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S.H. 1827.

JUBAL,

A DRAMATIC POEM.

“Satan himself is transformed into an Angel of light.”

BY R. M. BEVERLEY, ESQ.

LC
J
PICCADILLY.



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CHARACTERS.

FORCE.

LUCIFER.

RAPHAEL.

SPIRITS.

WIZARDS.

JUBAL.

NEANTHES.

IANA.

OLD SHEPHERD.

CHORUS OF SWISS PEASANTS.

PRIEST.

NOTE.—This poem has in several passages imitated or taken sentiments and expressions from the Bible, Æschylus, Milton, Goëthe, and various other sources, which the Reader will recognize without the aid of an Appendix.

JUBAL.

*SCENE—Switzerland, on the top of the Grimsel,
by the Doden-see.*

FORCE

MY name is Force, and in the exalted sun
My mansion is, where in the central realms
I give my orders to the vassal globes
To wheel their course aright ; where'er I turn
My mystic wand the glowing satellites
Follow in speed and drive in furious haste
Through all the empyrean, coursing round the sun
In path enormous, nor does not the rage
Of bickering comets' fiery rebel force
Own my strong arm, although their blazing cars
Gallop in frightful hurry through the skies
Of neighbouring systems, throwing far and wide

B

Combustion terrible, and ruinous heat,
And volleying flames, and omens of dismay.
Me, have men worshipped under varied names
From the first times, since I truly am
THE PHYSICAL PRINCIPLE opposed in war
To things spiritual, and by sense alone
I rule the mind, and by the brutish part
Of carnal man am worshipped as a God ;
For when man first was named Creation's Lord
His empire was the MIND, the intellectual part,
With meditation, that should aye aspire
To heavenly things, leaving earthly thoughts
As vapours dense that soil the ray serene.
But man grew proud, and when pride came he fell,
He left his happy state, he scorned his crown
Of joy spiritual, and by sensual means
Assayed to learn the secret of the gods—
And found too soon that fatal secret death.
—Then rose the race of Cain, a brother spilt
A brother's blood, and violence had sway,
And war began and slavery—then too
The tyrannous giants stalked upon the earth,
And force prevailed—me men worshipped
In thought and deed ; the strongest was the god,
And the Mind's empire quickly passed away.

Then was the Almighty angry in his throne
Of light ineffable; it repented him
That he had made man on earth, for their thoughts
Were always bent on violence and crime.
Thus rising in his wrath, with rod of death
He burst the brazen dungeons of the winds,
He called the rainy South, he called the clouds
With deluge fraught, and vapours huge and black
From the vast sea, he broke the ocean's chain
That bound him to the shore, and bade his waves
Expatriate on the land; the cataracts
Of the great deep burst forth profound, the world,
The populous world, was buried in the flood,
And power, and crime, and grandeur were no more.
I did the deed; God gave me his commands
To work destruction, wheresoe'er I moved
Unceasing thunders clanged their iron bolts,
And gloom and horror clapped their raven wings
And screamed death's pæan in my path of woe.
Great was my triumph—dominations, thrones,
Gigantic dynasties, victorious crowns,
Tyrants, and raving potentates, I pressed
Beneath the load of waters—In the realms
Of towering cities, and enormous fanes
By giants reared, the dolphin and the whale

Sported and led their tribes obscene : and where
In spacious halls that nations could contain,
Senates had sat, the monster craken whelped,
And spread his thousand arms of flesh and slime.

The remnant that was saved too soon increased
To countless hosts, those countless hosts defied
The living God, and their false sires adored
Idolatrous, with rites and incense vile,
And of their idols greater none than Ham—
Him did they style the Sun, and brutish gave
Cusean honours, teaching their frail sons
Impieties and falsehoods—from them sprung
In rich abundance all the pagan gods,
Zeus, and Olympian demons, and once more
Crime ruled the world, and rules it to this hour.
The love of power, the infamy of gold,
The appetite for luxury, the thirst
For fame, and mad Ambition's fire,
Hold all men captive ; Reason, Virtue, Truth,
And burning Zeal, whose heart is in the skies,
Are prostrate laid before the slavish herd
Impetuous, trampling under foot
That fairest pearl, the jewel of the mind.
Titles, and wealth, and decorations gay
Of kingly pride, and stale heraldic pomp,

And worldly fame the trumpeting of fools,
Are held the test of worth, surfeit and lust,
The crown of merit, whilst the humble soul
That scorns such baseness for the prize of truth
Is scared, and driven by her vile compeers
To weep in silence, seeing all around
The impious triumph of a race unblessed.
Meanwhile in these riotous and wicked days
Of desolation, seas of blood are spilt,
And liberty, oppressed by tyrant arms,
Looks up to Heaven for help, whilst, unrestrained
By prayer, the dissonant and obscene Mars,
With shout unmusical and rampant march,
Through human harvests drives his sweeping plough.
I all this time the instrument divine
Of God's high will to turn the course of things,
Whilst MATTER reigns, expect that promis'd day
(Announced in thunder from Jehovah's throne)
To burst upon the Universe in blaze of light
Intolerable, when the power of MIND alone
Begins, and Matter crumbles into dust.
When the original mysterious WORD
From the dread presence of his sire shall come
In awful panoply of withering flames,
And by the trumpets of his hosts announce

The world's last session ; thro' the realms of space
Sending his winged lightnings to consume
The countless systems in the vast abyss,
The fields of space illimitable, suns
And satellites, and waning moons, and worlds
Beyond the reach of thought, the argent belt
Of glorious stars, the comets fiery-haired,
And all that tongue can tell or mind conceive ;
Then shall Man's thoughts be proved vain, he then
Shall learn that God allows no sanctity
To time or place which man has not made pure
By purity of thought, that holy minds
And intellects refined by love of heaven
Alone can 'scape the universal death
Of matter, that the violence of power
And wicked reign of armed kings, are held
Abominations in the heavenly eye,
That whatsoever has constrained the mind
To do foul things or suffer fouler wrong,
Whether it be by plea of serving crowns, or God
By forced religions—whether it be called
Or loyalty or faith, is rank deceit
And sheer delusion—then will fire destroy
Altars and thrones the first, and sully all
The pomp of temples and the pride of kings,

Rich palaces and fanes, and sacred grounds
And busts of heroes ; and the pilgrim's hope,
Propitious house for prayer or pious vows ;
Convent ; and hermit-grots ; and sad retreats
Of superstition ; and the marble walls
Of valiant warriors glittering with the blaze
Of high achievements, trophies, standards, swords ;
And bruised helms, and garments roll'd in blood.
Then shall ye see the lamentable walls
Of castles, and of thunder-braving towers,
Mountains of stone, and monstrous pyramids,
Cloud-propping pillars, and enormous moles,
Reared up to heaven, with hideous gaps deformed,
Shivered, confounded, melted, and destroyed.
Oh ! for the pride of man ! how it will fall !
How will mad Ruin gorge her ravening maw,
And final Fury vex with hungry flames,
To burn, and blast, and wither, and consume—
Then shall I, bending to the eternal God,
Resign my delegated power, and, eased
From a long life of sorest labour, own
Annihilations's everlasting law

FIRST WIZARD (*rising out of the Lake of the
Dead.*)

Learned Wizard, whence comest thou?

SECOND WIZARD.

From the wreaths of upper snow,
From the arrowy sleet of frost
Where I have been thunder-tost,
All amongst the hail storms driven
From the belching guns of heaven—
Battling clouds, and uproar dire,
Heat with cold, and rain with fire,
Clattering ice, and tumbling snow,
Have I passed to talk with you.

THIRD WIZARD (*on the back of a skeleton
mammoth.*)

And I too have come on my skeleton steed,
With the sting of a scorpion I flogg'd him to speed,
And though he's a mammoth I've made him my
horse,

To join the fell crew of the servants of FORCE.

FOURTH WIZARD.

Hecla's stinking sulphur mud
Held me in its lava flood,
Years two hundred have I been
Blasted with miasmas keen,

And with simmering softened limb
In the hell-broth did I swim,
Rolling in that cup of woe,
Rising high and sinking low,
Till a grand eruption came,
And in volleying storms of flame
Shot me to the upper sky—
With a north wind did I fly,
Ninety days I passed above,
Far in circles we did move ;
But the danger now is past,
And you see me safe at last.

FIFTH WIZARD.

Ye filthy wizards, mine 's a sorer case,
For I have lain
In the abominable main
Nearly three thousand wretched years—
Down, down below
Where waves nor toss nor tempests blow,
But all sleeps silent from the weight above.
There is no particle of my green skin
That has not pungent salt within.
The pressure of the intolerable sea
Has searched my very bones and blood.
I am all salt,

Like the base partner of Mamrean Lot,
Who in God's spite presumed to halt,
And thus her pristine mind and form forgot.
I was once a Bactrian seer,
In the rocky caves profound,
Muttering impious spells of fear,
Many a fathom under ground ;
And by mixing royal blood
With the Zariaspan flood,
I had nearly found a charm
Potent against death and harm,
Till I went in evil hour
To steal the Lord's unsullied power,
And to spell that holy name
Guarded by seraphic flame,
In the mercy-seat of gold
Made by Solomon of old.
But that great monarch read my inmost mind,
He seized me from the thickest of the crowd,
And sealed a spell which must for ever bind—
Down I fell deep,
To wail and to weep
With the dolphin as mourner, the wave as my shroud.
The first thousand years I swore to do harm,
The next to do good if I broke through my charm,

But the decade of ages that dawned on me last
 Found my virtue all gone, and my mercy all past,
 And, emerged from the sea, which has held me so long,
 I swear to do mischief, and murder, and wrong.

CHORUS.

'Tis well, 'tis well; as we're all for hell,
 We'll work wicked things, we'll help wicked kings,
 And ransack our brains to invent new pains;
 We'll do all we can for the torment of man,
 And we'll aid and assist him and cherish him never,
 And our spells shall be on him for ever and ever.

FIRST WIZARD.

But who of all this execrable rout
 Has seen our king?

SECOND WIZARD.

I saw our monarch Force—
 What time Dissentis' miserable monks
 Sung their last vespers—stalk along the snow
 Of the black Dodi, driving from the ice
 The bleating chamois and rebounding goat,
 Who ne'er had seen a visitant before.
 With three vast strides he clomb the Alps, and shook
 The drear St. Gothard with his thundering tread.

FIRST WIZARD.

Why comes he hither?

SECOND WIZARD.

To obey the spell
Of a great spirit.

THIRD WIZARD.

Then shall we be called
To do his will.

SECOND WIZARD.

Yes—before to-night
We meet him here—He on Piz-Rosem sits
Revolving gloomy things, his shadowy brow
Broods little peace.

FIRST WIZARD.

In the meantime, brothers,
We must with cunning read our mystic rolls
And books of magic: I have got a spell
Written in blood by him, the seer of old,
Mopsus Amphyicides, and deeper tracts
On skins of unicorn, of learning great,
By Idmon, son of Abas; these I found
Under the ruins of a pagan fane,
And by my erudition's lore profound
Can spell them now.

SECOND WIZARD.

And I have got by heart
Agrippa's rules; all devils can I raise

In earth, air, fire, and flood—e'en him himself,
The autocrat of lies, the lion fierce
Hungering for souls, the ringleader of crime.

THIRD WIZARD.

I wish the moon would rise, we'd show the fiend
Our power—I smell the savoury blood of souls.

FIRST WIZARD.

Patience, thou thirsty sorcerer, thy maw
Shall soon be filled ; but mind, ye deep-read crew,
Ye chant our monarch's praises when he comes,
And scream a ditty to his glory. Now we part,
To utter blasphemies and muse on vice
Till the portentous and unhallowed night
Shrouds mortals in her Stygian veil of gloom.

SCENE—The parts about the Vale of Meyringhen.

JUBAL, NEANTHES, IANA, CHORUS.

CHORUS.

The monarch Sun has risen now
And dimmed the feeble lamps of night—
On every Alp's stupendous brow
Intensely flames a saffron light ;
Their whitened peaks and thrones of snow
Are changed to ruby pomp on high ;
The silent lakes that sleep below
Reflect the grandeur of the sky ;
Then why should we, to whom is given
A voice to tell the praise of heaven,
In chorus loud neglect to sing
The glory of our heavenly king ?
Ye bounding goats, that heedless stray
Along the giddy mountain way,
To browse on virgin pastures there,
Exalted in the upper air ;

Ye humbler flocks, that feed below,
Nor dare those dangerous fields of snow,
To you this vale, these glades belong,
This solemn grove's religious pride,
Whatever scenes ye walk among
A thousand joys are opened wide ;
Where'er your happy footsteps roam,
Ye find a bower, a hall, a home ;
For you the gushing streams of health
Leap from their granite urns above ;
For you the vale's redundant wealth
Is cherished by the genial spring ;
And for your sports, your feasts, your love,
Unwearied suns their treasure bring.
But ah! one boon is wanting still
Your cup of perfect joy to fill :
Your thankless tongues must still be mute,
Nor can ye turn with upward eye
To burst the trammels of the brute,
And view the glories of the sky ;
Your souls in strains of love to raise,
Your Lord to bless, your King to praise,
To us alone, to us belong
The raptures of this grateful song.

The only mark 'twixt man and beast
Is adoration of their Lord,
That purest intellectual feast,
Which prayer and praise alone afford ;
That joy more perfect to the soul
Than thine, O mad Lyæan bowl,
Whose furious transports oft have driven
The mind of man to deeds of pride,
To scorn the dreadful power of Heaven,
The hour of vengeance to deride ;
Like him Ambition's wayward son
Thy raving king, O Babylon !
Oh never may our virgin lip
That luscious dew of frenzy sip,
The poison of misused wine ;
But seek that clear crystalline fount
That teems with living draughts divine,
Hard by Jehovah's chosen mount,
Unpaid by price, unbought by gold,
The streams whereof made glad the heart
Of many a raptured seer of old,
Whose naked feet in trembling trod
The awful temple of their God,
Well knowing, in prophetic dream,
One draught of Siloam's sainted stream

All pain and thirst could drive away,
 All fever banish from the breast,
 Until the spring of heavenly day
 Should give them everlasting rest.

JUBAL.

'Tis meet, ye worshippers, at early dawn
 To chant such pious melodies, what time
 The Sun from Nabathæan realms aloft
 Exalts his orient standard, pearl and gold ;
 Followed in pomp barbaric by his host
 Of liveried clouds and incense-bearing winds,
 To stir the sleepy world to adoration
 Of him (whose viceroy he is rightly styled),
 Jehovah ; who with songs, and heart-felt praise,
 And humble hope, and meekly bended knees,
 Should be adored ; more than in temple-worship,
 Or glorious hecatombs, and costly gifts,
 Gold and frankincense—music, garlands, priests.
 Such as the antients proffered to their gods
 With lavish hands, (though niggards of true faith)
 On hill and craggy mount, with blazing fanes
 Such as the royal Mithridates built
 To shew the astonished world his seas of oil,
 Honey and wine and incense burning bright
 A thousand stadia off ;--or they who worked

Abominations in Canopian shrines,
Weeping Osiris' loss with doleful dirge :
Or carrying with loud complaints the mystic boat
Of Isis, when the dæmons joined their crimes
Idolatrous, and impure spirits ruled
Their land, and magic was allowed, and signs
Portentous, speaking idols, impious fiends—
Till dog of Nile Anubis barked for joy.
But we, instructed in a wiser school,
And knowing in how sad a scene of plans
To grasp at pleasure, man in labour holds
His dream-like load of misery and life,
Reject all worship save that sacrifice
Of humbled minds ; for on our brows we bear
The crown of Faith ; our festival is joy
And meet thanksgiving ; and our temple is
The world, though chief Helvetia's lovely vales,
Where with free heart, and spirit unrestrained
By lying priest, we hold our glorious faith,
THE PERFECT LAW OF LIBERTY AND TRUTH :
Long may we keep that law, nor turn aside
To do false homage to a worldly god,
Or stoop our coward back to worldly force ;
But rather in these high-walled vales pursue
Our rural lives of liberty, and flee

From towered cities where the thronging hive
Swarm frequent strong in numbers and in vice,
Nor let us seek the gloss of cozening priests
At Mammon's fane, by wealth and grandeur paid,
Not by a people's love or God's applause;
Remembering that the mind when cased in steel
Of panoply spiritual, can defy,
In caves and solitudes and lonely rocks
And forests drear, the insults of the world;
Can laugh at famine and destruction, hear
Unmoved the roaring beasts, and be in league
E'en with the rocks that will not harm the head
Or wound the feet of one so nobly armed.
As when in blessed times the patriarchs reigned
O'er flocks, and fields, and virtuous men, and led
A wandering life, with unfixed tabernacle,
Preferring faith to kingdoms, hope to crowns;
In happy tents, contemptuous of the world,
And holding all things cheap to serve their God,
Until Pelorian Nimrod became king,
And hunted men, and taught the wondering world
The profitable task of acting slave.
Oh! ever turn we from so base a lie,
And seek the truth where truth alone is found.

NEANTHES.

Well hast thou spoken, Jubal; and be sure
God has o'ershadowed thee with fostering wing
Of grace parental, in that thou hast fled
From busy scenes of worldly cares, to find
Him in these lone retreats and rural walks,
(Himself the best retreat) with Heaven-taught mind,
Fearing the dissolute taint and snares
Of worldly men, who, lost in selfish lusts
And sloth luxurious, lead ambrosial lives,
And quaff the essence of voluptuous joys
On beds of roses, heedless all the while
How many a brother in the pangs of want
Calls loud for death, and in the savage chains
Of tyranny looks up to God for help
From godless men, who, in this vale of tears,
Gives wealth, and power, and dignity, and ease,
To robbers and to tyrants, and enjoins
The genial sun to shed his gentlest beams
And sweetest influence on their sordid heads;
Whilst hail and tempests lance their iron bolts
Against the poor and helpless, all unarmed
Except with patience, buckler stronger far
Than fell Bellona's store—but we who serve
Our God in truth know that a day will come

At last, when he will vindicate his power
Now slumbering—proving all things false
And vain, and weak, that stalk upon the earth
In pomp of might and wisdom's garish garb :
Then shall we see the great ones, crazed and blind,
Grove in the darkness, wandering in the maze
Of vast Confusion's pathless wilderness,
Seeking for light and shelter from the storm
Of sharp derision, terrors all around
Muttering their mystic threatenings, and within
Doubt and unsettled counsels driving wide
Of hope or help ; Destruction at their side
Yelling with murderous ravin, following close,
And scaring into traps, and mystic pits,
And quaking bogs, their trepidating feet ;
Whilst ten-fold darkness' stormy ebon clouds
Career in gloomy whirlwinds overhead,
And hide their grave, and drown their endless cries.

JUBAL.

That day none can tell, but I meanwhile,
With my Iäna, in this valley walled
With giant crags, will pass my harmless days
In rural labours midst the peasants here,
In quiet expectation of my death,
Trusting that you, Neanthes, friend approved,

My dearest counsellor, would heal the wound
Of her affliction.

NEANTHES.

Name not death, my friend,
But reckon many days of joy and health---
Yours is a vigorous mind, and should press on
With holy zeal to reach the glorious point
Of faith perfected ; you should aim to be
The highest of the saints ; by word of power
Instruct the feeble, teach the wise, and learn
The depth of mysteries concealed from me
Unblessed with inspiration ; and be assured
You are a chosen branch.

JUBAL.

One thing I know,
That man is weak, and God supremely good—
My only hope is to abstain from sin,
Fearing that, though I stand, the hour may come
Which I may fall.

NEANTHES.

Fear not, put your trust in God,
And be not idle in the sacred cause—
Abstain from sin, nay more, affect the skies,
And be not passive in your virtue, strive to gain
The hidden excellency and mystic lore
Announced to those perfected in their faith.

JUBAL.

Neanthes, you have often counselled thus—
 What can I do more than the rest of men
 To gain that sacred mount where none can fall?
 Speak out, your words are dark.

NEANTHES.

What I would say
 You cannot hear, or hearing understand—
 There is a faith mysterious, which no words
 Can tell, a secret impulse of the heart
 For those supremely good.—

No more of this—

I do forget myself—if thou wouldst know
 What I can tell, meet me at even-fall
Alone, and come in proper mood—

[*Exit abruptly.*]

IANA.

“*Alone,*
And in a proper mood,” what mean these words?
 Why does he look so dark, and start away
 With frowns?—I like not this.

JUBAL.

Oh 'tis his way,
 He is a gloomy, melancholy man,
 Crossed by the world; I ever found him thus—

He cannot talk connectedly, his speech
 Breaks off abruptly, when the rebel thoughts
 Of adverse days intrude their hated heads:
 But he's a faithful friend.

IANA.

A friend indeed
 Is not without its worth; but I, my love,
 Have some suspicions of this same Neanthes—
 Pardon me, I am a woman, and my eye
 Oft leads my heart—I can not bear his scowl,
 His darkened visage, and mysterious gait;
 He seems to love you, and his words are good
 And argue piety; three years have passed
 Since first he dwelt with us, and all that time
 He has attended, cherished, loved you,
 For that he has my thanks—but still——

JUBAL.

“ But still !”

But what?—these are unjust suspicions,
 And ill become Iäna.

IANA.

Pardon me,
 I have my reasons; could you bear to hear
 My simple words.

JUBAL.

Speak on, my dearest love,
I ever listen to your counsel.

IANA.

Hear me, then,
With patience.—Ever since Neanthes came
I've watch'd him closely, and have seen strange things
To make a wiser tremble : every night
He sallies forth when we are gone to rest,
And o'er the dangerous and precipitous Alp
Pursues his midnight course ; I've heard the dogs
Bay at him as he passed along ; at night
Upon the opposite mountain or the rocks
And murky pines I've seen his distant lamp
Glimmer like ignis fatuus ; at sun-rise
He homeward comes, but with a troubled brow
And sleepless lid ; on you he smiles, on me
He looks askance, and never meets my eye.
Not long since, in the dusky chesnut shade,
I walked alone to sing an evening hymn,
When sudden in the gloom I saw two eyes
Like fire-balls glaring in the shade, I screamed,
And trembling fled, thinking some felon wolf
Or savage beast was prowling in the grove,
When suddenly a voice behind me cried

“*I am Neanthes!*”—I, not less afraid,
Ran on, though he pursued me not.

JUBAL.

A tale

Fit for the droaning wives of sad fourscore,
Who in a chimney-corner muttering tell
Their superstitious fables to the young
And gaping children, harrowing up the soul
With driv’ling legends all about a ghost
That walks without its head, and drives a team
Of headless steeds; and knocks against the door
Three times distinct, portending sudden death
To the crazed fools within.

IANA.

I knew you’d smile
And disbelieve me, but my heart is full,
Brimful of cares.—I fear this mystic friend
Is sent upon some wicked errand.

JUBAL.

Oh! my Iäna,
I knew you not thus weak.

IANA.

Weak though I be,
You will believe the strange and obscure things
Of this our friend.

JUBAL.

I do believe them, love ;

But of what import are they ? he it seems
At night is restless, and, like other men,
From some crude indigestion, or the thorn
Of vexing thoughts, sleeps not ; and thus to calm
His feverish spirit leaves his couch to breathe
The pure and mountain airs, and midnight gust
Of still solemnity, what time aloft
The shining dynasty of night displays
Her numerous thrones and empires of the air ;
Nor is it strange that dogs in faithful watch
Should bay and howl, when at so still an hour
Unusual footsteps strike their ear—You say
He returns home with troubled brow—be it so ;
And that he dare not meet your eye, 'tis plain—
He sees your cold and distant mood, and fears
Intrusion or offence ; we always know
When we're disliked ; words are not wanted
To speak disgust ;—be but frank and liberal,
And he will be as much your friend as mine.

IANA.

He never shall, and God in mercy grant
He be not proved your foe.—Jubal, husband, love,

Thus on my knees I pray, with tears I ask
 One favour, 'tis the first I ever asked—
 Oh! meet him not to-night—Be not alarmed,
 I am not mad—but in the Almighty's name
 Beware of him—I have had dreams and views
 Of coming evil from this man; be sure
 Some stumbling-block, some unknown trial now
 Awaits your faith—Oh! pray and turn for help
 To Heaven.

JUBAL.

What words, what agony is this?
 I am amazed (something has unhinged her);
 I pray you, dearest, go within and try
 To calm your mind.

IANA.

I cannot calm it, Jubal,
 Till you do grant me my petition—
 Oh! do not look so terrified—I swear
 By him who sees us both, I am not mad,
 But speak the words of soberness and truth;
 And though I look so crazed, and speak so wild,
 It is from fear of danger—Oh! but say
 The blessed word “you will not see Neanthes,”
 And I will be most calm.

JUBAL.

Well, then, the word
 Is said—I will not see him—any thing
 To still this tempest of your mind—But come,
 Let us within; and thus, my sweet Iäna,
 I kiss away the storm and fretful shower
 That dims the lustre of those eyes.

IANA.

Thank you, Jubal; dearest, dearest Jubal;
 And now I will be calm, and clearer show
 These strange suspicions, which my words abrupt
 And violent fears have shortened of the truth.
 Let us retire—and when I've told you all
 You will not call me mad. [*Exeunt.*

RAPHAEL AND LUCIFER.

RAPHAEL.

Say, whither art thou bound, black misanthrope?

LUCIFER.

To Hades, when I've done my deed on earth.

RAPHAEL.

What dost thou here?

LUCIFER.

Thou knowest, Raphael,
And need'st not ask ; thy searching eyes of power
Flash in my inmost soul, I feel thy mind
Commingle with my own ; this fading form
Put on for an occasion cannot shield
My subtle thoughts from the pervading shaft
And keen intrusion of thy searching soul :
Thou art within me, Raphael,—we are spirits,
To us the flaming walls of space and time
Are unimaginable bounds, we pass
And dart intolerably fast from all those realms
Which they who wear this mortal frame can tell
By tongue, or entertain by racking thought.
Mind has no confines ; nor can minds like ours
Descend to understand the little things
Of little men—Enough—Great Son of God,
Greater than Lucifer, (whom one more great
Than all the blazing hierarchs above
Saw bodily like lightning fall from Heaven
Into the vast abyss), fallen though I be,
I still have power, and till the REIGN OF MIND
Shall be a mighty and tremendous king.—
—Mine is no saint-like errand ; I am come
To pluck a holy and heaven-nurtured flower,

Fed by the sweetest dews of grace and prayer ;
 A humble soul, whose full perfected faith
 Has armed him in the panoply of *Love*,
 And not the earth-made stores of worldly saints
 Who in temptation's war have no good shield,
 But tinkling cymbals and sonorous brass—
 This soul I come to blast.

RAPHAEL.

By *force*? as when thy sword
 Hewed down Uzzean Job with adverse blows?
 Or yet by *fraud*? as when the Son of God
 Thy arts assailed, and left thee sad defeat?

LUCIFER.

Mock not, great spirit, for thou knowest full well
 I have no cause to weep the unfrequent prize
 Of ruined souls, and though men fall by tribes
 Hell and destruction never will be full ;
 For as the rivers run into the sea
 And fill it not, so do lost souls rush on
 With copious streams to feed the insatiate grave.

RAPHAEL.

I know it, fiend, and from experience weep
 Thy sweeping tyranny ; yet some there be
 Who stand thy inroads on their hapless souls,
 Beleaguered though they be by care and want,

And scorn and grinding hands of despots ; thou
 Sparest not all thy store of hideous shafts,
 The fiercest sleet of woe ; or wiser grown
 By treasonable wealth, and promised power
 Winnest the guardians of the assaulted fort.
 Now to the task in hand—my mission is
 “ That thou abstain from violence, nor touch
 “ A hair of that religious head, the *mind*
 “ Thou mayest assail,”—but time alone can prove
 Whether temptation is too strong for faith,
 And whether thou or I shall most rejoice.

[Retires.

LUCIFER.

Adieu, fair spirit ; to the upper courts
 And starry mansions of thy puissant Lord
 Turn thy swift wings, and in those halls of joy
 Join thy celestial peers—but leave me here
 Wretched and fallen, to a hateful task
 Hatefully propelled by my vile soul,
 That cannot think of goodness but to weep,
 That cannot think of pleasure but to try
 How best I may assail and ruin quite.
 Oh ! had I but a tongue to tell my pangs,
 How would I ring into the ears of man
 My hopeless agonies of bitter pain ;

Blank, irremediable, intense, extreme,
Intolerable, if that may be so called
Which must be born, still to infinite time
Increasing infinitely.
That hellish feel *entirely void of hope*
For ever, none can tell, no mind conceive ;
There is no picture of the wildest dreams
That riot in a maniac's brain can paint
One moment of my torture—I am lost—
Lost absolutely, nor can power supreme
Recall that primal and essential law,
Writ in the seven-sealed scroll of heaven above
Against me miserable, against my soul,
The natural enemy of all things good,
The self-created origin of crime.
O Lucifer, thou bright and morning star,
How art thou fallen from thy native skies!
How sunk into incalculable depths,
With infinite space and time above thy head!
The monstrous change of a perfected mind
To first created wickedness and woe.
The sight of happiness, the sound of good
Is wormwood to my soul ; I hate, I curse
With dreadful certainty what should be blessed.

Not that I take delight in evil—no,
To me delight must ever be unknown ;
Joy is impossible—yet still I thirst
To work more mischief and create more pain.
A mental fever, which the fullest draught
Only increases with augmenting fires ;
To curse and to despise is all my power.
To laugh at ruined souls and mock their grief ;
And see how wisdom, virtue, honour, faith
Are lies and juggling words ; to write my name,
To plant my standard of despair and death
In the strong-holds of excellence, to cheat
The wily guards, and with their proper arms
Themselves destroy—may prove me victor still.
Oft have I smiled to see how mean a thing,
How basely mean, will catch a good man's heart,
And dissipate his moral dream—to me
The best and bravest in the wisest cause
Give greatest hopes of triumph—I have heard
The bold and burning patriot's fire-tipped tongue
Pour noble madness in the fainting hearts
Of his oppressed countrymen ; his words,
His high heroic deeds, his flaming zeal,
Bid twenty thousand falchions boldly leap

Forth from their sheaths—ten thousand bucklers
ring,

And glorious uproar shake the tyrant's heart :

I, 'midst the honest tumult stepping in,

Argue with *gold*—then liberty, farewell.

I see the priests beneath the holiest fanes,

Performing sacred rites, and robed in white,

(The lily-white of innocence and truth)

Preach faith and penitence, and saint-like prayer,

And love to man ; concealed amidst the clouds

Of golden censers, I assail his ear,

And whisper, “ *zeal* ;” then quick his priestly soul

Fires at the word, and with infuriate rage .

He scatters o'er the earth his brands of wrath,

Tortures and chains.

I have seen sweet and virgin modesty,

With vermeil blushes of the eloquent blood,

Trembling in vernal breeze that blew too rude

Or brought too loud a fame of tongues, admit

Some treacherous lover to assail the soul

With honied words of honesty and love,

And listening to the fascinating tale,

Press the dear speaker to her heart, and fall.

Rank lechery goes hand in hand with love

And pure affection ; in the wake of truth
And stately Reason's grand majestic march,
Falsehood is seen ; and in the hermit cell
Of abstinence, luxurious glowing lust.
Pride and humility in couples walk
The cheated world, and in the heart of saints
Besotted atheists ply their poisoned shafts.
—'Tis folly all—'tis all a lying dream,
I sicken at the thought of mortal fools,—
But since my nature is to do them harm
I go to add fresh victims to my toils.

SCENE—The interior of a Swiss residence, in the dusk of evening.

JUBAL and IANA (*sleeping on a couch.*)

NEANTHIES (*in a low voice.*)

Sleep on and take your rest, ye happy pair—
Sleep on, and in each other's arms forget
The enemy of watchful eye, that waits,
In slumbers and in waking, for his prey.
Could ye not watch one hour? ye thoughtless souls!
Jubal, if thou be prudent, straight arise,
And wake to pray—for even now thy foe,
Erroneous pride, is working in thy heart.
Shame! shame! to think so fair an edifice
Should be betrayed by such a little thing!
A very mouse to sack a city—Oh thou saint,
Be wise, and wake—be wise, and on thy knees
Fight with the foe; if I had such a soul
I would not sleep; but day, and noon, and night,
I'd walk the ramparts, nor by sloth betray
The precious trust—could'st thou but see the future,

This whispering converse with thy leaden ear
 Would be a trumpet to awake the dead ;
 This little voice would stun thy shivered brain
 Like hell in war with heaven—and thou would'st rise
 To fly the danger, but thy sluggard strength
 Is chained in shackles of forgetfulness—
 To struggle vainly when those chains are broke !
 How can I help it ? thou hast all the world
 To teach thee wisdom ; to thee time gone by
 And blighted hopes have made a piteous moan ;
 Thou hast seen mourners run along the streets
 Carrying the cankered load of friends, themselves
 Next day by others to be born along,
 And swell the rubbish—thou hast heard the bells
 Toll the perpetual loss of time and life,
 And nature and creation screaming loud
 To scare thee into sense of danger—yet
 Thou sleepest and wilt sleep, till all is lost—
 To wake at last with ruin !

JUBAL (starting from his sleep.)

Who goes there ?—down with him—tread him under
 foot—
 Cut off his head—I'll have no partner here—
 Who dares approach so near ?—I am your lord
 Of victory——

NEANTHES.

Poor worm, thou'rt mad,
The very lunacy of pride—Most mighty king,
Dost thou now recognize thy real state?

JUBAL.

Am I not still a king?

NEANTHES.

No—thou'rt a fool—
So now awake and talk like other men.

JUBAL.

O good Neanthes, I have had such dreams—
Such heated visions——

NEANTHES.

I can tell them all,
Ay, every word—but now we must away—
Follow me quick.

JUBAL.

I cannot go, my friend.

NEANTHES.

But thou must come, my friend; I know thy wife
Hast made thee promise to abide with her,
But thou must break thy word, and come with me;
For now this very night I go away,
Nor ever shall return—a few short words
I wish to say in private, half an hour

Would be sufficient—then thou mayst return,
Nor will thy wife perceive thy absence——Come.

JUBAL.

Whither art thou going? what dost thou mean?—
I am not yet awake.

NEANTHES.

Jubal, I cannot stay,
Thy hours are precious—You have heard the truth—
Shall I then say farewell?

JUBAL.

Heavens! I dream—
Why all this haste?—Oh! for a moment stop—
Stop—stop, Neanthes!

NEANTHES.

What is said, is said.
Farewell! and God preserve you.

[*Departs.*]

JUBAL.

He is gone,
And gone for ever—I must break my word;
Oh, dear Iäna! never till this hour
Did I refuse thy wishes: but my friend,
Dearer than life, demands a parting word,
And I will hear him. [Goes out.]

*SCENE—NEANTHES leading JUBAL to a ruined
Tower, some distance from his residence.*

JUBAL.

This is a strange adventure—Why so fast?—
I do not think I yet have lost my dream—
Stay, stay, you hurry me—I will not go—
We have proceeded far enough—this night
Is full of mysteries—Oh! see the dogs
How they surround us, how they howl and moan,
And midst them growls their enemy the wolf;
Such union broods no good—methinks the moon
Burns blue—Oh! stay——

NEANTHES.

Here we will take our stand,
Here where this castle's ivy-mantled walls
Enthroned the bigot owls and odious bats;
Where in the sculls of Valour and of Fame
The blind worms batten on heraldic brains.
'Tis meet to talk of parting, but do thou
Attend, nor look so scared.

JUBAL.

JUBAL.

I swear by heaven

I am all wonder and attention.

NEANTHES.

Jubal!

If one should tell thee all thy inmost thoughts,
And faithfully narrate thy very dreams,
What shouldst thou say?

JUBAL.

That God had given that man

Superior power.

NEANTHES.

Behold the man!

JUBAL.

In thee?

NEANTHES.

Yes, Jubal; I indeed have power to tell
All that thou yet hast done or e'er shall do—
Even now I read thy thoughts—Thy coward mind
Now broods on sad Iäna's prophecy,
Who warned thee to avoid this hour;
And now thy fears are wavering in the choice
Of madness or imposture.

JUBAL.

Oh! my soul,

This must be yet a dream.—Thou man of power,
 I do adjure thee by the living God,
 Spare me this hell of doubt, and give me proof
 That what thou sayest is true—If thou hast come
 To do me harm, he who protects the weak
 Will aid me in the trial—if thy hand
 Would take my life——

NEANTHES.

I would not touch thy head,
 Or raise my hand against thee for the world ;
 But that thou still may'st learn that man has power
 To draw down wisdom from the skies, attend,
 Whilst I will tell thee all that pompous dream
 That lately revelled in thy stormy soul.

The Dream.

On a high mountain's haughty brow there stood,
 Facing the rising sun, a shrine of gold ;
 And round it kings and despots royally
 Held a grand conclave, nor did not attend
 Dethroned Gods, and idols, Giants huge,
 And all the abominations of the world
 In countless hosts ; and up the mountain's side
 Millions and tens of millions toiled along
 With shout and loud acclaim—my soul grew sick

To see so vast a throng, of which none knew
The end or the beginning—on they marched,
And their thick concourse over mount and vale
Peopled a world of Alps; the plains, the skies,
Were one continued line of serried crowds;
And over head, and in the deepest vale,
They still urged on their terrible array——
Then suddenly a bellowing organ's furious bass
In violent discords crashed the notes of war—
“ 'Twas war,” they said, “ the bad against the good,
“ Evil and atheists against the power divine.”
Oh! how the welkin rang with echoes dread
Of the increasing music's maddening swell,
Playing a march for millions; every hill
Shook to its base; and all the clouds drew back,
Riven and torn with the excessive sound;
But still the shout was louder, and the world
Reeled with the uproar; and the sea ran mad
And storm'd the rocks, that could not stand the shock,
But fell before the waves—then war began,
And fields were fought, and battles lost and won.
I could not see the contest, for the earth
Was filled with smoke; but tumult and alarms
Scower'd o'er the plains, and ever and anon
Nations were slain, and tribes in myriads fell.

At length the fierce confusion ceased, and Peace
O'er shattered kingdoms waved her olive wand ;
But not with peace came happiness ; the cause
Of atheists was triumphant, and the heavens
Withdrew their influence, leaving to frail man
Short-sighted wisdom, and insensate rule.

Then did I see besotted Folly climb
The holy mount, and gross Presumption seize
The golden sceptre of superior minds.

“ All should be good, and excellent, and wise,
“ And perfect in its kind,” the driv'lers said,
And all the world applauded. Winter then
Was banished from the earth, his icy throne
Dissolved in tears before the fire of fools,
And melting summers broke the arctic wall.
Storms were no more, but in their iron dens
Growled their unwilling slumbers, and the sire
Ennosigæus smiled through all his streams,
Soothed with the song of Halcyons ; every rock
Rose from the deep, and with discovered heads
Foreswore all shipwrecks and insidious deaths ;
Volcanoes quelled the turbulent assault
Of rebel flames, and on their sulphurous heads
Waved the fair palm-tree and the luscious vine ;
No longer in the plains and amorous bowers,

Or in the tangled grass, or whispering reeds,
Lurked poisonous reptiles, or Cinyphian pests
Of wily folds, nor in the Scythian wastes
Did feverish insects ply their painful tubes—
Nor to Assyrian wealth the locust king
Lead his dark army, but the thoughts of man
Revelled in fairy fancy for a while,
In dreams of hope and insolence of joy.
Presumptuous, till insulted Nature rose
To vindicate her plans, and prove that good
Is evil when not rightly used—the world,
That to enjoy the sun had left its course
And antient track, now fell through dismal space,
A sphere of anarchy, a globe of ruin,
Unknowing night or day, but vivid gleams
Of passing comets and offended stars
That shot red horrors as it passed.
Time was no more—men could not count the hours,
And yet pain told them that they lived; they slept
And woke in madness, and invoked a God
That heard not, (for their coward hearts in fear
Now turned to heaven in vain); the sea arose
With random deluge, ignorant of tides,
To seek new mansions for his restless waves,
Backed by unusual storms, and ten-fold winds

With liberated fury piping loud. .
Water and fire, and cold and heat, began
A ruinous war, and in the days of frost
Solstitial fevers raged, and streams of fire
Ran on the ground, whilst in the dusky air
Black thunders roared outrageously.
A fearful murmur like the cannon's belch
Mingled with clattering chariots, and the din
Of fighting waves, and screams of drowning men
Rose all around, and men in terror fled
To idol gods, and groaned for speedy help.
But priests and augurs, and Chaldean seers,
Tore their white locks, and taugth their wretched flock
That faith was falsehood, and themselves began
To utter blasphemies, and curse their gods.
But still men clung to superstition, still
They called for wonders, and the brother's hand
Mangled the brother's bowels, there to see
Some better omen in the reeking mass.
Sobs and convulsions and unpitied shrieks
Argued the fiercest agony of woe ;
And young and old upon the iron earth,
With out-stretched arms, were strewed, but some
With throbbing heads upon their tottering knees
Essayed to pray, and, prayer denied, they rushed

To voluntary death, but Death aloof
 Denied his aid, and waved his dusky wings
 In the dim distance, grinning at their woes.

JUBAL.

'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange—I know not what
 To think, or not to think—this solemn scene
 And the sad silence of the night perhaps
 Makes me a coward—yet what can I say?—
 I may not lessen thy mysterious power,
 For that I dreamed these things, is true, most true,
 And that a vision never is revealed
 But to the dreamer, also I must own—
 'Tis past belief—and yet I won't believe—
 Would I had staid at home!

NEANTHES.

Oh fool, and blind!
 To doubt and mutter, and to look so wild,
 And bid farewell to reason, nor perceive
 This riddle's explanation—think awhile!
 Muster your wits, and call your wisest thoughts
 In aid of your conjectures—go to, dunce!
 A baby shall instruct you!

JUBAL.

Spare thy taunts,—

Thou hast done that which no man else can do,
 Thou hast been partner of my dream—thy power
 Is surely great, but whether good or bad
 There be who know——

NEANTHES.

And I am one that knows—
 Knowing can tell.

JUBAL.

Oh, whence then comes this power?

RAPHAEL.

Whence all power comes—Oh Jubal! look around,
 Survey this Paradise, this heavenly vale,
 Made by the moon more heavenly, view that mount
 Slumbering in fleecy vapours over head,
 Crowned with thin silvery clouds and sparkling
 snow—

See the dark horrors of its central pines,
 Its sloped foundations steeped in glittering dew
 Of the fair lake, and all yon blessed isles,
 And stream-girt woods, and tributary rills—
 Hark to their murmuring lapse of liquid song!
 Hark to the solemn and religious voice
 Fanned through the groves, where oaks and answer-
 ing pines
 Sigh their nocturnal notes of mystic awe

To the still air, now labouring with no sound
But the wolf-watching guardian's faithful moan—
Pause and consider! did the hand divine,
That made these miracles to please thine eye
And glad thine ear, and thereto gave a mind
Still more miraculous to comprehend
Such full delight, with niggard law decree
That Man, to whom this waste of good is given,
Should never break his trammels? never soar
To see the future, and withdraw the veil
From the dark vista of expected years?
That thousands and ten thousands every day
Should come to life and die, their hearts sealed up,
Their eye-sight glued, their intellect, their mind
Deprived of real light, and life and death,
The past and future, equally unknown,
And only present hope or present pains
The object of the senses; all beyond
Cloud and obscurity and dismal gloom
Of Erebus?—Dismiss the thought, and learn
There are who penetrate the deep obscure,
There are who pass the flaming walls of time
(The limits of this prison-house the world)
And waving in the skies their venturous wings
Light their dull torch with secret Wisdom's fire.

JUBAL.

Thy flight is bold ; it leads me far away
To visionary scenes, where sober minds
Reel at the giddy height and cannot view
The glories reached ; but, pained with ardent glare,
Drop to their former state of ignorance abashed,
To grovel in the rubbish of the world,
Worse from their fall—There is a place, 'tis said,
Which eagles never see, though proud they ride
Sublime in radiant fires, nor yet the whelps
Of lions find in secret mount or vale,
Forest or rocky den ; far, far away,
Where Wisdom holds her solitary reign,
Where THE GREAT MIND in gloomy shades profound
Broods in its dread pavilion, moulding there
Its future plans of unconsumed time
And deeds not yet performed—
Death and Destruction cannot shew the spot,
But tremble at its fame ; and Night's black wing
Has never reached it, nor the darts of day
Disturbed it in the mighty fields of space.
How then shall man, that perishable worm,
Affect to find what angels dare not tell ?
Or how shall he who cannot know the hour
Of his own death presume to read the plan

For which himself was made? The will supreme
Springs from itself and on itself depends;
It asks no counsellor, it needs no arm
To enforce its laws, but, being once pronounced,
Works its inevitable plans, unseen,
Unheard, until the hour arrive
When its full wisdom bursts in blaze of day.
All that the world has done since time begun,
And all the mighty acts of mighty man,
Their wondrous councils, and their grand resolves
To aggrandize themselves, and fix their thrones
Immoveable, have slowly tended all
To prove how vain they were, and how their eyes
Were shut against the truth, that would not see
The wiser counsels of a greater mind.
And yet men strut their childish hour of pride,
Swelled with their own importance, nor can learn
How their own wisdom proves that they are fools!
Who, when the Roman empire big with power
Was ruled by demi-gods, could then perceive
A noiseless empire working in the dark,
Which now, in spite of tyrants, stands erect
To humble kings and call the world its own?—
Nay, who can read the present hour? perchance
The very energy we use to gain

That point where excellence is thought to dwell
May by the hand of might be turned aside
To views far distant, and yet they be found
The wisest and the best, and what we now
Uphold as good, the vilest of the vile.
Inquiry ends in doubt, uncertainty
Crowns all attempts to reach the fleeting truth ;
One thing is sure, that man, though weak and blind,
Is vain and proud and desperately bad.

NEANTHES.

Thy words are good, but still the stubborn fact
Thou canst not gainsay, nor can man deny,
Though blind he be, that still the ray serene
Is poured at times into his soul ; the steel
Clings with firm mind around the magic ore,
Or, separated, turns its faithful eye
To the black realm of Boreas, chained fast down
The vassal of the north--a wonder this
Surpassing all resolve, but not less true :
So in all times the particle divine
Has been effused and portioned off to man
By means unknown, to work the will of Heaven.
Even by eyes unhallowed has the veil
Of time been pierced ; in days when gods were feared,

The prescient augurs and forewarning seers
Held converse with high Wisdom, and beheld
Unacted deeds in raptures and in dreams ;
As once Tiresias blind, or Chalchas wise,
That dreaded monarchs less than Heaven ; or old
Arcadian Bacis, or the numerous prophets
That in Telmessus read the book of fate
To Carian shepherds, or in Elis famed
The Iamidæ, or in Cyrrhean crags
The Omphic voice muttering in songs of awe.
But bolder far the blessed ; as he of old,
The Egyptian sojourner, whose numerous sons
With tears beheld their sire and prophet die,
Prophet of kingdoms for his seed ; nor less
The Uzzean sufferer whose tortured heart
Yearned to his great Redeemer, then unknown
Save by celestial light ; of which partook
In liberal draught the son of Amoz, he
Warmed with red embers from the throne divine
In splendid ecstasies shone out the first
Of prophets and of bards, whose voice of power
Made Judah tremble and Samaria sigh.
Nor did the towers of Nineveh not quake
When the mad Elkoshite in frenzy heard

The rattling din of wheels, and scaring noise
 Of prancing horses and rebounding cars
 Of the leagued homicides, associates then
 To sack those towers.

JUBAL.

Enough—I know it all—and yet perhaps
 Some in unveiling dim futurity
 Their God have angered, who permits such things
 For secret purposes, as when the first
 Of Israel's king before Gilboa's field
 Stole in black midnight to the impious roof
 Of the foul hag in Endor, and there saw
 Gods rising from the caverns of the earth
 In long array to moan his bloody death
 And tragic disobedience—to the bad
 Forbidden secrets and unholy truths
 Are lures to catch their souls, the good
 Will spurn e'en Gyges' ring, nor seek to know
 What may not be obtained by lawful means.

NEANTHES.

Let us conclude—I offer thee my art,
 Wilt thou accept it?—I will show thee things
 Past and to come; past I have shewn already.

JUBAL.

But what if I transgress by thus accepting

Thy proffered boon, although it argues power
And wisdom godlike?—

NEANTHES.

Who best may tell;
For this thou knowest, that I, whom young and old
Do call a saint (from piety so called),
Who for three years have turned thy wavering soul
And fixed it in its better course—that I,
Who day and night have argued of the skies,
Have turned thy infant vision to the lamp
Of wisdom, hung in heaven, that so thine eyes
Might be irradiate, purged, refined, released
From the gross misty images of earth,
And fit for wonders beatific—I,
This man of prayer, do offer now what thou
Deem'st impious and repudiate.

JUBAL.

Only say
The art is innocent, and I will yield.

NEANTHES.

It is most innocent; or rather say,
It crowns a good man's hope.

JUBAL.

I yield, I yield—
But stay—perhaps the way is long, and I

Shall wander over distant mountain-ways,
 And, lost in labyrinths of night and death,
 Never return.

NEANTHES.

The way is long indeed ;
 But thou shalt soon return.

JUBAL.

I dare not go—
 'Twill break Iäna's heart.

NEANTHES.

Oh coward, boy ;
 Thou shalt return before the break of day.

JUBAL.

Swear that.

NEANTHES.

I swear by him, who sits above
 And sees us here, that ere the sun has risen
 Thy threshold shall behold its wand'ring lord.

JUBAL.

But what if I return with fractured limbs
 Or withered skin—or paralyzed—or stiff
 And cold with horrid scenes of woe—or crazed
 And terrified to madness.

NEANTHES.

Nor thy limbs,

Nor skin, nor joint, nor hair in all thy head
 Shall be impaired or injured, nor thy mind
 Eased of its wits, but thou shalt walk and speak
 A man most perfect, and in all thy parts,
 Intellects, proportions, such a one as now
 I see thee here, excepting that thy mind
 Shall be more stored with knowledge.

JUBAL.

I submit,

And to these promises so fairly given
 Surrender up myself—if aught be wrong
 With thee be all the blame—for I protest
 I have no wish to come by lawless means
 To secret science, or to act a part
 Incongruous with humility; but since
 To thee, thou saint, is given the curious art
 These things to ken, from vulgar eyes concealed,
 And that I know thee to be of God approved,
 I fear no ill, but thus commit myself
 In this strange journey to thy guardian care.

NEANTHES.

'Tis well, and I accept thy office—I thy guide,
 Guide not to danger but to glory—See,
 Two milk-white chargers ready for the task,
 Impatient for their load.

JUBAL.

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JUBAL.

And must I mount?

NEANTHES.

Yes, mount and follow me.

JUBAL.

Again, I fear—

Think of the oath——

NEANTHES.

The oath is not forgot,

For it is sworn that, ere the watchful bird

Rouses to-morrow's light, thou shalt return

Unhurt, unblemished.

JUBAL.

What a night is this—

How full of miracles—surpassing strange—

However I submit—and now—Oh Heaven

Protect me.

NEANTHES.

Now we go—no thong, no spear

Is wanting here—on, on, my merry boy!

Hurra! young Jubal!

JUBAL.

Oh! my horse is mad!

It flies like lightning—what a dreadful leap!

Over that chasm!—Now the mountain-rocks

Ring to their hoofs ! it snorts, it foams, it raves !
 Its mane streams fire ! and from its iron hoofs
 Sparks blaze like comets—Now the caverns gleam
 And mouldering fragments as we pass along !
 All is in motion—all is out of course—
 And still we gallop.

NEANTHES.

Now, my fiery guide, appear !
 Dancing in the midnight air,
 Shewing where my course to take
 Over bog and over brake—
 Ignis fatuus, hie thee hither,
 Child of damp and misty weather,
 Thou that art from marshes sprung,
 Mud and putrid bones among—
 Fickle, wavering, brilliant gleam !
 Now I see thee—'tis no dream,
 Now I see thee—now we go
 Over ice and topling snow ;
 Safely, safely will we pass
 O'er the quaking soft morass,
 Heeding not those woods of pine,
 Though among them twist and twine
 Lanky snakes of deadly eye,
 Hissing as we gallop by—

We have still our dancing guide,
 We may still then safely ride,
 We may bravely gallop fast
 Till these envious plagues are past.

JUBAL.

Holla! pull up your horse—I dare not go——
 Stop, stop—Holla! hear me, I say.

NEANTHES.

Now we come to where the grot
 Look of day-light has forgot,
 Many a fathom deep below—
 Into caverns black as night,
 Where the dripping stalactite
 And the branching corals grow—
 See! the rocks begin to dance,
 See! their awkward forms advance;
 See! their gaping heads above,
 How they nod, and how they move!

JUBAL.

Fiend, friend; Neanthes, devil; stop your horse,
 I am surrounded by abominations.

NEANTHES.

See, my friends are come to meet me,
 How they pass around to greet me!

Toads three cubits long are there,
 How they straddle, how they stare!
 Fat and slimy, broad and green,
 Bloated, nasty, and obscene,
 Waddling, graceless sons of mud,
 Hot in venom, cold in blood.

JUBAL.

Oh! I am lost—the devils have me now;—
 What squalid beasts—and still we gallop—
 Heaven, send thy help——
 Oh, that these quaking rocks would crush me now!
 The world is mad I think—I'm lost for ever.
 Ah monstrous! 'tis a hungry vampyre-bat
 Hovering around me; see his wrinkled face,
 Like an old sinner's, blasted black from hell!
 Vile, withered prodigy! avaunt, I say,
 Go to thy native Tartarus—He grins,
 He shews his huge white hedge of teeth, and smiles!
 His wiry wings expansive as I pass
 Shadow my head, and fan my cheeks—Oh Heavens!
 Is he a man or fiend? thou leathern imp,
 Grin not at me who never was thy friend.

NEANTHES *and the VAMPYRE sing.*

The lamps of night are beaming,
 All pious souls are dreaming ;
 Then whilst they sleep,
 From our graves we peep,
 To talk with the owls that are screaming.
 We never were slow
 Our business to do,
 And we're not of the number
 That fold their hands,

For a little more sleep and a little more slumber ;
 But we press for the prize
 That our king commands,
 And by day and by night
 We turn our eyes
 To that tempting sight—
 Then loyally, loyally will we sing
 In praise of our friend and our excellent king,
 The best of all despots, the first of all lords,
 That Earth, Air, or Sea, or Gehenna affords.

JUBAL.

It's all in vain—I'll call no more for help,
 No one will hear——Oh Jubal, hadst thou staid
 With thy poor love, nor broke thy promised word

For such a liar!—but it's all too late,
And thou, like thousand others, shall descend
To feed the undying worm—Oh, Power Supreme!
Grant that my wavering voice may still be heard,
Tell men that pride destroys them all, that I,
By wicked vanity and fraud deceived
My watchful conscience—
See, see, new sights arise! I cannot pray,
My thoughts are taken from me—now we come
To a vast lake—my steed is plunging in—
All will be over soon—receive my soul,
Death and immortal Vengeance!—but we ride
Safe on the waters; hear ye not the hoofs
Clang on the crystal ripple? it resounds
Like beaten brass or toll of funeral bells;—
Where will this end? my hellish guide I see
Still driving on before me—and close by
The swift-winged vampyre droning out his song
Of execrable burthen.

NEANTHES.

Ere we pass this magic lake,
Tell me for old friendship's sake,
Faithful Vampyre, do they all
Wait for me in Doden Hall?

VAMPYRE.

They are thronging, they are there
 In the Hall in full divan !
 Dog Anubis takes the chair,
 Half a brute and half a man—
 Bel and Nebo at his side,
 Dagon in his fishy pride,
 Ashtaroth the queen so lewd,
 Moloch chewing baby blood ;
 Chemos lord of turpitude,
 Belial flushed with purple wine,
 Thammuz with his wound divine,
 Never healing, never sound ;
 Whilst they dance and whilst they sing
 The granite-vaulted caverns ring ;
 Oh ! 'tis a jovial sight to see
 Such exuberant company !

NEANTHES.

Rejoice ! rejoice !
 For on yon bank
 The willows dank
 Without a breath of air their tall heads move,
 There's intellect in all their boughs ;
 The solemn pines this night approve,
 And sing with a mysterious voice——

See ye, see ye, how they glide,
Down the mountain how they slide!
How they jump from rock to rock!—
 Hark that shock—
A gnarled oak hath slipped his roots,
And down the steep in hurry shoots
To reach the nightly carnival.
All their roots are drunken—all
Twist and twine like wounded snakes;
From the sickly fens and brakes
Fiery vapours join the throng!
Look! the frenzied woods are dancing
Like breeze-stung horse in dog-day prancing,
 Now high, now low,
 The apostates go,
And joyed to break their tedious thrall
They toss their old heads to and fro,
And wave their creaking branches tall.
Who that stood so fixed and quiet
Whilst three dull centuries slow passed by
Would not enjoy one night of riot,
Would not thus reel with liberty?
Now the awakened caverns yawn,
 Opening wide
- Their monstrous mouths, where skulls reside

Of ancient honourable men,
Deep inhumed one luckless morn
That rose with Noah's tragic tide—
 Again! again!
Life has warmed their giant bones;
 I see them rise,
 Their marble eyes
Are feeble yet with crust of stones;—
Rouse ye, rouse ye from your sleep,
Perhaps the rocks too soon may close;
 The time is short—
 To miss such sport,
Such revelry and fun to lose,
Buried in your coffins deep,
Ill becomes such lords as you.
If fame ever tells us true,
Ye were pleasure-hunting souls;
Rouse then from your hiding-holes,
Rouse and join this busy crew.
 Behold!
 All monsters rise
That days before the flood ere saw;
The unwieldy mammoth moves his uncouth size
And vast expanse of moving jaw;
 His scales of gold

The snake of Eden rolls along,
 With winning look and brilliant eyes
 That tempted Eve to lose her native skies.
 Behemoth, with limbs so strong,
 Blows from his nostrils rage and death.
 I come, I come ; my courser's breath
 Is almost gone,
 Ye brave ones I am not alone,
 For one behind,
 Like rushing wind,
 Approaches here to view our state,
 To read our secrets dark, and swell the grand debate.

JUBAL.

O lamentable sights! O doleful shades!
 Figures unamiable,
 Unblessed!
 It was not such as you, ye violent rout
 Of unknown monsters, giant-stalking shades,
 I wished to see;
 No—your unholy forms and adverse powers
 I do repudiate, ye are rebels all
 Against the scheme of laws that Nature loves
 And teaches to her sons—
 In fever's blood-exasperating dreams at night
 The vexer Death

Oft marshals such as you,
And leads your odious orgies to the bed
Of care and drooping penury,
To burst the vision, and distend the eye
With your enormous images ;
Crazing the brain with agony of sights
And sounds appalling.
But oh ! why come ye to distress the mind
Of one who neither dreams, nor feels the glow
Of fevers, nor has swallowed yet
Nepenthe of the Syrian poppy, nor
Delirious liquor pressed from luscious vines.
Avaunt ! dissolve yourselves in air !
'Tis a vain triumph thus to waste your frowns
And stores of horrors on an enemy ;
Go to your lovers, and the school
Of dark philosophers, whose Pontian herbs
And curious philtres call ye from the deep,
The grand abyss with woes and monsters filled,
Where time's black fountain springs,
Pumped by eternity's immeasurable wheel.
Me other wishes occupy,
The love of quiet, piety, and home ;
Me, unambitious of this journey hither,
Falsehood and fraud have brought.

But I do call on Heaven to lead me back,
 And ease me from your tyranny, ye sons
 Of execration, most injurious fiends.

ONE OF THE SHADES.

How now, thou querulous youth? why dost repine?
 Thee no one forced to take the devious way
 Leading to knowledge, but thyself didst wish
 To converse with no common sages—Traveller, learn
 No ordinary means this gift impart;
 All here resemble not the vulgar herd
 That generate in thy elements.—We are Spirits,
 Dynasts of Air, and Fire, and Flood; our limbs
 Are huge as on the prostrate turf at eve
 The sinking sun elongates, turning men
 Into nine-acre Tityons—but our hearts
 Are good and generous, and we gladly shew
 The wonders of our monarchy to those
 Whose feet have passed the superstitious mark
 Placed betwixt us and thee.

JUBAL.

Curses attend your courteousness!—Oh me!
 Who shall dissolve this night's enigma? who
 Release my soul perplexed?
 Where is Neanthes? he that was my friend?
 Ah! whither vanished?

I'll see no more, I'll shut my aching eyes—
 Help—mercy—help! if ever righteous Heaven
 Did hear a wretch in hour of woe, now send
 Thy present help to drag me from the pit—
 What though I shut my eyes, they still are there,
 Subtle like lightning through the fleshy veil.
 What boots it that my dreadful horse is gone?
 My feet involuntary move—I mount, I rise,
 And up a flight of granite steps am forced
 Against my will to climb—
 Immeasurably long!—my swimming eye
 Dare not turn back—for there on either side
 A violent cataract rushes down
 With arrowy swiftness, strong enough to sweep
 Rome to the ocean, Thebes with all her gates!

A SHADE (*ascending the steps with JUBAL.*)

Weep no more,
 Thy toil is o'er,
 The terrors of this night are passed;
 For at our hall
 This magic thrall
 Of midnight dreams no more will last;
 Our doors of brass are open wide,
 And in ten thousand spirits glide

With banners and processions gay,
 A few more steps will bring us there,
 A few more steps will then declare
 What mighty lords are those whom we obey.
 Oh, hear ye not the music?—now
 The shawms and trumpets loudly blow.
 The serpents snort their tragic bass;
 The cannons roaring deep and strong
 Announce the revels of that place,
 More pompous far
 Than when red war
 Restored to Rome her victors high,
 Who, on white steeds superbly prancing
 With chained kings and chiefs advancing,
 To Jove the ruler of the Latian sky
 Ascribed their country's arms, their crowns, and
 victory.

JUBAL.

Who guards the summit of the flight of steps?
 And who are they that on enormous beasts
 Are posted at the doors?

A SHADE.

 Big men of old,
 Great lords and puissant, who before the flood
 Held many sceptres; and the beasts they ride

Are now extinct, but once their double jaws
 On flesh and grass amphibious fed ; their legs
 For seizing prey like human arms were made,
 To all parts turning, and their brushy tails
 Served them for rudders, when thro' whistling winds
 They leapt the forest boughs and cracking pines.

JUBAL.

I dare not pass them.

A SHADE.

They will do no harm ;

A child might lead them.

JUBAL.

Oh, what heavenly youths!

What glorious beauty in their face! O Flood,
 Thou wert most merciless to drown such kings ;
 I never saw their equals.

ONE OF THE KINGS.

Yes, we were beautiful, and we had power—
 And if the time allowed we might relate
 The glory of our kingdoms, and the tale
 Of our most noble families——
 But now thou must not loiter here—Away ;
 Descend into the Hall, and there behold
 All things that Sense pronounces curious,
 Things that have passed without a name or date

In centuries before our days, and deeds
That father Time is nursing in his breast
As embryos yet unborn.

JUBAL.

I will not pass
Till I have learnt your story—

ONE OF THE KINGS.

Hence! begone!
Inquisitive youth, for when these doors are passed
More will be told than we can ever tell.
The time is short—for when the saffron morn
Flames in the east, this spell of magic power
Will vanish quickly—hasten then away
Before Hyperion's royal march begins.

[JUBAL and the company of SHADES pass
through the doors, and the mountain
scenery instantly assumes its usual ap-
pearance.]

IANA alone in the Mountains—Midnight.

Oh dark, dark, dark! the moon has hid her lamp
Behind thick clouds that will not roll away
To give me comfort, though on scenes of sin
And midnight riots there be light enough
And more than 's wanted—only for an hour
I seek her aid. But who will hear? that hour
Might take me to the spot where Jubal is,
And save him from the enemy. I thought
He would have kept his oath; nor, when I slept,
Did I suppose he would have left my bed
To steal away with that most treacherous foe
And work his wicked will: Oh Heavens! I quake
And tremble at their purpose. My torn heart
Is too disturbed to think of prayer; alas!
The wretched are too apt to turn from God
And seek the world's poor comfort. I will pray,
Prayer will do more than my weak wounded feet,
Already bleeding with the stones. O God!
Thou who dost never close the gates of mercy,
Forgive me that I thought not first on thee,
The only succour in adversity. [*She prays.*

Now to my dreadful journey, where my eye
 Sees nothing but obscure and ebon shades
 Of night and error—What is that object there?
 Is it a rock or tree? or have I found
 A house of man, one of those pine-built sheds
 Where Alpine shepherds dwell to tend their goats?
 What ho there! is any one within?
 I wish to make inquiries of a friend
 Who passed this way about an hour ago.

THE PEASANT (*from the window*).

Who knocks there?

IANA.

A way-worn traveller, my friend.

PEASANT.

A ghost! a ghost!

IANA.

Fear not, friend, for I
 Am flesh and blood—Open your door, I pray.

PEASANT'S WIFE (*within*).

What do you see there, husband, has it a head?

PEASANT.

Ay marry, dame! and deadly pale it is—
 All dressed in white.

PEASANT'S WIFE.

Strike it: bring out the sword.

JUBAL.

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PEASANT.

I left it in the village.

IANA.

Gentle friends,

I cannot do you harm, I am no ghost.
I am a poor deserted woman, wandering here
To find my husband. Do not be alarmed,
But give me your assistance.

PEASANT.

Wife, what say you?

PEASANT'S WIFE.

Keep the door shut, I say; it is a spirit
That walks about these parts, I know it is:
This very night, about three hours ago,
Two figures upon horseback galloped past,
I saw their horses' hoofs all streaming fire—
It was not merely sparks, but fire—
Right down the eastern path they went, that leads
To the rock head, and if they had been men
They had been crushed to atoms, but I saw
Them safe on the other side, and galloping on—
This is but one of these same wandering devils.

PEASANT.

Lord protect us!

PEASANT'S WIFE.

Amen! with all my heart.

PEASANT.

In Moses' name, who smote the sea, begone!
 By all the names of wonder in the heavens
 Begone! I know you not—This house
 Fears God, you have no power with us—Avaunt!

IANA.

For mercy's sake assist me, friend! I want
 To know more of these men you talked of.

PEASANT'S WIFE.

What shall we do? let out the dogs upon it.

PEASANT.

It will glide in through any little chink
 If once the door is opened—Say your prayers—
 I will stand here and watch it through the crevice.

IANA.

It is no use; their surly ignorant souls
 Know no compassion for a wretch like me.
 I must away—Farewell, uncourteous friend,
 I will not further trouble you—farewell—
 Heaven grant the day may never come when you
 Yourself shall ask for aid and find it not.—

Now, whither may I turn? it is too dark
 To find the path, nor if the light were here
 Blazing in brilliant noon could I find out
 The road that Jubal took; nor the bright sun,

Nor broad-disk'd moon, nor all the twinkling stars
Can shew the tortuous paths of crime.
Here will I sit, abandoned and forlorn,
On the sharp rock, to wail the livelong night
With inward pangs; and if the prowling wolf
Should seize me for his meal what matters it?
For man, man whom we love, is savager
Than wolves and bears; he fiercely wounds the heart
Who has no need to feed on blood nor tear
With dire barbarity that he may live.

Sweet Morning! slumber not too long, but soon
Arise to cheer me with thy wholesome beams,
Who with pale shades and sickly forms of death
Am doomed to pass my lamentable watch
In tears and sighs and unavailing prayers.

JUBAL *and* NEANTHES.

NEANTHES.

What seest thou, Jubal?

JUBAL.

Nothing—all is gone;
Pomp and magnificence, and royal shades

And gorgeous sights quite vanished—this is strange.

NEANTHES.

Dost thou hear nothing?

JUBAL.

Nothing.

NEANTHES.

Come with me

A little further on; now tell me, friend,
If aught thou seest or hearest?

JUBAL.

Now, methinks,

We seem to stand upon a mountain's brow
Some thousand toises high, and down beneath
Is rolling a deep storm of mists obscure
With momentary streaks of light, as if
The sun were dipped in blood and burning there
Through sulphurous clouds—I hear a confused noise
Of tongues, and popular acclaim, plebeian shouts,
Strife and seditious uproar—cannons now,
Or some tremendous instruments of war
Exploding violently—martial sounds,
Cymbals and kettledrums or thundering gongs
Groaning to eastern fights—the earth, she quakes—
Lend me your hand; we shall be swallowed up.

JUBAL.

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NEANTHES.

Peace: all will be quiet soon.

JUBAL.

Now the thick smoke
Rolls off like morning mists; I see below
A flight of steps immense.

NEANTHES.

Let us descend.

JUBAL.

O curiosity, thy paths are hell,
Thy end destruction! but I have begun,
And will go on though Beelzebub himself
Should cross my path.

NEANTHES.

Spoke like a man, my friend,
I give you joy; come, we must hasten on.

JUBAL.

Just Heavens! what strange sensations hold me now!
My heart dilates, my bosom feels expanded,
I seem to fly or skim along the ground;
A maddening whirl of Bacchanalian joy
Or opium dreams is on my brains, my nerves
Tingle, and my eyes expand; I see
And hear with ten-fold powers, as one whom with
His viny spear the two-horned Boy has touched.

NEANTHES.

No wonder,
 Not every one can bear this atmosphere,
 Here the component parts of air reject
 Their wonted union : oxygen unmixed,
 Pure, unalloyed, the vital stream of life
 Has short-lived sway and passes on ; then comes
 The azotic influence of sharp nitrogen,
 Of thrilling and ecstatic force sublime,
 Searching the very marrow of the bones.

JUBAL.

O joy, joy, joy ! I feel that I can fly—
 Surely I am immortal now !

NEANTHES.

No, my friend,
 This is deception of the senses ; soon
 Your feelings will be altered, for around
 Is curling in the vault that sleepy gas
 Of carbon ; see its ponderous stream
 Rolls lazily along, succeeded quick
 By light-winged hydrogen's exalting power,
 Spurning the earth and rushing up to heaven.

JUBAL.

What ruddy regions of combustion these !
 Is it not dangerous ?

JUBAL.

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NEANTHES.

We need not fear,
We are made proof against all danger now.

JUBAL.

We should be salamanders. See
What spouts of fire are rising from the earth!
Fountains of flame much larger at their base
Than old cathedrals or the monstrous bulk
Of pyramids: they spring so fiercely up
One cannot scan their height.

NEANTHES.

They cleave this vault,
And re-appear above ground on the heads
Of sulphurous rocks and steep volcanic hills,
Shaking the world and deafening mortal ears
With the hot roarings of their chimney-tops.

JUBAL.

Oh, this is grand, sublime!

NEANTHES.

Ay, these
Are nature's mighty fire-works, fit to look on,
Not the poor pastimes of an earthly king
To please a gaping mob; for they have strength
To frighten all the monarchs of the world,

To melt their cities, and their realms upheave
With their immeasurable flames.

JUBAL.

Hark ! I hear a voice.

NEANTHES.

Do not be alarmed,
It is the Spirit of the fire who thus
Gives out his solemn oracle—Attend.

THE VOICE.

Earth is my portion,
Sea is my cup,
When the Lord gives the word
I shall swallow them up ;
My rival the water
Has had his short day,
But mine will be coming
To sweep them away.
At present they make me
A vassal and slave,
But at last they shall find me
Much worse than the wave.
Volcanoes are roaring
To give them a sign,
And make them remember

This fury of mine;
 Gomorrah and Sodom,
 That smoke on the plain,
 May shew what I'll do
 When I'm let loose again.
 The skies shall dissolve,
 And the elements melt,
 And my reign throughout space
 Shall be horribly felt;
 And when all things are lost,
 And shall rise again never,
 I shall still burn in hell
 For ever and ever.

JUBAL.

These are most dreadful secrets.

NEANTHES.

Come along!

Do not be musing there—what are thy thoughts?

JUBAL.

I'm thinking of the final reign of fire,
 And how those souls that have denied the Lord
 Of light will suffer endless burnings; perhaps—

NEANTHES.

Break off these rhapsodies, and turn your eyes
 To those fair realms and mellow fields of gold,

Where Mammon reigns ; these are his paths that lead
 To mortal secrets, man is only known
 By gold ; gold opens secrets of the heart
 Better than wine, for Bromius ruins scores,
 But great king Mammon his ten thousands slays.

JUBAL.

Ephemeris with powdered wing
 In crazy circles fluttering,
 Thou foolish, upstart, brainless thing,
 Dancing reckless to the grave!
 Knowest thou not thine hour is nigh,
 Knowest thou not that thou must die
 Before the sun has left the sky
 To steep his hot wheels in the wave ?

EPHEMERIS.

Moody mortal, well I know
 The hour of death's expected blow,
 Which soon, alas, must lay me low.
 And stop my merry fluttering.
 But thou, fond man, might surely find,
 By looking wisely to thy kind,
 Examples of as weak a mind
 To check thy gloomy muttering.
 What are all your idle fancies,
 All your labours after joy,

Thoughtless, brain-confounding dances
After some fantastic toy !
Ask for all those noisy kings
With whom forgotten history rings
Through the wide regions of the East—
Where are they ? where ? all sunk and gone,
As in the wave some pebble-stone
Rolled by a sea-bird from the rock.
Earth heard awhile their stunning shock ;
She saw them pass superbly on—
Before the bright beams of the sun,
In the gay pomp of rich attire,
Like us the dazzling flies of fire—
But ere his course was duly run
He saw them vanish, fall, expire !
Where then the difference ? thou and I
Must dance about our time and die.
I for some years—to me a day
Is given to finish all my play :
But when thou'rt fallen—and fall thou must—
When thou art crumbled into dust,
How will forthcoming ages see
That thou, poor worm, outlivedst me !
Think on immense eternity !
A thousand years are yesterday,
A thousand years soon pass away ;

And yet they do not take one hour
 From time's immeasurable power,
 A power that strengthens by decay.
 Time from his lordly watch-tower sees
 Us wretched Ephemerides
 Dancing out our little day,
 Playing out our little play,
 And then like snow-drifts melting quick away.
 Go then, churl, and teach me not—
 I laugh at thy unenvied lot,
 Which if it longer lasts than mine
 Sees thee ten times more repine,
 Groaning ten times more with grief,
 Ever hopeless of relief—
 Abased, confounded, shattered, worn,
 Hewed to the earth by pain and scorn,
 Trampled, despised, detested, cursed,
 Created last, in misery first.

NEANTHES.

Jubal, that powdered coxcomb has a tongue
 For objuration! how the fellow talks!
 He's an adept in rhetoric;
 I should not like to have him my opponent
 In any school of logic.

JUBAL.

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JUBAL.

You banter me—

Fools will talk.

NEANTHES.

And sensibly sometimes.

We know a gad-fly stings a lion fierce,
And a small wasp can drive a large bull mad.

JUBAL *to an* APPARITION.

Why pumpest thou, O wizard carl? thy thews
For nothing should not labour so.

APPARITION.

I pump

For blood.

JUBAL.

For blood! whence comes it?

APPARITION.

Mother Earth,

Who nurseth men, is for her liberal care
Repaid by blood, which through her rocky chinks
Oozes down hither.

JUBAL.

Bah! I would not work

At such a task.

APPARITION.

But it is my office,

And giveth honour. Only think a little
 What heroes and what demi-gods have fallen
 To feed this pump! what prayers have bishops said
 To bless the swords that pricked this bloody river!
 How the cathedrals with "Te Deums" sounded
 When thirty thousand christian soldiers
 Fell like thick locusts on the fields!

JUBAL.

I grant
 That kings and emperors feed this sewer, but I
 Think it worse for that.

APPARITION.

Out, dog! who art thou
 To ridicule the work of Earth's grandees?
 Hast thou not seen the pomp and ornament,
 The bright caparisons, the sounding bits,
 The jangling swords, the epaulets and feathers,
 The button-studded coats, the silver lace,
 The golden tags, the twisted balls of wool
 With which the guardians of the throne and altar
 Are plastered well? and having seen such bravery
 Canst thou condemn these blood-letters?

JUBAL.

Yes,
 I can and do despise them, though they bear

Titles that strain the memory's loaded ear.
 In ancient days vile thieves on crosses hung,
 Now crosses hang on thieves. O stars, O garters,
 O thistles, shamrock, ribbons, fleur-de-lis,
 Crosses and crescents, and ye other trumpery,
 Baked at court ovens like gilt gingerbread
 'To cram grown babies ; what a world is this,
 What a great doll-house, in whose wide expanse
 Ye are the mark of merit !

APPARITION.

Get along ;
 You grow satirical, and should remember
 That a police with all its host of spies
 Is even in hell : informers flourish here ;
 “ *Lese-Majesty* ” is all the fashion ; even he
 Of Capreæ, the Rhodian exile, might
 Rejoice to see our grand establishment.

JUBAL.

What mean these mule-drivers ? their panting beasts
 Are sinking with their load, a yellow ore
 Is glittering in their panniers.

NEANTHES.

Virgin gold,
 Sent by King Mammon's orders up to earth
 To bribe the sons of heaven, and bring them here.

One of those mules will work a world of mischief;
Cities will fall before them; guards and towers
And patriot cataphracts be prostrate laid
By beasts so armed; no one born of woman
Has ever stood their prowess.

JUBAL.

Let us pause
Beneath this tree; its trunk and leaves are gold,
And spread a gentle shade; the air is hot,
And every thing reflects a saffron light
That pains the eyes, I must take shelter here.

NEANTHES.

Well, as you choose, my friend: 'twill do no harm
Though 'tis the tree of evil; on it grow
Millions of tempting fruit to catch the eye.
The love of money is its roots, you see
Them creeping through the golden sand beneath,
Twisted in knots innumerable;
They are all sleeping vipers armed with death.
See, now I touch them.

JUBAL.

How the Furies hiss!
How dart their tongues, and roll their baleful eyes!
Let us away; they'll sting us.

NEANTHES.

Never fear,
I know the art of charming poisonous snakes,
Taught by the Dervishes of Egypt : look,
What dost thou see ?

JUBAL.

A woman very fair,
Or her unhappy shade, in dolorous mood
Rains a repentant shower of bitter woe.
She has the fig-leaf to conceal her shame,
And in her hand a cage she holds, where birds
Unclean of various size are thickly perched ;
The vulture, raven, kite, and horned owl,
Osprey, and cormorant, and many more
Of odious fame, that in contentious fight
Strive for a bloody morsel, tearing it
With beak and talon—'tis a human heart !

NEANTHES.

I know that woman, she is foolish Eve,
Mother of men, and queen of Paradise
But for one fault—and close beside her sits
The great uxorious protoplast of man,
Adam, the father of you all—
Man's heart that cage, is full of unclean birds,
On that they look and sadly weep to see

The dire effects of disobedience—Hark !
She speaks, attend to her—to you she moves.

THE SHADE.

Child of sorrow, why come here,
To these walks of grief and fear ?
Why presumptuous seek to know
The mystery of immortal woe ?
Has earth so little care that you
Must seek to see these tortures too ?
Is heart of man so void of spot,
Is so much sunshine on his lot,
And are the tears so few, so rare
In atmosphere of vital air
That these dire nether halls must be
Ransacked, new agonies to see ?
Be wise, my son, thy steps retrace,
No eye can bear such scenes as these ;
In this obscure, mysterious place
There's all to pain and nought to please—
Thou pausest—well, then, take this fruit,
On thy dimmed eye-balls rub it well,
Squeeze out the poison of its root,
The sharpest drug that spumes in hell,
The mist recedes, thine eyes, thine ears
Are opened—all in light appears—

In undisguised truth behold
The havoc of corrupting gold.

JUBAL.

She vanishes in air : but I perceive,
By aid of this miraculous pharmacy,
Dead bodies strewed around the golden tree
Thicker than hailstones shot by wintry storms—
There lie the skeletons, by fiery winds
Blanched whiter than calcareous rocks, the birds
Or time have robbed them of their fleshy weeds
And left them tombless on the shore outspread,
The dismal witnesses of some great fight.

NEANTHES.

War is not guilty here, themselves destroyed
Themselves, they perished from their thirst of gold,
That sacred famine never to be quenched !
This tree, sown by an enemy, is called
The Upas of the mind, and every soul
Caught by its fruit has died, ignobly died !
Ah, think how many thus to be deceived,
Thus lured and slain by the pestiferous shade !
All these were pilgrims in the vale of life,
Poor pilgrims ; foolish they and doubly blind,
Perverse and wilful, thus to leave the path
Of light, and choose the road that leads to death.

Nor were the presages or omens few
 Of danger in these regions ; on they went
 Like moths to torches, and when here arrived,
 (Their wished-for rest!) they plucked the fruit and
 slept,
 And from those slumbers never rose again !
 What multitudes of victims !
 Their homes they left, their parents, children, wives ;
 Scorned every danger, overcame all foes,
 Flood, fire, beasts, tempests, violence, or fraud,
 All that was good or bad—persuasion, love,
 Truth, wisdom, friendship, justice—scorn'd them all ;
 Vain were Hell's threats, and vain thy bribes, O
 Heaven !

JUBAL.

Leave we this place ; I cannot bear the sight,
 The excess of carnage sickens me, my soul
 Sinks with such horrors.

NEANTHES.

You turn pale, my friend,
 But be composed, for worse remains to see,
 And you must conquer your great delicacy.
 Hard by this tree the deep and dreary vale
 Of frightful Superstition hides the sins
 And lustful sorceries of her frantic sons.

Now turn thine eyes
To the foul mystery of that thick wood
Near whose internal verge the vale begins ;
There under shade of Stygian rocks forlorn
Walk long-stoled priests to work the fraudulent rites
Of various sects that swarm the populous earth
And drive men mad. Force is the monarch there,
Force is the lord of false religions, he,
High on a granite throne, with iron rod
Marshals his hierophants, and loves to think
How holy frauds perpetuate tyranny.

JUBAL.

These scenes have scared me so, I scarce have courage
To pass the limits of the wood.

NEANTHES.

What ! young philosopher ! art thou alarmed
And thus confounded by a shadow ?

JUBAL.

Well,

Lead on—I am determined to endure it all.
How dark this wood, how tangled are its paths !
But we are now descending, and I see
Strange figures flitting thro' the chequered shade,
Lights moving rapidly, and all the vale
Replete with thronging multitudes.

H

NEANTHES.

Attend!

You must not lose a word that's said—
The monarch speaks and all the world is mute.

FORCE.

Spirits, begin; let all the different shades
Lead their processions towards this royal throne,
And then pass off in separate files diverse,
Right hand and left—let Superstition first
With all her gods commence the solemn march,
Her banners wide displayed; Despotism next,
And his long train of soul-subduing woes;
And then shall come the Passions and the Crimes,
The sutlers of his camp—and mind ye tell
Your darkest secrets and most hidden springs
Of action to the soul that asks; I give the word,
Whom Sea, and Earth, and Hell acknowledge—FORCE.

JUBAL.

What deafening noise is that like thunder-clouds
Talking through trumpets?

NEANTHES.

The great voice of Force,
Whom man's apostacy has made supreme.
He tossed the rebel angels down from heaven,
By God's command, into the drear abyss,

With shame and ruin in their rear ; the bolts
Of fire divine consuming all their force,
And smouldering to hell's gates—I heard the crash
Of routed myriads, dashed against the peaks
Of adamantine rocks, and sounding steel
That echoed to their armour ; Tyrant Force
Heaped on their blasted pride enormous loads
Of mountains, there to seal them in their dens.
Force waked the Flood, and called him from the caves
Of Ocean to blot out the world—he too rides
In northern storms, and howls along the sea
The sailor's funeral, vexing with his voice
The creaking navy.
Force binds the world at either pole with chains
Of dismal ice, and when the winds are mad
In arctic regions, you may see him drive
Huge crystal mountains to a noisy war
Tremendous, shivering in the assault
And crumbling into dust by furious blows ;
Whilst whales and frightened monsters of the deep
Flee from the tumult to their deepest caves.

JUBAL.

See, see ! what ugly beasts are crowding here !
How can my eye take in such troops of brutes ?
All monstrous things, all shapes abominable ;

Dragons and hydras, and astounding forms
With limbs deficient or superfluous, here
A Theban sphinx, Echidna serpent-tailed,
And Typhons growling o'er Canopian foam ;
There Indian dæmons, many-headed gods,
Close followed by a host more numerous,
Omnigenous monsters of fanatic Nile.
Here is a cat arrayed in gold : a dog
In Melibæan stole superbly dressed,
Crowned with bright jewels, and a grand display
Of guards and marshals, grooms and lords of state,
Pages and chamberlains ; and there an ox
Tricked out in costly tapestry, on whose horns
Rests the bright sun refulgent ; there a snake
Or hideous crocodile with diamonds girt,
Ear-rings and bracelets, all of precious stones.
An execrable ape, filthy, obscene,
Drawn in a silver car ; and next to these
A snorting hippopotamus, an eel,
A beetle, and an ibis, and, alas !
A Phallus foul and ugly borne along
By sacred priests and elders ; Oh that men
So reverend should so disgrace themselves
By such lewd pieties ! woe's me, the crowd
Is still increasing, men with elephant-snouts

And heads of dogs or hawks : O dreadful shapes
 Of many legs and arms ! studded with eyes,
 With eyes thick studded, shooting lambent flame.

A DOG dressed in royal robes.

And why despise us, for the Ethiop race
 That worshipped dogs grew tired of other lords
 And placed me on the throne—in me you see
 Their royalty and awful godhead joined.
 The dynasty of puppies long had sway
 After my death, and whilst I reigned the land
 Was faithful to my sceptre ; at my court
 Were sleeked-faced prelates and philosophers,
 Framers of law most grave and venerable,
 Men of deep learning, courtiers smooth and sly,
 Place-men and pensioners, or noble lords
 Plotting and counter-plotting, telling lies,
 Fawning and wheedling, worming into power,
 And vexing my dog-heart with royal cares.

JUBAL.

What were the acts that marked your Highness'
 reign ?

THE DOG.

Oh, my prime minister would go to war
 Because the Egyptians had dethroned their king !
 He said, 'twas shocking that a royal head

Should be deposed, it was a dangerous precedent
 And might affect my godship ; so we fought
 Pell-mell ; ten thousand pounds of virgin gold
 Were spent in preparation, and we killed
 Half the Egyptian nation ; burned their towns,
 Ravished some myriad maids, dashed out the brains
 Of new-born babes, and so restored the king.

JUBAL.

Your highness was a mighty warrior.

THE DOG.

True,

The world resounded with my victories,
 But in the height of triumph and of power
 The fell distemper killed me.

JUBAL.

Damage dire !

Loss past all utterance !

THE DOG.

My good subjects mourned
 For thirty days, sitting in dust and ashes.
 A thousand babies by their parent's hands
 Were strangled to appease my ghost, and I
 Was pickled in Arabia's perfumed drugs,
 Myrrh and frankincense, and my holy corpse
 Enshrined in gold was hid from mortal eyes,

Or only shewn when some most pious fool
Had vowed his life to pacify my shade.

THE BULL APIS.

And me in Memphis' royal town
The crazed enthusiasts pressed to see,
They gave my sleek sides beds of down,
And every high-wrought luxury.
They poured rich scents upon my head,
And offered incense all day long,
And priests adorned my marriage-bed,
And virgins soothed my ear with song.

With awe they kissed my tail and horn,
They hung fine tapestry on my sides,
They gave me perfumed hay and corn,
And milk-white heifers for my brides;
I ate and drank, and wooed my cows,
And slept and bellowed till I died,
And after death they paid me vows,
And shrined me in imperial pride.

MOHAMMED.

I too my falsehoods taught to man
Where warm Arabia's realm of odours lies
Basking beneath her superstitious skies,

Ripe for imposture and for crime—
There in her aromatic shades
I laid my wicked plan,
And taught her warlike youths and amorous maids
That they should see the time
When Islam's rod triumphantly should go
Superior over every foe ;
And I their Prophet at the last should be
Dispenser of eternity,
When in the spicy walks above
They should be crowned with glory and with love.
But ere that happy hour
Sights should be seen, and sounds unblest
Announce the short reign of some impious power ;
The sun should rise from the astonished West
And sink into the Eastern main ;
At Mecca a prodigious beast
Should feed on fat of nations slain,
Whose head some thousand cubits high
Should shake the tottering pillars of the sky ;
That Constantine's imperial town,
Crazed by my faithful follower's cry,
With tower and walls should tumble down ;
And Gog and Magog on the earth
Create a pestilential dearth,

And with their armies drink the ocean dry ;
And mad Euphrates back return
With haste to fill his frightened urn,
By which shall then be brought to light
A heap of rubies glistening bright,
And gold for those who pray to me
With fervor and fidelity ;
But those who doubt and will not pray
A cold north wind shall sweep away,
And they with screams and groans be hurled
Beyond the confines of the frozen world.
Then, then shall come,
Announced by Raphael's doubling drum,
The long-expected Judgment-day,
When the great spirit Israfil shall play
A march for souls to leave the tomb.
Earth then shall liberate her womb,
And pour her rotten millions forth ;
The North, the East, the West, the South,
Shall team with criminals, and then
The false uncircumcised men
In base and bestial shapes
Like hogs and apes,
Broiled by the sun's intolerable heat,
Shall burst into a streaming sweat,

Steeped to the chin in liquor vile
Exuding from their own cursed forms.
The sun not distant half a mile,
Nor mist, nor rain, nor veil of storms,
Shall shade one hour their simmering brains,
Or cool their flesh, or mitigate their pains.—
Meanwhile I,
Throned in the spangles of the starry sky,
Shall open wide Al-Jannat's bowers,
And bid advance,
In rosy dance,
Young Spring with gay perennial flowers,
To hang them on the Tûba tree
That blooms to all eternity.
The Faithful then shall enter in,
And, purged from sin,
Drink at the musky pond the draught of life ;
There shall be then nor care nor strife,
But joy and loud festivity.
And silver pipes and jocund song
Of those who feast upon liver
Of Balaam's ass, or quaff the river
Al-Cawthor flowing deep and strong.
Or some shall stray where beauteous dwell
The houri in their pearly shell,

In perfect joy to sink to rest
On many an amber-breathing breast,
And sleep voluptuously until
Waked by the song of Israfil,
Whose blessed harmonious thrilling voice
Makes every tree in Heaven rejoice,
And their symphonious leaves prolong
The echoed raptures of his song.
Oh ! could you hear my sweet bells ringing,
My nightingales and houri singing,
And could ye smell the musky wind
And see the splendour of my fabled sky,
Ye might embrace the fascinating lie,
With me to live, content with me to die.

A TALMUDIST.

Pass on, Mohammed, and let me explain
The fopperies and strange opinions broached
By us the sect of Pharisees, whose gloss
On sacred scripture so obscured the truth
That nought but lies remained ; we walked
Superbly clad in venerable robes
With fringes and phylacteries ; in front
A boy proclaimed with sound of silver trump
Our wisdom, charity and learning ; then
In the rich precincts of the house of God

We taught traditions and false prophecies,
Unrolling ponderous talmuds, long-drawn skins
Of dreams and mystery and sheer deceit.
How that when Shiloh comes each potentate
Of every realm beneath the sun should send
Their daughters for his bride ; that Michael
The high archangel should collect the Jews
From all the earth, and in the Holy Land
Give them a mighty feast of every bird,
Beast, fish, and curious insect ever known ;
And pledge them with a glorious glass of wine
Drawn from old Adam's cellar, and produce
An ox that feeds upon a thousand hills,
And a great bird which laid an egg so big
That falling from its cloud-concealed nest
It brake three hundred cedars, and itself
Crushed in the fall deluged a hundred towns
And threescore villages—this wondrous fowl
Should wade the ocean with its giant legs
Where in the depth incredible an ax
Might sink seven years and never reach the bottom !
And yet the prodigy (so huge its size)
Be only ancle deep : To dreams like these
We added crimes, we compassed sea and land
To gain one proselyte, and made him then

Of hell and misery the tenfold heir.
 We placed all merit in the idlest trash
 Of ceremonious practices ; we washed
 Our cups and tables, but our blotted hearts
 We left deep sullied with infernal spots.
 Lust, avarice, oppression, falsehood, pride,
 Perjury, extortion, every sin that stains
 The human soul——

JUBAL.

Neanthes, lead me hence ; I'll hear no more ;
 Let us go back again.

NEANTHES.

Inglorious youth !
 Where is your boasted courage ? but you tremble—
 Well, follow me—there is no way but this,
 Backward we cannot go, our road is here
 Straight forward.

JUBAL.

Keep the monsters off.

NEANTHES.

Fear not, they will not injure you ; haste on,
 We soon shall pass this vale ; but I meanwhile
 Will tell you as we pass them what they are.
 There prowls the dog Anubis, barking loud
 And howling for Osiris, whom you see

Hawk-headed, though his flesh long since was hewn
Piecemeal by raging Typhon's savage knife.
Much did Queen Isis weep, and travelled long
To find her mangled mate, but him the surge
Rolled vagabond through Nile's pelusian stream,
Till on Phœnicia's coast his corpse was thrown ;
One part the dame eluded, and so gained
Transcendent honours, borne obscenely there
By gross Phallophori : the monstrous shape
In India not unknown, and Lingam named,
To yonder thicket calls the steril dames,
Near whom, grim Jaggernaut's gigantic head
Rolls his carbuncle eyes and flames in gold.
Him on Orissa's plain nigh Chilka lake
All India, frantic India's sons adore ;
Countless the pilgrims, while the chariot wheels
Bearing the idol's bloody throne, roll on
And grind and crush the victim heavily.
There Indra sits, all covered o'er with eyes
To avoid worse shame, when he was doomed to wear
The object of his lust ; and Brahma next
Springs out of Vishnu's navel, as he sleeps
Recumbent on the ocean's tranquil stream.—
There come the gods of Greece, names not unknown,
More graceful though not less impure, as those

Fantastic damsels, ivy-crowned, will shew ;
 By wine and lust tormented, noisy rout !
 They toss their arms in air, and with strong hands
 Uproot the nodding ash or bending pine,
 Then hie them on, and make the rocks resound,
 The rocks and hills with the Lenæan God.

JUBAL.

Away, away !
 Pass on, ye shades, I hear and see enough ;
 It is too much
 To view the superstitions crowding thus
 Numerous and hateful, like the stinging flies
 Of populous swarms in drear Hyrcanian woods.
 O go, ye pests,
 Ye ugly Gods and Dæmons, vanish all,
 Whether of classic or barbarian growth.
 Dictæan Jove, and all his brilliant train,
 Though lauded in the tunes divine
 Of bards muse-nurtured, blind Mæonides
 Or the Ascrean prophet's sacred song,
 Are sickly visions, detestable lies.
 I heed not their crystalline spheres
 And golden chains extended in the skies,
 Whether by Plato's more than human voice
 Celestially explained, or famed Pythagoras,

Who of mysterious numbers dark things said
And harmonies of chiming spheres,
With eloquent impostures striking dumb
His silent followers.

Nor shall the marble or the breathing brass
Turned to the life and full of classic soul
My senses captivate. These fabled charms
Draw tears and pity from sorrowing eyes
To think that arts and eloquence so great
Should hallow falsehoods and debase the minds
From which they spring.

The greatest prodigy of wondrous things
Is man; he, styled Creation's lord,
Conquers the elements, and in the sea
Drives through the hoary and tempestuous path
Of vexed waters, and the sacred earth
Turns to his faithful vassal, every year
Yielding the proper tribute to her king.

Beasts he subdues that on the mountain-tops
Roar hungry horrors, and the gallant horse
And steady ox he makes his common slaves;
His buildings set at nought the rugged darts
Of driving tempests, and his skill the assault
Of every malady that wounds the frame.

And yet this wisdom-hunter great and good,

Victorious, provident, supremely wise,
 Worships the vilest brutes, and plants in Heaven
 The odious emblems of his crimes and lust,
 Crimes that his soul abhors——
 O pliant soul of man !
 Resolve the riddle, and if not a god,
 Throw off thy trammels and surpass the brute.

NEANTHES.

Now, Jubal, bind thy breast with triple brass,
 Encase thy heart with oak, and summon up
 Adventurous spirits for high enterprise ;
 Throw off considerate fear and doubting thoughts
 That pause between the attempt and execution :
 For we are posting to still blacker scenes
 Where sin and blasphemy rage hand in hand,
 Where witches ride the air, and profane things
 Are done in darkness.

JUBAL.

I perceive it well,
 The vale we just have left is full of joys
 Compared with what is promised in advance
 By the prodigious sounds that come this way,
 I can make nothing of them——

NEANTHES.

We shall see

And understand it all; take hold of me,
 I know the way, and do not want a lantern—
 There in that dark recess the sorcerers
 Of the four elements are going to fill
 Their red alembics with unholy drugs
 And work their cursed charms.

JUBAL.

I cannot find my way, it is so dark.

NEANTHES.

Here is our lantern then, a human skull
 With naphtha fed; it gives a feeble light
 Thro' its two eye-holes, but will serve our purpose,
 We shall not want it long.—Now tell me, Scull,
 Whose head wert thou?

SCULL.

I was a murderer once,
 A captain of banditti.

NEANTHES.

Where, good Scull?

SCULL.

In beautiful Calabria's hills and woods,
 The terror of the country round; at last
 I was betrayed and hung upon a gibbet,
 For crows and kites a fine repast, and here
 I am at last like many other rogues.

JUBAL.

It is a hateful thing and thrills my nerves,
 I will not have a murderer for my guide,
 Nor have we need of any light, for see,
 Like the hot summer-lightning's midnight volleys,
 Long streaks of flame illumine all the smoke
 And shew us in the depth of that dark den
 Huge brazen boilers ranged upon the stoves ;
 The ovens are red hot, and with the steam
 Rise in the rolling vapour ugly toads
 And salamanders—Oh that filthy smell,
 Most execrable stench !

NEANTHES.

It can't be otherwise.

JUBAL.

Why, I pray you ?

NEANTHES.

Oh they are boiling brains of kings and fat
 Of hypocrites.

JUBAL.

The odious fiends ! alas,
 The air is full of fat and oily smoke,
 Thick drops of grease ride heavy on the night
 And rain a carrion shower ; my eyes
 And throat are choaked with this unnatural fog.

NEANTHES.

Certainly it is not such a shower
 As balmy May pours on her beds of roses,
 Nor smells so sweet as gales from Eastern bowers,
 Fanning the cheeks of amorous youths that pen
 Dissolving ditties for Sultana's ears ;
 But yet it has a smack of grave philosophy
 Such as anatomists and chemists love.

JUBAL.

Neanthes, you said right, I should be armed
 With triple brass to face these apparitions—
 Long-sheeted ghosts slipped from their several graves
 Are sweeping past me ; some without their heads
 Fresh from the block, and others with their limbs
 Diminished by the sharks or ravenous beasts,
 Others with sea-weed sticking to their bones
 And polypusses growing on their heads,
 'Scaped from the ocean where they have laid long
 Covered with shell-fish and sea-urchins rough.

A SHADE.

Help, help, help !

JUBAL.

Who is that cries

For help so piteously ?

NEANTHES.

That ancient Hag,
 Well known and a great favourite above ground,
 Pomp taking physic ; they have held her down
 And tied her arms behind her, wretched creature.
 What horrible grimaces ! how she shrieks !
 They give her wormwood and she vomits up
 Titles and pedigrees ; they beat her well
 And squeeze her loaded stomach—now they tear
 By force from off her flesh her peacock plumes
 Which she by art and many a sage contrivance
 Had taught to grow ; she bleeds at every pore.

JUBAL.

My ear is stunned by a most frightful yell,
 What is it ?

NEANTHES.

Don't you see ?

JUBAL.

Oh yes !
 The fiends and sorcerers are laughing loud
 And flogging hard a wolf.

NEANTHES.

Avarice
 They call that wolf, a gaunt and famished beast,
 Plundering and never satisfied, and still

Living on hopes of plunder ; him long since
Dante the divine comedian saw,
And feared, until the Mantuan promised aid.

CHORUS.

Bring the mattock, bring the spade,
Dig and delve, ye wizards all,
Under this mysterious shade
We will hold our funeral.
The mourners now
With gloomy brow,
Clad in pompous solemn stole
And in grey monastic serge,
Troll their sleepy dismal dirge,
Weeping for some piteous soul.
'Tis not cypress, nor old yew,
Nor juniper with leaves so blue,
Nor laurel's glistening ebon shade
Beneath whose roots the corpse is laid ;
We have other church-yard trees
Sobbing to the sulphurous breeze,
Arborescent salt and blood ;—
High upon the crystal spray
Bigot owls that hate the day
Peep and mutter at our spells ;
Their large eyes see our charms are good ;

Joined by ravens, fowls obscene,
 Croaking from their throats unclean,
 Hoarse discordant tones of woe,
 To us who boil our pots below.

FIRST WIZARD.

What says the alembic ?

SECOND WIZARD.

It is working well,
 The gold sublimes—but where is the retort ?
 We must refine the essence.

THIRD WIZARD.

Ah, this stone,
 This crystal sphere, upon whose side is written
 The zodiac and its signs, begins to darken
 From pure transparency to milky mists,
 From mists to clouds, from clouds to ebon black ;
 It does not often do so ; we shall have
 Rare sport to night.

FIRST WIZARD.

The liquid boils.

SECOND WIZARD.

Prepare,

Prepare—now for our libation.

FIRST WIZARD.

See !

I pour it on the earth, it sinks like fire

Shot from the heavens upon the hissing turf;
 Earth yawns before the liquid, see she gapes
 Her rocky jaws, and I behold ascending
 Our most mysterious, most retiring friends,
 That cannot bear the light.

NEANTHES,

Old Arioeh comes,
 Spirit of vengeance, on a crimson bull—

ARIOCH *to* NEANTHES.

Spy, slave, and king! what can I do for thee?

NEANTHES.

Nothing—nothing at all—be silent—

ARIOCH.

Well,

I will obey—but art thou not fatigued
 With such a weight of laurel? lose a little,
 Lose somewhat of thy princely dignity, and then
 Thou wilt become a greater king—the peasant
 Feeds vipers in his ignorance—adieu.

FIRST WIZARD.

Here is the Lamén which Jamblicus wrote,
 A waxen tablet, Alpha and Omega
 In mystic centre of triangles twain,
 Round which a sweepiug circle is inscribed.
 This is most powerful, it stills the winds

And calms the Ocean in his raging fits
 When he bombards the crags ; it lulls the spite
 Of rueful dragons and bull-crushing snakes,
 Making them tame as lambs.

SECOND WIZARD.

Oh give it me,
 For two mad Spirits Nesrach and Kellen come,
 And we must keep them dumb, or they will tell
 Things that Neanthes would not wish divulged.
 Shew them the Sigil and the Pentacle—Behold,
 Ye riotous lords ! this is your spell.

JUBAL.

Their eyes
 Are turned on me, they beckon with their hands,
 And shake their heads, and point to thee, Neanthes ;
 How ghastly are their looks !—

NEANTHES.

Demons ! peace,
 Peace ! and pass on—or if that ye will speak,
 Speak oracles—the tetragrammaton
 Which I hold here must seal your babbling lips.

THE WIZARDS.

Oh fear them not, my lord—they pass away
 And others take their place. There goes a patriarch
 Hanged by a raging Turk at Jesu's shrine ;

Deep were the groans, and loud the pious strains
 Of litanies and solemn chaunts to wail his death ;
 Four-score long years he sighed on earth, but now
 He wears for ever an immortal crown !
 So rest the good ! so reign the brave above !

JUBAL.

But what had he to do in this dark place ?

NEANTHES.

He came

Like a swift meteor for a moment, now
 His soul is countless ages off—he saw
 Just in death's agonies how fierce a heat
 Of flame was raging for the tyrant—then
 He mounted never to come down again.

JUBAL.

Eternal blessings on his memory !

NEANTHES.

Well, leave the old dead patriarch in the skies—
 The wizards are preparing to revive
 The various corpses that descend from earth,
 By sprinkling charmed liquids on their bodies
 Fresh from the bubbling caldrons, that the soul.
 Roused by the spell, may seek again its case.
 And for a season answer to their power.

A WIZARD.

Take off your caps, my brethren of the arts,
Lower your broomsticks, let your pitchforks down,
And close your eyes, and look most grave and sad,
To greet the funeral of the king.

JUBAL.

What king?

WIZARD.

Some one who lately died above, and now
Comes hither for the ever-hungry worm.

JUBAL.

But of what nation was he, Wizard?

WIZARD.

I know not, 'tis all one—but silence now—
Pray look respectful and attentive, brothers;
Here are great men and dignities that carry
The velvet pall, the coffin rich with gold
And blazing arms is born by noble lords.

CHORUS.

The king, the king! make way there, give us room.

JUBAL.

O wicked ridicule, O impious sight!

WIZARD.

How now, stranger, what's the matter?

JUBAL.

See! the train of mourners
Are beasts tricked out in masks like living men.
A grave archbishop acted by a hog!
He bears a velvet cushion fringed with gold,
And on it rests a gilded book;
Behind him walks with pompous pace and slow
An almoner with tapers in his hands;
And next a choir of chaunters dressed in white,
With copes and tippetts, hoods and mourning scarfs;
Great lords high-pedigreed
With long black cloaks and grimly-nodding plumes!
Rich pursuivants, and heralds two and two,
Mace-bearers, equerries in sooty trim;
Yeomen and seneschals, and many a page,
Grooms of all sorts and sizes—monkeys all
And mouthing apes!
And next to these
The judges of the law in long white wigs,
Sergcant and counsellors, and doctors grave,
Joined with the clerical herd;
Deans and archdeacons, prebends, golden stalls,
Well fed and fat, decorous, sleek, and smooth—
Oh what a grunting, what a noise they make,
What chattering, mouthing, bellowing, brutal sounds.

The ARCHBISHOP officiating : an Anthem.

Let us now praise famous men,
Our sires and lords of old,
Who ruled o'er kingdoms and subdued,
By force, or fraud, or gold.
Who by their councils deep and sly
The people did betray,
And shewed that by profound deceit
They could retain the sway.
They led the people by the nose,
And taught them many a lie,
And by their knowledge of the art
Did talk most fluently.
They found out tunes and verses made,
And fiddled all day long,
And made men mad to hear their notes
And execrable song.
Rich kings were they, and furnished well
With most delicious store;
They ate, and drank, and slept so much
They could do nothing more.
Thus having ate, and drank, and slept,
And sung, and scraped, and lied,
Men praised them for their noble deeds,
And then the wretches died!

RESPONSE.

Their name is fixed on a rock,
It shall last for evermore.

ANTIPHONE.

These are the Lords of the earth,
Whom mortals shall ever adore.

GARTER KING AT ARMS.

I am a Magpie ; and my office is
To chatter men's additions and long names,
And babble out the titles of my lords,
Throned on a perch, calling men fools and rogues,
Villains and pimps, and though at random thrown,
It suits them all ; and for these gentle deeds
Men give me stinking scraps and offal vile
To pamper my foul humour : here I am
Promoted by these very reverend Wizards
To act my part as Garter King at Arms,
And tell the style and title of a king.
“ Here lieth in the dust a mighty monarch,
“ King of Utopia, sovereign of the seas,
“ Defender of the faith, within his realms
“ In every possible case of law supreme.
“ Head of the church, the fountain of all honour,
“ The origin of mercy and benevolence,

“ Who never could do wrong, and never err,
“ And never die, and never be deposed,
“ And never lose his wits, but always be
“ Perfect in wisdom, intellect, and truth :
“ Whose head did brush the skies, whose royal feet
“ Pressed to the centre, and beneath whose shade
“ The world reposed, and yet this Dynast high
“ Is now laid low ; this most umbrageous King
“ Has lost his leaves by wintry-nipping Death,
“ And on the turf lies low, a useless log.”

CHORUS OF MOURNERS.

Woe, woe, woe !

What an excellent King here lies dead,
Let us throw dust of gold on his wonderful head,
Under arches of marble the Monarch shall sleep,
And a crown of fat worms round his temple shall creep.
Cephrenes and Cheops were pickled and dried
To keep off the grave-worm as soon as they died,
But it did them no good, for their old dusty bones
Were stolen when covered with mountains of stones,
So it's better at once to descend to the grave,
Where the hungry may eat both the good and the
brave ;
But if men prefer pomp when they bury the great,
We'll build a fine tomb at the cost of the state,

And virtues and falsehoods inscribed on the bier,
Shall tell all the world what a Monarch rots here.

WIZARD.

Break off the measure; see the coffin lid
Is slowly opened, and the sleeping King
Now wakes obedient to our charms; his eyes,
His ears are closed with powerful seals, which I
Thus break, for though his men of power
Deprived him of his senses, yet in death
A King may see and hear.

THE KING.

Can this be death?

And am I dead at last? the woful hour
Is come which puts an end to all my pomp—
What will the courtiers and blood-royal do
Now that their patron and their lord is gone?
Oceans of briny tears, how ye will flow,
What tears and lamentations will be heard
In all my realms!

WIZARD.

Your Majesty shall take this mirror,
It is of magic mould, and on its face
Shall be pourtrayed the images of things
Now passing on the earth above.

KING.

I do not like this picture—what! my son,
Thou who didst tend my bed of sickness, thou
Who with tears didst kiss my hoary head,
Art thou so soon consoled? and you, O herd
Of lying courtiers, is your love all fled?
No tears, no sighs, no doleful lamentations!
My palace rings with notes of festive joy,
The mourning doffed for spruce fantastic robes
Of masques and revels! nor one single eye
Can churn one decent tear for me the king;
Is this tolerable!

Behold that outcast—'tis the very wretch
I rescued from a dunghill death, to give him
Riches and power, fondly thinking then
His flattery was gratitude—there he stands
Bowling and cringing to the new-made king,
Without a shred of black in all his dress
But glittering in new-spangled bravery,
A May-day fool to please the merry court
With jokes against his ancient friend and lord,
Thrice-steeped perfected hypocrite!
Tell me, ye Wizards, is it always thus?
I pray you, Gentles, give me but an hour,

One single hour, to come to life again
And pounce upon their revels.

WIZARD.

Your Majesty!

It may not be.

KING.

What! not one hour, old Hag?
How would I scare this troop of brilliant lords
And perfumed courtiers with my grizzly locks—
I cannot bear the picture—take the glass,
Or shew me better things.

WIZARD.

Good king, away, thou must not stay,
As we have other deeds to do,
For now advance in mystic dance
The Passions, a terrific crew.
See, see! they come,
From Hell's redounding smoke they rise
With lurid vengeance in their eyes,
They toss their arms,
They shake their hair,
'Tis time to sprinkle stronger charms
And lull the tumult of the air,
Lest fierce explosion burst the cave
And shew to startled realms above

The dungeon secrets of the grave,
Which none but ghosts and wizards love.

A SHADE.

Oh come to me, ye youths and maids,
To glimmering bowers and secret glades,
To moon-light walks of conscious night
Unknown to all but Cynthia's light ;
And when ye've ta'en your fill of pleasure
I'll give you from my glorious treasure
Gifts more rare, more truly sweet
Than eye hath seen or known of yet ;
And thus to thee, thou valiant stranger
Who stoutly scornest every danger,
To taste the joys of Doden Hall
And swell the Wizard carnival,
I give this precious boon—to thee
Young Jubal, lift the veil and see.

JUBAL.

A golden dish the Spirit gives ; its rim
Is studded with resplendent blazing gems,
Diamonds and rubies, thick as brazen nails
That fence a warrior's shield ; beneath this veil
What can be hid more curious ; Powers of darkness !
A grinning death-sculld crowned with sweetest flowers !
And round its filthy jaws a brood of snakes

Roll their entwining folds ! Oh scene of horror !
 The scull resumes its fleshly form once more—
 It is Iäna !—

NEANTHES.

Be not afraid, my friend ; the dream has past,
 The Spirit and her gift have fled away,
 And other shades advance.

JUBAL.

But tell me, did some dark and dismal hint
 Of future mischief and prophetic ill
 Lurk in the odious vision ?

NEANTHES.

Time will shew.

JUBAL.

What awful scenes around me rise,
 What shrieks of woe !
 Forms glance and glare before my eyes,
 Above, below—
 The caverns yawn, the clouds descend,
 And from the green earth's end
 The gods are rising to the light
 In dusky ranks illimitably long !
 Oh for an age of song
 To tell their shapes ; in rolling clouds
 With steeds of fire and trains of flame

I see them take their station proud ;
In guise like this Elijah came
To Heaven's high gate,
In bickering, blazing, royal state,
To claim his blest and bright abode.

What different shades and shapes they bear !
Some like the fair and ruddy morn
On snow-clad peaks of virgin hills,
Or seven-hued rainbows that adorn
The showery fall of mountain rills,
Are crowned with halo of celestial light.
But other fiends of wild affright,
Gloomy as night,
Slowly expand their wiry wings,
And round them frowning Horror sings
Her raven notes of hoarsest woe ;
Where'er they go
The lightning's flash its transient terror flings.

But who is he with fearful eyes,
That in the thickest gloom of whirlwind flies ?
A bloody mark his death betrays—
O Heaven ! how righteous are thy ways
To lay that tyrant head so low

By that same hand that worked such ill
On all the weeping world beside ;
There fell the darkest schemes of crime
Hatched since the mystic birth of time ;
There fell——
Yet how, or when, or where,
Save but in madness and despair,
It boots not now, my soul, to tell.
Oh ever may dread Conscience' sting
Its maddening throes of terror bring
To every heart of scornful mould,
Deaf to the sad and sorrowing slave—
That sells his country's rights for gold,
And hears the wise, the good, the brave
Groan for their liberties in vain——
Or for a freeman's neck prepares a despot's chain.

NEANTHES.

See, Jubal, see, one of those fleeting forms
That stream along the vapour-teeming air
Hangs down her head and weeps her woeful fate ;
And ever and anon she looks behind
With fear and trembling, listening to the bark
Of savage dogs that make the caverns ring
With bay deep-mouthed ; scarce can she move along,
And yet her persecutors urge behind,

And violent shouts of insolence and rage
Bring to her ears the threats of instant death.

JUBAL *to the* SHADE OF LIBERTY.

O weep not thus, thou noble dame,
Nor soil thine eyes with briny woe,
Thy liberal spirit none may tame,
Thy fiery soul is still the same,
And gods above and men below
Can never bend thy sainted head ;
Unfading laurels crown thy virgin brow,
Nor can the bolts that rend the knotted oak
Wither thy strength or lay thy glories low.
Time that has passed can give thee comfort still,
Think of thy foes and all their deeds of ill,
And see how lamentably low they lie!
Without one friend in all this wicked world
To hang a garland on their cankering bier,
Although from grandeur and from glory hurled
They fell without a name and died without a tear.

What could Egyptian Pharaoh do
With all his trampling hosts of pride ?
Who shall point out their tombs, or who
Say where his tyrant myriads died ?

They fell, they fell!
A watery hell
Strangled their impious shout of war;
The boiling wave
Destroyed the brave,
The steed, the monarch, and the car,
Whilst thou didst march the God-saved tribes before
With an exulting hymn from that triumphant shore.

Remember when the Ionic hordes
Did snap the Persian chain,
And in despite of Medish lords
Pronounced thy sacred name again;
How to repress that hated sound
The mighty monarch rose in ire,
The Grecian Gods and men to wound
With force, with fury, and with fire;
'Gainst heaven and earth and sea he came
With flames the Gods, with chains the deep to tame;
Madman! to think that darts, though thick as hail,
Could wound a freeman's heart, or pierce Cecropian
mail.

Vain did the Persian quivers ring,
Vain did the Immortals of the king

On milk-white steeds superbly ride,
Death and the Gods to rout their vaunting pride
Were leagued confederates in the cause,
And e'en to save thy holy laws
At Salamis the indignant Ocean rose
And took deep'vengeance there on all his eastern foes.

What though in these insulting days,
The crowned herd,
Their slavish bands in panic raise,
To keep the world in misery's thrall,
Yet, O thou Goddess, heavenly fair,
Speak but one hope-inspiring word
And quick to the blood-thrilling call
A million swords shall leap to light
A million patriot hearts beat high,
And Panic, and his child Despair
Fight for the brave and bid the cowards die.
Then shall the woods and forests ring,
With finer notes than hearts can fling,
Though tuned by the Aonian maids
For Pindus' walks or Tempe's glades.
Then will the Alps re-echo loud
The shouts of the exulting crowd,
And every rock beneath the sky
Shake to the glorious sound of holiest liberty--

Arise, awake,
The day shall break,
That dawns on hopes and scenes like these ;
There is no chain
That can restrain
The raging and tumultuous seas :
Men cannot hold the tearing winds,
No force, no fraud their fury binds—
And what though in presumptuous dream
Our moles restrain the torrent stream,
The hour shall come when all these fabrics fall
To sweep the prostrate world to one grim funeral.

LUCIFER.

Jubal, one hour remains before the sun
Reddens the snowy Alp, and even now
The Hours are feeding with ambrosial food
The horses of the Morn ; who when she opes
The gates of light, will dissipate the power
Of lawless spells and impious works like these.
Up then with me into the azure skies
Whilst the still hour permits, for I can shew
Things unattempted yet in prophet's song,
And in a moment take thee to those realms
Of farthest thought, where, day and night unknown,
Heaven's real confines spread their flaming walls.

JUBAL.

Oh! take Neanthes with thee, glorious spirit,
Whatever be thy name; for his sake only
Sought I these secrets: let us not be parted,
My safe return depends on him.

LUCIFER.

Fear not, Jubal—

See how we rise into the liquid air!
But e'er we leave the green earth's end, behold
I shape our course to where the vale of death
Hides from the sun its wilderness of shades,
Its mouldering heaps and treasured rottenness.
Look at that dreary region,—see its rocks
Bleak, desolate, and black, without a tree
To wave in all that land its wholesome leaf:
Here morning never brings its influence mild,
But endless twilight pours its leaden hue
On the still sleepers of this vale of tears.

JUBAL.

Tell me, fair spirit, who are they whose bones
Lay scattered frequent, countless as the sands
Of hot Arabia's tempests, heaps on heaps,
Mountains of whitened skeletons?

LUCIFER.

These are the bones of strong and mighty men,

And famous in their day, but now sunk down
Into the pit of death, unknown, unwept,
Unpitied, unlamented; there they lie!
In sleep oblivious till the last great hour
Shall loudly call them to a different doom.
There lies renowned Babylon, her hosts
All slain and fallen by the sword; there Tyre
And her assiduous merchants; Egypt there
And all her company; Assyria's kings
Mixed with the princes of the north, and all
The might of various nations, great in fame,
Now passed away like the delusive forms
Thrown into vacuum by the magic glass,—
O what a din and tumult did they make
In their short day! but now how still they lie!
Their thrones, their nations, and their names unknown.

ONE OF THE DEAD.

O thou who waviest thy broad wings aloft
In the dim twilight of this loathsome vale,
Tell us, great Angel, if the hour is come
That ends our long, long sleep; we wait the signal
To break our lethargy.

LUCIFER.

Rest, rest, ye dead!
Ye may not wake; and on your bleached bones

How many winters yet shall pour their snows
No one can tell, but he who sits enthroned
Above all earthly power.
Fear not: the vivifying winds of life
Once more shall breathe upon you—ye shall rise,
But farther ask not.—

Now we mount, we fly,
And Earth's small globe is far beyond our ken.
We could not hear the Ocean-stirring din
Of winds tumultuously fighting loud
Along the bleak Atlantic's world of waves,
Not all the Earth's artillery fierce conjoined
In loud explosion, could disturb the spot
Where now we move—we calmly sail along
In the dark-azure deep serenely blue,
Where cloud and dusky vapours never spread
Their veil malign, nor riotous thunder rolls
His clattering chariots o'er the concave vault:
Here never noise was heard, save when God's arm,
Clothed in red victory, threw Satan down
Into the wasteful pit, or milder plucked
From storms of chaos and primeval night
The sun and his attendants: then arose
A shout of joy from all the sons of Heaven,
Then the bright morning-stars together sang

Pæans of triumph, and the abyss of space
Rang fearfully with awful echoes riven.

JUBAL.

See, mighty spirit, how that sparkling globe
Descends in rapid fury, scattering wide
Long streams of fire!

LUCIFER.

Fear not: it is a comet
Returning from his journey, running mad
To meet the sun; his fervid chariot-wheels
Have tried the illimitable fields, and now
He goes to feed again his wasted lamp.

JUBAL.

How brilliant and how beautiful it is!
Surely its lucid realms and argent fields
Are made for holy virtue, and the faith
That wins the skies; its lambent flames of light
Are innocent—it must be so—in halls so fair
Crime cannot dwell, nor sad erroneous pride,
Nor crazed oblivion of impetuous rage,
Nor spite, nor tears, nor doleful love of death.

LUCIFER.

Vain mortal, cease thy musings; cease thy search
After mysterious secrets, in that sphere
So exquisitely bright may lurk the seeds

Of death and ruin ; in its blazing rounds
God may command it to assault the world
With horrible impress and frightful crush
Of heavier weight and dread consuming heat—
The hour may come when it may shake the ranks
Of the sun's loyal satellites—beware
Of favouring fruitless dreams.

JUBAL.

I obey.

Meanwhile, illustrious Angel, mark those forms,
If forms they be, the shadows of a shade,
That momentary dart athwart the skies
With upward flight, and pass in mortal shape
Of hues all varied, some pale, sickly, wan,
With sad and sombre pinions, others bright
Shining like glow-worms, when the bird of night
With warbling cadence pours her tuneful soul
To listening roses.

LUCIFER.

These are the hours, my son,
The hours mispent by man, that upward rise
Through clear empyreal air, to tell in Heaven
The lamentable tale of vice and woe,
Of folly, turpitude, and pride, that tear
Man's feeble heart, who gropes his darkened way

In that small feverish globe, which late we left ;
 Rayless, forlorn, save where celestial light
 Shines inward to the few that draw it down
 By prayer, and orisons, and pious vows.

JUBAL.

Thrice happy they who know the value high,
 Unspeakable, immense, of that great gift,
 The ten-times holy treasure of the skies
 Guarded by angels and phalanges bright
 Of gleaming orders and superior power—
 Something within me tells my fainting heart
 The future interdiction of this boon
 The best above—Enough of this. O guide,
 How comes it that exalted here so high
 Beyond the fiery and revolving suns
 Of farthest systems, I nor giddy feel,
 Nor fear to fall? I who the pigmy Alps
 Dare not contemplate.

LUCIFER.

Height nor depth are here ;
 No star is here the highest, all alike
 Are points in the enormous scheme, no place
 Thine eye can fix on in these million orbs
 Is known as centre, none to which thy mind
 Can fly for speculation or for rest.

All human thoughts are here reversed ; below,
 Above, on every side are suns and stars,
 The unfathomable depth is sown with worlds,
 And Angels cannot know the immense expanse.
 Here is no air, no gentle draught of life,
 No circumambient æther bringing health
 And vital aspirations—Emptiness,
 Absolute Emptiness and perfect Void
 Are spread along the shoreless seas of space !
 And distance, time, and motion are unknown.

JUBAL.

How then can I be here ? or how my mind
 Range wide along this starry ocean's stream—
 Why do I live, and not in empty void
 Fall to annihilation ?

LUCIFER.

Mortal man,
 Of perishable form, thou must not think
 Thy fleshy weeds could bear this awful flight
 To search into the secrets of the skies ?
 No, Jubal, no : thou and thy mortal flesh
 Have long been parted, and a spirit pure,
 Untainted, unalloyed by juice or blood ;
 Serene, impervious, impalpable
 Thou sailest through celestial regions, high

L.

Above all heights, imagined in the minds
Of dreaming sages who with subtile lore
And scientific calculations armed
Measure the dread immensity of space.
And tell me, son, dost thou not feel more joy,
More thrilling exultations here aloft,
Than all the world with all her best-wrought scenes
Can ever give ?

JUBAL.

Immortal Guide, my soul
Indeed expands, I feel a wilder glow,
A more intense and ardent thrill of pleasure
Than ever yet I knew on earth below,
And I have tried all scenes, and heard all sounds
That nature knows sublime; the ice-built Alps
Pouring its heaped-up load of ancient snow
To whelm the vales beneath; the gloomy sea
Booming its loud artillery of storms
Against the echoing rocks, whilst seamew's harsh
And cormorants flapping from their thousand caves
Prescient await the sailor's drifting corse.
These have I heard, and heard when clouds and night
Made doubt more terrible, and flashing beams
From the high watch-tower told that death was near.
I too have felt the mad and martial rage

Boil in my breast when drums and trumpets called
The patriot hosts to battle, all the hills
Answering the clarion's shrill symphonious voice,
And men and horses flinging to the skies
Their valiant uproar, whilst e'en Gods approved
And angel legions waved their bickering swords.
But oh! how poor these feelings, dead and cold,
Compared with what I now enjoy—deep awe,
And hope, and admiration, and applause,
Delight, amazement—all together joined,
And all refined by fervent adoration
Of thee, thou King of worlds, thou Lord of life,
Who hast excogitated this thy plan
Of endless and increasing beauty!
Oh! whither shall I turn my lengthened flight
And not find thee and all these glorious works
Of perfect architecture, perfect form,
In order, wisdom, excellency best?

LUCIFER.

I marvel not at this thy ravishment—
Thy soul moves in blessed precincts, and inhales
Celestial air refined, that blows amain
To the imperial and omnipotent throne
The vows of saints from labouring worlds below,
And backward bears mild whispering tones of mercy

And promised love ; and here in sacred ground
 We stand as pure as where the flame divine
 In Horeb's steep retreat to Moses' eye
 Illumined all the copse with innocent light ;
 Or where at Chebar's stream the heaven of heavens
 With its dread glorious visions were displayed
 To thee the captive seer, Ezekiel ;—or
 Whatever Pagan faith has hallowed, thee
 Hoary Olympus, and Parnassus' ridge,
 Harmonious Helicon, and thy sweet waters
 Muse-haunted Hippocrene of holy dew,
 Or thine Olmius, or the blacker gurge
 Of Styx the irrevocable oath, by gods
 And men revered.

JUBAL.

And do we really tread
 Heaven's burning threshold ?

LUCIFER.

Thou hast said it, Jubal.

JUBAL.

How may I know it ?

LUCIFER.

By this touch which now
 Plucks from thy mortal eye the last dark speck

Of ignorance ; and now look out, behold—
What seest thou ?

JUBAL.

Numerous forms in vigorous course
With desperate speed ascending and descending
Swifter than light, and varied all in colour
Like the sun's showery arch.

LUCIFER.

And what are they,
And what their errand ? for thou now canst tell,
Gifted with sight angelic.

JUBAL.

True, I read their mind
And scan their closest thoughts ; for some are sent
With urgent prayers from miserable men
To beg an hour's delay, one wretched hour
For contrite tears to wash their crimes away
Old as their birth, and send the Lord's reprieve
To sanguinary Death, who o'er their heads
Vibrates his fatal arrow—meanwhile He,
The righteous Judge, rejects the sad petition,
And seals their doom for ever ; one loud groan
Mounts up to Heaven's high wall, and all is o'er—
Others rush headlong from the jasper towers
Charged strictly to assist some dying saint

Sorely beset with persecution ; he
Nor pain, nor penury, nor scorn of foes
One moment heeds, but upwards turns his thoughts
Above their din, until Jehovah's guards
Save him from those who cannot wound his soul.
Others convey deep arguments and words
Of comfort or of menace to the ears
Of blinded beings, who in moral pride
Mind not futurity ; and others fly
With withering messages of wrath to tame
The stubborn hearts of nations with hot plagues
And sweeping pestilence, or racking spasms
Of the great earthquake's struggles, or the rush
Of horned bellowing floods, and, worse than all,
Captivity the sorest curse of man.
Ah, could men rise with me, and at the gates
Of Heaven look down, and in those spots beneath,
Those little spots in fair Creation's plan
By men called worlds, behold with angel eye
Their fellow-creatures miserably urge
The wheels of life to ruin, and themselves
Blind their own eyes and stop their ears, nor hear,
Nor see the pit that yawns below, though time
And great eternity and death conjoined
Call dreadful warnings, and the angel guard

Expostulate, dissuade, command, implore—
How they would quake, and in their inmost souls
Loath their degraded form—Awake, arise,
Ye sons of men! a voice from Heaven exclaims,
Awake! arise! and through your utmost isles
Hear this my voice, ere your eternal Lord
Step from his throne to crush your sphere and drive
Your atoms to annihilation by the whirl
And desperate eddying storms of hungry flames—
Your God is a consuming fire—awake!
He will burn up all vanities, and utterly
Destroy your inmost thoughts, and prove at last
That Holiness alone can conquer Death.

LUCIFER.

Call louder! lift your voice until the hills,
The ancient hills, and caverns quake amazed;
But man will never listen—Do'st think thy tongue,
Though louder than vexed Scyllia's barking surge,
Could rouse these living dead ones? no—their God
Has sent them Moses and the Prophets—they
Despise such messengers; and will they heed
A voice though shouting from the highest Heavens?
Let them alone, and at the gate of life
Think not of hell.

JUBAL.

I tremble at the thought,
 That I who never died should be exalted
 By such miraculous power to Heaven, that I
 Like old Elijah thus should climb the skies
 Unclaimed by Death—now let me enter in,
 And in the last refinement of the soul
 Partake of knowledge absolute, and see
 How pure essential light flames fearfully
 On the crystalline sea before THE THRONE.
 Methinks I hear the music of the spheres,
 Creation's harmony in audible ascent
 Of chords sublime, (no philosophic dream)
 Swelling along the silvery orbs of space,
 With shouts of joy commixed, and chiming sounds
 Unutterable, like falling floods and peels
 Of thousand bells of silver, union sweet
 And terrible; what means the sound? my eyes
 Ache with intolerable light—fire than suns
 More ardent flashing red like lightning glare
 Continuous—I can see no more—

LUCIFER.

No more
 Thou shalt see—thou hast seen too much—'tis time
 To dissipate this dream of pride, thou worm,

And make thee know thyself—*thou* see THE THRONE
Where all is light! and let thy unwashed soul,
Scarlet with sin, obtrude its load of crime
Amid the holy guard! O excellent device!
O rare conceit!—stretch out thy impious arm,
Reptile, and seize the thunderer's bolt—or climb
The august seat, and deal thy terror round!
Down, mortal, down.

JUBAL.

I fall, I fall, I fall—

What will become of me? the sky gives way—
Hold me, ye angels! catch me on your wings—
Mercy—Oh heaven——

LUCIFER.

Down, farther down!

Fall to the earth, and let thy cursed head
Dash on insulted stars.

JUBAL.

Who art thou, Fury?

And why pursue me with that ebon wand,
Why changed so soon?

LUCIFER.

I am thy friend Neanthes,
The arch apostate Lucifer, the fiend
That traps man's winged soul—Thou see the Lord!

Madman ! he puts no trust in all his saints,
To him the heavens are foul—the angel host
Are weak in his immortal eyes ; and thou
Darest by lawless witchery to burst
The crystal bar, and scan the royal power
Of vast Omnipotence !
But I will whisper something in thine ear—
A friend in ruin—if that withering eye
Had glanced upon thee, then thy shivered soul
Had melted into nothing, and thy thoughts
Now kept for misery had been dispersed
Into annihilation. He it is
That scares the world, that sets the jarring poles
A battling with his look ; where'er he turns
Mad Ocean raketh up his rocky floor ;
Earth shakes ; the horrible outrageous storms
Scream with chaotic uproar : mountain tops
Melt their old snows, and all the depths beneath
Sigh through their thousand caverns dismal groans.
The sun and moon stand still, whilst He above
Scatters thick hailstones dreadfully commixed
With coals of fire, and pestilence, and smoke,
Turmoil and eddyng sleet of blazing shafts
Shot from his glittering bow with murderous twang.
Hear that and tremble—know thyself a worm,

A crawling worm, and then fall down in shame,
With agony, and black despair, and scalding tears,
And fainting of the heart, and trembling joints,
To pour unheeded wailings for thy sin,
Thy blasphemous, abominable, upstart pride,
Who hast presumed to bear thy filthy soul
To insult the Lord in his august abode.

SCENE—JUBAL with his face downwards on the earth before the doors of his cottage.

The sun 'rising over the Alps.

JUBAL.

Princes have perished—honourable men
Have fallen : pride has fallen. Dynasties
Of sweeping sceptres and of iron rods
Have passed away, or in one dismal night
Sunk down to hell ; the rash imperious lord
Of Babylon did browze the Assyrian grass,
And his vain son was tumbled from his throne
At an hour's warning ; but they violently
The world tormented, and for mighty deeds
Did suffer mightily—whilst I a speck,
An atom in Creation, here am sunk
From Heaven to Earth, more desperately low
Than all the kings that ever yet presumed
To fight with Heaven ; and that too in an hour,
In one short hour, when night withdraws her train
To give the sun his way. O juggling fiend !
Well hast thou kept thy word, for here I am
Uninjured in my limbs, sound in my wits ;

Alas! too sound, as this most racking pulse
Of conscience in my heart by memory fired
Proves to my bitter woe—Away, cursed thoughts,
Away—ye are intrusive visitors,
Your aspect is unknown——Why do I mourn?
It was a dream, a despicable dream,
A most outrageous phantasy. I laugh
To think on't; out upon it, senseless fool,
Why should it fret thee? do not all thy kind
Dream such vagaries when the nerve-racked brain
Lifts them on Fancy's wings to heaven, or down
To hell? I have had fifty dreams like these.
I have oft tripped upon the glassy sea,
Or skimmed the air, or fallen precipitous
From some old tower and touched the harmless earth
Lighter than down by summer thistles shed.
Who has not done the same? 'tis nothing strange;
It is a dream, and on the mind awaked
Leaves its impression which the morning light
And sounds of life will dissipate——But oh!
Why am I here? why wet with morning dews?
Why have I left my bed? ye curses dire,
It is too true! the devil has had my soul.
I can remember every awful sight,
I can remember how above I saw

The golden censers swinging in the hands
Of shining Spirits—I who erewhile beneath
In gross Tartarean fumes and doleful sights
On Lethe's strand had drawn forbidden draughts
From pride's dark fountain ;—surely never yet
Was known such mixture of opposing science,
Such monstrous arrogance, such impious frenzy,
Such mad audacious detestable scorn
Of sacred things, as I in yesternight
Flung in the face of Heaven—it is too much,
Too much to think on—horror, tenfold horror !
I that but yesterday was blessed and happy,
That knew no care but sweet Religion's works,
And had no thoughts but love to God and man ;
Should by my curious and insatiate spirit
Be tricked by those fine lies and tempting talk
(That tingle in mine ears) to walk to hell.
Yes, walk deliberate ; to scrutinize
Most sinful secrets, most elicit arts
Of witchcraft. O most righteous Samuel,
Thou wert indeed a seer ! rebellion
Is as the sin of witchcraft, stubbornness
Is as the worst idolatry—Oh Saul,
Oh Jubal ! thou an earthly crown did lose,
And I a heavenly—Whose the sorer loss ?

Where now my comfort ? where my wonted pride,
My glory and my innocence ? my house
Of virtue and affection, where my love,
My poor Iäna ? She an angel !—she
To twine around a base abandoned wretch
And kiss corruption—never will I see her.
I have deceived her. In the dead of night
I left her arms to do the deed of sin
With devils—I who swore to stay
To cherish and protect her.—
Thoughts crowd too fast : here on the green sward laid
Before my door I'll weep my life away ;
Here let men laugh and point the hand of scorn
At me who lately nurtured of the skies,
Blessed with the grace of heaven, the love of God,
The guardianship of angels, now am fallen,
Fallen in one night by vanity to this
Intolerable state of sin and shame.
Ye whitened mountains of stupendous growth,
Who at a distance greet the rising sun
With grand salute of avalanche, oh turn
On me your tide of snow, and whelm me deep
Under unfathomable loads of ice—
Blot out my name, and hide my bones, my grave,
My lineage, my hopes, my shame, my fall—

CHORUS OF WORSHIPPERS.

FIRST PEASANT.

Who is this wretch that on the dew-soaked turf
Lies shivering? who is it that sorely moans
At intervals, and has disturbed our morning walk
With plaints ill-timed and dissonant?

JUBAL.

I, man!

Your friend.

PEASANT.

Protect us heaven! O Jubal,
How cam'st thou here?

JUBAL.

By cursed dishonest means.

PEASANT.

What means it, Jubal—speak to us—amazement
Sieves me; what harm has fallen on you?
I see no wound—

JUBAL.

My wounds can not be seen,
And yet they're deep—no soothing balm in Gilead,
No drowsy poppy, no care-ending hemlock,
Can cure me now—I'm far beyond relief,
My case is desperate.

PEASANT.

Speak not thus in riddles—

What is your grief?

JUBAL.

The grief of all mankind,

The grief of Adam and the pangs of Cain ;

The grief of Saul when Samuel grim awoke

With ghostly menaces ; the grief of Judas

When he betrayed his God—

Gaze not thus on me—I'm a perfect man,

Can walk and reason, and in half a minute

Fathom your little wits, ye brainless herd.

Go to your sweating works, and toil and dig,

And wear away your lives, and weep and die.

What else remains ? thus you have all my woes,

Look to your own.

PEASANT.

He raves !

JUBAL.

Thou liest, Peasant,

I speak the truth, thou art the raver : go,

Learn first what misery is, then come and talk.

Read Job, read Solomon, and thereby learn

That all is vanity, that man may fall ;

The best may be tormented by the devil,

The best may yield—look to it, guard yourselves ;
 Throw down your pruning hooks, take up the sword,
 Let each man slay his nearest, dearest friend,
 Murder your brothers, glut the earth with blood ;
 I tell ye, and I know it, every friend
 Will prove a fiend ; there is no safety now
 But in perpetual warfare, every man
 Is a concealed traitor deep disguised ;
 There is no living now a-days by love,
 And therefore we must hate.

PEASANT.

How wild and mad he is !
 Alack the day ! what is the cause ?

JUBAL.

Do'st say it,
 Do'st say I'm mad ? again I say thou liest ;
 But I could tell thee stranger things than these—
 Wouldst thou believe it ? I have been in Heaven
 All in one night, and down again to Hell,
 And have approached, and seen, and known, and felt
 Things so miraculous, so passing credit,
 So marvellous, so desperately strange,
 'Twould take an age and drain a sea of faith
 To fill the proper measure of belief.

PEASANT.

Alas! his wits are gone; I know not what
 Befell the house last night, for sweet Iäna
 Is wandering in the woods and looking for him,
 Filling the woods with echo of his name;
 All night she roved abroad, and he at last
 Is found before his doors in this sad plight,
 Covered with dew, and crazed, and miserable.
 Where is their friend Neanthes?

JUBAL.

Gone to hell;

If yet from summit of the farthest stars
 The fiend has reached his proper Acheron.

PEASANT.

How loud he raves!

JUBAL.

He speaks good sense—
 Again I tell you go and kill your friends,
 Friends are our ruin—Oh! I know them well!
 Why does kind Heaven think right to send our bane
 In such sweet draughts?

PEASANT.

Let us find Neanthes,
 He will best direct this matter.

JUBAL.

JUBAL.

Go and seek,
 Seek well, call loud, and let your strained voice
 Outscram the piping Boreas—he however
 Will never answer though ye make the poles
 Quake with your din, he is so far away,
 And yet too near—blind souls, they cannot see
 This easy riddle.

PEASANT.

Haste, friends, to the search,
 Some of you to find Iäna, some Neanthes,
 And leave no nook, no cranny in the rocks,
 No dark walk in the woods where foot can tread,
 Unransacked, uninvestigated.

JUBAL.

Fools!

Stay here.

PEASANT.

No, go, go quickly,
 Her gentle words will soothe him—haste, away,
 We'll lead him in.

JUBAL.

You never shall; I swear
 By heaven's high throne of state, by earth,
 By old Jerusalem, by this vile head,

By every thing that never should be named
In desperate oaths; no habitable roof,
No dwelling, threshold, nothing built by man,
Shall ever keep me from the storms again—
I'll stand 'em all, and henceforth I will be
Companion of the wolf and mountain dog,
Comrade of owls and satyrs and all shapes
Savage and solitary; this is my oath,
Break it who dare!

PEASANT.

Take him by force,
His violence increases.

JUBAL.

Hear me, men;
I have decreed my purpose—here I stand,
And he that would oppose me let him think,
Is he prepared to die? for by this light
We'll have a deadly struggle; one of us
Must fall—now then, come on.

PEASANT.

Let us wait awhile,
He is a furious maniac, and perhaps
Iäna may be found—'twere better far
To use precaution.

JUBAL.

JUBAL.

Aye, cowards, better far.

PEASANT.

See, they have found Iäna—blessed creature,
She has met mischief somewhere; how her feet
And face are bleeding—she scarce drags along
Though leaning on their arms!

JUBAL.

Is it so truly?

PEASANT.

Aye, that it is; an angel here might weep
To see such virtue suffering.

JUBAL.

Grief, begin!

The storm is only brewing yet—Oh my heart,
Would thou wert marble, would that both my eyes
Were blind, my ears hard iron—but she comes—
Earth will not hide me—

IANA.

Where is Jubal?

Where is my husband?

JUBAL.

Here he is who was

Thy husband once; but, bless thy lovely face,
We will not now begin a scene of tears—
Come to my arms.

IANA.

I shall now live again,
Dear Jubal—health, and life, and joy,
All, all are here.

JUBAL.

Tell me, love, how comes
That blood to flow so freely.

IANA.

Never mind,
We'll talk of it some other time—Good friends,
I pray you leave us here awhile, for now
I have no further need of this your kindness—
All will be well.

PEASANTS.

Good lady, we obey,
And shall be always ready for your service,
God send you comfort.

IANA.

Amen, with all my heart——
Now then, dear Jubal, let us to our house,
For I am sadly faint and wish to hear
At leisure all your wanderings—let us in,
Give me your arm.

JUBAL.

It may not be, my love,

I cannot pass our threshold ; let us stay
Beneath these pine trees here, 'twill be as well.

IANA.

And why not go into the house ?

JUBAL.

I'm sick at heart

And cannot bear the house, I want fresh air
And a clear atmosphere.

IANA.

But oh, my love,

I faint for want of rest ; I'm very sick
In body and in mind.

JUBAL.

Then leave me here,

And tell your women to take care of you—
Go staunch your wounds for they are bleeding still,
You should be delicately handled.

IANA.

Oh Jubal, this is strange : I did not think
To see such freezing looks or hear such words
At my return ; I have been all the night
Wandering abroad in search of you, and now
I only find the image of my Jubal.
It is not Jubal's self—nay, do not gaze
So wildly : come into the house, my love.

JUBAL.

Ah wretched woman, little do'st thou know
 What might be told; go in, I say, and let
 That crimson gash be healed—those need not care
 Who only have flesh wounds, the heart can bleed
 An ocean more.

IANA.

Indeed I bleed there too;
 Do not deceive yourself: this fall, though hard
 And on sharp rocks, which thus has scarred my face
 Is nothing to the wound within—Jubal,
 I weep for thee, let that suffice.

JUBAL.

Iäna,

Listen! it is decreed that we must part—
 Nay, listen—

IANA.

Never, never! art thou not
 My husband? part from thee! I never will;
 Oh keep my heart from breaking!

JUBAL.

Hear me now, I say—
 These tears are useless.

IANA.

Here on my knees I pray,

And pray for mercy ; I—whose every thought
 Is always turned to thee, who day and night
 Pray for God's blessing on thy dearest head,
 Who love thee, dote on thee, who even now
 Within me have a principle of life,
 To give us both a parent's joy some day,
 As well thou knowest—do in this suppliant style
 Beg hard for mercy—take me to thine arms,
 Take me, dear Jubal, love me once again ;
 Oh ! every hour that shortens this sad life
 Augments my love for thee.

JUBAL.

The time is come
 To speak without reserve : now hear me, woman—
 The day at last has dawned which sees my fate
 Big with destruction ; I am not the same
 I used to be, but I am changed and lost,
 Lost to eternity. It is impossible
 For him who once has known the grace of God
 To be restored to hope if he has fallen,
 I cannot twice be raised to Heaven—Oh no——
 Be still thou rolling heart—the blood ascends
 Into my brain, I cannot speak——

IANA.

What hast thou done ? what execrable crime

Did the deceiver tempt thee to?—my God,
 Have mercy on me! I shall die—the fiend
 Has done his deed; I knew him through his mask.

JUBAL.

Is it not written in the book of life
 That God will set his face against the soul
 That turneth after such as hold in power
 Familiar Spirits, or that seeks to know
 The wizard's secret? Is it not proclaimed,
 Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God, nor dare
 To worship any other, or to seek
 For aid but from his hands? and is it not
 Ordained, "Possess your souls in patience?"—now,
 What thinkest thou of him who has defied
 These holy laws? who has broke down the fence
 And climbed over by unlawful means,
 Who would not wait, who has thrown off obedience
 And wayward spurned the laws laid down by God
 For erring man?

IANA.

Ah! this indeed is terrible,

I dare not answer.

JUBAL.

Yet thou knowest the truth,
 But I will speak it; first however rise,
 Kneel not to me.

IANA.

It's better on my knees
To bear my doom—God grant me strength to bear it,

JUBAL.

I have decreed, and nought shall turn my purpose,
To part from every thing I cherish most,
To part from thee—and henceforth I will keep
Companionship with death; I'll walk abroad,
Like Cain a fugitive and vagabond,
Over unpeopled wastes, and weary turn
From cheerful haunts of men; no sound of joy
Can ever pipe into this soul again, no tongue
Whisper of comfort; all my future days
Will rise in vanity and sink in woe.

IANA.

What will become of *me*?

JUBAL.

A year or so
Will by degrees restore thee to thyself;
Religion can do much, and here retired
From tumult and from worldly cares thy soul
Will hold sweet converse with the skies and draw
Rich blessings downwards—think of me as dead,
Weep for me now as one whose load of care
Is sunk into the grave: that day would come,

The day of death, which none can keep away,
Were I to stay with thee.

IANA.

Oh! Jubal, Jubal,
I cannot live without thee, death itself
Is far less hideous than this parting hour,
Where wilt thou go? or who attend thy steps?
Who be at hand to aid thee? who to close
Thy eyes in death? or who to hear thy griefs
And then console thee? who to bring sweet flowers
Or sweeter tears when thou art dead, and bid
Contempt or hatred flee thy tomb? Oh Jubal!
This should be thought on.

JUBAL.

Never mind these things,
What matters it? I am prepared for this,
I by obdurate council and the arm
Of stern resolves can combat danger, though
I walk o'er savage crags and pathless haunts
Of slippery rocks, and desperate mountain tracks,
Wild plains and desolate wilderness; to me
Winter's descending snow, and summer's shafts,
Strong rocking winds, and blazing sheets of fire,
Will bring no fears: the tempest of the mind
Outrages nature's storms, nor need I care

Whether in distant climes unknown, unwept,
 Unregistered, I be cast out to feed
 The hungry dogs; for thinkest thou the wretch
 That swings in gibbets to the wintry winds
 Is less at ease than he whose royal bones
 Rot under marble domes? these are not things
 For men to heed, there can be and there is
 No sanctuary for rebels against heaven.
 Well then, let them be vagabonds; for death
 And life (to them the same) no change can bring;
 They that have lost the light are dead already,
 Their very being is their death.

I A N A .

But hear me, Jubal; sure as the sun shall rise,
 And the pale moon and all the host above
 Obey their maker's will, so sure shall I
 Fall in untimely hour; I know it well,
 I cannot bear the change, the sudden change
 From sweetest comfort to the blackest die
 Of agony unlooked for: yesterday
 Who half so blessed as I, to day, alas!
 Who half so bent and broken by the hand
 Of wrath divine? leave me not to die
 Without a friend.

JUBAL.

The time has come to end
This racking grief.

IANA.

Oh! do not speak the word,
Have mercy on me!

JUBAL.

Give me thy hand, Iäna,
I fain would kiss it—for the last sad time,
This last poor mark of love—I kneel to thee,
Sweet angel—live for me, a wretch
Accursed of Heaven—Oh! live and pray for me—
Perhaps e'en yet, in answer to thy prayers,
The best of Fathers still may deign to send
A ray of consolation to this brow
When quivering in the pangs of death, and bid
His angels loose my soul from violent throes
Of sin and parting life—then pray for me,
Wilt thou, Iäna? speak to me, my love.

IANA.

Oh woe! woe! woe!

JUBAL.

Nay, give me but thy blessing.

IANA.

'Tis too much,
Oh far too much! I die with agony.

JUBAL.

My love,
 My dearest life, nay say to me, farewell!
 Time urges fast.

IANA.

Death's hand has chilled my heart,
 I cannot speak! and yet the mighty God
 Will give me strength—yes, Jubal, take my blessing,
 And with it take my dying words—may God,
 Who never will forsake us, lead thee back
 To hope some day, and may the bruised reed
 Revive again! thy trials will be great,
 Thy tortures such as none can tell; where'er
 Thou goest, in whatsoe'er unknown walks
 Of danger or of pain, may He the Lord
 Lead thee through tortuous paths to him again,
 For he is mighty still to save. A wish
 Greater than this I cannot give—*my* hour
 Is coming now, I bow to Heaven's decree;
 The Lord has given, the Lord has taken away,
 Then blessed be his name.

JUBAL.

My tears, my sighs,
 My choking and convulsive sobs may speak,
 I scarce can say farewell—now heart
 Be strong—one struggle more—one kiss the last—
 And now farewell *for ever!*

IANA.

Ho! help within there!
 Has every one deserted me? my God,
 Leave me not thus forsaken—ho! within,
 Come to my aid—

CHORUS.

Who calls?

IANA.

Oh friends, assist me!

FIRST PEASANT.

What ails the lady?

IANA.

Lead me now within,

But gently.

THE PEASANT.

Sweetest lady, take our arms,
 We will support thee—ah, she faints, she faints!

IANA.

No, I revive. Could I but reach my home,
 A few yards more—and yet I cannot move,
 Here let me die.

PEASANT.

Tell us the disease—
 What shall we do?—here, some one run for water.

IANA.

Oh no! I feel a mother's pangs—I faint!
I die!

PEASANT.

Haste for assistance.

IANA.

Rather go
To follow Jubal; look after him, my friends—
O Father, help both him and me!

The PEASANTS before JUBAL's doors.

FIRST PEASANT.

How fares the lady?

SECOND PEASANT.

I know not what to say—

FIRST PEASANT.

She is not dead?

SECOND PEASANT.

No, but her failing breath
Struggles to leave this world.

FIRST PEASANT.

Alas! I fear
There is no hope.

SECOND PEASANT.

She cannot live indeed ;
 The anguish of this grief has shocked her so,
 That the untimely unexpected birth
 Has dragged her to the grave—she scarcely breathes,
 And yet with mournful sobs and groans of pain
 She calls on Jubal, though the flame of life
 Is flickering in the socket.

FIRST PEASANT.

These are days
 Of fear and wonder ! what can be the cause
 Of this domestic tumult ?

SECOND PEASANT.

Heaven only knows.

FIRST PEASANT.

But we may guess.

SECOND PEASANT.

We might perhaps, but here
 Conjecture should be dumb.

FIRST PEASANT.

My fears are from
 Neanthes.

SECOND PEASANT.

Why dost thou speak of him ?

FIRST PEASANT.

Because a mystery hangs over him—
Whence came he? whither is he gone?

SECOND PEASANT.

I do not know.

FIRST PEASANT.

But did ye hear the words
Of strange mysterious import that poor Jubal
Spoke in his raving mood? was that *all* madness?

CHORUS.

We heard those dubious words and marked them well.

SECOND PEASANT.

Friends, let us talk of that some other time—
The lady urged us for the love of heaven
To follow Jubal, and by gentle means
To soothe him and to keep him here, lest he
All wild should burst away, and by mishap
Find death amongst the mountains.

FIRST PEASANT.

We obey—

Yet how may we reduce his erring mind
By any council when his dear Iäna
Was driven away and left to die alone
But for our aid?

SECOND PEASANT.

And yet we'll look for him,
And pipe our mountain songs and solemn airs,
To which he often listens with delight,
And praises us although our rustic finger
Knows no division of the learned sort.

FIRST PEASANT.

Come then to the search, and thou, O God,
Who didst inspire the ruddy shepherd's harp
To lull the gloomy soul of Israel's king,
Breathe on our simple instruments the spirit
Of peace and consolation.

[*They go out.*]

JUBAL.

My stony heart is broken ; now my eyes
Do ope their sluices for a flood of tears ;
But ah, it profits not ! the deadly wound
Smarts more for bleeding, and the shaft remains
Plunged in the sore—I feel it—Oh ! my soul,
How art thou fallen ! how upon thy pride
Scorn tramples, and insulting infamy
Fixes its burning seal. My brain, my brain

Is hot with shame, shame infinite ; my ears
Tingle with cutting gibes and sharp assault
Of winged words, and all the world conjoined
Laughs at me and insults me :—“ there he lies,
“ There lies the saint, look how his golden crown
“ Is sullied, torn, and trampled in the dust !”
I can't escape : my paths are hedged in,
Huge walls encompass me, and from their tops
Conscience pours thick her whizzing storm of shafts
To wound me in my prison-house ; my soul
Is drunk with bitterness, the wormwood cup
Is drained to its tremendous dregs, I reel
And stagger with excess of heavy woe.
A brazen cloud shuts out the blessed skies,
The host of heaven and all the lamps on high,
And Hope, the morning-star, are quite extinct ;
And I am left alone to wander on
Rayless, uncomforted !
All friends, all ancient thoughts of love this day
I do relinquish, even her whose memory
Will never, never quit my soul !——
But hark ! along the cheerful winds are driven
Sounds of sweet song and mountain melody——
But yesterday
This would have joyed my heart—to-day !

—They come this way ; I will not turn aside,
Let them pass on and to the neighbouring church
Lead their procession ; such a one as me
Who will observe, or, seeing, who will heed ?

The PEASANTS enter to JUBAL.

CHORUS.

What silvery note, what tinkling strain
Shall be invoked to heal thy pain ?
What cadence of some warbling lay
To drive those downcast looks away ?
For pipes and mountain harps are here
And many a song thy soul to cheer,
And steepy rocks and caves are near
The dream of echo to prolong—
Then shall we pour into thine ear
The stream of some melodious song ?
Some hymn that patriot shepherds know
Can pluck the soul from chains of woe,
And lift it to a region high
Where Care's malignant vipers die ?
But if our rustic words be weak,
And if our verse too feebly speak,
Then turn away,
And some old hallowed temple seek
Where holy Music has her sway,

And in the arched high-vaulted hall
Proclaims Religion's festival.
But if thou canst not bear that strain
Then come into these hills again ;
Mount through the clouds and scan the skies,
In rapture turn around thy eyes,
And hear how all above, below,
From every mountain's giant peak,
Those pyramids of drifted snow
The vales beneath in thunder seek.
Oh these are sounds to wake the dead,
To rouse them from their rocky bed !
Oh these are sounds that thrill, inspire,
That fill with a diviner fire
Than e'en the trumpet's martial call
That sings a nation's funeral.
Or if thy heart now prostrate grown
Should sink beneath so loud a tone,
Go to the mountain forests, go
And court the whispering of the woods,
And tell thy piteous tale of woe
To all the soft-voiced falling floods ;
There round their margins gay with flowers,
And solemn walks and sacred bowers,
And vistas of perennial bloom
Well sobered by religious gloom,

Hum drowsily the bees ; and there
Shrill sounds the shepherd's guardian bell
Which 'thwart the pure and liberal air
The haunt of goats doth sweetly tell—
There thou mayest lie reclined, and hold
High converse with the days of old ;
There nought beneath the azure sky
That glads thine ear or greets thine eye
Shall tell thee of the present hour :
For solitude has such great power
As to recall the days gone by
And make revive our infancy,
To drown the present, raise the past,
And make such heavenly moments last
As can repay for pangs of pain
When sadly they return again.
What can the fallen soul desire
That may not in these vales be found ?
How can the pilgrim's heart aspire
To fairer or to holier ground ?——
Though sacred spots and scenes be thine,
Thou old exalted Palestine,
Yet all thy glorious days are fled,
Thy prophets and thy priests are gone,
Thy kings are numbered with the dead,
And history tells thy name alone.

In other climes thy God is known,
And thou that didst reject the Son
Art thrown and trampled in the dust,
Whilst others drink thy streams divine—
And they that put in Heaven their trust
Are counted sons of Abraham's line,
Although that land they never knew
Where God's well-watered vine once grew.
Let pilgrims then come hither ; here
Is sober faith and solemn prayer,
And secret glades where none can bring
The noise and crimes of royal state,
Or plots and bloody murdering
And all the madness of the great ;
Here are no priests and shrines of gold
Where faith is bought and conscience sold,
But Nature's God and Nature's King,
To whom we thus in chorus sing
And pray that from his throne above
Be sent one winged word of love,
One spark celestial to refine
That abject fallen soul of thine——
Awake, arise ! those streaming eyes
Shall beam with heavenly light once more,
And thou at last, this tempest past,
Be landed on a happier shore.

JUBAL.

O cease for heaven's sake! I cannot bear
 The sound of joy; your music and your hymns
 Bring only sorrow now: they cannot move
 Or touch my heart, for, like the vain-bright sun
 That feebly shines upon the mountain-snows
 And melts them not, they have no influence now
 But to make memory more sad. Retire,
 I pray, it only wearies me.

PEASANT.

No, Jubal, no;
 We are commissioned still to follow thee
 And use the voice of consolation.

JUBAL.

Away!

I cannot be consoled. I will not bear
 Thus to be piped at and receive the songs
 Of soothing note as if I were a beast
 Of savage nature in a hunter's net—
 I tell ye, go away, I have no time
 For such as you; go, miserable men,
 Go to your obscure toils and sweaty work,
 And leave your music for the lords who sit
 On ivory couches lolling out their days
 In surfeit and rich banquets—what have you

To do with harmony, ignoble herd,
Peasants base-born ?

PEASANTS.

These bitter taunts
Are thrown away upon us, Jubal ; yet
We had not thought from such an one as thee
To hear these swelling words ; it ill becomes
Thy fallen state to mouth such violent speech
And rough abuse, and with that threatening gesture
And fiery look to frown upon thy friends.
No, rather soften thy indurate heart
With tears and sighs, and to the throne of grace
Send urgent prayers to heal this hidden woe
Which harrows up thy soul. Weep, Jubal, weep,
And we will pray for thee.

JUBAL.

(The Curse.)

I'll weep no more ; the fountain of my tears,
Dried by the cutting and disastrous air
Respired by man, that monster of the earth,
Has closed her well with everlasting seal,
A seal more potent than the sacred spell
Of Solomon, that scathed the rebel brow
Of giant foe with thralldom worse than death.
From morn till eve, from eve till dewy morn,

I'll weep no more ; the bright sun that beholds
Beneath his car unnumbered wretches chained
In adamantine wards of penal woe,
And hears them groan each day he mounts the heaven,
On me alone shall shine and see me smile ;
And I will smile, but with such withering influence
That e'en the Libyan deserts drear expanse
Shall grow more sad when it beholds me smile,
The Æthiop tigers and foul gorgon shapes,
That drag their bestial trains on Afric sands,
Shall couch and quail before my damning eye.
Come then, ye Curses, grim terrific brood
Of Hatred your sweet dam, oh come and flap
Your venom-wafting wings around my head,
To me more dear than all the musky smells
Breathed by the South on violet-tapestried fields ;
Ye are my Muses, give me all your aid,
And let me to the strings of Stygian harps
Chaunt a drear hymn to blast the things I hate.
Oh, thou companion of my later days,
Thou man elaborate of sin, I bind
Thy soul the first, because I hate thee most ;
Down from thy height sublime, down, down descend
Into the vast abyss that yawns beneath,
The giddy pit of time, in which Apollyon

Still falls, discomfited by Heaven's King,
To reach the hell he has not come to yet.
Thither descend : each dark mysterious gulf
Shall open others to thee still more deep,
Oceans and seas shall roll above thy head,
The stream of time, with its enormous surge,
Behind thee shall advance : flee on, flee on,
The water comes, flee on, thou hateful soul.
Swifter than thought the everlasting stream
Urges behind ; in deeper gulfs go down,
For now the abyss roars with increasing din,
Huge masses tumble round thy throbbing head,
Thunder on thunder, ruin on dismay,
With deafning bellow and re-echoing roar,
And every mass that bounds above thy head
Is the last fall of some great ruined world,
Hurled from its sphere to crumble into dust.
And now thy feet have come to some blest land,
That smiles fallacious in the lowest pit,
A respite for thy woes, but soon as touched,
The velvet plain, the tranquil wood, the streams
Break up by magic, down with thee they go,
A deeper gulf still yawning underneath,
And still pursuing waves are in the rear,
There fall for ages——

Meanwhile thou, whose love,
Whose faithful love has poured into my wounds
The balm of consolation many an hour
When man, unkind, has galled my tortured heart,
All perfect as thou art in form and mind
Go on thy pilgrimage, and leave these arms
That till this hour have circled thee with care,
This bosom leave, for fire is in my soul,
And boiling horrors madden all my brain,
And I do *hate* thee : never let my eyes
Feast more upon thy execrable form,
But friendless, loveless, hopeless as thou art,
Begin thy solitary journey : go
With naked feet o'er winter-cradled Alps,
Perlustrate all their rocks, their icy spears,
Their pyramids of snow, the tottering cliffs,
Infamous hills, and frosty perilous roads,
From which e'en eagles turn the giddy eye—
There walk in woe, and as thy wounded feet
Make the snow blush to see such beauty weep,
Let lank swift wolves growl hungrily behind,
And troops of wild dogs with pursuing bark
Threaten, but not destroy ; for thou shalt creep
O'er pine-strewed paths to some rude Alpine hut
To ask for charity a little bread,

Spurned by the boor, and thrust from out his door,
To weep afresh with the careering storm.

And now let *all* be cursed : yes, every heart
That hails the Sun in this unwearied Ball,
Let *all* be cursed : let dismal blank Despair
With worm undying and unquenched flame
Gnaw every soul ; let trembling hearts and eyes,
Failing for fear, attest the grief of man :
Let life hair-hung await perpetual doubt,
The gentlest breeze sound death, the mildest air
Bring muttered threats of undefined ill ;
Let all hate day, and fear to see the night ;
Let earth be iron to the soul, the sky
A brazen vault, when men look up for hope -
Let lurid dimness shew the sleep of heaven ;
And when the morning yokes her saffron car
Then shall they pray for night, when eve comes on
Again their prayer shall be for flaming day :
Their every thought a doubt, the ground beneath
Quaking uncertain to the feet it bears,
Something indefinite, like quaking bogs
And rocking throes of subterraneous fires,
The limits of the Earth and Ocean's stream
Alike unknown, waves roaring on the land,

And ancient earth all floating on the sea.
Empires destroyed, and kingdoms broken up,
Midst crash of cities, and the roar of worlds,
One storm fair nature, one tremendous wave,
The waves themselves alive, and every heave
Shewing the stare of countenance unblest,
Head upon head, and eye piled upon eye;
A living hurricane, perturbed, sublime,
All frowning, rolling, agitated, wild,
Fixed on the sun, imploring, weeping all.
Methinks I see them looking at the sun—
The sun rains blood, the stars drop down from heaven,
Time gives his last sad sigh, the sea alone
Of heads innumerable is living still,
And still they weep, and heave, and roll along——
[Falls on the earth.]

PEASANT.

Oh! have ye heard him? surely never man
Of woman born did in such desperate words
Arraign mankind! he is the fiercest fiend
That walks the earth, and were it not that he
Is raving mad, 'twould be our duty now
To drive him from our presence, and proclaim
To every one that this infuriate wretch

Has uttered such outrageous cursings,
 Such execrable words, as cut him off
 From lot or partnership with man—
 Thus would he wander friendless, and all eyes
 Shun him as some black omen.

SECOND PEASANT.

Heed him not,
 A blacker omen comes this way.

FIRST PEASANT.

What means my friend?

SECOND PEASANT.

If I mistake not——

JUBAL.

What?

SECOND PEASANT.

'Tis true, too true!

There is indeed a sound we know too well,
 A funeral dirge; and from our village spire
 The passing-bell deals out its measured moans
 To the still air, and slowly up the hill
 Our mourners bring the bier on which is laid
 Some melancholy load.

FIRST PEASANT.

Nay—hush, my friend,
 Speak not the word.

SECOND PEASANT.

There is no need of words.

There is, or rather say, there *was* but one
For whom our village poor would weep so loudly,
And follow with such careful obsequy.

FIRST PEASANT.

There is but one: that flower at last is fallen,
Oh Heavens!

JUBAL.

Call rather "Earth," for she,
The mother of us all, has lost this day
Her sweetest child, and Heaven has robbed her of it.
I know it well—*Iäna* is the name:
Heaven is indeed the gainer.

PEASANT.

Monster! now
At last thy heart is touched: O worst of men!
Thou, and thou only, hast destroyed this life;
Thou, and thou only, cursedst her when dead;
And now thou would'st pretend to feel and weep
For lost *Iäna*.

JUBAL.

Give me a sword! a sword!

To kill this villain; libellous, damned churl—
 Nay then without a knife I'll strangle thee—
I curse my wife! I bring her to the grave!
 Dog, liar, traitor, quick unsay the word
 Before thou diest.

PEASANT.

Help me—save me, friends.

PEASANTS (*separating them*).

Thou hast deserved this; to use reproach
 To such a raving lunatic! Begone,
 And do not throw thy words away on madness;
 He knows not what he says, to curse or bless
 Is all the same with Jubal now: but go,
 Go home, and interrupt us not in this
 Most piteous office.

FIRST PEASANT.

Weep, ye hearts of stone!
 Weep, howl, with grief—Alack, alas the day,
 Our lady is no more!

SECOND PEASANT.

Aye, weep indeed,
 There never was a sweeter angel sent
 To cheer such sinners with her heavenly soul!
 Oh! she was far too good to live.

JUBAL.

Better

Then to die—but hush!

[*The funeral brought in by Swiss Villagers
bearing flowers, the Priest with his book.*]

PRIEST.

“ Man that is born of woman has short days
 “ And full of trouble; like a flower he grows,
 “ Grows for a little time, and is cut down;
 “ He fleeth also as a shadow, nor
 “ Continueth, for his days are known before;
 “ The number of his months is all defined;
 “ His hours are reckoned, and his moments told!
 “ God has appointed man his bounds which he
 “ Can never pass; the limit is described,
 “ And no one can exceed the fated day.”

JUBAL.

Stop, Priest, and let *me* preach.

PRIEST.

What man is this that dares to cross my way
 With such intemperate speech?

FIRST PEASANT.

O Sir,

It is the lady's husband.

PRIEST.

Is that man Jubal?

Can it be he? I did not know him—Sir,
What would you say?

JUBAL.

I do not like your words—

Man of a woman born lives far too long,
He falls not like a flower: the words are bad,
But rather say, he sees too many springs
Revive the generation of the fields,
One year would be enough; men live to fifty,
Some to a hundred, thus they outlive the flowers,
Their friends, their hopes, aye, every thing but pain—
Turn to another chapter.

PRIEST.

Sir, our book

Prescribes this office.

JUBAL.

Never mind your office,

Give me the book and I will be the priest—

Why here are comfortable words:—

“ I know that my Redeemer liveth, he

“ At the last day shall stand upon the earth,

“ And though the worms this body shall destroy

“ Yet in my flesh I shall behold my God.”

Hear this, thou pallid corpse, whose leaden ears
Death has close sealed; open thy stiffened eyes.
And in spiritual and refined vision
View thy Creator and Redeemer; there
Think not of me, and though I think of thee
Heed not my thoughts, for I am dead and gone,
And thou art living; 'tis o'er me that men
Should sing the miserable stave, o'er me
They should strew flowers and friendly tell the world
My piteous elegy, and hand it down
That I *was* virtuous and so forth; that day
Is gone away to join old Adam's hours,
But thine will last for ever, fame like thine
Can never perish, but in angels' mouths
Is chaunted to new-coming ages——
Why come ye here? is it to do despite
And mockery? why should ye scatter flowers
And the frail deckings of the fields thus heap
With liberal hand upon her corpse? O men
Of sorrow, can ye not be wise and learn
That nothing here is dead? the soul but now
Begins to live; these flowers will soon be dead,
But who shall ever see *her* fade away?—
Sing dirges for the quick, but throw your herbs
On life's sad ghosts, corruption's real sons,

Of whom ten thousand live to reach the grave
Where only one survives it.

PRIEST.

Sir, does it please you now
That I should do my office?

JUBAL.

Yes, proceed—

But yet a moment, one short moment more,
I have to bid a wife farewell—Oh flinty heart,
Thou art not broken! tears, ye do not flow!
Whence comes this apathy? Tremendous Judge,
Is this thy curse, to seal my soul, to lock
The sacred source of sympathy? O good heaven,
Give me but tears——

I cannot, cannot weep!

I have a viper's heart I feel it here,
Aye here, a spasm in this burning throat,
A throbbing in the temples; flame of life,
Thou art expiring quickly!—no, I live,
And live to wretchedness; what then remains
But thus upon my knees to pray for death?
O blessed saint!
Whilst yet I live, thus kneeling in the dust
I pay thee adoration, beauteous woman;
Thou art my idol more than when a youth

I wooed thy love; I yet will do thee homage,
And fervently believe that thy last prayers
May in some distant day draw comfort down
Upon my cursed head; I'll treasure them
And think upon them night and day; thy words
Will be a beacon in the wilderness, O saint,
A refuge in distress.

PRIEST.

O say not so,
This is idolatry, the rage of grief,
The fury of despair, and doth diminish
That power immense that is above us all;
Heaven is the only refuge.

JUBAL.

Pious fool!
How thou dost babble! but I'll have my way—
I'll build her temples, I will be her priest,
I'll buy up all the gums of Araby
For incense at her shrine, I'll kneel and pray
And pour my soul out in an agony
Of hot devotion never to grow cold;
I'll bind myself by oaths to be her priest,
And I will have a choir of holy men
To sing her litanies when I am dead;
And when I'm dying they shall lay me out

Before her altar; she will then appear
 Girdled with saffron clouds in majesty
 Of glory and beatitude, and wave
 Her holy hands to greet me to the skies—
 My soul mounts up—I'm lost in ecstasy—
 Heaven opens wide before me—angels tune
 Their golden harps—Cherubic legions sing
 The glorious triumph of a soul forgiven—
 And Saint Iäna is my spouse once more.

[*Swoons.*]

PRIEST.

Oh what a piercing shriek! friends, bear him off,
 And lay him gently on the turf beneath
 The shade of yonder trees.

PEASANT.

Nay, let him stay,
 We will not part them in this dismal hour,
 Let him indulge his grief—now Priest, proceed.

PRIEST.

“ I heard a voice from Heaven's gates proclaim,
 “ Write, from henceforth blessed are the dead
 “ That die in the Lord, even so, the Spirit saith,
 “ Because they rest from all their labours.”

The Dirge.

Begin, ye shepherds, now begin the plaint
Of truest love and reverence—
We will not these fair vales and mountains taint
With ill-deserved praise.
Hence with high eulogy, and oh! far hence
With solemn hecatombs and costly store
Of offerings; for we will raise
Songs so divine, so savoury of love
As may grim Hell to sweet compassion move.
Fairest of women! though thou be'st sunk deep
Into the clay-cold melancholy ground
Thou hast small cause to weep—
Heed not thy friends and all this jocund sound
Of health and life which thou hast left behind;
Up in the high courts of the starry skies
A dearer home thy soul shall find—
The only grief will be to turn thine eyes
On such poor sojourners as us, who here
Pay the last meed of this melodious tear
And heap fair lilies on thy sainted bier.
What lilies shall we find, what glistening sheen
Of odorous flowers in all this blessed vale,
What virgin bud that ever yet has been

Emblem of Innocence in ancient tale
Of priest or bard, to express thy purer mind?
Oh thou wert excellent and truly good,
Humble, and patient, lowly, meek, and kind—
Kind to the suffering; God had seen thy worth,
He sent his flaming heralds quickly forth
And snatched thee from the withering taint of earth
To plant thy virtues in his healthy skies.
The Sun of Righteousness on thee shall rise
With healing in his wings; the troops divine
That eye about God's throne in victory move
Shall purge with hyssop that dear soul of thine,
(What soul of earth was ever without taint?)
The sacred dew from out the mystic fount
That flows fast by the throne-supporting mount
Shall be the draught that washes out the world,
And pledge that thou art now a crowned saint.
To thee in blazing radiance is unfurled
The dazzling banner of the Saviour King,
To thee the pæans of loud triumph ring
Through all the illimitable dread abodes
Of dominations and enthroned gods—
Warmed with that ray that never can grow cold,
Crowned with that wreath that never can grow old,
How shall thy rapture and thy joy be told?—

Oh hear us still, for we have cause to weep,
We still must toil along the rocky steep
Of wretched, wretched life ;
Great is the labour, horrible the strife
Of tempests, black the midnight shade
Which murderous Sin along our path has laid ;
Death howls beneath, and all that murky vale
Is rife with sad reports of many a bloody tale.
And, but that our hearts were set to find
Some brighter land than this we leave behind,
How poor and stale would be those toys,
Those painted perishable joys
That earth e'er yields ;
We then should wander through this valley fair,
These arched shades and green delicious fields
Which royal Phœbus holds his choicest care,
This velvet lawn and crystal-pouring stream,
In sad, desponding, melancholy dream
Worse than the beasts that perish. Oh my heart !
Never, O never from thy best hopes part,
But twine and twist them in thy inmost soul,
Look with fixed eyes to that triumphant goal,
Look and believe ; then mayest thou joyous go
Through every land and every season's change,
Nor shall harsh Winter's reign of dreary snow,

Nor all the winds that on these mountains range,
Nor head-strong Neptune's earth-confounding mace,
Nor heaven's red flames in rapid race,
Touch thy unmoved mind—now go thou on,
View the sweet things that Nature's hand has done
As comforts in thy journey to the grave.
Poor pilgrim! weary is the course thou hast to run,
And great the load before the goal be won;
But heed it not, there is an arm to save,
A guard to help thee in the perilous road,
And thou mayest see him, thou mayest see thy God
In all these scenes. Lift up thine eyes on high
To that deep concave of the purple sky
Whose lamps are never dim, whose glories never die.
Look all around thee; hear ye not the flood
Roll its melodious thunders grandly down
From yon great king of winter's icy crown
To the torn roots of this fantastic wood?
Fair rainbows dance upon the fall,
And ever and anon the bird of woe
Pipes her pathetic madrigal
In pine-tree alleys to the summer gale.
How fair these scenes, how ravishing these sounds,
O way-worn pilgrim! yet these scenes shall fail,

Mountains and snow and every showery arch,
And the mad torrent's unresisted march,
And pine-tree groves, and all Helvetia's land
Through ruin's surge her final course shall drive
Without a star, till on that shore she strand
Where no sad soul did ever yet survive;
So great the wreck, so fierce thy God's command!

Then, weary pilgrim, hasten home
Ere this tremendous tempest come,
Haste from this earth although so fair,
Nor let thy heart by pale despair
Be cankered now; there is a shrine
Encircled with a host divine
(So holy men and priests of old
In raptured dreams have often told)
Where thou mayest find to lose no more
That angel whom we now deplore—
Then let us cease this doleful strain,
We do but weep to smile again,
We do but bear this painful load
To rest in that sublime abode
Where dwells Iäna with her God!
Oh that we soon may feel and see
Such glory and such ecstasy!

JUBAL.

Sad is the wretch who under the damp clod
 His last true friend has placed, and sad is he
 Who in rude tempest tost by the rough wave
 Is thrown along the sands and rocky marge
 Of some lone island, to hold converse 'long
 With beasts and birds, from mankind far away!
 But oh! how sad is he who every friend
 And every joy by his own wickedness
 Has quite discarded, and by his own hands
 Hope's anchor plucked up to drown himself
 In storms of his own raising—Such am I—
 Where are those thoughts which once my o'erwrought
 brain
 Did gild and varnish? where those pictures bright
 Of my own deeds heroic? where am I
 Who in imagination could have trampled
 Under my feet an host of enemies
 If any dared to raise the opposing arm
 'Twixt me and conscience? where is Jubal now,
 Who could have faced the rampant lion's rage
 Let loose in the arena, or have mocked
 At mocking millions in a noble cause?
 O tell it not in Gath, O utter it not
 In Ascalon, lest they rejoice who laugh

To see a saint dejected, and are glad
When the foot trips that walks in honour's paths.

FIRST PEASANT.

Rise, Jubal, and take comfort.

JUBAL.

Oh—no, no!

There is no comfort for me.

FIRST PEASANT.

Let us lead thee
Back to thy dwelling, there domestic thoughts
And tranquil recollections will return
To cool the fever of thy mind.

JUBAL.

Those thoughts
Would quite destroy me, and lay open wide
In my heart's core that wound which destiny
Has meant to slay me—do not mention it,
I will not stir.

FIRST PEASANT.

Nay, come with us, and we
Will lead thee to our homes, and talk to thee
Of times gone by, and shew thee all the scenes
Thou lovest, as we know, full well.

JUBAL.

I tell you no:

The sight of nature is abomination,
I cannot bear your woodland scenes, my mind
Is full to loathing with these hills and vales,
My ears are wearied with the unaltered sound
Of never-ending cataracts; the sun
Shines painfully; the noisy showers
That from the mountain-tops with rainbows decked
Wash all these bosky acres, seem to me
Too oft repeated. I must flee away
And seek flat plains and regions uniform
Of sandy vastness, where, without constraint,
The eye may see the round globe bend.

FIRST PEASANT.

Be not deceived: for not in solitude
Of any shaggy mount, or ebon shade
Of woods, or unfrequented grot, or walks
Of desolation, canst thou hope to escape
The rod of conscience; nor will any spot
Of sacred title to the perjured wretch
Give sanctuary; there are no altar's horns
For the mind's felony, and every place
Of holiness becomes unholy when
Trodden by the feet of scorning and of sin.
God has destroyed all sanctity but that
Which dwelleth in the soul—the beasts of prey

Insult the busts of prophets and usurp,
Unclaimed by man, the spots where temples stood;
High Lebanon that gave a house to God
Is all hewn down and shamed, and Sharon now
Is like a wilderness, and Carmel's steep
Shakes off its fruit, and wild boars root the vine
That grew in Bashan or in Sibma's dells.
Zion, the city of solemnities,
Is fallen, and on every hallowed stream
Floats rank pollution and forbidden things
Of infidels; though once frequented well
By glorious eremites and blessed feet
Of saint and prophet, nothing now remains
But faith and penitence, and these abide
Always, and everywhere increase in power,
Whilst shrines decay and temples fall to dust.
Nor think, O Jubal, in thy dreary round
Of wanderings by austere and violent pains,
And bitter penance, and the torturing throes
Of abstinence, or sharp corporeal pangs,
To do away some sin that now perchance
Hems in thy harassed conscience; fly not man,
Seek not the desert;
Victory is not by flight—the golden crown
Is gained in battle; he that leaves mankind
Flies from himself and dare not meet the foe.

JUBAL.

Surely I have to pay some debt of gratitude
 That thus I'm doomed to hear the stale advice
 And dead unmeaning counsel from the tongue
 That never knew the hard and painful task
 Of mourning its own miseries ; is it well,
 Think ye, to use these grave and learned saws
 Grating the ear with sounds unmusical,
 Discordant, harsh, advising me the while
 To bear my sorrows garnished with the sprigs
 Of your dull apophthegms ? Oh no, the beasts
 Are better friends ; the very birds of air
 Would soothe me with their songs and sweetly tell
 Their sylvan woes in sympathy, but ye,
 With cold indurate hearts and flinty words,
 Preach patience, patience to the wretch
 That stands on the grave's brink where every thing
 Is buried that was dear to him ! haste away,
 Go to the land of Uz, ye counsellors.

FIRST PEASANT.

O Jubal, we have scarcely merited
 These taunts ; But we forgive what grief
 Not council prompts.

JUBAL.

Enough, my friends,

And I forgive you. Go your ways; my heart
 Is full to bursting, I'm a weary wretch,
 Forlorn and despicable. I must go
 Without a friend or guide in all the world
 To wander any where, to seek a home
 In my own heart, to groan, to die——

FIRST PEASANT.

See how he weeps; kind Nature has her sway
 And softens him; he falls upon the grave
 In agony—quick, lift him up.

JUBAL.

No, let me stay,
 'Tis the last time this rocky heart will melt.
 Dear Earth, I kiss thee; thou ere now to me
 Hast given a blessed home, this valley once
 Ne'er held a happier pair——
 Oh! I could writhe in grief—these bitter thoughts
 Will drive me mad; time it is to go, to fly—
 I must make haste——

FIRST PEASANT.

Stay, Jubal, stay awhile,
 Give us thy blessing.

JUBAL.

There take my blessing, take
 My prayers if they will ought avail. O God;

Preserve in innocence this harmless race,
Bless for my sake the increase of their kine,
Their flocks, their corn, their wine, their oil, their
homes;

Bless them in every thing, and let them be
Thine own peculiar people.

And grant, O Lord, that if it be their lot
To meet with grief, they ne'er again may find
Another wretch so sadly lost as me.

[*Goes out.*

CHORUS.

I.

Farewell to Jubal, farewell to his joys,
All joy for him is buried in the grave,
Earth is his wilderness;
Now he will sadly wander through the world
O'er many a realm,
O'er many a country which our untaught tongues
Have ne'er pronounced—
O for his griefs, how sad, how sore his pangs.

II.

Heaven comfort him, and lead his feet
To some blessed spot,

Some sacred shade or hermit's grot
Where the consoling Angel he may meet,
Who long ago
In drear Beersheba's wasteful wild
Healed the outcast mother's woe
And saved her child.
Be thou his guide,
To whom the very ravens look for food,
And in his wanderings wide
Ward off the evil, lead him to the good.
Turn far away,
Blood-lapping beasts of prey,
And let the mountain wolf howl harmless by.
Ye mountain Beasts, ye may indeed rejoice,
Jubal the hunter and his arm are dead ;
The early sun no more shall hear his voice
Call to his hounds which o'er the tall crag sped
Baying loud music to the jovial morn.
No more the Alpine horn
Shall rouse his hunters ; every hunter now
With pale and fretful brow
Weeps for their master and their valiant lord.
Earth, thou canst ne'er afford
A heart so noble or an arm so strong !

III.

Brothers, this strain prolong,
For Jubal was our king ; he held the soul
In perfect sway,
In love's firm chain and absolute controul ;
But now that he has gone away
Rude anarchy and unchecked ills will rise
To waste and ruin all this happy vale ;
And we shall turn our eyes
To our dear Jubal's void, deserted home,
But it will naught avail,
For that heart-broken wanderer will not come
To mend the sorrows of our altered doom.
Look forward ; there his cottage door,
O'erwhelmed with garlands of the flowery load,
Will turn no more
To greet us homeward from our evening toil ;
Nor there will his Iäna stand
To help the aged and to bless the poor ;
Our children will look up in vain
And ask for Jubal, loud they will complain
For they their guardians kind may never see again.

IV.

Blessed threshold, thou wert happy then ;
There often did we hear him tell

The sacred secrets that he knew so well,
He taught the love that finds the road to Heaven,
He shewed the power of God to men ;
To him was given
Superior knowledge of a soul refined ;
The wings of his excursive mind
Ranged through all space and searched the depths
 profound :
The fire-wheeled globes around,
The rapid chariots of those fields on high,
Were searched and followed in their wanderings,
He knew the mysteries of the sky
And that long starry stream's meanderings.
And he could say
Whence the mad lightning got his headlong sway ;
The thunder he disarmed of fear,
And we could bear,
When taught by him, those crashing sounds to hear
And all the turmoil of the bustling air.
He taught what star malign,
What gloomy visaged sign
Sheds its bad influence o'er the ruined plain ;
Whether the Hyades' funereal train
Wept their ill-omened sorrows from the sky,
Or Procyon bade our crops and verdant pastures die.

CHORUS.

Now all is lost,
Gone is our counsellor, our guide, our friend !
And we,
Like storm-drenched sailors in the rolling sea,
In waves and error tost,
Darkness and rocks surrounding,
Terrors our heart confounding,
Call for our pilot, but the noisy main
Beats back our prayers again
And drives us to our fate.

RESPONSE.

Oh brothers, say not so,
It is not yet too late
To raise us from our fallen state
Although it be so overwhelmed with woe—
There is a goodly golden chain,
Dropped from the heavens to this poor world,
Which the sad wretch in anguish hurled
Can upwards draw to hope and heaven again.

CHORUS.

Ye have well spoken ;
Its radiant links are never broken,
For Faith's firm anchor fixes it above
Whilst here below it takes its root in love,
Nor can the blows of time or rage of tempests move.

FIRST PEASANT.

Come then, dear brothers, let us to our homes
 From this unwelcome office; let us take
 Back with us such healing thoughts as grow
 In broken minds when they a vital warmth
 Keep inwards, lighted by the torch
 That burns for ever near the súpreme throne.
 Great are our sufferings, we have lost two friends
 Such as the world can never shew again
 In all its mighty rounds; but we have still
 The hopes they taught us, and the assured thought
 That we some hour shall meet again above,
 There to embrace once more and there renew our love.

[*They go out.*]

JUBAL *alone.*

'Tis done—my hopes are ended—all is o'er—
 A little farther I may drag my steps,
 A little longer drink the draught of life
 Till the pale messenger arrives to lead
 To the once-entered gate, and join my name
 With the uncounted millions weeping there.
 I scarcely live—the power of thought is gone,
 My mind almost extinguished views the past
 And the sad present with indifference—Oh!
 Why do I groan? all things are passed away,

Hope, joy, grief, love, are dead, and I, poor soul,
Like some neglected torch am cast aside,
Slow flickering to my death, where late I shone
On the great altar blazing high to God.
And yet I live, my colour still remains,
Health is not gone—my soul, my soul is dead,
She that lives longest is the first to die ;
And I walk on a living animal, a wretch
With front erect, to view the holy skies
And see my ruin written there ; to hear
My tongue proclaim me man, to know
I had a soul and feel that soul is lost.
Why was I born ? why did I leave the womb ?
Why see the blazing sun ? why hear of heaven
To sink beneath ? why taste the joys of love
To lose them ? or why see how fair is earth
To turn it into hell ? earth still is fair,
The fields, the floods, the mountains are divine !
Spring, summer, autumn, winter, dance their rounds
To invigorate all things : yet this blessed scheme,
Elaborate in simplicity, for me
Has lost all beauty ; I no longer feel
As man should feel ; the cool and liberal air,
Hateful to sinners on my marble brow,
Breathes neither comfort nor reproof : I go

Where chance directs to fly from God and man,
In any hour, in any clime to die.

An OLD SHEPHERD enters.

Or here, methinks, or hereabouts, I heard
The groanings of a deadly-wounded man—
What ho there!

JUBAL.

Oh!

SHEPHERD.

Hark there again!

It must be near; Oh heaven, what haggard wretch
Sits there with dismal sorrow on his brow,
Bending beneath his load of grief?—Speak.

JUBAL.

Man,

Get thee hence quick, for he that suffereth here
No longer dwells with mortals.

SHEPHERD.

Jubal!

JUBAL.

Yes,

What hast thou to do with Jubal?

SHEPHERD.

Good Sir,

How came you here? what great calamity
Has fallen thus sudden on you?

JUBAL.

Go away,

I cannot talk to thee, old man.

SHEPHERD.

Nay, tell me, Sir!

I do conjure you.

JUBAL.

What art thou so old,

So very old, and knowest not that grief

Can blight the young and wither up their hopes?

And hast thou never heard of death, my friend,

And sin the sting of death? of God's full wrath,

Poured like a breaking billow on man's head?

Then look at me—in me see all these plagues,

Death, sin, and sorrow, and the wrath of heaven

Tremendously impressed; now go thy ways

And ponder on these things, and let gray hairs

Be taught by youth, be taught that youth can feel

Ere life is well begun.

SHEPHERD.

I have no need

To learn these things; old though I be, my heart

Still bleeds from wounds that in my early days

Malicious death inflicted; yes, I groan,

I daily, hourly groan; my wintery hairs

Are whitened more by sorrow than by time.

JUBAL.

Come then and sit with me upon this rock,
And we will be philosophers, and talk
Of all our griefs until the sun goes down.
And let us from this hill much speculate
On the tumultuous world, and hear its din
Continuous of the fools that fondly think
They may be happy.

SHEPHERD.

Ah! it is a din
That wearies me! for I have heard so much of it
It sickens me at heart; there was a time
When I was busiest in the busy throng
Running to catch life's bubbles—gone they are!
And what remains?

JUBAL.

Come, tell me all these things,
'Twill do me good to listen.

SHEPHERD.

Ah, good Sir,
I have not much to tell. I had a wife
And two dear children, these were all my care,
Save one which was the first, the care of heaven.
My boys grew up, and two such blessed youths
Helvetia never saw, and I, fond soul,

Entrusted them to God's protection,
 And hoped a father's blessing might avail.
 One winter's morn, with loud appalling roar,
 There fell upon the village down the valley
 A ruin of the mountain, driving on
 Rocks and uprooted woods and crumbling cliffs
 On all our village; seven hundred souls
 Were crushed to death! my wife, my darling boys,
 My hopes, my happiness, in one short hour
 Were buried deep—and I, alas the hour,
 Escaped.

JUBAL.

But how didst thou escape?

SHEPHERD.

I on the mountain tops with pride elate
 Was hunting wolves, and by my bold dog's bark
 Driving the shaggy felons down the steep,
 Or ransacking the caverns for the bear
 Growling within his deep recess—but soon
 My sport was ended;—
 I heard the ruin of the mountain, I
 Saw the great funeral—but oh! my heart
 Bleeds even now to think of it.

JUBAL.

Poor man!

It is a piteous tale, but such things are
And whilst the world goes round they still will be,
Life is all wretchedness.

SHEPHERD.

It is indeed
Sheer wretchedness, or if there be bright spots,
Some little twinklings in the storm, they do
But shew the danger greater; yet they say
That shepherds and the rustic people live
Secure from care, and under pine-tree shades
Sing merrily the summer day, nor know
What sorrow means, as if our humble cots
Were better fence against adversity
Than the proud castles where a monarch sleeps!

JUBAL.

Then they do lie, and teach the silly world
What every hour disproves; for I myself
From my first state of innocence am fallen
Into such horrible, such dreadful depths
Of sad despair and perfect unmixt grief
As drive me mad; and yet in rural ease
I never knew the world, I never went
Where fools sing madrigals around the grave
And racket it through life, and dance away
Till death arrests them; but embowered in woods,

Deep in that Tempe fit for the ancient Gods,
 Mused on the vanity of life, and thought,
 How sweet such solitude! and now where is it?
 All, all is gone—home, solitude and love,
 Affection, comfort, every thing is gone
 But memory. (*weeps.*)

SHEPHERD.

Weep not so, dear Sir,
 There is no use in tears: a briny flood
 To fill the ocean would not wash away
 The spite of Heaven; for Heaven has said in wrath,
 “ *This* man shall suffer, *that* man be cut off,
This lose his wits, and *that* be thrust aside
 Into some dreary prison-house to pine
 In chains and solitude; *this* be burnt, or stabbed,
 Or racked to death, and *that* see all his house
 Fall like the leaves when winter’s frowns begin;”
 And having said it never doth revoke,
 Abate, diminish, or correct its words.
 No messenger is sent with pardon, none
 To say the King repents him. No, the seal
 Is fixed; for this sore travail hath God
 Given to the sons of men that they may be
 Well exercised therein.

JUBAL.

And yet they say,
“ Whom the Lord loves he chastens.”

SHEPHERD.

Yes, they say,
But can they prove the word? whom dost thou see
Ought bettered by their misery; the earth
Is given into the hands of wickedness
And wickedness has sway, the rod of pride
Has blossomed, violence springs up and shades
The world; the world is full of bloody crimes
And ever hath been, mischief works her way.
On land and sea; the very winds of heaven
Waft ruin for mankind in wafting him
To other shores who does all mischief—man.
Ask Morning for her wings, and fly with her
Throughout all space, and challenge those vast worlds
To shew a greater torment than mankind.
Man is the ruin of creation; he,
For whom creation sprang, has made her works
One dreary wild of torture; he it is
That, by his grinding and insatiate power,
His unrelenting tyranny, his scourge
Of victory and violence, hath laid
In dust and ashes all this beauteous globe.

Oh sun, why risest thou? O moon, O stars,
 Why shed your faint beams on a ball like this?
 Oh Nature, why put on thy flowery garb?
 Why lavish thus thy sights, thy choice perfumes
 Thy sounds so musical? how canst thou smile
 Amidst such woe? for all around thee arise
 Groans of the tortured, groans of wounded slaves,
 Some at the galley chained to pain and life,
 Some from their country torn to curse their fate
 Under the torments of their christian lords;
 And others trampled under foot and thrust
 To infamy because they dare to raise
 Their voice to God for that his richest gift
 True liberty, for that which he himself
 Declared his "perfect law" . . . and yet thou seest
 All this, and jocund still art laughing now
 And wreathing flowers to braid thy golden hair!
 Oh Nature weep—throw off thine ornaments;
 Great Sun, expire! and you, ye twinkling stars,
 Gem other skies, and roll your fires far off
 To distant firmaments whose concave vaults
 Hear not the sighs of beings lost like man!

JUBAL.

Thy grief misleads thee, Shepherd;
 For though affliction and sore misery

Unpeople half the earth, and tyrants fierce
 Scatter and spoil and crush the hopes of man,
 Yet some there are who in this tragic peril
 Can rise superior to the storm—by grace
 Upheld, by light celestial cheered, by God
 Himself conducted to serener skies.

There is a name sublime in heaven and earth
 By which we live, to which we look for comfort.

SHEPHERD.

And much of that it has bestowed on thee.
 Heaven's greatest victims are those souls that weep
 Their sins and seek repentance; them it leaves,
 After the sunshine of a moment, dark,
 Uncomforted, unaided, though grim fiends
 Assail and with temptations foul drag off
 Their easy prey. No pious saint on earth
 Is sure of victory, for at the last
 Some tempter may step in and gain the prize
 For which bright angels strive.

JUBAL.

Away, away—

I'll hear no more of this, it is not so—
 Despair is not our portion; Heaven is kind
 And merciful to all her sons, and though
 I am cast down, I will not say

The Almighty is to blame, the fault is mine.
Be just, be true; to God give all the praise,
To man the blame.

SHEPHERD.

Give praise to whom thou wilt,
But look around thee, mark the wicked well,
Is not prosperity with them? they live
Mighty in power, their children grow in health
And happiness before their eyes, their house
Is far from fear, nor does the Eternal's rod
Shake terrors on their heads; in ease and wealth
They sing through life, the timbrel and the pipe
For them raise melodies, till gentle death
Bears them in pomp to their majestic tomb.
Then see the shivering poor; on them God's hand
Rests heavily, in gloom and pinching want
They groan through life despised, they groan and die.
For them no tribute of well-tuned praise,
No flower to glad their tomb, no friendly hand
To carve their virtues and their name; but down,
Down they are thrown like sweets from Luxury's lap
Despised and used, till cold contempt steps in
To drag the refuse out of sight.

JUBAL.

Despair, despair has done thee mischief—go

And read the ancient records, see from them
 If God forsakes mankind and leaves us here
 Like wolves to tear each other—read them well ;
 Trust in the after prize nor thus misdeem
 Of thy Creator's righteousness as if
 He spoke vain words and promises illusive ;
 I laud his work although I be thus fallen.

SHEPHERD.

And fallen thou wilt be, and of this thy fall
 I see the precious fruit—servility.
 E'er since the cursed inabstinence of Eve
 There have been slaves in body and in soul,
 Spaniels that lick the rod, and love the hand
 That flogs them into wretchedness.
 Those records which thou bidst me thus to read,
 Speak of a day gone by, when God arose
 From long quiescence and inactive rest
 (Which for long centuries had been his reign)
 To build this mighty system, and pour out
 His vast resplendent ocean of bright stars
 Along astonished space, when heaven rejoiced
 And all the angels shouted loud for joy
 To see so grand a morning ; yet this work
 More beauteous by the intellects that shine
 Amidst its worlds, how soon it was destroyed,

How soon it fell to nothing ! Sin came in
 And Death, Sin's brother, with triumphant sway.
 That sway the flood by his dread element
 Speedily did cancel ; but the earth when dry
 Produced a richer crop of wickedness,
 And man's imagination from his youth
 Is always evil and evil will remain.
 So great the mischief and so sad the scene
 That Heaven demanded to appease its wrath
 A perfect holocaustal victim ; he
 Hung on the tree and died. And now behold
 The universal globe, and then declare
 If blood or water yet have washed it clean.

JUBAL.

Tie up thy tongue's loose railing impudence,
 And with thy juggling arguments begone,
 O traitorous Sophist ; this at least I've learned
 To know the baits of false philosophy
 However trimmed with cozening words—begone—
 Heaven is enraged at this impiety.
 E'en now the forked electric shafts in vivid glare
 Dance in the gloomy clouds.
 Hark to the thunder and the angry Alp
 Rebelling to the din.

SHEPHERD.

See, Jubal, there

The blue balls volley from the ebon mists
And seem to fight the mountains—there—that flash
Darts on the vale beneath, and strikes the cot
Of shepherds! innocent souls, they fall, they die,
Their houses blaze!

Ah! where is now your God?

He kills the shepherd, but the monarch's hall
He spares. Come, let us praise him now.

JUBAL.

Aye, even now. Here, on my knees, O Lord,
I praise and bless and glorify thy name,
And do acknowledge thee as just and good
In this display of thy dread royalty.
Thou art the same, in favour or in wrath
Thou still art good, and when thy terrors burn
It is with grandeur fitting such a king.

SHEPHERD.

Fool! art thou quite gone mad? and dost not see
That in return for all this piety
The tyrant's bolt is hovering o'er our heads,
And in a moment rushing from that cloud
May strike thee dead?
Thine hour approaches, Jubal, thou must die,

Nothing can save us, every flash is nearer
 Than the last—they flame—they blaze: the fire
 Falls at our feet: O make then time thine own,
 Die like a hero, throw off this base yoke,
 And meet the Judge courageously.
 Thousands have yielded, but how few have dared
 To assert their liberty and die like men.
 E'en if thou livest thou never can be saved,
 Thy sins are never to be pardoned, this thou knowest,
 What then hast thou to lose—CURSE GOD AND DIE.

JUBAL.

Devil, begone!—
 Fly from me, monster, and in thickest shades
 Hide thy blaspheming head. O righteous Lord!
 Have mercy on me, and if now I die
 Pardon my sins.

*[The lightning strikes the Shepherd, who assumes
 a gigantic size, and rises in the air.]*

What new temptation this? what shape horrible
 Of great proportions rises in the clouds
 Shaking his sail-broad wings? am I then dead?
 Is this death's angel with the final message?
 Rather some rebel fiend on spiteful errand,
 Child of the ancient anarchy; I know
 His felon visage and distorted gait

Writhing with spite and infinite despair.
On him the lightnings blaze and do no harm,
The thunder is his element, he smiles
In ruin and increasing rage of storms
And earthquake throes with which the world is shaken.

Now Death begin——
On me the outcast branch of sin
Justice directs thy white-winged sleet to fall.
Vengeance, come on ; thy battling dæmons call
To aid thee in the overwhelming rout.
Thunder on thunder rolls,
The mountains shout,
Vexed in the caverns of their gloomy souls.
New streams start out
And burst the granite thraldom of the rocks,
Where dark they lay,
Loosened by the earthquake's shocks
To foam amain in hated realms of day.
On me, on me is this ætherial war :
Lightnings like vultures hovering from afar
Rush on their swift wings to the strife,
Parent! have mercy, take my woe-worn life,
Take me in mercy from this maddening world,
For from that split and shattered cloud

Is hurled the doubling curl of fire
In vengeance lanced and tipped with plumes of ire.
Old Æther creeps into his darkest shroud
With thunder vexed, amazed, confounded,
By whirl of rocking winds surrounded,
And rough assault of petrifying storm.
The Earth has lost her ancient form,
And finds no rest for her tormented feet ;
The Ocean-surge thy stars will meet,
O holy heaven ! the blast rides on,
And mad Confusion calls upon her son,
Black Chaos, to resume the turmoils of his reign.—
Can Earth recover from these throes again ?
Why should I fear ? let Ruin have his way.
Let him uproot the world,
And let the mountain chain
Into the blue depths of the sea be hurled,
And Ocean rise above the hills again,
Yet will I not rebel, or 'gainst my Lord complain ;
For though the fig-tree never blossom more,
The olive fail, and all the field's sweet store ;
Though every flock, and all the herd should die,
Yet still would I my God with thanks adore,
And bless his bounteous hand, and laud his clemency.

A VOICE FROM THE CLOUDS.

Jubal! Jubal! Jubal!

JUBAL.

Here am I, Lord,
Do with me as thou wilt.

THE VOICE.

Art thou prepared?

JUBAL.

No, Lord! for I am dust and ashes; thou
Knowest all my secret sin, and who is he
Of all thy saints that dare uplift his head
To stand before thee; much less I, O Lord,
A worm and no man.

THE VOICE.

What thought is in thy heart
To weigh thee down?

JUBAL.

Thou seest all my thoughts,
And that my crime is great; I veil my eyes,
And dare not mention mercy.

THE VOICE.

Jubal, thou
Hast sinned with Peter, but hast thou with him
Repented?

JUBAL.

What repentance, Lord,
Can be accepted *now*?

THE VOICE.

Repentance deep,
Contrition perfect, penance long and sore,
The penance of the mind, and *one* sure proof
That thou in patience can possess thy soul;
Pride was thy ruin, but humility
May raise thee up again, and thou mayest stand.

JUBAL.

Lord, let me know the number of my days,
Tell me how long I have to live, that I
May see the burthen that I have to bear.

THE VOICE.

Call me not Lord! and ask me not such things,
I am thy fellow-servant, raised perhaps,
A little raised above this globe thy earth,
But I and thou must be obedient still.
Remember therefore from how high estate
Thou now art fallen, and repent and look
Onwards; every thing behind is death.
But be content, for it has been decreed
That thou must wander till thine hour is come,
To be well tried and sifted in thy faith.

JUBAL.

Oh! leave me not, good Spirit, leave me not
Without one word of comfort, speak once more
And say I shall prevail.

THE VOICE.

Vain mortal, pray for patience; thou, alas!
Hast known too much already, seek no more.
Obedience is commanded : now, *farewell*.

THE END.

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ERRATA.

- Page 66, verse 19, insert *had* between *who* and *stood*.
- 67, verse 24, for *moving* read *reeking*.
- 137, verse 19, for *hearts* read *harps*.
- 139, verse 17, for *lay* read *lie*.
- 208, dele apostrophe before *long*.