

Waters Palace

CINDABRIGHT:

OR,

THE FATAL FLOWERS.

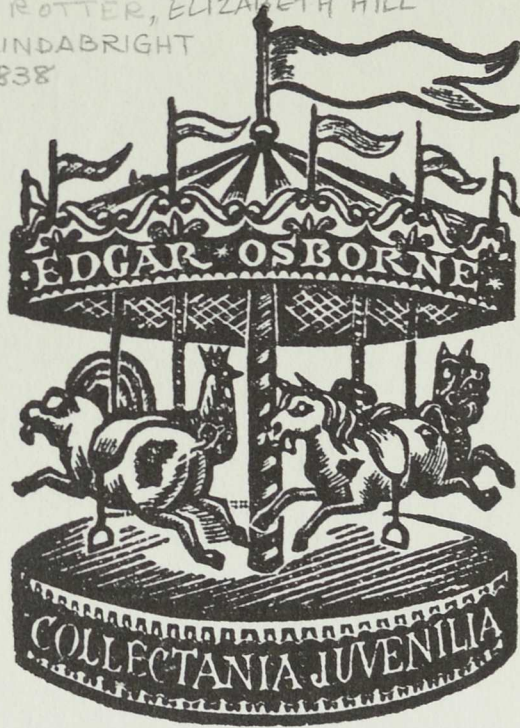
A Fairy Tale.

WITH MINOR POEMS.

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TROTTER, ELIZABETH HILL
CINDABRIGHT
1838



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A Fairy Tale.

WITH MINOR POEMS.

BY

ELIZABETH HILL TROTTER.

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1838.

P R E F A C E.

HAVE the wonderful discoveries of modern science put to flight our pleasant fairies, with all their train of fancy play? Has the giant steam, with his real wonders, overpowered the imaginary giants of olden time, with all their prowess and achievements, and banished them quite? If so, it is a pity. I like their mystified nothings, through which we may detect beautiful wit at times. Evanescent, like themselves, vanishing whilst we think to seize upon it, and much too unsubstantial for sober reason; but, under the protection of the immortal Spenser, I venture to creep through the shadowy paths of that enchanted garden, whose inexpressible beauties, although inimitable, except to great geniuses, we may humbly admire, and hope to win favour by having feeling to love; and as we cannot all be learned, yet should cherish mind for the sake of its eternal worth, I think the fancy play is

good. We do not say the little wave, as it sparkles in the sunbeam, or wanders, not less charming, to taste in the shadow of moving clouds, is to be compared to the sublime ocean, which offers its awful powers to the service of man; but it is all good. Action is natural to man, whether he think, or use his bodily strength. God has given his blessed world to our discretion. Uncle Toby let the blue fly fill its place in the free air; he thought as I do, that it composed a part of the divine harmonious whole. Whether learning, with its glorious powers, or taste, and its fancy nothings, God made them to be; and, as Uncle Toby is not a rare character, I expect the indulgence for my little girl and her fairies he gave to the blue fly, when he said, "There is room!"

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | | |
|--|--------------------|---|
| THE QUEEN | <i>means</i> | England. |
| JUDITH * | | Ireland. |
| CINDABRIGHT | | The Irish Patriot. |
| FINGAL | | Truth. |
| QUEEN'S PHYSICIAN | | Knowledge. |
| KNIGHT WALTER | | Expediency. |
| LADY ATALANTA (<i>the Sorceress</i>) ... | | Prejudice, Illiberality, Ill- nature,—in one passion, Mad Selfishness. |
| FAIRIES | | Sentiment. |
| WITCHES | | Mind, without Feeling. |

THE ISLE OF SKYE represents Ignorance of the doings and manners of men, or situation of the wronged and outcast.

Geographical misrepresentations to be accounted for by the Fairies.

* We suppose Judith's character to be imbued strongly with the passions, domestic affection, and love for the world's glorious mind ; cut off from these resources by her fate, and hating the egotism of her life, shut into her own mind, she tries to take pleasure even from her cross ; therefore, we are not to take her sentiments as those of an unholy, ungrateful murmurer, turning maliciously on God and man, but of one taking advantage of painful feelings, like all other poeticians, † from the days of the

† *Poetician*, a playful word, used in preference to that awful one, poet.

exquisite Petrarch down to the present times, from the divinity of his taste to the *mediocrity* of mine.

Judith's murmurings have reference to the past state of a country abandoned to all the disadvantages of exclusion from a share in social and political happiness and prosperity,—the pain arising from the unkindness shewn not being the least evil inflicted on a people of feeling. I leave to the historian and statesman to say what nations have been overthrown, for what reasons, and by what powers their overthrow has been effected; but the fact, that persons of the highest, purest feelings and principles, whether saint, politician, or poet, have at various times been obliged to seek rest and refuge in the desert or the cell, proves that no disgrace attaches to the oppressed state in the minds of any but the senseless proud.* I am not governed by illiberal, ignorant, national prejudice,—thinking that the Irish are infallible, and that the English, for a long course of government, have been entirely faulty,—I blame ill-nature only, whether it be exhibited in the conduct of the unnatural absentee, or in the opinions of the illiberal ignorant, adverse to Ireland's cause; but we are all in right train now, nothing to be said, but “Long live the noble-minded Queen Victoria, and ministers worthy of her reign!” But, when we are addicted to scribbling poetics without motive, but from irresistible impulse, which, though innocent, is a madness, we like to take a retrospective glance at what the paroxysms have produced.

* The pride of nonsense, not of worth.

PROLOGUE.

THE music of my lyre is sad and low ;
In broken essays it doth, murmuring, flow,
Like moaning winds near some lone wizard stream,
That steals through wilds where death and grief
 have been.

It breathes a little wild song of its own,
Learned for itself to sing, alone,
In its dark starless night,
Still with a new and strange delight,
'Till in the distance, faint, it dies away,
Seeking in some far world a brighter day,
And, like night-dreams, from earthly mansion freed,
That walk abroad where lead
Fair sunny paths to fresher, holier springs,
Where a strange sun a fairer radiance flings,
And shadows—not such drear, such mournful things
As these, by other objects cast—
Mantle o'er nature's pure, unpoisoned breast ;
It takes no tone from earth's unholy stir,
Schemed to obliterate heaven's image here ;
So, sad, neglected, through these echoing walls
It sounds, like mystic tone, that falls
On some benighted traveller, mournful and alone.

CINDABRIGHT;

OR,

THE FATAL FLOWERS.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in Judith's dwelling in the Isle of Skye.

Judith and Cindabright.

CINDABRIGHT.

Mother!

JUDITH.

My daughter!

CINDABRIGHT.

I used to say Mamma.

JUDITH.

You were a baby then—

A blossom just opening to the day,

Whose worth, even the sun shining on, expanding,
wastes,

Or soft winds waft away ;
 Now, with a better love than honeyed fondlings
 tell,

You must affection prove
 Of higher, nobler character than baby-love,
 Which must give place
 To holy duty : you will be my friend—
 My equal now ; duty with innocence
 Doth, whilst it charms, lend
 A power, that serves of formed sense the end.

CINDABRIGHT (*kissing her mother.*)

Yes, dearest mother. The sun hath risen !

JUDITH.

No, love—'tis scarcely light.
 I find I must put all my things away.
 The child has better wit that through the day
 Holds something—anything—in her sweet mind,
 All careless what, so doth her pleasure find.
 Cinda, I would write—disturb me not just now.

CINDABRIGHT.

For how long, sweetest mother ?—let me know.

JUDITH.

An hour by the clock.

CINDABRIGHT.

Ah ! now I see,
'Tis duty, so I must still and silent be.

(Cinda creeps quietly about, picking up her Mother's papers.)

The hour hath come round.
See, how the yellow sun hath pierced the shade,
And all the dim dark ground
Chequered with golden light around,
And even the shadow beautiful hath made.

JUDITH.

Cinda, you turn my head !

CINDABRIGHT.

Dear mother, what have I said
Or done ? tell me, that I no more may so offend.

JUDITH.

Nothing, sweet love ; just let me read this o'er,
Or, interrupted, I shall never end.

(She reads her writing.)

The pure fresh dawn,
With its young airs and dews,
That from thousand flowers distil,
May walk the eastern hill

When night's last fading shade is gone,
 And the young sun, with splendours all divine,
 Sweet joy and hope diffuse.
 But these, nor yet the sun's bright noon-day blaze,
 Are business of mine.
 The music of my soul, that fills my drooping spirit,
 Is in another key, pitched by my unrelenting fate,
 In scornful hate.
 Companion 'tis of my sad, dim, dark day,
 But, soother of its ills, 'tis not unloved ;
 It hath worn its way into my heart, and doth inherit
 Its store of kind affections, social, sweet,
 And, place of all, even my small merit's honour,
 Unrecognised—unproved—
 It doth kind welcome meet.
 But thus my scenes of life and light
 Are dreams confused, unreal, never right—
 A mystic moonlight, darkness seeming bright—
 Nothings—fancy's play,
 That real, bold, hard daylight puts to flight,
 And every rude sound mars, or breath can waft
 away.

CINDABRIGHT.

Is it time now ?
 Your face looks very pale—'twere well to go.
 Do let us now go out to see abroad.
 My lessons are all done, and they were very hard.

JUDITH.

What wouldst thou, dear one?—here thou art well
with me.

CINDABRIGHT.

I want to see the waves dance on the sea.

JUDITH.

There are no waves to-day, the air is still.

CINDABRIGHT.

Come to the grove of pines, and there behold
The rising sun top all the trees with gold.

JUDITH.

Sweet child! thus ever to thy innocent will
Thou winnest me. Come, this shady way
Leads to the tangled thorny nook,
Where, near a crystal brook,
The birds frequent: hark! on that spray
The pleasant robin sings sweet welcome to the day.

CINDABRIGHT.

I'll catch him, mother; he is not far away.

JUDITH.

No, dearest; let the kindly robin stay;
We'll leave him free to haunt the coloured shade

Which verdant leaves and blooming flowers have
made.

Nature is awful ; we must learn to feel,
So love, her stores varied and beautiful,
Unseen, or yet unmarked, but by the soul of sym-
pathy,

That love's sweet price will pay.

Mar not the picture heaven paints for thee ;
From earth to sky it is all beauteous harmony ;
You lose some sweet delight when thus you run
Unquiet after what is not worth, or, worthy, never
won.

The little robin, wiser, doth not so ;
He finds in sun or shade, above, below,
The peaceful heaven of his little breast
Reflected ; to harm his joy or rest
Is sinful ; he, with his humble thorn,
Sweet bird, is pleased ; and still, at early morn,
And fading eve, moves busily among
The twisted boughs with twinkling dew-drops hung.
Now is his airy form seen,
Now lost, the mossy stems between.
He curious visits every nook ; nor long
He stays, but, flitting, comes anon,
Pleased with our stay, and welcomes with a song.
'Twere pity to disturb, with tyrant sway,
Senselessly severe, his beauteous liberty.

CINDABRIGHT.

I cannot like these shades—the blue thick air
 Around, and dim above, are sad ; the fair,
 The varied distance, the sweet tints, and all,
 Lost in the far, far distant air, are beautiful.
 And ravens come, claiming their solitude,
 As if our steps did on their rights intrude ;
 The little robin, too, I'm sure will soon away
 To see the sun light up the shining sea.

JUDITH.

Cinda, I fear thy wild inconstancy—
 Restless it is, unpeaceful levity.
 Observe the little field-flowers, pure and quiet,
 They startle not with wanton riot
 Of fierce contending tints, harsh and intense ;
 The awful heaven-taught sense
 Of little robin, as he flits between
 The leafy boughs and grass in covert green ;
 He, feathered guest of grassy brake and dell,
 With ways for ever gentle, sweet, serene,
 Virtue and taste can teach thee—mark him well !

CINDABRIGHT.

Come, dearest mother, from these shades away ;
 The pleasant air and sun rejoice the day.
 This deepening gloom affrights me. You look wan

And pale: do, dearest mother, let's begone
To where fresh breezes blow, and shines the ple-
sant sun!

Dear mother, you look pale, as though you would
die,

And join my father in the sunny sky.

Ah me!—she faints!—she is dead!—her life is gone,
And Cinda cannot follow, is alone!

*(Cindabright lies down beside her mother, and,
with her arms round her neck, falls into a
fit between sleep and fainting.)*

SCENE II.

A Wood.

Enter Titania and her Fairies.

TITANIA.

What mortals, in their long death-sleep,
Lie there? or yet the child doth keep
A hold so frail to life as though the spirit were fled.

FAIRY.

'Tis Judith, with her child, bright Cinda,
Than the mother scarce less dead.

TITANIA.

Ah me!—and is it so?
 Weave a web of pearly dew,
 Bring balms from every flower that blew
 Obedient to her skilful hand,
 Sweeter than summer sun e'er woo'd,
 Or Spring's fresh breezes fanned :
 These o'er her gentle form be strew'd ;
 Then, in a mournful band,
 Sing a low, soft adieu.

FAIRIES (*song.*)

Let the wind rave through the forest drear ;
 The dead in the grave know nor pain nor fear ;
 She has passed to a better life away ;
 Unguessed her freed spirit's joys,
 Unguessed the pain like dead in life to stay !
 Bright spirits now,
 Through the wide air,
 Through golden clouds that glow
 In beauty there,
 Kind spirits, companions of her way,
 Guide her to realms of light and living day !

TITANIA.

Now let Cinda be our care—
 Cindabright, the pure, the fair ;

Whilst 'twixt death and sleep she lies,
 Anoint with drugs her gentle eyes.
 So to our mystic bowers away,
 As she senseless lies,
 Nor power hath,
 Grieved nigh to death,
 Enwrapt in pearly mists, away,
 Cindabright the pure convey.
 We'll shield from harm her mind's first tender
 dawn,
 So soothe the gentle spirit gone.

SCENE III.

Enchanted Garden of the Fairies.

(Cinda, running about in the Enchanted Garden of the Fairies, calling for her Mother. Titania offers her flowers; she takes them, looking wildly around her, but throws them from her in a passion of grief.)

TITANIA.

Cinda, forbear !
 The little birds, that through the wint'ry air
 Freezing and famished fly,
 For life their little efforts try,
 But murmur not ; aware,

Instinct taught, that Nature's laws
 Are just ; that she in her scheme their cause
 Involves, giving a heaven at last,
 Our fears and sorrows past,
 With truth and love, and holy justice, there.

CINDABRIGHT.

Where is my mother now ?
 Is she in heaven ? let me go ;
 I would lie upon her grave—
 She 'll see her Cinda there, and pity have.
(Picking up the flowers she had thrown away.)
 Here are cowslips mother loved so,
 And pretty blue bells, too ;
 She used to bid me like them for her sake,
 And, in their simple worth, my innocent pleasure
 take ! *(She weeps.)*

TITANIA.

Cinda, weep not so.

CINDABRIGHT.

Gentle fairy, let me go.
(Kisses the Fairy's fingers, and runs away.)

TITANIA *(with her fairies.)*

Work the charm, bind the spell,
 To guard the young from danger fell ;

Take dew, gathered from springing flowers,
 With airs from dawn's fresh hours ;
 With these anoint the gentle child,
 That peril, in her wanderings wild,
 Wound not her young spirit :
 So may propitious prove
 For gentle Cindabright our cares and love.

TITANIA.

I would protect her mind—
 Keep it from thought that could efface
 The ineffable purity by Heaven designed.

FAIRY.

We'll keep, whether waking or asleep,
 Her sweet soul full of grace.

TITANIA.

Fairies, from the bane that's hidden,
 Enwrapt in seeming good and winning grace,
 Say, can we guard her ?

FAIRY.

To know that is forbidden :
 Fate, kind or cruel, she
 Inexorable is ; and what she wills, will be.

SCENE IV.

Road leading to the Grave of Judith.

*Fairy, sent by Titania to guard Cindabright, meets
Hecate, a Witch.*

FAIRY.

Whither, 'neath the moon,
Wanderest thou ?

WITCH.

And thou ?

FAIRY.

I go to see the busy world nothing do.

WITCH (*laughing maliciously.*)

Your business ended soon,
You will have done nothing, too.

FAIRY.

I come to seek for Cinda, here ;
She is our Queen Titania's care.

(*Fairy and Witch, coming to Judith's grave, see
Cindabright asleep.*)

FAIRY.

Ah, seest thou Cinda ? Can it be
That little maid who, all this desolate way,

Hath wandered wearily?
 She sleeps! or is it death
 That such strange power hath
 To change so. She doth lie
 Like to a silver statue 'neath the sky,
 Fresh from the artist spirit that gives forth,
 Unconsciously, his heavenly worth,
 Like blossoms falling all around,
 Prized by congenial worth;
 Or, trampled on the ground,
 She lies, all pure, and beautiful, and bright,
 As though she would outshine the moon's pale
 pearly light.

Seest thou! she moves! and, in her sleep,
 Deep sighs doth heave, and weep!
 This is her mother's grave,
 Where she would grief's pale vigil keep;
 But kindly healing sleep
 Hath overta'en.

WITCH.

Her wild intent,
 Framed in a mood of childish discontent.
 The mother, widow of a man called brave—
 A patriot, forsooth—was slain. He in the grave
 May coolly learn sense.

FAIRY.

In exile she hath closed her mournful fate :
 Here on this barren shore,
 All wild and desolate,
 Where angry winds for ever roar,
 Were left, forgot, to die,
 This gentle pair, cheated of friendship's joys,
 And every nobler sympathy ;
 Through the pine-forest, dark with ages past,
 Or tangled roots deformed with withering grass,
 Would they their mournful pastime take
 A few sad dreary hours to waste.
 The desert bird that slowly by,
 Sweeping, would pass,
 As to some beetling cliff, he flew,
 His home on high,
 Or scream of sea-spirits in the wintry sky,
 With the wind's low fall mixing their mournful
 melody,
 Was all the stir of life those sinless victims knew.

WITCH.

Aye, that teaches others what we would have them
 do.

FAIRY.

The mother's noble spirit never bowed,
 In all her years of mournful solitude.
 The daughter must, derived, high worth possess.

WITCH.

And I well pleased will make it low and less.

FAIRY.

Fearest thou not trouble with this gentle child?
She is soft and hard at once—proud, constant,
mild.

WITCH.

I'll break down her fine spirit; leave't me;
The job is to my taste, and full of pleasantry.

(Exeunt Fairy and Witch.)

Same Scene.

SPIRIT OF CINDABRIGHT'S MOTHER. *(Cindabright
still asleep.)*

Sweet Cinda, gentle daughter! go—
Changing homes, unchanged the while—
Quit thy mother's shade and woe;
Go where fairy favours smile.
Thou art with worth and wit endued—
What wouldst thou in this deep solitude,
Without or hope or sympathy,
Forgot, like senseless stone to lie?
The starry night, the wood, the glen,
Far from a stranger world's ken,
Is fit for deeds of shame and sin.
Haply thou art not doomed, like me,
To prove thy gentle mind's decay,

In mimic death's dark day,
 To pass unmarked—unmourned—away !
 I have, all sinless, suffered so ;
 A brighter fate be thine. Beloved, go !

SCENE V.

Titania, many fairies, and Cindabright, in the enchanted garden.

TITANIA.

Come, let us weave a fairy wreath,
 For Cindabright to wear ;
 Soft pity o'er its flowers shall breathe,
 And leave its spirit there.
 Beauty shall touch its budding leaves
 With every hue that nature weaves
 'Mongst clouds and beams in summer skies,
 From the bright morn till gentle evening dies.
 Then, in our simple rural bowers,
 We'll safely guard her youthful hours
 From ills those hours might bring,
 To break each tuneful string
 Of its harmonious lyre,
 And quench in sorrow's wave its beauteous
 grace and fire.
 To-morrow, when the slanting beam
 Of the round moon yon fountain stream

Shall change to moving wreaths
 Of molten gold, within its waves
 We must thrice lave her gentle form,
 Her young spirit free from harm
 In the mixed world to keep ;
 Nor heed if feeling's tears should flow ;
 The kind and constant still are so,
 They are doomed in life to weep.

(Titania offers the wreath to Cinda.)

Be bright and beauteous as the dawn
 When she first walks the hills, and lights the dewy
 lawn,
 And fear, and grief, with night's last shade are gone.

(Cinda, weeping, rejects it.)

Let these flowers of beauty wreathe thee.

CINDABRIGHT.

Ah ! gentle fairies, leave me ;
 Let me grieve alone.

(She picks up the flowers which had fallen from her bosom, and which she had kept there ever since she discovered them amongst those given by the fairy.)

TITANIA.

Cinda, those are fatal flowers ;
 They will bring sorrow, thy young hours
 To shadow o'er !
 Let these flowers of beauty wreathe thee.

CINDABRIGHT (*rejecting the wreath.*)

Ah ! gentle fairies, leave me,
 Let me weep alone.
 Or weave these fatal flowers with those
 Thy blooming wreath compose.

TITANIA.

Cinda, ponder ; these are flowers
 Charmed by enchantment's powers,
 Strong and severe.
 Cinda, beware !
 Can thy tender spirit bear
 To find, within thy lonely bowers,
 Hatred and scorn there ?
 Cinda, beware !
 Ponder !———I seal thy fate !

CINDABRIGHT.

Gentle fairies, let me prove,
 Through every ill, unchanging love.

(*The Fairies weave in the flowers.*)

TITANIA.

'Tis done !

CINDABRIGHT.

Now shall I grieve alone.

TITANIA.

Come, share with us our golden hours,
By crystal font, in shining bowers.

CINDABRIGHT.

I cannot like your blooming flowers ;
I mourn within your shining bowers :
Let me on my mother's grave,
 Where wild winds rave,
 Companion there
With little robin, that her hand hath fed—
There he his abode hath made,
And cruel Cinda's fled.

(She runs away to her mother's grave.)

SCENE VI.

Cindabright rising in the Fairy's bower.

CINDABRIGHT.

'Twas at this hour of rising day
My mother used to come, and bless her child, and
 pray.
Young dawn is stealing o'er the sea ;
Anon, the sun will send, all gloriously,

His orient beams, till every little wave
 Kindle to burning gold ;
 And the huge waters, hither rolled
 In graver majesty,
 Shall wake the drowsy world
 Once more to beauty, life, and joy.
 And, Cinda, what is for thee ?
 A darling mother's grave !
 So it must be.
 This is the hour of prayer !—
 I'll to my mother's grave, and bow my spirit there.

Now Cinda wiped her tears away ;
 Each duty of the coming day,
 In order, crossed her virtuous mind.
 Her first care was her bower of rest :
 With flowers each marble niche she graced ;
 With skill and learned taste refined,
 She made all bright and pleasant, lest the mind,
 Inferior born, aught cause for small respect should
 find.

She thought that every field and grove,
 Where sweet birds sing, and cattle rove,
 Were ever beautiful and fair ;
 That man alone makes pain and blemish everywhere ;
 That punished slave, or punished master, he
 Suffers in hungry want, or over toil, or, worst of
 all, in luxury.

Now flowers that had dearest been
 To the loved, respected dead,
 The purest, palest, and most perfect ever seen,
 Or dews ambrosial fed,
 With trickling tear and heavy sigh,
 She gathered mournfully ;
 And last, for kindly robin there,
 She took the little meal, the tiny fare.

SCENE VII.

A woody Road.

Now she passed on ; the frosty ground,
 Partially with glittering white,
 Or sparkles, diamond-bright,
 Was spread ;
 Which grudgingly allowed
 Some emerald grassy blades to peep around ;
 Sometimes with points of rocky stone,
 Obscured by earth or hoar-frost, as she on
 Proceeded, pained her tender feet,
 Or wounded them through the shoes she wore,
 Which service so severe had never known before.

The spirit's fever now was o'er
 That stole her sense of pain before :

She was all pain now ;
 'Neath it her young spirit 'gan to bow.
 Horror that she now stood alone
 In the strange world, bewildered quite
 Her tender brain ; she ceased to see or feel ;
 All objects seemed to whirl around,
 Then darkened, and she sank upon the ground.

Her eyes once more upon the scene
 She oped, that, ere her swoon, had been,
 In Nature's very sweetest taste,
 Beautifully, simply drest ;
 But all was changed : a golden air
 Breathed balm ; a fascinating calm,
 Sultry and soft, still soothed the spirits to rest ;
 And many witches there, like fairies drest,
 Would mar or shake her constancy.
 But yet their guile could not mislead
 The wise young little maid ;
 For wary, she,
 Though puzzled, knew that they must witches be.
 These, hovering in the sunny mist above,
 Or flitting 'mongst the trees,
 Through all the grove,
 Tried every artful means her sense to please :
 Music, from thousand birds around,
 From every nation of the world brought,
 And realms beyond,

With exquisite perfection
 Surprised her ear, but touched not :
 Her young heart sought in nature's grace
 Its joy and good ; nought could the creed efface !
 She virtuously, in its worth alone,
 Clothed in mystery, or understood,
 Truth loved, and in it saw all beauty, grace, and
 good ;

And when in it was marred Heaven's touch divine,
 She grieved, and thought its sweetest worth was
 gone.

The pendent wreaths of glorious flowers,
 That graceful decked the enchanted bowers,
 Making the golden shade
 Glow with the hue
 Their various tints there made,
 Failed to delight,
 But still disturbed her holy sense of right.

Now from the crowd
 A witch to Cinda came, and smiled, and graceful
 bowed,
 And shewed a glass of strongest magic power,
 That could to her in pictured truth restore
 Whate'er her heart could wish, or be
 By her young spirit viewed delightedly ;
 And with soft grace, and winning sweet looks, she
 Pressed Cinda in its moving shades to view



E. H. Trotter inv.

Eng^d by S. Russell.

Whate'er might serve her, or to see or know ;
 But she, retreating, gave one look, and there
 Beheld herself beside a youth most fair :
 It was her very self—beautiful, but formed—
 grown—

Seated beside a youth, who that sweet beauty smiled
 upon.

Now, in a little crowd apart,
 The hags, disguised, prepare
 A banquet, where, with magic art,
 All that the taste delights, or sweet, or rare,
 That pleasure could impart,
They set For Cinda fair ;
 But she, temptation taught to shun,
 Turned off, preparing to be gone,
 And sought, regretfully, the cold fresh sky,
 With all its airs, that fly
 Wild through its glorious immensity.

But gone the sky, and the rude rocky shore,
 And of the foamy waves the wild uproar ;
 And Cinda grieved to hear and see their natural stir
 no more.

Lost to her view the humble common way
 She oft in her first happy day
 In infant joyous levity had trod,
 And loved ; and they

Were to her heart but ill-replaced
 By studious art, and false luxurious taste.
 This importuned her, and she wished to see
 The little common birds, that used her friends
 to be ;

To see the sun high, bright, afar,
 Beaming through the frosty air :
 All the enchanted beauties there
 Not pleasure gave, but fear.
 Now Cinda hoped once more to see
 The wild birds on the leafless tree,
 Hopping amongst the frost's crisped jewell'ry,
 That in the morning's purple light,
 On its pure intense white,
 Received the amber sunbeams beautifully,
 And pendent dew-drops in the light
 Of the young sun sparkling diamond-bright ;
 The sweet birds there,
 Chattering, and choosing where
 The sunniest twig might be,
 Shaking the lucid drops that tremblingly
 Hung round—their eyes sparkling as bright as
 they.

The witches now chattering confer,
 Mowing and nodding, stretching far
 Their long necks, and, with staring eyes,
 Looking around among their crew,

As if they would some sense there recognise
 To guide them ; for their spell,
 By powerful magic wrought,
 Cinda's simple thought,
 Holy and pure, had broken ; and now,
 Their charms all dissolved and gone,
 She is, once more, alone !
 But Cinda, as away they vanished,
 In the golden mist that day had banished,
 Their magic glass, upon the ground
 Where the hags had stood, she found,
 And thought that even could it be
 Restored ? The hour
 Was fatal, that 'vantage to the adverse power
 Gave ; so, disobedient, she
 The fatal mirror hid within her breast,
 And to her mother's grave she fled in haste.

Awhile she sat, to rest her 'wilderer mind,
 Awful, ere she her little soul consigned
 To holy thoughts, then gratefully
 Breathed fervent thanks that she
 This sad memorial of her mother dead,
 An humble mound, o'erspread
 With wild flowers, now perishing, withered,
 But beautiful in decay ;
 As, stirred by the morn's fresh air,

That o'er them crept,
 The pearly tears that night had wept
 In pity there,
 As scattered all around they lay,
 She thanked that they
 Brought pleasure to her mind—
 Though 'twas the bitter sweet of misery ;
 She thanked that they were far more dear,
 More valued were by her,
 And, to her affections fond and true,
 Gave better, higher good than pleasure ever knew.

Now, as she sate, came o'er her mind
 The cares of home, servants and creatures left be-
 hind.
 Their simple hopes and fears distressed her so,
 That, ailing, tired, and the distance far,
 Her part enwoven with grief and care,
 She was resolved to go.
 And there was pleasure in her grief—
 The tribute to departed worth gave her fond heart
 relief!
 And memory of her dream came o'er
 Her duteous mind, and sore
 The conflict 'twixt visionary feeling and reality ;
 But the conviction that remained
 Engraven on her mind, and that obtained

O'er all, was of the Wisest and Most Just
 To do the will, then claim the aid of Heaven, and
 trust.

She knew the virtuous fairies would approve—
 'Twas worth, not fancy, that had gained their love.

Now, in her desolate home, to Heaven's care,
 We leave the little maid,
 'Till fifteen summers found her good and fair.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Queen's Palace.

The Queen, sitting on a sofa ; Lady Atalanta on a lower seat near, waiting for the Queen to speak, and looking very cross and ill.

QUEEN.

You look pale, as though much care,
 With mournful control,
 Weighed down thy kind, thy anxious soul !
 Speak ! dear Lady Atalanta ; if my power
 In aught might serve, kind will
 Awaits thy words, thy wishes to fulfil.

LADY ATALANTA.

Sweet Queen, the ills my mind
 Cross or perplex, confined

To its own inferior views, vex not my soul ;
 But the mighty cares that stir
 The realm, the interests of the whole,
 Thy cares—as, moving amongst stars,
 Thyself a sun, whose universal light,
 If clouds obscure, or steal from sight,
 Is watched with interest or with pain, or yet unkind
 delight—
 These still engross my soul.

QUEEN.

Let's wave compliment, and tell
 If our little murmurings are
 Composed, for still
 I fear to speak, lest evil will,
 For trifling or mistaken cause,
 In fiery proud men's minds we stir,
 So wrath engender amongst friends, or those
 Who might be so, and turn all to foes.—
 I like to love, and fear not.

LADY ATALANTA.

Sweet Lady, you argue like a happy Queen !
 Far be it from my thought the mood
 To change ; if by persuasion so I could,
 It were not fitting to subdue thy spirit, high and
 good,

Seeking the sum of human ill
 To lessen. But still
 The embryo power in time to quell
 That might on unguessed cause or murmur or rebel
 Punish I would.
 Who are reckless, and danger seek,
 Even let them have their will ;
 My own small selfish cares, that grieve
 Or fright me, I scorn, but would relieve
 That gentle brow of thine
 From thorns, or stinging leaves,
 That, ever wounding, twine
 The diadem, though from that jewelled cincture
 shine,
 Framed in just laws, high Heaven's spirit divine.

QUEEN.

Their awful scheme to know, with worth enforce,
 Is of our great good men the task.
 Some wholesome rest should be my share—
 The sweet first generous mind is poisoned with
 much care ;
 Ill-nature, that, hydra-like, evermore
 Starts in our most careful steps,
 Watching unweariedly to harm, and never sleeps,
 Look not on, but, still loving, soar
 Above its baneful airs, it harms no more.

I would, dear Lady Atalanta, plume the wings
 Of gentle love, that ever in good hearts
 Sits, smiling on the world !
 Look through its gentle eyes—
 In their sweet light the hideous monster dies !

LADY ATALANTA.

Sweet Queen, thou art too good ; thou'lt find
 The world ill requite the generous mind—
 Worth lavished on the unworthy, few
 Will with right sense thy high pure nature view.
 Soon thou'lt see the world with eyes
 Quite different : good hard sense—
 A little bitter, too—is best !
 The hard call sweetness insignificance !
 Lavished worth we ever fail to prize.
 Be firm, and frugal of thy kindness, wise,
 You will more lasting honour find.
 Love will not fail to follow fortune—he, blind,
 Flying still, is by nought else confined.

QUEEN.

Do, dear Lady Atalanta, leave my mind
 Even as it is ; I find
 No subject, just at this time,
 For change—sufficient when
 Arrived occasion. This is the prime
 Of nature and of day—'twere well

If thou a turn in the air would take, the gloom
 To chase away. Nature, beautiful,
 All light and bloom, with her fresh airs, that stray
 'Mongst balmy flowers, giving to the day,
 Their odorous breath, invite.

LADY ATALANTA.

Sweet Queen, to please thee, I go.

*(She curtsies very low many times, and goes
 out, squinting with vexation.)*

QUEEN *(alone.)*

'Twas on her lip ; she had some tale
 Ready ; but those who still
 Cherish the worst bias of our heart I fear,
 Not that I shall be too amiable—
 A fault so rare,
 It may go wild, and none its action fear.
 As to that youth, Fingal, if than wit, more truth
 Disturb ; yet still opposed
 To cold malignant cunning, I am disposed
 To wait unbiassed, save by what I know and see ;
 And from the high and generous
 Expect *some* good ; at least, none from the base !

SCENE II.

Lady Atalanta, walking, vexed, on the Terrace.

LADY ATALANTA.

This girl puts me to a loss.

Her unsophisticated mind

Goes on, of all my wit and wile

 Regardless, which she the while

 Fails not to see,

 Judging by her fine smile,

 Piercing the veil of her simplicity !

I cannot mix my high soul with her mind—

It leaves me mortified, alone, behind.

Would that I were a Queen ! even for a day :

I would teach some learned heads their better play.

 Expecting worth, and noble truth,

 'Mongst men in our day, forsooth !

 Fingal, that apostate,

 Who cannot, will not hate,

Into a better world I would translate.

And the whole class of men, enthusiast

By name, I would, by death, in haste,

Relieve from further pain.

Such ultra sentiment is quite unfit

For mortal life and mortal breath ;

Heaven is its destination !—there

Alone 'tis well ; no matter or how soon, or how, or
 when, or where,
 We there send it.
 The King, did he think fit
 To bend to this affair his better wit,
 Would say, all stratagems in war
 Are necessary, wise, and fair.

SCENE III.

Ante-Room ; the Queen's Ladies there.

*The Ladies, having heard a conversation with the
 Fairy, suppose that the Queen has raved.*

FIRST LADY.

'Tis time the Queen to awake !
 The lark her heavenward flight, singing, doth take,
 And she, sweet herald of the sun,
 With every cheerful sound
 Of living nature all around,
 Proclaims the day begun.

SECOND LADY.

Wake not her Majesty ; she hath restless been—
 Uttering, feverish, through her slumber,

The names of those the Lady Atalanta will not hear
Us utter, lest the Queen grieve

For evils irremediable !

Such troubles kill (she says)

The noble spirit of the power that sways

Our empire's weighty sceptre !

SCENE IV.

The Queen's Bed-chamber.

Titania and the Queen.

Beneath a gorgeous canopy,
Shrouded in azure silvered silks and airy tiffany,
That wafted with each breath of air,
Lay, wrapt in careful thought,
The Queen, whom sought
Titania there.

The fairy looked where she might perch, and be
Conspicuous, that her small form the Queen might
see—

For, though a Queen herself, she
Would not, without great respect,
Address herself to majesty—

So, on a book standing that was near the Queen,

She waited patiently.

It was that hour when the star

That waits for the dawn's purple air

To mix its golden beams in,

Then away

Sinks in the azure depths of day ;

When the Queen spied the little fay,

And with sweet smiling looks she bade

Her welcome to her court and bower,

At every time, or night or morning hour.

The fairy knew the weight that so

Oppresses every regal brow,

So briefly made the monarch know

The care for Cinda's wrongs that did her grieve ;

Then meant to leave

The Queen, if haply sleep

In its soft balm her gentle spirit might steep.

QUEEN.

But, gentle fairy, tell,

If thyself thou knowest well,

What has with strife and rage and wrongs a gentle
girl to do ?

FAIRY.

Truly, I know not !

QUEEN.

Let it end.

The mother's fate is o'er ;
 She grieves no more.
 The brave, in battle slain,
 Is still a question mixt with pain ;
 But pained innocence, and punished sorrow,
 Reverses holy law, and from the felon,
 To crush the good, his penalty doth borrow.

This satisfied Titania, and in air away
 She vanished, on the morning star's fast lessening
 ray.
 Soon as the orient light,
 Kindling the trembling dew's that night
 Had hung,
 In diamond drops, the grassy blades and leaves
 among,
 Till, sparkling with a thousand rays,
 Each leafy covert with a tiny blaze
 Of silver fire is lit !
 Then, as the morning bright,
 The Queen from sleepless couch up sprung.
 Her courtiers watch her gentle eyes,
 Anxious to serve, and reverence to shew ;
 But Fingal, from the crowd among,

The Queen appointed, and, while he lowly bowed,
 All is prepared. And now is Fingal gone,
 Imprest by some strong meanings from the Queen's
 high reserve he had won.

SCENE V.

An Apartment in Cindabright's Dwelling.

Cinda, from the world apart,
 Fraught with feelings of a mind and heart
 That in society
 Their place deserved ; but she
 Was pleased alone ; she had learned
 That such things, to please
 *The pretty babies,**
 Still must be,
 And usual ; so unconcerned
 Cinda was, as so, in sooth, she well might be.
 Companion of our souls, if good, we are in good
 company ;
 All things in nature's scheme are beautifully done,

* The illiberal of all ranks, ages, and of both sexes.

And rightly, when rightly understood—
 Nought wrong !
 So Cinda thought, and liked to be alone.

Cinda sate, serious, silent still.
 The mood was indispensable !
 Her spirits knew, to charm or cheer,
 No varied scene or feeling through the year,
 Save that o'er the emerald green,
 In play, the cat was sometimes seen,
 With little robins in her train :
 All were taught to love, not war—
 And Cinda thought that all was good and fair.
 The witches hovering o'er, one sunny day,
 Acting hard work, but really in play,
 In vicious spleen the humble heaven did see,
 Pronounced it idle, and that it must not be.

Cinda was wise, ingenious, liberal ;
 Her servants not her slaves, on her would fall
 Much occupation ; therefore she
 Had little leisure—in her fairy hall
 She working sate.
 She from the fairies—from taste—her taste did get !
 Each object, polished beautifully bright,
 Reflected all the little verdant light ;
 Each lent its shining beauty all around,
 Clear as if glass or water intervened,

Reflecting each on each
 Their thousand lights and shadows to the ground :
 'Twas heaven ! for holy calm was there,
 And beauteous order, graceful, fair,
 With modest virtue reigned.
 No glorious flowers within the walls were seen ;
 They graced the winding walks,
 Or gemmed, star-like, the emerald green,
 There drank the dew of heaven, and its light,
 Or cheered the shadow with their hues, all sunny
 bright.

The water-loving plants by natural streams were fed,
 That, silvery glittering, crept around their bed,
 Then stole away, whispering of beauty and delight,
 To open air and universal light.

But some few statues on pedestals were there,
 Or niches held those relics beautiful and rare ;
 From Rome and Florence they had come,
 And once had graced her infant home.

 Now on her lonely silence broke
 Her aged servant, and he told
 That a young stranger her attention claimed ;
 From court he had come ; that he was Fingal
 named ;
 And that he to herself alone
 His business could unfold.
 Cinda was good, so simple was her mind ;
 The stranger noble, gentle, graceful, kind !

With generous feeling he had viewed the scene,
 Where over all the touch of grace had been :
 It was all perfect beauty, not beautified—
 'Twas order, grace, and purity, to heaven allied,
 O'er all which Cinda, gentle Cinda, did preside.
 There Fingal saw her first, away from all
 The glorying world its worth and glory call,
 And inward sighed!

There, amid books and work, in humble place,
 She sate, her faithful maid beside, whom she dis-
 missed,

And, with a modest grace,
 Received the stranger.

But Fingal now to her—
 Troubled, hesitating—must break

The purport of his coming,
 Which, for gentle Cinda's sake,
 Gave him much pain :

It was to bring back to her mind
 Evils the stream of time had left behind :

He had come from court, where a young gentle
 Queen

Had pleaded, did intercession make,
 And Judith and her child were pardoned for her
 sweet sake.

Now Cinda's loving infant mind had borne
 Death's desolating scourge,—had borne
 The idols of her soul to pass away,

And leave her on the earth alone, forlorn.
 But in this late, in vain revoked decree,
 Was grief's last bitter stroke, was agony !
 She fainted, died away ; and long
 The strife 'twixt death and fading life
 Lasted ; but, young,
 Her ebbing spirits returned, their place of pain
 To take again,
 There to fulfil their destiny.
 But to her inmost soul confined
 Was the deep feeling of her mind ;
 She chased the trickling tears away,
 Which, though forbidden, still would stray,
 And with smiles, still mournful, tried
 To thank Fingal, who had chanced
 To take his seat her chair beside.
 Now wonder filled her mind, and fear :
 She saw, reflected in the mirror clear,
 That from the ceiling to the ground was shining
 there,
 Picturing faithful all that did around appear,—
 Now in that mirror fair were seen
 The figures that had long ago foreshadowed been :
 Her very self and Fingal, the same face and air,
 Looking as when a child she had seen
 Those figures in the witches' shadowy glass,
 Which never had by her forgotten been.
 A sudden tremor shook her frame—

She grew all faint and pale, and moved to where
 The leafy branches green
 Waved gently, stirred by the outward air.
 Her faintness Fingal saw with anxious pain,
 And rose to go, but love and pity moved—he asked
 to come again.

Fingal now was gone at last,
 And Cinda's memory o'er the distant past
 Wandered mournfully !
 Her mother's warmly grateful mind
 Would still some shade detect,
 Some error find,
 In conduct which would hazard aught
 Of self-respect and general regard : so thought
 The fairies' bowers to seek, and tell
 The matter that now filled her mind !
 And Fingal might come find her there,
 If rightly in his mind she were ;
 For well she had liked to love the youth,
 But not unproved his worth and truth.

SCENE VI.

The Enchanted Garden of Titania.

(*Many Fairies waiting the coming of Titania. Courtiers instructing the inferior Fairies as to their places and duties.*)

FIRST FAIRY.

Come, let us to our tasks.

SECOND FAIRY.

What is mine ?

FIRST FAIRY.

To find where the moonshine
Is brightest, clearest—
Where the little flowers blow
That our gentle Queen loves dearest.

THIRD FAIRY.

What is my task, fairy, tell ?

FIRST FAIRY.

Bring thou flowers of various hue,
Cowslip yellow, violet blue ;

Bring silvery dew,
 To fill each trembling bell,
 Gathered in the grassy dell,
 In nooks where scented violets grow,
 And rough blasts never blow.

FOURTH FAIRY.

Pray tell what mine's to be!

FIRST FAIRY.

Thou must find where
 The moon is clearest, brightest,
 And the bowery foliage lightest,
 And spotting tenderly the sky,
 In the distant air on high,
 We'll make Titania's bower there.

SECOND FAIRY.

Here is a spot like emeralds bright,
 Glittering in diamond dews of night!
 For Titania's printless feet
 This velvet sod is meet.
 The moon, standing on yon hill,
 The vale doth fill
 With golden light;

But see, the tread
Of mortal in their bed
The choicest flowers have bruised and blemished !

*(The fairies all run to see, and converse as to
what they are to do.)*

FAIRY.

Let's run to yonder fountain, where
The silver waters clear
Doth the moon's sweet pattern make ;
The fairest and most perfect shells we'll take
For urns, and hither bring
Healing waters from that spring,
To save the lily's silver bell,
That nature formed so beautiful,
Restore its heavenly air and hue,
And give it still its silver dew.

*(They all, having gathered shells, run away to
the fountain.)*

*Enter Titania, expecting to see her court and at-
tendants assembled.*

TITANIA *(looking astonished.)*

Where are all my fairies ?
Are they dead,
Or, like slothful mortals, slunk to bed ?

Titania walking, alone, in her Enchanted Garden.

As o'er the higher mind
 Of the whole world Titania's sway
 Led, unconfined, men's thoughts, thus she
 No tyrant was, so, sweet, confiding, patiently
 She rested, and, by her genius and her habit led,
 She wandered musingly,
 Knowing, in time, she should all learn and see.

TITANIA.

'Tis good, beneath the gentle moon,
 To rest the fevered spirits, alone ;
 From the world's stir to fly,
 To hear, above, around,
 But nature's harmony,
 Its noiseless sound ;
 The leaves to whisper as they stir
 Seem, and in the glittering air
 Is movement, of the vast sky
 Breaking the silence. Can we see,
 O nature ! thy high worth, and careless be ?
 How sweet to see the moonbeams play
 In yonder fountain, then away,
 In wreaths of liquid gold,
 Wander on its waters cold.

Enter Oberon.

OBERON.

Sweet Queen !

Hast thou, romantic, all alone,
 Given up thy soul to pleasing idleness,
 And yet unfeeling been ?
 The while, with reckless tread,
 By insolent presumption led,
 Some mortal in thy flowery wilderness
 Mischief hath done !
 Thou canst hear
 The hum of distant worlds,
 Or confer
 With spirits yet unborn that are,
 And with the voiceless dead ;
 And yet the mischief done
 Within thy very bower
 Has 'scaped of thy nice sense the power.

TITANIA.

Where are my fairies, to unfold
 This mystery ? The mortal bold,
 That to the flowers
 Of fairy land mischief hath done,
 Shall rue the deed, ere set of th' morrow's sun.

(Titania is going out, displeased, but is prevented by seeing a great crowd of fairies return with Fingal, bound.)

The little lark was high in air,
 Singing to the spirits there—
 'Twas bright May morning's brightest hour
 When Cinda left her simple bower ;
 She looked with love on all around—
 The bank, the brae ; in all she found
 Sweet grace, for grace was in her soul,
 And lent the last sweet hue to all.
 And Cinda journeyed now to see
 The Fairy Queen hold court and revelry.

Titania, in her airy hall,
 Radiant with beauty sate ; and all
 The courtiers there
 Bowed to her wisdom rare,
 And worth and grace, which in her shone most
 beautiful.
 'Neath canopy of painted air
 She sate, the columns fair
 Curtained with pearly mists—they morning sun-
 beams were !—
 And, fitful flashing through,
 Lit all the twilight grove,
 Around, above,
 And on the mossy stems and dewy grass
 A tender radiance threw.
 The roof of myriad leaves was made,
 That cast a moving, chequered shade ;

And birds among them sung, unseen,
 Or flitted in the shadows green.
 In midst of all this sylvan scene
 Two scaly dragons kept the place between
 The throne, where the young Queen
 Refulgent stood,
 And the rude press of all the fairy crowd ;
 For now she stood revealed to all around,
 And love and reverence hushed each ruder sound.
 But all for Cinda now gave room,
 And to Titania's dome
 Arrived, she bent the knee with love
 Submissively, respect to prove,
 Then, modest, back withdrew ; but now
 What wonder struck her gentle view,
 As culprit, at the throne's foot, bound,
 Fingal, the kind, the good, she found !
 The trial's o'er, the deed is proved :
 Fingal—strange, unknown, unloved—
 Had, riding through the forest, made
 Destructive havoc in the shade
 Best loved by Queen Titania, where
 Her bowers of brightest beauty were,
 Which fairy hands had built in vain,
 With duteous love, and care, and pain :
 These trampled, spoilt, the gallant boy
 Must pay the price for senseless joy.
 O'er Cinda's modest, feeling mind,

Conflicting feelings wandered painfully :
 Unfriended, suffering, and consigned,
 Unpitied, to degrading punishment,
 Her noble, kind deliverer stood ;

And she,

In selfish silence, his grief, indignant, and his thrall
 must see,

Or, doubted by the mixed crowd

Her pure mind's character must be ;

For even the generous, just Titania, she

No thought but to the fact had lent :

His high desert unknown, misunderstood,

None cared about, or marked, his feelings high and
 good.

The while, his generous love

Despised appeared,—no friend to prove

His simple, noble truth, his innocent intent,—

All rushed on Cinda's mind ;

Then, blushing, doubting, and afraid,

But generous,

Advanced the gentle maid,

And, humbly kneeling, thus entreating prayed :—

“ Most gentle, just, most gracious Queen,

'Twere crime to mar the grace that's seen

Where'er thy touch of skill or eye of taste hath
 been,

But yet, for Cinda's sake, sweet Queen,

The youth that's bound, ah, spare !
 Unknown his worth, his graceful mind,
 Generous, feeling, fair, and kind :
 Him, gentle Queen, ah, spare !”

(A soft sighing echo of Cinda's last words was heard through the grove, supposed to proceed from the young female fairies, for Fingal was very beautiful.)

Then spoke Titania :—“ Stranger, say
 What led thy wanton feet to stray
 'Mongst fairy walks and fairy flowers ?—
 Unbind him, fairies !—Stranger, say !”

Fingal, with looks simple and noble, said,
 “ Great Queen, 'twas anxious pity speed
 Gave to the tread that wrecked thy bowers !
 My every thought on Cinda's weal
 Was bent ; to that one end
 My every care resolved, unwittingly I did offend :
 The papers which I bore did Cinda save
 From sorrowing, death-like life—a living grave !
 I bore in haste her exile's late repeal.
 I plead not, sue not—what is right thou'lt feel.”

(Titania, though a great Queen, blushed, for she had much feeling ; and, being convinced, gave her fingers to Fingal and Cinda to kiss.)

SCENE VII.

A Fairy Ball-Room.

(Fairies all dancing, or ballet, pantomime, or masquerading. Cinda seen sitting beside Fingal, who has just handed Titania to a seat, he having opened the ball with her.)

FINGAL.

Why not dance, Cinda ?

CINDABRIGHT.

Do you love dancing ?

FINGAL.

'Tis mirthful, graceful, fanciful :

Without such pleasure, youth were mournful.

Come, Cinda, let me lead thee out ;

Why shouldst thou sit apart, as if forgot,

Or as if you did condemn the mirth

Of others ? The worth

Is worthless thought,

That in the joy of others seeth fault !

CINDABRIGHT.

Fingal, I am happy here.

FINGAL.

I would have thee, Cinda, happy be, and so appear.

CINDABRIGHT.

The manner matters not ; I like the spectacle !

The figures wafting to and fro,
 The fairy music's murmur low,
 Or the thin modulation high,
 No louder than a summer fly,
 Or golden bee that wandereth by,—
 They mix with my thoughts' flow !

I like to see, and hear, and feel all quietly.

Let Queen Titania be thy care ;
 Give all thy pains to honour her—
 So pleasure me.

Fingal, to pleasure Cinda, now
 Mixes in the brilliant show,
 Amid the blaze of beauty, where
 Titania's wit, and grace, and wisdom rare,
 Though old, and older than the world, she
 Gave to the court circle its best grace and majesty ;
 And the sweetest grace of youthful beauty there

Was not more charming than her carriage—

Generous, bland, and fair !

And Cinda, in a crowd alone, deprest,

To ease her heart, and give it rest,

To the fair walks and shadowy bowers,

'Mid night's calm hours,

So sweet to feeling taste, is fled ;

And there, for her wild fate,

So woven, and o'ershadowed

With uncertainty, some bitter tears she shed.

SCENE VIII.

The Garden of Titania.

CINDABRIGHT.

I must fly those scenes of joy—

They pain me so.

Those airy walks, where shine,

In the light divine

Of the beamy golden moon,

Flowers of all scents and hues,

Sleeping in their diamond dews,

Where the light wind blows

From the lily to the rose,

Stealing odour, giving balm ;

Or yet the calm

That near yon fountain ever sleeps,

Where stirs not the silver lily's head,

And roses high in air

Their proud heads rear,

To drink the light of skies

For ever bright and fair.

These glorious scenes

Distress my soul, my timid spirits affright :

In faithful love I here

Would lay me down to think no more,—to die !

Kind fairies to my home would bear

My lifeless form, where

The wild waves foaming rave,

Chasing each other o'er my mother's grave ;

There, in death's dark dwelling, I

With her would be.

This maddening contrast to the fate

Her gentle spirit bore, in holy constancy,

O'erwhelms me.

Cinda reclined beneath the beam

Of the sweet summer moon ; when came

Over her gentle spirit there

A train of painful fancies, fraught

With memory's wandering thought :

Mournful visions, wild and strange,
 In quick succession o'er her mind did range.
 At last, the music in the air,
 That fell upon her tasteful ear,
 Soothed her young spirit, and, as a spell,
 On her fair eyes soft slumber fell.

(Fingal and Titania find Cinda asleep.)

TITANIA.

Cinda, like the Dryad of these shades,
 Our revels still evades.

(Titania starts inwardly, but suppresses her emotion, being high bred, on seeing that the fatal flowers of the wreath are alone conspicuous, having caught the moonbeam, and sparkle with Cinda's tears.)

Ah! gentle Cinda, keep thy tears
 For future sorrows, future years :
 The fatal flowers of thy wreath,
 On which young love and hope should breathe,
 Now, in the moonlight, sparkle with thy tears.
 Cinda, thy young fate fills my heart with fears !

(She awakes Cinda.)

Cinda, rouse thy spirits ; thou'st to bear
 Life's chequered, changeful, good and ill,—

It's mixed, dark and fair !
 Cherish thy pure mind's thought,
 With thousand joys and beauties fraught,
 And quell thy young heart's will.
 To-morrow thou must wed
 The generous Fingal ; he, bid,
 By power high and strong, to go,
 'Midst strife and blood, to meet the ireful foe,
 Would shield thee, Cinda, ere ye part ;
 So bind thee to his stormy fate and tender heart.

(Cinda weeps.)

FINGAL.

Cinda, though thy heart be cold
 As the icy hand I hold,
 Still must I love.
 The while, to thy respected will,
 Submissive, I wait.

TITANIA.

Thou shalt not wait :
 To-morrow's sun
 Shall see the generous Fingal and his Cinda one.

Cinda, in her fairy bower,
 Slept not through the night an hour,

Save lightest slumbers, falling, flying
O'er the wrought spirits, wild or dying.

Little fairies all astir,
O'er the wrought floor, or through the air,
Were making all beautiful and fair, to honour her ;
Now their quick ears rightly told
Their fine spirits, that the night, grown old,

But scarcely gone,
Promised soon the morning's dawn.

Then thousand little bells around,
With tiny silver sound,
Filled all the scented air,
To wake the Bride—

Bright Cinda, good as fair !

They had woven a chair of myrtle boughs,
Entwined with roses, dropping with night dews ;
Graceful around with flowery wreaths 'twas hung,
And, chief the beauteous tribes among,
The golden cowslip's pendent grace,
And blue-bell meek, had foremost place :
Of these the chaplet for her head
Fairy hands with love had made—
Those fatal flowers that worked her woe—
But none were loved and cherished so.
None beneath her feet were spread,
For feeling Cinda could not see
Worth trampled, and degraded be.

Now to the simple rural fane,
 Amid an emerald plain,
 The fairy train moved on :
 Cinda, like morn blushing through night's tears,
 But mournful, with prophetic fears,
 Mixed with love's hopes and cares,
 And retrospective pain,
 With downcast eye, and gentle mien,
 Above the moving crowd was seen ;
 But the crystal light of ether high,
 And of the wide encircling sky
 The blue serene, too joyous were
 To move her pensive sympathy ;
 For stranger love—a lonely guest
 His band without,
 Pleasure, and smiling hope, and all the rout
 That with the dancing hours play,
 As glides youth's happy life away—
 Brought dark thoughts to her pensive breast,
 That through the golden light of love still 'wildered
 and oppressed.

SCENE IX.

*A Woody Road.**Fairies dancing ; Fingal walking about.*

FAIRIES (song.)

Dance, dance ! the silvery dew
 Stirs not in the violet blue
 That our light feet press.
 Dance, dance ! the waving grass
 Bends not as we pass.
 In the singing wind
 Our music we find ;
 And, when to rest we hie,
 The boughs that love the sky
 Lend their blossoms where we lie,
 Rocked by the blast,
 The whispering of the leaves our lullaby.

*(They perch on a bough, over Fingal's head,
 to rest, and converse.)*

FAIRY.

By the winds of heaven
 The silver clouds are driven,
 And the moon through the sky
 Hurrying seems to fly,
 Yet all below in calm doth lie.

OLD FAIRY.

'Tis like the living world, where
 The lowest least bruised are !
 Could Fingal cast from his high soul
 Every generous sympathy,*
 Basely submissive to the world's control,
 Then might he combat with his fate successfully.

YOUNG FAIRY.

Let's speak to him : dost thou not
 Pity his sad lot ?
 Let's question him,—a little ray
 In his philosophy,
 Displaced by grief and gloom,
 Our different wit might aid
 To soothe his angry destiny,
 So mitigate his doom.

OLD FAIRY.

How knowest thou that he doth suffer so ?

YOUNG FAIRY.

He counts the starry hours alone,
 When the happy of the world are gone

* Not the whole of the world, but the base of the world,
 with whom the weak friendless may have to act, or else fly to
 solitude.

To kindle smiles of love or wit,
In scenes for youth's bright hours fit.

OLD FAIRY (*looking closer.*)

Alas ! how sad he looks ! Pale mourner, say,
Why companion dost thou stay
Of the baleful damps of night ?

FINGAL.

Beings of unterrestrial mind,
No spiritual* malice in thy looks I find,
As doth old stories tell ;
So do I love thy favourite hour,
The tangled shade and mystic bower,
By moon or starlight, where you lead
Your airy dance on dewy glade.

YOUNG FAIRY.

Dost thou not, lover, fear
To pine ? The happy fair
Love not sadness' pallid care.

FINGAL.

Fairy, knowest thou Cindabright ?
She of the sunny smile,

* Stern ill-nature of the worldly just, — neither really spiritual nor really just.

And eyes that would beguile
 A sorcerer of his wit !
 Yet true and simple, whose sweet art
 Is, to others win
 To gentle sweetness, like her own !
 Fairy, the grief, that in her grief alone
 Found its sad source, her love will not disown.

YOUNG FAIRY.

Why, then, wouldst thou here
 Still grieve the loved one, good and fair ?

FINGAL.

Gentle fairy, man may speak,
 Or, scorning, his high heart will break ;
 But the high heart will quail, and keep
 Silence for Cinda,—her mind,
 Shrinking and gentle, must its refuge find
 In coward silence. That sorceress,
 That of wickedness
 No keen delight doth miss,
 Hath into her dark thought
 Taken the gentle Cinda.

OLD FAIRY (*starting.*)

Nought
 Will ever set her free !

Witchery's wile, and fiendish art,
Will crush thy life and break her heart.

FINGAL.

It is even so. I feel my doom !
It hangs o'er my sunk spirits, in gloom
That deepens night and saddens day.
The morrow's bloody fray,—
The song of victory,
Mixed with the death sigh
Of those who, under a more kindly destiny,
As brothers I had loved,—
To-morrow's bloody victory won,
That neither honoured death nor honoured living
gives,
My spirit grieves.
But Cinda, in the toils striving, alone,
Oppressed, mournful, helplessly,
Doubles each sting of misery :
In that fate's bitterest wrong is done.
Less if my life's joy and honour cruelly
Were wrecked in open light ;
But infamized cunningly,
Shunning of the general mind the manly sense of
right,
Wrongs me of the last least good—the hope to die.

*(Fingal goes off, angry, agitated, and very
mournful.)*

SCENE X.

Lady Atalanta, Knight Walter, and many gay young people, singing and dancing, laughing and chatting. The young of the party, not finding Lady Atalanta and the Knight Walter attending to them, go off to sing glees among the echos.

LADY ATALANTA.

My dear Sir Knight, you would pity me
If I could tell the train of ills
That cheat my hours of peace.

KNIGHT WALTER.

So it still must be,
When great concerns weigh
Woman's tender spirit down :
Momentous matter fills,
O'erburthening, the soul made for sweet grace.

LADY ATALANTA (*looking cunning and anxious.*)

Is that high spirit, Fingal, yet away ?
I thought I saw him 'mongst the shadows grey

Of that thick wood, confusedly,
But vanished soon : his form it might not be.

KNIGHT WALTER (*looking concerned.*)

'Tis true ! 'twas he !
But, ere to-morrow's sun
Springs up behind yon hill, he will be gone,
Not to return again.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Sea Shore.

Cinda has wandered to the sea,
 Musing unconsciously.
 She has left the bowers of fairy land,
 For misty wood and barren strand :
 But 'twas her home, and all its cares,
 To love, and serve, and save, the hopes and fears
 That moved her sweet kind tenderness,
 Made Cinda's charm of life, her virtuous happiness.

The sun hung on the clear serene
 Of spotless azure, and the scene
 Was still, as if all nature slept ;
 Dark thoughts fevered Cinda's brain—
 Her mother dead, and Fingal far away ;
 All the fairy train, so gentle, kind,

To see no more, was mournful,
 And the void gave bitter pain
 To Cinda's loving mind.
 But Fingal, on the stormy main,
 To safe return, or never come again,
 Was Cinda's thought, that crossed,
 Like flashing fires, her tortured brain.
 No wave now kissed her tiny foot,
 All was motionless and mute,
 And she looked into the shining sea,
 Where, through the crystal waters, shone
 Bright pretty things, or shell, or weed, or stone,
 That, in the gleam of golden summer's sun,
 Glistened beautifully.
 As, bending o'er the water clear,
 She sees, unmoved, reflected there,
 The grace that in her beauty lies,
 The sunny gleam of her golden hair,
 And the diamond light of her sweet eyes ;
 But the weird witches' glass, *forbid*
*By the wise fairies,** found and hid
 By fated Cinda,
 In bending o'er the water, from her bosom slid ;

* Supposing that the fairies taught their pupils to obey implicitly moral law ; therefore, Cinda was not to take unlawful possession of anything, for any reason.

It startled her fine spirit—she stood
 Struck, fascinated! Now she would,
 Mad, disobedient, try to see
 What Fingal's—her loved Fingal's—state might be.
 She feared to pray, she feared to move,
 But, daring, looked—so strong is love!
 She looked, and saw her lover there,
 With pallid looks and altered air,
 Drooping, mournful, and dismayed:
 His gallant, noble air was gone;
 Humbled with fear he scorned,
 That had the place
 Usurped of manly courage and its grace.
 He sate, in chamber dim and mean, alone;
 A letter 'neath his pale hand lay,
 Scribbled with short sententious meanings,
 Suspicious fears, but still ambiguous they,
 And blotted with fallen tears;
 But this could not efface
 Cinda's loved name, it was in every place.
 'Twas written that he
 Nor prisoner was, nor free—
 He writhed beneath his soul's captivity!
 But soon the fell words met her eye—
 Cinda, and cancelled marriage. Suddenly,
 Horror, despair, maddened, and she
 Fell, fainting, with her mind's deep agony.



E. H. Trotter inv.

Eng^d by S. Russell.

Terror gave strength : the morrow's dawn
 Found her on her way, alone.
 She heeded not the billowy sea,
 On which, anon, she must, friendless, be ;
 Like Iole, in grief she travelled on,
 Bringing bitter woe, and death, to the beloved one.

SCENE II.

A Sea Shore.—Witches.

FIRST WITCH.

The storm drives, and the wild sea
 Runs, frightened, to the shore.
 Nature, in this mood of wild uproar,
 Favours our jubilee.

(They dance, trying to out-screech the storm.—

They stop to chatter.)

SECOND WITCH.

Men's spirits run wild on such a night ;
 They are then passion's slaves,
 Their agents we !

Now, when the deep from their wild graves
 Casts up its dead,
 Let our dance, wild and mad,
 O'er the sweeping sands be led.

*(They dance and screech, their garments and
 hair flying wild in the blast.)*

FIRST WITCH.

See, in the lurid air,
 The dark, dense clouds hang, mournfully,
 Down to the very earth,
 As though the sun had lost its power,
 Which, from nature's birth
 To this dark hour, hath perfect been.
 The earth reels,
 The centre changes,
 Dividing with another sun its power,*
 In mystic depths afar, unfelt, and faintly seen,
 To rule its distracted course.

(The witches all stare.)

SECOND WITCH.

Hark ! how the thunders roll,
 Tremendous, round the world, and sound from pole
 to pole.

* The witches assumed that, by the approach of one system to another, the planets of both became subject to a double attraction.

Let our dance wild & mad

Enter Lady Atalanta.

LADY ATALANTA.

Spirits of ill or good,
Or what, are ye ?

WITCH.

We are best unknown !
If understood, our worth is gone :
We are a mystery !

LADY ATALANTA.

Spirits of good or ill,
Be ye what ye will,
I still invoke thee !

WITCH.

Spirits of double doubtful ill,
Or good, as serves our wanton will,
We work for unseen ends a charm
Can ill promote, or yet disarm !
But, baneful, evil fraught, mortal, for thee,
Dark spirits are we.

LADY ATALANTA.

I would mar what Heaven befriends !

WITCH (*grinning.*)

Curse the blessing? That is well,
And serves our ends.

But, mortal, guard thee!
One holy thought would break the spell.

*(The witches draw a circle round the lady,
uttering incantations.)*

WITCHES.

Power, we invoke thee!
All that is good in earth, or air, or sea,
The only good, or God, in heaven or hell,
Work, work, the charmed spell!
Power, we invoke thee! from coward fear set free,
That sends what ye would have or be,
Whate'er ye would, it shall be so for thee:
Work the charmed spell!

(Exit Lady Atalanta.)

Lady Atalanta returns, greatly agitated.

LADY ATALANTA.

I would have service, now,
That stubborn youth, Fingal,
From death to save,
Cinda, should instant ruin fall
On her devoted head,

Would, by her mad passion led,
 Discover truths forbid,
 That must even in death's secrecy be hid :
 So wins for both a pained death and scorned grave.

WITCHES (*having looked in their glass.*)

She, love's sad votary,
 Is on the raging sea,
 'Mid the wild waves, her soul as wild as they,
 Beyond control !
 The temper of her passionate soul
 No art can calm, nought soothe her fevered mind,
 But the fond hope her loved Fingal to find.

LADY ATALANTA.

And as the storm wild she will be here anon,
 And force her raving 'plaints even to the very throne.
 But man still dies, and women's soul
 Suffers—pretty saints !—
 Without the world of their airs being full.
 We must be brief : it seemeth, to my sense,
 There is no time for selfish, wild romance,
 And idle sentiment.

WITCHES (*huddling together, grinning, staring, and
 making signs.*)

We see !
 Strip young twigs from the cypress tree,

Where the bitterest blight may be ;
 Count these backwards nine times three,
 With nightshade, hemlock, hellebore,
 Dipt in murdered infant's gore :
 Now, throw the charms in.
 No mortal powers may break the chain
 That binds our charms with sin and gain !
 Thou art mine, lady ! and thine
 Are sin and gain irrevocably.

*(The witches all pass Lady Atalanta separately,
 repeating the words of the spell, and staring
 horribly.—She looks frightened.)*

LADY ATALANTA (*aside.*)

It was momentous—indispensable !

*(The witches shew Lady Atalanta the glass, in
 which she sees Cinda, journeying to join her
 husband.)*

Work the charm, bind the spell,
 To mar young joy, and hope and love,
 And make high souls low, wretched misery prove.

WITCH.

Cheat worth of his honest fame,
 Pure noble feelings meet with shame,
 And steal from innocence her golden hours,
 And give her anxious pain.

Bring poison, bought with Indian gold,—
 Price of ruined nations' wrongs!—
 Catch the dark dungeon's tears and sighs,
 With breath of art's deep damning lies,
 That, ere the morn's bright sun grows old,
 Must in deep secrecy be told.

(Throwing in the charms.)

And thus, and thus, and thus we bind the charm ;
 So, wrong be right, and right be wrong,
 And, where we list, we send or good or harm,
 Changing Heaven's destinies.

Now works the charmed spell ;
 Empurpled fires, charmed from hell,
 Flickering, of changeful hue,
 Fading from flaming gold to orange red and blue ;
 These, drawn from the foul gulphs of hell,
 Shall, beaming, wafting, give their light,
 To make our darkness beautiful and bright ;
 And, nine times drenched in the world's sin
 Must be the mortal that may enter in ;
 So swell our glorying triumph song,
 To grace our weird witches' orgies, late and long.

*(The spell completed, the witches again hold
 the glass.—Lady Atalanta looks.)*

LADY ATALANTA.

Weeping, dost thou see,
 O'er the kind, faithful husband, slain :

Loved partner of her joy or pain,
 Yon beauty, in her grief's first agony.
 Pale, humbled mourner, though she be,
 Prone, on the earth distracted weeping,
 Still latent in her breast we see,
 Unsullied, in her faithful keeping,
 Unbending pride of worth, with honour's dignity—
 These you must trample down, and do away.

WITCHES.

We'll bring a pang, each pang to double ;
 Into agony change each trouble.

LADY ATALANTA.

To finish, studious take away
 The thought that, like a sunny ray,
 Piercing the troubled cloud that hung
 O'er her sad fate, and cast,
 Borrowed from the vanished past,
 A radiance sweet, her darkest griefs among ;
 Take the little gleam away,
 The thought, that in her evil day
 She was not of the vulgar mass a part.

WITCHES.

We bind the spell, and break the heart !
 'Tis done !

LADY ATALANTA.

'Tis well !

Then, hopeless, motiveless, in mean degeneracy,
Sunk to her low estate her spirit will be.

WITCHES.

We've worked the charm !—bound the spell !

(They hold the glass to her.)

LADY ATALANTA.

Fingal dead, in battle slain,
And Cinda all but dead,—I breathe again !
Spirits, ye have served me well ;
 Now, to your den,
 Foul slaves, away,
Whilst we in glory rise each day,
And in sweet song, and dance, and play,
Shall glide our hours away.
But no airy sentiment,
Painted vapour, visions sent
From ignorance and gloom,
Envious, shall come
Our golden rest to break,
Or they their folly's price in grief and death must
take.

(Exit Lady Atalanta, looking very proud.)

SCENE II.

*The open Country.**Titania and many Fairies.*

TITANIA.

What tellest thou, fairy ?
 What is it thou hast said ?

FAIRY.

As I hither sped,
 Cinda I saw lying with her lover, dead :
 Their death bed
 The rugged earth ;
 All wan and pallid, they
 In their young beauty lay.

TITANIA.

In what place, fairy ? I would know.
 Honour on worth,
 Its soul on earth,
 With worth's sympathy,
 I would bestow.
 Tell me, fairy, ere too late,
 If closed for aye their mortal fate ?

FAIRY.

They are dead !
 On their death-bed,
 Beneath the sky,
 Besmeared with blood and tears,
 Cold, dead, and wan, they lie.

TITANIA (*wishing to doubt.*)

Knowest thou these matters truly ?
 Say, where lie they ?

FAIRY.

As on my way hither, sitting on a dark cloud,
 Beneath the sky,
 And thinking how beautifully
 Sweet smiling did lie
 Every green field, and silver stream,
 And wood path, where bright flowers,
 'Mid the deep shadows of earth's leafy bowers,
 Lent their sweet gentle grace,
 Enlivening with their various hues the shade,
 Whilst all indifferent things the sun's last hue
 Had beauteous made :
 They seemed as if taking a last kind look,
 Grateful, at nature's loveliness,
 Ere night's chill airs and silvery dews
 Closed their sweet eyes !

When, lo! beneath me,
 On the green turf, lay
 Cindabright and her lover, dead ;
 Her head on his still bleeding breast,
 In death's wan loveliness, did rest,
 And in her face heaven's beauty, and its calm,
 Impressive shone.

The pain, the grief, the horrid fear,
 That late had marked her for their own,
 No longer there ; but gone.
 She looked as though the soul a moment stayed
 To view the havoc the world's wrongs had made.

TITANIA (*to an old fairy.*)

Can nought be done ?

OLD FAIRY.

Sorcery's deep art hath won
 A fatal victory o'er
 Our gentle power.

TITANIA (*impatiently.*)

Good fairy, say !

OLD FAIRY.

'Tis anxious, the dark powers
 Fear to mix with.

Nature's laws, awful, incomprehensible,
 Whether kindly or severe,
 Where dwells all good, unseen,
 Whose aim and end no art can know to tell,
 We must with love and reverence fear.

TITANIA (*passionately.*)

They have raised the powers
 Of darkness to their aid, else worth,
 Valour, and innocence, trampled on the earth,
 Could not have fallen.

Even let us call the angels ; their aid
 Will suit the cause of innocence
 And generous worth, betrayed
 To inglorious suffering and scorned death.

(The fairies make a circle, and, with incantations and charms, work the spell.)

An Angel descends.

ANGEL.

Fairies, hie
 To where the lovers lie !
 Life hath not fled : within the breast,
 Latent, the spark of life doth rest.

*(The Angel flies away in a silver mist.—
 Titania and all her fairies prepare to go.)*

TITANIA.

Direct us, fairy, which way doth lead
To the sad scene.

FAIRY.

Over this greenwood shade
Wending, we shall find an aged tree,
Beneath which Cinda and her lover lie.
In many a fantastic wreath,
Pale funereal flowers incense breathe,
As low winds through the forest fly,
Moaning, as in sympathy.

Titania now her sad way bent,
'Mongst clouds and mists of eve,
That lent a pensive grace.
And all her duteous train,
Moved with her gentle pain,
Pitying, grieve,
And follow, till to the place
Arrived, Titania there
Beheld the mournful scene.

TITANIA.

And this the death-bed is of innocence,
Where Cinda breathed her last sad sigh, alone.

And, am I cruel? worse than worthless grown?
 Does Queen Titania's love now blast, not bless?
 A fiend more mischief could not do, nor service less.
 And did such sweet worth into my cold heart come,
 To sit there in its hollow smile,
 Which did that heart beguile,
 To find this mournful doom?

OLD FAIRY.

No longer grieve; they live!
 Their young worth, graceful and good,
 Shall give
 To thy sweet mind its wonted food.
 Sweet kindness still thy hours shall bless,
 Still have thy fairy heaven in others' happiness.

TITANIA.

Let's invoke the spirits on high,
 Tenants of the boundless sky.

Invocation.

From self oppressed mortality,
 In sin and rage and strife
 Wasting their sweet life,
 We fly;
 But, spirits of eternity,
 In whose endless joy we see

Heaven's unmarred power,
 We thee invoke to give thy aid,
 To save a generous youth and gentle maid !

Angel descends.

ANGEL.

Let the spirits reassemble
 Which from their frail tenement
 Nor Heaven's might nor nature's laws hath sent ;
 Unbind the spell, dissolve the charm,
 That worked for innocence or pain or harm ;
 Scatter to the winds of heaven,
 Or to the darkness of the void
 That clips created matter round,
 Where neither sight nor sound
 Startles the spirit of eternal night,
 Let it be driven.

(Angel re-ascends.)

TITANIA.

Let cold, relentless cruelty
 Have the doom 'twould give,
 Wherever it may be.*

* Titania is only characteristic. The being subject to small furies and innocent malice is recorded of the fairies.

SCENE III.

An Apartment in Cinda's Dwelling in the Isle of Skye.

Lady Atalanta, awaking for the first time in Cinda's bed-chamber, on the desolate island, (the Isle of Skye was so then.)—She has been sent there in an artificial sleep, by the Queen's directions.

LADY ATALANTA.

So, here I am ! My dream exactly !
 Those vile hags feared to tell
 In person of the ill
 Befallen me through their perfidy.

(Having gradually become outrageous, she tries to tear the sheets, which was usual with her when not waited on even before her thought could be communicated ; but they being coarse and strong, and she used to the finest lawn, she only hurts herself.)

That girl will recover every one
 Of all the deeds and documents I had made,
 By right of skill, my own,

Investing herself with all my dignities ;
 But she, with these, wanting or wit or will,
 A raw, unpractised thing,
 Will be a blemish still ; many a sting
 The band of proud glorious ones,
 Hating her for her different mind,
 Will pierce her little soul with !
 For she, with all her fine philosophy,
 Will not sit easy, scorned, cut out affrontingly.
 I should like her pain to see,
 It would some comfort give, even in this misery.

*(Forgetting the frugal simplicity of her new
 abode, she, in a passion, rings the bell, and
 pulls down the cord, with its crank, which
 scratches her nose.)*

I shall go mad !
 Out of this wretched bed
 I am to rise, it seems,
 Like a mere beggar,
 Invested with the very forms of wretchedness :
 Oh ! what a fog !—I choke.

*(She goes to a little recess, used as a dressing-
 room by Cinda, and taking some of the
 brackish water, she screeches for good water,
 almost in fits.)*

Enter a peaceful-looking rosy girl.

LADY ATALANTA (*looking contemptuous, and staring
for some time.*)

Fetch me some clean water.

GIRL.

Madam, there is none !

LADY ATALANTA.

No water ! I shall die !

GIRL.

I am sorry, but the whole Isle of Skye
Affords not such accommodation
At this season.

LADY ATALANTA (*taking up the water bottle to throw
at the girl.*)

Go from my presence ! fly ! *

* These coarse manners were found among the courtly
long ago.

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in the Palace.

The Queen closetted with a great lord, her physician and private counsellor, (this union of offices was common in those days.)—Cinda also of the council.

QUEEN.

Learned sir, think you we may safely keep
 The Lady Atalanta in her pain ?
 Cindabright pleads for her,
 Urging of the responsibility
 The weight, and grieves that I
 Some blame might yet incur
 If, through our means, the lady come to die ;
 That some vexatious blame might fall,
 Through Lady Atalanta, whom friend I once did
 call,
 If for my sex unfeeling, and, not far down
 Below my rank, a lady I disown,
 Denying to her all sympathy.

PHYSICIAN (*looking puzzled.*)

My liege, this question
 Is nice ; 'tis one,

My reasoning powers unpractised on,
 I should decline,
 But, anxious for thee,
 I still would help.
 What says his majesty ?

QUEEN.

He laughs, enjoys her state, and says 'tis pleasant ;
 That he would not for worlds want
 So fair a ground for fun, useful and innocent ;
 That a perpetual bath of fog and dirt
 Will tame her fiery thoughts, and never hurt.
 Cinda, what sayest thou ?

CINDABRIGHT.

If I

Might in this case assume
 To judge, I would say,
 That Lady Atalanta's misery
 Serves nothing ; were she here
 To work out her own punishment,
 Or, on a happier hour, her amendment,
 (*Smiling.*) Which she would infallibly,
 In time, seeing in wickedness
 No service or content,
 Instead of venomous foe, a friend
 In her thou'dst find,
 Of more or less worth. In the band

Which doth compose
 The beings of many coloured mind,
 By fate or fortune round us twined,
 That we call friends,
 The lights and shades, and all the reflected hues,
 Mislead. Think not of Cinda, nor her vanished
 woes !

Do, gracious Queen, take once again,
 To be thy friend, the Lady Atalanta—
 Her better a friend than foe thou'lt find.
 More holy and more politic 'tis to see
 The virtue that is, or that which yet may be,
 Even through the mist of faults, which sin,
 As circumstance directs, we name.
 Cinda with shame would die,
 If through her means arose feud, strife, and enmity.
 Better 'tis, even for high majesty,
 To have all friends, such as they may be,
 Than exchange those for venom working widely,
 secretly.

Glee, by all the characters.

QUEEN.

Mocking witches, give ye fair,
 What turns to foul, or melts in air ;
 Tenants of the stormy blast,
 They come in turmoil, trouble, haste ;

And, when some vexing mischief's done,
They're fled, they're past, they're gone.

CINDABRIGHT.

But little fairies haunt the stream
That glitters in the moon's soft beam ;
And if at the first peep of dawn
They are vanished, gone,
Be sure some friendly errand's done ;
They have worked for mortal good some spell,
Which the neat maiden knows full well ;
And but by emerald circlets seen,
On the dewy bank or green,
We guess where their kind steps have been.

WITCHES.

What stuff is this ? all babble. Play !
Let's play !
Ere set of sun let all be done,
And all be done away ;
high sentiment we'll mortify,
Vex with nothing-meaning calumny ;
He who laments, with double cares we'll vex,
We'll cross, and cross, and cross, distract, perplex :
The while 'tis nothing, only witches' play.
The pride of inward worth we'll mock as vanity,
Till all such sentiment be done away.
Half dead with grief, we'll call the sufferer cross,

Hunt him away,
 Down to the vulgar, where he may not stay.
 No sufferer
 Our bright joy shall mar ;
 None shall our golden pleasures see,
 But such as high and happy be.
 Play ! let's play !
 Ere set of sun let all be done,
 And all be done away ;
 The while 'tis nothing, only witches' play.

FIRST SPIRIT.

The worlds that round the sun
 For ever run,
 God, loving, looked upon ;
 The earth, and its still lagging moon,
 Their destined course begun,
 He clothed in floods of golden light,
 With all its changes,—bright
 Day, and dewy dawn, and silent night.

Chorus.

And in creating blest.
 So should it rest.

WITCH.

We have the power to make !
 And what we make we use
 Just as we choose ;

And, when we list, we mar :
Spirits of might we are !

SPIRIT.

Witches neither think nor feel :
Yours is a spirit unheavenly, yet unnatural.

WITCH.

That spirit, in the mortal frame,
Conquers the heavenly beam !

SPIRIT.

And, madly hurrying to its fall,
In its ruin crushes all ;
It kills a spirit, that, like summer sun,
Attunes to sweet accord all that it falls upon.
'Neath your unholy tread,
By the spirit of unblest action led,
Ye would see the world's fair creatures all
Lie ruined, dead.

WITCH.

By holy thoughts unchecked, we still
Cross the high will,
Even as we list.

SECOND SPIRIT.

Worlds on worlds roll on
Around the eternal throne,

And man, the wretched slave,
 In the wreck his sins have made,
 When the waning life grows old,
 When the tale of life is told,
 When all the mischief's done,
 Where is he gone?

ANGEL.

Then are we eternal thought
 That dieth not.

Chorus.

Let sin depart, as fades the night
 Before the morn's orient light :
 God, in creating blest ;
 So should it rest.

All the characters join in chorus, except the witches, who, diminishing gradually, become invisible, nothing remaining of them but small forked lightning, which plays over the ground where they have stood, accompanied by a hissing noise, as from under ground.

EPILOGUE.

SUBDUE the sorceress Ill-nature ; she,
Daughter of lying cold Severity,
Drags from his throne the nobly, justly proud,
Leaving his honours trampled, blemished, in the
crowd.

The pride of honoured worth is good and fair ;
Who mystifies sentiment favours those who bear
Down gentle worth, giving its place
To those who neither worthy nor gentle are,
And doth, at last, *all* true respect efface.
Into a slumber, long and deep,
The Witch by her fell art doth cast
The Angel in man's heart,
That ever lives, and wants but to awake,
Its destined course to take,
Bright, beautiful, at last.

MINOR POEMS.

LINES

On the gallant act of a young Midshipman, on board His Majesty's ship, the "Thunderer," September, 1835, who jumped overboard to save the life of a man who had fallen from the main-yard, the weather at the time being stormy, the sea running high, the night fast closing in, and he, too, having lost his right arm, close below the elbow, in the memorable battle of Navarino.

PROUD is the theme, and might inspire
Feeling's deep thought, and fancy's fire ;
So let the wise, the feeling great,
His young worth celebrate ;
In festive hall, with trophies hung,
Let the graceful, ardent, young,
Pour the soul of joy in song,
To give to fame self-sacrifice,
Worthy of the *gentle* skies.*
Sing the young hero's high emprise,
His self-devoting sacrifice,

* Fit to be raised from the ungentle earth.

Whose severed limb could not control
 The feeling of his generous soul :
 The only thought, to die, or save
 From a dismal, unblest grave,
 A being, in death's pangs just gone
 From the fair world's warm hearts and cheerful sun,
 Hath truest fame from feeling candour won.

The wild gale rattled 'mongst mast and shroud,
 The top-sails* flapp'd with uproar loud,
 When, sudden, a blast from the main-yard flung
 A seaman the wild waves among ;
 All bruised and faint, the sweeping wave
 Had covered soon his dismal grave.
 But he who first to battle sprang,
 Fearless, where the mixed sounds rang
 Of direful combat, undismayed,
 When the fierce Turk's steel flash'd bright,
 In Navarino's gallant fight,
 When threatening brow and eye of wrath,
 Gory wound and thickening death,
 Met him at every turn, to one
 Deep noble feeling turned,
 His passionate bosom burned,
 Thoughtless but of the cause alone.

* The sails generally were reefed at the time, on account of the strong gale which blew.

His better arm dissevered there
 Caused for himself but little care,
 But, while victory with joy
 Filled his soul, the heroic boy
 Still his softer feeling gave
 To soothe the death-pang of the brave—
 The brave! who, silent, yield their breath
 To the icy grasp of death;
 But yet the dimm'd eye's parting look
 Tells feeling hearts impressive things,
 As Death waves his broad shadowy wings
 O'er all the power and grace of youth.
 But he who first to battle sprang,
 Foremost, when the mix'd sounds rang
 Of furious battle, undismayed,
 Where death and danger lurked beneath,
 Where the sea's angry billows rave,
 Rush'd down to give his generous aid,
 'Mongst reptiles and the scaly brood,
 The hideous people of the flood,
 Unnatural to man, who, still unreconciled
 To aught contaminous, and if aspiring wild
 Beyond his corporeal strength, or his mind's power,
 Still will he nobly yearn to act where life's per-
 fections are
 Removed from scenes uncouth, unholy, wild.
 But though his frame unfit the wave
 To stem, its furious power to brave,

Seizing, with firm grasp, a chair,
 'Mongst foamy waves he dashes, where
 Thundering sounds and rushing flow
 Ceaseless filled the depths below :
 Quick as a lightning flash he is gone,
 'Mongst the wild waves rushing down,
 So, from a mountain side when torn,
 A fragment falls, resistless borne,
 Sinks in the echoing vale below,
 With such impetuous force did the young hero go.
 He is gone, and all his mind's high power
 Is called forth in that perilous hour :
 Does his young heart now shrink with dread ?
 Is his dauntless spirit fled ?
 No ! though the deep's dread chambers lie
 Revealed, in fearful majesty,
 No skill to swim, and force impaired,
 Yet, sternly bent, he nothing feared ;
 The wild bewildering element
 But nerved him for his bold intent ;
 No thought he to his safety gave,
 Unfit, or all but mad, to brave
 The fury of the dashing wave ;
 Against conspiring ills arrayed
 In fearful forms, he struggling made
 Efforts, which his generous breast
 Urged on his injured frame : at last,
 The fainting form sought he grasped.

Through blinding spray and briny surge
Now he his struggling way doth urge ;
Now his feeling heart beat high
With anxious hope ; still fearlessly
Held he the object of his care ;
But evil threatened : through the air
Wild winds rave, the billows sweep
Tumultuous o'er the troubled deep ;
Mournful evening's shadows hung
O'er the white foam ; the proud ship rung
As lashed her sides the angry wave,
And through her shrouds the wild winds rave.
Now from his grasp the helpless form
Of him just saved is wildly torn,
And far beyond his power to save
Is dashed by the relentless wave.
Now his struggling form is lost,
Now, fainting, on the billow tossed,
And on the hero's young heart burst
A pang of grief,—it was the first
That to his generous bosom came,
It flashed across his mind like flame,
His arm dissevered, which before
He with a martyr's courage bore,
The thought that his young power impaired
Impeded still his generous aim,
Upon his fevered spirit came ;

His raiment, heavy, clinging ; vexed,
 Oppressed his motions ; still perplexed,
 But hope his manly bosom cheered,
 The while he urges all his strength ;
 But now, o'er-worn, o'er-toiled, at length
 Compelled his efforts to give o'er,
 Unaided, even his firm heart's strength
 Could serve no more ;
 But he that gave the soul of fire
 Watched o'er his hour of peril dire,
 Released him from the wild wave's sway,
 With him his generous courage saved,
 Who, faint from hurts and toil, now sank, now on
 the billow lay.

The noble struggle 's done, the victory won !
 He rises, harbinger of good,
 He triumphs o'er the tyrant flood,
 Under whose relentless wave
 Lies many a gallant heart, and brave.

With glorying mien, in proud array,
 We, pleased, behold the careless gay,
 Who move in life's bright pageantry ;
 But when the hero's form subdued
 With toiling through the dreary flood,
 With mind of power that all withstood,

Which to deeds urged on a frame
 Of impaired force, undying fame
 Artless to win ; we hail the mind
 That serves the cause of human kind ;*
 Praise him who scorned a life unblest,
 The virtues of his noble breast
 Unexercised : then be
 His name still dear to generous sympathy.
 Cities and their conquerors fall,
 Swept off by Time's resistless flood,
 Forgotten all,
 Where once they proud, triumphant stood ;
 But the spirit that doth give
 Its worth for others' weal, shall live,
 In every high soul's sympathy,
 For ever,
 Even in the spirit of the good.

* Rather low in credit sometimes, with feeling men.

THE MAD POET'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O SUN, there is nought so bright as thee !
Thou beauty of heaven, and earth, and sea ;
Thy ray calls forth the painted flower,
To diamond wreaths changes the falling shower,
And gilds the small bird flitting by ;
And thy beams are glorious in ether high.
Thou art bright and beautiful, O Sun !

As you sit in your golden home,
Clothed in eternal light ;
But I must sing of shade alone,
Of sorrow's night.

Thou smilest on earth, and its graceful bowers
Put forth in pride their scented flowers ;
And the humble hind beneath his feet
Doth not unfeeling meet,
Nursed in bright dews, as fair and sweet.
The violet in its lowly bed,
By shrouding leaves a twilight made,
Thy ray awakes from balmy rest,
And the shifting hue
Of its deep soft blue,
As thy golden ray wandereth through

The fairy bowers of its sweet rest,
 Thy charm awakening powers attest ;
 And it is nature's favourite child,
 All tender, sweet, and mild.
 Still, nursling of freezing air and storm,

Its little form

Hath braved the wild, fierce, wintry hour,
 Safe in its secret bower,
 Grouped in love securely there,
 With many a sister, bright and fair ;
 But, if the withering storm had come,
 On desolating wing, its home
 To blast, all dead, all bare,
 Had left its bower of beauty there,

All withered, vanished,

Its loved ones dead,

'Twould tremble at the breeze of night,
 And faint at morning's beauteous light.

And I must sing of grief alone,—

Early grief my heart hath known,

That turned all my thoughts to one.

There are golden skies and laughing flowers,
 Dewy time and sunny hours ;
 But they are not for sons of care,
 They are the prize of the proud and fair ;
 And the fresh leaves whisper to the flowers,
 Of silver dews and falling showers,—

All breathe of beauty and delight,
But dimming phantoms mock my sight,
And, ever gathering thick around,
Shadow the encircling ground ;
Where'er I look, where'er I tread,
Is dimmed and overshadowed.
But thou art beautiful, O Sun !
The silver streams thou shinest on,
Glorying, rejoicing run ;
The little blossom, that doth shun,
In bowery shade, all eyes to meet,
Thou dost gild in its green retreat.
But I must sing of grief alone,
'Tis all of life my days have known ;
And when spirit-killing gloom
In the tender mind her home
Hath made, shut out alone
From all life's varied scenes, forgot,
As if death's pall were o'er him thrown,
He deeply feels, and darkly sees, alone,
The shadows of his narrow home,
Or marks in grief the annals of his lot ;
If he reasons wrong, it doth belong
To his state, for he deals not in generalities ;
None of life's hopes, or pride, or joys are his.
But there are joyful everywhere,—
How they become so few will care !

But as we cannot, even to the end,
 Say to what tend
 Pleasure's hours of fairy dreaming,
 Or sorrow's years, that all are seeming
 As the wind that past doth fly,
 Even so let the world go by.
 Memory's truths and hope's deceit,
 Which still the fevered spirits cheat,
 Are vain, for wisdom doth appear,
 From the cradle to the bier,—
 Be our path or dark or fair,—
 In the long vista, but one care.

TO A VIOLET.

THOU dweller in the twilight, made
By every hue and depth of shade,
Where creeps along the wandering breeze,
In the moving shadow of waving trees,
There liest thou, in thy secret bower,
Thou modest little lowly flower ;
Thou'rt sweeter than the fragrant rose,
Glowing in pride through her diamond dew,
And we stray with love to the pathless glade,
Lone and quiet, where thou art laid,
Confused, amid the shadowy scene,
Shrouded thy tender leaves between ;
And if, o'er thy gentle form
Drives, wild and rude, the cruel storm,
In the wildest blast of the rudest hour,
When nature rules with angry power,
She spares, or serves, her darling flower ;
Deprest awhile, thou dost resume,
Anon, thy sweet hue and perfume,
And the deep soft blue of thy velvet breast
Is lovely in thy secret rest,
'Mongst airs of balm, and silvery showers,
Where mayst thou find safe rest, fairest of flowers.

ON MEMORY.

O'ER the pale distance of the sea
 The little crisped waves glance tremblingly,
 As falls on each, successively, a beam
 Of the sweet summer moon ;
 Kindling they flash like tiny silver flame,
 Then, glittering, play awhile, but soon
 Are lost, far, far away,
 Wandering o'er the shadowy sea,
 Till some light breeze, or wandering wind,
 Dispel their form, and leaves no trace behind :
 So, like the moon, doth fitful memory
 Illumine objects which beneath her lie,
 And, with magic touch, makes bright
 What else were lost in shades of night ;
 She can create a fairy world, bright and fair,
 Like moonlight, when with nightless summer air
 It strives, and all above, around,
 Is glittering, and, as with mystic sound,
 Motion, and life endued,
 Breaking the stillness of night's solitude ;
 The silent world of thought it can call forth,
 Evidencing the soul's rich worth,
 Its loveliness, its grace, when free
 From turmoil rude, that jars with its nice harmony.

THE OWL AND GLOWWORM.

(TRANSLATED, BUT NOT CLOSELY, FROM A FRENCH MANUSCRIPT.)

IN summer, on a gloomy night,
 A glowworm, with his taper bright,
 On velvet moss and pebbled ground,
 From 'neath the grass, shed just around
 A gleam so soft, it seemed like fairy light !
 No pharos he, with splendid ray,—
 His light served but to shew his way,
 Or, if with care and grief oppressed,
 Its solace eased his little breast :
 But a huge mousing owl soon spied him
 From a lone tower, 'mongst shadows dim,
 Where he held his court, and call'd it treason
 To break the gloom at any season.
 Owls hate the light, perhaps they fear it,
 But 'tis well known they cannot bear it,
 So harshly screaming—" Quench thy light !"
 He proudly called.—" To pain my sight
 Why hither hast thou dared to come ?
 Die ! thou hast sealed thy doom."
 The glowworm pondered mournfully ;
 Full well he knew that no reply,

In soothing speech or strong appeal,
 Can soften stone, or make it feel ;
 Then answered—" Let thy noble rage,
 O mighty bird ! my grief assuage :
 Oh ! let me, ere I yield my breath,
 Ask why I am, luckless, doomed to death ?
 Let not the passions of thy soul
 Blast, where they ought to bless ! The whole
 Of nature in the sunlight glows,
 Alike the field-flower and the lordly rose ;
 So let the noble mind its power exert,
 To yield its fostering aid, not crush desert ;
 But if, like me, a suppliant,
 Before thy noble pride is bent,
 Permit not scorn to point the dart
 Which seeks the humble sufferer's heart !
 Harmless, I in these shades delight,
 On sunny morn or shadowy night ;
 Here, fraught with life, above, around,
 In every changing sight and sound,
 Is happiness for him that's free.
 What spell is o'er my destiny ?
 On airy wing the butterfly
 May skim the earth, or tempt the sky ;
 The grasshopper, unchid, may sing,
 Each insect creep, or ply the wing,—
 Alone, of all that creep or fly,
 Why, unoffending, must I die ?"

" Fool ! " said the owl, " why talk to me
 Of innocence in such as thee ?
 Thy happiness, indeed ! a cause
 For breaking through my useful laws !
 Learn, then, that in my dull domain,
 The cherished gloom in which I reign
 Disturbed has made all parley vain.
 Die ! and with life the folly pay,
 That, senseless, brought thee in my way."

This cause the owl assumed sufficient,
 Pounced on the glowworm, quite content,
 And, quenching both his life and light,
 Increased the gloom that saddened night.

So, when the winds drive, angrily,
 Beneath a freezing northern sky,
 If chance a tender plant is there,
 It opes its blooming buds, and meets the killing air,
 Wild winds disperse its tender leaves,
 Blast after blast around it raves ;
 At last, untimely sinks its head,
 Unheeded, on its frozen bed.

ON A VERY SMALL TOMTIT, KILLED BY A CAT.

THE cat for tenderness is quite a jewel,—
 Who gnaws the writhing mind indeed is cruel,—
 And Pussy did not first denounce as wicked
 The innocent bird, that she unblamed might eat it :
 The hairy butcher simply makes her feast,—
 So ends the barbarous wrong.

The loveliness, the song,
 Engulphed within her horrid maw,
 We think, with pain, is nature's hidden law,
 Fixed, incomprehensible ; but man
 Should imitate what gives the world a good and
 grace when'er he can.

For act unholy ^{hateful} sight and sound
 Are vainly kept beyond the enchanted bound,
 Like tainted atmosphere ^{they} thickening, still
 Creep o'er us, poisoning, go where'er we will.
 So we comment, compare, and try to make
 Small case of present ill ; but for thy sake
 I mourn, and thus my simple farewell take.
 Gone art thou from a world of fear and pain,
 Thy gentle form we ne'er may see again ;
 The slender lines of black that quaintly graced
 Thy form, and seemed by fairy fingers traced,

*The coloured hue from green to pearly grey
 Changing, then lost in golden shades away*

Marked thee, thou habitant of dell and brake,
 Fairest of all who e'er thy green bowers didst for-
 sake

On flickering wing ; so amiable, so gay,
 Confiding too ! Sweet bird, thou'rt well away ;
 Thou'dst character of such sweet cast ; and man,
 With mind of power, still surveys in vain
 The beauteous model given, where we see
 The immortal spirit veiled in mystery.

What unguessed worlds start on the wand'ring
 thought,

When matter so minute with mind is fraught,
 What heavenly bowers of beauty shelter now
 A being so gentle and so fair as thou ;
 Or is it misery, anguish o'er again ;
 Ungenerous, selfish joy, and writhing pain,
 The good for ever marred, wronged, and oppressed,
 The wicked favoured, hateful and unblessed ?

MADELINE AND BREFFNI.

TO BEAUTIES.

OH ! did ye know how little worth,
How dear its price, you'd fame forego ;
Why need ye care if elves of earth
Value your precious worth or no !
But, like the star removed from earth,
At distance burning from its birth,
Whilst flows below the stream of ill,
Be pure as they, as calm, as still.
The tears of night that fall around
On bladed grass and mossy ground,
Glitter as brightly, but the ray
Flung from the golden source of day
Has stolen the beauteous gems away,
Bright, evanescent grace, that flies
To the wild, ever-changing skies.
But the fair stars, that vigil keep,
Serene, far in the azure deep,
Gracing our night, or yet away,
Giving to other worlds their day,

We hail with awful love and joy,
 Nor time nor change can their pure worth destroy,
 Whilst wild storms drive below, and clouds
 The gentle heaven with darkness shrouds,
 And man, proud man, with might and main,
 Works his own harm and fall, then works all right
 again.

What need ye more, whilst here, for happiness,
 Than to make meet for heaven your perfectness?
 To sink to fellowship with ape or bear,
 Or wallow with the pig, for doves were task severe;
 And warrior proud and haughty dame
 Might still be, foul and fierce, the same.
 Then, beauties, keep your shades and deck your
 bowers;
 Bright spirits will haunt your streams, and strew
 your path with flowers.

Beauties, without spreading fame,
 Should live unseen, for mortal bane,
 Envy, or even love, may work, whilst innocence is
 vain;

So proved in double death the gentle Madeline:
 She, heiress, in her stately hall,
 An orphan sate, bereft of all
 That love had mixed with every thought,
 That pleasure, joy, or sorrow brought;
 She sate in her ancestral hall,—
 Who saw her loved, but she scorned all,

'Till one bright spirit knew to win
 The deep love of fair Madeline.
 Dark William long had loved in vain,
 But he hid in pride his bosom's pain ;
 But warriors do not brook to bear
 Woman's scorn, however fair !
 And he swore, in wrath, the morrow's sun
 Should not his shame go down upon.
 The lady sate in her lonely tower,
 Her heart weighed down with care,
 And in the sighing wind that hour
 She hark'd some sound to hear,—
 Some sound to quell her bosom's pain ;
 But that breast knew never joy again.
 Only ill omens met her sight,
 But sound of fear struck her ear that night.
 And her lord is gone, at early dawn,
 In warrior's guise, and is gone alone,
 And ire flamed on his cheek and brow,
 That erst with love were wont to glow.
 The dark wood spread beneath, afar,
 'Gan lose itself in night,
 And rude clouds blent each little star,
 Or stole them from the sight ;
 The owl thrice crossed the moon so wan
 In his dreamy boding flight,
 And thrice he screeched, as heavily on
 He moved to deeper night ;

And the lady watched, and the lady wept,
 Till darkling to her bower she crept ;
 Nor might one, of all her maiden train,
 Approach to soothe her bosom's pain.
 There, in the hour of deep midnight,
 She heard the horn's sound !
 " Rise up, my people all, and greet
 Your noble lord returned !"

But none had heard the horn's blast,
 None, save the lady lone ;
 Yet they drew each massy bolt in haste ;
 But object they see none,
 Save the dark trees waving to the moon,
 And hear but the night blast rushing on.

 Fear, deadly grief, and fitful hope,
 Tore Madeline's breast, and thus she spoke :—
 " Turn from me, Heaven, this bitter woe !
 Why from his Madeline's love did Breffni go ?
 Why from my faithful side, with brow
 Where secret anger lurked, went he to meet the foe ?
 Fell'd to the earth, by treacherous hand he's fall'n ;
 Grief, fear or death of his and mine are one :
 I feel the stroke he felt,—I feel my life is gone !"

As footsteps neared, fair Madeline
 Cried out for joy, with looks so wan,
 As though death revelled all alone
 In her torn heart, as told that hope was gone.

“ Oh ! do my senses err, my hopes deceive,
 Or to my love returned,—does Breffni live ?”
 Up rose the lady, but full soon
 She sunk again in deadly swoon ;
 Life fled her wandering wistful eye,
 As writhed her soul in agony.
 “ Saddle your steeds, my faithful men,
 The fleetest and most sure ;
 Go to the west, and to the east,
 Nor shun the dreary hour.
 Gold ye shall have, and praise, and love,
 If in this hour your faith ye prove ;
 Though earth should gape beneath, and fires on high
 Flash horrid through the frightened sky,
 Be faithful to the faithful, to the true
 Be loyal, and to your lord’s desert give service due ;
 Shaped to his noble, gentle worth, shall be
 Your rich reward. Speed on your errand—flee !”
 Soon was their errand sped, and soon
 Beneath the cold and dreamy moon,
 Silent, they bear the dead
 O’er tangled grass and rugged stone,
 And turf slippery with dew they are on,
 Until at Madeline’s feet is laid
 Her lord, her faithful lover, dead !
 One moment stood she all aghast,
 And gave one sad, sad look,—it was her last.

Now by her lord she's senseless laid,—
 The kindest heart, pained through life,
 And blameless, blamed dead.
 Now fanned in vain the breath of morn
 Her beauteous head,—her life is gone.
 Her golden tresses fell around,
 Spread o'er her lover's breast,
 And on the dewy ground,
 In still, cold death they lie, released
 From mortal pain ;
 The struggle 's o'er, the pang has ceased—
 They'll never grieve again.
 And many a wild flower wantoned near,
 That late had twined her braided hair ;
 All amid grass and dews they lie,
 Like lilies 'neath a cruel sky,
 O'erthrown, blemished, but pure.
 They are gone ! Earth, uncongenial, adverse,
 Now can harm no more.
 The wedding feast is scarcely cold,
 Yet their days of love are numbered and told.
 The lady again did never move,
 But she 'scaped the pain of lessening love.
 Envy had whispered down her name,
 But Death, far, far less cruel, came ;
 Yet pity 'tis that thus should be
 O'erthrown, and blemished cruelly,

The innocent, beautiful, and the brave,
 Sent, blameless, blamed to the grave.
 They lie beneath their castle wall,
 Tombless,—but autumn's leaves that fall
 Shall fairy fingers twine each night,
 Freshened with dew drops, diamond-bright,—
 Fit emblem 'tis, when blasted worth
 Balm from Heaven again calls forth.

LINES

Written in troubled times in Ireland, on a Lady remarking,
that I should not chain my brooch, because it was an Irish
Harp.

No foeman's hand, with envious hate,
Attached the linked chain;
'Twas mine to fix thee near a heart,
Tremulous with illusive hope,
Still checked by real pain.
Cherished and dear, I'll guard, bright gift,
Thy graceful form, and fair;
Fit emblem of the harmonious soul
Thy brave, but wronged, sons wear :
One cherished hope inhabits there,
With withered hopes, and grief, and care,
Clings with the life which bids it beat
To this sad heart, unchanged by frowning fate.
It points to ancient glory won
By every valiant son
Of Erin, in her days of pride ;
And who shall say that valour fled,
When on the tented field her generous cham-
pions bled ?

No! through the shadowy scenes of days gone by,
 Through wrongs, through foulest perfidy,
 And humbled pride and blasted fame,
 The sympathetic soul, the treasures of the mind 's
 the same.

But wrongs, and hate, and conflict done,
 And conquest proved too dearly won,
 O'er the wronged by the victor 's rued.
 Then thy sounding chords in triumph shall tell
 That dissolved is the charm of the *talisman's spell*,
 Which dimmed the fire in the souls of the brave,
 And gave thy wronged millions to worse than the
 grave.

IMITATION FROM FERGUSON'S "ODE TO PITY."

FEELING ! thou hadst thy being first
 In the bright mansions of the just,
 'Mongst scenes of Paradise, where, free
 From turmoil rude, 'tis fitting thou shouldst be.
 Too long, forlorn, hast thou sojourned here,
 Pain to the good, the haughty bold one's jeer ;
 On earth thou'rt but a pained and troubled guest,
 Where, if thou art suffered, still art thou oppressed.
 But if, by nature's laws enchained here,
 Thou wander'st some lone wood or forest drear,
 Where courts and cities poison not the heart,—
 There would I seek thee, banished as thou art :
 I'll know thee by the high impassioned air,
 Soul fraught and pure as the bright angels are,
 Or by the tearful eye and pallid hue,
 Like the pale lily, bathed in nightly dew.
 But whatso'er thou art, where'er you go,
 I'll seek thee, precious charm, in weal or woe,—
 Thou soul of soaring thought, and heavenward aim,
 Which, even if unreal, still *how blest the dream !*

LINES

WRITTEN ON SEEING THE MORTAL REMAINS OF A FRIEND.

The Patriot's mind belongs of right to all Poets, little and great; magnanimity, involving all the manly virtues of a general character, rendering it highly poetical.

Mrs. Tighe has taken the immortal Fox: referring to his having read her "Psyche," she says:

"The Patriot's eye hath left eternal light."

On this hint and precedent I venture to give the following:

WE look with awe on the senseless clay,
 When a high spirit hath passed away—
 The spirit of the free!
 Nor can we say if it forget,
 Or if it, pitying, linger yet,
 Though from its frail captivity
 By death set free.
 For the fire in the breast of the patriot
 May resist the chill that invested it;
 Unquenched, unconquered, it may burn,
 Till to its native heaven it return
 That bright, pure source of immortality.
 For pity's tear and valour's sigh,

The spell of a nation's sympathy,
May work in hidden mystery ;
And as in dreams the chainless mind
Leaves earth's clinging cares behind,
Actionless, incomprehensible,
It may be with us still.

REFLECTIONS, AND A DREAM.

OUR friends at twenty are not old friends : we are carried away from them, or they from us, by accident or death ; we make others, but the heart, grown old, wounded, and faint, cannot easily fill up the void, but shadows come there, and discolour every succeeding object : we feel desolate even in crowds. Is it that the young on all hands are more amiable ? I think not, all charming though they be ; they are pleased, and pleasing, because they do not wait to criticise, and so hate before they can love : thus they love and are loved with a more beautiful affection. Older, like punished Psyche, we do much mischief with the scissors and lamp. Let us be pleased ! The disposition to be pleased is the sunshine of life ; but if any by unfair unkindness add to the gloom of our later years, it is as if baneful clouds were to rest for ever over some declining tree, through which the pleasant sun might never pierce, and which would cause to breed, blight, and canker, rendering that tree unworthy of regard. If such tree, endued with feeling like some of those recorded in fairy

lore, could talk, it would say, in a style as pleasing as that of the celebrated Ovid, because utterly simple and concise, pretty things, and turn its griefs to delight, if not to glory; but a soulless tree so circumstanced would become a stump, be used for inferior purposes, and crumble, with little change, to its native earth. I think superannuation of the mind commences soon, unless resisted, by pertinaciously thinking, as we did long ago. The world is the very same world, endued with the same soul, as when early friends moved around in an enchanted circle: suffer not the blighting clouds to accumulate within! If the storm drive without, and dark clouds obstruct or shut out from us the world's brightness, in the inmost soul is an inextinguishable light; in it let us live; but call not the soul egotist if it mourn its captivity, like the bird that instinctively beats its breast against the bars of its prison, panting to spread its light wings and fly to the wood and wild, or airy sky, like others of its race.*

* Ideal good is the best good;

Without object we have no ideas,

Without ideas we are nothing!

I wish to resist the aspersion attempted to be cast by the happy reasoners on different mind, on very good and amiable mind, not the best in the world, but superinduced unavoidably by our circumstances, so to be excused at least,—have English fair play!

The enthusiast paints from such models as his fate affords him ; the mental vision multiplies these models ; he seizes all their innumerable reflections, which, lit by the halo of his mind, become imaginings ; he views the mind of his friend as an artist does his subject, criticises it with an anxious, pleased interest, prizes with knowledge all its worth ; he sees its beauties with the eyes of an amateur, and its faults with the virtuous indulgence of a philosopher. This character is rare, or hid away, hunted down from the blissful world the pets of fortune have raised for themselves, by a spell known only to the spirit of a pet ; it is their own, truly,—much good may it do them ! But the old natural world is gone, otherwise they should have their new one all to themselves for me, and welcome. The enthusiast is to be found, then, hid away amongst the confusing mists of oblivion, or, if above the slings and arrows of inexorable fate, “ hid in the light of its own thought,” amongst the glorious of the world. This order of mind is not acquainted with the vices which degrade the common heart ; they are beneath his consideration, as the dust under his feet, which, if it fly in his face, he may possibly use as a subject for study, and separate its miasmata from the unoffending particles which coat it as a matter of curiosity ; but he has

not time or taste to consider the wretched little vices which occupy, please, and degrade many.

When his mind is amalgamated with that of society, man forms friendships with congenial mind ; so rests convinced that all are selfish, artful, gross, or otherwise detestable, if so himself, which prejudice no truth, however clear, can do away. No art can conciliate his good opinion,—what that good opinion is worth depends on what we want in this strange world ; but as such, by the magic of an inferiority which importunes no pride or envy, and disturbs not his own devotion to the attainment of wealth, so power—they get the power, and of course abuse it. Now, as the sweet high mind—certainly abounding in the world—flies away, unlike itself, but rather like the *ignis fatuus*, flitting and gleaming afar amongst the misty hills, still evades us, we must try to feel as little as possible, except for beauty,*—its spirit is grand, immutable, immortal ; in the mean time, we must try to be pleased ; pleasure and pain are the good and evil, not the circumstances which cause them ; we must choose eligible means for the attainment of good happiness, and be pleased. If my soul—which would love as intensely as any soul to spread its

* Objects of taste.

light wings, and fly to the rivers of delight which flow from the world's genius—grieve like a caged bird, which beats itself against the bars of its prison in vain, I yet feel a strange joy mixed with my pain, satisfied, that if others derive their high, delightful pleasure from their power to live, move, and enjoy their own mind, and that of others, in the plenitude of its thousand sources of delight, I derive mine from toil, which is a better thing, followed infallibly by the attainment of merit, and time nor change can its sweet worth destroy. Taste is nice, not a devourer ; it loves to examine ; and it must rest, because it feels ; if it hates more often than it likes, so much the better, it does not stuff itself to destruction. The fashionable traveller, though he be a labourer in the fields of literature, leaves taste behind him, unless, indeed, he equal Julius Cæsar, who commanded his spirits as he did his armies to infallible conquest, under all circumstances ; of him we learn that, whether in the turmoil of military action, or in the hallowed quiet of the study, his two geniuses acted at once : this we must admire at an humble distance, as we do some colossal statue of the divine antique ; but he may rest assured that he can no more fail than did Newton in *his* majestic task, who labours for some attainment in constant, quiet application.

Some must have half a province, at least, to

satisfy their taste for magnificence ; for my part, I am wondrous fond of some scene in which I become wrapped in a kind of affection for every bird, tree, and green leaf there. My expressions do not exaggerate my feelings.

An inferior portion of Lord Holland's estate, which we command from a favourite window, is my picture, my poetry, and my pleasure. I was sitting one evening, as is my custom, admiring the lawn of Holland House,—it is a specimen of symmetry and grace ;—the sun just then shed inimitable beauty on the scene ; long clear shadows enhanced the lustre of a golden light which slept on the level lawn ; a bewitching glow seemed to live in every object ; to pervade all. The scene might have filled my soul with the most delightful thoughts—joyful ones it might be supposed by the unfeeling—but such scenes are wont rather to fill the breast with strange sadness ; but sadness it is of a mixed character—partaking of joyful feelings. We all argue from ourselves, from our own character. Some will have it that the heart languishes at times : I think it is the soul which languishes when nature exhibits its worth. Still more painfully does it writhe in the midst of delighted sentiment, when the highest reach of mind, having mastered its task of attainment, delighted and delighting, pours out its treasures for our acceptance ; if it

then feel its own essence confined, then the soul responds mournfully to some chord of that music which still slumbers in the soul of nature ; it awakes like the notes of the wild lyre which is said to be heard by enthusiasts in solitary places, as swept by the genii of the air. But the pathless desert or shadowy wood boast not alone their genii ; silent thought can call them up even in the least romantic places. Socrates, Moore, F. Hemans, and many others, speak of them under different names. But the agreement between natural and imaginative beauty satisfies my mind that sentiment stands above and alone, not as the degraders of the human mind would have it,—those good body philosophers wanting to make us exchange our birth-right for a mess of pottage.

I now turned my attention to the bewitching effects of a sunny light, that gleamed through every part of the room in which I sate, revealing and beautifying everything, when suddenly, as if by enchantment, I fell asleep. I dreamed that the sunny glow which I had been admiring in the room changed to that light which is emitted by jewels of various colours, and, on examination, a form was visible, which became more distinct as I continued to gaze, and a celestial being approached, who, with a look of wild, strange sweetness, bade me follow. I was disposed to wonder, and question the

practicability ; but, the spirit seizing my hand, all surrounding objects disappeared, and I found myself, conducted by my unearthly visitant, moving through the air. As we quitted the dense atmosphere which surrounds the earth, the constellations assumed a divinely clear aspect ; the stars looked no longer near, so as to appear as if we could reach to touch them, but like intensely bright diamond sparks, formed into the most graceful figures, decking the unfathomable depths of air, all tender, distant, and divine ; there still floated some few clouds, and we rested on one, which supported us sufficiently, for I partook of the unsubstantial properties, it seemed to me, of the angel ; who now, drawing from among the folds of his vest a crystal box, anointed my eyes with a particle it contained ; suddenly the power of my vision was changed from that assigned by nature for our earthly use, and I beheld myriads of planets revolving round their burning suns, evidencing in mute eloquence the majestic power of their Creator. There was awful fear mixed with the delight I felt ; yet I ventured to ask my conductor why men were earthly and gross, and why they seemed to like to be so ? but I perceived a kind of divine wrath kindling in his eyes, so that if there had been ground beneath us I would have prostrated myself before him. We set off again, and, after passing through a dense mass of

mists and clouds, which now occurred more gross than that surrounding our earth, we found footing. The angel informed me that we were in Mars, but, as by divine intelligence, he knew that I was of a turn to lay bare my inmost soul, he bade me take advantage of the hour silently, and by no means express my thoughts. He said he would shew me cities and villages ; that the whole globe on which we rested, the different nations of which, though nominally under different governments, were all acting under one spirit, trained, chained, or by influence made into a monotonous, quietly mad, series of beings, endeavouring to be a little happy whilst young and ignorant ; that these beings afterwards toiled soulless and sad, often vainly striving to obtain a worthless place amongst their fellows in misery, who in mute cunning each snatched or intrigued for what advantage he might hope or imagine, hating his fellow man, or dashing out his brains, as Sinbad very unceremoniously did those of the other wretch in the Indian catacomb ; he said the whole planet was governed by spirits called tyrants, not wretched foolish men such as we call so, but classical tyrants, scientific, great and good men, trying experiments, as the best and most learned geniuses do in the practice of medicine with dying subjects, all unfit for men in health, but necessary in the individual case, and imperatively so, politically, in this planet

of worn-out worth. I wondered inwardly, without daring to express myself; but the angel said, " Ere I depart, know, that to be happy is in your own power; the toiling mortals of this planet have lost the faculty by which men naturally detect the means of happiness in all situations; here they toil, actuated by one unchanging motive—gain; but all under heaven is his who views the bright perfection of the natural world, forbearing: the flowers that gem the wavy grass, the silent hours, marked as they fly by gleaming gold, for ever moving o'er the varied earth, all impart a corresponding loveliness to the inward soul, which is our own, identical with us, increasing, and assuming changes endless,—a good it is which crowns and empires cannot purchase. But, behold the child that seizes and destroys, and the adult, (so called, but baby still,) who makes the world his playhouse, full of toys, and hates the man who would disturb his dream, alike satiated with foolishness, look round for new delight midst spoil unlovely—a desolation in full dress."

I looked around, and saw an illustration of the angel's comment: nature smiled not there—she had fled! There was neither garden nor green field to be seen; we stood, indeed, upon a ruined world! a few glittering crowds paraded 'midst a population of misery, where artizans and labourers

worked in bonds ; splendid palaces frowned, and heaps of huts incarcerated the rest of the living beings ; the noblest rivers were changed into innumerable canals, for the conveyance in the shortest possible time of accommodation for the luxurious ; and that they might obtain the produce of the whole world's worth, the world itself was spoiled ; there was no longer any subject for the poet's or the painter's thought ; it was all destruction and deformity—called order and perfection : even the divine sea was beginning to be made a theatre for scientific experiments ; confusion reigned entirely ; the clouds were no longer confined to the sky ; they formed a part of the general air ; and the sun, the stars, and the moon had lost their primeval beauty. The wretched inhabitants of this planet had quite forgot the heavenly genial air of temperate weather, and night no more in lovely silence wove her veil of silvery dews to heal and dress at once the languid trees and thirsty plain ; the beautiful dews were banished by artificial clouds and spoiled air, owing to the operation of myriads of machines, for the working of which the order and proportion of the elements were destroyed or disturbed, and, although, mighty as the world is, and mean the man, by the artificial appropriation all over the planet of means designed for natural purposes, ruin had ensued ; the deepest springs were impaired so

much by the introduction of pipes containing gases for machinery, that the wretched victims and votaries of pride and gain seemed a suitable part of the general decay.

I felt a chill creeping over my heart, caused by such a crowd of thoughts and circumstances repugnant to my nature. I was near fainting with the sickening suffering of that remorse we feel, however innocent in action and sentiment, when we have lost some precious good, not sufficiently valued by us before it is gone for ever. The angel perceived my pain, and approached with that look of sweetness, half concealed by reserve, we see in those at once heavenly, good, and worldly wise; he touched my eyes to awake me, and I sighed with joy to find myself on earth, in our own sweet world, where flowers blow and birds sing for us all; for, although our verdant earth itself is becoming swallowed by the artificial operations of men, still it is a sweet, fine world, where men may be merry if they choose, and mournful if they like, which latter mood is not unusual amongst us.

It seems to me that, by some invisible chain, we are all bound down to a kind of national sadness; but, as La Fontaine's mastiff said to the wolf, on his remarking that his collar had rubbed the hair off his neck, "Oh, ce n'est rien!" so should we all say,—society are not all angels or philosophers, but pretty

well. And, as we walk in our beautiful green fields, we know that misery and meanness are not imprisoned in their desolate homes, becoming pestilential with the very circumstance of the wretched inmates being immured there ; the roads and fields are free for us all, and that is a genuine source of pleasure for the benevolent, or, I should say, the just.

On considering this vision—for it was not exactly a dream—being a little superstitious, I settled into the belief that I had been really visited by the *genius of the human soul*,* whom I at first took for an angel ; but he moved and soared by means of his immortal spirit, independently of golden wings ; so he must have been a genius, not an angel merely.

* The second soul, according to Socrates, which we cherish and love, or lose, as taste directs.

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