

## XIV.

Here were lovers twice wed, that were  
happy at least !  
No music, save such as the nightingales  
sung,  
Breathed their bridals abroad ; and no  
cresset, uphung,  
Lit that festival hour, save what soft  
light was given  
From the pure stars that peopled the  
deep-purple heaven.  
He opened the casement : he led her  
with him,  
Hushed in heart, to the terrace, dipped  
cool in the dim  
Lustrous gloom of the shadowy laurels.  
They heard  
Aloof the invisible, rapturous bird,  
With her wild note bewildering the  
woodlands : they saw  
Not unheard, afar off, the hill-rivulet  
draw  
His long ripple of moon-kindled wavelets  
with cheer  
From the throat of the vale ; o'er the  
dark-sapphire sphere  
The mild, multitudinous lights lay asleep,  
Pastured free on the midnight, and bright  
as the sheep  
Of Apollo in pastoral Thrace ; from  
unknown  
Hollow glooms freshened odors around  
them were blown  
Intermittently ; then the moon dropped  
from their sight,  
Immersed in the mountains, and put out  
the light  
Which no longer they needed to read on  
the face  
Of each other's life's last revelation.  
The place  
Slept sumptuous round them ; and Nature,  
that never  
Sleeps, but waking reposes, with patient  
endeavor  
Continued about them, unheeded, unseen,  
Her old, quiet toil in the heart of the  
green  
Summer silence, preparing new buds for  
new blossoms,  
And stealing a finger of change o'er the  
bosoms  
Of the unconscious woodlands ; and  
Time, that halts not  
His forces, how lovely soever the spot  
Where their march lies, — the wary, gray  
strategist, Time,

With the armies of Life, lay encamped,  
— Grief and Crime,  
Love and Faith, in the darkness un-  
heeded ; maturing,  
For his great war with man, new sur-  
prises ; securing  
All outlets, pursuing and pushing his  
foe  
To his last narrow refuge, — the grave.

## XV.

Sweetly though  
Smiled the stars like new hopes out of  
heaven, and sweetly  
Their hearts beat thanksgiving for all  
things, completely  
Confiding in that yet untrodden exist-  
ence  
Over which they were pausing. To-  
morrow, resistance  
And struggle ; to-night, Love his hal-  
lowed device  
Hung forth, and proclaimed his serene  
armistice.

## CANTO V.

## I.

WHEN Lucile left Matilda, she sat for  
long hours  
In her chamber, fatigued by long over-  
wrought powers,  
'Mid the signs of departure, about to  
turn back  
To her old vacant life, on her old home-  
less track.  
She felt her heart falter within her.  
She sat  
Like some poor player, gazing dejectedly  
at  
The insignia of royalty worn for a night ;  
Exhausted, fatigued, with the dazzle  
and light,  
And the effort of passionate feigning ;  
who thinks  
Of her own meagre, rush-lighted garret,  
and shrinks  
From the chill of the change that awaits  
her.

## II.

From these  
Oppressive, and comfortless, blank rev-  
eries,  
Unable to sleep, she descended the stair  
That led from her room to the garden.

The air,  
With the chill of the dawn, yet unrisen,  
but at hand,  
Strangely smote on her feverish forehead.  
The land  
Lay in darkness and change, like a world  
in its grave :  
No sound, save the voice of the long  
river wave,  
And the crickets that sing all the night !  
She stood still,  
Vaguely watching the thin cloud that  
curled on the hill.  
Emotions, long pent in her breast, were  
at stir,  
And the deeps of the spirit were troubled  
in her.  
Ah, pale woman ! what, with that heart-  
broken look,  
Didst thou read then in nature's weird  
heart-breaking book ?  
Have the wild rains of heaven a father ?  
and who  
Hath in pity begotten the drops of the  
dew ?  
Orion, Arcturus, who pilots them both ?  
What leads forth in his season the bright  
Mazarothe ?  
Hath the darkness a dwelling, — save  
there, in those eyes ?  
And what name hath that half-revealed  
hope in the skies ?  
Ay, question, and listen ! What an-  
swer ?

The sound  
Of the long river wave through its stone-  
troubled bound,  
And the crickets that sing all the night.  
There are hours  
Which belong to unknown, supernatural  
powers,  
Whose sudden and solemn suggestions  
are all  
That to this race of worms — stinging  
creatures, that crawl,  
Lie, and fear, and die daily, beneath  
their own stings —  
Can excuse the blind boast of inherited  
wings.  
When the soul, on the impulse of an-  
guish, hath passed  
Beyond anguish, and risen into rapture  
at last ;  
When she traverses nature and space,  
till she stands  
In the Chamber of Fate ; where, through  
tremulous hands,

Hum the threads from an old-fashioned  
distaff uncurled,  
And those three blind old women sit  
spinning the world.

## III.

The dark was blanched wan, overhead.  
One green star  
Was slipping from sight in the pale void  
afar ;  
The spirits of change, and of awe, with  
faint breath  
Were shifting the midnight, above and  
beneath.  
The spirits of awe and of change were  
around,  
And about, and upon her.  
A dull muffled sound,  
And a hand on her hand, like a ghostly  
surprise,  
And she felt herself fixed by the hot  
hollow eyes  
Of the Frenchman before her : those  
eyes seemed to burn,  
And scorch out the darkness between  
them, and turn  
Into fire as they fixed her. He looked  
like the shade  
Of a creature by fancy from solitude  
made,  
And sent forth by the darkness to scare  
and oppress  
Some soul of a monk in a waste wilder-  
ness.

## IV.

" At last, then, — at last, and alone, —  
I and thou,  
Lucile de Nevers, have we met ?  
" Hush ! I know  
Not for me was the tryst. Never mind !  
it is mine ;  
And whatever led hither those proud  
steps of thine,  
They remove not, until we have spoken.  
My hour  
Is come ; and it holds thee and me in its  
power,  
As the darkness holds both the horizons.  
'T is well !  
The timidiest maiden that e'er to the spell  
Of her first lover's vows listened, hushed  
with delight,  
When soft stars were brightly uphanging  
the night,  
Never listened, I swear, more unques-  
tioningly,



Than thy fate hath compelled thee to listen to me!"

To the sound of his voice, as though out of a dream,

She appeared with a start to awaken.

The stream,  
When he ceased, took the night with its moaning again,

Like the voices of spirits departing in pain.

"Continue," she answered, "I listen to hear."

For a moment he did not reply.

Through the drear  
And dim light between them, she saw that his face

Was disturbed. To and fro he continued to pace,

With his arms folded close, and the low restless stride

Of a panther, in circles around her, first wide,

Then narrower, nearer, and quicker.

At last  
He stood still, and one long look upon her he cast.

"Lucile, dost thou dare to look into my face?"

Is the sight so repugnant? ha, well!  
Canst thou trace

One word of thy writing in this wicked scroll,

With thine own name scrawled through it, defacing a soul?"

In his face there was something so wrathful and wild,

That the sight of it scared her.

He saw it, and smiled,  
And then turned him from her, renewing again

That short, restless stride; as though searching in vain

For the point of some purpose within him.

"Lucile,  
You shudder to look in my face: do you feel

No reproach when you look in your own heart?"

"No, Duke,  
In my conscience I do not deserve your rebuke:

Not yours!" she replied.

"No," he muttered again,  
"Gentle justice! you first bid Life hope not, and then

To Despair you say 'Act not!'"

## V.

He watched her awhile

With a chill sort of restless and suffering smile.

They stood by the wall of the garden.  
The skies,

Dark, sombre, were troubled with vague prophecies

Of the dawn yet far distant. The moon had long set,

And all in a glimmering light, pale, and wet

With the night-dews, the white roses sullenly loomed

Round about her. She spoke not. At length he resumed.

"Wretched creatures we are! I and thou, — one and all!

Only able to injure each other, and fall Soon or late, in that void which ourselves we prepare

For the souls that we boast of! weak insects we are!

O heaven! and what has become of them? all

Those instincts of Eden surviving the Fall:

That glorious faith in inherited things: That sense in the soul of the length of her wings;

Gone! all gone! and the wail of the night-wind sounds human,

Bewailing those once nightly visitants! Woman,

Woman, what hast thou done with my youth? Give again,

Give me back the young heart that I gave thee . . . in vain!"

"Duke!" she faltered.

"Yes, yes!" he went on, "I was not Always thus! what I once was, I have not forgot."

## VI.

As the wind that heaps sand in a desert, there stirred

Through his voice an emotion that swept every word

Into one angry wail; as, with feverish change,

He continued his monologue, fitful and strange.

"Woe to him, in whose nature, once kindled, the torch

Of Passion burns downward to blacken and scorch!

But shame, shame and sorrow, O woman, to thee

Whose hand sowed the seed of destruction in me!

Whose lip taught the lesson of falsehood to mine!

Whose looks made me doubt lies that looked so divine!

My soul by thy beauty was slain in its sleep:

And if tears I mistrust, 't is that thou too canst weep!

Well! . . . how utter soever it be, one mistake

In the love of a man, what more change need it make

In the steps of his soul through the course love began,

Than all other mistakes in the life of a man?

And I said to myself, 'I am young yet: too young

To have wholly survived my own portion among

The great needs of man's life, or exhausted its joys;

What is broken? one only of youth's pleasant toys!

Shall I be the less welcome, wherever I go,

For one passion survived? No! the roses will blow

As of yore, as of yore will the nightingales sing,

Not less sweetly for one blossom cancelled from Spring!

Hast thou loved, O my heart? to thy love yet remains

All the wide loving-kindness of nature. The plains

And the hills with each summer their verdure renew.

Wouldst thou be as they are? do thou then as they do,

Let the dead sleep in peace. Would the living divine

Where they slumber? Let only new flowers be the sign!

"Vain! all vain! . . . For when, laughing, the wine I would quaff,

I remembered too well all it cost me to laugh.

Through the revel it was but the old song I heard,

Through the crowd the old footsteps behind me they stirred,

In the night-wind, the starlight, the murmurs of even,

In the ardors of earth, and the languors of heaven,

I could trace nothing more, nothing more through the spheres,

But the sound of old sobs, and the tracks of old tears!

It was with me the night long in dreaming or waking,

It abided in loathing, when daylight was breaking,

The burden of the bitterness in me! Behold,

All my days were become as a tale that is told.

And I said to my sight, 'No good thing shalt thou see,

For the noonday is turned to darkness in me.

In the house of Oblivion my bed I have made.'

And I said to the grave, 'Lo, my father!' and said

To the worm, 'Lo, my sister!' The dust to the dust,

And one end to the wicked shall be with the just!"

## VII.

He ceased, as a wind that wails out on the night,

And moans itself mute. Through the indistinct light

A voice clear, and tender, and pure with a tone

Of ineffable pity replied to his own.

"And say you, and deem you, that I wrecked your life?"

Alas! Duc de Luvois, had I been your wife

By a fraud of the heart which could yield you alone

For the love in your nature a lie in my own,

Should I not, in deceiving, have injured you worse?

Yes, I then should have merited justly your curse,

For I then should have wronged you!"

"Wronged! ah, is it so? You could never have loved me?"

"Duke!"  
"Never? O no!"  
(He broke into a fierce, angry laugh, as he said)



"Yet, lady, you knew that I loved you: you led  
My love on to lay to its heart, hour by hour,  
All the pale, cruel, beautiful, passionless power  
Shut up in that cold face of yours! was this well?  
But enough! not on you would I vent the wild hell  
Which has grown in my heart. O that man, first and last  
He tramples in triumph my life! he has cast  
His shadow 'twixt me and the sun . . . let it pass!  
My hate yet may find him!"  
She murmured, "Alas!  
These words, at least, spare me the pain of reply.  
Enough, Duc de Luvois! farewell. I shall try  
To forget every word I have heard, every sight  
That has grieved and appalled me in this wretched night  
Which must witness our final farewell. May you, Duke,  
Never know greater cause your own heart to rebuke  
Than mine thus to wrong and afflict you have had!  
Adieu!"  
"Stay, Lucile, stay!" . . . he groaned,  
". . . 'I am mad,  
Brutalized, blind with pain! I know not what I said.  
I meant it not. But" (he moaned, drooping his head)  
"Forgive me! I—have I so wronged you, Lucile?  
I . . . have I . . . forgive me, forgive me!"  
"I feel  
Only sad, very sad to the soul," she said, "far,  
Far too sad for resentment."  
"Yet stand as you are  
One moment," he murmured. "I think, could I gaze  
Thus awhile on your face, the old innocent days  
Would come back upon me, and this scorching heart  
Free itself in hot tears. Do not, do not depart  
Thus, Lucile! stay one moment. I know why you shrink,  
Why you shudder; I read in your face what you think.  
Do not speak to me of it. And yet, if you will,  
Whatever you say, my own lips shall be still.  
I lied. And the truth, now, could justify naught.  
There are battles, it may be, in which to have fought  
Is more shameful than, simply, to fail. Yet, Lucile,  
Had you helped me to bear what you forced me to feel—"  
"Could I help you," she murmured, "but what can I say  
That your life will respond to?" "My life?" he sighed. "Nay,  
My life hath brought forth only evil, and there  
The wild wind hath planted the wild weed: yet ere  
You exclaim, 'Fling the weed to the flames,' think again  
Why the field is so barren. With all other men  
First love, though it perish from life, only goes  
Like the primrose that falls to make way for the rose.  
For a man, at least most men, may love on through life:  
Love in fame; love in knowledge; in work: earth is rife  
With labor, and therefore with love, for a man.  
If one love fails, another succeeds, and the plan  
Of man's life includes love in all objects! But I?  
All such loves from my life through its whole destiny  
Fate excluded. The love that I gave you, alas!  
Was the sole love that life gave to me. Let that pass!  
It perished, and all perished with it. Ambition?  
Wealth left nothing to add to my social condition.  
Fame? But fame in itself presupposes some great  
Field wherein to pursue and attain it. The State?  
I, to cringe to an upstart? The Camp?  
I, to draw

From its sheath the old sword of the Dukes of Luvois  
To defend usurpation? Books, then? Science, Art?  
But, alas! I was fashioned for action: my heart,  
Withered thing though it be, I should hardly compress  
'Twixt the leaves of a treatise on Statics: life's stress  
Needs scope, not contraction! what rests? to wear out  
At some dark northern court an existence, no doubt,  
In wretched and paltry intrigues for a cause  
As hopeless as is my own life! By the laws  
Of a fate I can neither control nor dispute,  
I am what I am!"

## VIII.

For a while she was mute. Then she answered, "We are our own fates. Our own deeds  
Are our dooms. Man's life was made not for men's creeds,  
But men's actions. And, Duc de Luvois, I might say  
That all life attests, that 'the will makes the way.'  
Is the land of our birth less the land of our birth,  
Or its claim the less strong, or its cause the less worth  
Our upholding, because the white lily no more  
Is as sacred as all that it bloomed for of yore?  
Yet be that as it may be; I cannot perchance  
Judge this matter. I am but a woman, and France  
Has for me simpler duties. Large hope, though, Eugène  
De Luvois, should be yours. There is purpose in pain,  
Otherwise it were devilish. I trust in my soul  
That the great master hand which sweeps over the whole  
Of this deep harp of life, if at moments it stretch  
To shrill tension some one wailing nerve, means to fetch  
Its response the truest, most stringent, and smart,  
Its pathos the purest, from out the wrung heart,  
Whose faculties, flaccid it may be, if less sharply strung, sharply smitten, had failed to express  
Just the one note the great final harmony needs.  
And what best proves there's life in a heart?—that it bleeds!  
Grant a cause to remove, grant an end to attain,  
Grant both to be just, and what mercy in pain!  
Cease the sin with the sorrow! See morning begin!  
Pain must burn itself out if not fuelled by sin.  
There is hope in yon hill-tops, and love in yon light.  
Let hate and despondency die with the night!"

He was moved by her words. As some poor wretch confined  
In cells loud with meaningless laughter, whose mind  
Wanders trackless amidst its own ruins, may hear  
A voice heard long since, silenced many a year,  
And now, 'mid mad ravings recaptured again,  
Singing through the caged lattice a once well-known strain,  
Which brings back his boyhood upon it, until  
The mind's ruined crevices graciously fill  
With music and memory, and, as it were,  
The long-troubled spirit grows slowly aware  
Of the mockery round it, and shrinks from each thing  
It once sought,—the poor idiot who passed for a king,  
Hard by, with his squalid straw crown, now confessed  
A madman more painfully mad than the rest,—  
So the sound of her voice, as it there wandered o'er  
His echoing heart, seemed in part to restore  
The forces of thought: he recaptured the whole



Of his life by the light which, in passing,  
her soul  
Reflected on his : he appeared to awake  
From a dream, and perceived he had  
dreamed a mistake :  
His spirit was softened, yet troubled in  
him :  
He felt his lips falter, his eyesight grow  
dim,  
But he murmured . . .  
"Lucile, not for me that sun's light  
Which reveals — not restores — the wild  
havoc of night.  
There are some creatures born for the  
night, not the day.  
Broken-hearted the nightingale hides in  
the spray,  
And the owl's moody mind in his own  
hollow tower  
Dwells muffled. Be darkness hencefor-  
ward my dower.  
Light, be sure, in that darkness there  
dwells, by which eyes  
Grown familiar with ruins may yet re-  
cognize  
Enough desolation."

## IX.

"The pride that claims here  
On earth to itself (howsoever severe  
To itself it may be) God's dread office  
and right  
Of punishing sin, is a sin in heaven's  
sight,  
And against heaven's service.  
"Eugène de Luvois,  
Leave the judgment to Him who alone  
knows the law.  
Surely no man can be his own judge,  
least of all  
His own doomsman."

Her words seemed to fall  
With the weight of tears in them.  
He looked up, and saw  
That sad serene countenance, mournful  
as law  
And tender as pity, bowed o'er him : and  
heard  
In some thicket the matinal chirp of a  
bird.

## X.

"Vulgar natures alone suffer vainly.  
"Eugène,"  
She continued, "in life we have met  
once again,  
And once more life parts us. Yon day-  
spring for me

Lifts the veil of a future in which it may  
be  
We shall meet nevermore. Grant, O  
grant to me yet  
The belief that it is not in vain we have  
met !  
I plead for the future. A new horoscope  
I would cast : will you read it ? I plead  
for a hope :  
I plead for a memory ; yours, yours  
alone,  
To restore or to spare. Let the hope be  
your own,  
Be the memory mine.  
"Once of yore, when for man  
Faith yet lived, ere this age of the slug-  
gard began,  
Men, aroused to the knowledge of evil,  
fled far  
From the fading rose-gardens of sense,  
to the war  
With the Pagan, the cave in the desert,  
and sought  
Not repose, but employment in action  
or thought,  
Life's strong earnest, in all things ! O  
think not of me,  
But yourself ! for I plead for your own  
destiny :  
I plead for your life, with its duties un-  
done,  
With its claims unappeased, and its  
trophies unwon :  
And in pleading for life's fair fulfilment,  
I plead  
For all that you miss, and for all that  
you need."

## XI.

Through the calm crystal air, faint and  
far, as she spoke,  
A clear, chilly chime from a church-  
turret broke ;  
And the sound of her voice, with the  
sound of the bell,  
On his ear, where he kneeled, softly,  
soothingly fell.  
All within him was wild and confused,  
as within  
A chamber deserted in some roadside  
inn,  
Where, passing, wild travellers paused,  
over-night,  
To quaff and carouse ; in each socket  
each light  
Is extinct ; crashed the glasses, and  
scrawled is the wall

With wild ribald ballads : serenely o'er  
all,  
For the first time perceived, where the  
dawn-light creeps faint  
Through the wrecks of that orgy, the  
face of a saint,  
Seen through some broken frame, ap-  
pears noting meanwhile  
The ruin all round with a sorrowful  
smile.  
And he gazed round. The curtains of  
Darkness half drawn  
Oped behind her ; and pure as the pure  
light of dawn,  
She stood, bathed in morning, and  
seemed to his eyes  
From their sight to be melting away in  
the skies  
That expanded around her.

## XII.

There passed through his head  
A fancy, — a vision. That woman was  
dead  
He had loved long ago, — loved and lost !  
Dead to him,  
Dead to all the life left him ; but there,  
in the dim  
Dewy light of the dawn, stood a spirit ;  
't was hers ;  
And he said to the soul of Lucile de  
Nevers :  
"O soul to its sources departing away !  
Pray for mine, if one soul for another  
may pray.  
I to ask have no right, thou to give hast  
no power,  
One hope to my heart. But in this  
parting hour  
I name not my heart, and I speak not  
to thine.  
Answer, soul of Lucile, to this dark soul  
of mine,  
Does not soul owe to soul, what to heart  
heart denies,  
Hope, when hope is salvation ? Behold,  
in yon skies,  
This wild night is passing away while I  
speak :  
Lo, above us, the day-spring beginning  
to break !  
Something wakens within me, and  
warms to the beam.  
Is it hope that awakens ? or do I but  
dream ?  
I know not. It may be, perchance, the  
first spark

Of a new light within me to solace the  
dark  
Unto which I return ; or perchance it  
may be  
The last spark of fires half extinguished  
in me.  
I know not. Thou goest thy way : I  
my own :  
For good or for evil, I know not. Alone  
This I know ; we are parting. I wished  
to say more,  
But no matter ! 't will pass. All be-  
tween us is o'er.  
Forget the wild words of to-night. 'T was  
the pain  
For long years hoarded up, that rushed  
from me again.  
I was unjust : forgive me. Spare now  
to reprove  
Other words, other deeds. It was mad-  
ness, not love,  
That you thwarted this night. What  
is done is now done.  
Death remains to avenge it, or life to  
atone.  
I was maddened, delirious ! I saw you  
return  
To him — not to me ; and I felt my  
heart burn  
With a fierce thirst for vengeance — and  
thus . . . let it pass !  
Long thoughts these, and so brief the  
moments, alas !  
Thou goest thy way, and I mine. I  
suppose  
'T is to meet nevermore. Is it not so ?  
Who knows,  
Or who heeds, where the exile from  
Paradise flies ?  
Or what altars of his in the desert may  
rise ?  
Is it not so, Lucile ? Well, well ! Thus  
then we part  
Once again, soul from soul, as before  
heart from heart !"

## XIII.

And again, clearer far than the chime of  
the bell,  
That voice on his sense softly, soothingly  
fell.  
"Our two paths must part us, Eugène ;  
for my own  
Seems no more through that world in  
which henceforth alone  
You must work out (as now I believe  
that you will)



The hope which you speak of. That  
work I shall still  
(If I live) watch and welcome, and bless  
far away.  
Doubt not this. But mistake not the  
thought, if I say,  
That the great moral combat between  
human life  
And each human soul must be single.  
The strife  
None can share, though by all its results  
may be known.  
When the soul arms for battle, she goes  
forth alone.  
I say not, indeed, we shall meet never-  
more,  
For I know not. But meet, as we have  
met of yore,  
I know that we cannot. Perchance we  
may meet  
By the death-bed, the tomb, in the  
crowd, in the street,  
Or in solitude even, but never again  
Shall we meet from henceforth as we  
have met, Eugène.  
For we know not the way we are going,  
nor yet  
Where our two ways may meet, or may  
cross. Life hath set  
No landmarks before us. But this, this  
alone,  
I will promise : whatever your path, or  
my own,  
If, for once in the conflict before you, it  
chance  
That the Dragon prevail, and with cleft  
shield, and lance  
Lost or shattered, borne down by the  
stress of the war,  
You falter and hesitate, if from afar  
I, still watching (unknown to yourself,  
it may be)  
O'er the conflict to which I conjure you,  
should see  
That my presence could rescue, support  
you, or guide,  
In the hour of that need I shall be at  
your side,  
To warn, if you will, or incite, or con-  
trol ;  
And again, once again, we shall meet,  
soul to soul !"

## XIV.

The voice ceased.

He uplifted his eyes.  
All alone

He stood on the bare edge of dawn.  
She was gone,  
Like a star, when up bay after bay of  
the night,  
Ripples in, wave on wave, the broad  
ocean of light.  
And at once, in her place, was the Sun-  
rise ! It rose  
In its sumptuous splendor and solemn  
repose,  
The supreme revelation of light. Domes  
of gold,  
Realms of rose, in the Orient ! And  
breathless, and bold,  
While the great gates of heaven rolled  
back one by one,  
The bright herald angel stood stern in  
the sun !  
Thrice holy Eospheros ! Light's reign  
began  
In the heaven, on the earth, in the  
heart of the man.  
The dawn on the mountains ! the dawn  
everywhere !  
Light ! silence ! the fresh innovations  
of air !  
O earth, and O ether ! A butterfly  
breeze  
Floated up, fluttered down, and poised  
blithe on the trees.  
Through the revelling woods, o'er the  
sharp-rippled stream,  
Up the vale slow uncoiling itself out of  
dream,  
Around the brown meadows, adown the  
hill-slope,  
The spirits of morning were whispering,  
"Hope !"

## XV.

He uplifted his eyes. In the place where  
she stood  
But a moment before, and where now  
rolled the flood  
Of the sunrise all golden, he seemed to  
behold,  
In the young light of sunrise, an image  
unfold  
Of his own youth, — its ardors, — its  
promise of fame, —  
Its ancestral ambition ; and France by  
the name  
Of his sires seemed to call him. There,  
hovered in light,  
That image aloft, o'er the shapeless and  
bright  
And Aurean clouds, which themselves  
seemed to be

Brilliant fragments of that golden world,  
wherein he  
Had once dwelt, a native !  
There, rooted and bound  
To the earth, stood the man, gazing at  
it ! Around  
The rims of the sunrise it hovered and  
shone  
Transcendent, that type of a youth that  
was gone ;  
And he, — as the body may yearn for  
the soul,  
So he yearned to embody that image.  
His whole  
Heart arose to regain it.  
"And is it too late ?"  
No ! For time is a fiction, and limits  
not fate.  
Thought alone is eternal. Time thralls  
it in vain.  
For the thought that springs upward  
and yearns to regain  
The pure source of spirit, there is no  
Too late.  
As the stream to its first mountain  
levels, elate  
In the fountain arises, the spirit in him  
Arose to that image. The image waned  
dim  
Into heaven ; and heavenward with it,  
to melt  
As it melted, in day's broad expansion,  
he felt  
With a thrill, sweet and strange, and  
intense, — awed, amazed, —  
Something soar and ascend in his soul,  
as he gazed.

## CANTO VI.

## I.

MAN is born on a battle-field. Round  
him, to rend  
Or resist, the dread Powers he displaces  
attend,  
By the cradle which Nature, amidst the  
stern shocks  
That have shattered creation, and shapen  
it, rocks.  
He leaps with a wail into being ; and lo !  
His own mother, fierce Nature herself,  
is his foe.  
Her whirlwinds are roused into wrath  
o'er his head :

'Neath his feet roll her earthquakes : her  
solitudes spread  
To daunt him : her forces dispute his  
command :  
Her snows fall to freeze him : her suns  
burn to brand :  
Her seas yawn to engulf him : her rocks  
rise to crush :  
And the lion and leopard, allied, lurk to  
rush  
On their startled invader.  
In lone Malabar,  
Where the infinite forest spreads breath-  
less and far,  
'Mid the cruel of eye and the stealthy  
of claw  
(Striped and spotted destroyers ! ) he  
sees, pale with awe,  
On the menacing edge of a fiery sky  
Grim Doorga, blue-limbed and red-  
handed, go by,  
And the first thing he worships is  
Terror.  
Anon,  
Still impelled by necessity hungrily on,  
He conquers the realms of his own self-  
reliance,  
And the last cry of fear wakes the first  
of defiance.  
From the serpent he crushes its poison-  
ous soul :  
Smitten down in his path see the dead  
lion roll !  
On toward Heaven the son of Alcmena  
strides high on  
The heads of the Hydra, the spoils of the  
lion :  
And man, conquering Terror, is wor-  
shipped by man.

A camp has this world been since first  
it began !  
From his tents sweeps the roving Ara-  
bian ; at peace,  
A mere wandering shepherd that follows  
the fleece ;  
But, warring his way through a world's  
destinies,  
Lo, from Delhi, from Bagdadt, from  
Cordova, rise  
Domes of empy, dowered with science  
and art,  
Schools, libraries, forums, the palace,  
the mart !  
New realms to man's soul have been  
conquered. But those,