

Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying—a place in the commonwealth: as which of you shall not? With this I depart; that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

SHAKSPEARE.

XXXIV.

The Ocean.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
 There is society where none intrudes,  
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar:  
 I love not man the less, but nature more,  
 From these our interviews, in which I steal  
 From all I may be, or have been before,  
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel  
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!  
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.

Man marks the earth with ruin: his control  
 Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain  
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own;  
 When for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
 He sinks into thy depths, with bubbling groan,  
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls  
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,  
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,—  
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make  
 Their clay creator the vain title take  
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war,—  
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,  
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar  
 Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee:  
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?  
 Thy waters wasted them, while they were free,  
 And many a tyrant since: their shores obey  
 The stranger, slave, or savage: their decay  
 Has dried up realms to deserts:—Not so thou:  
 Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play,  
 Time writes no wrinkles on *thine* azure brow:  
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,  
 (Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime

Dark-heaving)—boundless, endless, and sublime—  
The image of Eternity—the throne  
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime  
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone  
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone

BYRON.

XXXV.

Scene from Pizarro.

*Pizarro and Gomez.*

*Piz.* How now, Gomez, what bringest thou?

*Gom.* On yonder hill, among the palm-trees, we have surprised an old Peruvian. Escape by flight he could not, and we seized him unresisting.

*Piz.* Drag him before us. (*Gomez leads in Orozembo.*) What art thou, stranger?

*Oro.* First tell me who is the captain of this band of robbers?

*Piz.* Audacious! This insolence has sealed thy doom. Die thou shalt, gray-headed ruffian. But first confess what thou knowest.

*Oro.* I know that which thou hast just assured me of, that I shall die.

*Piz.* Less audacity might have preserved thy life.

*Oro.* My life is as a withered tree, not worth preserving.

*Piz.* Hear me, old man. Even now we march against the Peruvian army. We know there is a secret path that leads to your stronghold among the rocks. Guide us to that, and name thy reward. If wealth be thy wish—

*Oro.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Piz.* Dost thou despise my offer?

*Oro.* Yes, thee and thy offer! Wealth!— I have the wealth of two gallant sons. I have stored in heaven the riches which repay good actions here; and still my chiefest treasure do I wear about me.

*Piz.* What is that? Inform me.

*Oro.* I will, for thou canst never tear it from me. An unsullied conscience.

*Piz.* I believe there is no other Peruvian who dares speak as thou dost.

*Oro.* Would I could believe there is no other Spaniard who dares *act* as *thou* dost.

*Gom.* Obdurate pagan! how numerous is your army?