

*Song of the Soldiers within.*

The black bands came over  
The Alps and their snow;  
With Bourbon, the rover,  
They pass'd the broad Po.  
We have beaten all foemen,  
We have captured a king,  
We have turn'd back on no men,  
And so let us sing!  
Here's the Bourbon for ever!  
Though pennyless all,  
We'll have one more endeavour  
At yonder old wall.  
With the Bourbon we'll gather  
At day-dawn before  
The gates, and together  
Or break or climb o'er  
The wall: on the ladder  
As mounts each firm foot,  
Our shout shall grow gladder,  
And death only be mute.  
With the Bourbon we'll mount o'er  
The walls of old Rome,  
And who then shall count o'er  
The spoils of each dome?  
Up! up with the lily!  
And down with the keys!  
In old Rome, the seven-hilly,  
We'll revel at ease.  
Her streets shall be gory,  
Her Tiber all red,  
And her temples so hoary  
Shall clang with our tread.  
Oh, the Bourbon! the Bourbon!  
The Bourbon for aye!  
Of our song bear the burden!  
And fire, fire away!  
With Spain for the vanguard,  
Our varied host comes;  
And next to the Spaniard  
Beat Germany's drums;  
And Italy's lances  
Are couch'd at their mother;  
But our leader from France is,  
Who warr'd with his brother.  
Oh, the Bourbon! the Bourbon!  
Sans country or home,  
We'll follow the Bourbon,  
To plunder old Rome.

*Cæs.* An indifferent song  
For those within the walls, methinks, to hear.  
*Arn.* Yes, if they keep to their chorus. But here comes  
The general with his chiefs and men of trust.  
A goodly rebel!

*Enter the Constable BOURBON! "cum suis," &c. &c.*

*Phil.* How now, noble prince,  
You are not cheerful?  
*Bourb.* Why should I be so?  
*Phil.* Upon the eve of conquest, such as ours,  
Most men would be so.  
*Bourb.* If I were secure!

<sup>1</sup> [Charles of Bourbon was cousin to Francis I., and Constable of France. Being bitterly persecuted by the queen-mother for having declined the honour of her hand, and

*Phil.* Doubt not our soldiers. Were the walls of adamant,  
They'd crack them. Hunger is a sharp artillery.  
*Bourb.* That they will falter is my least of fears.  
That they will be repulsed, with Bourbon for  
Their chief, and all their kindled appetites  
To marshal them on—were those hoary walls  
Mountains, and those who guard them like the gods  
Of the old fables, I would trust my Titans;—  
But now—

*Phil.* They are but men who war with mortals.  
*Bourb.* True: but those walls have girded in great ages,

And sent forth mighty spirits. The past earth  
And present phantom of imperious Rome  
Is peopled with those warriors; and methinks  
They flit along the eternal city's rampart,  
And stretch their glorious, gory, shadowy hands,  
And beckon me away!

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

*Bourb.* They do not menace me. I could have  
Methinks, a Sylla's menace; but they clasp, [faced,  
And raise, and wring their dim and deathlike hands,  
And with their thin aspen faces and fix'd eyes  
Fascinate mine. Look there!

*Phil.* I look upon  
A lofty battlement.

*Bourb.* And there!  
*Phil.* Not even

A guard in sight; they wisely keep below,  
Shelter'd by the gray parapet from some  
Stray bullet of our lansquenets, who might  
Practise in the cool twilight.

*Bourb.* You are blind.  
*Phil.* If seeing nothing more than may be seen  
Be so.

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

*Phil.* Then conquer  
The walls for which he conquer'd, and be greater!

*Bourb.* True: so I will, or perish.  
*Phil.* You can not

In such an enterprise to die is rather  
The dawn of an eternal day, than death.

[*Count ARNOLD and CÆSAR advance.*  
*Cæs.* And the mere men—do they too sweat  
beneath.

The noon of this same ever-scorching glory?  
*Bourb.* Ah!

Welcome the bitter hunchback! and his master,  
The beauty of our host, and brave as bateous,  
And generous as lovely. We shall find  
Work for you both ere morning.

*Cæs.* You will find,  
So please your highness, no less for yourself.

*Bourb.* And if I do, there will not be a labourer  
More forward, hunchback!

*Cæs.* You may well say so,  
For you have seen that back—as general,

also by the king, he transferred his services to the Emperor Charles V.]

Placed in the rear in action—but your foes  
Have never seen it.

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

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

*Phil.* Why so?  
*Cæs.* One half

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

*Bourb.* Arnold, your  
Slight crooked friend's as snake-like in his words  
As his deeds.

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

*Bourb.* You are brave, and that's enough for me;  
and quick

In speech as sharp in action—and that's more.  
I am not alone a soldier, but the soldiers'  
Comrade.

*Cæs.* They are but bad company, your highness:  
And worse even for their friends than foes, as being  
More permanent acquaintance.

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

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

*Bourb.* Philibert!  
Let him alone; he's brave, and ever has [der,  
Been first, with that swart face and mountain shoul-  
In field or storm, and patient in starvation;

And for his tongue, the camp is full of licence,  
And the sharp stinging of a lively rogue  
Is, to my mind, far preferable to

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

*Cæs.* It would be well  
If the earth's princes ask'd no more.

*Bourb.* Be silent!  
*Cæs.* Ay, but not idle. Work yourself with words!  
You have few to speak.

*Phil.* What means the audacious prater?  
*Cæs.* To prate, like other prophets.

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

*Arn.* I have heard as much, my lord.  
*Bourb.* And you will follow?

*Arn.* Since I must not lead.  
*Bourb.* 'Tis necessary for the further daring  
Of our too needy army, that their chief  
Plant the first foot upon the foremost ladder's  
First step.

*Cæs.* Upon its topmost, let us hope:  
So shall he have his full deserts.

*Bourb.* The world's  
Great capital perchance is ours to-morrow.  
Through every change the seven-hill'd city hath

Retain'd her sway o'er nations, and the Cæsars,  
But yielded to the Alarics, the Alarics  
Unto the pontiffs. Roman, Goth, or priest,  
Still the world's masters! Civilised, barbarian,  
Or saintly, still the walls of Romulus  
Have been the circus of an empire. Well!  
'Twas *their* turn—now 'tis ours; and let us hope  
That we will fight as well, and rule much better.

*Cæs.* No doubt, the camp's the school of civic  
rights.

What would you make of Rome?  
*Bourb.* That which it was.  
*Cæs.* In Alaric's time?

*Bourb.* No, slave! in the first Cæsar's,  
Whose name you bear like other curs—  
*Cæs.* And kings!

'Tis a great name for blood-hounds.  
*Bourb.* There's a demon  
In that fierce rattle-snake thy tongue. Wilt never  
Be serious?

*Cæs.* On the eve of battle, no;—  
That were not soldier-like. 'Tis for the general  
To be more pensive: we adventurers  
Must be more cheerful. Wherefore should we think?

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

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

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

*Bourb.* Well, sir, to-morrow you shall pay yourself.  
Look on those towers; they hold my treasury:  
But, Philibert, we'll in to council. Arnold,

We would request your presence.  
*Arn.* Prince! my service  
Is yours, as in the field.

*Bourb.* In both we prize it,  
And yours will be a post of trust at daybreak.  
*Cæs.* And mine?

*Bourb.* To follow glory with the Bourbon.  
Good night!

*Arn. (to CÆSAR).* Prepare our armour for the  
assault,  
And wait within my tent.

[*Exit BOURBON, ARNOLD, PHILIBERT, &c.*  
*Cæs. (solus).* Within thy tent!  
Think'st thou that I pass from thee with my presence?  
Or that this crooked coffer, which contain'd  
Thy principle of life, is aught to me  
Except a mask? And these are men, forsooth!  
Heroes and chiefs, the flower of Adam's bastards!  
This is the consequence of giving matter  
The power of thought. It is a stubborn substance,  
And thinks chaotically, as it acts,  
Ever relapsing into its first elements.  
Well! I must play with these poor puppets: 'tis  
The spirit's pastime in his idler hours.  
When I grow weary of it, I have business  
Amongst the stars, which these poor creatures deem  
Were made for them to look at. 'Twere a jest now  
To bring one down amongst them, and set fire  
Unto their anthill: how the pismires then  
Would scamper o'er the scalding soil, and, ceasing  
From tearing down each other's nests, pipe forth  
One universal orison! Ha! ha!

[*Exit CÆSAR.*

## PART II.

## SCENE I.

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

*Chorus of Spirits in the air.*

1.

'Tis the morn, but dim and dark.  
Whither flies the silent lark?  
Whither shrinks the clouded sun?  
Is the day indeed begun?  
Nature's eye is melancholy  
O'er the city high and holy:  
But without there is a din  
Should arouse the saints within,  
And revive the heroic ashes  
Round which yellow Tiber dashes.  
Oh ye seven hills! awaken,  
Ere your very base be shaken!

2.

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

3.

Look upon the bristling wall,  
Mann'd without an interval!  
Round and round, and tier on tier,  
Cannon's black mouth, shining spear,  
Lit match, bell-mouth'd musketoon,  
Gaping to be murderous soon;  
All the warlike gear of old,  
Mix'd with what we now behold,  
In this strife 'twixt old and new,  
Gather like a locusts' crew,  
Shade of Remus! 'tis a time  
Awful as thy brother's crime!  
Christians war against Christ's shrine:—  
Must its lot be like to thine?

4.

Near—and near—and nearer still,  
As the earthquake saps the hill,  
First with trembling, hollow motion,  
Like a scarce-awaken'd ocean,  
Then with stronger shock and louder,  
Till the rocks are crush'd to powder,—  
Onward sweeps the rolling host!  
Heroes of the immortal boast!  
Mighty chiefs! eternal shadows!  
First flowers of the bloody meadows  
Which encompass Rome, the mother  
Of a people without brother!

Will you sleep when nations' quarrels  
Plough the root up of your laurels?  
Ye who weep o'er Carthage burning,  
Weep not—strike! for Rome is mourning!<sup>1</sup>

5.

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

6.

Ah! behold yon bleeding spectre!  
Iliion's children find no Hector;  
Priam's offspring loved their brother;  
Rome's great sire forgot his mother,  
When he slew his gallant twin,  
With inexorable sin.  
See the giant shadow stride  
O'er the ramparts high and wide!  
When the first o'erleapt thy wall,  
Its foundation mourn'd thy fall.  
Now, though towering like a Babel,  
Who to stop his steps are able?  
Stalking o'er thy highest dome,  
Remus claims his vengeance, Rome!

7.

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

8.

Yet once more, ye old Penates!  
Let not your quench'd hearths be At's!  
Yet again, ye shadowy heroes,  
Yield not to these stranger Neros!  
Though the son who slew his mother  
Shed Rome's blood, he was your brother!

<sup>1</sup> Scipio, the second Africanus, is said to have repeated a verse of Homer, and wept over the burning of Carthage. He had better have granted it a capitulation.

'T was the Roman curb'd the Roman;—  
Brennus was a baffled foeman.  
Yet again, ye saints and martyrs,  
Rise! for yours are holier charters!  
Mighty gods of temples falling,  
Yet in ruin still appalling!  
Mightier founders of those altars,  
True and Christian,—strike the assaulters!  
Tiber! Tiber! let thy torrent  
Show even nature's self abhorrent.  
Let each breathing heart dilated  
Turn, as doth the lion baited!  
Rome be crush'd to one wide tomb,  
But be still the Roman's Rome!

BOURBON, ARNOLD, CÆSAR, and others, arrive at the foot of the wall. ARNOLD is about to plant his ladder.

Bourb. Hold, Arnold! I am first.

Arn. Not so, my lord.

Bourb. Hold, sir, I charge you! Follow! I am proud

Of such a follower, but will brook no leader.

[BOURBON plants his ladder, and begins to mount.

Now, boys! On! on!

[A shot strikes him, and BOURBON falls.

Cæs. And off!

Arn. Eternal powers!  
The host will be appall'd,—but vengeance! vengeance!

Bourb. 'T is nothing—lend me your hand.

[BOURBON takes ARNOLD by the hand, and rises; but as he puts his foot on the step, falls again.

Arnold! I am sped.

Conceal my fall—all will go well—conceal it!

Fling my cloak o'er what will be dust anon;

Let not the soldiers see it.

Arn. You must be

Removed; the aid of—

Bourb. No, my gallant boy;

Death is upon me. But what is one life?

The Bourbon's spirit shall command them still.

Keep them yet ignorant that I am but clay,

Till they are conquerors—then do as you may.

Cæs. Would not your highness choose to kiss the cross?

We have no priest here, but the hilt of sword

May serve instead:—it did the same for Bayard.<sup>1</sup>

Bourb. Thou bitter slave! to name him at this

But I deserve it. [time]

Arn. (to CÆSAR). Villain, hold your peace!

Cæs. What, when a Christian dies? Shall I not offer

A Christian "Vade in pace?"

Arn. Silence! Oh!

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

And saw no equal.

Bourb. Arnold, should'st thou see

France—But hark! hark! the assault grows warmer—Oh!

<sup>1</sup> ["Finding himself mortally wounded, Bayard ordered one of his attendants to place him under a tree with his face towards the enemy: then, fixing his eyes on the guard of his sword, which he held up instead of a cross, he addressed his prayers to God, and in this posture he calmly waited the approach of death."—ROBERTSON, *Charles V.*]

<sup>2</sup> ["On the 1st of May, 1527, the Constable and his army came in sight of Rome, and the next morning commenced

For but an hour, a minute more of life  
To die within the wall! Hence, Arnold, hence!  
You lose time—they will conquer Rome without thee.

Arn. And without thee!

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

Arn. But I must not leave thee thus.

Bourb. You must—farewell—Up! up! the world  
is winning. [BOURBON dies.<sup>2</sup>

Cæs. (to ARNOLD). Come, count, to business.

Arn. True. I'll weep hereafter.

[ARNOLD covers BOURBON'S body with a mantle, and mounts the ladder, crying

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

Cæs. Good night, lord constable! thou wert a man.

[CÆSAR follows ARNOLD; they reach the battlement; ARNOLD and CÆSAR are struck down.

Cæs. A precious somerset! Is your countship injured?

Arn. No. [Remounts the ladder.

Cæs. A rare blood-hound, when his own is heated!  
And 'tis no boy's play. Now he strikes them down!

His hand is on the battlement—he grasps it  
As though it were an altar; now his foot

Is on it, and—What have we here?—a Roman?  
[A man falls.

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

Wounded Man. A drop of water!

Cæs. Blood's the only liquid  
Nearer than Tiber.

Wounded Man. I have died for Rome. [Dies.

Cæs. And so did Bourbon, in another sense.  
Oh these immortal men! and their great motives!

But I must after my young charge. He is

By this time 't the forum. Charge! charge!  
[CÆSAR mounts the ladder; the scene closes.

## SCENE II.

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

*Enter CÆSAR.*

Cæs. I cannot find my hero; he is mix'd  
With the heroic crowd that now pursue  
The fugitives, or battle with the desperate.  
What have we here? A cardinal or two  
That do not seem in love with martyrdom.  
How the old red-shanks scamper! Could they doff  
Their hose as they have doff'd their hats, 't would be  
A blessing, as a mark the less for plunder.  
But let them fly; the crimson kennels now  
Will not much stain their stockings, since the mire  
Is of the self-same purple hue.

the attack. Bourbon wore a white vest over his armour, in order, he said, to be more conspicuous both to his friends and foes. He led on to the walls, and commenced a furious assault, which was repelled with equal violence. Seeing that his army began to waver, he seized a scaling ladder from a soldier standing, and was in the act of ascending, when he was pierced by a musket-ball, and fell. Feeling that his wound was mortal, he desired that his body might be concealed from his soldiers, and instantly expired."—ROBERTSON.]

Enter a Party fighting—ARNOLD at the head of the Besiegers.

He comes,  
Hand in hand with the mild twins—Gore and Glory.  
Holla! hold, count!

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

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

[ARNOLD rushes into the combat.

Cæs. A precious sample of humanity!  
Well, his blood's up: and if a little's shed,  
'T will serve to curb his fever.

[ARNOLD engages with a Roman, who retires  
towards a portico.

Arn. Yield thee, slave!  
I promise quarter.

Rom. That's soon said.

Arn. And done—  
My word is known.

Rom. So shall be my deeds.

[They re-engage. CÆSAR comes forward.

Cæs. Why, Arnold! hold thine own: thou hast  
in hand

A famous artisan, a cunning sculptor;  
Also a dealer in the sword and dagger.  
Not so, my musqueteer; 't was he who slew  
The Bourbon from the wall.

Arn. Ay, did he so?  
Then he hath carved his monument.

Rom. I yet  
May live to carve your better's.

Cæs. Well said, my man of marble! Benvenuto,  
Thou hast some practice in both ways; and he  
Who slays Cellini will have work'd as hard  
As e'er thou did'st upon Carrara's blocks.<sup>1</sup>

[ARNOLD disarms and wounds CELLINI, but  
slightly; the latter draws a pistol, and fires;  
then retires, and disappears through the  
portico.

Cæs. How farest thou? Thou hast a taste, me-  
thinks,  
Of red Bellona's banquet.

Arn. (stagners). 'T is a scratch.  
Lend me thy scarf. He shall not 'scape me thus.

Cæs. Where is it?

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

<sup>1</sup> ["Levelling my arquebuse," says Benvenuto Cellini, "I discharged it with a deliberate aim at a person who seemed to be lifted above the rest: but the mist prevented me from distinguishing whether he was on horseback or on foot. Then turning suddenly about to Alessandro and Cecchino, I bid them fire off their pieces, and showed them how to escape every shot of the besiegers. Having accordingly fired twice for the enemy's once, I cautiously approached the walls, and

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

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

Cæs. Or be quench'd  
Thyself?

Arn. The chance is even; we will throw  
The dice thereon. But I lose time in prating:  
Prithee be quick. [CÆSAR binds on the scarf.

And what dost thou so idly?  
Why dost not strike?

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

Arn. Ay, 'gainst an oak.

Cæs. A forest, when it suits me:  
I combat with a mass, or not at all.

Meantime, pursue thy sport as I do mine;  
Which is just now to gaze, since all these labourers  
Will reap my harvest gratis.

Arn. Thou art still

A fiend!

Cæs. And thou—a man.

Arn. Why, such I fain would show me.

Cæs. True—as men are.

Arn. And what is that?

Cæs. Thou feelest and thou see'st.

[Exit ARNOLD, joining in the combat which still  
continues between detached parties. The scene  
closes.

## SCENE III.

St. Peter's—The Interior of the Church—The Pope  
at the Altar—Priests, &c. crowding in confusion,  
and Citizens flying for refuge, pursued by Soldiery.

Enter CÆSAR.

A Spanish Soldier. Down with them, comrades!  
seize upon those lamps!

Cleave yon bald-pated shaveling to the chine!  
His rosary's of gold.

Lutheran Soldier. Revenge! revenge!  
Plunder hereafter, but for vengeance now—  
Yonder stands Anti-Christ!

Cæs. (interposing). How now, schismatic?  
What would'st thou?

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

Cæs. Yea, a disciple that would make the founder  
Of your belief renounce it, could he see  
Such proselytes. Best stint thyself to plunder.

Luth. Sold. I say he is the devil.

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

Luth. Sold. Why would you save him? I repeat he is  
The devil, or the devil's vicar upon earth.

Cæs. And that's the reason: would you make a  
quarrel

perceived that there was an extraordinary confusion among  
the assailants, occasioned by our having shot the Duke of  
Bourbon: he was, as I understood afterwards, that chief per-  
sonage whom I saw raised above the rest."—Vol. i. p. 120.  
This, however, is one of the many stories in Cellini's  
amusing autobiography which nobody seems ever to have  
believed.]

With your best friends? You had far best be quiet;  
His hour is not yet come.

Luth. Sold. That shall be seen!

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

Cæs. (to the Lutheran). I told you so.

Luth. Sold. And will you not avenge me?

Cæs. Not I! You know that "Vengeance is the  
You see he loves no interlopers. [Lord's:"

Luth. Sold. (dying). Oh!

Had I but slain him, I had gone on high,  
Crown'd with eternal glory! Heaven, forgive

My feebleness of arm that reach'd him not,

And take thy servant to thy mercy. 'T is

A glorious triumph still; proud Babylon's

No more; the Harlot of the Seven Hills

Hath changed her scarlet raiment for sackcloth

And ashes! [The Lutheran dies.

Cæs. Yes, thine own amidst the rest.

Well done, old Babel!

[The Guards defend themselves desperately,  
while the Pontiff escapes, by a private pas-  
sage, to the Vatican and the Castle of St.  
Angelo.<sup>1</sup>

Cæs. Ha! right nobly battled!  
Now, priest! now, soldier! the two great professions,

Together by the ears and hearts! I have not

Seen a more comic pantomime since Titus

Took Jewry. But the Romans had the best then;

Now they must take their turn.

Soldiers. He hath escaped!

Follow! [up,

Another Sold. They have barr'd the narrow passage  
And it is clogged with dead even to the door.

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

In part. I would not have his bulls abolish'd—  
'T were worth one half our empire: his indulgences

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

Fall;—and besides, his now escape may furnish

A future miracle, in future proof

Of his infallibility. [To the Spanish Soldiery.

Well, cut-throats!

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

There will not be a link of pious gold left.

And you, too, catholics! Would ye return

From such a pilgrimage without a relic?

The very Lutherans have more true devotion:

See how they strip the shrines!

Soldiers. By holy Peter

He speaks the truth; the heretics will bear

The best away.

Cæs. And that were shame! Go to!

Assist in their conversion.

[The Soldiers disperse; many quit the Church,  
others enter.

Cæs. They are gone,

And others come: so flows the wave on wave

Of what these creatures call eternity,

Deeming themselves the breakers of the ocean,

While they are but its bubbles, ignorant

That foam is their foundation. So, another!

<sup>1</sup> [The castle of St. Angelo was besieged from the 6th of  
May to the 5th of June, during which time slaughter and  
desolation, accompanied with every excess of impiety, rapine,  
and lust, on the side of the Imperialists, devastated the city

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

Sold. She's mine!

Another Sold. (opposing the former). You lie, I

track'd her first; and were she

The Pope's niece, I'll not yield her. [They fight.

3d Sold. (advancing towards OLIMPIA). You may

settle

Your claims; I'll make mine good.

Olimp. Infernal slave!

You touch me not alive.

3d Sold. Alive or dead!

Olimp. (embracing a massive crucifix). Respect

your God!

3d Sold. Yes, when he shines in gold.

Girl, you but grasp your dowry.

[As he advances, OLIMPIA, with a strong and

sudden effort, casts down the crucifix: it

strikes the Soldier, who falls.

3d Sold. Oh, great God!

Olimp. Ah! now you recognize him.

3d Sold. My brain's crush'd!

Comrades, help, ho! All's darkness! [He dies.

Other Soldiers (coming up). Slay her, although she

had a thousand lives:

She hath kill'd our comrade.

Olimp. Welcome such a death!

You have no life to give, which the worst slave

Would take. Great God! through thy redeeming Son,

And thy Son's Mother, now receive me as

I would approach thee, worthy her, and him, and thee!

Enter ARNOLD.

Arn. What do I see? Accursed jackals!

Forbear!

Cæs. (aside and laughing). Ha! ha! here's equity!

The dogs

Have as much right as he. But to the issue!

Soldiers. Count, she hath slain our comrade.

Arn. With what weapon?

Sold. The cross, beneath which he is crush'd;

behold him

Lie there, more like a worm than man; she cast it

Upon his head.

Arn. Even so; there is a woman

Worthy a brave man's liking. Were ye such,

Ye would have honour'd her. But get ye hence,

And thank your meanness, other God you have none

For your existence. Had you touch'd a hair

Of those dishevell'd locks, I would have thinn'd

Your ranks more than the enemy. Away!

Ye jackals! gnaw the bones the lion leaves,

But not even these till he permits.

A Sold. (murmuring). The lion

Might conquer for himself then.

Arn. (cuts him down). Mutineer!

Rebel in hell—you shall obey on earth!

[The Soldiers assault ARNOLD.

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

slaves,

How you should be commanded, and who led you

First o'er the wall you were so shy to scale,

of Rome. For this picture of horrors, see especially the  
"Sackage of Rome," by Jacopo Buonaparte, "gentiluomo  
Samminiatese, che vi se trovò presente," and "Life of Cel-  
lini," vol. i. p. 124.]

Until I waved my banners from its height,  
As you are bold within it.

[ARNOLD *mows down the foremost; the rest throw down their arms.*

*Soldiers.* Mercy! mercy!

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

*Soldiers.* We saw it, and we know it; yet forgive  
A moment's error in the heat of conquest—  
The conquest which you led to.

*Arn.* Get you hence!  
Hence to your quarters! you will find them fix'd  
In the Colonna palace.

*Olimp. (aside).* In my father's  
House! [no further need

*Arn. (to the soldiers).* Leave your arms; ye have  
Of such: the city's render'd. And mark well  
You keep your hands clean, or I'll find out a stream  
As red as Tiber now runs, for your baptism. [obey!

*Soldiers (deposing their arms and departing).* We

*Arn. (to OLIMPIA).* Lady, you are safe.

*Olimp.* I should be so,

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

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

*Olimp.* No! Thou hast only sack'd my native  
land,—

No injury!—and made my father's house  
A den of thieves! No injury!—this temple—  
Slippery with Roman and with holy gore.

No injury! And now thou wouldst preserve me,  
To be—but that shall never be!

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

*Arn.* Hold! hold!  
I swear.

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

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

*Olimp.* I judge thee by thy mates;  
It is for God to judge thee as thou art.

I see thee purple with the blood of Rome;  
Take mine, 'tis all thou e'er shalt have of me,  
And here, upon the marble of this temple,  
Where the baptismal font baptized me God's,

I offer him a blood less holy  
But not less pure (pure as it left me then,  
A redeem'd infant) than the holy water  
The saints have sanctified!

[*OLIMPIA waves her hand to ARNOLD with dis-  
dain, and dashes herself on the pavement from  
the Altar.*

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

*Cæs. (approaches).* I am here.

*Arn.* Thou! but oh, save her!

*Cæs. (assisting him to raise OLIMPIA).* She hath  
done it well!

The leap was serious.

*Arn.* Oh! she is lifeless!

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

*Arn.* Slave!  
*Cæs.* Ay, slave or master, 'tis all one: methinks  
Good words, however, are as well at times.

*Arn.* Words!—Canst thou aid her?  
*Cæs.* I will try. A sprinkling  
Of that same holy water may be useful.

[*He brings some in his helmet from the font.*  
*Arn.* 'Tis mix'd with blood.

*Cæs.* There is no cleaner now  
In Rome.

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

*Cæs.* Even so Achilles loved  
Penthesilea: with his form it seems  
You have his heart, and yet it was no soft one.

*Arn.* She breathes! But no, 't was nothing or the last  
Faint flutter life disputes with death.

*Cæs.* She breathes.  
*Arn.* Thou say'st it? Then 'tis truth.

*Cæs.* You do me right—  
The devil speaks truth much oftener than he's deem'd:  
He hath an ignorant audience. [beats.

*Arn. (without attending to him).* Yes! her heart  
Alas! that the first beat of the only heart  
I ever wish'd to beat with mine should vibrate  
To an assassin's pulse.

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

*Arn.* And will she live?  
*Cæs.* As much

As dust can.

*Arn.* Then she is dead!  
*Cæs.* Bah! bah! You are so,  
And do not know it. She will come to life—  
Such as you think so, such as you now are;

But we must work by human means.  
*Arn.* We will

Convey her unto the Colonna palace,  
Where I have pitch'd my banner.

*Cæs.* Come then! raise her up!  
*Arn.* Softly!

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

*Arn.* But doth she live indeed?  
*Cæs.* Nay, never fear!

But, if you rue it after, blame not me.  
*Arn.* Let her but live!

*Cæs.* The spirit of her life  
Is yet within her breast, and may revive.

Count! count! I am your servant in all things,  
And this is a new office:—'tis not oft  
I am employ'd in such; but you perceive

How stanch a friend is what you call a fiend.  
On earth you have often only fiends for friends;  
Now I desert not mine. Soft! bear her hence,  
The beautiful half-clay, and nearly spirit!

I am almost enamour'd of her, as  
Of old the angels of her earliest sex.

*Arn.* Thou!

*Cæs.* I! But fear not. I'll not be your rival.

*Arn.* Rival!

*Cæs.* I could be one right formidable;  
But since I slew the seven husbands of

Tobias' future bride (and after all  
'T was suck'd out by some incense), I have laid  
Aside intrigue: 'tis rarely worth the trouble  
Of gaining, or—what is more difficult—  
Getting rid of your prize again; for there's  
The rub! at least to mortals.

*Arn.* Prithee, peace!  
Softly! methinks her lips move, her eyes open!

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

*Arn.* To the palace  
Colonna, as I told you!

*Cæs.* Oh! I know  
My way through Rome.

*Arn.* Now onward, onward! Gently!  
[*Exeunt, bearing OLIMPIA. The scene closes.*

## PART III.

## SCENE I.

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

## CHORUS.

## 1.

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

## 2.

The spring is come; the violet's gone,  
The first-born child of the early sun:  
With us she is but a winter's flower,  
The snow on the hills cannot blast her bower,  
And she lifts up her dewy eye of blue  
To the youngest sky of the self-same hue.

## 3.

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

## 4.

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

## Enter CÆSAR.

*Cæs. (singing).* The wars are all over,  
Our swords are all idle,  
The steed bites the bridle.  
The casque's on the wall.  
There's rest for the rover;  
But his armour is rusty,  
And the veteran grows crusty,  
As he yawns in the hall.  
He drinks—but what's drinking?  
A mere pause from thinking!  
No bugle awakes him with life-and-death call.

## CHORUS.

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

*Cæs.* Oh! shadow of glory!  
Dim image of war!  
But the chase hath no story,  
Her hero no star,  
Since Nimrod, the founder  
Of empire and chase,  
Who made the woods wonder  
And quake for their race.  
When the lion was young,  
In the pride of his might,  
Then 't was sport for the strong  
To embrace him in fight;  
To go forth, with a pine  
For a spear, 'gainst the mammoth,  
Or strike through the ravine  
At the foaming behemoth;  
While man was in stature  
As towers in our time,  
The first-born of Nature,  
And, like her, sublime!

## CHORUS.

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