

Rejoicing in the harvest and the grange.
 Yet I, Earth-Goddess, am but ill-content
 With them, who still are highest. Those gray heads,
 What meant they by their "Fate beyond the Fates,"
 But younger, kindlier gods to bear us down,
 As we bore down the gods before us? Gods
 To quench, not hurl the thunderbolt, to stay,
 Not spread the plague, the famine; gods indeed,
 To send the noon into the night and break
 The sunless halls of Hades into Heaven?
 Till thy dark lord accept and love the Sun
 And all the Shadow die into the Light,
 When thou shalt dwell the whole bright year with me
 And souls of men who grew beyond their race,
 And made themselves as gods against the fear
 Of Death and Hell; and thou that hast from men,
 As Queen of Death, that worship which is Fear,
 Henceforth, as having risen from out the dead,
 Shalt ever send thy life along with mine
 From buried grain thro' springing blade and bless
 Their garner'd Autumn also, reap with me,
 Earth-Mother, in the harvest hymns of Earth
 The worship which is Love, and see no more
 The Stone, the Wheel, the dimly-glimmering lawns
 Of that Elysium, all the hateful fires
 Of torment, and the shadowy warrior glide
 Along the silent field of Asphodel.

We find, in the five subjects forming this group of studies, some of the self-evident nature myths.

Compare our scientific way of speaking about the night, the morning, the sun, the moon, the change of seasons, with the treatment these subjects have received from poets and artists

GROUP II.

SOME OF THE GIANT FORCES OF NATURE.

SATURN, *Lat.*; CHRONOS, *Gr.*

HYPERĪON and Thea were two of the twelve Titans, and they were the parents of the Sun, the Moon, and the Dawn. But the most important of all the Titans were Saturn and Rhea. Their children were three sons, Jupiter, Pluto, and Neptune; three daughters, Juno, Ceres, and Vesta.

When Jupiter grew up he made war upon his father, in fulfilment of an old prophecy. The war lasted ten years, resulting in victory for Jupiter. Saturn and his army were completely overthrown, his brothers despatched to the gloomy depths of the lower world, and Saturn himself was deprived of the supreme power which was now vested in his son Jupiter, and he was banished from his kingdom.

The Romans believed that, after his defeat and banishment, Saturn took refuge with Jānus, king of Italy, who received the exiled deity with great kindness, and even shared his throne with him. Their united reign became so thoroughly peaceful and happy, and was distinguished by such uninterrupted prosperity that it

was called the "Golden Age," which is so frequently referred to by the poets. The Roman festival in his honor was called Saturnalia, and was devoted to freedom, mirth, and hospitality.

In the following poem Keats represents Saturn (Chronos), just after his defeat:—

SATURN AND THEA.

From "Hyperion."—KEATS.

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
Sat gray-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair;
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs one light seed from the feathered grass,
But where the leaf fell, there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
By reason of his fallen divinity,
Spreading a shade: the Naiad 'mid her reeds
Pressed her cold finger closer to her lips.

Along the margin sand large footmarks went
No further than to where his feet had strayed,
And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unsceptered, and his realmless eyes were closed;
While his bowed head seemed listening to the earth,
His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.

It seemed no force could wake him from his place;
But there came one who, with a kindred hand,
Touched his wide shoulders, after bending low

With reverence, though to one who knew it not.
She was a goddess of the infant world;
By her in stature the tall Amazon
Had stood a pigmy's height: she would have ta'en
Achilles by the hair, and bent his neck,
Or with a finger stayed Ixion's wheel.
Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx,
Pedestaled haply in a palace court,
When sages looked to Egypt for their lore.
But oh! how unlike marble was that face!
How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self!
There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun;
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen roar
Was, with its stored thunder, laboring up.
One hand she pressed upon that aching spot
Where beats the human heart, as if just there,
Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain;
The other upon Saturn's bended neck
She laid, and to the level of his ear
Leaning with parted lips, some words she spake
In solemn tenor and deep organ tone;
Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue
Would come in these like accents—O, how frail,
To that large utterance of the early gods!—
"Saturn, look up! though wherefore, poor old king?
I cannot say, 'O wherefore sleepest thou?'
For heaven is parted from thee, and the earth
Knows thee not thus afflicted for a god;
And ocean, too, with all its solemn noise,
Has from thy scepter passed, and all the air
Is emptied of thy hoary majesty.
Thy thunder, conscious of the new command,

Rumbles reluctant o'er the fallen house ;
 And thy sharp lightning in unpracticed hands
 Scorches and burns our once serene domain.
 O, aching time ! O, moments big as years !
 All, as ye pass, swell out the monstrous truth,
 And press it so upon our weary griefs
 That unbelief has not a space to breathe.
 Saturn, sleep on ! O, thoughtless why did I
 Thus violate thy slumbrous solitude ?
 Why should I ope thy melancholy eyes ?
 Saturn, sleep on ! while at thy feet I weep."

As when, upon a trancèd summer night,
 Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
 Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
 Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
 Save from one gradual solitary gust
 Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
 As if the ebbing air had but one wave ;
 So came these words and went.

* * * * *

Among the Romans the seventh day of the week was sacred to Saturn, hence our name for that day, *Saturday*. Raphael's picture represents him with a scythe in his hand, seated in a chariot drawn by wingèd dragons, personifying the flight of *Time*.

THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE GODS AND THE GIANTS.

THE battle-field of this contest was in Phleg'ra in Macedonia.

The fight lasted for a whole day, for the giants were very strong ; but at last the gods gained the victory, and they crushed each of the giants beneath a huge moun-

tain, which did not kill him but prevented his ever getting up again.

The most powerful of the giants that conspired against Jupiter was Enceladus. He tried to escape over the Mediterranean Sea, but the goddess Athené (Minerva), who was the daughter of Jupiter, tore off a great three-cornered piece of land and threw it after him. It hit him just as he was in the middle of the sea, and he fell down and was buried beneath it. After some time the land became covered with forests and cities, and it is now called the island of Sicily. Mount Etna marks the spot where the giant has lain ever since.

The poets say that the flames of this volcano arise from the breath of the giant, and whenever he turns on one side beneath the mountain, the people say, "It is an earthquake."

Longfellow, in his poem, "King Robert of Sicily," says :—

"Under the angel's government benign
 The happy island danced with corn and wine,
 And deep within the mountain's burning breast
 Enceladus, the giant, was at rest."

In the following poem he gives the popular legend :—

ENCELADUS.

LONGFELLOW.

Under Mount Etna he lies,
 It is slumber, it is not death ;
 For he struggles at times to arise,
 And above him the lurid skies
 Are hot with his fiery breath.

The crags are piled on his breast,
 The earth is heaped on his head,
 But the groans of his wild unrest,
 Though smothered and half-suppressed,
 Are heard, and he is not dead.

And the nations far away
 Are watching with eager eyes ;
 They talk together and say,
 "To-morrow, perhaps to-day,
 Enceladus will arise !"

And the old gods, the austere
 Oppressors in their strength,
 Stand aghast and white with fear
 At the ominous sounds they hear,
 And tremble, and mutter, "At length !"

Ah me ! for the land that is sown
 With the harvest of despair !
 Where the burning cinders, blown
 From the lips of the overthrown
 Enceladus, fill the air.

Where ashes are heaped in drifts
 Over vineyard and field and town,
 Whenever he starts and lifts
 His head through the blackened rifts
 Of the crags that keep him down.

See, see ! the red light shines !
 'Tis the glare of his awful eyes !
 And the storm-winds shout through the pines
 Of Alps and Apennines,
 "Enceladus, arise !"

THE MYTH OF PROMETHEUS.

PROMETHEUS, son of the Titan, Japetus, was said to have made men of clay and water, after which Athené breathed a soul into them. The gods then held a meeting in order to adjust the duties and privileges of men. It was decided that Prometheus, as the advocate of man, should slay an ox and divide it into two parts, and that the gods should select one portion which in all future sacrifices should be set apart for them. In order to secure for man the portion suitable to be eaten, Prometheus wrapped the flesh in the skin, and the bones in the white fat. The animal thus divided was placed before Zeus that he might choose on the part of the gods. He pretended to be deceived, and chose the heap of bones, but he was so angry at the attempted deception that he avenged himself by refusing to mortals the gift of fire.

Prometheus, however, resolved to brave the anger of the ruler of Olympus. He stole some sparks from the chariot of the Sun, and conveyed them to the earth hidden in a hollow tube. Furious at having been outwitted, Zeus determined to be revenged, first on mankind, and then on Prometheus.

He had Prometheus chained to a rock on Mount Caucasus, where during the daytime a vulture devoured his liver, which grew again during the night.

After thirteen generations had passed away, Heracles (Hercules) was permitted to kill the eagle, and Prometheus was released.

Æschylus (480 B.C.) was the first poet who gave this story literary form. The subject must have been a fascinating one to him, and popular with the theatre-goers of his time in Athens, for he wrote three dramas, describing the worship, the punishment, and the release of Prometheus:—"Prometheus, the Fire-giver," "Prometheus Bound," and "Prometheus Unbound."

PROMETHEUS BOUND.

ÆSCHYLUS.

Prometheus explains the causes that led to his punishment by Zeus.

The Chorus ask him to tell them all the tale,

"For what offence Zeus, having seized thee thus,
So wantonly and bitterly insults thee?"

Prometheus replies:—

Painful are these things to me e'en to speak:
Painful is silence; everywhere is woe.
For when the high gods fell on mood of wrath,
And hot debate of mutual strife was stirred,
Some wishing to hurl Chronos from his throne,
That Zeus forsooth might reign; while others strove,
Eager that Zeus might never rule the gods:
Then I, full strongly seeking to persuade
The Titans, yea, the sons of Heaven and Earth,
Failed of my purpose. Scorning subtle arts,
With counsels violent, they thought that they
By force would gain full easy mastery.
But then not once or twice my mother Themis

And Earth, one form though bearing many names,
Had prophesied the future, how 'twould run,
That not by strength nor yet by violence,
But guile, should those who prospered gain the day.
And when in my words I this counsel gave,
They deigned not e'en to glance at it at all.
And then of all that offered, it seemed best
To join my mother, and of mine own will,
Not against his will, take my side with Zeus,
And by my counsels, mine, the deep dark pit
Of Tartarus the ancient Chronos holds,
Himself and his allies. Thus profiting
By me, the mighty ruler of the gods
Repays me with these evil penalties:
For somehow this disease in sovereignty
Inheres, of never trusting to one's friends,
And since ye ask me under what pretence
He thus maltreats me, I will show it you:
For soon as he upon his father's throne
Had sat secure, forthwith to divers gods
He divers gifts distributed, and his realm
Began to order. But of mortal men
He took no heed, but purposed utterly
To crush their race and plant another new;
And, I excepted, none dared cross his will;
But I did dare, and mortal men I freed
From passing on to Hades thunder-stricken;
And therefore am I bound beneath these woes,
Dreadful to suffer, pitiable to see:
And I, who in my pity thought of men
More than myself, have not been worthy deemed
To gain like favor, but all ruthlessly
I thus am chained, foul shame this sight to Zeus.

The Chorus sympathize with Prometheus, and then Okeanos enters and declares that none more friendly than he can be found. He wishes to help Prometheus, and thinks that Zeus will grant him the boon that he intends to ask, the freedom of Prometheus. The latter assures him that his efforts will be useless. (The Chorus again sing, both strophe and antistrophe, expressing grief for his suffering.) Prometheus again speaks:—

Think not it is through pride or stiff self-will
That I am silent. But my heart is worn,
Self-contemplating as I see myself
Thus outraged. Yet what other hand than mine
Gave these young gods in fulness all their gifts?
But these I speak not of; for I should tell
To you that know them. But those woes of men,
List ye to them,—how they, before as babes,
By me were roused to reason, taught to think;
And this I say not finding fault with men,
But showing my good will in all I gave.
For first, though seeing, all in vain they saw,
And hearing, heard not rightly. But, like forms
Of phantom-dreams, throughout their life's whole length
They muddled all at random; did not know
Houses of brick that catch the sunlight's warmth,
Nor yet the work of carpentry. They dwelt
In hollowed holes, like swarms of tiny ants,
In sunless depths of caverns; and they had
No certain signs of winter, nor of spring
Flower-laden, nor of summer with her fruits;
But without counsel fared their whole life through
Until I showed the risings of the stars,
And settings hard to recognize. And I

Found Number for them, chief device of all,
Groupings of letters, Memory, handmaid true
And mother of the Muses. And I first
Bound in the yoke wild steeds, submissive made
Or to the collar or men's limbs, that so
They might in man's place bear his greatest toils;
And horses trained to love the rein I yoked
To chariots, glory of wealth's pride of state;
Nor was it any one but I that found
Sea-crossing, canvas-wingèd cars of ships.
Such rare designs inventing (wretched me!)
For mortal men, I yet have no device
By which to free myself from this my woe.

* * * * *

Hearing what yet remains thou'lt wonder more
What arts and what resources I devised:
And this the chief: if any one fell ill,
There was no help for him, nor healing food,
Nor unguent, nor yet potion; but for want
Of drugs they wasted, till I showed to them
The blendings of mild medicaments,
Wherewith they ward the attacks of sickness sore.
I gave them many modes of prophecy;
And I first taught them what dreams needs must prove
True visions, and made known the ominous sounds
Full hard to know; and tokens by the way,
And flights of taloned birds I clearly marked,—
Those on the right propitious to mankind,
And those sinister,—and what forms of life
They each maintain, and what their enmities
Each with the other, and their loves and friendships;
And with burnt limbs enwrapt in fat, and chine,
I led men on to art full difficult:

And I gave eyes to omens drawn from fire,
 Till then dim-visioned. So far then for this.
 And 'neath the earth the hidden boons for men,
 Bronze, iron, silver, gold, who else could say
 That he, ere I did, found them? None, I know,
 Unless he fain would babble idle words.
 In one short word, then, learn the truth condensed, —
 All arts of mortals from Prometheus spring.

* * * * *

Compare this drama with that on the same subject by Mrs. Browning,
 written more than two thousand years later.

The following selection describes the same scene.

PROMETHEUS BOUND.

MRS. BROWNING.

Chorus. Remove the veil from all things and relate
 The story to us! — of what crime accused
 Zeus smites thee with dishonorable pangs.
 Speak! if to teach us do not grieve thyself.

Prometheus. The utterance of these things is torture to me,
 But so, too, is their silence! each way lies
 Woe strong as fate! When gods began with wrath,
 And war rose up between their starry brows,
 Some choosing to cast Chronos from his throne
 That Zeus might king it there; and some in haste
 With opposite oaths that they would have no Zeus
 To rule the gods forever, — I who brought
 The counsel I thought meetest, could not move
 The Titans, children of the Heaven and Earth,
 What time disdain in their rugged souls
 My subtle machinations, they assumed
 It was an easy thing for force to take
 The mastery of fate. My mother, then,

Who is called not only Themis but Earth, too,
 (Her single beauty joys in many names)
 Did teach me with reiterant prophecy
 What future should be, — and how conquering gods
 Should not prevail by strength and violence,
 But by guile only. When I told them so
 They would not deign to contemplate the truth
 On all sides round; whereat I deemed it best
 To lead my willing mother upwardly,
 And set my Themis face to face with Zeus
 As willing to receive her! Tartarus
 With its abysmal cloister of the Dark,
 Because I gave that counsel, covers up
 The antique Chronos and his siding hosts;
 And by that counsel helped, the king of gods
 Hath recompensed me with these bitter pangs!
 For kingship wears a cancer at the heart, —
 Distrust in friendship. Do ye also ask,
 What crime it is for which he tortures me?
 That shall be clear before you. When at first
 He filled his father's throne, he instantly
 Made various gifts of glory to the gods,
 And dealt the Empire out. Alone of men,
 Of miserable men he took no count.
 But yearned to sweep their track off from the world,
 And plant a newer race there. Not a god
 Resisted such desire except myself!
 I dared it! I drew mortals back to light,
 From meditated ruin deep as hell,
 For which wrong I am bent down in these pangs
 Dreadful to suffer, mournful to behold, —
 And I, who pitied man, am thought myself
 Unworthy of pity, — while I render out
 Deep rhythms of anguish 'neath the harping hand
 That strikes me thus! — a sight to shame your Zeus.

After the visit of Okeanos and the song of the Chorus, Prometheus continues the story of his efforts to benefit mankind, and his consequent sufferings: —

Prometheus. Beseech you, think not I am silent thus
Through pride or scorn! I only gnaw my heart
With meditation, seeing myself so wronged.
For so — their honors to these new-made gods,
What other gave but I, and dealt them out
With distribution? Ay — but here I am dumb;
For here, I should repeat your knowledge to you,
If I spake aught. List rather to the deeds
I did for mortals — how, being fools before,
I made them wise and true in aim of soul.
And let me tell you — not as taunting men,
But teaching you the intention of my gifts;
How, first beholding, they beheld in vain,
And hearing, heard not, but like shapes in dreams,
Mixed all things wildly down the tedious time,
Nor knew to build a house against the sun
With wicketed sides, nor any wood-craft knew,
But lived, like silly ants, beneath the ground
In hollow caves unsunned. There came to them
No steadfast sign of winter, nor of spring
Flower-perfumed, nor of summer full of fruit,
But blindly and lawlessly they did all things,
Until I taught them how the stars do rise
And set in mystery; and devised for them
Number, the inducer of philosophies,
The synthesis of Letters, and, beside,
The artificer of all things, Memory,
That sweet Muse-mother. I was first to yoke
The servile beasts in couples, carrying
An heirloom of man's burdens on their backs!

I joined to chariots, steeds that love the bit
They champ at — the chief pomp of golden ease,
And none but I originated ships,
The seaman's chariots, wandering on the brine
With linen wings! And I — oh, miserable! —
Who did desire for mortals all these arts,
Have no device left now to save myself
From the woe I suffer.

Chorus. Most unseemly woe
Thou sufferest, and dost stagger from the sense
Bewildered! Like a bad leech falling sick
Thou art faint at soul, and canst not find the drugs
Required to save thyself.

Prometheus. Harken the rest,
And marvel further — what more arts and means
I did invent — this greatest! if a man
Fell sick there was no cure, nor esculent,
Nor chrism, nor liquid, but for lack of drugs
Men pined and wasted, till I showed them all
Those mixtures of emollient remedies
Whereby they might be rescued from disease.
I fixed the various rules of mantic¹ art,
Discerned the vision from the common dream,
Instructed them in vocal auguries
Hard to interpret, and defined as plain
The wayside omens — flights of crook-clawed birds, —
Showed which are, by their nature, fortunate,
And which not so, and what the food of each,
And what the hates, affections, social needs,
Of all to one another, — taught what sign
Of visceral lightness, colored to a shade,
May charm the genial gods, and what fair spots
Commend the lung and liver. Burning so

¹ *Mantic*, used by poetic license, means the necromancer's art, or divination.

The limbs encased in fat, and the long chine,
 I led my mortals on to an art abstruse,
 And cleared their eyes to the image in the fire,
 Erst filmed in dark. Enough said now of this.
 For the other helps of man hid underground —
 The iron and the brass, silver and gold,
 Can any dare affirm he found them out
 Before me? None, I know! unless he choose
 To lie in his vault. In one word learn the whole, —
 That all arts came to mortals from Prometheus.

* * * * *

Compare the two following monologues and their authors.

PROMETHEUS.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

One after one the stars have risen and set,
 Sparkling upon the hoar-frost on my chain:
 The Bear that prowled all night about the fold
 Of the North-star hath shrunk into his den,
 Scared by the blithesome footsteps of the Dawn,
 Whose blushing smile floods all the Orient;
 And now bright Lucifer grows less and less,
 Into the heaven's blue quiet deep withdrawn.
 Sunless and starless all, the desert sky
 Arches above me, empty as this heart
 For ages hath been empty of all joy,
 Except to brood upon its silent hope,
 As o'er its hope of day the sky doth now.

All night have I heard voices: deeper yet
 The deep low breathing of the silence grew,
 While all about, muffled in awe, there stood

Shadows, or forms, or both, clear-felt at heart,
 But, when I turned to front them, far along
 Only a shudder through the midnight ran,
 And the dense stillness walled me closer round.

But still I heard them wander up and down
 That solitude, and flappings of dusk wings
 Did mingle with them, whether of those hags
 Let slip upon me once from Hades deep,
 Or of yet direr torments, if such be,
 I could but guess; and then toward me came
 A shape as of a woman: very pale
 It was, and calm; its cold eyes did not move,
 And mine moved not, but only stared on them.
 Their fixed awe went through my brain like ice;
 A skeleton hand seemed clutching at my heart,
 And a sharp chill, as if a dank night fog
 Suddenly closed me in, was all I felt:
 And then, methought, I heard a freezing sigh,
 A long, deep, shivering sigh, as from blue lips
 Stiffening in death, close to mine ear. I thought
 Some doom was close upon me, and I looked
 And saw the red moon through the heavy mist
 Just setting, and it seemed as it were falling,
 Or reeling to its fall, so dim and dead
 And palsy-struck it looked. Then all sounds merged
 Into the rising surges of the pines,
 Which, leagues below me, clothing the gaunt loins
 Of ancient Caucasus with hairy strength,
 Sent up a murmur in the morning wind,
 Sad as the wail that from the populous earth
 All day and night to high Olympus soars,
 Fit incense to thy wicked throne, O Jove!

Thy hated name is tossed once more in scorn
 From off my lips, for I will tell thy doom.

And are these tears? Nay, do not triumph, Jove.
 They are wrung from me but by the agonies
 Of prophecy, like those sparse drops which fall
 From clouds in travail of the lightning, when
 The great wave of the storm high-curved and black
 Rolls steadily onward to its thunderous break.
 Why art thou made a god of, thou poor type
 Of anger, and revenge, and cunning force?
 True Power was never born of brutish Strength.

. . . Are thy thunderbolts
 That quell the darkness for a space, so strong
 As the prevailing patience of meek Light,
 Who, with the invincible tenderness of peace,
 Wins it to be a portion of herself?
 Why art thou made a god of, thou who hast
 The never-sleeping terror at thy heart,
 That birthright of all tyrants, worse to bear
 Than this thy ravening bird on which I smile?
 Thou swear'st to free me, if I will unfold
 What kind of doom it is whose omen flits
 Across thy heart, as o'er a troop of doves
 The fearful shadow of the kite. What need
 To know the truth whose knowledge cannot save?
 Evil its errand hath as well as good;
 When thine is finished, thou art known no more:
 There is a higher purity than thou,
 And higher purity is greater strength;
 Thy nature is thy doom, at which thy heart
 Trembles behind the thick wall of thy might.

Let man but hope and thou art straightway chilled
 With thought of that drear silence and deep night
 Which like a dream shall swallow thee and thine;
 Let man but will, and thou art god no more,
 More capable of ruin than the gold
 And ivory that image thee on earth.

He who hurled down the monstrous Titan brood
 Blinded with lightnings, with rough thunders stunned,
 Is weaker than a simple human thought.
 My slender voice can shake thee, as the breeze,
 That seems but apt to stir a maiden's hair,
 Sways huge Oceanus from pole to pole:
 For I am still Prometheus, and foreknow
 In my wise heart the end and doom of all.

Yes, I am still Prometheus, wiser grown
 By years of solitude, — that holds apart
 The past and future, giving the soul room
 To search into itself — and long commune
 With this eternal silence; — more a god,
 In my long-suffering and strength to meet
 With equal front the direst shafts of fate,
 Than thou in thy faint-hearted despotism,
 Girt with thy baby-toys of force and wrath.
 Yes, I am that Prometheus who brought down
 The light to man, which thou, in selfish fear,
 Hadst to thyself usurped, — his by sole right,
 For Man hath right to all save Tyranny, —
 And which shall free him yet from thy frail throne.
 Tyrants are but the spawn of Ignorance,
 Begotten by the slaves they trample on,
 Who, could they win a glimmer of the light,
 And see that Tyranny is always weakness,
 Or Fear with its own bosom ill at ease,
 Would laugh away in scorn the sand-wove chain
 Which their own blindness feigned for adamant.
 Wrong ever builds on quicksands, but the Right
 To the firm centre lays its moveless base.
 The tyrant trembles if the air but stirs
 The innocent ringlets of a child's free hair,