd though, it seem'd, in every bone,
And sense for suffering left alone,
A living hope remain'd;
In whom he had believed, he knew,
And thence the holy courage grew
That still his soul sustain'd.

21.

For he, as he beheld it fall,
Fail'd not in faith on Christ to call,
"Lord, Thou canst save!" he cried;
O heavenly help vouchsafed in need,
When perfect faith is found indeed;
The rocks of ice divide.

22.

Like dust before the storm-wind's sway
The shiver'd fragments roll'd away,
And left the passage free;
New strength he feels, all pain is gone,
New life Sir Owen breathes, and on
He goes rejoicingly.

23.

Yet other trials he must meet,
For soon a close and piercing heat
  Relax'd each loosen'd limb;
The sweat stream'd out from every part,
In short quick beatings toil'd his heart,
  His throbbing eyes grew dim.

24.

Along the wide and wasted land
A stream of fire through banks of sand
  Its molten billows spread;
Thin vapours tremulously light
Hung quivering o'er the glowing white,
  The air he breathed was red.

25.

A Paradise beyond was seen,
Of shady groves and gardens green,
  Fair flowers and fruitful trees,
And flowing fountains cool and clear,
Whose gurgling music reach'd his ear
  Borne on the burning breeze.

26.

How should he pass that molten flood?
While gazing wistfully he stood,
  A Fiend, as in a dream,
"Thus!" answer'd the unutter'd thought,
Stretch'd forth a mighty arm, and caught
  And cast him in the stream.

27.

Sir Owen groan'd, for then he felt
His eyeballs burn, his marrow melt,
  His brain like liquid lead,
And from his heart the boiling blood
Its agonizing course pursued
  Through limbs like iron red.

28.

Yet, giving way to no despair,
But mindful of the aid of prayer,
  "Lord, Thou canst save!" he said;
And then a breath from Eden came,
With life and healing through his frame
  The blissful influence spread.

29.

No Fiends may now his way oppose,
The gates of Paradise unclose,
  Free entrance there is given;
And songs of triumph meet his ear,
Enrapt, Sir Owen seems to hear
  The harmonies of Heaven.

30.

"Come, Pilgrim! take thy foretaste meet,
Thou who hast trod with fearless feet
  St. Patrick's Purgatory,
For after death these seats divine,
Reward eternal, shall be thine
  And thine eternal glory."

31.

Inebriate with the deep delight,
Dim grew the Pilgrim's swimming sight,
His senses died away;
And when to life he woke, before
The Cavern-mouth he saw once more
The light of earthly day.

Westbury, 1798.

THE CROSS ROADS.

The tragedy related in this Ballad happened about the year 1760, in the parish of Bedminster, near Bristol. One who was present at the funeral told me the story and the circumstances of the interment, as I have versified them.

1.

THERE was an old man breaking stones
To mend the turnpike way;
He sate him down beside a brook,
And out his bread and cheese he took,
For now it was mid-day.

2.

He leant his back against a post,
His feet the brook ran by;
And there were water-cresses growing,
And pleasant was the water's flowing,
For he was hot and dry.

3.

A soldier with his knapsack on
Came travelling o'er the down;
The sun was strong and he was tried;
And he of the old man enquired
"How far to Bristol town?"

4.

"Half an hour's walk for a young man,
By lanes and fields and stiles;
But you the foot-path do not know.
And if along the road you go
Why then 't is three good miles."

5.

The soldier took his knapsack off,
For he was hot and dry;
And out his bread and cheese he took,
And he sat down beside the brook
To dine in company.

6.

"Old friend! in faith," the soldier says,
"I envy you almost;
My shoulders have been sorely prest,
And I should like to sit, and rest
My back against that post.

7.

"In such a sweltering day as this
A knapsack is the devil;
And if on t' other side I sat,
It would not only spoil our chat,
But make me seem uncivil."

8.

The old man laugh'd and moved . . . "I wish
It were a great-arm'd chair!
But this may help a man at need; . .
And yet it was a cursed deed
That ever brought it there.

9.

"There 's a poor girl lies buried here,
Beneath this very place,
The earth upon her corpse is prest,
This post was driven into her breast,
And a stone is on her face."

10.

The soldier had but just leant back,
And now he half rose up.
"There 's sure no harm in dining here,
My friend? and yet, to be sincere,
I should not like to sup."

11.

"God rest her! she is still enough
Who sleeps beneath my feet!"
The old man cried. "No harm I trow,
She ever did herself, though now
She lies where four roads meet.

12.

"I have past by about that hour
When men are not most brave;
It did not make my courage fail,
And I have heard the nightingale
Sing sweetly on her grave.

13.

"I have past by about that hour
When ghosts their freedom have;
But here I saw no ghastly sight,
And quietly the glow-worm's light
Was shining on her grave.

14.

"There 's one who like a Christian lies
Beneath the church-tree's shade;
I 'd rather go a long mile round
Than pass at evening through the ground
Wherein that man is laid.

15.

"A decent burial that man had,
The bell was heard to toll,
When he was laid in holy ground,
But for all the wealth in Bristol town
I would not be with his soul!

16.

"Did'st see a house below the hill
Which the winds and the rains destroy?
In that farm-house did that man dwell,
And I remember it full well
When I was a growing boy.

17

"But she was a poor parish girl
Who came up from the west:
From service hard she ran away,
And at that house in evil day
Was taken in to rest.

18.

"A man of a bad name was he,
An evil life he led;
Passion made his dark face turn white,
And his grey eyes were large and light,
And in anger they grew red.

19.

"The man was bad, the mother worse,
Bad fruit of evil stem;
'T would make your hair to stand on end
If I should tell to you, my friend,
The things that were told of them!

20.

" Did'st see an out-house standing by ?
The walls alone remain;
It was a stable then, but now
Its mossy roof has fallen through
All rotted by the rain.

21.

" This poor girl she had served with them
Some half-a-year or more,
When she was found hung up one day,
Stiff as a corpse and cold as clay,
Behind that stable door.

22.

" It is a wild and lonesome place,
No hut or house is near ;
Should one meet a murderer there alone,
'T were vain to scream, and the dying groan
Would never reach mortal ear.

23.

" And there were strange reports about ;
But still the coroner found
That she by her own hand had died,
And should buried be by the way-side,
And not in Christian ground.

24.

" This was the very place he chose,
Just where these four roads meet;
And I was one among the throng
That hither follow'd them along,
I shall never the sight forget!

25.

" They carried her upon a board
In the clothes in which she died;
I saw the cap blown off her head,
Her face was of a dark dark red,
Her eyes were starting wide:

26.

" I think they could not have been closed,
So widely did they strain.
O Lord, it was a ghastly sight,
And it often made me wake at night,
When I saw it in dreams again.

27.

" They laid her where these four roads meet,
Here in this very place.
The earth upon her corpse was prest,
This post was driven into her breast,
And a stone is on her face."

Westbury, 1798.

GOD'S JUDGEMENT ON A WICKED BISHOP.

Here followeth the History of HATTO, Archbichop of Mentz.

It hapned in the year 914, that there was an exceeding great famine in Germany, at what time Otho surnamed the Great was Emperor, and one Hatto, once Abbot of Fulda, was Archbishop of Mentz, of the Bishops after Crescens and Crescentius the two and thirtieth, of the Archbishops after St. Bonifacius the thirteenth. This Hatto in the time of this great famine afore-mentioned, when he saw the poor people of the country exceedingly oppressed with famine, assembled a great company of them together into a Barne, and, like a most accursed and mercilesse caitiffe, burnt up those poor innocent souls, that were so far from doubting any such matter, that they rather hoped to receive some comfort and relief at his hands. The reason that moved the prelat to commit that execrable impiety was, because he thought the famine would the sooner cease, if those unprofitable beggars that consumed more bread than they were worthy to eat, were dispatched out of the world. For he said that those poor folks were like to Mice, that were good for nothing but to devour corne. But God Almighty, the just avenger of the poor folks quarrel, did not long suffer this hainous tyranny, this most detestable fact, unpunished. For he mustered up an army of Mice against the Archbishop, and sent them to persecute him as his furious Alastors, so that they afflicted him both day and night, and would not suffer him to take his rest in any place. Whereupon the Prelate, thinking that he should be secure from

the injury of Mice if he were in a certain tower, that standeth in the Rhine near to the towne, betook himself unto the said tower as to a safe refuge and sanctuary from his enemies, and locked himself in. But the innumerable troupes of Mice chased him continually very eagerly, and swumme unto him upon the top of the water to execute the just judgment of God, and so at last he was most miserably devoured by those sillie creatures; who pursued him with such bitter hostility, that it is recorded they scraped and knawed out his very name from the walls and tapistry wherein it was written, after they had so cruelly devoured his body. Wherefore the tower wherein he was eaten up by the Mice is shewn to this day, for a perpetual monument to all succeeding ages of the barbarous and inhuman tyranny of this impious Prelate, being situate in a little green Island in the midst of the Rhine near to the towne of Bingen, and is commonly called in the German Tongue the MOWSE-TURN.

CORYAT'S Crudities, pp. 571, 572.

Other authors who record this tale say that the Bishop was eaten by Rats.

THE summer and autumn had been so wet,
That in winter the corn was growing yet,
'T was a piteous sight to see all around
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,
For he had a plentiful last-year's store,
And all the neighbourhood could tell
His granaries were furnish'd well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay;
He bade them to his great Barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced such tidings good to hear,
The poor folk flock'd from far and near;
The great Barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door;
And while for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the Barn and burnt them all.

"I'faith 't is an excellent bonfire!" quoth he,
"And the country is greatly obliged to me,
For ridding it in these times forlorn
Of Rats that only consume the corn."

So then to his palace returned he,
And he sat down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man;
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning as he enter'd the hall
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all over him came,
For the Rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he look'd there came a man from his farm,
He had a countenance white with alarm;
"My Lord, I open'd your granaries this morn,
And the Rats had eaten all your corn."

Another came running presently,
And he was pale as pale could be,
"Fly! my Lord Bishop, fly," quoth he,
"Ten thousand Rats are coming this way, . . .
The Lord forgive you for yesterday!"

"I 'll go to my tower on the Rhine," replied he,
"'T is the safest place in Germany;
The walls are high and the shores are steep,
And the stream is strong and the water deep."

Bishop Hatto fearfully hasten'd away,
And he crost the Rhine without delay,
And reach'd his tower, and barr'd with care
All the windows, doors, and loop-holes there.

He laid him down and closed his eyes; . .
But soon a scream made him arise,
He started and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow from whence the screaming came.

He listen'd and look'd; . . . it was only the Cat;
But the Bishop he grew more fearful for that,
For she sat screaming, mad with fear
At the Army of Rats that were drawing near.

For they have swam over the river so deep,
And they have climb'd the shores so steep,
And up the Tower their way is bent,
To do the work for which they were sent.

They are not to be told by the dozen or score,
By thousands they come, and by myriads and more,
Such numbers had never been heard of before,
Such a judgement had never been witness'd of yore.

Down on his knees the Bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder drawing near
The gnawing of their teeth he could hear.

And in at the windows and in at the door,
And through the walls helter-skelter they pour,
And down from the ceiling and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once to the Bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the Bishop's bones;
They gnaw'd the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgement on him!

Westbury, 1799.

THE PIOUS PAINTER.

The legend of the Pious Painter is related in the Pia Hilaria of Gazæus; but the Pious Poet has omitted the second part of the story, though it rests upon quite as good authority as the first. It is to be found in the *Fabliaux* of Le Grand.

THE FIRST PART.

1.

THERE once was a painter in Catholic days,
Like JOB who eschewed all evil;
Still on his Madonnas the curious may gaze
With applause and with pleasure, but chiefly his praise
And delight was in painting the Devil.

2.

They were Angels, compared to the Devils he drew,
Who besieged poor St. Anthony's cell;
Such burning hot eyes, such a furnace-like hue!
And round them a sulphurous colouring he threw
That their breath seem'd of brimstone to smell.

3.

And now had the artist a picture begun,
'T was over the Virgin's church-door;
She stood on the Dragon embracing her Son;
Many Devils already the artist had done,
But this must out-do all before.

4.

The Old Dragon's imps as they fled through the air,
At seeing it paused on the wing;
For he had the likeness so just to a hair,
That they came as Apollyon himself had been there,
To pay their respects to their King.

5.

Every child at beholding it trembled with dread,
And scream'd as he turn'd away quick.
Not an old woman saw it, but, raising her head,
Dropt a bead, made a cross on her wrinkles, and said,
Lord keep me from ugly Old Nick!

6.

What the Painter so earnestly thought on by day,
He sometimes would dream of by night;
But once he was startled as sleeping he lay;
'T was no fancy, no dream, he could plainly survey
That the Devil himself was in sight.

7.

"You rascally dauber!" old Beelzebub cries,
"Take heed how you wrong me again!
Though your caricatures for myself I despise,
Make me handsomer now in the multitude's eyes,
Or see if I threaten in vain!"

8.

Now the Painter was bold, and religious beside,
And on faith he had certain reliance;
So carefully he the grim countenance eyed,
And thank'd him for sitting with Catholic pride,
And sturdily bade him defiance.

9.

Betimes in the morning the Painter arose,
He is ready as soon as 't is light.
Every look, every line, every feature he knows,
'T is fresh in his eye, to his labour he goes,
And he has the old Wicked One quite.

10.

Happy man! he is sure the resemblance can't fail;
The tip of the nose is like fire,
There 's his grin and his fangs, and his dragon-like mail,
And the very identical curl of his tail, . .
So that nothing is left to desire.

11.

He looks and retouches again with delight;
'T is a portrait complete to his mind;
And exulting again and again at the sight,
He looks round for applause, and he sees with affright
The Original standing behind.

12.

"Fool! Idiot!" old Beelzebub grinn'd as he spoke,
And stampt on the scaffold in ire;
The Painter grew pale, for he knew it no joke;
'T was a terrible height, and the scaffolding broke,
The Devil could wish it no higher.

13.

"Help . . help! Blessed Mary!" he cried in alarm,
As the scaffold sunk under his feet.
From the canvass the Virgin extended her arm,
She caught the good Painter, she saved him from harm;
There were hundreds who saw in the street.

14.

The Old Dragon fled when the wonder he spied,
And cursed his own fruitless endeavour;
While the Painter call'd after his rage to deride,
Shook his pallet and brushes in triumph and cried,
"I'll paint thee more ugly than ever!"

THE PIOUS PAINTER.

THE SECOND PART.

1.

THE Painter so pious all praise had acquired
For defying the malice of Hell;
The Monks the unerring resemblance admired;
Not a Lady lived near but her portrait desired
From a hand that succeeded so well.

2.

One there was to be painted the number among
Of features most fair to behold;
The country around of fair Marguerite rung,
Marguerite she was lovely and lively and young,
Her husband was ugly and old.

3.

O Painter, avoid her! O Painter, take care,
For Satan is watchful for you!
Take heed lest you fall in the Wicked One's snare,
The net is made ready, O Painter, beware
Of Satan and Marguerite too.

4.

She seats herself now, now she lifts up her head,
On the artist she fixes her eyes;
The colours are ready, the canvass is spread,
He lays on the white, and he lays on the red,
And the features of beauty arise.

5

He is come to her eyes, eyes so bright and so blue!
There 's a look which he cannot express; . .
His colours are dull to their quick-sparkling hue;
More and more on the lady he fixes his view,
On the canvass he looks less and less.

6.

In vain he retouches, her eyes sparkle more,
And that look which fair Marguerite gave!
Many Devils the Artist had painted of yore,
But he never had tried a live Angel before, . .
St. Anthony, help him and save!

7.

He yielded, alas! for the truth must be told,
To the Woman, the Tempter, and Fate.
It was settled the Lady so fair to behold,
Should elope from her Husband so ugly and old,
With the Painter so pious of late.

8.

Now Satan exults in his vengeance complete,
To the Husband he makes the scheme known;
Night comes and the lovers impatiently meet;
Together they fly, they are seized in the street,
And in prison the Painter is thrown.

9.

With Repentance, his only companion, he lies,
And a dismal companion is she!
On a sudden he saw the Old Enemy rise,
"Now, you villanous dauber!" Sir Beelzebub cries,
"You are paid for your insults to me!

10.

"But my tender heart you may easily move
If to what I propose you agree;
That picture,.. be just! the resemblance improve;
Make a handsomer portrait, your chains I'll remove,
And you shall this instant be free."

11.

Overjoy'd, the conditions so easy he hears,
"I 'll make you quite handsome!" he said.
He said, and his chain on the Devil appears;
Released from his prison, released from his fears,
The Painter is snug in his bed.

12.

At morn he arises, composes his look,
And proceeds to his work as before;
The people beheld him, the culprit they took;
They thought that the Painter his prison had broke,
And to prison they led him once more.

13.

They open the dungeon; . . behold in his place
In the corner old Beelzebub lay;
He smirks and he smiles and he leers with a grace,
That the Painter might catch all the charms of his face,
Then vanish'd in lightning away.

14.

Quoth the Painter, "I trust you'll suspect me no more,
Since you find my assertions were true.
But I 'll alter the picture above the Church-door,
For he never vouchsafed me a sitting before,
And I must give the Devil his due."

Westbury, 1798.

ST. MICHAEL'S CHAIR.

"Know all men that the most Holy Father Gregory, in the year from the incarnation of our Lord 1070, bearing an affection of extraordinary devoutness to the Church of St. Michael's Mount, has piously granted to all the faithful who shall reach or visit it, with their oblations and alms, a remission of a third part of their penances."— At the beginning of the 15th century, "Because, it was said, this privilege is still unknown to many, therefore we the servants of God, and the ministers of this church in Christ, do require and request of all of you who possess the care of souls, for the sake of mutual accommodation, to publish these words in your respective churches; that your parishioners and subjects may be more carefully animated to a greater exhortation of devoutness, and may *more gloriously in pilgrimages frequent this place*, for the gracious attainment of the gifts and indulgencies aforesaid." From this publication of the privilege did undoubtedly commence that numerous resort of pilgrims to the church which Carew intimates; and of which Norden, who generally is the mere copier of Carew, yet is here the enlarger of him, says, "the Mount hath been much resorted unto by pilgrims in devotion to St. Michael." Then too was framed assuredly that seat on the tower, which is so ridiculously described by Carew, as "a little *without* the castle,—a bad seat in a craggy place,—somewhat dangerous for access;" when it is a chair composed of stones projecting from the two sides of the tower battlements, and uniting into a kind of basin for a seat just at the south-western angle, but elevated above the battle-

ments on each side, having its back just within, and hanging high over the rocky precipice below. It thus "appears somewhat dangerous" indeed, but not merely "for access," though the climber to it must actually turn his whole body at that altitude to take his seat in it, but from the altitude itself, and from its projection over the precipice. It also appears an evident addition to the building. And it was assuredly made at this period, not for the ridiculous purpose to which alone it professedly ministers at present,—that of enabling women who sit in it to govern their husbands afterwards; but for such of the pilgrims as had stronger heads, and bolder spirits, to complete their devotions at the Mount, by sitting in this *St. Michael's Chair*, as denominated, and these *showing themselves as pilgrims to the country round.* Hence, in an author, who lends us information without knowing it, as he alludes to customs without feeling the force of them, we read this transient information:

> Who knows not Mighel's Mount and Chair,
> The *pilgrim's holy vaunt?*

Norden also re-echoes Carew, in saying, "St. Michael's chair is fabled to be in the Mount." We thus find a reason for the construction of the chair, that comports with all the uses of the church on which it is constructed, and that ministered equally with this to the purposes of religion then predominant; a religion, dealing more in exteriors than our own, operating more than our own, through the body, upon the soul; and so leaving, perhaps, a more sensible impression upon the spirits. To sit in the chair then, was not merely, as Carew represents the act, "somewhat dangerous" in the attempt, "and *therefore holy in the adventure;*" but also holy in itself, as on the church tower; more holy in its purposes, as the seat of the pilgrims; and most holy as the seat of a few in accomplishment of all their vows; as the chair of a few, in invitation of all the country.—WHITAKER'S *Supplement to the First and Second Book of* POLWHELE'S *History of Cornwall*, pp. 6, 7.

MERRILY, merrily rung the bells,
The bells of St. Michael's tower,
When Richard Penlake and Rebecca his wife
Arrived at St. Michael's door.

Richard Penlake was a cheerful man,
Cheerful and frank and free,
But he led a sad life with Rebecca his wife,
For a terrible shrew was she.

Richard Penlake a scolding would take,
Till patience avail'd no longer,
Then Richard Penlake his crab-stick would take,
And show her that he was the stronger.

Rebecca his wife had often wish'd
To sit in St. Michael's chair;
For she should be the mistress then
If she had once sat there.

It chanced that Richard Penlake fell sick,
They thought he would have died;
Rebecca his wife made a vow for his life,
As she knelt by his bed-side.

"Now hear my prayer, St. Michael! and spare
My husband's life," quoth she;
"And to thine altar we will go,
Six marks to give to thee."

Richard Penlake repeated the vow,
For woundily sick was he;
"Save me, St. Michael, and we will go
Six marks to give to thee."

When Richard grew well, Rebecca his wife
Teazed him by night and by day:
"O mine own dear! for you I fear,
If we the vow delay."

Merrily, merrily rung the bells,
The bells of St. Michael's tower,
When Richard Penlake, and Rebecca his wife
Arrived at St. Michael's door.

Six marks they on the altar laid,
And Richard knelt in prayer:
She left him to pray, and stole away
To sit in St. Michael's chair.

Up the tower Rebecca ran,
Round and round and round;
'T was a giddy sight to stand a-top,
And look upon the ground.

"A curse on the ringers for rocking
The tower!" Rebecca cried,
As over the church battlements
She strode with a long stride.

"A blessing on St. Michael's chair!"
She said as she sat down:
Merrily, merrily rung the bells,
And out Rebecca was thrown.

Tidings to Richard Penlake were brought
That his good wife was dead:
"Now shall we toll for her poor soul
The great church bell?" they said.

"Toll at her burying," quoth Richard Penlake,
"Toll at her burying," quoth he;
"But don't disturb the ringers now
In compliment to me."

Westbury, 1798.

KING HENRY V. AND THE HERMIT OF DREUX.

While Henry V. lay at the siege of Dreux, an honest Hermit, unknown to him, came and told him the great evils he brought on Christendom by his unjust ambition, who usurped the kingdom of France, against all manner of right, and contrary to the will of God; wherefore in his holy name he threatened him with a severe and sudden punishment if he desisted not from his enterprise. Henry took this exhortation either as an idle whimsey, or a suggestion of the dauphin's, and was but the more confirmed in his design. But the blow soon followed the threatening; for within some few months after he was smitten with a strange and incurable disease.—MEZERAY.

HE pass'd unquestion'd through the camp,
  Their heads the soldiers bent
In silent reverence, or begg'd
  A blessing as he went;
And so the Hermit pass'd along
  And reached the royal tent.

King Henry sate in his tent alone,
  The map before him lay,
Fresh conquests he was planning there
  To grace the future day.

King Henry lifted up his eyes
The intruder to behold;
With reverence he the hermit saw,
For the holy man was old,
His look was gentle as a Saint's,
And yet his eye was bold.

"Repent thee, Henry, of the wrongs
Which thou hast done this land!
O King, repent in time, for know
The judgement is at hand.

"I have pass'd forty years of peace
Beside the river Blaise,
But what a weight of woe hast thou
Laid on my latter days!

"I used to see along the stream
The white sail gliding down,
That wafted food in better times
To yonder peaceful town.

"Henry! I never now behold
The white sail gliding down;
Famine, Disease, and Death, and Thou
Destroy that wretched town.

"I used to hear the traveller's voice
As here he pass'd along,
Or maiden as she loiter'd home
Singing her even-song.

"No traveller's voice may now be heard,
In fear he hastens by;
But I have heard the village maid
In vain for succour cry.

"I used to see the youths row down
And watch the dripping oar,
As pleasantly their viol's tones
Came soften'd to the shore.

"King Henry, many a blacken'd corpse
I now see floating down!
Thou man of blood! repent in time,
And leave this leaguer'd town."

"I shall go on," King Henry cried,
"And conquer this good land;
Seest thou not, Hermit, that the Lord
Hath given it to my hand?"

The Hermit heard King Henry speak,
And angrily look'd down;..
His face was gentle, and for that
More solemn was his frown.

"What if no miracle from Heaven
The murderer's arm controul,
Think you for that the weight of blood
Lies lighter on his soul?

"Thou conqueror King, repent in time
Or dread the coming woe!
For, Henry, thou hast heard the threat,
And soon shalt feel the blow!"

King Henry forced a careless smile,
As the hermit went his way;
But Henry soon remember'd him
Upon his dying day.

Westbury, 1798.

OLD CHRISTOVAL'S ADVICE,

AND THE REASON WHY HE GAVE IT.

Recibió un Cavallero, paraque cultivasse sus tierras, a un Quintero, y para pagarle algo adelantado le pidió fiador; y no teniendo quien le fiasse, le prometió delante del sepulcro de San Isidro que cumpliria su palabra, y si no, que el Santo le castigasse. Con lo qual, el Cavallero le pagó toda su soldada, y le fió. Mar desagradecido aquel hombre, no haciendo caso de su promessa, se huyó, sin acabar de servir el tiempo concertado. Passó de noche sinreparar en ello, por la Iglesia de San Andrès, donde estaba el cuerpo del siervo de Dios. Fuè cosa maravillosa, que andando corriendo toda la noche, no se apartó de la Iglesia, sino que toda se le fuè en dar mil bueltas al rededor de ella, hasta que por la mañana, yendo el amo à quexarse de San Isidro, y pedìrle cumpliesse su fianza, halló a su Quintero allì, dando mas y mas bueltas, sin poderse haver apartado de aquel sitio. Pidiò perdon al Santo, y à su amo, al qual satisfizo despues enteramente por su trabajo.— VILLEGAS. *Flos Sanctorum.*

"IF thy debtor be poor," old Christoval said,
"Exact not too hardly thy due;
For he who preserves a poor man from want
May preserve him from wickedness too.

"If thy neighbour should sin," old Christoval said,
"Oh never unmerciful be;
But remember it is through the mercy of God
That thou art not as sinful as he.

" At sixty-and-seven the hope of Heaven
Is my comfort through God's good grace;
My summons, in truth, had I perish'd in youth,
Must have been to a different place."

" You shall have the farm, young Christoval,"
My master Henrique said;
" But a surety provide, in whom I can confide,
That duly the rent shall be paid."

I was poor, and I had not a friend upon earth,
And I knew not what to say;
We stood in the porch of St. Andrew's Church
And it was St. Isidro's day.

" Take St. Isidro for my pledge,"
I ventured to make reply,
" The Saint in Heaven may be my friend,
But friendless on earth am I."

We enter'd the Church, and went to his shrine,
And I fell on my bended knee,
" I am friendless, holy Isidro,
And therefore I call upon thee!

" I call upon thee my surety to be,
My purpose is honest and true;
And if ever I break my plighted word,
O Saint, mayst thou make me rue!"

I was idle, and quarter-day came on,
And I had not the rent in store,
I fear'd St. Isidro's anger,
But I dreaded my landlord more.

So on a dark night I took my flight
And stole like a thief away;
It happen'd that by St. Andrew's Church
The road I had chosen lay.

As I past the Church door, I thought how I swore
Upon St. Isidro's day;
That the Saint was so near increased my fear,
And faster I hasten'd away.

So all night long I hurried on,
Pacing full many a mile,
And knew not his avenging hand
Was on me all the while.

Weary I was, yet safe, I thought;
But when it was day-light
I had I found been running round
And round the Church all night.

I shook like a palsy, and fell on my knees,
And for pardon devoutly I pray'd;
When my master came up, "What, Christoval,
You are here betimes!" he said.

"I have been idle, good Master," said I,
"Good Master, and I have done wrong;
And I have been running round the Church
In penance all night long."

"If thou hast been idle," Henrique replied,
"Henceforth thy fault amend!
I will not oppress thee, Christoval,
And the Saint may thy labour befriend."

Homeward I went a penitent,
And from that day I idled no more;
St. Isidro bless'd my industry,
As he punish'd my sloth before.

"When my debtor was poor," old Christoval said,
"I have never exacted my due;
But remembering my master was good to me,
I copied his goodness too.

"When my neighbour hath sinn'd," old Christoval said,
"I judged not too hardly his sin,
But thought of the night by St. Andrew's Church,
And consider'd what I might have been."

Westbury, 1798.

CORNELIUS AGRIPPA;

A BALLAD,

OF A YOUNG MAN THAT WOULD READ UNLAWFUL BOOKS, AND HOW HE WAS PUNISHED.

VERY PITHY AND PROFITABLE.

CORNELIUS Agrippa went out one day,
His Study he lock'd ere he went away,
And he gave the key of the door to his wife,
And charged her to keep it lock'd on her life.

" And if any one ask my Study to see,
I charge you to trust them not with the key ;
Whoever may beg, and entreat, and implore,
On your life let nobody enter that door."

There lived a young man in the house, who in vain
Access to that Study had sought to obtain ;
And he begg'd and pray'd the books to see,
Till the foolish woman gave him the key.

On the Study-table a book there lay,
Which Agrippa himself had been reading that day;
The letters were written with blood therein,
And the leaves were made of dead men's skin;

And these horrible leaves of magic between
Were the ugliest pictures that ever were seen,
The likeness of things so foul to behold,
That what they were is not fit to be told.

The young man, he began to read
He knew not what, but he would proceed,
When there was heard a sound at the door
Which as he read on grew more and more.

And more and more the knocking grew,
The young man knew not what to do;
But trembling in fear he sat within,
Till the door was broke, and the Devil came in.

Two hideous horns on his head he had got,
Like iron heated nine times red-hot;
The breath of his nostrils was brimstone blue,
And his tail like a fiery serpent grew.

"What wouldst thou with me?" the Wicked One cried,
But not a word the young man replied;
Every hair on his head was standing upright,
And his limbs like a palsy shook with affright.

"What wouldst thou with me?" cried the Author of ill,
But the wretched young man was silent still;
Not a word had his lips the power to say,
And his marrow seem'd to be melting away.

"What wouldst thou with me?" the third time he cries,
And a flash of lightning came from his eyes,
And he lifted his griffin claw in the air,
And the young man had not strength for a prayer

His eyes red fire and fury dart
As out he tore the young man's heart;
He grinn'd a horrible grin at his prey,
And in a clap of thunder vanish'd away.

THE MORAL.

Henceforth let all young men take heed
How in a Conjuror's books they read.

Westbury, 1798.

KING CHARLEMAIN.

François Petrarque, fort renomme entre les Poëtes Italiens, discourant en un epistre son voyage de France et de l'Allemaigne, nous raconte que passant par la ville d'Aix, il apprit de quelques Prestres une histoire prodigeuse qu'ils tenoient de main en main pour tres veritable. Qui estoit que Charles le Grand, apres avoir conquesté plusieurs pays, s'esperdit de telle façon en l'amour d'une simple femme, que mettant tout honneur et reputation en arriere, il oublia non seulement les affaires de son royaume, mais aussi le soing de sa propre personne, au grand desplaisir de chacun ; estant seulement ententif à courtiser ceste dame : laquelle par bonheur commenca à s'aliter d'une grosse maladie, qui lui apporta la mort. Dont les Princes et grands Seigneurs furent fort rejouis, esperans que par ceste mort, Charles reprendroit comme devant et ses esprits et les affaires du royaume en main : toutesfois il se trouva tellement infatué de ceste amour, qu' encores cherissoit-il ce cadaver, l'embrassant, baisant, accolant de la meme façon que devant, et au lieu de prester l'oreille aux legations qui luy survenoient, il l'entretenoit de mille bayes, comme s'elle eust esté pleine de vie. Ce corps commençoit deja non seulement à mal sentir, mais aussi se tournoit en putrefaction, et neantmoins n'y avoit aucun de ses favoris qui luy en osast parler ; dont advint que l'Archevesque Turpin mieux advisé que les autres, pourpensa que telle chose ne pouvoit estre advenuë sans quelque sorcellerie. Au moyen dequoy espiant un jour l'heure que le Roy s'estoit absenté de la chambre, commença de foüiller le corps de toutes parts, finalement trouva dans sa bouche au dessous de sa langue un anneau qu'il luy osta. Le jour mesme Charlemaigne retournant sur ses premieres brisees, se trouva fort estonne de voir une carcasse ainsi puante.

Parquoy, comme s'il se fust resveillé d'un profond sommeil, commanda que l'on l'ensevelist vromptement. Ce qui fut fait; mais en contr' eschange de ceste folie, il tourna tous ses pensemens vers l'Archevesque porteur de cest anneau, ne pouvant estre de là en avant sans luy, et le suivant en tous les endroits. Quoy voyant ce sage Prelat, et craignant que cest anneau ne tombast en mains de quelque autre, le jetta dans un lac prochain de la ville. Depuis lequel temps on dit que ce Roy se trouve si espris de l'amour du lieu, qu'il ne se desempara de la ville d'Aix, où il bastit un Palais, et un Monastere, en l'un desquels il parfit le reste de ses jours, et en l'autre voulut estre ensevely, ordonnant par son testament que tous les Empereurs de Rome eussent à se faire sacrer premierement en ce lieu.—PASQUIER. *Recherches de la France.* L. 6. C. 33.

This very learned author has strangely mistaken Aix in Savoy, the real scene of the legend, for Aix-la-Chapelle. The ruins of a building said to have been Charlemain's palace are still to be seen on the Lake of Bourget.

1.

It was strange that he loved her, for youth was gone by,
And the bloom of her beauty was fled:
'Twas the glance of the harlot that gleam'd in her eye,
And all but the Monarch could plainly descry
From whence came her white and her red.

2.

Yet he thought with Agatha none might compare,
And he gloried in wearing her chain;
The court was a desert if she were not there,
To him she alone among women seem'd fair,
Such dotage possess'd Charlemain.

3.

The soldier, the statesman, the courtier, the maid,
Alike the proud leman detest;
And the good old Archbishop, who ceased to upbraid,
Shook his grey head in sorrow, and silently pray'd
That he soon might consign her to rest.

4.

A joy ill-dissembled soon gladdens them all,
For Agatha sickens and dies.
And now they are ready with bier and with pall,
The tapers gleam gloomy amid the high hall,
And the strains of the requiem arise.

5.

But Charlemain sent them in anger away,
For she should not be buried, he said;
And despite of all counsel, for many a day,
Where array'd in her costly apparel she lay,
The Monarch would sit by the dead.

6.

The cares of the kingdom demand him in vain,
And the army cry out for their Lord;
The Lombards, the fierce misbelievers of Spain,
Now ravage the realms of the proud Charlemain,
And still he unsheathes not the sword.

7.

The Soldiers they clamour, the Monks bend in prayer
In the quiet retreats of the cell;
The Physicians to counsel together repair,
And with common consent, one and all they declare
That his senses are bound by a spell.

8.

Then with relics protected, and confident grown,
And telling devoutly his beads,
The good old Archbishop, when this was made known,
Steals in when he hears that the corpse is alone,
And to look for the spell he proceeds.

9.

He searches with care, though with tremulous haste,
For the spell that bewitches the King;
And under her tongue for security placed,
Its margin with mystical characters traced,
At length he discovers a ring.

10.

Rejoicing he seized it and hasten'd away,
The Monarch re-enter'd the room;
The enchantment was ended, and suddenly gay
He bade the attendants no longer delay,
But bear her with speed to the tomb.

11.

Now merriment, joyaunce, and feasting again
Enliven'd the palace of Aix;
And now by his heralds did King Charlemain
Invite to his palace the courtier train
To hold a high festival day.

12.

And anxiously now for the festival day
The highly-born Maidens prepare;
And now, all apparell'd in costly array,
Exulting they come to the palace of Aix,
Young and aged, the brave and the fair.

13.

Oh! happy the Damsel who 'mid her compeers
For a moment engaged the King's eye!
Now glowing with hopes and now fever'd with fears,
Each maid or triumphant, or jealous, appears,
As noticed by him, or pass'd by.

14.

And now as the evening approach'd, to the ball
In anxious suspense they advance,
Hoping each on herself that the King's choice might fall,
When lo! to the utter confusion of all,
He ask'd the Archbishop to dance.

15.

The damsels they laugh, and the barons they stare,
'T was mirth and astonishment all;
And the Archbishop started, and mutter'd a prayer,
And, wroth at receiving such mockery there,
In haste he withdrew from the hall.

16.

The moon dimpled over the water with light
As he wander'd along the lake side;
But the King had pursued, and o'erjoyed at his sight
"Oh turn thee, Archbishop, my joy and delight,
Oh turn thee, my charmer," he cried;

17.

"Oh come where the feast and the dance and the song
Invite thee to mirth and to love;
Or at this happy moment away from the throng
To the shade of yon wood let us hasten along, . .
The moon never pierces that grove."

18.

As thus by new madness the King seem'd possest,
In new wonder the Archbishop heard;
Then Charlemain warmly and eagerly prest
The good old man's poor wither'd hand to his breast
And kiss'd his long grey grizzle beard.

19.

"Let us well then these fortunate moments employ!"
Cried the Monarch with passionate tone:
"Come away then, dear charmer, . . my angel, . .
my joy,
Nay struggle not now, . . 't is in vain to be coy, . .
And remember that we are alone."

20.

"Blessed Mary, protect me!" the Archbishop cried;
"What madness has come to the King!"
In vain to escape from the Monarch he tried,
When luckily he on his finger espied
The glitter of Agatha's ring.

21.

Overjoy'd, the good prelate remember'd the spell,
And far in the lake flung the ring;
The waters closed round it, and wondrous to tell,
Released from the cursed enchantment of hell,
His reason return'd to the King.

22.

But he built him a palace there close by the bay,
And there did he love to remain;
And the traveller who will, may behold at this day
A monument still in the ruins at Aix
Of the spell that possess'd Charlemain.

Bath, 1797.

ST. ROMUALD.

Les Catalans ayant appris que S. Romuald vouloit quitter leurs pays, en furent très-affligés; ils deliberèrent sur les moyens de l'en empêcher, et le seul qu'ils imaginèrent comme le plus sûr, fut de le tuer, afin de profiter du moins de ses reliques et des guerisons et autres miracles qu'elles opéreroient après sa mort. La dévotion que les Catalans avoient pour lui, ne plut point du tout à S. Romuald; il usa de stratagème et leur échappa. — St. Foix, *Essais Historiques sur Paris.*—T. 5. p.163.

St. Foix, who is often more amusing than trust-worthy, has fathered this story upon the Spaniards, though it belongs to his own countrymen, the circumstances having happened when Romuald was a monk of the Convent of St. Michael's, in Aquitaine. It is thus related by Yepes. *En esta ocasion sucedio una cosa bien extraordinaria, porque los naturales de la tierra donde estava el monasterio de San Miguel, estimavan en tanto a San Romoaldo, que faltandoles la paciencia de que se quisiesse yr, dieron en un terrible disparate, a quien llama muy bien San Pedro Damiano* Impia Pietas, *piedad cruel: porque queriendose yr San Romoaldo, determinaron de matarle, para que ya que no le podian tener en su tierra vivo, alomenos gozassen de sus reliquias y cuerpo santo. Supo San Romoaldo la determinacion bestial y indiscreta de aquella gente: y tomo una prudente resolucion, porque imitando a David, que fingio que estava loco, por no caer en manos de sus enemigos, assi San Romoaldo se hizo raer la cabeca, y con algunos ademanes, y palabras mal concertadas que dezia, le tuvieron por hombre que le avia faltado el juyzio, con que se asseguraron los naturales*

de la tierra que ya perpetuamente le tendrian en ella: y con semejante estratagema y traça tuvo lugar San Romoaldo de hurtarse, y a cencerros topados (como dizen) huyr de aquella tierra, y llegar a Italia a la ciudad de Ravena.

Coronica General de la Orden de San Benito.—T. 5. ff. 274.

Villegas in his *Flos Sanctorum* (February 7th), records some of St. Romuald's achievements against the Devil and his imps. He records also the other virtues of the Saint, as specified in the poem. They are more fully stated by Yepes. *Tenia tres cilicios, los quales mudava de treynta en treynta dias: no los labava, sino ponialos al ayre, y à la agua que llovia, con que se matavan algunas inmundicias, que se criavan en ellos.*—ff. 298. *Quando alguna vez era tentado de la gula, y desseava comer de algun manjar, tomovale en las manos, miravale, oliale, y despues que estava despierto el apetito, dezia, O gula, gula, quan dulce y suave te parece este manjar! pero no te ha de entrar en provecho! y entonces se mortificava, y le dexava, y le embiava entero, o al silleriço, o a los pobres.*

There is a free translation of this poem, by Bilderdijk, in the second volume of his *Krekelzangen*, p. 113.

ONE day, it matters not to know
How many hundred years ago,
A Frenchman stopt at an inn door:
The Landlord came to welcome him, and chat
Of this and that,
For he had seen the Traveller there before.

"Doth holy Romuald dwell
Still in his cell?"
The Traveller ask'd, "or is the old man dead?"
"No; he has left his loving flock, and we
So great a Christian never more shall see,"
The Landlord answer'd, and he shook his head

"Ah, Sir! we knew his worth!
If ever there did live a Saint on earth! . .
Why, Sir, he always used to wear a shirt
For thirty days, all seasons, day and night:
Good man, he knew it was not right
For Dust and Ashes to fall out with Dirt;
And then he only hung it out in the rain,
And put it on again.

There has been perilous work
With him and the Devil there in yonder cell;
For Satan used to maul him like a Turk.
There they would sometimes fight
All through a winter's night,
From sun-set until morn,
He with a cross, the Devil with his horn;
The Devil spitting fire with might and main
Enough to make St. Michael half afraid;
He splashing holy water till he made
His red hide hiss again,
And the hot vapour fill'd the smoking cell.
This was so common that his face became
All black and yellow with the brimstone flame,
And then he smelt, . . O Lord! how he did smell!

"Then, Sir! to see how he would mortify
The flesh! If any one had dainty fare,
Good man, he would come there,
And look at all the delicate things, and cry,
"O Belly, Belly,

You would be gormandizing now I know;
But it shall not be so! . .
Home to your bread and water . . home, I tell ye!"

"But," quoth the Traveller, "wherefore did he leave
A flock that knew his saintly worth so well?"
"Why," said the Landlord, "Sir, it so befell
He heard unluckily of our intent
To do him a great honour: and you know,
He was not covetous of fame below,
And so by stealth one night away he went."

"What might this honour be?" the Traveller cried;
"Why, Sir," the Host replied,
"We thought perhaps that he might one day leave us;
And then should strangers have
The good man's grave,
A loss like that would naturally grieve us,
For he 'll be made a Saint of to be sure.
Therefore we thought it prudent to secure
His relics while we might;
And so we meant to strangle him one night."

Westbury, 1798.

THE KING OF THE CROCODILES.

The people at Isna, in Upper Egypt, have a superstition concerning Crocodiles similar to that entertained in the West Indies; they say there is a King of them who resides near Isna, and who has ears, but no tail; and he possesses an uncommon regal quality, that of doing no harm. Some are bold enough to assert that they have seen him.—BROWN's *Travels.*

If the Crocodile Dynasty in Egypt had been described as distinguished by a long neck, as well as the want of a tail, it might be supposed that some tradition of the Ichthyosaurus, or other variety of the Præadamite Crocodile, was preserved in those countries.

No one who has perused Mr. Waterton's Wanderings will think there is any thing more extraordinary in the woman's attack upon her intended devourer, than in what that enterprising and most observant naturalist has himself performed. He has ridden a Crocodile, twisting the huge reptile's fore legs on his back by main force, and using them as a bridle. "Should it be asked," he says, "how I managed to keep my seat, I would answer, I hunted some years with Lord Darlington's fox-hounds."

There is a translation of this ballad by Bilderdijk, published in his *Krekelzangen*, 1822, vol. ii. p. 109., before the second part was written.

PART I.

"Now, Woman, why without your veil?
And wherefore do you look so pale?
And, Woman, why do you groan so sadly,
And wherefore beat your bosom madly?"

"Oh! I have lost my darling boy,
In whom my soul had all its joy;
And I for sorrow have torn my veil,
And sorrow hath made my very heart pale.

"Oh, I have lost my darling child,
And that's the loss that makes me wild;
He stoop'd to the river down to drink,
And there was a Crocodile by the brink.

"He did not venture in to swim,
He only stoopt to drink at the brim;
But under the reeds the Crocodile lay,
And struck with his tail and swept him away.

"Now take me in your boat, I pray,
For down the river lies my way,
And me to the Reed-Island bring,
For I will go to the Crocodile King.

"He reigns not now in Crocodilople,
Proud as the Turk at Constantinople;
No ruins of his great City remain,
The Island of Reeds is his whole domain.

"Like a Dervise there he passes his days,
Turns up his eyes, and fasts and prays;
And being grown pious and meek and mild,
He now never eats man, woman, or child.

"The King of the Crocodiles never does wrong,
He has no tail so stiff and strong,
He has no tail to strike and slay,
But he has ears to hear what I say.

"And to the King I will complain,
How my poor child was wickedly slain;
The King of the Crocodiles he is good,
And I shall have the murderer's blood."

The man replied, "No, Woman, no,
To the Island of Reeds I will not go;
I would not for any worldly thing
See the face of the Crocodile King."

"Then lend me now your little boat,
And I will down the river float.
I tell thee that no worldly thing
Shall keep me from the Crocodile King.

"The King of the Crocodiles he is good,
And therefore will give me blood for blood;
Being so mighty and so just,
He can revenge me, he will, and he must."

The Woman she leapt into the boat,
And down the river alone did she float,
And fast with the stream the boat proceeds,
And now she is come to the Island of Reeds.

The King of the Crocodiles there was seen,
He sat upon the eggs of the Queen,
And all around, a numerous rout,
The young Prince Crocodiles crawl'd about.

The Woman shook every limb with fear,
As she to the Crocodile King came near,
For never man without fear and awe
The face of his Crocodile Majesty saw.

She fell upon her bended knee,
And said, "O King, have pity on me,
For I have lost my darling child,
And that's the loss that makes me wild.

"A Crocodile ate him for his food;
Now let me have the murderer's blood;
Let me have vengeance for my boy,
The only thing that can give me joy.

"I know that you, Sire! never do wrong,
You have no tail so stiff and strong,
You have no tail to strike and slay,
But you have ears to hear what I say."

"You have done well," the King replies,
And fix'd on her his little eyes;
"Good Woman, yes, you have done right,
But you have not described me quite.

"I have no tail to strike and slay,
And I have ears to hear what you say;
I have teeth, moreover, as you may see,
And I will make a meal of thee."

Bristol, 1799.

THE KING OF THE CROCODILES.

PART II.

WICKED the word and bootless the boast,
As cruel King Crocodile found to his cost,
And proper reward of tyrannical might,
He show'd his teeth, but he miss'd his bite.

"A meal of me!" the Woman cried,
Taking wit in her anger, and courage beside;
She took him his forelegs and hind between,
And trundled him off the eggs of the Queen.

To revenge herself then she did not fail,
He was slow in his motions for want of a tail;
But well for the Woman was it, the while,
That the Queen was gadding abroad in the Nile.

Two Crocodile Princes, as they play'd on the sand,
She caught, and grasping them one in each hand,
Thrust the head of one into the throat of the other,
And made each Prince Crocodile choke his brother.

And when she had truss'd three couple this way,
She carried them off, and hasten'd away,
And plying her oars with might and main,
Cross'd the river and got to the shore again.

When the Crocodile Queen came home, she found
That her eggs were broken and scattered around,
And that six young Princes, darlings all,
Were missing, for none of them answer'd her call.

Then many a not very pleasant thing
Pass'd between her and the Crocodile King:
"Is this your care of the nest," cried she;
"It comes of your gadding abroad," said he.

The Queen had the better in this dispute,
And the Crocodile King found it best to be mute,
While a terrible peal in his ears she rung,
For the Queen had a tail as well as a tongue.

In woeful patience he let her rail,
Standing less in fear of her tongue than her tail,
And knowing that all the words which were spoken
Could not mend one of the eggs that were broken.

The Woman, meantime, was very well pleased
She had saved her life, and her heart was eased;
The justice she ask'd in vain for her son,
She had taken herself, and six for one.

"Mash-Allah!" her neighbours exclaim'd in delight:
She gave them a funeral supper that night,
Where they all agreed that revenge was sweet,
And young Prince Crocodiles delicate meat.

THE ROSE.

BETWENE the Cytee and the Chirche of Bethlehem, is the felde Floridus, that is to seyne, the felde florsched. For als moche as a fayre Mayden was blamed with wrong and sclaundred, that sche hadd don fornicacioun, for whiche cause sche was demed to the dethe, and to be brent in that place, to the whiche she was ladd. And as the fyre began to brenne about hire, she made her preyeres to oure Lord, that als wissely as sche was not gylty of that synne, that he wold help hire, and make it to be knowen to alle men of his mercyfulle grace: and whanne sche had thus seyd, sche entered into the fuyer, and anon was the fuyer quenched and oute, and the brondes that weren brennynge becomen white Roseres, fulle of roses, and theise werein the first Roseres and roses, both white and rede, that every ony man saughe. And thus was this Maiden saved by the grace of God. — *The Voiage and Traivaile of Sir John Maundeville.*

NAY, EDITH! spare the Rose;.. perhaps it lives,
And feels the noontide sun, and drinks refresh'd
The dews of night; let not thy gentle hand
Tear its life-strings asunder, and destroy
The sense of being!... Why that infidel smile?
Come, I will bribe thee to be merciful;
And thou shalt have a tale of other days,
For I am skill'd in legendary lore,

So thou wilt let it live. There was a time
Ere this, the freshest, sweetest flower that blooms,
Bedeck'd the bowers of earth. Thou hast not heard
How first by miracle its fragrant leaves
Spread to the sun their blushing loveliness.

There dwelt in Bethlehem a Jewish maid,
And Zillah was her name, so passing fair
That all Judea spake the virgin's praise.
He who had seen her eyes' dark radiance
How it reveal'd her soul, and what a soul
Beam'd in the mild effulgence, woe to him!
For not in solitude, for not in crowds,
Might he escape remembrance, nor avoid
Her imaged form which followed every where,
And fill'd the heart, and fix'd the absent eye.
Alas for him! her bosom own'd no love
Save the strong ardour of religious zeal,
For Zillah on her God had center'd all
Her spirit's deep affections. So for her
Her tribes-men sigh'd in vain, yet reverenced
The obdurate virtue that destroy'd their hopes.

One man there was, a vain and wretched man,
Who saw, desired, despaired, and hated her.
His sensual eye had gloated on her cheek
Even till the flush of angry modesty
Gave it new charms, and made him gloat the more.
She loathed the man, for Hamuel's eye was bold,
And the strong workings of brute selfishness
Had moulded his broad features; and she fear'd
The bitterness of wounded vanity

That with a fiendish hue would overcast
His faint and lying smile. Nor vain her fear,
For Hamuel vow'd revenge, and laid a plot
Against her virgin fame. He spread abroad
Whispers that travel fast, and ill reports
That soon obtain belief; how Zillah's eye,
When in the temple heaven-ward it was raised,
Did swim with rapturous zeal, but there were those
Who had beheld the enthusiast's melting glance
With other feelings fill'd; .. that 't was a task
Of easy sort to play the saint by day
Before the public eye, but that all eyes
Were closed at night; .. that Zillah's life was foul,
Yea, forfeit to the law.
Shame .. shame to man,
That he should trust so easily the tongue
Which stabs another's fame! The ill report
Was heard, repeated, and believed, .. and soon,
For Hamuel by his well-schemed villainy
Produced such semblances of guilt, .. the Maid
Was to the fire condemn'd.
Without the walls,
There was a barren field; a place abhorr'd,
For it was there where wretched criminals
Receiv'd their death; and there they fix'd the stake,
And piled the fuel round, which should consume
The injured Maid, abandon'd, as it seem'd,
By God and Man. The assembled Bethlemites
Beheld the scene, and when they saw the Maid
Bound to the stake, with what calm holiness
She lifted up her patient looks to Heaven,
They doubted of her guilt. With other thoughts

Stood Hamuel near the pile; him savage joy
Led thitherward, but now within his heart
Unwonted feelings stirr'd, and the first pangs
Of wakening guilt, anticipant of Hell.
The eye of Zillah as it glanced around
Fell on the slanderer once, and rested there
A moment; like a dagger did it pierce,
And struck into his soul a cureless wound.
Conscience! thou God within us! not in the hour
Of triumph dost thou spare the guilty wretch,
Not in the hour of infamy and death
Forsake the virtuous! They draw near the stake, . .
They bring the torch! . . . hold, hold your erring
hands!
Yet quench the rising flames! . . they rise! they
spread!
They reach the suffering Maid! oh God protect
The innocent one!
They rose, they spread, they raged; . .
The breath of God went forth; the ascending fire
Beneath its influence bent, and all its flames
In one long lightning-flash concentrating,
Darted and blasted Hamuel, . . him alone.
Hark! . . what a fearful scream the multitude
Pour forth! . . and yet more miracles! the stake
Branches and buds, and, spreading its green leaves,
Embowers and canopies the innocent Maid
Who there stands glorified; and Roses, then
First seen on earth since Paradise was lost,
Profusely blossom round her, white and red

In all their rich variety of hues;
And fragrance such as our first parents breathed
In Eden she inhales, vouchsafed to her
A presage sure of Paradise regain'd.

Westbury, 1798.

THE LOVER'S ROCK.

De la Peña de los Enamorados.

Un moço Christiano estava cautivo en Granada, sus partes y diligencia eran tales, su buen termino y cortesia, que su amo hazia mucha confiança del dentro y fuera de su casa. Una hija suya al tanto se le aficiona, y puso en el los ojos. Pero como quier que ella fuesse casadera, y el moço esclavo, no podian passar adelante como deseavan; ca el amor mal se puede encubrir, y temian si el padre della, y amo del, lo sabia, pagarian con las cabeças. Acordaron de huir a tierra de Christianos, resolucion que al moço venia mejor, por bolver a los suyos, que a ella por desterrarse de su patria: si ya no la movia el deseo de hazerse Christiana, lo quz yo no creo. Tomaron su camino con todo secreto, hasta llegar al peñasco ya dicho, en que la moça cansada se puso a reposar. En esto vieron assomar a su padre con gente de acavallo, que venia en su seguimiento. Que podian hazer, o a que parte bolverse? que consejo tomar? mentirosas las esperanças de los hombres y miserables sus intentos. Acudieron a lo que solo les quedava de encumbrar aquel peñol, trepando por aquellos riscos, que era reparo assaz flaco. El padre con un semblante sañudo los mando abaxar: amenaçava les sino obedecian de executar en ellos una muerte muy cruel. Los que acompañavan al padre los amonestavan lo mismo, pues solo les restava aquella esperança de alcançar perdon de la misericordia de su padre, con hazer lo que les mandava, y echarseles a los pies. No quisieron venir en esto. Los Moros puestos a pie acometieron a subir el peñasco: pero el moço les defendio la subida con galgas, piedras y palos, y todo lo demas

que le venia a la mano, y le servia de armas en aquella desesperacion. El padre visto esto, hizo venir de un pueblo alli cerca vallesteros para que de lexos los flechassen. Ellos vista su perdicion, acordaron con su muerte librarse de los denuestos y tormentos mayores qui temian. Las palabras que en este trance se dixeron, no ay para que relatarlas. Finalmente abraçados entresi fuertemente, se echaron del peñol abaxo, por aquella parte en que los mirava su cruel y sanudo padre. Deste manera espiraron antes de llegar a lo baxo, con lastima de los presentes, y aun con lagrimas de algunos que se movian con aquel triste expectaculo de aquellos moços desgraciados, y a pesar del padre, como estavan, los enterraron en aquel mismo lugar; constancia que se empleara mejor en otra hazaña, y les fuera bien contada la muerte, si la padecieron por la virtud y en defensa de la verdadera religion, y no por satisfacer a sus apetitos desenfrenados.

MARIANA.

THE Maiden through the favouring night
From Granada took her flight,
She bade her father's house farewell,
And fled away with Manuel.

No Moorish maid might hope to vie
With Laila's cheek or Laila's eye,
No maiden loved with purer truth,
Or ever loved a lovelier youth.

In fear they fled across the plain,
The father's wrath, the captive's chain;
In hope to Seville on they flee,
To peace, and love, and liberty.

Chiuma they have left, and now,
Beneath a precipice's brow,
Where Guadalhorce winds its way,
There in the shade awhile they lay;

For now the sun was near its height,
And she was weary with her flight;
She laid her head on Manuel's breast,
And pleasant was the maiden's rest.

While thus the lovely Laila slept,
A fearful watch young Manuel kept,
Alas! her Father and his train
He sees come speeding o'er the plain.

The Maiden started from her sleep,
They sought for refuge up the steep,
To scale the precipice's brow
Their only hope of safety now.

But them the angry Father sees,
With voice and arm he menaces,
And now the Moors approach the steep,
Loud are his curses, loud and deep.

Then Manuel's heart grew wild with woe,
He loosen'd stones and roll'd below,
He loosen'd crags, for Manuel strove
For life, and liberty, and love.

The ascent was perilous and high,
The Moors they durst not venture nigh,
The fugitives stood safely there,
They stood in safety and despair.

The Moorish chief unmoved could see
His daughter bend her suppliant knee;
He heard his child for pardon plead,
And swore the offenders both should bleed.

He bade the archers bend the bow,
And make the Christian fall below;
He bade the archers aim the dart,
And pierce the Maid's apostate heart.

The archers aim'd their arrows there,
She clasp'd young Manuel in despair,
" Death, Manuel, shall set us free!
Then leap below and die with me."

He clasp'd her close and cried farewell,
In one another's arms they fell;
And falling o'er the rock's steep side,
In one another's arms they died.

And side by side they there are laid,
The Christian youth and Moorish maid;
But never Cross was planted there,
Because they perish'd for despair.

Yet every Moorish maid can tell
Where Laila lies who loved so well,
And every youth who passes there,
Says for Manuel's soul a prayer.

Westbury, 1798.

GARCI FERRANDEZ.

This story, which later historians have taken some pains to disprove, may be found in the Coronica General de Espana.

PART I.

1.

In an evil day and an hour of woe
Did Garci Ferrandez wed!
He wedded the Lady Argentine,
As ancient stories tell,
He loved the Lady Argentine,
Alas! for what befell!
The Lady Argentine hath fled;
In an evil day and an hour of woe
She hath left the husband who loved her well,
To go to Count Aymerique's bed.

2.

Garci Ferrandez was brave and young,
The comeliest of the land;
There was never a knight of Leon in fight
Who could meet the force of his matchless might;

There was never a foe in the infidel band
Who against his dreadful sword could stand;
And yet Count Garci's strong right hand
Was shapely, and soft, and white;
As white and as soft as a lady's hand
Was the hand of the beautiful knight.

3.

In an evil day and an hour of woe
To Garci's Hall did Count Aymerique go;
In an evil hour and a luckless night
From Garci's Hall did he take his flight,
And bear with him that lady bright,
That lady false, his bale and bane.
There was feasting and joy in Count Aymerique's bower,
When he with triumph, and pomp, and pride,
Brought home the adult'ress like a bride:
His daughter only sate in her tower,
She sate in her lonely tower alone,
And for her dead mother she made her moan;
"Methinks," said she, "my father for me
Might have brought a bridegroom home.
A stepmother he brings hither instead,
Count Aymerique will not his daughter should wed,
But he brings home a leman for his own bed."
So thoughts of good and thoughts of ill
Were working thus in Abba's will;
And Argentine with evil intent
Ever to work her woe was bent;

That still she sate in her tower alone,
And in that melancholy gloom,
When for her mother she made her moan,
She wish'd her father too in the tomb.

4.

She watches the pilgrims and poor who wait
For daily food at her father's gate.
"I would some Knight were there," thought she,
"Disguised in pilgrim-weeds for me!
For Aymerique's blessing I would not stay,
Nor he nor his leman should say me nay,
But I with him would wend away."

5.

She watches her handmaid the pittance deal,
They took their dole and went away;
But yonder is one who lingers still
As though he had something in his will,
Some secret which he fain would say;
And close to the portal she sees him go,
He talks with her handmaid in accents low;
Oh then she thought that time went slow,
And long were the minutes that she must wait
Till her handmaid came from the castle-gate.

6.

From the castle-gate her handmaid came,
And told her that a Knight was there,
Who sought to speak with Abba the fair,
Count Aymerique's beautiful daughter and heir.

She bade the stranger to her bower;
His stature was tall, his features bold
A goodlier form might never maid
At tilt or tourney hope to see;
And though in pilgrim-weeds arrayed,
Yet noble in his weeds was he,
And did his arms in them enfold
As they were robes of royalty.

7.

He told his name to the high-born fair,
He said that vengeance led him there
"Now aid me, lady dear," quoth he,
"To smite the adultress in her pride;
Your wrongs and mine avenged shall be,
And I will take you for my bride."
He pledged the word of a true Knight,
From out the weeds his hand he drew;
She took the hand that Garci gave,
And then she knew his tale was true,
For she saw the warrior's hand so white,
And she knew the fame of the beautiful Knight.

GARCI FERRANDEZ.

PART II.

1.

'T is the hour of noon,
The bell of the convent hath done,
And the Sexts are begun;
The Count and his leman are gone to their meat.
They look to their pages, and lo they see
Where Abba, a stranger so long before,
The ewer, and bason, and napkin bore;
She came and knelt on her bended knee,
And first to her father minister'd she;
Count Aymerique look'd on his daughter down,
He look'd on her then without a frown.

2.

And next to the Lady Argentine
Humbly she went and knelt;
The Lady Argentine the while
A haughty wonder felt;
Her face put on an evil smile;
"I little thought that I should see
The Lady Abba kneel to me

In service of love and courtesy!
Count Aymerique," the leman cried,
"Is she weary of her solitude,
Or hath she quell'd her pride?"
Abba no angry word replied,
She only raised her eyes and cried,
"Let not the Lady Argentine
Be wroth at ministry of mine!"
She look'd at Aymerique and sigh'd;
"My father will not frown, I ween,
That Abba again at his board should be seen!"
Then Aymerique raised her from her knee,
And kiss'd her eyes, and bade her be
The daughter she was wont to be.

3.

The wine hath warm'd Count Aymerique,
That mood his crafty daughter knew;
She came and kiss'd her father's cheek,
And stroked his beard with gentle hand,
And winning eye and action bland,
As she in childhood used to do.
"A boon! Count Aymerique," quoth she;
"If I have found favour in thy sight,
Let me sleep at my father's feet to-night.
Grant this," quoth she, "so I shall see
That you will let your Abba be
The daughter she was wont to be."
With asking eye did Abba speak,
Her voice was soft and sweet;
The wine had warm'd Count Aymerique,

And when the hour of rest was come,
She lay at her father's feet.

4.

In Aymerique's arms the adult'ress lay,
Their talk was of the distant day,
How they from Garci fled away
In the silent hour of night;
And then amid their wanton play
They mock'd the beautiful Knight.
Far, far away his castle lay,
The weary road of many a day;
"And travel long," they said, "to him,
It seem'd, was small delight;
And he belike was loth with blood
To stain his hands so white."
They little thought that Garci then
Heard every scornful word!
They little thought the avenging hand
Was on the avenging sword!
Fearless, unpenitent, unblest,
Without a prayer they sunk to rest,
The adulterer on the leman's breast.

5.

Then Abba, listening still in fear,
To hear the breathing long and slow,
At length the appointed signal gave,
And Garci rose and struck the blow.
One blow sufficed for Aymerique, . .
He made no moan, he utter'd no groan;
But his death-start waken'd Argentine,

And by the chamber-lamp she saw
The bloody falchion shine!
She raised for help her in-drawn breath,
But her shriek of fear was her shriek of death.

6.

In an evil day and an hour of woe
Did Garci Ferrandez wed!
One wicked wife he has sent to her grave,
He hath taken a worse to his bed.

Bristol, 1801.

KING RAMIRO.

The remarkable story here versified, is thus related in the *Nobiliario de D. Pedro*, Conde de Bracelos, son of D. Diniz, king of Portugal, a singularly valuable and curious work, published by the Coronista Mayor of that kingdom, Juan Bautista Lavaña, at Rome, in 1640. King D. Diniz reigned from 1279 to 1323.

El Rey D. Ramiro o segundo de Leom, ouvio falar da fermosura e bondade de huma Moura; e como era de alto sangue irmã de Alboazar Albucadam, filha de D. Zadam Zada, bisneta del Rey Aboalli, o que conquereo a terra no tempo del Rey Rodrigo, Este Alboazar era Senhor de toda a terra desde Gaya atà Santarem; e ouve muytas batalhas com Christaõs, estremadamente com este Rey Ramiro; e el Rey Ramiro fez com elle grandes amizades por cobrar aquella Moura, que el muyto amava; e fez emfinta que o amava muyto; e mandoulhe dizer que o queria ver, por se aver de conhecer com elle por as amizades serem mais firmes; e Alboazar mandoulhe dizer que lhe prazia dello, e que fosse a Gaya, e hi se veria com el. E el Rey Ramiro foyse là em tres gales com fidalgos, e pidiolhe aquella Moura que lha desse, e falaia Christam, e cazaria com ella; e Alboazar lhe respondeo, tu tens molher, e filhos della, e es Christaõ; como podes tu casar duas vezes? E el lhe dixe, ca verdade era, mas elle era tam parente da Rainha D. Aldonza sua molher, ca a santa Igreja os partiria. E Alboazar juroulhe por sa ley de Mafamede, ca lha nom daria por todo o reyno que elle avia, que a tenha desposada com el Rey de Marrocos.

Este Rey D. Ramiro trazia hum grande Astrologo que avia nome

Amaõ ; e por sàs artes tiroua huma noyte donde estava, e levoua às galès que hi estavam prestas, e entrou Rey Ramiro com a Moura em huma galè. A esto chegou Alboazar, e alli foy contenda grande entre elles ; e desparecerom hi dos de Rey Ramiro vinte dous dos boms que hi levava, e da outra compahna muyta : e el levou à Moura a Minhòr, e de ahi a Leom, e bautizoua, e poslhe nome Ortiga, que queria tanto dizer em uquel tempo, como castigada e ensinada, e comprida de todos os bens.

Alboazar tevese por mal viltado desto, e pensou em como poderia vingar tal deshonra, e ouvio falar em como a Rainha D. Aldonça, molher del Rey Ramiro estava em Minhor. Postou sàs naos e outras velas, o melhor que pode, e mais encuberto ; e foy à quelle lugar de Minhor, e entrou a villa, e filhou a Rainha D. Aldonça, e meteoa nas naos com donas e donzellas que achou, e das outras companhas muytas, veyose a o Castello de Gaya, que era em a quelle tempo de grandes edificios e nobres paços.

A el Rey Ramiro contarom este feyto, e foy em tamanha tristeza que foy louco hũs doze dias : e como cobrou seu entendimento mandou por seu filho o Infante D. Ordonho, e por algũs seus vassallos que entendeo que eraõ para graõ feyto, e meteose com elles em cinco galès, ca nom pode mais aver, e nom quiz levar galeotes se nom aquelles que entendeo que poderiom reger as galès, e mandou a os fidalgos que remassem em lugar de galeotes ; e esto fez elle porque as galès erom poucas, e por irem mais fidalgos, e as galès irem mais aparadas para aquel mester para que ia ; e el cubrio as galès de pano verde, e entrou com ellas por Sam Joaõ de Furado, que agora chamaõ Sam Joane de Foz. Aquel lugar de huma parte e outra era a ribeyra cuberta de arbores, e as galès encostouas so as ramos dellas ; e porque eraõ cubertas de pano verde, nom pareciaõ. El deceo de noyte a terra com todos os seus, e falou com o Infante, que se deytassem so as arbores o mais encuberto que fazer podessem, e por nenhuma guiza nom se abalassem, atè que ouvissem a voz de seu corno, e ouvindoo que lhe acorressem a graõ pressa. El vestiose em panos de tacanho, e sua espada, e seu lorigõ e o corno so hi ; e foyse deytar a huma fonte que estava so o castello de Gaya. E esto fazia Rey Ramiro por ver a Rainha sa molher,

para aver conselho com ella, como poderia mais cumpridamente aver direyto de Alboazar, e de todos seus filhos, e de toda sa companha ; ca tinha que pello conselho della cobraria todo, ca cometendo este feyto em outra maneyra, poderia escapar Alboazar e seus filhos : e porque el era de graõ coraçõ, punha em esta guiza seu feyto em graõ ventura ; mas as cousas que saõ ordenadas de Deos, vem a aquello que a elle apraz, e nom assim como os homẽs pensaõ.

Aconteceo assi, que Alboazar Albucudaõ fora a correr monte contra Alafons, e huma sergente que avia nome Perona, natural de França, que aviaõ levado com a Rainha servia ante ella : levantouse pella manhã, assi como avia de costume de lhe ir por agoa para as maõs a aquella fonte, e achou hi jazer Rey Ramiro, e nom o conheceo. El pediolhe na Aravia da agoa por Deos, ca se nom podia de alli levantar ; e ella deolha por huma aceter ; e el meteo hum camafeo na boca, e aquel camafeo avia partido com sa molher a Rainha por a metade ; e el deose a bever, e deytou o camafeo no aceter. E a sergente foyse, e deo agoa à Rainha, e ella vio o camafeo, e reconheceo logo, e a Rainha perguntou, quem achara no caminho ? e ella respondeo, que nom achara ninguem ; e ella lhe dixe que mentia, e que o nom negasse, e que lhe faria bem e merce ; e a sergente lhe dixe, que achara hi hum Mouro doente e lazerado, e lhe pedira agoa que bebesse por Deos, e que lha dera ; e a Rainha dixe que lhe fosse por elle, e o trouxesse encubertamente. E a sergente foy là, e dixelhe, homem pobre, a Rainha minha senhora vos manda chamar, e esto he por vosso bem, cà ella mandara pensar de vos. E Rey Ramiro respondeo so si, assi o mande Deos. Foyse com ella, e entrarom pella porta da camara, e conheceo a Rainha, e dixelhe, Rey Ramiro que te aduce aqui ? e el lhe respondeo, o vosso amor. E ella lhe dixe, veste morto : e el lhe dixe, pequeña maravilha, pois o faço por vosso amor. E ella respondeo, nom me has tu amor, pois de aqui levaste Ortiga, que mais prezas que a mi ; mas vayte hora para essa trascamara, e escusarmeey destas donas e donzellas, e irmeey logo para ti. A camara era de abobeda, e como Rey Ramiro foy dentro, fechou ella a porta com grande cadeado. E elle jazendo na camara,

chegou Alboazar, e foyse para sà camara; e a Rainha lhe dixe, se tu aqui tivesses Rey Ramiro, que lhe farias? O Moura respondeo, o que faria a mim; matalo com grandes tormentos. E Rey Ramiro ouvia tudo, e a Rainha dixe, Pois senhor, aprestes o tens; cà aqui esta fechado em esta trascamara, ca ora te podes della vingar a tua vontade.

Rey Ramiro entendeo que era enganado por sà molher, que jà de alli nom podia escapar se nom por arte alguma; e maginou que era tempo de se ajudar de seu saber, e dixe a graõ alta voz, Alboazar Albucadam, sabe que eu te errey mal; mostrandote amizade, levey desta caza tà irmã, que nom era de minha ley; e me confessey este pecado a meu Abade; e el me deo em pendença, que me veesse meter em teu poder o mais vilmente que pudesse; e se me tu matar quizesses, que te pedisse que, como eu fizera tam grande pecado ante a tà pessoa, e ante os teus, em filhar ta irmã, mostrandote bom amor, que bem assi me desses morte em praça vergonhosa; e por quanto o pecado que eu fiz, foy em grandes terras soado, que bem assi fosse a minha morte soada por hum corno, e mostrada a todos os teus. E hora te peço pois de morrer ey, que faças chamar teus filhos e filhas, e teus parentes, e as gentes desta villa, e me faças ir a este curral que he de grande ouvida, e me ponhas em lugar alto, e me leyxes tanger meu corno, que trago para esto, a tanto, atà que me saya o folgo e a alma do corpo. Em esta filharas vengança de mi, e teus filhos e parentes averaõ prazer, e a minha alma serà salva. Esto me nom deves de negar por salvamento de minha alma; que sabes que por tà ley deves salvar se poderes as almas de todas as leys.

E esto dezia el, por fazer vir alli todos seus filhos e parentes, por se vingar delles; ca em outra guiza nom os poderia achar em hum; e porque o curral era alto de muros, e nom avia mais que huma porta por hu os seus aviaõ de entrar. Alboazar pensou no que lhe pedia, e filhou delle lastima, e dixe contra a Rainha, Este homem rependido hè de seu pecado; mais ey eu errado a elle cà elle à mi; graõ torto faria de o matar, pois se poẽ em meu poder. A Rainha respondeolhe, Alboazar, fraco de coraçõ, eu sey quem he Rey Ramiro; e sey de certo, se o salvas de

morte, que lhe nom podes escapar que a nom prendas del; ca el he arteyroso a vingador, assi como tu sabes. E nom ouviste tu dizer, como el tirou os olhos a D, Ordonho seu irmaõ que era mòr de dias, por o deserdar do Reyno? e nom te acordas quantas lides ouveste com elle, e te venceo; e te matou e cativou muytos bons? e ja te esqueceo a força que te fez de ta irmã? e em como eu era sà molher, me trouxeste, que he a mòr deshonra que os Christaõs podem aver? Nom es para viver, nem es para nada, se te nom vingas. E se o tu nom fazes por tua alma, porque assi a salvas, porque he homem de outra ley, e em contrario da tua; e tu dalhe a morte que te pede, pois ja vem aconselhado de seu Abade; ca graõ pecado farias, se lha partisses.

Alboazar olhou o dizer da Rainha, e dixe em seu coraçom, de mà ventura he o homem que se fia de nenhũa molher: esta hè sà molher lidima, e tem Infantes e Infantas del, e quer sà morte deshonrada; eu nom ey porque della fie; eu alongalaey de mi. E pensou em o que lhe dezia a Rainha, em como Rey Ramiro era arteyroso e vingador; e receouse delle, se o nom matasse; e mandou chamar todos os que erom naquelle lugar, e dixe a Rey Ramiro, Tu vieste aqui e fizeste gram locura, que nos teus paços puderas filhar pendença; e porque sey se me tu tivesses em teu poder, nom escaparia da morte, eu te quero cumprir o que me pides por salvamento de tua alma.

Mandouo tirar da camara, e levouo a o curral, e pollo sobre hum gram padraõ que hi estava, e mandou que tanjesse seu corno à tanto atà que lhe saisse o folgo. E el Rey Ramiro lhe pedio que fizesse hi estar a Rainha, e as donas e donzellas, e todos seus filhos, e parentes e cidadaõs naquel curral, e Alboazar fezeo assi.

El Rey Ramiro tangeo seu corno a todo seu poder, para ouvirem os seus, e o Infante D. Ordonho seu filho quando ouvio o corno, acorreolhe com todos seus vassallos, e meteromse pella porta do curral; e Rey Ramiro deceose do padraõ donde estava, e veyo contra o Infante, e dixe: Meu filho, vossa madre nom moura, nem as donas e donzellas que com ella vieraõ; e guardaya de cajom, que outra morte merece. Alli tirou a espada

da bainha, e deo com ella a Alboazar por cima da cabeça, que o fendeo atà os peytos. Alli morreraõ quatro filhos e tres filhas de Alboazar Albucadaõ; e todos os Mouros e Mouras que estavaõ no curral: e nom ficou em essa villa de Gaya pedra com pedra, que toda nom fosse em terra. Filhou el Rey Ramiro sà molher com sàs donas e donzellas que estavaõ com ella, e quanto aver achou, e meteo nas galès; e despois que este ouve acabado, chamou o Infante seu filho, e os seus fidalgos, e contoulhes tudo, como lhe aviera com a Rainha sà molher, e elle que lhe dera ajuda para fazer della mais crua justiça na sà terra. Esto ouverom todos por estranho de tamanha maldade de molher; e o Infante D. Ordonho sairaõlhe as lagrimas polos olhos, e dixe contra seu padre, Senhor a mi nom cabe de falar em esto, porque he mi madre; se nom tanto, que olheis por vossa honra.

E entrarom entom nas galès, e chegarom à foz de Ancora, e amarraraõ as galès para folgarem, porque aviaõ muyto trabalhado aquelles dias: alli forom dizer a el Rey que a Rainha seia chorando; e el Rey dixe, Vamola ver. Foy là, e perguntoulhe porque chorava? E ella respondeo, Porque mataste aquelle Mouro, que era melhor que ti. O Infante dixe contra seu padre, Isto he demonio; que quereis della? que pode ser que vos fugira. E el Rey mandoua entaõ amarrar a huma mõ, e lancala no mar, e desaquelle tempo lhe chamarom Foz de Ancora. Por este pecado que dixe o Infante D. Ordonho contra sà madre, dixerom despois as gentes que por esso fora deserdado dos povos de Castella. Rey Ramiro foyse a Leaõ, e fez sàs cortes muy ricas, e falou com os seus de sàs terras, e mostroulhes a maldade da Rainha Aldonça sa molher: que elle avia por bem de cazar com D. Ortiga, que era de alto linhage: e elles todos a huma voz o louvarom, e ouveromno por bem. Elle foy da boa vida, e fez o Mosteyro de S. Juliaõ, e outros hospitaes muytos; e os que della decenderon forom muyto cumplidos. — Ff. 111 — 116.

A characteristic circumstance in the poem is added from the *Livro Velho des Linhagens*, a work of the thirteenth century, printed among the *Provas da Historia Genealogica da Casa Real Portugueza*, t. 1. It is related there in these words: —

E o Mouro lhe disse, viestes a morrer ; mas querote perguntar, que se me tiveces em Mier, que morte me darias? El Rey Ramiro era muito faminto, e respondeolhe assim, eu te daria hum capaõ assado, e huma regueifa, a fariate tudo comer, e dartehia em sima en sa capa chea de vinho que bebesse.—Provas, T. 1. p. 213.

1.

GREEN grow the alder-trees, and close
To the water-side by St. Joam da Foz.
From the castle of Gaya the Warden sees
The water and the alder-trees ;
And only these the Warden sees,
No danger near doth Gaya fear,
No danger nigh doth the Warden spy ;
He sees not where the gallies lie
Under the alders silently;
For the gallies with green are cover'd o'er,
They have crept by night along the shore,
And they lie at anchor, now it is morn,
Awaiting the sound of Ramiro's horn.

2.

In traveller's weeds Ramiro sate
By the fountain at the castle-gate;
But under the weeds was his breast-plate,
And the sword he had tried in so many fights,
And the horn whose sound would ring around,
And be known so well by his knights.

3.

From the gate Aldonza's damsel came
To fill her pitcher at the spring,
And she saw, but she knew not, her master the King.

In the Moorish tongue Ramiro spake,
And begg'd a draught for mercy's sake,
That he his burning thirst might slake;
For worn by a long malady,
Not strength enow, he said, had he
To lift it from the spring.

4.

She gave her pitcher to the King,
And from his mouth he dropt a ring
Which he had with Aldonza broken;
So in the water from the spring
Queen Aldonza found the token.
With that she bade her damsel bring
Secretly the stranger in.

5.

"What brings thee hither, Ramiro?" she cried;
"The love of you," the King replied.
"Nay! nay! it is not so!" quoth she,
"Ramiro, say not this to me!
I know your Moorish concubine
Hath now the love which once was mine.
If you had loved me as you say,
You would never have stolen Ortiga away;
If you had never loved another,
I had not been here in Gaya to-day
The wife of Ortiga's brother!
But hide thee here, .. a step I hear, ..
King Alboazar draweth near."

6.

In her alcove she bade him hide:
" King Alboazar, my lord," she cried,
" What wouldst thou do, if at this hour
King Ramiro were in thy power?"
" This I would do," the Moor replied,
" I would hew him limb from limb,
As he, I know, would deal by me,
So I would deal by him."
" Alboazar!" Queen Aldonza said,
" Lo! here I give him to thy will;
In yon alcove thou hast thy foe,
Now thy vengeance then fulfil!"

7.

With that up spake the Christian king:
" O Alboazar, deal by me
As I would surely deal with thee,
If I were you, and you were me!
Like a friend you guested me many a day,
Like a foe I stole your sister away;
The sin was great, and I felt its weight,
All joy by day the thought opprest,
And all night long it troubled my rest;
Till I could not bear the burthen of care,
But told my Confessor in despair.
And he, my sinful soul to save,
This penance for atonement gave;
That I before you should appear
And yield myself your prisoner here,
If my repentance was sincere,

That I might by a public death
Breathe shamefully out my latest breath.

8.

" King Alboazar, this I would do,
If you were I, and I were you;
That no one should say you were meanly fed,
I would give you a roasted capon first,
And a good ring loaf of wheaten bread,
And a skinful of wine to quench your thirst;
And after that I would grant you the thing
Which you came to me petitioning.
Now this, O King, is what I crave,
That I my sinful soul may save:
Let me be led to your bull-ring,
And call your sons and daughters all,
And assemble the people both great and small,
And let me be set upon a stone,
That by all the multitude I may be known,
And bid me then this horn to blow,
And I will blow a blast so strong,
And wind the horn so loud and long
That the breath in my body at last shall be gone,
And I shall drop dead in sight of the throng.
Thus your revenge, O King, will be brave,
Granting the boon which I come to crave,
And the people a holyday sight will have,
And I my precious soul shall save;
For this is the penance my Confessor gave.
King Alboazar, this I would do,
If you were I, and I were you."

9.

" This man repents his sin, be sure!"
To Queen Aldonza said the Moor;
" He hath stolen my sister away from me,
I have taken from him his wife;
Shame then would it be when he comes to me,
And I his true repentance see,
If I for vengeance should take his life."

10.

" O Alboazar!" then quoth she,
" Weak of heart as weak can be!
Full of revenge and wiles is he.
Look at those eyes beneath that brow,
I know Ramiro better than thou!
Kill him, for thou hast him now,
He must die, be sure, or thou.
Hast thou not heard the history
How, to the throne that he might rise,
He pluck'd out his brother Ordoño's eyes?
And dost not remember his prowess in fight,
How often he met thee and put thee to flight
And plunder'd thy country for many a day;
And how many Moors he has slain in the strife,
And how many more carried captives away?
How he came to show friendship .. and thou didst believe him?
How he ravish'd thy sister, .. and wouldst thou forgive him?
And hast thou forgotten that I am his wife,
And that now by thy side I lie like a bride,
The worst shame that can ever a Christian betide?

And cruel it were when you see his despair,
If vainly you thought in compassion to spare,
And refused him the boon he comes hither to crave,
For no other way his poor soul can he save,
Than by doing the penance his Confessor gave."

11.

As Queen Aldonza thus replies,
The Moor upon her fixed his eyes,
And he said in his heart, unhappy is he
Who putteth his trust in a woman!
Thou art King Ramiro's wedded wife,
And thus wouldst thou take away his life!
What cause have I to confide in thee?
I will put this woman away from me.
These were the thoughts that pass'd in his breast,
But he call'd to mind Ramiro's might;
And he fear'd to meet him hereafter in fight,
And he granted the King's request.

12.

So he gave him a roasted capon first,
And a skinful of wine to quench his thirst;
And he call'd for his sons and daughters all,
And assembled the people both great and small;
And to the bull-ring he led the king;
And he set him there upon a stone,
That by all the multitude he might be known,
And he bade him blow through his horn a blast,
As long as his breath and his life should last.

13.

Oh then his horn Ramiro wound:
The walls rebound the pealing sound,
That far and wide rings echoing round;
Louder and louder Ramiro blows,
And farther the blast and farther goes;
Till it reaches the gallies where they lie close
Under the alders, by St. Joam da Foz.
It roused his knights from their repose
And they and their merry men arose.
Away to Gaya they speed them straight;
Like a torrent they burst through the city gate.
And they rush among the Moorish throng,
And slaughter their infidel foes.

14.

Then his good sword Ramiro drew,
Upon the Moorish King he flew,
And he gave him one blow, for there needed not two;
They killed his sons and his daughters too;
Every Moorish soul they slew;
Not one escaped of the infidel crew;
Neither old nor young, nor babe nor mother;
And they left not one stone upon another.

15.

They carried the wicked Queen aboard,
And they took counsel what to do to her;
They tied a millstone round her neck,
And overboard in the sea they threw her.
But a heavier weight than that millstone lay
On Ramiro's soul at his dying day.

Bristol, 1802.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

An old writer mentions a curious tradition which may be worth quoting. "By east the Isle of May," says he, "twelve miles from all land in the German seas, lyes a great hidden rock, called Inchcape, very dangerous for navigators, because it is overflowed everie tide. It is reported in old times, upon the saide rock there was a bell, fixed upon a tree or timber, which rang continually, being moved by the sea, giving notice to the saylers of the danger. This bell or clocke was put there and maintained by the Abbot of Aberbrothok, and being taken down by a sea pirate, a yeare therafter he perished upon the same rocke, with ship and goodes, in the righteous judgement of God." — STODDART's *Remarks on Scotland.*

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be,
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock
The waves flow'd over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The Sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds scream'd as they wheel'd round,
And there was joyaunce in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,
And he fix'd his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I 'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok.'

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the Bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the Bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock
Wo'n't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away,
He scour'd the seas for many a day;
And now grown rich with plunder'd store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the Sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising Moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore."
"Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock, —
"Oh Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
He curst himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell,
The Devil below was ringing his knell.

Bristol, 1802.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

" I know not whether it be worth the reporting, that there is in Cornwall, near the parish of St. Neots, a Well, arched over with the robes of four kinds of trees, withy, oak, elm, and ash, dedicated to St. Keyne. The reported virtue of the water is this, that whether husband or wife come first to drink thereof, they get the mastery thereby."—FULLER.

This passage in one of the folios of the Worthy old Fuller, who, as he says, knew not whether it were worth the reporting, suggested the following Ballad: and the Ballad has produced so many imitations that it may be prudent here thus to assert its originality, lest I should be accused hereafter of having committed the plagiarism which has been practised upon it.

" Next," says Carew, in his Survey of Cornwall, p. 150., " I will relate you another of the *Cornish* natural wonders, viz. S. Kayne's Well; but lest you make a wonder first at the Saint, before you take notice of the Well, you must understand, that this was not Kayne the manqueller, but one of a gentler spirit and milder sex, to wit, a woman. He who caused the spring to be pictured added this rhyme for an exposition: —

In name, in shape, in quality,
  This Well is very quaint;
The name to lot of Kayne befell,
  No over-holy saint.
The shape, four trees of divers kinde,
  Withy, Oak, Elm, and Ash,

Make with their roots an arched roof,
Whose floor this spring doth wash.
The quality, that man or wife,
Whose chance or choice attains
First of this sacred stream to drink,
Thereby the mastery gains.

CAREW's *Survey of Cornwall*, p. 130.

Of St. Keyne, whose death is placed in the year 490, and whose festival used to be celebrated in Brecknockshire, on October 8., there is a brief account in the English Martyrologe. Father Cressy the Benedictine gives her history more fully. "Illustrious," says he, "she was for her birth, being the daughter of Braganus, prince of that province in Wales, which, from him, was afterwards called Brecknockshire; but more illustrious for her zeal to preserve her chastity, for which reason she was called in the British language Keynevayre, that is, Keyna the Virgin."

2. This Prince Braganus, or Brachanus, the father of St. Keyna, is * said to have had twelve sons and twelve daughters by his lady, called Marcella, daughter of Theodoric son of Tethphalt, Prince of Garthmatrin, the same region called afterward Brecknock. Their first-born son was St. Canoc: and their eldest daughter was Gladus, who was mother of Cadocus by St. Gunley, a holy king of the southern Britons. The second daughter was Melaria, the mother of the holy Archbishop St. David. Thus writes Capgrave, neither doth he mention any other of their children besides St. Keyna.

3. But in Giraldus Cambrensis † another daughter is commemorated, called St. Almedha. And David Powel ‡ makes mention of a fifth named Tydvaël, who was the wife of Congen the son of Cadel, Prince of Powisland; and mother of Brochmael, surnamed Scithroc, who slew Ethelfred King of the Northumbers.

4. Concerning the Holy Virgin St. Keyna, we find this nar-

* Antiquit. Glaston.
† Girald. Cambr. l. i. c. 2. ‡ D. Povvel in Annotat. ad Girald.

ration in the author of her life, extant in Capgrave *: "She was of royal blood, being daughter of Braganus, Prince of Brecknockshire. When she came to ripe years many noble persons sought her in marriage; but she utterly refused that state, having consecrated her virginity to our Lord by a perpetual vow. For which cause she was afterward by the Britons called Keyn-wiri, that is, Keyna the Virgin."

5. At length she determined to forsake her country and find out some desart place, where she might attend to contemplation. Therefore, directing her journey beyond Severn, and there meeting with certain woody places, she made her request to the prince of that country that she might be permitted to serve God in that solitude. His answer was, that he was very willing to grant her request, but that that place did so swarm with serpents that neither men nor beasts could inhabit in it. But she constantly replied, that her firm trust was in the name and assistance of Almighty God, to drive all that poisonous brood out of that region.

6. Hereupon the place was granted to the Holy Virgin; who presently prostrating herself in fervent prayer to God, obtained of him to change all the serpents and vipers there into stones. And to this day the stones in that region do resemble the windings o serpents through all the fields and villages, as if they had been framed so by the hand of the engraver.

7. Our learned Camden, in his diligent search after antiquities, seems to have visited this country, being a part of Somersetshire, though he is willing to disparage the miracle. His words are, "On the western bank of Avon is seen the town of Cainsham. Some are of opinion that it was named so from Keyna, a most holy British Virgin, who, according to the credulous persuasion of former ages, is believed to have turned serpents into stones; because such like miracles of sporting nature are there sometimes found in the quarries. I myself saw a stone brought from thence repre-

* Capgrav. in S. Keyna.

senting a serpent rolled up into a spire; the head of it stuck out in the outward surface, and the end of the tail terminated in the centre."

8. But let us prosecute the life of this holy Virgin. Many years being spent by her in this solitary place, and the fame of her sanctity every where divulged, and many oratories built by her, her nephew St. Cadoc performing a pilgrimage to the Mount of St. Michael, met there with his blessed aunt, St. Keyna, at whose sight he was replenished with great joy. And being desirous to bring her back to her own country, the inhabitants of that region would not permit him. But afterward, by the admonition of an angel, the holy Maid returned to the place of her nativity, where, on the top of a hillock seated at the foot of a high mountain, she made a little habitation for herself; and by her prayers to God obtained a spring there to flow out of the earth, which, by the merits of the Holy Virgin, afforded health to divers infirmities.

9. But when the time of her consummation approached, one night she, by the revelation of the Holy Ghost, saw in a vision, as it were, a fiery pillar, the base whereof was fixed on her bed; now her bed was the pavement strewed over with a few branches of trees. And in this vision two angels appeared to her; one of which approaching respectfully to her, seemed to take off the sackcloth with which she was covered, and instead thereof to put on her a smock of fine linen, and over that a tunic of purple, and last of all a mantle all woven with gold. Which having done, he thus said to her, "Prepare yourself to come with us, that we may lead you into your heavenly Father's kingdom." Hereupon she wept with excess of joy, and endeavouring to follow the angels she awaked, and found her body inflamed with a fever, so that she perceived her end was near.

10. Therefore, sending for her nephew Cadocus, she said to him, "This is the place above all others beloved by me: here my memory shall be perpetuated. This place I will often visit in spirit if it may be permitted me. And I am as-

sured it shall be permitted me, because our Lord has granted me this place as a certain inheritance. The time will come when this place shall be inhabited by a sinful people, which notwithstanding I will violently root out of this seat. My tomb shall be a long while unknown, till the coming of other people whom by my prayers I shall bring hither: them will I protect and defend; and in this place shall the name of our Lord be blessed for ever."

11. After this, her soul being ready to depart out of her body, she saw standing before her a troop of heavenly angels, ready joyfully to receive her soul, and to transport it without any fear or danger from her spiritual enemies. Which, having told to those who stood by, her blessed soul was freed from the prison of her body on the eighth day before the Ides of October. In her dissolution her face smiled, and was all of a rosy colour; and so sweet a fragancy proceeded from her sacred virgin body, that those who were present thought themselves in the joy of Paradise. St. Cadocus buried her in her own oratory, where for many years she had led a most holy mortified life, very acceptable to God.

Church History of Brittany, Book X. Ch. 14.

Such is the history of St. Keyne as related by F. Serenus Cressy, *permissu superiorum, et approbatione Doctorum.* There was evidently a scheme of setting up a shrine connected with the legend. In one part it was well conceived, for the Cornu Ammonis is no where so frequently found as near Keynsham; fine specimens are to be seen over the doors of many of the houses there, and I have often observed fragments among the stones which were broken up to mend the road. The Welsh seem nearly to have forgotten this saint. Mr. Owen, in his Cambrian Biography, enumerates two daughters of Brychan, Ceindrech and Ceinwen, both ranked among saints, and the latter having two churches dedicated to her in Mona. One of these is probably St. Keyne.

A WELL there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen;
There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,
And behind doth an ash-tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne;
Joyfully he drew nigh,
For from cock-crow he had been travelling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat down upon the bank
Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the house hard by
At the Well to fill his pail;
On the Well-side he rested it,
And he bade the Stranger hail.

"Now art thou a bachelor, Stranger?" quoth he,
"For an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

"Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,
Ever here in Cornwall been?
For an if she have, I'll venture my life
She has drank of the Well of St. Keyne."

"I have left a good woman who never was here,"
The Stranger he made reply,
"But that my draught should be the better for that,
I pray you answer me why?"

"St. Keyne," quoth the Cornish-man, "many a time
Drank of this crystal Well,
And before the Angel summon'd her,
She laid on the water a spell.

"If the Husband of this gifted Well
Shall drink before his Wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be Master for life.

"But if the Wife should drink of it first, . .
God help the Husband then!"
The Stranger stoopt to the Well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

"You drank of the Well I warrant betimes?"
He to the Cornish-man said:
But the Cornish-man smiled as the Stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

" I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my Wife in the porch ;
But i' faith she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to Church."

Westbury, 1798.

BISHOP BRUNO.

" Bruno, the Bishop of Herbipolitanum, sailing in the river of Danubius, with Henry the Third, then Emperor, being not far from a place which the Germanes call *Ben Strudel*, or the devouring gulfe, which is neere unto Grinon, a castle in Austria, a spirit was heard clamouring aloud, 'Ho, ho, Bishop Bruno, whither art thou travelling? but dispose of thyselfe how thou pleasest, thou shalt be my prey and spoil.' At the hearing of these words they were all stupified, and the Bishop with the rest crost and blest themselves. The issue was, that within a short time after, the Bishop, feasting with the Emperor in a castle belonging to the Countesse of Esburch, a rafter fell from the roof of the chamber wherein they sate, and strooke him dead at the table."

HEYWOOD's *Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels.*

BISHOP BRUNO awoke in the dead midnight,
And he heard his heart beat loud with affright:
He dreamt he had rung the Palace bell,
And the sound it gave was his passing knell.

Bishop Bruno smiled at his fears so vain,
He turned to sleep and he dreamt again;
He rang at the palace gate once more,
And Death was the Porter that open'd the door.

He started up at the fearful dream,
And he heard at his window the screech-owl scream;
Bishop Bruno slept no more that night, . .
Oh! glad was he when he saw the day-light!

Now he goes forth in proud array,
For he with the Emperor dines to-day;
There was not a Baron in Germany
That went with a nobler train than he.

Before and behind his soldiers ride,
The people throng'd to see their pride;
They bow'd the head, and the knee they bent,
But nobody blest him as he went.

So he went on stately and proud,
When he heard a voice that cried aloud,
"Ho! ho! Bishop Bruno! you travel with glee, . .
But I would have you know, you travel to me!"

Behind and before and on either side,
He look'd, but nobody he espied;
And the Bishop at that grew cold with fear,
For he heard the words distinct and clear.

And when he rang at the Palace bell,
He almost expected to hear his knell;
And when the Porter turn'd the key,
He almost expected Death to see.

But soon the Bishop recover'd his glee,
For the Emperor welcomed him royally;
And now the tables were spread, and there
Were choicest wines and dainty fare.

And now the Bishop had blest the meat,
When a voice was heard as he sat in his seat, . .
" With the Emperor now you are dining with glee,
But know, Bishop Bruno! you sup with me!"

The Bishop then grew pale with affright,
And suddenly lost his appetite;
All the wine and dainty cheer
Could not comfort his heart that was sick with fear

But by little and little recovered he,
For the wine went flowing merrily,
Till at length he forgot his former dread,
And his cheeks again grew rosy red.

When he sat down to the royal fare
Bishop Bruno was the saddest man there
But when the masquers enter'd the hall,
He was the merriest man of all.

Then from amid the masquers' crowd
There went a voice hollow and loud, . .
" You have past the day, Bishop Bruno, in glee
But you must pass the night with me!"

His cheek grows pale, and his eye-balls glare,
And stiff round his tonsure bristled his hair;
With that there came one from the masquers' band,
And took the Bishop by the hand.

The bony hand suspended his breath,
His marrow grew cold at the touch of Death;
On saints in vain he attempted to call,
Bishop Bruno fell dead in the palace hall.

Westbury, 1798.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

1.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

2.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

3.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
"'T is some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

4.

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out!
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

5.

"Now tell us what 't was all about,"
Young Peterkin, he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

6.

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out;
But every body said," quoth he,
"That 't was a famous victory.

7.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

8.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

9.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

10.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
'Why 't was a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay . . nay . . my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

11.

"And every body praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 't was a famous victory."

Westbury, 1798.

A TRUE BALLAD

OF

ST. ANTIDIUS, THE POPE, AND THE DEVIL.

Deste Atendio cuentan las estorias que le avino, que el martes despues de Ramos, passo por la puente de un rio que ha nombre Divino; e vio en un campo gran compaña de diablos que estavan contando a sus principes los males que fazien por las tierras; e entre todos los otros estava un negro a manera de Etyopiano: e alabavase que avie siete años que andava lidiando con el Papa por le fazer pecar; e nunca pudiera sy non entonces que le fiziera fazer ya que pecado muy grave; e esto provava lo por la sandalia del apostoligo que traye. E Sant Atendio que vido aquello, llamo aquel diablo, e conjurol por la virtud de Dios e por la Santa Cruz que lo llevasse a Roma; e cavalgo en el; e llevol a Roma, el jueves de la cena a hora de missa, el Papa que querie revestirse para dezir missa; dexo sant Atendio al diablo a la puerta e dixol que lo atendiese; e el entro dentro e saco el Papa aparte, e dixol que fiziesse penitencia de aquel pecado; e el quiso lo negar, mas fizo gelo otorgar el santo obispo con a sandalia que le dio. E fizo el Papa penitencia; e dixo sant Atendio la missa en su logar, e consagro la crisma; e tomo una partida della para sy; e despediosse del Papa, e salio fuera, e cavalgo en el diablo, e llevo lo a su arçobispado el sabado de pascua a hora de missa.—CORONICA DE ESPANA.

This Saint Atendio, according to the Chronica General, was Bishop of Vesytana in Gaul, and martyred by the Vandals

in the year 411. The Spaniards have a tradition that he was Bishop of Jaen: they say, "that as the Devil was crossing the sea with this unwelcome load upon his back, he artfully endeavoured to make Atendio pronounce the name of Jesus, which, as it breaks all spells, would have enabled him to throw him off into the water; but that the Bishop, understanding his intent, only replied, *Arre Diablo*, "Gee-up, Devil!" and they add, "that when he arrived at Rome, his hat was still covered with the snow which had fallen upon it while he was passing the Alps, and that the hat is still shown at Rome in confirmation of the story and the miracle." Feyjoo has two letters upon this whimsical legend among his *Cartas Eruditas*. In the first (T. 1. Carta 24.) he rereplies to a correspondent who had gravely enquired his opinion upon the story, "*De buen humor*," says he, "*estaba V. md. quando le ocurrió inquirir mi dictamen, sobre la Historieta de el Obispo de Jahen, de quien se cuenta, que fue a Roma en una noche, caballero sobre la espalda de un Diablo de alquiler: Triste de mi, si essa curiosidad se hace contagiosa, y dan muchos en seguir el exemplo de V. md. consultandome sobre cuentos de nínos y viejas.*" Nevertheless, though he thus treats the story as an old wife's tale, he bestows some reasoning upon it. "As he heard it," he says, "it did not appear whether the use which the Bishop made of the Devil were licit or illicit; that is, whether he made use of him as a wizard, by virtue of a compact, or by virtue of authority, having the permission of the Most High so to do. In either case there is a great incongruity. In the first, inasmuch as it is not credible that the Devil should voluntarily serve the Bishop for the purpose of preventing a great evil to the church: — I say *voluntarily*, because the notion that a compact is so binding upon the Devil that he can in no ways resist the pleasure of the person with whom he has contracted *es cosa de Theologos de Vade à la cinta.* In the second, because the journey being designed for a holy purpose, it is more conformable to reason that it should have been executed by the ministry of a good angel than of a bad one;

as, for instance, Habakkuk was transported by the ministry of a good angel from Judæa to Babylon, that he might carry food to the imprisoned Daniel. If you should oppose to me the example of Christ, who was carried by the Devil to the pinnacle of the temple, I reply, that there are two manifest disparities. The first, that Christ conducted himself in this case passively and permissively; the second, that the Devil placed him upon the pinnacle of the Temple, not for any good end, but with a most wicked intention. "But," pursues the good Benedictine, "why should I fatigue myself with arguing? I hold the story unworthy of being critically examined till it be shown me written in some history, either ecclesiastical or profane, which is entitled to some credit."

Soon after this letter was published, another correspondent informed Feyjoo, that the story in question was written in the General Chronicle of King D. Alphonso the Wise. This incited him to farther enquiry. He found the same legend in the *Speculum Historiale* of Vincentius Belovacensis, and there discovered that the saint was called Antidius, not Athendius, and that the scene lay upon the river Dunius instead of the river Divinus. Here too he found a reference to Sigebertus Gemblacensis; and in that author, the account which the Chronicler had followed and the explanation of his errors in the topography: his Vesytania proving to be Besançon, and the river the Doubs, which the Romans called Dubius, Dubis, and Aduadubis. But he found also to his comfort, that though Jean Jacques Chiflet, a physician of Besançon, had endeavoured to prove the truth of the story for the honour of his nation or city, in a book entitled *Vesontio Civitas Imperialis Libera Sequanorum*, and had cited certain ancient Acts and Breviaries, in support of it; the veracious Bollandists had decided that these Acts were apochryphal, the Breviaries not to be believed in this point, and the whole story a fable which had been equally related of St. Maximus Taurinensis, and Pope Leo the Great. These Bollandists strain at a gnat, and swallow an Aullay with equal gravity. Fortified by their authority,

Feyjoo, who was worthy to have belonged to a more enlightened church, triumphantly dismissed the legend, and observed, "that the contriver was a clumsy fabler to make the Devil spend two days upon the journey, which," as he says, "is slow travelling for an infernal postilion." (*Cartas Eruditas*, T. 2. C. 21.) The discussion, however, reminded him of a curious story, which he thus relates: — "There is in this city of Oviedo a poor Porter, called by name Pedro Moreno, of whom a tale is told similar in substance to this of the Bishop of Jaen. The circumstance is related in this manner. Some letters had been delivered to him which he was to carry to Madrid with more than ordinary diligence, because expedition was of importance. At a little distance from this city he met with a friar, who offered to join company with him for the journey: to this he objected, upon the ground, that he was going in great haste, and that the friar would not be able to keep pace with him; but in fine, the friar prevailed upon him to let it be so, and at the same time gave him a walking-stick for his use. So they began to travel together, and that so well, that Valladolid being forty leagues (160 miles) from Oviedo, they got beyond that city on the first day to dinner. The rest of the journey was performed with the same celerity. This story spread through the whole place, and was believed by all the vulgar (and by some also who were not of the vulgar) when it came to my ears: the authority referred to, was the man himself, who had related it to an infinite number of persons. I sent for him to my cell to examine him. He affirmed that the story was true, but by questioning and cross-questioning him concerning the particulars, I made him fall into many contradictions. Moreover, I found that he had told the story with many variations to different persons. What I clearly ascertained was, that he had heard the legend of the Bishop of Jaen, and thought to become a famous man, by making a like fable believed of himself. I believe that many persons were undeceived when my enquiry was known. But before this examination was made, to how many places had the

report of this miraculous journey extended, where the exposure of the falsehood will never reach! Perhaps, if this writing should not prevent it, the journey of Pedro Moreno, the Porter, will one day be little less famous in Spain than that of the Bishop of Jaen." — *Cartas Eruditas.* T. 1. C. 24.

According to Marullus, as quoted by Zuinger in his great Theatrum Humanæ Vitæ, i. 417., Antidius was Bishop of Tours, and Zosimus was the Pope whom he served so essentially by riding post to his aid.

A very incorrect copy of this Ballad was printed and sold by J. Bailey, 116. Chancery Lane, price 6d., with a print from a juvenile design by G. Cruickshank. I think myself fortunate in having accidentally obtained this broadside, which, for its rarity, will one day be deemed valuable in a collection of the works of a truly original and inimitable artist.

It is Antidius the Bishop
Who now at even tide,
Taking the air and saying a prayer,
Walks by the river side.

The Devil had business that evening,
And he upon earth would go;
For it was in the month of August,
And the weather was close below.

He had his books to settle,
And up to earth he hied,
To do it there in the evening air,
All by the river side.

His imps came flying around him,
Of his affairs to tell;
From the north, and the south, and the east, and the west;
They brought him the news that he liked best,
Of the things they had done,
And the souls they had won,
And how they sped well
In the service of Hell.

There came a devil posting in
Return'd from his employ,
Seven years had he been gone from Hell,
And now he came grinning for joy.

"Seven years," quoth he, "of trouble and toil
Have I labour'd the Pope to win;
And I to-day have caught him,
He hath done a deadly sin!"
And then he took the Devil's book,
And wrote the deed therein.

Oh, then King Beelzebub for joy,
He drew his mouth so wide,
You might have seen his iron teeth,
Four and forty from side to side.

He wagg'd his ears, he twisted his tail,
He knew not for joy what to do,
In his hoofs and his horns, in his heels and his corns,
It tickled him all through.

The Bishop who beheld all this,
Straight how to act bethought him;
He leapt upon the Devil's back,
And by the horns he caught him.

And he said a Pater-noster
As fast as he could say,
And made a cross on the Devil's head,
And bade him to Rome away.

Away, away, the Devil flew,
All through the clear moonlight;
I warrant who saw them on their way
He did not sleep that night.

Without bridle, or saddle, or whip, or spur,
Away they go like the wind;
The beads of the Bishop are hanging before,
And the tail of the Devil behind.

They met a Witch and she hail'd them
As soon as she came within call;
"Ave Maria!" the Bishop exclaim'd,
It frightened her broomstick and she got a fall.

He ran against a shooting star,
So fast for fear did he sail,
And he singed the beard of the Bishop
Against a Comet's tail;

And he pass'd between the horns of the Moon,
With Antidius on his back;
And there was an eclipse that night,
Which was not in the Almanack.

The Bishop just as they set out,
To tell his beads begun;
And he was by the bed of the Pope
Before the string was done.

The Pope fell down upon his knees,
In terror and confusion,
And he confess'd the deadly sin,
And he had absolution.

And all the Popes in bliss that be,
Sung, O be joyful! then;
And all the Popes in bale that be,
They howl'd for envy then;
For they before kept jubilee,
Expecting his good company,
Down in the Devil's den.

But what was this the Pope had done
To bind his soul to Hell?
Ah! that is the mystery of this wonderful history,
And I wish that I could tell!

But would you know, there you must go,
You can easily find the way;
It is a broad and a well-known road
That is travell'd by night and by day.

And you must look in the Devil's book;
You will find one debt that was never paid yet
If you search the leaves throughout;
And that is the mystery of this wonderful history
And the way to find it out.

Bristol, 1802.

GONZALO HERMIGUEZ.

This story is related at length by Bernardo de Brito in his *Cronica de Cister.*, L. vi. C. 1., where he has preserved also part of a poem by Gonzalo Hermiguez. The verses are said to be the oldest in the Portugueze language, and Brito says there were more of them, but he thought it sufficient to cite these for his purpose. If they had been correctly printed, it might have been difficult to make out their meaning, but from a text so corrupted it is impossible.

1.

In arms and in anger, in struggle and strife,
Gonzalo Hermiguez won his wife;
He slew the Moor who from the fray
Was rescuing Fatima that day;
In vain she shriek'd: Gonzalo prest
The Moorish prisoner to his breast;
That breast in iron was array'd,
The gauntlet was bloody that graspt the Maid;
Through the bever-sight his eye
Glared fierce and red and wrathfully,
And while he bore the captive away
His heart rejoiced, and he blest the day.

2.

Under the lemon walk's odorous shade
Gonzalo Hermiguez wooed the Maid;
The ringlets of his raven hair
Waved upon the evening air,
And gentle thoughts that raise a sigh
Soften'd the warrior's dark-brown eye,
When he with passion and sweet song
Wooed her to forgive the wrong;
Till she no more could say him nay,
And the Moorish Maiden blest the day
When Gonzalo bore her a captive away.

3.

To the holy Church with pomp and pride
Gonzalo Hermiguez led his bride.
In the sacred font that happy day
Her stain of sin was wash'd away;
There did the Moorish Maiden claim
Another faith, another name;
There as a Christian convert plight
Her faith unto the Christian Knight,
And Oriana blest the day
When Gonzalo bore her a captive away.

4.

Of Affonso Henriques' court the pride
Were Gonzalo Hermiguez and his bride;
In battle strongest of the strong,
In peace the master of the song,
Gonzalo of all was first in fame,
The loveliest she and the happiest dame.

But ready for her heavenly birth
She was not left to fade on earth;
In that dread hour with Heaven in view,
The comfort of her faith she knew,
And blest on her death-bed the day
When Gonzalo bore her a captive away.

5.

Through a long and holy life
Gonzalo Hermiguez mourn'd his wife.
The arms wherewith he won his bride,
Sword shield and lance, were laid aside.
That head which the high-plumed helm had worn
Was now of its tresses shaven and shorn,
A Monk of Alcobaça he
Eminent for sanctity.
Contented in his humble cell
The meekest of the meek to dwell,
His business was by night and day
For Oriana's soul to pray.
Never day did he let pass
But scored to her account a mass;
Devoutly for the dear one dead
With self-inflicted stripes he bled;
This was Gonzalo's sole employ,
This was Gonzalo's only joy;
Till love thus purified became
A holy, yea, a heavenly flame;
And now in Heaven both bless the day
When he bore the Moorish captive away.

Bristol, 1801.

QUEEN ORRACA,

AND

THE FIVE MARTYRS OF MOROCCO.

This Legend is related in the Chronicle of Affonso II., and in the Historia Serafica of Fr. Manoel da Esperança.

1.

THE Friars five have girt their loins,
And taken staff in hand;
And never shall those Friars again
Hear mass in Christian land.

They went to Queen Orraca,
To thank her and bless her then;
And Queen Orraca in tears
Knelt to the holy men.

"Three things, Queen Orraca,
We prophesy to you:
Hear us, in the name of God!
For time will prove them true.

"In Morocco we must martyr'd be;
Christ hath vouchsafed it thus:
We shall shed our blood for Him
Who shed his blood for us.

"To Coimbra shall our bodies be brought,
Such being the will divine;
That Christians may behold and feel
Blessings at our shrine.

"And when unto that place of rest
Our bodies shall draw nigh,
Who sees us first, the King or you,
That one that night must die.

"Fare thee well, Queen Orraca!
For thy soul a mass we will say,
Every day as long as we live,
And on thy dying day."

The Friars they blest her, one by one,
Where she knelt on her knee,
And they departed to the land
Of the Moors beyond the sea.

2.

"What news, O King Affonso,
What news of the Friars five?
Have they preach'd to the Miramamolin;
And are they still alive?"

"They have fought the fight, O Queen!
They have run the race;
In robes of white they hold the palm
Before the throne of Grace.

"All naked in the sun and air
Their mangled bodies lie;
What Christian dared to bury them,
By the bloody Moors would die."

3.

"What news, O King Affonso,
Of the Martyrs five what news?
Doth the bloody Miramamolin
Their burial still refuse?"

"That on a dunghill they should rot,
The bloody Moor decreed;
That their dishonour'd bodies should
The dogs and vultures feed:

"But the thunder of God roll'd over them,
And the lightning of God flash'd round;
Nor thing impure, nor man impure,
Could approach the holy ground.

"A thousand miracles appall'd
The cruel Pagan's mind;
Our brother Pedro brings them here,
In Coimbra to be shrined."

4.

Every altar in Coimbra
Is drest for the festival day;
All the people in Coimbra
Are dight in their richest array;

Every bell in Coimbra
Doth merrily, merrily, ring;
The Clergy and the Knights await,
To go forth with the Queen and the King.

"Come forth, come forth, Queen Orraca!
We make the procession stay."
"I beseech thee, King Affonso,
Go you alone to-day.

"I have pain in my head this morning,
I am ill at heart also:
Go without me, King Affonso,
For I am too faint to go."

"The relics of the Martyrs five
All maladies can cure;
They will requite the charity
You shew'd them once, be sure:

"Come forth then, Queen Orraca
You make the procession stay:
It were a scandal and a sin
To abide at home to-day."

Upon her palfrey she is set,
And forward then they go;
And over the long bridge they pass,
And up the long hill wind slow.

"Prick forward, King Affonso,
And do not wait for me;
To meet them close by Coimbra,
It were discourtesy;

"A little while I needs must wait,
Till this sore pain be gone; . . .
I will proceed the best I can,
But do you and your Knights prick on."

The King and his Knights prick'd up the hill
Faster than before;
The King and his Knights have topt the hill,
And now they are seen no more.

As the King and his Knights went down the hill
A wild boar crost the way;
"Follow him! follow him!" cried the King;
"We have time by the Queen's delay!"

A-hunting of the boar astray
Is King Affonso gone:
Slowly, slowly, but straight the while,
Queen Orraca is coming on.

And winding now the train appears
Between the olive-trees:
Queen Orraca alighted then,
And fell upon her knees.

The Friars of Alanquer came first,
And next the relics past; . . .
Queen Orraca look'd to see
The King and his Knights come last.

She heard the horses tramp behind;
At that she turn'd her face:
King Affonso and his Knights came up
All panting from the chase.

"Have pity upon my poor soul,
Holy Martyrs five!" cried she:
"Holy Mary, Mother of God,
Virgin, pray for me!"

5.

That day in Coimbra
Many a heart was gay;
But the heaviest heart in Coimbra,
Was that poor Queen's that day.

The festival is over,
The sun hath sunk in the west;
All the people in Coimbra
Have betaken themselves to rest.

Queen Orraca's Father Confessor
At midnight is awake;
Kneeling at the Martyrs' shrine,
And praying for her sake.

Just at the midnight hour, when all
Was still as still could be,
Into the Church of Santa Cruz,
Came a saintly company:

All in robes of russet grey,
Poorly were they dight;
Each one girdled with a cord,
Like a Friar Minorite.

But from those robes of russet grey,
There flow'd a heavenly light;
For each one was the blessed soul
Of a Friar Minorite.

Brighter than their brethren,
Among the beautiful band;
Five were there who each did bear
A palm branch in his hand.

He who led the brethren,
A living man was he;
And yet he shone the brightest
Of all the company.

Before the steps of the altar,
Each one bow'd his head;
And then with solemn voice they sung
The Service of the Dead.

"And who are ye, ye blessed Saints?"
The Father Confessor said;
"And for what happy soul sing ye
The Service of the Dead?"

"These are the souls of our brethren in bliss,
The Martyrs five are we:
And this is our father Francisco,
Among us bodily.

"We are come hither to perform
Our promise to the Queen;
Go thou to King Affonso,
And say what thou hast seen."

There was loud knocking at the door,
As the heavenly vision fled;
And the porter called to the Confessor,
To tell him the Queen was dead.

Bristol, 1803.

THE OLD WOMAN OF BERKELEY,

A BALLAD,

SHEWING HOW AN OLD WOMAN RODE DOUBLE, AND WHO RODE BEFORE HER.

A. D. 852. *Circa dies istos, mulier quædam malefica, in villâ quæ Berkeleia dicitur degens, gulæ amatrix ac petulantiæ, flagitiis modum usque in senium et auguriis non ponens, usque ad mortem impudica permansit. Hæc die quadam cum sederet ad prandium, cornicula quam pro delitiis pascebat, nescio quid garrire cœpit; quo audito, mulieris cultellus de manu excidit, simul et facies pallescere cœpit, et emisso rugitu, hodie, inquit, accipiam grande incommodum, hodieque ad sulcum ultimum meum pervenit aratrum. Quo dicto, nuncius doloris intravit; muliere vero percunctata ad quid veniret, affero, inquit, tibi filii tui obitum et totius familiæ ejus ex subitâ ruinâ interitum. Hoc quoque dolore mulier permota, lecto protinus decubuit graviter infirmata; sentiensque morbum subrepere ad vitalia, liberos quos habuit superstites, monachum videlicet et monacham, per epistolam invitavit; advenientes autem voce singultiente alloquitur Ego, inquit, o pueri, meo miserabili fato dæmoniacis semper artibus inservivi; ego omnium vitiorum sentina, ego illecebrarum omnium fui magistra. Erat tamen mihi inter hæc mala spes vestræ religionis, quæ meam solidaret animam desperatam; vos expectabam propugnatores contra dæmones, tutores contra sævissimos hostes. Nunc igitur quoniam ad finem vitæ perveni, rogo vos per materna ubera, ut mea tentatis alleviare tormenta. Insuite me defunctam in corio cervino, ac deinde in sarcophago lapideo supponite, operculumque ferro et plumbo constringite, ac*

demum lapidem tribus cathenis ferreis et fortissimis circundantes, clericos quinquaginta psalmorum cantores, et tot per tres dies presbyteros missarum celebratores applicate, qui feroces lenigent adversariorum incursus. Ita si tribus noctibus secura jacuero, quartâ die me infodite humo.

Factumque est ut præceperat illis. Sed, proh dolor! nil preces, nil lacrymæ, nil demum valuere cathenæ. Primis enim duabus noctibus, cum chori psallentium corpori assistebant, advenientes Dæmones ostium ecclesiæ confregerunt ingenti obice clausum, extremasque cathenas negotio levi dirumpunt; media autem quæ fortior erat, illibata manebat. Tertiâ autem nocte, circa gallicinium, strepitu hostium adventantium, omne monasterium visum est a fundamento moveri. Unus ergo dæmonum, et vultu cæteris terribilior et staturâ eminentior, januas Ecclesiæ impetu violento concussas in fragmenta dejecit. Divexerunt clerici cum laicis, metu steterunt omnium capilli, et psalmorum concentus defecit. Dæmon ergo gestu ut videbatur arroganti ad sepulchrum accedens, et nomen mulieris modicum ingeminans, surgere imperavit. Quâ respondente, quod nequiret pro vinculis, jam malo tuo, inquit, solveris; et protinus cathenam quæ cæterorum ferocium dæmonum deluserat, velut stuppeum vinculum rumpebat. Operculum etiam sepulchri pede depellens, mulierem palam omnibus ab ecclesiâ extraxit, ubi præ foribus niger equus superbe hinniens videbatur, uncis ferreis et clavis undique confixus, super quem misera mulier projecta, ab oculis assistentium evanuit. Audiebantur tamen clamores per quatuor fere miliaria horribiles, auxilium postulantes.

Ista itaque quæ retuli incredibilia non erunt, si legatur beati Gregorii dialogus, in quo refert, hominem in ecclesiâ sepultum, a dæmonibus foras ejectum. Et apud Francos Carolus Martellus insignis vir fortitudinis, qui Saracenos Galliam ingressos, Hispaniam redire compulit, exactis vitæ suæ diebus, in Ecclesiâ beati Dionysii legitur fuisse sepultus. Sed quia patrimonia, cum decimis omnium fere ecclesiarum Galliæ, pro stipendio commilitonum suorum mutilaverat, miserabiliter a malignis spiritibus de sepulchro corporaliter avulsus, usque in hodiernum diem nusquam comparuit.—Matthew of Westminster.

This story is also related by Olaus Magnus, and in the Nuremberg Chronicle. But William of Malmesbury seems to have been the original authority, and he had the story from an eye-witness. "When I shall have related it," he says, "the credit of the narrative will not be shaken, though the minds of the hearers should be incredulous, for I have heard it from a man of such character *who would swear he had seen it*, that I should blush to disbelieve." — SHARPE's *William of Malmesbury*, p. 264.

THE Raven croak'd as she sate at her meal,
And the Old Woman knew what he said,
And she grew pale at the Raven's tale,
And sicken'd and went to her bed.

"Now fetch me my children, and fetch them with speed,"
The Old Woman of Berkeley said,
"The Monk my son, and my daughter the Nun,
Bid them hasten or I shall be dead."

The Monk her son, and her daughter the Nun,
Their way to Berkeley went,
And they have brought with pious thought
The holy sacrament.

The Old Woman shriek'd as they enter'd her door,
And she cried with a voice of despair,
"Now take away the sacrament,
For its presence I cannot bear!"

Her lip it trembled with agony,
The sweat ran down her brow,
"I have tortures in store for evermore,
But spare me, my children, now!"

Away they sent the sacrament,
The fit it left her weak,
She look'd at her children with ghastly eyes,
And faintly struggled to speak.

"All kind of sin I have rioted in,
And the judgement now must be,
But I secured my children's souls,
Oh! pray, my children, for me!

"I have 'nointed myself with infant's fat,
The fiends have been my slaves,
From sleeping babes I have suck'd the breath,
And breaking by charms the sleep of death,
I have call'd the dead from their graves.

"And the Devil will fetch me now in fire,
My witchcrafts to atone;
And I who have troubled the dead man s grave
Shall never have rest in my own.

"Bless, I entreat, my winding sheet,
My children, I beg of you;
And with holy water sprinkle my shroud,
And sprinkle my coffin too.

" And let me be chain'd in my coffin of stone,
And fasten it strong, I implore,
With iron bars, and with three chains,
Chain it to the church floor.

" And bless the chains and sprinkle them,
And let fifty Priests stand round,
Who night and day the mass may say
Where I lie on the ground.

" And see that fifty Choristers
Beside the bier attend me,
And day and night by the tapers' light,
With holy hymns defend me.

" Let the church bells all both great and small,
Be toll'd by night and day,
To drive from thence the fiends who come
To bear my body away.

" And ever have the church door barr'd
After the even-song;
And I beseech you, children dear,
Let the bars and bolts be strong.

" And let this be three days and nights
My wretched corpse to save;
Till the fourth morning keep me safe,
And then I may rest in my grave."

The Old Woman of Berkeley laid her down,
And her eyes grew deadly dim,
Short came her breath, and the struggle of death
Did loosen every limb.

They blest the old woman's winding sheet
With rites and prayers due,
With holy water they sprinkled her shroud,
And they sprinkled her coffin too.

And they chain'd her in her coffin of stone,
And with iron barr'd it down,
And in the church with three strong chains
They chain'd it to the ground.

And they blest the chains and sprinkled them,
And fifty Priests stood round,
By night and day the mass to say
Where she lay on the ground.

And fifty sacred Choristers
Beside the bier attend her,
Who day and night by the tapers' light
Should with holy hymns defend her.

To see the Priests and Choristers
It was a goodly sight,
Each holding, as it were a staff
A taper burning bright.

And the church bells all both great and small,
Did toll so loud and long;
And they have barr'd the church door hard,
After the even-song.

And the first night the tapers' light
Burnt steadily and clear,
But they without a hideous rout
Of angry fiends could hear;

A hideous roar at the church door
Like a long thunder peal;
And the priests they pray'd, and the choristers sung
Louder in fearful zeal.

Loud toll'd the bell, the priests pray'd well,
The tapers they burnt bright,
The Monk her son, and her daughter the Nun,
They told their beads all night.

The cock he crew, the Fiends they flew
From the voice of the morning away;
Then undisturb'd the Choristers sing,
And the fifty Priests they pray;
As they had sung and pray'd all night
They pray'd and sung all day.

The second night the tapers' light
Burnt dismally and blue,
And every one saw his neighbour's face
Like a dead man's face to view.

And yells and cries without arise
That the stoutest heart might shock,
And a deafening roaring like a cataract pouring
Over a mountain rock.

The Monk and Nun they told their beads
As fast as they could tell,
And aye as louder grew the noise
The faster went the bell.

Louder and louder the Choristers sung
As they trembled more and more,
And the Priests as they pray'd to heaven for aid,
They smote their breasts full sore.

The cock he crew, the Fiends they flew
From the voice of the morning away;
Then undisturb'd the Choristers sing,
And the fifty Priests they pray;
As they had sung and pray'd all night
They pray'd and sung all day.

The third night came, and the tapers' flame
A frightful stench did make;
And they burnt as though they had been dipt
In the burning brimstone lake.

And the loud commotion, like the rushing of ocean,
Grew momently more and more;
And strokes as of a battering ram,
Did shake the strong church door.

The bellmen, they for very fear
  Could toll the bell no longer;
And still as louder grew the strokes,
  Their fear it grew the stronger.

The Monk and Nun forgot their beads,
  They fell on the ground in dismay;
There was not a single Saint in heaven
  To whom they did not pray.

And the Choristers' song, which late was so strong,
  Falter'd with consternation,
For the church did rock as an earthquake shock
  Uplifted its foundation.

And a sound was heard like the trumpet's blast,
  That shall one day wake the dead;
The strong church door could bear no more,
  And the bolts and the bars they fled;

And the tapers' light was extinguish'd quite,
  And the choristers faintly sung,
And the Priests dismay'd, panted and pray'd,
And on all Saints in heaven for aid
  They call'd with trembling tongue.

And in He came with eyes of flame,
  The Devil to fetch the dead,
And all the church with his presence glow'd
  Like a fiery furnace red.

He laid his hand on the iron chains,
And like flax they moulder'd asunder,
And the coffin lid, which was barr'd so firm,
He burst with his voice of thunder.

And he bade the Old Woman of Berkeley rise,
And come with her master away;
A cold sweat started on that cold corpse,
At the voice she was forced to obey.

She rose on her feet in her winding sheet,
Her dead flesh quiver'd with fear,
And a groan like that which the Old Woman gave
Never did mortal hear.

She follow'd her Master to the church door,
There stood a black horse there;
His breath was red like furnace smoke,
His eyes like a meteor's glare.

The Devil he flung her on the horse,
And he leapt up before,
And away like the lightning's speed they went,
And she was seen no more.

They saw her no more, but her cries
For four miles round they could hear,
And children at rest at their mothers' breast
Started, and scream'd with fear.

Hereford, 1798.

THE SURGEON'S WARNING.

THE subject of this parody was suggested by a friend, to whom also I am indebted for some of the stanzas.

Respecting the patent coffins herein mentioned, after the manner of Catholic Poets, who confess the actions they attribute to their Saints and Deity to be but fiction, I hereby declare that it is by no means my design to depreciate that useful invention; and all persons to whom this Ballad shall come are requested to take notice, that nothing herein asserted concerning the aforesaid coffins is true, except that the maker and patentee lives by St. Martin's Lane.

THE Doctor whisper'd to the Nurse,
And the Surgeon knew what he said;
And he grew pale at the Doctor's tale,
And trembled in his sick-bed.

"Now fetch me my brethren, and fetch them with speed,"
The Surgeon affrighted said;
"The Parson and the Undertaker,
Let them hasten or I shall be dead.

The Parson and the Undertaker
They hastily came complying,
And the Surgeon's Prentices ran up stairs
When they heard that their Master was dying.

The Prentices all they enter'd the room,
By one, by two, by three;
With a sly grin came Joseph in,
First of the company.

The Surgeon swore as they enter'd his door,
'T was fearful his oaths to hear, . .
"Now send these scoundrels out of my sight,
I beseech ye, my brethren dear!"

He foam'd at the mouth with the rage he felt,
And he wrinkled his black eye-brow,
"That rascal Joe would be at me, I know,
But zounds, let him spare me now!"

Then out they sent the Prentices,
The fit it left him weak,
He look'd at his brothers with ghastly eyes,
And faintly struggled to speak.

"All kinds of carcases I have cut up,
And now my turn will be;
But, brothers, I took care of you,
So pray take care of me.

"I have made candles of dead men's fat,
The Sextons have been my slaves,
I have bottled babes unborn, and dried
Hearts and livers from rifled graves.

"And my Prentices now will surely come
And carve me bone from bone,
And I who have rifled the dead man's grave
Shall never have rest in my own.

"Bury me in lead when I am dead,
My brethren, I entreat,
And see the coffin weigh'd, I beg,
Lest the plumber should be a cheat.

"And let it be solder'd closely down,
Strong as strong can be, I implore;
And put it in a patent coffin,
That I may rise no more.

"If they carry me off in the patent coffin,
Their labour will be in vain;
Let the Undertaker see it bought of the maker,
Who lives by St. Martin's Lane.

"And bury me in my brother's church,
For that will safer be;
And I implore, lock the church door,
And pray take care of the key.

" And all night long let three stout men
The vestry watch within;
To each man give a gallon of beer,
And a keg of Holland's gin;

" Powder and ball and blunderbuss,
To save me if he can,
And eke five guineas if he shoot
A Resurrection Man.

" And let them watch me for three weeks,
My wretched corpse to save;
For then I think that I may stink
Enough to rest in my grave."

The Surgeon laid him down in his bed,
His eyes grew deadly dim,
Short came his breath, and the struggle of death
Did loosen every limb.

They put him in lead when he was dead,
And with precaution meet,
First they the leaden coffin weigh,
Lest the plumber should be a cheat.

They had it solder'd closely down,
And examin'd it o'er and o'er,
And they put it in a patent coffin
That he might rise no more.

For to carry him off in a patent coffin,
Would, they thought, be but labour in vain,
So the Undertaker saw it bought of the maker,
Who lives by St. Martin's Lane.

In his brother's church they buried him,
That safer he might be ;
They lock'd the door, and would not trust
The Sexton with the key.

And three men in the vestry watch
To save him if they can,
And should he come there to shoot they swear
A Resurrection Man.

And the first night by lanthorn light
Through the church-yard as they went,
A guinea of gold the Sexton shew'd
That Mister Joseph sent.

But conscience was tough, it was not enough,
And their honesty never swerved,
And they bade him go with Mister Joe
To the Devil as he deserved.

So all night long by the vestry fire
They quaff'd their gin and ale,
And they did drink, as you may think,
And told full many a tale.

The Cock he crew cock-a-doodle-doo,
Past five! the watchmen said;
And they went away, for while it was day
They might safely leave the dead.

The second night by lanthorn light
Through the church-yard as they went,
He whisper'd anew, and shew'd them two
That Mister Joseph sent.

The guineas were bright and attracted their sight,
They look'd so heavy and new,
And their fingers itch'd as they were bewitch'd,
And they knew not what to do.

But they waver'd not long, for conscience was strong
And they thought they might get more,
And they refused the gold, but not
So rudely as before.

So all night long by the vestry fire
They quaff'd their gin and ale,
And they did drink, as you may think,
And told full many a tale.

The third night as by lanthorn light
Through the church-yard they went,
He bade them see, and shew'd them three
That Mister Joseph sent.

They look'd askaunce with greedy glance,
The guineas they shone bright,
For the Sexton on the yellow gold
Let fall his lanthorn light.

And he look'd sly with his roguish eye,
And gave a well-timed wink,
And they could not stand the sound in his hand,
For he made the guineas chink.

And conscience, late that had such weight,
All in a moment fails,
For well they knew that it was true
A dead man tells no tales.

And they gave all their powder and ball,
And took the gold so bright,
And they drank their beer and made good cheer
Till now it was midnight.

Then, though the key of the church-door
Was left with the Parson, his brother,
It open'd at the Sexton's touch, . . .
Because he had another.

And in they go with that villain Joe,
To fetch the body by night,
And all the church look'd dismally
By his dark-lanthorn light.

They laid the pick-axe to the stones,
And they moved them soon asunder;
They shovell'd away the hard-prest clay,
And came to the coffin under.

They burst the patent coffin first,
And they cut through the lead;
And they laugh'd aloud when they saw the shroud,
Because they had got at the dead.

And they allow'd the Sexton the shroud,
And they put the coffin back;
And nose and knees they then did squeeze
The Surgeon in a sack.

The watchmen as they past along
Full four yards off could smell,
And a curse bestow'd upon the load
So disagreeable.

So they carried the sack a-pick-a-back,
And they carved him bone from bone,
But what became of the Surgeon's soul
Was never to mortal known.

Westbury, 1798.

HENRY THE HERMIT.

It was a little island where he dwelt,
A solitary islet, bleak and bare,
Short scanty herbage spotting with dark spots
Its grey stone surface. Never mariner
Approach'd that rude and uninviting coast,
Nor ever fisherman his lonely bark
Anchor'd beside its shore. It was a place
Befitting well a rigid anchoret,
Dead to the hopes and vanities and joys,
And purposes of life: and he had dwelt
Many long years upon that lonely isle;
For in ripe manhood he abandon'd arms,
Honours and friends and country and the world,
And had grown old in solitude. That isle
Some solitary man in other times
Had made his dwelling-place; and Henry found
The little chapel which his toil had built
Now by the storms unroof'd, his bed of leaves
Wind-scatter'd; and his grave o'ergrown with grass,
And thistles, whose white seeds there wing'd in vain,
Wither'd on rocks, or in the waves were lost.
So he repair'd the chapel's ruin'd roof,
Clear'd the grey lichens from the altar-stone,
And underneath a rock that shelter'd him
From the sea-blast, he built his hermitage.

The peasants from the shore would bring him food,
And beg his prayers; but human converse else
He knew not in that utter solitude;
Nor ever visited the haunts of men,
Save when some sinful wretch on a sick bed
Implored his blessing and his aid in death.
That summons he delay'd not to obey,
Though the night-tempest or autumnal wind
Madden'd the waves; and though the mariner,
Albeit relying on his saintly load,
Grew pale to see the peril. Thus he lived
A most austere and self-denying man,
Till abstinence and age and watchfulness
Had worn him down, and it was pain at last
To rise at midnight from his bed of leaves
And bend his knees in prayer. Yet not the less,
Though with reluctance of infirmity,
Rose he at midnight from his bed of leaves
And bent his knees in prayer; but with more zeal,
More self-condemning fervour, raised his voice
Imploring pardon for the natural sin
Of that reluctance, till the atoning prayer
Had satisfied his heart, and given it peace,
And the repented fault became a joy.

One night upon the shore his chapel-bell
Was heard; the air was calm, and its far sounds
Over the water came, distinct and loud.
Alarm'd at that unusual hour to hear
Its toll irregular, a monk arose,

And crost to the island-chapel. On a stone
Henry was sitting there, dead, cold, and stiff,
The bell-rope in his hand, and at his feet
The lamp* that stream'd a long unsteady light.

Westbury, 1799.

* This story is related in the English Martyrology, 1608.

ST. GUALBERTO.

ADDRESSED TO GEORGE BURNETT.

Milton has made the name of Vallumbrosa familiar to English readers; few of whom, unless they have visited the spot, know that it is the chief seat of a religious order founded by St. Gualberto. A passage in one Miss Seward's early letters shows how well Milton had observed the peculiar feature of its autumnal scenery. "I have heard my father say, that when he was in Italy with Lord Charles Fitzroy, they travelled through Vallumbrosa in autumn, after the leaves had begun to fall; and that their guide was obliged to try what was land, and what water, by pushing a long pole before him, which he carried in his hand, the vale being so very irriguous, and the leaves so totally covering the surface of the streams."— *Poetical Works of* ANNE SEWARD, *with Extracts from her Literary Correspondence*, vol. i. p. lxxxvi.

1.

THE work is done, the fabric is complete;
Distinct the Traveller sees its distant tower,
Yet ere his steps attain the sacred seat,
Must toil for many a league and many an hour.
Elate the Abbot sees the pile and knows,
Stateliest of convents now, his new Moscera rose.

2.

Long were the tale that told Moscera's pride,
Its columns cluster'd strength and lofty state,
How many a saint bedeck'd its sculptured side,
What intersecting arches graced its gate;
Its towers how high, its massy walls how strong,
These fairly to describe were sure a tedious song.

3.

Yet while the fane rose slowly from the ground,
But little store of charity, I ween,
The passing pilgrim at Moscera found;
And often there the mendicant was seen
Hopeless to turn him from the convent-door,
Because this costly work still kept the brethren poor

4.

Now all is finish'd, and from every side
They flock to view the fabric, young and old.
Who now can tell Rodulfo's secret pride,
When on the Sabbath-day his eyes behold
The multitudes that crowd his church's floor,
Some sure to serve their God, to see Moscera more.

5.

So chanced it that Gualberto pass'd that way,
Since sainted for a life of saintly deeds.
He paused the new-rear'd convent to survey,
And o'er the structure whilst his eye proceeds,
Sorrowed, as one whose holier feelings deem
That ill so proud a pile did humble monks beseem.

6.

Him, musing as he stood, Rodulfo saw,
And forth he came to greet the holy guest;
For him he knew as one who held the law
Of Benedict, and each severe behest
So duly kept with such religious care,
That Heaven had oft vouchsafed its wonders to his prayer.

7.

"Good brother, welcome!" thus Rodulfo cries,
"In sooth it glads me to behold you here;
It is Gualberto! and mine aged eyes
Did not deceive me: yet full many a year
Hath slipt away, since last you bade farewell
To me your host and my uncomfortable cell.

8.

"'Twas but a sorry welcome then you found,
And such as suited ill a guest so dear.
The pile was ruinous, the base unsound;
It glads me more to bid you welcome here,
For you can call to mind our former state;
Come, brother, pass with me the new Moscera's gate."

9.

So spake the cheerful Abbot, but no smile
Of answering joy relax'd Gualberto's brow;
He raised his hand and pointed to the pile,
"Moscera better pleased me then, than now;
A palace this, befitting kingly pride!
Will holiness, my friend, in palace pomp abide?"

10.

" Aye," cries Rudolfo, " 't is a stately place!
And pomp becomes the House of Worship well.
Nay, scowl not round with so severe a face!
When earthly kings in seats of grandeur dwell,
Where art exhausted decks the sumptuous hall,
Can poor and sordid huts beseem the Lord of all?"

11.

" And ye have rear'd these stately towers on high
To serve your God?" the Monk severe replied;
" It rose from zeal and earnest piety,
And prompted by no worldly thoughts beside?
Abbot, to him who prays with soul sincere
However poor the cell, God will incline his ear.

12.

" Rodulfo! while this haughty building rose,
Still was the pilgrim welcome at your door?
Did charity relieve the orphan's woes?
Clothed ye the naked? did ye feed the poor?
He who with alms most succours the distrest,
Proud Abbot! know he serves his heavenly Father best.

13.

" Did they in sumptuous palaces go dwell
Who first abandon'd all to serve the Lord?
Their place of worship was the desart cell,
Wild fruits and berries spread their frugal board,
And if a brook, like this, ran murmuring by,
They blest their gracious God, and ' thought it luxury.' "

14.

Then anger darken'd in Rodulfo's face;
" Enough of preaching," sharply he replied,
" Thou art grown envious; .. 'tis a common case,
Humility is made the cloak of pride.
Proud of our home's magnificence are wé,
But thou art far more proud in rags and beggary."

15.

With that Gualberto cried in fervent tone,
" O, Father, hear me! If this costly pile
Was for thine honour rear'd, and thine alone,
Bless it, O Father, with thy fostering smile!
Still may it stand, and never evil know,
Long as beside its walls the endless stream shall flow

16.

" But, Lord, if vain and worldly-minded men
Have wasted here the wealth which thou hast lent,
To pamper worldly pride; frown on it then!
Soon be thy vengeance manifestly sent!
Let yonder brook, that gently flows beside,
Now from its base sweep down the unholy house of pride!"

17.

He said, .. and lo, the brook no longer flows!
The waters pause, and now they swell on high;
Erect in one collected heap they rose;
The affrighted brethren from Moscera fly,
And upon all the Saints in Heaven they call,
To save them in their flight from that impending fall.

18.

Down the heapt waters came, and with a sound
Like thunder, overthrown the fabric falls ;
Swept far and wide its fragments strew the ground,
Prone lie its columns now, its high-arch'd walls,
Earth shakes beneath the onward-rolling tide,
That from its base swept down the unholy house of pride.

* * * * *

19.

Were old Gualberto's reasons built on truth,
Dear George, or like Moscera's base unsound ?
This sure I know, that glad am I, in sooth,
He only play'd his pranks on foreign ground ;
For had he turn'd the stream on England too,
The Vandal monk had spoilt full many a goodly view.

20.

Then Malmesbury's arch had never met my sight,
Nor Battle's vast and venerable pile ;
I had not traversed then with such delight
The hallowed ruins of our Alfred's isle,
Where many a pilgrim's curse is well bestow'd
On those who rob its walls to mend the turnpike road.

21.

Wells would have fallen, dear George, our country's pride ;
And Canning's stately church been rear'd in vain ;
Nor had the traveller Ely's tower descried,
Which when thou seest far o'er the fenny plain,
Dear George, I counsel thee to turn that way,
Its ancient beauties sure will well reward delay.

22.

And we should never then have heard, I think,
At evening hour, great Tom's tremendous knell.
The fountain streams that now in Christ-church stink,
Had niagara'd o'er the quadrangle;
But, as 't was beauty that deserved the flood,
I ween, dear George, thy own old Pompey might have stood.

23.

Then had not Westminster, the house of God,
Served for a concert-room, or signal-post;
Old Thames, obedient to the father's nod,
Had swept down Greenwich, England's noblest boast;
And, eager to destroy the unholy walls,
Fleet-ditch had roll'd up hill to overwhelm St. Paul's.

24.

George, dost thou deem the legendary deeds
Of saints like this but rubbish, a mere store
Of trash, that he flings time away who reads?
And would'st thou rather bid me puzzle o'er
Matter and Mind and all the eternal round,
Plunged headlong down the dark and fathomless profound?

25.

Now do I bless the man who undertook
These Monks and Martyrs to biographize;
And love to ponder o'er his ponderous book,
The mingle-mangle mass of truth and lies,
Where waking fancies mixt with dreams appear,
And blind and honest zeal, and holy faith sincere.

26.

All is not truth ; and yet, methinks, 't were hard
Of wilful fraud such fablers to accuse ;
What if a Monk, from better themes debarr'd,
Should for an edifying story chuse,
How some great Saint the Flesh and Fiend o'ercame,
His taste I trow, and not his conscience, were to blame.

27.

No fault of his, if what he thus design'd,
Like pious novels for the use of youth,
Obtain'd such hold upon the simple mind
That was received at length for gospel-truth.
A fair account ! and should'st thou like the plea,
Thank thou our valued friend, dear George, who taught it me.

28.

All is not false which seems at first a lie.
Fernan Antolinez a Spanish knight,
Knelt at the mass, when lo ! the troops hard by
Before the expected hour began the fight.
Though courage, duty, honour, summon'd there,
He chose to forfeit all, not leave the unfinish'd prayer.

29.

But while devoutly thus the unarm'd knight
Waits till the holy service should be o'er,
Even then the foremost in the furious fight
Was he beheld to bathe his sword in gore ;
First in the van his plumes were seen to play,
And all to him decreed the glory of the day.

30.

The truth is told, and men at once exclaim,
Heaven had his Guardian Angel deign'd to send;
And thus the tale is handed down to fame.
Now if our good Sir Fernan had a friend
Who in this critical season served him well,
Dear George, the tale is true, and yet no miracle.

31

I am not one who scan with scornful eyes
The dreams which make the enthusiast's best delight;
Nor thou the legendary lore despise
If of Gualberto yet again I write,
How first impell'd he sought the convent-cell;
A simple tale it is, but one that pleased me well.

* * * * *

32.

Fortune had smiled upon Gualberto's birth,
The heir of Valdespesa's rich domains;
An only child, he grew in years and worth,
And well repaid a father's anxious pains.
In many a field that father had been tried,
Well for his valour known, and not less known for pride.

33.

It chanced that one in kindred near allied
Was slain by his hereditary foe;
Much by his sorrow moved and more by pride,
The father vow'd that blood for blood should flow,
And from his youth Gualberto had been taught
That with unceasing hate should just revenge be sought.

34.

Long did they wait; at length the tidings came
That through a lone and unfrequented way,
Soon would Anselmo, such the murderer's name,
Pass on his journey home, an easy prey.
"Go," said the father, "meet him in the wood!"
And young Gualberto went, and laid in wait for blood.

35.

When now the youth was at the forest shade
Arrived, it drew toward the close of day;
Anselmo haply might be long delay'd,
And he, already wearied with his way,
Beneath an ancient oak his limbs reclined
And thoughts of near revenge alone possess'd his mind.

36.

Slow sunk the glorious sun; a roseate light
Spread o'er the forest from his lingering rays;
The glowing clouds upon Gualberto's sight
Soften'd in shade,..he could not chuse but gaze;
And now a placid greyness clad the heaven,
Save where the west retain'd the last green light of even.

37.

Cool breathed the grateful air, and fresher now
The fragrance of the autumnal leaves arose;
The passing gale scarce moved the o'erhanging bough,
And not a sound disturb'd the deep repose,
Save when a falling leaf came fluttering by,
Save the near brooklet's stream that murmur'd quietly.

38.

Is there who has not felt the deep delight,
The hush of soul, that scenes like these impart?
The heart they will not soften is not right,
And young Gualberto was not hard of heart.
Yet sure he thinks revenge becomes him well,
When from a neighbouring church he heard the vesper-bell.

39.

The Romanist who hears that vesper-bell,
Howe'er employ'd, must send a prayer to Heaven.
In foreign lands I liked the custom well,
For with the calm and sober thoughts of even
It well accords; and wert thou journeying there,
It would not hurt thee, George, to join that vesper-prayer.

40.

Gualberto had been duly taught to hold
All pious customs with religious care;
And, .. for the young man's feelings were not cold,
He never yet had miss'd his vesper-prayer.
But strange misgivings now his heart invade,
And when the vesper-bell had ceased he had not pray'd.

41.

And wherefore was it that he had not pray'd?
The sudden doubt arose within his mind,
And many a former precept then he weigh'd
The words of Him who died to save mankind;
How 't was the meek who should inherit Heaven,
And man must man forgive, if he would be forgiven.

42.

Troubled at heart, almost he felt a hope,
That yet some chance his victim might delay.
So as he mused adown the neighbouring slope
He saw a lonely traveller on his way;
And now he knows the man so much abhorr'd, . .
His holier thoughts are gone, he bares the murderous sword.

43.

"The house of Valdespesa gives the blow!
Go, and our vengeance to our kinsman tell!". .
Despair and terror seized the unarm'd foe,
And prostrate at the young man's knees he fell,
And stopt his hand and cried, "Oh, do not take
A wretched sinner's life! mercy, for Jesus' sake!"

44.

At that most blessed name, as at a spell,
Conscience, the power within him, smote his heart.
His hand, for murder raised, unharming fell;
He felt cold sweat-drops on his forehead start;
A moment mute in holy horror stood,
Then cried, "Joy, joy, my God! I have not shed his blood!"

45.

He raised Anselmo up, and bade him live,
And bless, for both preserved, that holy name:
And pray'd the astonish'd foeman to forgive
The bloody purpose led by which he came.
Then to the neighbouring church he sped away,
His over-burden'd soul before his God to lay.

46.

He ran with breathless speed,.. he reach'd the door,
With rapid throbs his feverish pulses swell;..
He came to crave for pardon, to adore
For grace vouchsafed; before the cross he fell,
And raised his swimming eyes, and thought that there
He saw the imaged Christ smile favouring on his prayer.

47.

A blest illusion! from that very night
The Monk's austerest life devout he led;
And still he felt the enthusiast's deep delight,
Seraphic visions floated round his head,
The joys of heaven foretasted fill'd his soul,
And still the good man's name adorns the sainted roll.

Westbury, 1799.

NOTES.

Earth shakes beneath the onward-rolling tide,
That from its base swept down the unholy house of pride.
P. 200

Era amigo de pobreza, en tanto grado, que sentia mucho, que los Monasterios se edificassen sumptuosamente; y assi visitando el de Moscera y viendo un edificio grande, y elegante, buelto a Rodulpho, que era alli Abad, con el rostro ayrado le dixo: Con lo que has gastado, siguiendo tu parecer, en este magnifico edificio, has quitado el sustento a muchos pobres. Puso los ojos en un pequeño arroyo, que corria alli cerca, y dixo, Dios Omnipotente, que sueles hacer grandes cosas de pequenas criaturas, yo te ruego, que vea por medio de esta pequeño arroyo venganza de este gran edificio. Dixo esto, y fuese de alli como abominando el lugar; y siendo oido, el arroyuelo comenzo a crecer, y fue de suerte, que recogiendo un monte de agua, y tomando de atràs la corriente, vino con tan grande impetu, que llevando piedras y arboles consigo, derribo el edificio.—

Flos Sanctorum, por El Maestro Alonso de Villegas.

Quodam itaque tempore cum monasteria, quæ sub suo erant regimine, solito more inviseret, venit ad cœnobium cui vocabulum est Muscetum; ubi cum casas cerneret grandiores pulchrioresque quam vellet; accersito venerabili viro domno Rodulfo, qui eas construxerat, et ab illo ibi ordinatus fuerat Abbas, severissimo vultu dixit: Tu in isto loco hæc tibi fabricasti palatia? Et conversus ad parvissimum rivum qui inibi juxta currebat, dixit; O Regambule, si me de Rodulfo, et istis ejus domibus vindica-

veris, utrem aquâ Sevæ fluminis plenum, undis tuis augebo. Et hæc dicens sine morâ discessit. Cujus imperium, ac si rationabilis homo, rivus ille suscipiens, illo recedente intumescere cœpit, et nescio unde largissima aquarum fluenta congregans, relicto proprio alveo de monte præcipitanter ruit, gravissimos petrarum scopulos atque arbores secum trahens, in prædictas domos illisus terra tenus eas dejecit. Quâ ultione completâ, quasi pro mercede, quod promiserat, Pater recepit. Quâ pro re Abbas ille turbatus cum Fratribus, de loco mutare disponebat cœnobium. Quibus ille hæc consolationis verba locutus est: Nolite, inquit, timere ne habitetis quia rivus ille nec quidquam mali vobis facturus est, nec ultra vobis nocebit. Quod ejus vaticinium verum firmumque usque hodie permanet. Denique ille sæpe dictus rivulus, quod tunc casu, immo plus imperio Patris acciderit, nec antea fecerat, nec ulterius fecit.

B. Andreas de Strumis. Acta ss. Jul. T. 3. p. 351.

The destruction of this Monastery is thus related in the *Vita del Glorioso S. Giovan Gualberto Azzini, Nobil Fiorentino, e Fondatore della sacra Religione di Vallombrosa*, a poem in nine parts or books, by M. Niccolo Lorenzini, Fisico da Monte Pulciano.—*Firenze*, 1599.

——— *prende il sentiero*
Di Moscheto il Cenobio, in cui discerne,
Benche da lunge, che spento è quel vero
Segno d'humili e pure voglie interne;
V'arriva, e trova 'l edificio tutto
Esser con pompa dal Rettor construtto.

Il biasma, e dice che cotanto argento
Si speso, havria nudrito mille e mille
Mendici, la cui vita aspro tormento
Di fame accorcia, e ch' in eterne stille
Si risolvon di pianto al gielo, e al vento,
Che in tanto ei mena l'hore sue tranquille,
Godendo in cosi ricca stanza e bella;
E lui superbo con disdegno appella.

Hor dunque d'humiltà quel buon desio
Ch' esser de' verde, é secco? (ahi cieca voglia!)
A che si tosto affondar nell' oblio
Le nostre Leggi, e questa humile spoglia?
O pria che si dimostri alcun restio
In ben servarle, sol in me s' accoglia
Ogni angoscia e martir, ne le mie pene
In questa vita, altro che morte affrene.

Il paterno dolor con tai parole
Sfoga, ed ha tanto l'alterezza à schivo,
Che quel vano Rettor corregger vuole;
Ond' habbia sol à Dio lo spirto vivo,
Cui prega, e poscia impetra, com' ei suole,
Che sì cresca un vicino e picciol Rivo
Per le nubi, ch' allhor solva e disserri,
Che l' edificio e quelle pompe atterri.

E quasi dimorar fosse interdetto
Piu in quella chiostra, ratto fuor s' invia,
Comandando al Ruscel che inondi il tetto
Con ruina del loco; ecco si cria
Horribil nembo, esce quel Rio del letto
Usato, e per diversa alpestra via,
Incontro a quell' albergo prende il corso,
E sol nella parete adorna è scorso.

Sì alto gonfia il torbido torrente
E tragge sì gran pietre e legni al muro,
Che percotendo 'l fa che immantenente
In tal assalto cosi strano e scuro,
A terra caggia, e di timor la gente
Ingombri il caso spaventoso e duro;
Indi sparisce il nembo ed è serena
L'aria già fosca, e l' onda il corso affrena.

Non è in memoria che ı bel Rio già mai
Inondasse le rive, ò quando il Sole
Stragge le nevi, ò quando i vaghì rai
Di lui, gran pioggia avvien ch' al mondo involе;
Hor qual torrente adduce affanni e guai
Al monaco superbo, e tanta mole
(Perch' al Santo ubidisca) rompe e sface,
Poi riede come pria tranquillo, e tace.

Parte 7. pp. 233—5

Fernan Antolinez a Spanish knight. — Stanza 28. p. 202.

Acontecio en aquella * *batalla una cosa digna de memoria. Fernan Antolinez, hombre noble y muy devoto, oia missa al tiempo que se dio señal de acometer, costumbre ordinaria suya antes de la pelea; por no dexarla començada, se quedo en el templo quando se toco á la arma. Esta piedad quan agradable fuesse a Dios, se entendio por un milagro. Estavase primero en la Iglesia, despues escondido en su casa, temia no le afrentassen como a cobarde. En tanto, otro a el semejante, es a saber, su Angel bueno, pelea entre los primeros tan valientemente, que la vitoria de aquel dia se atribuyo en gran parte al valor de el dicho Antolinez. Confirmaron el milagro las señales de los golpes, y las manchas de la sangre que se hallaron frescas en sus armas y cavallo. Assi publicado el caso, y sabido lo que passava, quedo mas conocida la inocencia y esfuerço de Antolinez.* — MARIANA.

Perhaps this miracle, and its obvious interpretation, may have suggested to Florian the circumstance by which his Gonsalvo is prevented from combating and killing the brother of his mistress. Florian was fond of Spanish literature.

A simple tale it is, but one that pleased me well.

Stanza 31. p. 203.

* *Llamòse el padre Gualberto, y era senor de Valdespesa, que està entre Sena, y Florencia: seguia la milicia; y como le matas*

* *Cerca de Santistevan de Gormaz, a la ribera del rio Duero. A. D.* 98?

sen un su deudo cercano injustamente, indignados, assi el hijo, que era ya hombre, como el padre, con mucho cuydado buscavan ocasion, como vengar aquella muerte. Sucedio, que veniendo à Florencia el hijo, con un criado suyo, hombre valiente, y los dos bien armados, à cavallo, vio à su enemigo, y en lugar que era impossible irseles: lo qual considerado por el contrario, y que tenia cierta su muerte, descendió de un cavallo, en que venia, y puesto de rodillas le pidió, juntas las manos, por Jesu Christo crucificado, le perdonasse la vida. Enterneciόse Juan Gualberto, oyendo el nombre de Jesu-Christo crucificado; y dixόle, que por amor de aquel Senor, que rogó en la Cruz por los que le pusieron en ella, el le perdonava. Pidióle, que se levantasse, y perdiesse el temor, que ya no por enemigo, sino por amigo le queria, y que de Dios, por quien hacia esto, esperava el premio. Passó adelante Gualberto; y viendo una Iglesia en un monte cerca de Florencia, llamada de San Miniato, que era de Monges negros, entró en ella para dar gracias á Jesu Christo nuestro Señor por la merced, que le havia hecho en favorecerle, de que perdonasse, y no tomasse venganza de su enemigo: pusose de rodillas delante de un Crucifixo, el qual, viendolo el, y otros que estavan presentes, desde la Cruz inclinó la cabeza à Gualberto, como agradeciendo, y dandole gracias, de que por su amor huviesse perdonado la vida à su enemigo. Descubrióse el caso, y fue publico, y muy celebrado, y el Crucifixo fue tenido en grande reverencia en aquella Iglesia de S. Miniato. Quedó Juan Gualberto de este acaecimiento, trocado en otro varon, y determinò dexar el mundo, y las cosas perecederas de el.—VILLEGAS. *Flos Sanctorum.*

He saw the imaged Christ smile favouring on his prayer.
Stanza 46. p. 207.

Sir Peter Damian relates a story so similar to this of Gualberto in almost all circumstances, that Cuper found it advisable to disparage his authority on this occasion, and quote some of his own declarations that he was not always satisfied of the truth or accuracy of what he related. *Cum in tot aliis narrationibus id sibi contigisse fateatur Petrus Damiani, idem in hâc*

Crucifixi historiâ ipsi evenisse non injuria suspicor. The Bollandist then proceeds to declare his own stout belief in the miracle as belonging to St. Gualberto. *Ut ut est, ego Crucifixi sese inclinantis miraculum S. Joanni Gualberto accidisse historicâ fide credo, atque istud in dubium revocare, summæ pervicaciæ, ne dicam dementiæ, esse existimo. Quid enim historicè tandem certum erit, si omnibus historicis, atque etiam vetustissimis synchronis aut subæqualibus factum aliquod narrantibus, de eo dubitare liceat? Intolerabilis sane est hæc mentis pertinacia, quam quidam nostri temporis Aristarchi, ac præsertim heterodoxi, prudentiam aut constantiam vocare non erubescunt.*

Non ignoro scriptores aliquos in vitium contrarium incurrisse, et in exornando hoc miraculo nimios fuisse; inter quos jure merito numerari potest Ludovicus Zacconius, qui sine ullo veterum testimonio, colloquium inter Crucifixum et S. Joannem Gualbertum ex suo, ut opinor, cerebro finxit. Hæc tamen additamenta miraculi veritatem non negant, sed potius confirmant, quamvis per hyperbolen maxime reprehendendam.—Acta SS. fol. 3. p. 314.

Ivi adora di Christo il morto e macro
Sembiante (che rassembra il ver) depinto,
Il ver figura in croce eterno e sacro
Re del mondo di sangue infuso e tinto;
Ma sovra gli altri eon dolente ed acro
Volto, e con suon mosso dal petto, e spinto;
A tanta Imago allhor' pien d' alto zelo
L'Eroe s' inchina, e porge i preghi al cielo.

Signor sò ben, che me dall' empio Egitto
(Dicèa) salvasti, e dall' horror d' inferno;
C'hoggi in tutto quel mal c'havèa prescritto,
E quel pensier di vendicarmi interno
Sol tua merce fu spento; hor fia ben dritto
Ch'io commetta 'l mio spirto al tuo governo,
Ch'io di te segua l'opre, i detti, e l'orme,
Che sia 'l mio cor al tuo desir conforme.

* * * * *

In cotal modo humilemente à Dio
Sacrò Giovanni li suoi preghi ardenti;
Poi surto in piedi in atto adorno e pio,
Porgendo gli occhi à quella Imago intenti,
Con fronte lieta, e puro e bel desio
Move la lingua in questi nuovi accenti,
Stende la destra al cielo, e al già prigione
L'altra man sù la testa allarga, e pone.

O mio pietoso Dio qual già gradisti
Abèl co' sacrificii suoi perfetti,
D'Abrahan Patriarca i voti udisti
E di sua fede i rari ardenti affetti,
Et à mill' altri i bei tesori apristi
Della tua grazia dagli empirei tetti,
Tal quasi un olocausto quel perdono
Ch'io diedi à questo, accetta, e prendi in dono.

Et à me stringi 'l cor con mille nodi,
Sù la Croce il ritien, teco il congiungi,
Ivi 'l trafiggi cò tuoi santi chiodi,
Col sangue il lava, e con le spine il pungi;
Ne quindi l'alma unqua si torca, e snodi,
Ivi l'abbraccia, la conforta, et ungi,
E con la mirra et aloe del pianto
Fa che purghi 'l suo vil corporeo manto.

Questo voto novello, e questa offerta,
Quantunque è nulla al tuo gran merto, hor prendi
Un raggio di tua grazia in me converta
Il ghiaccio in foco, hor al mio prego intendi,
La via ch'al ciel conduce è stretta ed erta,
Da noi l'opre, la fede e'l pianto attendi;
Dunque ricevi i miei sospiri e 'l duolo,
S' a me, per esser tuo, me stesso involo.

Non pria formò l'humil preghiera honesta
Il giovin degno, e'l suo sermon finìo,
Che in un momento la depinta testa
Mosse quel che rassembra il morto Dio,
E la inchinò ver lui; vide ognun questa
Gran meraviglia, che del Cielo uscìò,
Quasi dicesse, al tuo desir consento,
Com' in te l'odio, in me 'l furor sia spento.

Io sì 'l tue dono, e'l tuo dolor gradisco,
C'hor d' ogni affanno, e di timor te spoglio,
E qual ogni alma humil prendo e nudrisco
Di sacro cibo, e à degne imprese invoglio;
Tal al tuo cor leggiadra rete ordisco
In cui preso tenerlo meco io voglio,
Lui d' ogni nebbia e d' ogni error disgombro,
Lui di mia grazia dolcemente ingombro.

In tal maniera parèa dir col segno
Del capo, e ne devenne ognun stupito,
Si dal Fattor del glorioso regno
Fu del suo servo l'humil prego udito,
Ei sol mosse dal ciel quel volto degno,
Ei sol 'il cui poter sommo infinito,
Quest' ampio globo di ricchexze adorno
Move ad ognor con dolci tempre intorno.

Pur hoggi il simulacro santo e puro
Visto è dal mondo nel medesmo tempio.
Il memorabil dì che tristo e scuro
Si fece il Sol per l'aspro caso et empio
Dal suo Fattor; animo alpestre e duro
Non è, ch' ivi nol mova un tanto esempio
Di nostra fede, e non sospirò, e gema,
Si lega i cor la meraviglia estrema.

Vide, come pur vuol l' antica istoria
In cotal giorno la città del Fiore
Quel nobil segno, e del Signor la gloria
In quella Imago, e 'l sempiterno amore,
Si che viva ne serba ancor memoria,
Le porge voti, à Dio sacrando il core ;
Però ch' è scala quel depinto aspetto
Onde l' huom poggi al vero eterno oggetto.

Avanzò tanto il natural confine
Del sacro capo in ogni parte il moto,
Si fur sopra natura alte e divine
Quelle maniere, e l' atto aperto e noto,
Che tante genti ch' ivi humili, e chine
Il vider, s' arrestrar col guardo immoto ;
Che l' estremo stupor fa l' huom conforme
A un sasso, o mezzo tra chi vegghia, e dorme.

Ma quei, per cui se fe' l divin mistero,
Poi che spense dell' ira il foco avverso,
Si di se dona al suo Signor l' impero,
Si al gran miracol dentro ha il cor converso,
Ch' ad altro non rivolge unqua il pensiero,
In questo sol tien l' intelletto immerso
Senza parlar s' affisa in terna, è a pena
L' interno ardor per brave spazio affrena.

NICOLO LORENZINI, part I. pp. 25—32.

THE MARCH TO MOSCOW.

1.

THE Emperor Nap he would set off
On a summer excursion to Moscow;
The fields were green, and the sky was blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

2.

Four hundred thousand men and more
Must go with him to Moscow:
There were Marshals by the dozen,
And Dukes by the score;
Princes a few, and Kings one or two;
While the fields are so green, and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

3.

There was Junot and Augereau,
Heigh-ho for Moscow!
Dombrowsky and Poniatowsky,
Marshal Ney, lack-a-day!
General Rapp and the Emperor Nap;

Nothing would do
While the fields were so green, and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
Nothing would do
For the whole of this crew,
But they must be marching to Moscow.

4.

The Emperor Nap he talk'd so big
That he frighten'd Mr. Roscoe.
John Bull, he cries, if you'll be wise,
Ask the Emperor Nap if he will please
To grant you peace upon your knees,
Because he is going to Moscow!
He'll make all the Poles come out of their holes,
And beat the Russians and eat the Prussians,
For the fields are green, and the sky is blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
And he'll certainly march to Moscow!

5.

And Counsellor Brougham was all in a fume
At the thought of the march to Moscow:
The Russians, he said, they were undone,
And the great Fee-Faw-Fum
Would presently come
With a hop, step, and jump unto London.
For as for his conquering Russia,
However some persons might scoff it,
Do it he could, and do it he would,
And from doing it nothing would come but good,
And nothing could call him off it.

Mr. Jeffrey said so, who must certainly know,
For he was the Edinburgh Prophet.
They all of them knew Mr. Jeffrey's Review,
Which with Holy Writ ought to be reckon'd:
It was through thick and thin to its party true;
Its back was buff, and its sides were blue
Morbleu! Parbleu!
It served them for Law and for Gospel too.

6.

But the Russians stoutly they turned-to
Upon the road to Moscow.
Nap had to fight his way all through;
They could fight, though they could not parlez-vous,
But the fields were green, and the sky was blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
And so he got to Moscow.

7.

He found the place too warm for him,
For they set fire to Moscow.
To get there had cost him much ado,
And then no better course he knew,
While the fields were green, and the sky was blue
Morbleu! Parbleu!
But to march back again from Moscow.

8.

The Russians they stuck close to him
All on the road from Moscow.
There was Tormazow and Jemalow
And all the others that end in ow;

Milarodovitch and Jaladovitch
And Karatschkowitch,
And all the others that end in itch;
Schamscheff, Souchosaneff,
And Schepaleff,
And all the others that end in eff;
Wasiltschikoff, Kostomaroff,
And Tchoglokoff,
And all the others that end in off;
Rajeffsky and Novereffsky
And Rieffsky,
And all the others that end in effsky;
Oscharoffsky and Rostoffsky,
And all the others that end in offsky;
And Platoff he play'd them off,
And Shouvaloff he shovell'd them off,
And Markoff he mark'd them off,
And Krosnoff he cross'd them off,
And Tuchkoff he touch'd them off,
And Boroskoff he bored them off,
And Kutousoff he cut them off,
And Parenzoff he pared them off,
And Worronzoff he worried them off,
And Doctoroff he doctor'd them off,
And Rodionoff he flogg'd them off.
And last of all an Admiral came,
A terrible man with a terrible name,
A name which you all know by sight very well;
But which no one can speak, and no one can spell.
They stuck close to Nap with all their might,
They were on the left and on the right,
Behind and before, and by day and by night,
He would rather parlez-vous than fight;

But he look'd white and he look'd blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
When parlez-vous no more would do,
For they remember'd Moscow.

9.

And then came on the frost and snow
All on the road from Moscow.
The wind and the weather he found in that hour
Cared nothing for him nor for all his power;
For him who, while Europe crouch'd under his rod,
Put his trust in his Fortune, and not in his God.
Worse and worse every day the elements grew
The fields were so white and the sky so blue,
Sacrebleu! Ventrebleu!
What a horrible journey from Moscow

10.

What then thought the Emperor Nap
Upon the road from Moscow?
Why, I ween he thought it small delight
To fight all day, and to freeze all night:
And he was besides in a very great fright,
For a whole skin he liked to be in;
And so, not knowing what else to do,
When the fields were so white and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
He stole away, I tell you true,
Upon the road from Moscow.
'T is myself, quoth he, I must mind most;
So the Devil may take the hindmost.

11.

Too cold upon the road was he,
Too hot had he been at Moscow;
But colder and hotter he may be,
For the grave is colder than Moscovy:
And a place there is to be kept in view,
Where the fire is red and the brimstone blue
Morbleu! Parbleu!
Which he must go to,
If the Pope say true.
If he does not in time look about him;
Where his namesake almost
He may have for his Host,
He has reckon'd too long without him,
If that host get him in Purgatory,
He won't leave him there alone with his glory;
But there he must stay for a very long day,
For from thence there is no stealing away
As there was on the road from Moscow.

Keswick, 1813.

BROUGH BELLS.

"The church at Brough is a pretty large handsome ancient building. The steeple is not so old, having been built about the year 1513, under the direction of Thomas Blenkinsop, of Helbeck, Esq. There are in it four excellent bells, by much the largest in the county, except the great bell at Kirkby Thore. Concerning these bells at Brough, there is a tradition that they were given by one Brunskill, who lived upon Stanemore, in the remotest part of the parish, and had a great many cattle. One time it happened that his Bull fell a bellowing, which in the dialect of the country is called cruning, this being the genuine Saxon word to denote that vociferation. Thereupon he said to one of his neighbours, 'Hearest thou how loud this bull crunes? If these cattle should all crune together, might they not be heard from Brough hither?' He answered 'Yea.' 'Well then,' says Brunskill, 'I 'll make them all crune together.' And he sold them all, and with the price thereof he bought the said bells (or perhaps he might get the old bells new cast and made larger). There is a monument in the body of the church, in the south wall, between the highest and second window, and in which it is said the said Brunskill was the last that was interred."— *Nicolson and Burns' History and Antiquities of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, vol. i. p. 571.

"At the further Brough there was a chapel or oratory, founded by John Brunskill, (probably the same who gave the bells,) in 1506. Unto whom Thomas Blenkinsop, Esq., of Helbeck, gave the ground called Gibgarth, on condition that he should

build a chapel there, and also an hospital, with two beds in it for travellers and other poor people, and maintain for ever, paying to him and his heirs twopence rent at Pentecost yearly, and on defect of such maintaining and repairing the said chapel, hospital, and beds, the land to revert to the said Thomas and his heirs. In pursuance whereof he, the said John Brunskill, founded an oratory or chapel, dedicated to Our Lady St. Mary, the Mother of Christ, and to St. Gabriel the Archangel; who, as Roger, Bishop of Carlisle, and Richard, Abbot of Shap, did by writing under their hands and seals affirm, wrought many fair and divers miracles by the sufferance of our Lord God. Two priests were established to sing and to pray in the said chapel for evermore, for the souls of all the benefactors of the said chapel that were departed from the world, and for the welfare of those that were living. One of the said priests was to teach grammar, the other to instruct children willing to learn singing, freely without any salary from them. The foundation of this chapel was confirmed both by the Bishop of Carlisle and the Archbishop of York, and yet was afterwards opposed by the Vicar of Brough, who conceived himself much prejudiced thereby, and particularly in respect of the oblations which were given from him to the said chapel. Whereupon he set up the cross, and lighted up candles in the church at mid-time of the day, caused the bells to be rung, and cursed with bell, book, and candle, all those that should receive any oblations of those that resorted to the said chapel, or should give any encouragement unto the same. Brunskill, the founder, complained to the Archbishop's Court at York, against the vicar, Mr. Rasebeck, and obtained a sharp citation against him; censuring him as an abandoned wretch, and inflated with diabolical venom for opposing so good a work. Notwithstanding which Mr. Rasebeck appealed to the Pope, and an agreement was made between the founder and him by a composition of twenty shillings yearly, to be paid to Mr. Rasebeck, and his successors, vicars of Brough.

"Thus the chapel continued till the dissolution of the religious

houses. And the priest that taught to sing being removed, the other that taught grammar was thought fit to be continued as master of a free-school; and by the commissioners Sir Walter Mildmay and Robert Kellison, Esq., order was taken, and a fund settled for this purpose. So that a salary of 7*l.* 11*s.* 4*d.* was to be paid yearly to the master of the school by the King's auditors, they receiving all the rents and revenues which formerly belonged unto it as a chapel, and which were given to it by the founder and other benefactors. This is all the endowment which it hath at present (1777), except a convenient dwelling-house and garden, which were given by one of the schoolmasters, Mr. John Beck. But it was formerly very bountifully endowed by several benefactors; as Henry, Earl of Cumberland, Edward Musgrave, of Hartley, Esq., William Musgrave, son of Richard Musgrave, of Brough, Thomas Blenkinsop, Esq., Hugh Newton, and divers others, who gave lands in Brough, Stanemore, Moreton, Yanewith, Mekel-Strickland, Bampton Cundall, and Mekel-Ashby, all in Westmorland; and in Penrith in Cumberland, and West-Laton in Yorkshire, and Bernard Castle in the county of Durham."— *Ib.* p. 574.

ONE day to Helbeck I had stroll'd
  Among the Crossfell hills,
And resting in its rocky grove
  Sat listening to the rills;

The while to their sweet undersong
  The birds sang blithe around,
And the soft west wind awoke the wood
  To an intermitting sound.

Louder or fainter as it rose,
Or died away, was borne
The harmony of merry bells,
From Brough that pleasant morn.

"Why are the merry bells of Brough,
My friend, so few?" said I,
"They disappoint the expectant ear,
Which they should gratify.

"One, two, three, four; one, two, three, four;
'T is still one, two, three, four,
Mellow and silvery are the tones;
But I wish the bells were more!"

"What! art thou critical?" quoth he;
"Eschew that heart's disease
That seeketh for displeasure where
The intent hath been to please.

"By those four bells there hangs a tale,
Which being told, I guess,
Will make thee hear their scanty peal
With proper thankfulness.

"Not by the Cliffords were they given,
Nor by the Tuftons' line;
Thou hearest in that peal the crune
Of old John Brunskill's kine.

On Stanemore's side one summer eve,
John Brunskill sate to see
His herds in yonder Borrodale
Come winding up the lea.

"Behind them on the lowland's verge,
In the evening light serene;
Brough's silent tower, then newly built
By Blenkinsop, was seen.

"Slowly they came in long array,
With loitering pace at will;
At times a low from them was heard,
Far off, for all was still.

"The hills return'd that lonely sound
Upon the tranquil air;
The only sound it was, which then
Awoke the echoes there.

"'Thou hear'st that lordly Bull of mine,
Neighbour,' quoth Brunskill then;
'How loudly to the hills he crunes,
That crune to him again.

"'Thinkest thou if yon whole herd at once
Their voices should combine,
Were they at Brough, that we might not
Hear plainly from this upland spot
That cruning of the kine?'

"'That were a crune, indeed, replied
His comrade, 'which, I ween,
Might at the Spital well be heard,
And in all dales between.

"'Up Mallerstang to Eden s springs,
The eastern wind upon its wings
The mighty voice would bear;
And Appleby would hear the sound,
Methinks, when skies are fair.'

"'Then shall the herd,' John Brunskill cried,
'From yon dumb steeple crune,
And thou and I, on this hill-side,
Will listen to their tune.

"'So while the merry Bells of Brough,
For many an age ring on,
John Brunskill will remember'd be,
When he is dead and gone;

"'As one who in his latter years,
Contented with enough,
Gave freely what he well could spare
To buy the Bells of Brough.'

"Thus it hath proved: three hundred years
Since then have past away,
And Brunskill's is a living name
Among us to this day."

"More pleasure," I replied, "shall I
From this time forth partake,
When I remember Helbeck woods,
For old John Brunskill's sake.

"He knew how wholesome it would be,
Among these wild wide fells,
And upland vales, to catch, at times,
The sound of Christian bells;

"What feelings and what impulses
Their cadence might convey,
To herdsman or to shepherd boy,
Whiling in indolent employ
The solitary day;

"That when his brethren were convened
To meet for social prayer,
He too, admonish'd by the call
In spirit might be there.

"Or when a glad thanksgiving sound,
Upon the winds of Heaven,
Was sent to speak a Nation's joy,
For some great blessing given—

"For victory by sea or land,
And happy peace at length;
Peace by his country's valour won,
And 'stablish'd by her strength;

"When such exultant peals were borne
Upon the mountain air,
The sound should stir his blood, and give
An English impulse there."

Such thoughts were in the old man's mind,
When he that eve look'd down
From Stanemore's side on Borrodale,
And on the distant town.

And had I store of wealth, methinks,
Another herd of kine,
John Brunskill, I would freely give,
That they might crune with thine.

Keswick, 1828.

QUEEN MARY'S CHRISTENING.

Estava la Reyna (Doña Maria) lo mas del tiempo en la villa de Mompeller, y las vezes que el Rey yva alla, no hazia con ella vida de marido; y muy dissolutamente se rendia a otras mugeres, porque era muy sujeto a aquel vicio. Sucedio que estando en Miraval la Reyna, y el Rey Don Pedro en un lugar alli cerca, junto a Mompeller, que se dize Lates, un Rico Hombre de Aragon, que se dezia Don Guillen de Alcala, por grandes ruegos y instancia llevo al Rey adonde la Reyna estava messa, segun se escrive, que tenia recabado que cumpliria su voluntad una dama de quien era servidor; y en su lugar pusole en la camara de la Reyna; y en aquella noche que tuvo participacion con ella, quedo preñada de un hijo, el qual pario en Mompeller en la casa de los de Tornamira, en la vespera de la Purificacion de nuestra Se˜ora del año 1207. *Mando luego la Reyna llevar al Infante a la Iglesia de Santa Maria, y al templo de Sant Fermin, pare dar gracias a nuestro Señor, por averle dado hijo tan impensadamente; y buelto a palacio mando encender doze velas de un mismo peso y tamaño, y ponerles los nombres de los doze Apostoles, para que de aquella que mas durasse, tomasse el nombre; y assi fue llamado Jayme.*—ZURITA, L. 2. C. 59.

The story is told at much greater length in *La Historia del muy alto e invencible Rey Don Jayme de Aragon, Primero deste nombre, llamado El Conquistador. Compuesta primero en lengua Latina por el Maestro Bernardino Gomez Miedes, Arcediano de Murviedro, y Canonigo de Valencia, agora nuevamente traduzida por el mesmo Autor en lengua Castellana.* —Valencia, 1584.

There are three chapters relating to the "mystery of this wonderful history," in the first book of this work.

Cap. x. *Como bolvio el Rey (D. Pedro) de Roma a Zaragoza, y de los modos que la Reyna su madre tuvo para casarle con la Señora de Mompeller, y como fue alla.*

Cap. xi. *De la notable invencion y arte que la Reyna Doña Maria uso viendose tan despreciada del Rey, para conccbir del.*

Cap. xiii. *Del Nacimiento del Principe Don Jayme, y de los estraños mysterios que en su bautismo acaecieron.*

Miedes thus gives his reason for taking much pains in compiling a faithful statement of the circumstances:—*Conforman todos los historiadores antiguos y modernos en contar la estrana concepcion y nacimiento del Infante Don Jayme; pucsto que en el modo y discurso de cada cosa, y como ello passo, discrepan en algo; pues los unos le passan breve y succintamente por mas honestidad, como la propria historia del Rey; otros cuentan muchas y diversas cosas sobre ello, porque son amigos de passar por todo, y es cierto que convienen todos con el Rey, y como esta dicho, en solo el modo differen. Por tanto, tomando de cada uno lo mas provable y menos discrepante, nos resolvemos en lo siguiente.*—P. 13.

In justice to the Queen, I am bound to say that Miedes represents her as beautiful and of unblemished reputation, *hermosa y honestissima;* and in justice to the King, profligate as he was, that there was a very strong suspicion of Doña Maria's being secretly married to another husband, by whom she had two daughters, a story which had reached the King, and which Miedes seems to accredit.

The first wish of Queen Mary's heart
Is, that she may bear a son,
Who shall inherit in his time
The kingdom of Aragon.

She hath put up prayers to all the Saints
This blessing to accord,
But chiefly she hath call'd upon
The Apostles of our Lord.

The second wish of Queen Mary's heart
Is to have that son call'd James,
Because she thought for a Spanish King
'T was the best of all good names.

To give him this name of her own will
Is what may not be done,
For having applied to all the Twelve
She may not prefer the one.

By one of their names she hath vow'd to call
Her son, if son it should be;
But which, is a point whereon she must let
The Apostles themselves agree.

Already Queen Mary hath to them
Contracted a grateful debt,
And from their patronage she hoped
For these farther blessings yet.

Alas! it was not her hap to be
As handsome as she was good;
And that her husband King Pedro thought so
She very well understood.

She had lost him from her lawful bed
For lack of personal graces,
And by prayers to them, and a pious deceit,
She had compass'd his embraces.

But if this hope of a son should fail,
All hope must fail with it then,
For she could not expect by a second device
To compass the King again.

Queen Mary hath had her first heart's wish—
She hath brought forth a beautiful boy;
And the bells have rung, and masses been sung,
And bonfires have blazed for joy.

And many 's the cask of the good red wine,
And many the cask of the white,
Which was broach'd for joy that morning,
And emptied before it was night.

But now for Queen Mary's second heart's wish,
It must be determined now,
And Bishop Boyl, her Confessor,
Is the person who taught her how.

Twelve waxen tapers he hath had made,
In size and weight the same;
And to each of these twelve tapers,
He hath given an Apostle's name.

One holy Nun had bleach'd the wax,
Another the wicks had spun;
And the golden candlesticks were blest,
Which they were set upon.

From that which should burn the longest,
The infant his name must take;
And the Saint who own'd it was to be
His Patron for his name's sake.

A godlier or a goodlier sight
Was nowhere to be seen,
Methinks, that day, in Christendom,
Than in the chamber of that good Queen.

Twelve little altars have been there
Erected, for the nonce;
And the twelve tapers are set thereon,
Which are all to be lit at once.

Altars more gorgeously drest
You nowhere could desire;
At each there stood a minist'ring Priest
In his most rich attire.

A high altar hath there been raised,
Where the crucifix you see;
And the sacred Pix that shines with gold
And sparkles with jewelry.

Bishop Boyl, with his precious mitre on,
Hath taken there his stand,
In robes which were embroidered
By the Queen's own royal hand.

In one part of the ante-room
The Ladies of the Queen,
All with their rosaries in hand,
Upon their knees are seen.

In the other part of the ante-room
The Chiefs of the realm you behold,
Ricos Omes, and Bishops and Abbots,
And Knights and Barons bold.

Queen Mary could behold all this
As she lay in her state bed;
And from the pillow needed not
To lift her languid head.

One fear she had, though still her heart
The unwelcome thought eschew'd,
That haply the unlucky lot
Might fall upon St. Jude.

But the Saints, she trusted, that ill chance
Would certainly forefend;
And moreover there was a double hope
Of seeing the wish'd-for end:

Because there was a double chance
For the best of all good names;
If it should not be Santiago himself,
It might be the lesser St. James.

And now Bishop Boyl hath said the mass;
And as soon as the mass was done,
The priests who by the twelve tapers stood
Each instantly lighted one.

The tapers were short and slender too,
Yet to the expectant throng,
Before they to the socket burnt,
The time, I trow, seem'd long.

The first that went out was St. Peter,
The second was St. John;
And now St. Matthias is going,
And now St. Matthew is gone.

Next there went St. Andrew,
There goes St. Philip too;
And see! there is an end
Of St. Bartholomew.

St. Simon is in the snuff;
But it was a matter of doubt
Whether he or St. Thomas could be said
Soonest to have gone out.

There are only three remaining,
St. Jude, and the two St. James;
And great was then Queen Mary's hope
For the best of all good names.

Great was then Queen Mary's hope,
But greater her fear, I guess,
When one of the three went out,
And that one was St. James the Less.

They are now within less than quarter-inch,
The only remaining two!
When there came a thief in St. James,
And it made a gutter too!

Up started Queen Mary,
Up she sate in her bed:
"I never can call him Judas!"
She claspt her hands and said.

"I never can call him Judas!"
Again did she exclaim;
"Holy Mother preserve us!
It is not a Christian name!"

She spread her hands and claspt them again,
And the Infant in the cradle
Set up a cry, an angry cry,
As loud as he was able.

"Holy Mother preserve us!"
The Queen her prayer renew'd;
When in came a moth at the window
And flutter'd about St. Jude.

St. James hath fallen in the socket
But as yet the flame is not out,
And St. Jude hath singed the silly moth
That flutters so blindly about.

And before the flame and the molten wax
That silly moth could kill,
It hath beat out St. Jude with its wings,
And St. James is burning still!

Oh, that was a joy for Queen Mary's heart;
The babe is christened James;
The Prince of Aragon hath got
The best of all good names!

Glory to Santiago,
The mighty one in war!
James he is call'd, and he shall be
King James the Conqueror!

Now shall the Crescent wane,
The Cross be set on high
In triumph upon many a Mosque;
Woe, woe to Mawmetry!

Valencia shall be subdued;
Majorca shall be won;
The Moors be routed every where;
Joy, joy, for Aragon!

Shine brighter now, ye stars, that crown
Our Lady del Pilar.
And rejoice in thy grave, Cid Campeador,
Ruydiez de Bivar!

Keswick. 1829.

ROPRECHT THE ROBBER.

The story here versified is told by Taylor the Water Poet, in his "Three Weeks, Three Days, and Three Hours' Observations from London to Hamburgh in Germany; amongst Jews and Gentiles, with Descriptions of Towns and Towers, Castles and Citadels, artificial Gallowses and natural Hangmen; and dedicated for the present to the absent Odcombian Knight Errant, Sir Thomas Coryat." It is in the volume of his collected works, p. 82. of the third paging.

Collein, which is the scene of this story, is more probably Kollen on the Elbe, in Bohemia, or a town of the same name in Prussia, than Cologne, to which great city the reader will perceive I had good reasons for transferring it.

PART I.

Roprecht the Robber is taken at last,
In Cologne they have him fast;
Trial is over, and sentence past;
And hopes of escape were vain he knew,
For the gallows now must have its due.

But though pardon cannot here be bought,
It may for the other world, he thought;
And so to his comfort, with one consent
The Friars assured their penitent.

Money, they teach him, when rightly given,
Is put out to account with Heaven;
For suffrages therefore his plunder went,
Sinfully gotten, but piously spent.

All Saints, whose shrines are in that city,
They tell him, will on him have pity,
Seeing he hath liberally paid,
In this time of need, for their good aid.

In the Three Kings they bid him confide,
Who there in Cologne lie side by side;
And from the Eleven Thousand Virgins eke,
Intercession for him will they bespeak.

And also a sharer he shall be
In the merits of their community;
All which they promise, he need not fear,
Through Purgatory will carry him clear.

Though the furnace of Babylon could not compare
With the terrible fire that rages there,
Yet they their part will so zealously do
He shall only but frizzle as he flies through.

And they will help him to die well,
And he shall be hang'd with book and bell;
And moreover with holy water they
Will sprinkle him, ere they turn away.

For buried Roprecht must not be,
He is to be left on the triple tree;
That they who pass along may spy
Where the famous Robber is hanging on high.

Seen is that gibbet far and wide
From the Rhine and from the Dusseldorff side;
And from all roads which cross the sand,
North, south, and west, in that level land.

It will be a comfortable sight
To see him there by day and by night;
For Roprecht the Robber many a year
Had kept the country round in fear.

So the Friars assisted, by special grace,
With book and bell to the fatal place;
And he was hang'd on the triple tree,
With as much honour as man could be.

In his suit of irons he was hung,
They sprinkled him then, and their psalm they sung;
And turning away when this duty was paid,
They said what a goodly end he had made.

The crowd broke up and went their way;
All were gone by the close of day;
And Roprecht the Robber was left there
Hanging alone in the moonlight air.

The last who look'd back for a parting sight,
Beheld him there in the clear moonlight;
But the first who look'd when the morning shone,
Saw in dismay that Roprecht was gone.

ROPRECHT THE ROBBER.

PART II.

THE stir in Cologne is greater to-day
Than all the bustle of yesterday;
Hundreds and thousands went out to see;
The irons and chains, as well as he,
Were gone, but the rope was left on the tree.

A wonderful thing! for every one said
He had hung till he was dead, dead, dead;
And on the gallows was seen, from noon
Till ten o'clock, in the light of the moon.

Moreover the Hangman was ready to swear
He had done his part with all due care;
And that certainly better hang'd than he
No one ever was, or ever could be.

Neither kith nor kin, to bear him away
And funeral rites in secret pay,
Had he and none that pains would take,
With risk of the law, for a stranger's sake.

So 't was thought, because he had died so well
He was taken away by miracle.
But would he again alive be found?
Or had he been laid in holy ground?

If in holy ground his relics were laid,
Some marvellous sign would show, they said;
If restored to life, a Friar he would be,
Or a holy Hermit certainly,
And die in the odour of sanctity.

That thus it would prove they could not doubt,
Of a man whose end had been so devout;
And to disputing then they fell
About who had wrought this miracle.

Had the Three Kings this mercy shown,
Who were the pride and honour of Cologne?
Or was it an act of proper grace,
From the Army of Virgins of British race,
Who were also the glory of that place?

Pardon, some said, they might presume,
Being a kingly act, from the Kings must come;
But others maintained that St. Ursula's heart
Would sooner be moved to the merciful part.

There was one who thought this aid divine
Came from the other bank of the Rhine;
For Roprecht there too had for favour applied,
Because his birth-place was on that side.

To Dusseldorff then the praise might belong,
And its Army of Martyrs, ten thousand strong;
But he for a Dusseldorff man was known,
And no one would listen to him in Cologne,
Where the people would have the whole wonder
their own.

The Friars, who help'd him to die so well,
Put in their claim to the miracle;
Greater things than this, as their Annals could tell,
The stock of their merits for sinful men
Had done before, and would do again.

'T was a whole week's wonder in that great town,
And in all places, up the river and down:
But a greater wonder took place of it then,
For Roprecht was found on the gallows again!

ROPRECHT THE ROBBER.

PART III.

With that the whole city flocked out to see;
There Roprecht was on the triple tree,
Dead, past all doubt, as dead could be;
But fresh he was as if spells had charm'd him,
And neither wind nor weather had harm'd him.

While the multitude stood in a muse,
One said, I am sure he was hang'd in shoes!
In this the Hangman and all concurr'd;
But now, behold, he was booted and spurr'd!

Plainly therefore it was to be seen,
That somewhere on horseback he had been;
And at this the people marvelled more,
Than at any thing which had happened before.

For not in riding trim was he
When he disappeared from the triple tree;
And his suit of irons he still was in,
With the collar that clipp'd him under the chin.

With that this second thought befell,
That perhaps he had not died so well,
Nor had Saints perform'd the miracle;
But rather there was cause to fear,
That the foul Fiend had been busy here!

Roprecht the Robber had long been their curse,
And hanging had only made him worse;
For bad as he was when living, they said
They had rather meet him alive than dead.

What a horse must it be which he had ridden,
No earthly beast could be so bestridden;
And when by a hell-horse a dead rider was carried,
The whole land would be fearfully harried!

So some were for digging a pit in the place,
And burying him there with a stone on his face;
And that hard on his body the earth should be press'd,
And exorcists be sent for to lay him at rest.

But others, whose knowledge was greater, opined
That this corpse was too strong to be confined;
No weight of earth which they could lay
Would hold him down a single day,
If he chose to get up and ride away.

There was no keeping Vampires under ground;
And bad as a Vampire he might be found,
Pests against whom it was understood
Exorcism never had done any good

But fire, they said, had been proved to be
The only infallible remedy;
So they were for burning the body outright,
Which would put a stop to his riding by night.

Others were for searching the mystery out,
And setting a guard the gallows about,
Who should keep a careful watch, and see
Whether Witch or Devil it might be
That helped him down from the triple tree.

For that there were Witches in the land,
Was what all by this might understand;
And they must not let the occasion slip
For detecting that cursed fellowship.

Some were for this, and some for that,
And some they could not tell for what:
And never was such commotion known
In that great city of Cologne.

ROPRECHT THE ROBBER.

PART IV.

Pieter Snoye was a boor of good renown,
Who dwelt about an hour and a half from the town:
And he, while the people were all in debate,
Went quietly in at the city gate.

For Father Kijf he sought about,
His confessor, till he found him out;
But the Father Confessor wondered to see
The old man, and what his errand might be.

The good Priest did not wonder less
When Pieter said he was come to confess;
"Why, Pieter, how can this be so?
I confessed thee some ten days ago!

Thy conscience, methinks, may be well at rest,
An honest man among the best;
I would that all my flock, like thee,
Kept clear accounts with Heaven and me!"

Always before, without confusion,
Being sure of easy absolution,
Pieter his little slips had summ'd;
But he hesitated now, and he haw'd, and humm'd.

And something so strange the Father saw
In Pieter's looks, and his hum and his haw,
That he began to doubt it was something more
Than a trifle omitted in last week's score.

At length it came out, that in the affair
Of Roprecht the Robber he had some share;
The Confessor then gave a start in fear —
"God grant there have been no witchcraft here!"

Pieter Snoye, who was looking down,
With something between a smile and a frown,
Felt that suspicion move his bile,
And look'd up with more of a frown than a smile.

"Fifty years I, Pieter Snoye,
Have lived in this country, man and boy,
And have always paid the Church her due,
And kept short scores with Heaven and you.

The Devil himself, though Devil he be,
Would not dare impute that sin to me;
He might charge me as well with heresy:
And if he did, here, in this place,
I'd call him liar, and spit in his face!"

The Father, he saw, cast a gracious eye
When he heard him thus the Devil defy;
The wrath, of which he had eased his mind,
Left a comfortable sort of warmth behind,

Like what a cheerful cup will impart,
In a social hour, to an honest man's heart:
And he added, " For all the witchcraft here,
I shall presently make that matter clear.

Though I am, as you very well know, Father Kijf,
A peaceable man, and keep clear of strife,
It 's a queerish business that now I've been in;
But I can't say that it 's much of a sin.

However, it needs must be confess'd,
And as it will set this people at rest,
To come with it at once was best:
Moreover, if I delayed, I thought
That some might perhaps into trouble be brought.

Under the seal I tell it you,
And you will judge what is best to do,
That no hurt to me and my son may ensue.
No earthly harm have we intended,
And what was ill done, has been well mended.

I and my son Piet Pieterszoon,
Were returning home by the light of the moon,
From this good city of Cologne,
On the night of the execution day;
And hard by the gibbet was our way.

About midnight it was we were passing by,
My son Piet Pieterszoon, and I,
When we heard a moaning as we came near,
Which made us quake at first for fear.

But the moaning was presently heard again,
And we knew it was nothing ghostly then;
'Lord help us, Father!' Piet Pieterszoon said,
'Roprecht, for certain, is not dead!'

So under the gallows our cart we drive,
And, sure enough, the man was alive;
Because of the irons that he was in,
He was hanging, not by the neck, but the chin.

The reason why things had got thus wrong,
Was, that the rope had been left too long;
The Hangman's fault — a clumsy rogue,
He is not fit to hang a dog.

Now Roprecht, as long as the people were there,
Never stirr'd hand or foot in the air;
But when at last he was left alone,
By that time so much of his strength was gone,
That he could do little more than groan.

Piet and I had been sitting it out,
Till a latish hour, at a christening bout;
And perhaps we were rash, as you may think,
And a little soft or so, for drink.

Father Kijf, we could not bear
To leave him hanging in misery there;
And 't was an act of mercy, I cannot but say,
To get him down, and take him away.

And, as you know, all people said
What a goodly end that day he had made;
So we thought for certain, Father Kijf,
That if he were saved he would mend his life.

My son, Piet Pieterszoon, and I,
We took him down, seeing none was nigh;
And we took off his suit of irons with care,
When we got him home, and we hid him there.

The secret, as you may guess, was known
To Alit, my wife, but to her alone;
And never sick man, I dare aver,
Was better tended than he was by her.

Good advice, moreover, as good could be,
He had from Alit my wife, and me;
And no one could promise fairer than he:
So that we and Piet Pieterszoon our son,
Thought that we a very good deed had done.

You may well think we laughed in our sleeve,
At what the people then seem'd to believe;
Queer enough it was to hear them say,
That the Three Kings took Roprecht away.

Or that St. Ursula, who is in bliss,
With her Army of Virgins had done this:
The Three Kings and St. Ursula, too,
I warrant, had something better to do.

Piet Pieterszoon my son, and I,
We heard them talk as we stood by,
And Piet look'd at me with a comical eye.
We thought them fools, but, as you shall see,
Not over-wise ourselves were we.

For I must tell you, Father Kijf,
That when we told this to Alit my wife,
She at the notion perk'd up with delight,
And said she believed the people were right.

Had not Roprecht put in the Saints his hope,
And who but they should have loosen'd the rope,
When they saw that no one could intend
To make at the gallows a better end?

Yes, she said, it was perfectly clear
That there must have been a miracle here;
And we had the happiness to be in it,
Having been brought there just at the minute.

And therefore it would become us to make
An offering for this favour's sake
To the Three Kings and the Virgins too,
Since we could not tell to which it was due.

For greater honour there could be none
Than what in this business the Saints had done
To us and Piet Pieterszoon our son;
She talk'd me over, Father Kijf,
With that tongue of hers, did Alit my wife.

Lord, forgive us! as if the Saints would deign
To come and help such a rogue in grain;
When the only mercy the case could admit
Would have been to make his halter fit!

That would have made one hanging do,
In happy season for him too,
When he was in a proper cue;
And have saved some work, as you will see,
To my son Piet Pieterszoon, and me.

Well, father, we kept him at bed and board,
Till his neck was cured and his strength restored;
And we should have sent him off this day
With something to help him on his way.

But this wicked Roprecht, what did he?
Though he had been saved thus mercifully;
Hanging had done him so little good,
That he took to his old ways as soon as he could.

Last night, when we were all asleep,
Out of his bed did this gallows-bird creep,
Piet Pieterszoon's boots and spurs he put on,
And stole my best horse, and away he was gone!

Now Alit, my wife, did not sleep so hard,
But she heard the horse's feet in the yard;
And when she jogg'd me, and bade me awake,
My mind misgave me as soon as she spake.

To the window my good woman went,
And watch'd which way his course he bent;
And in such time as a pipe can be lit,
Our horses were ready with bridle and bit.

Away, as fast as we could hie,
We went, Piet Pieterszoon and I;
And still on the plain we had him in sight;
The moon did not shine for nothing that night.

Knowing the ground, and riding fast,
We came up with him at last,
And—would you believe it? Father Kijf,
The ungrateful wretch would have taken my life,
If he had not miss'd his stroke with a knife!

The struggle in no long time was done,
Because, you know, we were two to one;
But yet all our strength we were fain to try,
Piet Pieterszoon my son, and I.

When we had got him on the ground,
We fastened his hands, and his legs we bound;
And across the horse we laid him then,
And brought him back to the house again.

"We have robb'd the gallows, and that was ill done!"
Said I, to Piet Pieterszoon my son;
"And restitution we must make
To that same gallows, for justice' sake."

In his suit of irons the rogue we array'd,
And once again in the cart he was laid!
Night not yet so far was spent,
But there was time enough for our intent;
And back to the triple tree we went.

His own rope was ready there;
To measure the length we took good care;
And the job which the bungling Hangman begun,
This time, I think, was properly done,
By me and Piet Pieterszoon my son."

THE YOUNG DRAGON.

The legend on which this poem is founded is related in the *Vida y Hazañas del Gran Tamorlan, con la Descripcion de las Tierras de su Imperio y Señorio, escrita por Ruy Gonzalez de Clavijo, Camarero del muy alto y Poderoso Señor Don Enrique. Tercero deste nombre, Rey de Castilla y de Leon; con un Itinerario de lo sucedido en la Embajada, que por dicho Señor el Rey hizo al dicho Principe, llanado por otro nombre Tamurbec, año del nacimiento de* 1403.

The ambassadors had seen at Constantinople, in the Church of St. John of the Stone, *el brazo izquierdo de Sant Juan Baptista; el qual brazo era de so el ombro ayuso fasta en la mano. E este brazo fué quamado, é non tenia salvo el cuero e el hueso, e á las coyunturas del codo a de la mano estaba guarnecida de oro con piedras.* They then went to a church of our Lady, called Peribelico, *é aqui in esta Iglesia estaba el otra brazo del bienaventurado Sant Juan Baptista, el qual fué mostrado á los dichos Embajadores: el qual brazo era el derecho, y era desde el codo ayuso con su mano; é estaba bien fresco é sano; é como quiera que dicen que todo el cuerpo del bienaventurado Sant Juan fué que mado, salvo elun dedo de la mano derecha con que señalo quando dixo,* Ecce Agnus Dei, *todo este dicho brazo estuba sano segun alli paresció. estaba engastonado con unas vergas de oro delgadas, y fallesciale el dedo pulgar; y la razon que los Monges decian porque fallescia aquel dedo de alli, era esta: Decian que en la ciudad de Antiochia, al tiempo que en ella avia idolatras, que andaba en êl una figura de Dragon, á que avian por costumbre los de la ciudad de dar cada ano á comer á aquel Dragon una persona. E qui echaban suertes a qual caeria; e que aquel á quien caia, que non pudiese escusar que lo non comiese aquel Dragon. La qual suerte diz que cayó en aquel tiempo á una fija de un ome*

bueno, e que quando vido que non podia escusar de dar su fija á aquel Dragon, que ovo gran cuita en su corazon, e que con dolor de la fija, que se fuera á una Iglesia de Monges Christianos, que entonces en la dicha ciudad avia, é dixo á los Monges que él avia oido algúnas veces, que Dios avia fecho muchos milagros por Sant Juan; por ende que él queria creer que era verdad, e adorar en aquel brazo suyo que alli tenian. E demandóle merced que entre los otros milagros que Dios nuestro Señor avia mostrado por él, que quisiere agora facerle merced de mostrar este, é ficiese como su fija non muriese tan mala muerte, como era comida de aquella fiera, e la librase de aquel peligro: é que los Monges aviendo compasion dél, que le mostraron el dicho brazo, é que él que fincára los hinojos por lo adorar; e que con dolor de la fija que travára con los dientes del dedo pulgar de la mano del Sancto glorioso, é que ge lo arrancára e llevára en su boca, que los Monges non lo vieron, e que quando quisieron dar la doncella al Dragon, que el que abrió la voca por la comer, e que él entonces qui le lanzó el dedo del bienaventurado Sant Juan Baptista en la boca, e que rebento luego el Dragon, que fué un gran milagro; e que aquel ome que se convirtió á le Fé de nuestro Senor Jesu Christo. pp. 53, 54.

PART I.

PITHYRIAN was a Pagan,
An easy-hearted man,
And Pagan sure he thought to end
As Pagan he began;
Thought he, the one must needs be true,
The old Religion, or the new,
And therefore nothing care I;
I call Diana the Divine;
My daughter worships at the shrine
Of the Christian Goddess, Mary.

In this uncertain matter
If I the wrong course take,
Mary to me will mercy show
For my Marana's sake.
If I am right, and Dian bend
Her dreadful bow, or Phœbus send
His shafts abroad for slaughter,
Safe from their arrows shall I be
And the twin Deities for me
Will spare my dear-loved daughter.

If every one in Antioch
Had reasoned in this strain,
It never would have raised alarm
In Satan's dark domain.
But Mary's Image every day
Looks down on crowds who come to pray;
Her votaries never falter:
While Dian's temple is so bare,
That unless her Priestess take good care,
She will have a grass-green altar.

Perceiving this, the old Dragon
Inflamed with anger grew;
Earthquakes and Plagues were common ills,
There needed something new;
Some vengeance so severe and strange
That forepast times in all their range
With no portent could match it:
So for himself a nest he made,
And in that nest an egg he laid,
And down he sate to hatch it.

He built it by the fountain
Of Phlegethon's red flood,
In the innermost abyss, the place
Of central solitude;
Of adamantine blocks unhewn,
With lava scoria interstrewn,
The sole material fitting;
With amianth he lined the nest,
And incombustible asbest,
To bear the fiery sitting.

There with malignant patience
He sate in fell despite,
Till this dracontine cockatrice
Should break its way to light.
Meantime his angry heart to cheer,
He thought that all this while no fear
The Antiocheans stood in,
Of what on deadliest vengeance bent
With imperturbable intent
He there for them was brooding.

The months of incubation
At length were duly past,
And now the infernal Dragon-chick
Hath burst its shell at last;
At which long-look'd-for sight enrapt,
For joy the father Dragon clapt
His brazen wings like thunder,
So loudly that the mighty sound
Was like an earthquake felt around
And all above and under.

The diabolic youngling
Came out no callow birth,
Puling, defenceless, blind and weak,
Like bird or beast of earth;
Or man, most helpless thing of all
That fly, or swim, or creep, or crawl;
But in his perfect figure;
His horns, his dreadful tail, his sting,
Scales, teeth, and claws and every thing
Complete and in their vigour.

The Old Dragon was delighted,
And proud withal to see
In what perfection he had hatch'd
His hellish progeny;
And round and round, with fold on fold,
His tail about the imp he roll'd
In fond and close enlacement;
And neck round neck with many a turn
He coil'd, which was, you may discern,
Their manner of embracement.

THE YOUNG DRAGON.

PART II.

A VOICE was heard in Antioch,
  Whence uttered none could know,
But from their sleep it wakened all,
  Proclaiming woe, woe, woe!
It sounded here, it sounded there,
Within, without, and every where,
  A terror, and a warning;
Repeated thrice the dreadful word
By every living soul was heard
  Before the hour of morning.

And in the air a rushing
  Past over, in the night;
And as it past, there past with it
  A meteoric light;
The blind that piercing light intense
Felt in their long seal'd visual sense,
  With sudden short sensation:
The deaf that rushing in the sky
Could hear, and that portentous cry
  Reach'd them with consternation.

The astonished Antiocheans
  Impatiently await
The break of day, not knowing when
  Or what might be their fate.
Alas! what then the people hear,
Only with certitude of fear
  Their sinking hearts affrighted;
For in the fertile vale below,
Came news that, in that night of woe,
  A Dragon had alighted.

It was no earthly monster
  In Libyan deserts nurst;
Nor had the Lerna lake sent forth
  This winged worm accurst;
The Old Dragon's own laid egg was this,
The fierce Young Dragon of the abyss,
  Who from the fiery fountain,
Through earth's concavities that night
Had made his way, and taken flight
  Out of a burning mountain.

A voice that went before him
  The cry of woe preferred;
The motion of his brazen wings
  Was what the deaf had heard;
The flashing of his eyes, that light
The which upon their inward sight
  The blind had felt astounded;
What wonder then, when from the wall
They saw him in the vale, if all
  With terror were confounded.

Compared to that strong armour
Of scales which he was in,
The hide of a rhinoceros
Was like a lady's skin.
A battering ram might play in vain
Upon his head, with might and main,
Though fifty men had work'd it;
And from his tail they saw him fling
Out, like a rocket, a long sting,
When he for pastime jerk'd it.

To whom of Gods or Heroes
Should they for aid apply?
Where should they look for succour now,
Or whither should they fly?
For now no Demigods were found
Like those whose deathless deeds abound
In ancient song and story;
No Hercules was then on earth,
Nor yet of her St. George's birth
Could Cappadocia glory.

And even these against him
Had found their strength but small;
He could have swallowed Hercules,
Club, lion-skin, and all.
Yea had St. George himself been there
Upon the fiercest steed that e'er
To battle bore bestrider,
This dreadful Dragon in his might,
One mouthful only, and one bite,
Had made of horse and rider.

They see how unavailing
All human force must prove;
Oh might their earnest prayers obtain
Protection from above!
The Christians sought our Lady's shrine
To invocate her aid divine;
And, with a like emotion,
The Pagans on that fearful day
Took to Diana's fane their way,
And offered their devotion.

But there the offended Goddess
Beheld them with a frown;
The indignant altar heaved itself
And shook their offerings down;
The Priestess with a deathlike hue
Pale as the marble Image grew,
The marble Image redden'd;
And these poor suppliants at the sight
Felt in fresh access of affright
Their hearts within them deaden'd.

Behold the marble eyeballs
With life and motion shine!
And from the moving marble lips
There comes a voice divine.
A demon voice, by all the crowd
Distinctly heard, nor low, nor loud,
But deep and clear and thrilling;
And carrying to the soul such dread
That they perforce must what it said
Obey, however unwilling.

Hear! hear! it said, ye people!
The ancient Gods have sent
In anger for your long neglect
This signal punishment.
To mortal Mary vows were paid,
And prayers preferr'd, and offerings made;
Our temples were deserted;
Now when our vengeance makes ye wise
Unto your proper Deities
In fear ye have reverted!

Hear now the dreadful judgement
For this which ye have done,
The infernal Dragon will devour
Your daughters, one by one;
A Christian Virgin every day
Ye must present him for his prey,
With garlands deck'd, as meet is:
That with the Christians he begins
Is what, in mercy to your sins,
Ye owe to my entreaties.

Whether, if to my worship
Ye now continue true,
I may, when these are all consumed,
Avert the ill from you:
That on the Ancient Gods depends,
If they be made once more your friends
By your sincere repentance:
But for the present, no delay;
Cast lots among ye, and obey
The inexorable sentence.

THE YOUNG DRAGON.

PART III.

Though to the Pagan priesthood
A triumph this might seem,
Few families there were who thus
Could in their grief misdeem;
For oft in those distracted days,
Parent and child went different ways,
The sister and the brother;
And when in spirit moved, the wife
Chose one religious course of life,
The husband took the other.

Therefore in every household
Was seen the face of fear;
They who were safe themselves, exposed
In those whom they held dear.
The lists are made, and in the urn
The names are placed to wait their turn
For this far worse than slaughter;
And from that fatal urn, the first
Drawn for this dreadful death accurst
Was of Pithyrian's daughter.

With Christian-like composure
Marana heard her lot,
And though her countenance at first
Grew pale, she trembled not.
Not for herself the Virgin grieved;
She knew in whom she had believed,
Knew that a crown of glory
In Heaven would recompense her worth,
And her good name remain on earth
The theme of sacred story.

Her fears were for her father,
How he should bear this grief,
Poor wretched heathen, if he still
Remain'd in misbelief;
Her looks amid the multitude,
Who struck with deep compassion stood,
Are seeking for Pithyrian:
He cannot bear to meet her eye.
Where goest thou? whither wouldst thou fly,
Thou miserable Syrian?

Hath sudden hope inspired him,
Or is it in despair
That through the throng he made his way
And sped he knew not where?
For how could he the sight sustain
When now the sacrificial train
Inhumanly surround her!
How bear to see her when with flowers
From rosiers and from jasmine bowers
They like a victim crown'd her!

He knew not why nor whither
So fast he hurried thence,
But felt like one possess'd by some
Controlling influence,
Nor turn'd he to Diana's fane,
Inly assured that prayers were vain
If made for such protection;
His pagan faith he now forgot,
And the wild way he took was not
His own, but Heaven's direction.

He who had never enter'd
A Christian church till then,
Except in idle mood profane
To view the ways of men,
Now to a Christian church made straight,
And hastened through its open gate,
By his good Angel guided,
And thinking, though he knew not why,
That there some blessed Power on high
Had help for him provided.

Wildly he look'd about him
On many a form divine,
Whose Image o'er its altar stood,
And many a sculptured shrine,
In which believers might behold
Relics more precious than the gold
And jewels which encased them.
With painful search from far and near
Brought to be venerated here
Where piety had placed them.

There stood the Virgin Mother
  Crown'd with a starry wreath,
And there the aweful Crucifix,
  Appeared to bleed and breathe;
Martyrs to whom their palm is given,
And sainted Maids who now in Heaven
  With glory are invested;
Glancing o'er these his rapid eye
Toward one image that stood nigh
  Was drawn, and there it rested.

The countenance that fix'd him
  Was of a sun-burnt mien,
The face was like a Prophet's face
  Inspired, but yet serene;
His arms and legs and feet were bare;
The raiment was of camel's hair,
  That, loosely hanging round him,
Fell from the shoulders to the knee;
And round the loins, though elsewhere free,
  A leathern girdle bound him.

With his right arm uplifted
  The great Precursor stood,
Thus represented to the life
  In carved and painted wood.
Below the real arm was laid
Within a crystal shrine display'd
  For public veneration;
Not now of flesh and blood, . . but bone,
Sinews, and shrivell'd skin alone,
  In ghastly preservation.

Moved by a secret impulse
  Which he could not withstand,
Let me, Pithyrian cried, adore
  That blessed arm and hand!
This day, this miserable day,
My pagan faith I put away,
  Abjure it and abhor it;
And in the Saints I put my trust,
And in the Cross; and, if I must,
  Will die a Martyr for it.

This is the arm whose succour
  Heaven brings me here to seek!
Oh let me press it to my lips,
  And so its aid bespeak!
A strong faith makes me now presume
That when to this unhappy doom
  A hellish power hath brought her,
The heavenly hand whose mortal mold
I humbly worship, will unfold
  Its strength, and save my daughter.

The Sacristan with wonder
  And pity heard his prayer,
And placed the relic in his hand
  As he knelt humbly there.
Right thankfully the kneeling man
To that confiding Sacristan
  Return'd it, after kissing;
And he within its crystal shrine
Replaced the precious arm divine,
  Nor saw that aught was missing.

THE YOUNG DRAGON.

PART IV.

Oh piety audacious!
Oh boldness of belief!
Oh sacrilegious force of faith,
That then inspired the thief!
Oh wonderful extent of love,
That Saints enthroned in bliss above
Should bear such profanation,
And not by some immediate act,
Striking the offender in the fact,
Prevent the perpetration!

But sure the Saint that impulse
Himself from Heaven had sent,
In mercy predetermining
The marvellous event;
So inconceivable a thought,
Seeming with such irreverence fraught
Could else have no beginning;
Nor else might such a deed be done,
As then Pithyrian ventured on,
Yet had no fear of sinning.

Not as that Church he enter'd
  Did he from it depart,
Like one bewildered by his grief,
  But confident at heart;
Triumphantly he went his way
And bore the Holy Thumb away,
  Elated with his plunder;
That Holy Thumb which well he knew
Could pierce the Dragon through and through,
  Like Jupiter's own thunder.

Meantime was meek Marana
  For sacrifice array'd,
And now in sad procession forth
  They led the flower-crown'd Maid.
Of this infernal triumph vain,
The Pagan Priests precede the train,
  Oh hearts devoid of pity!
And to behold the abhorr'd event,
At far or nearer distance went
  The whole of that great city.

The Christians go to succour
  The sufferer with their prayers,
The Pagans to a spectacle
  Which dreadfully declares,
In this their over-ruling hour,
Their Gods' abominable power;
  Yet not without emotion
Of grief, and horror, and remorse,
And natural piety, whose force
  Prevail'd o'er false devotion.

The walls and towers are cluster'd,
And every hill and height
That overlooks the vale, is throng'd
For this accursed sight.
Why art thou joyful, thou green Earth?
Wherefore, ye happy Birds, your mirth
Are ye in carols voicing?
And thou, O Sun, in yon blue sky
How canst thou hold thy course on high
This day, as if rejoicing?

Already the procession
Hath past the city gate,
And now along the vale it moves
With solemn pace sedate.
And now the spot before them lies
Where waiting for his promised prize
The Dragon's chosen haunt is;
Blacken'd beneath his blasting feet,
Though yesterday a green retreat
Beside the clear Orontes.

There the procession halted;
The Priests on either hand
Dividing then, a long array,
In order took their stand.
Midway between, the Maid is left,
Alone, of human aid bereft:
The Dragon now hath spied her;
But in that moment of most need,
Arriving breathless with his speed,
Her Father stood beside her.

On came the Dragon rampant,
  Half running, half on wing,
His tail uplifted o'er his back
  In many a spiral ring;
His scales he ruffled in his pride,
His brazen pennons waving wide
  Were gloriously distended;
His nostrils smoked, his eyes flash'd fire,
His lips were drawn, and in his ire
  His mighty jaws extended.

On came the Dragon rampant,
  Expecting there no check,
And open-mouth'd to swallow both
  He stretch'd his burnish'd neck.
Pithyrian put his daughter by,
Waiting for this with watchful eye
  And ready to prevent it;
Within arm's length he let him come,
Then in he threw the Holy Thumb,
  And down his throat he sent it.

The hugest brazen mortar
  That ever yet fired bomb,
Could not have check'd this fiendish beast
  As did that Holy Thumb.
He stagger'd as he wheel'd short round,
His loose feet scraped along the ground,
  To lift themselves unable:
His pennons in their weakness flagg'd,
His tail erected late, now dragg'd,
  Just like a long wet cable.

A rumbling and a tumbling
Was heard in his inside,
He gasp'd, he panted, he lay down,
He rolled from side to side:
He moan'd, he groan'd, he snuff'd, he snored,
He growl'd, he howl'd, he raved, he roar'd;
But loud as were his clamours,
Far louder was the inward din,
Like a hundred braziers working in
A caldron with their hammers.

The hammering came faster,
More faint the moaning sound,
And now his body swells, and now
It rises from the ground.
Not upward with his own consent,
Nor borne by his own wings he went,
Their vigour was abated;
But lifted no one could tell how
By power unseen, with which he now
Was visibly inflated.

Abominable Dragon,
Now art thou overmatch'd,
And better had it been for thee
That thou hadst ne'er been hatch'd;
For now, distended like a ball
To its full stretch, in sight of all,
The body mounts ascendant;
The head before, the tail behind,
The wings, like sails that want a wind,
On either side are pendant.

Not without special mercy
  Was he thus borne on high,
Till he appear'd no bigger than
  An Eagle in the sky.
For when about some three miles height,
Yet still in perfect reach of sight,
  Oh, wonder of all wonders!
He burst in pieces, with a sound
Heard for a hundred leagues around,
  And like a thousand thunders.

But had that great explosion
  Been in the lower sky,
All Antioch would have been laid
  In ruins, certainly.
And in that vast assembled rout
Who crowded joyfully about
  Pithyrian and his daughter,
The splinters of the monster's hide
Must needs have made on every side
  A very dreadful slaughter.

So far the broken pieces
  Were now dispersed around,
And shiver'd so to dust, that not
  A fragment e'er was found.
The Holy Thumb (so it is thought)
When it this miracle had wrought
  At once to Heaven ascended:
As if, when it had thus display'd
Its power, and saved the Christian Maid,
  Its work on earth was ended.

But at Constantinople
The arm and hand were shown,
Until the mighty Ottoman
O'erthrew the Grecian throne.
And when the Monks this tale who told
To pious visitors would hold
The holy hand for kissing,
They never fail'd with faith devout
In confirmation to point out
That there the Thumb was missing.

Keswick, 1829.

EPILOGUE TO THE YOUNG DRAGON.

I TOLD my tale of the Holy Thumb
That split the Dragon asunder,
And my daughters made great eyes as they heard,
Which were full of delight and wonder.

With listening lips and looks intent,
There sate an eager boy,
Who shouted sometimes and clapt his hands,
And could not sit still for joy.

But when I look'd at my Mistress's face,
It was all too grave the while;
And when I ceased, methought there was more
Of reproof than of praise in her smile.

That smile I read aright, for thus
Reprovingly said she,
"Such tales are meet for youthful ears,
But give little content to me.

"From thee far rather would I hear
Some sober, sadder lay,
Such as I oft have heard, well pleased
Before those locks were grey."

"Nay, Mistress mine," I made reply,
"The autumn hath its flowers,
Nor ever is the sky more gay
Than in its evening hours.

"Our good old Cat, Earl Tomlemagne,
Upon a warm spring day,
Even like a kitten at its sport,
Is sometimes seen to play.

"That sense which held me back in youth
From all intemperate gladness,
That same good instinct bids me shun
Unprofitable sadness.

"Nor marvel you if I prefer
Of playful themes to sing,
The October grove hath brighter tints
Than Summer or than Spring:

"For o'er the leaves before they fall
Such hues hath Nature thrown,
That the woods wear in sunless days
A sunshine of their own.

"Why should I seek to call forth tears?
The source from whence we weep
Too near the surface lies in youth,
In age it lies too deep.

"Enough of foresight sad, too much
Of retrospect have I;
And well for me that I sometimes
Can put those feelings by;

"From public ills, and thoughts that else
Might weigh me down to earth,
That I can gain some intervals
For healthful, hopeful mirth;

"That I can sport in tales which suit
Young auditors like these,
Yet, if I err not, may content
The few I seek to please.

"I know in what responsive minds
My lightest lay will wake
A sense of pleasure, for its own,
And for its author's sake.

"I know the eyes in which the light
Of memory will appear;
I know the lips which while they read
Will wear a smile sincere:

"The hearts to which my sportive song
The thought of days will bring,
When they and I, whose Winter now
Comes on, were in our Spring.

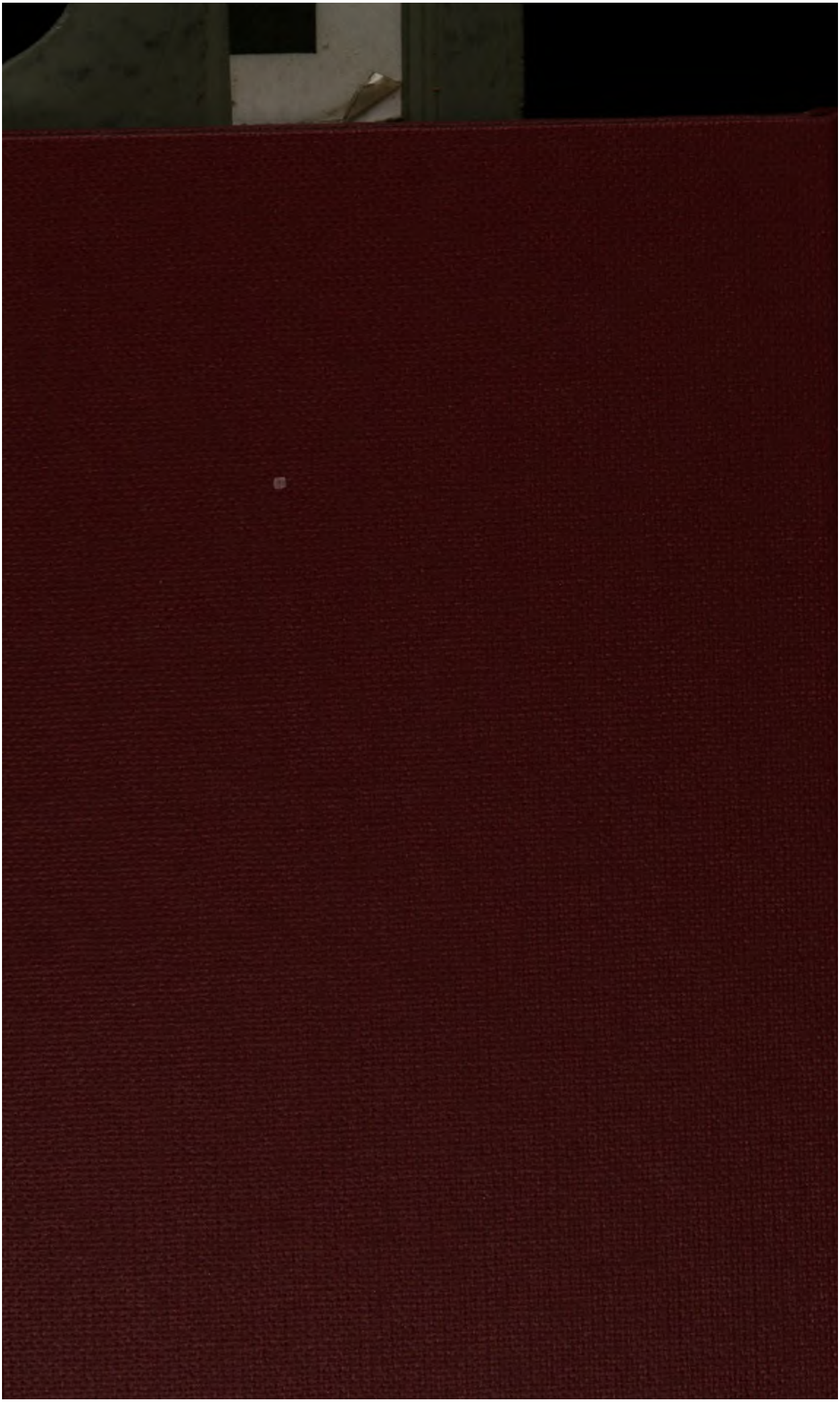
" And I their well known voices too,
Though far away, can hear,
Distinctly, even as when in dreams
They reach the inward ear.

" ' There speaks the man we knew of yore,'
Well pleased I hear them say,
' Such was he in his lighter moods
Before our heads were grey.

" ' Buoyant he was in spirit, quick
Of fancy, blithe of heart,
And Care and Time and Change have left
Untouch'd his better part.'

" Thus say my morning friends who now
Are in the vale of years,
And I, save such as thus may rise,
Would draw no other tears."

Keswick, 1829.

END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.

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