And, all resolved on, I too hear at last.
Oh, you must find some use for me, Ser Braccio!
You hold my strength; 'twere best dispose of it!
What you created, see that you find food for—
I shall be dangerous else!
Brac. How dangerous, Sir?
Lur. Oh, there are many ways, Domizia warns me,
And one with half the power that I possess,
Grows very formidable! Do you doubt?
Why, first, who holds the army . . .
Dom. While we talk
Morn wears, we keep you from your proper place
In the field!—
Lur. Nay, to the field I move no more!
My part is done, and Puccio's may begin!
I cannot trench upon his province longer
With any face.—You think yourselves so safe?
Why see—in concert with Tiburzio, now—
One could . . .
Dom. A trumpet!
Lur. My Lucchese at last!
Arrived, as sure as Florence stands! your leave!
[*Springs out.*

Dom. How plainly is true greatness charactered
By such unconsciousness as Luria's here,
And sharing least the secret of itself!
Be it with head that schemes or hand that acts,
Such save the world which none but they could save,
Yet think whate'er they did, that world could do.
Brac. Yes: and how worthy note, that those same great ones
In hand or head, with such unconsciousness
And all its due entailed humility,
Should never shrink, so far as I perceive,
From taking up whatever offices
Involve the whole world's safety or mishap,
Into their mild hands as a thing of course!
The Statist finds it natural to lead
The mob who might as easily lead him—
The Soldier marshals men who know as much—
Statist and Soldier verily believe!
While we poor scribes . . . you catch me thinking, now,
That I shall in this very letter write

What none of you are able! To it, Lapo!
[Domizia *goes.*

This last, worst, all affected childish fit
Of Luria's, this be-praised unconsciousness,
Convinces me: the Past was no child's play;
It was a man beat Pisa,—not a child.
All's mere dissimulation—to remove
The fear, he best knows we should entertain.
The utmost danger was at hand. Is't written?
Now make a duplicate, lest this should fail,
And speak your fullest on the other side.
Sec. I noticed he was busily repairing
My half-effacement of his Duomo sketch,
And, while he spoke of Florence, turned to it,
As the Mage Negro King to Christ the Babe.—
I judge his childishness the true relapse
To boyhood of a man who has worked lately,
And presently will work, so, meantime plays:
Whence more than ever I believe in him.
Brac. [*after a pause.*] The sword! At best, the soldier, as he says,
In Florence—the black face, the barbarous name,
For Italy to boast her show of the age,
Her man of men!—To Florence with each letter!

ACT II.

NOON.

Dom. Well, Florence, shall I reach thee, pierce thy heart
Thro' all its safeguards? Hate is said to help—
Quicken the eye, invigorate the arm,
And this my hate, made up of many hates,
Might stand in scorn of visible instrument,
And will thee dead:—yet do I trust it not.
Nor Man's devices, nor Heaven's memory
Of wickedness forgot on Earth so soon,
But thy own nature,—Hell and thee I trust,
To keep thee constant in that wickedness,
Where my revenge may meet thee: turn aside
A single step, for gratitude, or shame,—
Once but this Luria, this wild mass of rage
That I prepare to launch against thee now,

With other payment than thy noblest found,—
Give his desert for once its due reward,—
And past thee would my sure destruction roll.
But thou, who mad'st our House thy sacrifice,
It cannot be thou wilt except this Moor
From the accustomed fate of zeal and truth;
Thou wilt deny his looked-for recompense,
And then—I reach thee! Old and trained, my sire
Could bow down on his quiet broken heart,
Die awe-struck and submissive, when at last
The strange blow came for the expected wreath;
And Porzio passed in blind bewilderment
To exile, never to return,—they say,
Perplexed in his frank simple honest soul,
As if some natural law had changed,—how else
Could Florence, on plain fact pronouncing thus,
Judge Porzio's actions worthy such an end?
But Berto, with the ever-passionate pulse,
—Oh that long night, its dreadful hour on hour,
In which no way of getting his fair fame
From their inexplicable charges free,
Was found, save pouring forth the impatient blood
To show its colour whether false or no!
My brothers never had a friend like me
Close in their need to watch the time, then speak,
—Burst with a wakening laughter on their dream,
Say, Florence was all falseness, so false here,—
And show them what a simple task remained—
To leave dreams, rise, and punish in God's name
The City wedded to its wickedness—
None stood by them as I by Luria stand!
So, when the stranger cheated of his due
Turns on thee as his rapid nature bids,
Then, Florence, think, a hireling at thy throat
For the first outrage, think who bore thy last,
Yet mutely in forlorn obedience died!
He comes . . . his friend . . . black faces in the camp
Where moved those peerless brows and eyes of old!

Enter LURIA *and* HUSAIN.

Dom. Well, and the movement—is it as you hope?
'Tis Lucca?
Lur. Ah, the Pisan trumpet merely!

Pisan's envoy, I must needs receive—
Whom I withdraw before; yet if I lingered
Could not wonder, for my time fleets fast;
Overtaking night brings such reward!—
Where will then be room for me? Yet still
Remember who was first to promise it,
Envies those who also can perform! [*Goes.*
This trumpet from the Pisans?—
In the camp;
Noble presence—Braccio's visage
Porzio's body—calm and fixed and good;
Seem as I had seen before—
Like, it was some statue had the face.
Admit him! This will prove the last delay!
Ay, friend, go on, and die thou going on!
Heard'st what the grave woman said but now:
Right rewards thee! That is well to hear!
Stop not therefore; hear it, and go on!
Oh, their reward and triumph and the rest
Round me in the ears with, all day long?
That, I never take for earnest, friend!
Would it suit us,—their triumphal arch
Storied pillar,—thee and me, the Moors!
Gratitude in those Italian eyes—
We shall get?
It is too cold an air—
Rose out of yonder mound of mist—
Is he now? So I trust none of them!
Truly?
I doubt and fear. There stands a wall
Our expansive and explosive race
Those absorbing, concentrating men!
Use thee!
And I feel it, Husain; yes,
Are not—yes, an alien force like mine
Only called to play its part outside
Different nature; where its sole use seems
Fight with and keep off an adverse force
Then,—which repelled, mine too withdraws;
Only they know not what to do with me;
Have told them laughingly and oft,
Long since I prepared to learn the worst.
What is the worst?

Lur. I will forestall them, Hus
And speak my destiny, they dare not speak—
Banish myself before they find the heart!
I will be first to say, " the work rewards!
" I know, for all your praise, my use is over,
" So may it be!—meanwhile 'tis best I go,
" And carry safe my memories of you all
" To other scenes of action, newer lands,"—
Thus leaving them confirmed in their belief
They would not easily have tired of me!
You think this hard to say?

Hus. Say it or not,
So thou but go, so they but let thee go!
This hating people, that hate each the other,
And in one blandness to us Moors unite—
Locked each to each like slippery snakes, I say,
Which still in all their tangles, hissing tongue
And threatening tail, ne'er do each other harm;
While any creature of a better blood,
They seem to fight for, while they circle safe
And never touch it,—pines without a wound,
Withers away before their eyes and breath.
See thou, if Puccio come not safely out
Of Braccio's grasp, this Braccio sworn his foe,
As Braccio safely from Domizia's toils
Who hates him most!—But thou, the friend of all,
. . . Come out of them!

Lur. The Pisan trumpet now!

Hus. Breathe free—it is an enemy, no friend!

Lur. He keeps his instincts, no new culture mars
Their perfect use in him; just so the brutes
Rest not, are anxious without visible cause,
When change is in the elements at work,
Which man's trained senses fail to apprehend.
But here,—he takes the distant chariot-wheels
For thunder, festal fire for lightning's flash,
The finer traits of cultivated life
For treachery and malevolence: I see!

Enter TIBURZIO.

Lur. Quick, sir, your message. I but wait your me
To sound the charge. You bring not overtures
For truce?—I would not, for your General's sake,

spoke of truce—a time to fight is come,
whatsoe'er the fight's event, he keeps
honest soldier's name to beat me with,
leaves me all himself to beat, I trust!
I am Tiburzio.
You? 'Tis—yes . . . Tiburzio!
were the last to keep the ford i' the valley
Puccio, when I threw in succours there!
I was on the heights—thro' the defile
minutes after, when the prey was lost;
wore an open scull-cap with a twist
water reeds—the plume being hewn away;
I drove down my battle from the heights,
saw with my own eyes!
. And you are Luria
sent my cohort, that laid down its arms
ion of the battle-signal's sense,
safely to me at the critical time—
of a hundred deeds—I know you! Therefore
but you could I . . .
No truce, Tiburzio!
Luria, you know the peril's imminent
—that you have us in the toils,
last safeguard, all that intercepts
rage of her implacablest of foes
Pisa, if we fall to-day, she falls.
Lucca will arive, yet, 'tis too late.
have so plainly here the best of it,
you must feel, brave soldier as you are,
dangerous we grow in this extreme,
truly formidable by despair.
probabilities should have their weight—
extremest chance is ours, but, that chance failing,
win this battle. Wherefore say I this?
well apprehended when I add,
danger absolutely comes from you.
you, who threaten thus, a Florentine . . .
Sir, I am nearer Florence than her sons.
and have perhaps obliged the State,
paid a mere son's duty.
Even so!
you the son of Florence, yet endued
all your present nobleness of soul,

No question, what I must communicate
Would not detach you from her.
Lur. Me, detach?
Tib. Time urges: you will ruin presently
Pisa, you never knew, for Florence' sake
You think you know. I have from time to time
Made prize of certain secret missives sent
From Braccio here, the Commissary, home—
And knowing Florence otherwise, I piece
The entire chain out, from these its scattered links.
Your trial occupies the Signory:
They sit in judgment on your conduct now!
When men at home enquire into the acts
Which in the field e'en foes appreciate . . .
Brief, they are Florentines! You, saving them,
Will seek the sure destruction saviours find.
Lur. Tiburzio—
Tib. All the wonder is of course!
I am not here to teach you, nor direct,
Only to loyally apprise—scarce that.
This is the latest letter, sealed and safe,
As it left here an hour ago. One way
Of two thought free to Florence, I command.
The duplicate is on its road: but this,—
Read it, and then I shall have more to say.
Lur. Florence!
Tib. Now, were yourself a Florentine,
This letter, let it hold the worst it can,
Would be no reason you should fall away—
The Mother city is the mother still,
And recognition of the children's service
Her own affair; reward—there's no reward!
But you are bound by quite another tie;
Nor Nature shows, nor Reason, why at first
A foreigner, born friend to all alike,
Should give himself to any special State
More than another, stand by Florence' side
Rather than Pisa's—'tis as fair a city
You war against as that you fight for—famed
As well as she in story, graced no less
With noble heads, and patriotic hearts,—
Nor to a stranger's eye would either cause,
Stripped of the cumulative loves and hates

take importance from familiar view,
as the Right, and Sole to be upheld.
fore, should the preponderating gift
and trust, Florence was first to throw,
made you hers not Pisa's, void the scale,—
dissolving, things resume their place
all begins again. Break seal and read!
let Pisa offer for you now!
, as a good Pisan, shall rejoice—
for myself I lose, in gaining you,
last fight and its opportunity;
chance it brings of saving Pisa yet,
the turn of battle dying so
shame should want its extreme bitterness.
Tiburzio, you that fight for Pisa now
for Florence . . . say my chance were yours!
read this letter, and you find . . . no, no!
read!
I read the letter, find they purpose
I have crushed their foe, to crush me: well?
You being their captain, what is it you do?
Why as it is, all cities are alike—
will pay me much as Florence you;
be as belied, whate'er the event,
, or more: my weak head, they will say,
pted this last expedient, my faint heart
ded on them indelible disgrace,
which defects ask proper punishment.
ther tenure of obedience, mine!
are no son of Pisa's: break and read!
And act on what I read? What act were fit?
firm-fixed foundation of my faith
Essence, which to me stands for Mankind,
that breaks up and, disemprisoning
the abyss . . . Ah friend, it cannot be!
may be very sage, yet . . . all the world
to fail, or your sagacity,
do not wish to find yourself alone!
would the world be worth? Whose love be sure?
ld remains—you are deceived!
Your hand!
the vanguard.—If you fall, beside,
better—I am left to speak! For me,

This was my duty, nor would I rejoice
If I could help, it misses its effect:
And after all you will look gallantly
Found dead here with that letter in your breast!
Lur. Tiburzio—I would see these people once
And test them ere I answer finally!
At your arrival let the trumpet sound:
If mine returns not then the wonted cry
It means that I believe—am Pisa's!
Tib. Well.
Lur. My heart will have it he speaks true! My blood
Beats close to this Tiburzio as a friend.
If he had stept into my watch-tent, night
And the wild desert full of foes around,
I should have broke the bread and given the salt
Secure, and, when my hour of watch was done,
Taken my turn to sleep between his knees,
Safe in the untroubled brow and honest cheek.
Oh, world, where all things pass and nought abides,
Oh, life the long mutation—is it so?
Is it with life as with the body's change?
—Where, e'en tho' better follow, good must pass,
Nor manhood's strength can mate with boyhood's grace,
Nor age's wisdom, in its turn, find strength,
But silently the first gift dies away,
And tho' the new stays, never both at once!
Life's time of savage instinct's o'er with me,
It fades and dies away, past trusting more,
As if to punish the ingratitude
With which I turned to grow in these new lights,
And learned to look with European eyes.
Yet it is better, this cold certain way,
Where Braccio's brow tells nothing,—Puccio's mouth,
Domizia's eyes reject the searcher—yes—
For on their calm sagacity I lean,
Their sense of right, deliberate choice of good,
Sure, as they know my deeds, they deal with me.
Yes, that is better—that is best of all!
Such faith stays when mere wild belief would go!
Yes—when the desert creature's heart, at fault
Amid the scattering tempest's pillared sands,
Betrays its steps into the pathless drift—
The calm instructed eye of man holds fast

By the sole bearing of the visible star,
So that when slow the whirling wreck subsides,
The boundaries, lost now, shall be found again,—
The palm-trees and the pyramid over all.
I trust Florence—Pisa is deceived!

Enter Braccio, Puccio, and Domizia.

Noon's at an end: no Lucca? You must fight.
Do you remember, ever, gentle friends,
The Florentine?
It is yourself
Still are forcing us importunately,
Bear in mind what else we should forget.
For loss!—For what I lose in being none!
Shrewd man, such as you yourselves respect,
I would remind you of the stranger's loss
Natural friends and advocates at home,
Military loves, even rivalships,
The precedents for honour and reward.
There's a gain, too! If you take it so,
The stranger's lot has special gain as well!
You forget there was my own far East
Might have given away myself to, once,
Rise to Florence, and for such a gift,
And there like a descended Deity?
Worship greets us! what do I get here?
[*Shows the letter.*
Chance has put into my hand the means
Securing what I earn, before I work!
And I fight better, should I fight the worse,
With your crown palpably before me? see!
This is my whole reward! Best know it now,
Keep it for the end's entire delight?
If you serve Florence as the vulgar serve,
For guardsman's pay alone,—break seal and read!
In that case, you will find your full desert!
Give me my one last happy moment, friends!
I need me now, and all the gratitude
No letter can contain will never balance
The after-feeling that your need's at end!
The moment . . . Oh, the East has use with you!
Good still flashes—is not flung aside
With the past praise, in a dark corner yet!

How say you? 'Tis not so with Florentines—
Captains of yours—for them, the ended war
Is but a first step to the peace begun
—He who did well in war, just earns the right
To begin doing well in peace, you know!
And certain my precursors,—would not such
Look to themselves in such a chance as this,
Secure the ground they trod upon, perhaps?
For I have heard, by fits, or seemed to hear,
Of strange occurrences, ingratitude,
Treachery even,—say that one of you
Surmised this letter carried what might turn
To harm hereafter, cause him prejudice—
What would he do?

Dom. [*hastily.*] Thank God and take revenge!
Turn her own force against the city straight,
And even at the moment when the foe
Sounded defiance . . .

[TIBURZIO'S *trumpet sounds in the distance*

Lur. Ah, you Florentines!
So would you do? Wisely for you, no doubt!
My simple Moorish instinct bids me sink
The obligation you relieve me from,
Still deeper! [*to* PUC.] Sound our answer, I should say!
And thus:—[*tearing the paper*]—The battle! That solves
every doubt!

ACT III.

AFTERNOON.

PUCCIO, *as making a report to* JACOPO.

Puc. And here, your Captain must report the rest;
For, as I say, the main engagement over,
And Luria's special part in it performed,
How could subalterns like myself expect
Leisure or leave to occupy the field
And glean what dropped from his wide harvesting?
I thought, when Lucca at the battle's end
Came up, just as the Pisan centre broke,
That Luria would detach me and prevent
The flying Pisans seeking what they found,
Friends in the rear, a point to rally by:
But no—more honourable proved my post!

I had the august captive to escort
Safe to our camp—some other could pursue,
Fight, and be famous; gentler chance was mine—
Tiburzio's wounded spirit must be soothed!
He's in the tent there.

Jac. Is the substance down?
I write—"The vanguard beaten, and both wings
In full retreat—Tiburzio prisoner"—
And now,—"That they fell back and formed again
Till Lucca's coming."—Why then, after all,
'Tis half a victory, no conclusive one?

Puc. Two operations where a sole had served.

Jac. And Luria's fault was—?

Puc. Oh, for fault . . . not much!
He led the attack, a thought impetuously,
There's commonly more prudence; now, he seemed
To hurry measures, otherwise well-judged;
He never concentrating strength, at first,
Against the enemy's van, both sides escaped:
That's reparable—yet it is a fault.

Enter BRACCIO.

Jac. As good as a full victory to Florence,
With the advantage of a fault beside—
What is it, Puccio?—that by pressing forward
With too impetuous . . .

Brac. The report anon!
Thanks, Sir—you have elsewhere a charge, I know.

[PUCCIO *goes.*

There's nothing done but I would do again;
Yet, Lapo, it may be the Past proves nothing,
And Luria has kept faithful to the end!

Jac. I was for waiting.

Brac. Yes: so was not I!
He could not choose but tear that letter—true!
Still, certain of his tones, I mind, and looks—
He saw, too, with a fresher soul than I.
Tiburzio seemed an injured man, they say!
Well, I have gone upon the broad, sure ground.

Enter LURIA, PUCCIO, *and* DOMIZIA.

Jac. [*to* PUC.] Say, at his pleasure I will see Tiburzio:
Let's at his pleasure.

Dom. [*to* LUR.] Were I not so sure
You would reject, as you do constantly,
Praise,—I might tell you what you have deserved
Of Florence by this last and crowning feat:
But words are vain!
Lur. Nay, you may praise me now!
I want instruction every hour, I find,
On points where once I saw least need of it;
And praise, I have been used to do without,
Seems not so easy to dispense with now,
After a battle half one's strength is gone—
And glorious passion in us once appeased,
Our reason's calm cold dreadful voice begins.
All justice, power and beauty scarce appear
Monopolized by Florence, as of late,
To me, the stranger; you, no doubt, may know
Why Pisa needs must give her rival place;
And I am growing nearer you, perhaps,
For I, too, want to know and be assured,
When a cause ceases to reward itself,
Its friend needs fresh sustainments; praise is one,
And here stand you—you, Lady, praise me well!
But yours—(your pardon)—is unlearned praise:
To the motive, the endeavour, the heart's self,
Your quick sense looks; you crown and call aright
The soul of the purpose, ere 'tis shaped as act,
Takes flesh i' the world, and clothes itself a king;
But when the act comes, stands for what 'tis worth,
—Here's Puccio, the skilled soldier; he's my judge:
Was all well, Puccio?
Puc. All was . . . must be well:
If we beat Lucca presently, as doubtless . . .
—No, there's no doubt, we must—All was well done.
Lur. In truth? But you are of the trade, my Puccio!
You have the fellow-craftsman's sympathy!
There's none knows like a fellow of the craft,
The all unestimated sum of pains
That go to a success the world can see;
They praise then, but the best they never know:
—But you know!—Oh, if envy mix with it,
Hate even, still the bottom praise of all,
Whatever be the dregs, that drop's pure gold!
—For nothing's like it; nothing else records

[illegible] daily, nightly drippings in the dark
[illegible] heart's blood, the world lets drop away
[illegible] ever . . . So, pure gold that praise must be!
[illegible] I have yours, my soldier: yet the best
[illegible] still to come—there's one looks on apart
[illegible] all refers to, failure or success;
[illegible] what's done might be our best, our utmost work,
[illegible] yet inadequate to serve his need:
[illegible] Puccio now, for Florence—here's our service—
[illegible] done for us, is it well done for him?
[illegible] chosen engine, tasked to its full strength
[illegible] his end?—Should he have chosen higher?
[illegible] help Florence, now our best is done?
[illegible] This battle with the foregone services,
[illegible] Florence.
Lur. Why then, all is very well!
[illegible] am I in the middle of my friends,
[illegible] know me and who love me, one and all!
[illegible] yet . . . 'tis like . . . this instant while I speak
[illegible] like the turning moment of a dream
[illegible] . . . Ah, you are not foreigners like me!
[illegible] then, one always dreams of friends at home,
[illegible] always comes, I say, the turning point
[illegible] something changes in the friendly eyes
[illegible] love and look on you . . . so slight, so slight . . .
[illegible] yet it tells you they are dead and gone,
[illegible] changed and enemies, for all their words,
[illegible] all is mockery, and a maddening show!
[illegible] now, so kind here, all you Florentines,
[illegible] is it in your eyes . . . those lips, those brows . . .
[illegible] spoke it . . . yet I know it well!—
[illegible] now—this battle saves you, all's at end,
[illegible] use of me is o'er, for good, for evil,—
[illegible] now, what's done against me, while I speak,
[illegible] Florence? Come! I feel it in my blood,
[illegible] eyes, my hair, a voice is in my ear
[illegible] spite of all this smiling and kind speech
[illegible] are betraying me! What is it you do?
[illegible] it your way, and think my use is over;
[illegible] you are saved and may throw off the mask—
[illegible] it my way, and think more work remains
[illegible] I could do,—so show you fear me not!
[illegible] prudent be, or generous, as you choose,

But tell me—tell what I refused to know
At noon, lest heart should fail me! Well? That letter?
My fate is known at Florence! What is it?
Brac. Sir, I shall not conceal what you divine:
It is no novelty for innocence
To be suspected, but a privilege:
The after certain compensation comes.
Charges, I say not whether false or true,
Have been preferred against you some time since,
Which Florence was bound, plainly, to receive,
And which are therefore undergoing now
The due investigation. That is all.
I doubt not but your innocence will shine
Apparent and illustrious, as to me,
To them this evening, when the trial ends.
Lur. My trial?
Dom. Florence, Florence to the end,
My whole heart thanks thee!
Puc. [*to* BRAC.] What is "Trial," Sir?
It was not for a trial—surely, no—
I furnished you those notes from time to time?
I hold myself aggrieved—I am a man—
And I might speak,—ay, and speak mere truth, too,
And yet not mean at bottom of my heart
What should assist a—Trial, do you say?
You should have told me!
Dom. Nay, go on, go on!
His sentence! Do they sentence him? What is it?
The block? Wheel?
Brac. Sentence there is none as yet,
Nor shall I give my own opinion here
Of what it should be, or is like to be,
When it is passed, applaud or disapprove!
Up to that point, what is there to impugn?
Lur. They are right, then, to try me?
Brac. I assert,
Maintain, and justify the absolute right
Of Florence to do all she can have done
In this procedure,—standing on her guard,
Receiving even services like yours
With utmost fit suspicious wariness.
In other matters—keep the mummery up!
Take all the experiences of the whole world,

[illegible] knowledge that broke thro' a heart to life,
[illegible] reasoning which, to work out, cost a brain.
[illegible] other cases, know these, warrant these,
[illegible] then dispense with them—'tis very well!
[illegible] friend trust friend, and love demand its like,
[illegible] gratitude be claimed for benefits,—
[illegible]'s grace in that—and when the fresh heart breaks,
[illegible] new brain proves a martyr, what of it?
[illegible] is the matter of one moth the more
[illegible] in the candle, at a summer's end?
[illegible] Florence is no simple John or James
[illegible] have his toy, his fancy, his conceit,
[illegible] he's the one excepted man by fate,
[illegible] when fate shows him he's mistaken there,
[illegible] with all good men's praise, and yield his place
[illegible] Paul and George intent to try their chance:
[illegible] exists because these pass away;
[illegible]'s a contrivance to supply a type
[illegible] Man, which men's deficiencies refuse;
[illegible] finds so many, that she grows out of them—
[illegible] steady o'er their numbers, tho' they change
[illegible] pass away—there's always what upholds,
[illegible]'s enough to fashion the great show!
[illegible]ee, you hanging city, in the sun,
[illegible] shapely cloud substantially the same!
[illegible] thousand vapours rise and sink again,
[illegible] interfused, and live their life and die,—
[illegible] ever hangs the steady show i' the air
[illegible] the sun's straight influence: that is well!
[illegible] is worth Heaven to hold, and God to bless!
[illegible] so is Florence,—the unseen sun above,
[illegible] draws and holds suspended all of us—
[illegible] transient mists and vapours into one,
[illegible] from each and better than they all.
[illegible] shall she dare to stake this permanence
[illegible] one man's faith? Man's heart is weak,
[illegible] its temptations many: let her prove
[illegible] servant to the very uttermost
[illegible] she grant him her reward, I say!
[illegible] And as for hearts she chances to mistake,
[illegible] are not destined to receive reward,
[illegible] they deserve it, did she only know!
[illegible] should she do for these?

Brac. What does she not?
Say, that she gives them but herself to serve!
Here's Luria—what had profited his strength,
When half an hour of sober fancying
Had shown him step by step the uselessness
Of strength exerted for its proper sake?
But the truth is, she did create that strength,
Drew to the end the corresponding means.
The world is wide—are we the only men?
Oh, for the time, the social purpose' sake,
Use words agreed on, bandy epithets,
Call any man, sole Great and Wise and Good!
But shall we, therefore, standing by ourselves,
Insult our souls and God with the same speech?
There, swarm the ignoble thousands under Him—
What marks us from the hundreds and the tens?
Florence took up, turned all one way the soul
Of Luria with its fires, and here he stands!
She takes me out of all the world as him,
Fixing my coldness till like ice it stays
The fire! So, Braccio, Luria, which is best?
Lur. Ah, brave me? And is this indeed the way
To gain your good word and sincere esteem?
Am I the baited tiger that must turn
And fight his baiters to deserve their praise?
Obedience has no fruit then?—Be it so!
Do you indeed remember I stand here
The Captain of the conquering army,—mine—
With all your tokens, praise and promise, ready
To show for what their names were when you gave.
Not what you style them now you take away?
If I call in my troops to arbitrate,
And in their first enthusiastic thrill
Of victory, tell them how you menace me—
Commending to their plain instinctive sense,
My story first, your comment afterward,—
Will they take, think you, part with you or me?
When I say simply, I, the man they know,
Ending my work, ask payment, and find Florence
Has all this while provided silently
Against the day of pay and proving words,
By what you call my sentence that's to come—
Will they sit waiting it complacently?

When I resist that sentence at their head
What will you do, my mild antagonist?
Brac. I will rise up like fire, proud and triumphant
That Florence knew you thoroughly and by me,
And so was saved: "See, Italy," I'll say,
The need of our precautions—here's a man
Was far advanced, just touched on the reward
Our subtle cities had accorded him—
But we were wiser; at the end comes this!"
And from that minute all your strength will go—
The very stones of Florence cry against
The all-exacting, unenduring Luria,
Resenting her first slight probation thus,
That he, only, shone and cast no shade,
He only, walked the earth with privilege
Against suspicion, free from causing fear—
Till the first inquisitive mother's-word,
He turned, and stood on his defence, forsooth!
Exiled? You will not be worth punishment!
Lur. And Florence knew me thus! Thus I have lived,—
And thus you, with the clear fine intellect,
Serene, the cold acute instructed mind,
Not of the stir, so calm and unconfused,
Figured me—how could you otherwise!
But what dropped from *you*, just now, more over?
One information, Puccio?—Did your skill
And understanding sympathy approve
The report of me? Was this the end?
Is even this the end? Can I stop here—
Lady, with the woman's stand apart,
The heart to see with, not those learned eyes,
I cannot fathom why you should destroy
The unoffending man, you call your friend—
Looking at the good examples here
Friendship, 'tis but natural I ask
Not you a further end, in all you spoke,
Than profit to me, in those instances
Ready from Florence to her chiefs—
Do I remember now for the first time?
Yes, I am a daughter of the Traversari,
Son of Porzio and of Berto both.
I have foreseen all that has come to pass.
I know the Florence that could doubt their faith,

Must needs mistrust a stranger's—holding back
Reward from them, must hold back his reward.
And I believed, the shame they bore and died,
He would not bear, but live and fight against—
Seeing he was of other stuff than they.

Lur. Hear them! All these against one Foreigner!
And all this while, where is in the whole world
To his good faith a single witness?

Tiburzio [*who has entered during the preceding dialogue*]
Here!
Thus I bear witness to it, not in word
But deed. I live for Pisa; she's not lost
By many chances—much prevents from that!
Her army has been beaten, I am here,
But Lucca comes at last, one chance exists.
I rather had see Pisa three times lost
Than saved by any traitor, even by you.
The example of a traitor's happy fortune
Would bring more evil in the end than good.
Pisa rejects such: save yourself and her!
I, in her name, resign forthwith to you
My charge,—the highest of her offices.
You shall not, by my counsel, turn on Florence
Her army, give her calumny that ground—
Nor bring it with you: be you all we gain,
And all she'll lose, a head to deck some bridge,
And save the crown's cost that should deck the head.
Leave her to perish in her perfidy,
Plague-stricken and stripped naked to all eyes,
A proverb and a by-word in all mouths!
Go you to Pisa—Florence is my place—
Leave me to tell her of the rectitude,
I, from the first, told Pisa, knowing it.
To Pisa!

Dom. Ah, my Braccio, are you caught?

Brac. Puccio, good soldier and selected man,
Whom I have ever kept beneath my eye,
Ready, as fit, to serve in this event
Florence, who clear foretold it from the first—
Thro' me, she gives you the command and charge
She takes, thro' me, from him who held it late!
A painful trial, very sore, was yours:
All that could draw out, marshal in array

[illegible] passions 'gainst the public good—
[illegible], scorns, neglects, were heaped on you to bear:
[illegible] you did bear and bow the head!
[illegible] sorry trial, to precede
[illegible], hold up the promise of reward
[illegible] gleam; your footsteps kept the track
[illegible] and doubt: take all the light at once!
[illegible] over, consummation shines;
[illegible] you served, as well henceforth command!
[illegible] No, no . . . I dare not . . . I am grateful, glad;
[illegible] you shall understand he's wronged—
[illegible] my Captain—this is not the way
[illegible] climb to fortune: think again!
[illegible] is not even passed, beside!
[illegible] . . . where's the soldier could?
Now, Florence—
[illegible] You will know all the strength
[illegible] to your neck the proof must go?
[illegible] prove the brute nature? Ah, I see!
[illegible] plainly is impassible—
[illegible] his calm way thro' insulting words,
[illegible] looks, sharp gestures—one of which
[illegible] you, fatal to your finer sense:
[illegible] steadily advances, still
[illegible] a mark upon his callous hide,
[illegible] more brushwood you grow angry with,
[illegible] the tatters of your flesh upon,
[illegible] have to learn that when the true bar comes,
[illegible] mid forest, the real obstacle,
[illegible] when you reach, you give the labour up,
[illegible] on, but lie down composed before,
[illegible] against it, like the brute he is!
[illegible] before him, or he dies in his course!
[illegible] my course thro' past ingratitude—
[illegible] does seem, now, as if I saw,
[illegible] but see, those insults as they fell,
[illegible] them glance from off me, very like,
[illegible], perhaps, to think the quality
[illegible] so bold on, while you so despised
[illegible] a dull mute inapprehensive mood,
[illegible] you; I bore and kept my course:
[illegible] wrong fronts me—see if I succumb!
[illegible] withstands me?—I will punish her!

At night my sentence will arrive, you say!
Till then I cannot, if I would, rebel—
—Unauthorised to lay my office down,
Retaining my full power to will and do:
After—it is to see. Tiburzio, thanks!
Go—you are free—join Lucca. I suspend
All further operations till to-night.
Thank you, and for the silence most of all!
[*To Brac.*] Let my complacent bland accuser go,
And carry his self-approving head and heart
Safe thro' the army which would trample him
Dead in a moment at my word or sign!
Go, Sir, to Florence; tell friends what I say—
That while I wait their sentence, theirs waits them!
[*To Dom.*] You, Lady,—you have black Italian eyes!
I would be generous if I might. . . . Oh, yes—
For I remember how so oft you seemed
Inclined at heart to break the barrier down
Which Florence makes God build between us both.
Alas, for generosity! this hour
Demands strict justice—bear it as you may!
I must—the Moor,—the Savage,—pardon you!
[*To Puc.*] Puccio, my trusty soldier, see them forth!—

ACT IV.

EVENING.

Enter PUCCIO *and* JACOPO.

Puc. What Luria *will* do? Ah, 'tis yours, fair Sir,
Your and your subtle-witted master's part,
To tell me that; I tell you what he can.
Jac. Friend, you mistake my station! I observe
The game, watch how my betters play, no more.
Puc. But mankind are not pieces—there's your fault!
You cannot push them, and, the first move made,
Lean back to study what the next should be,
In confidence that when 'tis fixed upon,
You'll find just where you left them, blacks and whites
Men go on moving when your hand's away.
You build, I notice, firm on Luria's faith
This whole time,—firmlier than I choose to build,

never doubted it—of old, that is—
Luria in his ordinary mind:
oppression makes the wise man mad—
I know he will not turn and stand
hold his own against you, as he may?
see that he withdraws to Pisa—well,—
even if all happens to your wish,
it is a chance . . .
Nay—'twas an oversight,
waiting till the proper warrant came:
could not take what was not ours to give.
then at night the sentence really comes,
Florence authorizes past dispute
removal and your own advance,
will perceive your duty and accept?
Accept what? muster-rolls of soldiers' names?
men upon paper?—I want men,
hearts as well as hands—and where's a heart
not with Luria, in the multitude
from walking thro' by Luria's side?
give him to them, set him on to grow,
like upon their trunk, one blood feeds both,
feel him there, and live, and well know why!
they do know, if you are ignorant,
kept his own place and respected theirs,
their ease, yet never spared his own.
your deed: another might have served—
peradventure no such dearth of men—
chose Luria—so they grew to him:
for nothing they can understand,
removed, off is to roll the head—
my's mine—much I shall do with it!
That's at the worst!
No—at the best, it is!
you hear? I saw them by his side;
two with Luria in the camp
that know the secret? You think that?
that I saw: from rear to van, no heart
the quiet patient hero there
changed, nor in the moveless ranks an eye
glancing told its fellow the whole story
convicted silent knot of spies
passed thro' them to Florence; they might pass—

No breast but gladlier beat when free of them!
Our troops will catch up Luria, close him round,
Lead him to Florence as their natural lord,
Partake his fortunes, live or die with him!
Jac. And by mistake catch up along with him
Puccio, no doubt, compelled in self-despite
To still continue Second in Command!
Puc. No, Sir, no second nor so fortunate!
Your tricks succeed with me too well for that!
I am as you have made me, and shall die
A mere trained fighting hack to serve your end;
With words, you laugh at while they leave your mouth,
For my life's rules and ordinance of God!
I have to do my duty, keep my faith,
And earn my praise, and guard against my blame,
As I was trained. I shall accept your charge,
And fight against one better than myself,
And my own heart's conviction of his worth—
That, you may count on!—just as hitherto
I have gone on, persuaded I was wronged,
Slighted, and all the terms we learn by rote,—
All because Luria superseded me—
Because the better nature, fresh-inspired,
Mounted above me to its proper place!
What mattered all the kindly graciousness,
And cordial brother's bearing? This was clear—
I, once the captain, was subaltern now,
And so must keep complaining like a fool!
Go, take the curse of a lost man, I say!
You neither play your puppets to the end,
Nor treat the real man,—for his realness' sake
Thrust rudely in their place,—with such regard
As might console them for their altered rank.
Me, the mere steady soldier, you depose
For Luria, and here's all that he deserves!
Of what account, then, are my services?
One word for all: whatever Luria does,
—If backed by his indignant troops he turns
In self-defence and Florence goes to ground,—
Or for a signal, everlasting shame,
He pardons you, and simply seeks his friends
And heads the Pisan and the Lucchese troops
—And if I, for you ingrates past belief,

to fight against a man called false,
inasmuch as he is true, fights there—
wherever way he wins, he wins for me,
every soldier, for the common good!
dismissing the rest, omit not this!

As they go, enter Luria *and* Husain.

Saw'st thou?—For they are gone! The world lies bare
thee, to be tasted, felt and seen
what it is, now Florence goes away!
least now, with men art man again!
Florentines were eyes to thee of old;
Puccio, but Domizia, gone is each—
beneath thee thine own multitudes—
thou?
I saw.
Then, hold thy course, my King!
return. Let thy heart have its way!
they would play with thee as with all else?
thee to use, and fashion thee anew,
God's fault in thee as in the rest?
such, but listen only to these men
their occupation! Ere ye know,
great heaven is shut, their stifling pall
till it frets the very tingling hair—
rights it on our head,—and, for the earth,
common earth is tethered up and down,
and across—here shalt thou move, they say!
Ah, Husain?
So have they spoiled all beside!
finds a man girt round with Florentines,
greybeards, Braccios, women, boys and spies,
his tale, each singing the same song,
them must house, and live at bed and board,
pledge and give it, go their every way,
him to their measure, make thy blood beat time
thine—or—all is nothing—thou art lost—
. . . how shouldst thou perceive as they?
glad to stand 'neath God's close naked hand!
up to it! Why, down they pull thy neck,
crush thee, who feel'st it and wouldst kiss,
at their priests that needs must glove it first,
misadventure, it should wound thy lip!

Love Woman! Why, a very beast thou art!
Thou must . . .
Lur. Peace, Husain!
Hus. Ay, but, spoiling all,
For all, else true, things substituting false,
That they should dare spoil, of all instincts, thine!
Should dare to take thee with thine instincts up,
Thy battle-ardours, like a ball of fire,
And class them and allow them place and play
So far, no farther—unabashed the while!
Thou with the soul that never can take rest—
Thou born to do, undo, and do again,
But never to be still,—wouldst thou make war?
Oh, that is commendable, just and right!
Come over, say they, have the honour due
In living out thy nature! Fight thy best—
It is to be for Florence not thyself!
For thee, it were a horror and a plague—
For us, when war is made for Florence, see,
How all is changed—the fire that fed on earth
Now towers to heaven!—
Lur. And what sealed up so long
My Husain's mouth?
Hus. Oh, friend, oh, lord—for me,
What am I?—I was silent at thy side,
That am a part of thee—It is thy hand,
Thy foot that glows when in the heart fresh blood
Boils up, thou heart of me! Now live again!
Again love as thou likest, hate as free!
Turn to no Braccios nor Domizias now,
To ask, before thy very limbs dare move,
If Florence' welfare be concerned thereby!
Lur. So clear what Florence must expect of me?
Hus. Both armies against Florence! Take revenge!
Wide, deep—to live upon, in feeling now,—
And after, in remembrance, year by year—
And, with the dear conviction, die at last!
She lies now at thy pleasure—pleasure have!
Their vaunted intellect that gilds our sense,
And blends with life, to show it better by,
—How think'st thou?—I have turned that light on this
They called our thirst of war a transient thing;
The battle-element must pass away

life, they said, and leave a tranquil world:
I took their light and turned it full
dull turgid vein they said would burst
pass away; and as I looked on Life,
everywhere I tracked this, though it hid
chilled, lay so silent as it thought,
off the hue yet ever was the same:
was all fighting, all their nobler life!
was fighting, every harm—defeat,
joy obtained—a victory!
their dupe!
—Their dupe? That hour is past!
stand'st thou in the glory and the calm!
determined! Silence for me now! [Husain *goes.*
Have I heard all?
[*advancing from the background.*] No, Luria, I am
here!
from the motives these have urged on thee,
insufficient, incomplete,
pregnant each with sure seeds of decay,
of sustainment from thyself,
other from low revenge, nor selfishness,
revenge lust of power, nor one, nor all,
thou abolish Florence! I proclaim
evil in thee, and reject the spirits
ineffectual crowd about his strength,
mingle with his work and claim a share!
resolutely to the augustest end
best arisen: second not in rank
as time, to him who first ordained
Florence, thou art to destroy, should be—
like a star, too, guided, who broke first
pride of lonely power, the life apart,
made the eminences, each to each,
over the level world and let it lie
from the thunder henceforth 'neath their arms—
the famous men of old combined,
let the multitude rise underneath,
reach them, and unite—so Florence grew!
it speaks well, it was well worth the price.
when the sheltered Many grew in pride
grudged the station of the glorious ones,
greater than their kind, are truly great

Only in voluntary servitude—
Time was for thee to rise, and thou art here.
Such plague possessed this Florence—who can tell
The mighty girth and greatness at the heart
Of those so noble pillars of the grove
She pulled down in her envy? Who as I,
The light weak parasite born but to twine
Round each of them and, measuring them, so live?
My light love keeps the matchless circle safe,
My slender life proves what has past away!
I lived when they departed; lived to cling
To thee, the mighty stranger; thou would'st rise
And burst the thraldom, and avenge, I knew.
I have done nothing; all was thy strong heart:
But a bird's weight can break the infant tree
Which after holds an aery in its arms,
And 'twas my care that nought should warp thy spire
From rising to the height; the roof is reached—
Break through and there is all the sky above!
Go on to Florence, Luria! 'Tis man's cause!
Fail thou, and thine own fall is least to dread!
Thou keepest Florence in her evil way,
Encouragest her sin so much the more—
And while the bloody past is justified,
Thou all the surelier dost work against
The men to come, the Lurias yet unborn,
Who, greater than thyself, are reached o'er thee
That giv'st the vantage-ground their foes require,
As o'er my prostrate House thyself was't reached!
Man calls thee—God shall judge thee: all is said,
The mission of my House fulfilled at last!
And the mere woman, speaking for herself,
Reserves speech; it is now no woman's time.

[Dismiss

Lur. So at the last must figure Luria, then!
Doing the various work of all his friends,
And answering every purpose save his own.
No doubt, 'tis well for them to wish; for him—
After the exploit what is left? Perchance
A little pride upon the swarthy brow,
At having brought successfully to bear
'Gainst Florence' self her own especial arms,—
Her craftiness, impelled by fiercer strength

[illegible] blood than feeds the northern wit—
[illegible] after!—once the easy vengeance willed,
[illegible] Florence at a word laid low
[illegible] in her Domes and Towers and Palaces,
[illegible] even in a dream, that outrage!)—low,
[illegible] shamed in her own eyes henceforth for ever,
[illegible] for the rival cities round to see
[illegible] and pardoned by a hireling Moor!
[illegible] him, who did the irreparable wrong,
[illegible] would be left, his life's illusion fled,—
[illegible] hope or trust in the forlorn wide world?
[illegible] strange that Florence should mistake me so!
[illegible] grew this? What withdrew her faith from me?
[illegible] cause! These fretful-blooded children talk
[illegible] their mother,—they are wronged, they say—
[illegible] wrongs a smile makes up again!
[illegible] taking fire at each supposed offence,
[illegible] may speak rashly, suffer for rash speech—
[illegible] what could it have been in word or deed
[illegible] injured me? Some one word spoken more
[illegible] of my heart, and all had changed perhaps!
[illegible] fault, it must have been,—for what gain they?
[illegible] risk the danger? See, what I could do!
[illegible] my fault, wherefore visit upon them,
[illegible] Florentines? The generous revenge,
[illegible] dilate! To stay here passively,
[illegible] at their summons, be as they dispose—
[illegible] if my very soldiers keep their ranks,
[illegible] if I pacify my chiefs, what then?
[illegible] Florence—teach her friends mistrust—
[illegible] her enemies in harsh belief—
[illegible] when she finds one day, as she must find,
[illegible] strange mistake, and how my heart was hers,
[illegible] it console me, that my Florentines
[illegible] with a sadder step, a graver face,
[illegible] took me with such frankness, praised me so,
[illegible] the glad outset! Had they loved me less,
[illegible] had less feared what seemed a change in me.
[illegible] after all, who did the harm? Not they!
[illegible] could they interpose with those old fools
[illegible] the council? Suffer for those old fools' sakes—
[illegible], who made pictures of me, sang the songs
[illegible] my battles? Ah, we Moors get blind
[illegible]

Out of our proper world where we can see!
The sun that guides is closer to us! There—
There, my own orb! He sinks from out the sky!
Why, there! a whole day has he blessed the land,
My land, our Florence all about the hills,
The fields and gardens, vineyards, olive-grounds
All have been blest—and yet we Florentines
With minds intent upon our battle here,
Found that he rose too soon, or else too late,
Gave us no vantage, or gave Pisa more—
And so we wronged him! Does he turn in ire
To burn the earth, that cannot understand?
Or drop out quietly, and leave the sky,
His task once ended? Night wipes blame away:
Another morning from my East shall rise
And find all eyes at leisure, more disposed
To watch it and approve its work, no doubt.
So, praise the new sun, the successor praise!
Praise the new Luria, and forget the old!
[*Taking a phial from his breast*
—Strange! This is all I brought from my own Land
To help me—Europe would supply the rest,
All needs beside, all other helps save this!
I thought of adverse fortune, battles lost,
The natural upbraidings of the loser,
And then this quiet remedy to seek
At end of the disastrous day— [*He drinks*
'Tis sought!
This was my happy triumph-morning: Florence
Is saved: I drink this, and ere night,—die!—Strange!

ACT V.

NIGHT.

LURIA. PUCCIO.

Lur. I thought to do this, not to talk this: well!
Such were my projects for the City's good,
To save her from attack or by defence.
Time, here as elsewhere, soon or late may take
Our foresight by surprise with chance and change:
But not a little we provide against

If you see clear on every point.

Puc. Most clear.

Lur. Then all is said—not much, if you count words,
Yet for an understanding ear enough,
And all that my brief stay permits, beside.
Nor must you blame me, as I sought to teach
My elder in command, or threw a doubt
On the very skill, it comforts me
I know I leave,—your steady soldiership
That never failed me: yet, because it seemed
A stranger's eye might haply note defect,
Such skill, thro' use and custom, overlooks,
Have gone into the old cares once more,
As if I had to come and save again
Florence—that May—that morning! 'Tis night now—
Will I broke off with? . . .

Puc. Of the past campaign
You spoke—of measures to be kept in mind
For future use.

Lur. True, so . . . but, time—no time!
We well end here: remember this, and me!
Farewell now!

Puc. Dare I speak?

Lur. —The south o' the river—
Here is the second stream called . . . no,—the third?

Puc. Pesa.

Lur. And a stone's cast from the fording-place,
To the East,—the little mount's name?

Puc. Lupo.

Lur. Ay
Is there the tower, and all that side is safe!
With San Romano, west of Evola,
San Miniato, Scala, Empoli,
Five towers in all,—forget not!

Puc. Fear not me!

Lur. Nor to memorialize the Council now,
In the easy hour, on those battalions' claim
On the other side, by Staggia on the hills,
That kept the Siennese at check!

Puc. One word—
I must speak! That you submit yourself
To Florence' bidding, howsoe'er it prove,
And give up the command to me—is much,

Too much, perhaps: but what you tell me now,
Even will affect the other course you choose—
Poor as it may be, peril even that!
Refuge you seek at Pisa—yet these plans
All militate for Florence, all conclude
Your formidable work to make her queen
Of the country,—which her rivals rose against
When you began it,—which to interrupt,
Pisa would buy you off at any price!
You cannot mean to sue for Pisa's help,
With this made perfect and on record?
Lur. I—
At Pisa, and for refuge, do you say?
Puc. Where are you going, then? You must decide
On leaving us, a silent fugitive,
Alone, at night—you, stealing thro' our lines,
Who were this morning's Luria,—you escape
To painfully begin the world once more,
With such a Past, as it had never been!
Where are you going?
Lur. Not so far, my Puccio,
But that I hope to hear, and know, and praise
(If you mind praise from your old captain yet)
Each happy blow you strike for Florence!
Puc. —Ay,
But ere you gain your shelter, what may come?
For see—tho' nothing's surely known as yet,
Still . . . truth must out . . . I apprehend the worst,
If mere suspicion stood for certainty
Before, there's nothing can arrest the steps
Of Florence toward your ruin, once on foot.
Forgive her fifty times, it matters not!
And having disbelieved your innocence,
How can she trust your magnanimity?
You may do harm to her—why then, you will!
And Florence is sagacious in pursuit.
Have you a friend to count on?
Lur. One sure friend.
Puc. Potent?
Lur. All potent.
Puc. And he is apprised?
Lur. He waits me.
Puc. So!—Then I, put in your place,

Taking my profit of all done by you,
Calling your labours mine, reaping their fruit,
Use these, the State's gift, now add this of yours—
That I may take to my peculiar store
All your instructions to do Florence good;
And if, by putting some few happily
In practice, I should both advantage her
And draw down honour on myself,—what then?
Lur. Do it, my Puccio! I shall know and praise!
Puc. Though, so, men say, "mark what we gain by change
A Puccio for a Luria!"
Lur. Even so!
Puc. Then, not for fifty hundred Florences,
Would I accept one office save my own,
Fill any other than my rightful post
Here at your feet, my Captain and my Lord,
That such a cloud should break, such trouble be,
For a man settle soul and body down
Into his true place and take rest for ever!
Here were my wise eyes fixed on your right hand,
And so the bad thoughts came and the worse words,
And all went wrong and painfully enough,—
No wonder,—till, the right spot stumbled on,
And the jar stops, and there is peace at once!
I am yours now,—a tool your right hand wields!
And love, that I should live, the man I am,
In orders, warrants, patents and the like,
As if there were no glowing eye i' the world,
No glance straight inspiration to my brain,
No glorious heart to give mine twice the beats!
For, see—my doubt, where is it?—Fear? 'tis flown!
And Florence and her anger are a tale
To scare a child! Why, half a dozen words
Will tell her, spoken as I now can speak,
The error, my past folly—and all's right,
And you are Luria, our great chief again!
Or at the worst—which worst were best of all—
Exile or to death I follow you!
Lur. Thanks, Puccio! Let me use the privilege
You grant me: if I still command you,—stay!
Remain here—my vicegerent, it shall be,
And not successor: let me, as of old,

Still serve the State, my spirit prompting yours;
Still triumph, one for both—There! Leave me now!
You cannot disobey my first command?
Remember what I spoke of Jacopo,
And what you promised to observe with him!
Send him to speak with me—nay, no farewell—
You shall be by me when the sentence comes.
[Puccio goes.
So, there's one Florentine returns again!
Out of the genial morning company,
One face is left to take into the night.

Enter Jacopo.

Jac. I wait for your commands, Sir.
Lur. What, so soon?
I thank your ready presence and fair word.
I used to notice you in early days
As of the other species, so to speak,
Those watchers of the lives of us who act—
That weigh our motives, scrutinize our thoughts;
So, I propound this to your faculty
As you would tell me, were a town to take
. . . That is, of old. I am departing hence
Under these imputations: that is nought—
I leave no friend on whom they may rebound,
Hardly a name behind me in the land,
Being a stranger; all the more behoves
That I regard how altered were the case
With natives of the country, Florentines,
On whom the like mischance should fall; the roots
O' the tree survive the ruin of the trunk—
No root of mine will throb—you understand.
But I had predecessors, Florentines,
Accused as I am now, and punished so—
The Traversari—you know more than I
How stigmatized they are, and lost in shame.
Now, Puccio, who succeeds me in command,
Both served them and succeeded, in due time;
He knows the way, holds proper documents,
And has the power to lay the simple truth
Before an active spirit, as I know yours:
And also there's Tiburzio, my new friend,
Will, at a word, confirm such evidence,

[illegible] the chivalric soul we know.
[illegible] it to your instinct—were't not well,
[illegible] grace, though but for contrast's sake, no more,—
[illegible] who witness, and have borne a share
[illegible] voluntarily, in my mischance,
[illegible] of your proper motion, set your skill
[illegible] indicate . . . that is, investigate
[illegible] reason or the wrong of what befel
[illegible] famous citizens, your countrymen?
[illegible] you shall promise nothing—but reflect,
[illegible] your sense of justice prompt you—good!
Jac. And if, the trial past, their fame stand clear
[illegible] men's eyes, as yours, my lord, to mine—
[illegible] ghosts may sleep in quiet satisfied!
[illegible] me, a straw thrown up into the air,
[illegible] testimony goes for a straw's worth.
[illegible] to hold by the instructed brain,
[illegible] move with Braccio as the master-wind;
[illegible] heart leads surelier: I must move with you—
[illegible] greatest now, who ever were the best.
[illegible] let the last and humblest of your servants
[illegible] your charge, as Braccio's heretofore,
[illegible] offer homage, by obeying you! [Jacopo *goes.*
Lur. Another!—Luria goes not poorly forth!
[illegible] could wait! The only fault's with Time:
[illegible] men become good creatures—but so slow!

Enter Domizia.

Lur. Ah, you once more?
Dom. Domizia, that you knew,
[illegible] her task, and died with it—'Tis I!
[illegible] woman, you have never known.
[illegible] the Past sleep now.
Lur. I have done with it.
Dom. How inexhaustibly the spirit grows!
[illegible] object, she seemed erewhile born to reach
[illegible] her whole energies and die content,
[illegible] like a wall at the world's end it stood,
[illegible] nought beyond to live for,—is it reached?
[illegible]ready are new undreamed energies
[illegible]growing under, and extending further
[illegible] a new object;—there's another world!
[illegible] I have told the purpose of my life,—

'Tis gained—you are decided, well or ill—
You march on Florence, or submit to her—
My work is done with you, your brow declares:
But—leave you? More of you seems yet to reach!
I stay for what I just begin to see.
Lur. So that you turn not to the Past!
Dom. You trace
Nothing but ill in it—my selfish impulse,
Which sought its ends and disregarded yours?
Lur. Speak not against your nature: best, each keep
His own—you, yours—most, now, when I keep mine,
—At least, fall by it, having too weakly stood.
God's finger marks distinctions, all so fine,
We would confound—the Lesser has its use,
Which, when it apes the Greater, is foregone.
I, born a Moor, lived half a Florentine;
But, punished properly, can die a Moor.
Beside, there is what makes me understand
Your nature . . . I have seen it—
Dom. One like mine?
Lur. In my own East . . . if you would stoop and help
My barbarous illustration . . . it sounds ill—
Yet there's no wrong at bottom—rather, praise—
Dom. Well?
Lur. We have creatures there, which if you see
The first time, you would doubtless marvel at,
For their surpassing beauty, craft and strength.
And tho' it were a lively moment's shock
Wherein you found the purpose of those tongues
That seemed innocuous in their lambent play,
Yet, once made know such grace required such guard,
Your reason soon would acquiesce, I think,
In the Wisdom which made all things for the best;
So take them, good with ill, contentedly—
The prominent beauty with the secret sting.
I am glad to have seen you wondrous Florentines,
Yet . . .
Dom. I am here to listen.
Lur. My own East!
How nearer God we were! He glows above
With scarce an intervention, presses close
And palpitatingly, His soul o'er ours!
We feel Him, nor by painful reason know!

[illegible] everlasting minute of creation
[illegible] there; *Now* it is, as it was Then;
[illegible] at His instantaneous will,
[illegible] the operation of a law
[illegible] maker is elsewhere at other work!
[illegible] is still engaged upon his world—
[illegible] praise can forward it, Man's prayer suspend,
[illegible] not God all-mighty?—To recast
[illegible] world, erase old things and make them new,
[illegible] exists it Him? So, man breathes nobly there
[illegible] inasmuch as Feeling, the East's gift,
[illegible] and transient—comes, and lo, is gone—
[illegible] Northern Thought is slow and durable,
[illegible] that a mission was reserved for me,
[illegible] born with a perception of the power
[illegible] of the North's thought for us of the East,
[illegible] have stayed there and turned it to account,
[illegible] Thought's character and permanence
[illegible] the transitory Feelings there—
[illegible] God's messages in mortal words!
[illegible] of which, I leave my fated field
[illegible] where such a task is needed least,
[illegible] all are born consummate in the art
[illegible] perceive a chance of making mine,—
[illegible] deserting thus my early post,
[illegible] that the men I come among
[illegible] me! There, how all had understood,
[illegible] brought fresh stuff for me to stamp and keep,
[illegible] instinct to translate them into law!
[illegible] . . .
[illegible] Who here the greater task achieve,
[illegible] needful even: who have brought fresh stuff
[illegible] to mould, interpret and prove right,—
[illegible] feelings fresh from God, which, could we know
[illegible] instant, where had been our need of them?
[illegible] life re-teaches us what life should be,
[illegible] faith is, loyalty and simpleness,
[illegible] revealment taught us so long since
[illegible] having mere tradition of the fact,
[illegible] copied falteringly from copies faint,
[illegible] traits all dropped away,—we said
[illegible] of faith of yours, " so looks not faith
[illegible] understand, described and taught before."
[illegible] "

But still, the truth was shown; and tho' at first
It suffer from our haste, yet trace by trace
Old memories reappear, the likeness grows,
Our slow Thought does its work, and all's re-known.
Oh, noble Luria! what you have decreed
I see not, but no animal revenge,
No brute-like punishment of bad by worse—
It cannot be, the gross and vulgar way
Traced for me by convention and mistake,
Has gained that calm approving eye and brow!
Spare Florence after all! Let Luria trust
To his own soul, and I will trust to him!

Lur. In time!

Dom. How, Luria?

Lur. It is midnight now
And they arrive from Florence with my fate.

Dom. I hear no step . . .

Lur. I feel it, as you say!

Enter HUSAIN.

Hus. The man returned from Florence!

Lur. As I knew.

Hus. He seeks thee.

Lur. And I only wait for him.
Aught else?

Hus. A movement of the Lucchese troops
Southward—

Lur. . . . Toward Florence? Have out instantly
Ah, old use clings! Puccio must care henceforth!
In—quick—'tis nearly midnight! Bid him come!

Enter TIBURZIO, BRACCIO, *and* PUCCIO.

Lur. Tiburzio?—not at Pisa?

Tib. I return
From Florence: I serve Pisa, and must think
By such procedure I have served her best.
A people is but the attempt of many
To rise to the completer life of one—
And those who live as models for the mass
Are singly of more value than they all.
Such man are you, and such a time is this
That your sole fate concerns a nation more
Than its apparent welfare; and to prove

[illegible] rectitude, and duly crown the same,
[illegible] it far beyond the day's event,
[illegible]'s loss or gain—the mass remains,
[illegible] but the model safe, new men will rise
[illegible] it, and other days to prove
[illegible] great a good was Luria's having lived.
[illegible] go try my fortune as you bade,
[illegible] Lucca, helped by your disgrace,
[illegible] our harm—so were to-day's work done;
[illegible] were Luria for our sons to see?
[illegible] farther. I have testified
[illegible] my submission to your arms)
[illegible] success to Florence, making clear
[illegible] probity, as none else could: I spoke—
[illegible] clearly!
Ah—till Braccio spoke!
Till Braccio told in just a word the whole—
[illegible] great error, and return to knowledge—
[illegible] told . . . Nay, Luria, *I* should droop the head,
[illegible] shame rests with, yet I dare look up,
[illegible] your pardon now I sue for it,
[illegible] you wholly—so let midnight end!
[illegible] will come next! Still you answer not?
[illegible] of the night is past away:
[illegible] faces here 'mid which it rose
[illegible] that felt it,—they close round you now
[illegible] its completest vanishing.
[illegible] Luria! Here begins your true career—
[illegible] up to it!—All now is possible—
[illegible] and the grandeur of each dream—
[illegible] every prophecy shall be fulfilled
[illegible] . . . (nay, now your word must come at last)
[illegible] you would punish Florence!
[illegible] (*pointing to* LURIA'S *dead body*.) That is done!—

A SOUL'S TRAGEDY

A SOUL'S TRAGEDY

PART FIRST, BEING WHAT WAS CALLED THE POETRY OF CHIAPPINO'S LIFE: AND PART SECOND, ITS PROSE.

PART I.

Inside LUITOLFO'S *house at Faenza.* CHIAPPINO, EU[LALIA]

Eu. What is it keeps Luitolfo? Night's fast falling,
And 'twas scarce sunset . . . had the Ave-bell
Sounded before he sought the Provost's House?
I think not: all he had to say would take
Few minutes, such a very few, to say!
How do you think, Chiappino? If our lord
The Provost were less friendly to your friend
Than everybody here professes him,
I should begin to tremble—should not you?
Why are you silent when so many times
I turn and speak to you?

Ch. That's good!

Eu. You laugh?

Ch. Yes. I had fancied nothing that bears price
In the whole world was left to call my own,
And, may be, felt a little pride thereat:
Up to a single man's or woman's love,
Down to the right in my own flesh and blood,
There's nothing mine, I fancied,—till you spoke!
—Counting, you see, as "nothing" the permission
To study this peculiar lot of mine
In silence: well, go silence with the rest
Of the world's good! What can I say, shall serve?

Eu. This,—lest you, even more than needs, embitter
Our parting: say your wrongs have cast, for once,
A cloud across your spirit!

Ch. How a cloud?

Eu. No man nor woman loves you, did you say?

Ch. My God, were't not for thee!

Eu. Ay, God remains.

[did] Man forsake you.

Oh, not so!
[n]ot for God, I mean, what hope of truth—
[ing] truth, hearing truth, would stay with Man?
[—]the homeless, friendless, penniless,
[ab]ject and exiled wretch who speak to you,
[to] speak truth, yet could not, for my death,
[thing] that tempts me most) help speaking lies
[to] your friendship, and Luitolfo's courage,
[all] our townsfolk's equanimity,—
[sh] sheer incompetence to rid myself
[the] old miserable lying trick
[ght] from the liars I have lived with,—God,
[I] not turn to thee! it is thy prompting
[ase] to be ashamed of, and thy counsel
[id] die along my coward lip, I know—
[I] do turn to thee! This craven tongue,
[e] features which refuse the soul its way,
[ou] Thou! Give me truth—truth, power to speak
[and] after be sole present to approve
[ken] truth!—or, stay, that spoken truth,
[Kn]ows but you, too, might approve?
Ah, well—
[S]ilence, then, Chiappino!
You would hear,
[I] shall now,—why the thing we're pleased to style
[gra]titude to you and all your friends
[Fo]r what done me, is just gratitude
[Suc]h as yours was service—and no more.
[We] born here, so was Luitolfo,—both
[the] time, much with the same circumstance
[Rank] and wealth; and both, up to this night
[Ent]ering company, have side by side
[Trav]el, he in the sunshine—I, the shadow:
[Why?]" asks the world: "Because," replies the world
[In] complacent self, "these playfellows,
[Took] at church the holy-water drop
[from] the other's finger, and so forth,—
[Of] two moods: Luitolfo was the proper
[Self]-making, everywhere friend-finding soul,
[In] the sunshine, so it followed him;
[Happy] tempered bringer of the best
[Of] the worst; who bears with what's past cure,

And puts so good a face on't—wisely passive
Where action's fruitless, while he remedies
In silence what the foolish rail against;
A man to smooth such natures as parade
Of opposition must exasperate—
No general gauntlet-gatherer for the weak
Against the strong, yet over-scrupulous
At lucky junctures; one who won't forego
The after-battle work of binding wounds,
Because, forsooth, he'd have to bring himself
To side with their inflictors for their leave!"
—Why do you gaze, nor help me to repeat
What comes so glibly from the common mouth,
About Luitolfo and his so-styled friend?

Eu. Because, that friend's sense is obscured . . .

Ch. I th

You would be readier with the other half
Of the world's story,—my half!—Yet, 'tis true,
For all the world does say it! Say your worst!
True, I thank God, I ever said "you sin,"
When a man did sin: if I could not say it,
I glared it at him,—if I could not glare it,
I prayed against him,—then my part seemed over;
God's may begin yet—so it will, I trust!

Eu. If the world outraged you, did we?

Ch. What's "

That you use well or ill? It's Man, in me,
All your successes are an outrage to,
You all, whom sunshine follows, as you say!
Here's our Faenza birthplace—they send here
A Provost from Ravenna—how he rules,
You can at times be eloquent about—
"Then, end his rule!" ah yes, one stroke does that!
But patience under wrong works slow and sure:
Must violence still bring peace forth? He, beside,
Returns so blandly one's obeisance—ah—
Some latent virtue may be lingering yet,
Some human sympathy which, once excite,
And all the lump were leavened quietly—
So, no more talk of striking, for this time!
But I, as one of those he rules, won't bear
These pretty takings-up and layings down
Our cause, just as you think occasion suits!

Enough of earnest, is there? You'll play, will you?
Diversify your tactics,—give submission,
Deceptiousness and flattery a turn,
While we die in our misery patient deaths?
We all are outraged then, and I the first!
For Mankind, resent each shrug and smirk,
Each beck and bend, each . . . all you do and are,
I hate!

Eu. We share a common censure, then!
It well you have not poor Luitolfo's part
Mine to point out in the wide offence.

Ch. Oh, shall I let you so escape me, Lady?
Come, on your own ground, Lady,—from yourself?
(Leaving the people's wrong, which most is mine,)
What have I got to be so grateful for?
Those three last fines, no doubt, one on the other
Paid by Luitolfo?

Eu. Shame, Chiappino!

Ch. Shame
Fall presently on who deserves it most!
Which is to see. He paid my fines—my friend,
Our prosperous smooth husband presently,
Then, scarce your wooer,—now, your lover: well—
I saved you!

Eu. Hold!

Ch. You knew it, years ago;
When my voice faltered and my eyes grew dim
Because you gave me your silk mask to hold—
My voice that greatens when there's need to curse
The people's Provost to their heart's content,
My eyes, the Provost, who bears all men's eyes,
Vanishes now because he cannot bear!
You knew . . . but you do your parts—my part, I!
Be it! you flourish—I decay! All's well!

Eu. I hear this for the first time!

Ch. The fault's there?
Then, my days spoke not, and my nights of fire
Were voiceless? Then, the very heart may burst
Yet all prove nought, because no mincing speech
Tells leisurely that thus it is and thus?
Enough—truce with toying for this once—
A banished fool, who troubles you to-night
For the last time—Oh, what's to fear from me?

You knew I loved you!
Eu. Not so, on my faith!
You were my now-affianced lover's friend—
Came in, went out with him, could speak as he;
All praise your ready parts and pregnant wit;
See how your words come from you in a crowd!
Luitolfo's first to place you o'er himself
In all that challenges respect and love—
Yet you were silent then, who blame me now!
I say all this by fascination, sure—
I am all but wed to one I love, yet listen—
It must be, you are wronged, and that the wrongs
Luitolfo pities . . .
Ch. —You too pity? Do!
But hear first what my wrongs are; so began
This talk and so shall end this talk. I say,
Was't not enough that I must strive, I saw,
To grow so far familiar with your charms
As to contrive some way to win them—which
To do, an age seemed far too little—for, see!
We all aspire to Heaven—and there is Heaven
Above us—go there! Dare we go? no, surely!
How dare we go without a reverent pause,
A growing less unfit for Heaven?—Even so,
I dared not speak—the greater fool, it seems!
Was't not enough to struggle with such folly,
But I must have, beside, the very man
Whose slight, free, loose and incapacious soul
Gave his tongue scope to say whate'er he would
—Must have him load me with his benefits
For fortune's fiercest stroke!
Eu. Justice to him
That's now entreating, at his risk perhaps,
Justice for you! Did he once call those acts
Of simple friendship—bounties, benefits?
Ch. No—the straight course had been to call them so—
Then, I had flung them back, and kept myself
Unhampered, free as he to win the prize
We both sought—but " the gold was dross," he said,
" He loved me, and I loved him not—to spurn
" A trifle out of superfluity:
" He had forgotten he had done as much! "
So had not I!—Henceforth, try as I could

take him at his word, there stood by you
benefactor—who might speak and laugh
urge his nothings—even banter me
you—but my tongue was tied. A dream!
shake; your husband . . . how you shake at that!
my revenge!
Why should I shake? What forced,
forces me to be Luitolfo's bride?
There's my revenge, that nothing forces you!
gratitude, no liking of the eye,
longing of the heart, but the poor bond
habit—here so many times he came,
much he spoke,—all these compose the tie
pulls you from me! Well, he paid my fines,
missed a cloak from wardrobe, dish from table—
spoke a good word to the Provost here—
lit me up when my fortunes fell away
had not looked so well to let me drop—
take pains to preserve a tree-stump, even,
boughs they played beneath—much more a friend!
one grows tired of seeing, after the first,
spent upon impracticable stuff
me: I could not change—you know the rest.
spoke my mind too fully out, for once,
morning to our Provost; so ere night
leave the city on pain of death—and now
my account there's gallant intercession
forward—that's so graceful!—and anon
noisily come back: the intercession
made and fails—all's over for us both—
vain contending—I had better go:
I do go—and so to you he turns
of a load, and ease of that permits
visage to repair its natural bland
sunny, sore broken late to suit
discontent: so, all are pleased—you, with him,
with himself, and all of you with me
Who, say the citizens, had done far better
letting people sleep upon their woes,
not possessed with talent to relieve them
once they woke;—but then I had, they'll say,
doubtless some unknown compensating pride
what I did—and as I seem content

With ruining myself, why so should they be,
And so they are, and so be with his prize
The devil, when he gets them speedily!
Why does not your Luitolfo come? I long
To don this cloak and take the Lugo path.
It seems you never loved me, then?

Eu. Chiappino!

Ch. Never?

Eu. Never.

Ch. That's sad—say what I might,
There was no helping being sure this while
You loved me—love like mine must have return,
I thought—no river starts but to some sea!
And had you loved me, I could soon devise
Some specious reason why you stifled love,
Some fancied self-denial on your part,
Which made you choose Luitolfo; so, excepting
From the wide condemnation of all here,
One woman! Well, the other dream may break!
If I knew any heart, as mine loved you,
Loved me, tho' in the vilest breast 'twere lodged,
I should, I think, be forced to love again—
Else there's no right nor reason in the world!

Eu. "If you knew," say you,—but I did not know—
That's where you're blind, Chiappino!—a disease
Which if I may remove, I'll not repent
The listening to: you cannot, will not, see
How, place you but in every circumstance
Of us, you are just now indignant at,
You'd be as we.

Ch. I should be? . . . that, again!
I, to my Friend, my Country and my Love,
Be as Luitolfo and these Faentines?

Eu. As we.

Ch. Now, I'll say something to remember!
I trust in Nature for the stable laws
Of Beauty and Utility—Spring shall plant,
And Autumn garner to the end of time:
I trust in God—the Right shall be the Right
And other than the Wrong, while He endures—
I trust in my own soul, that can perceive
The outward and the inward, nature's good
And God's—So—seeing these men and myself,

Having a right to speak, thus do I speak:
I do not curse . . . God bears with them—well may I—
But I protest against their claiming me!
I simply say, if that's allowable,
I would not . . . broadly . . . do as they have done—
And curse this townful of born slaves, bred slaves,
Spanneled into the blood and bone, slaves! Curse
Whoever loved, above his liberty,
Home, land, or life! and . . . [*A knocking without.*
. . . Bless my hero-friend,
Luitolfo!

Eu. How he knocks!

Ch. The peril, Lady!
Chiappino, I have run a risk! My God!
How when I prayed the Provost—(he's my friend)—
To grant you a week's respite of his sentence
That confiscates your goods, and exiles you,
He shrugged his shoulder . . . I say, shrugged it! Yes,
And fright of that drove all else from my head.
Here's a good purse of *scudi*—off with you!
Fear of that shrug come—what God only knows!
The *scudi*—friend, they're trash—no thanks, I beg—
Take the North gate,—for San Vitale's suburb
Whose double taxes you appealed against,
In discomposure at your ill-success
Is apt to stone you: there, there—only go!
Beside, Eulalia here looks sleepily—
Shake . . . oh, you hurt me, so you squeeze my wrist!"
Is it not thus you'll speak, adventurous friend?
[*As he opens the door,* LUITOLFO *rushes in, his garments disordered.*

Eu. Luitolfo! Blood?

Luit. There's more—and more of it!
Eulalia—take the garment . . . no . . . you, friend!
Let me take it and the blood from me—you dare!

Eu. Oh, who has hurt you? where's the wound?

Ch. "Who," say you?
A man with many a touch of virtue yet!
The Provost's friend has proved too frank of speech
And this comes of it. Miserable hound!
This comes of temporising, as I said!
Here's fruit of your smooth speeches and fair looks!
Let me see my way! As God lives, I go straight

To the palace and do justice, once for all!
Luit. What says he?
Ch. I'll do justice on him!
Luit. Him?
Ch. The Provost.
Luit. I've just killed him!
Eu. Oh, my God!
Luit. My friend, they're on my trace—they'll have
me—now!
They're round him, busy with him: soon they'll find
He's past their help, and then they'll be on me!
Chiappino! save Eulalia . . . I forget . . .
Were you not bound . . . for . . .
Ch. Lugo!
Luit. Ah—yes—yes
That was the point I prayed of him to change.
Well—go—be happy . . . is Eulalia safe?
They're on me!
Ch. 'Tis through me they reach you, then!
Friend, seem the man you are! Lock arms—that's right!
Now tell me what you've done; explain how you
That still professed forbearance, still preached peace,
Could bring yourself . . .
Luit. What was peace for, Chiappino?
I tried peace—did that say that when peace failed
Strife should not follow? All my peaceful days
Were just the prelude to a day like this,
I cried " You call me ' friend '—save my true friend!
" Save him, or lose me! "
Ch. But you never said
You meant to tell the Provost thus and thus!
Luit. Why should I say it? What else did I mean?
Ch. Well? He persisted?
Luit. . . . Would so order it
You should not trouble him too soon again—
I saw a meaning in his eye and lip—
I poured my heart's store of indignant words
Out on him—then—I know not—He retorted—
And I . . . some staff lay there to hand—I think
He bade his servants thrust me out—I struck—
. . . Ah, they come! Fly you, save yourselves, you two!
The dead back-weight of the beheading axe!
The glowing trip-hook, thumbscrews and the gadge!

They do come! Torches in the Place! Farewell—
Chiappino! You can work no good to us—
Look to yourself; believe not, all the world
Must needs be cursed henceforth!
And you?
I stay.
Ha, ha! Now, listen! I am master here!
This was my coarse disguise—this paper shows
The path of flight and place of refuge—see—
Argenta—past San Nicolo—
Padua, then to Venice and all's safe!
Put on the cloak! His people have to fetch
A compass round about.—There's time enough
Ere they can reach us—so you straightway make
For Lugo . . . Nay, he hears not! On with it—
The cloak, Luitolfo, do you hear me? See—
He always knows not how.—Then, if I must . . .
Answer me! Do you know the Lugo gate?
The north-west gate, over the bridge!
I know!
Well, there—you are not frightened? All my route
Is traced in that—at Venice you'll escape
Their power! Eulalia—I am master here!
[*Shouts from without. He pushes out* LUITOLFO, *who complies mechanically.*
Time! nay, help me with him—So!—he's gone.
What have you done? On you, perchance, all know
The Provost's hater, will men's vengeance fall
As accomplice . . .
Mere accomplice? See!
[*Putting on* LUITOLFO'S *vest.*
Lady, am I true to my profession,
One of these?
You take Luitolfo's place?
Die for him!
Well done! [*Shouts increase.*
How the people tarry!
Can't be silent . . . I must speak . . . or sing—
Is natural to sing now!
Hush and pray!
We are to die—but even I perceive
'Tis not a very hard thing so to die—
The cousin of the pale-blue tearful eyes,

Poor Cesca, suffers more from one day's life
With the stern husband; Tisbe's heart goes forth
Each evening after that wild son of hers,
To track his thoughtless footstep thro' the streets—
How easy for them both to die like this!
I am not sure that I could live as they.
Ch. Here they come, crowds! They pass the gate!
Yes!—No!—
One torch is in the court-yard. Here flock all!
Eu. A least Luitolfo has escaped!—What cries!
Ch. If they would drag one to the market-place,
One might speak there!
Eu. List, list!
Ch. They mount the steps!

Enter the Populace.

Ch. I killed the Provost!
[*The Populace speaking together.*] 'Twas Chiappino, friends!
Our Saviour.—The best man at last as first!
He who first made us see what chains we wore,
He also strikes the blow that shatters them,
He at last saves us—our best citizen!
—Oh, have you only courage to speak now?
My eldest son was christened a year since
"Cino" to keep Chiappino's name in mind—
Cino, for shortness merely, you observe!
The City's in our hands.—The guards are fled—
Do you, the cause of all, come down—come down—
Come forth to counsel us, our chief, our king,
Whate'er rewards you! Choose your own reward!
The peril over, its reward begins!
Come and harangue us in the market-place!
Eu. Chiappino!
Ch. Yes . . . I understand your eyes!
You think I should have promptlier disowned
This deed with its strange unforeseen success
In favour of Luitolfo—but the peril,
So far from ended, hardly seems begun!
To-morrow, rather, when a calm succeeds,
We easily shall make him full amends:
And meantime . . . if we save them as they pray,
And justify the deed by its effects?

You would, for worlds, you had denied at once!
I know my own intention, be assured!
Precede us, fellow-citizens!

PART II.

Market-place. LUITOLFO *in disguise mingling with the Populace assembled opposite the* Provost's *Palace.*

Bystander [*To* LUIT.] You, a friend of Luitolfo's!
Your friend is vanished,—in all probability killed on
night that his patron the tyrannical Provost was loyally
here, exactly a month ago, by our illustrious
citizen, thrice-noble saviour, and new Provost that is
to be, this very morning,—Chiappino!
He the new Provost?
Up those steps will he go, and beneath yonder pillar
while Ogniben, the Pope's Legate from Ravenna,
the new dignitary's title to the people, according to
usage.—For which reason, there is the assemblage
about.
Chiappino—the old Provost's successor? Im-
But tell me of that presently—What I would
first of all is, wherefore Luitolfo must so necessarily
killed on that memorable night?
You were Luitolfo's friend? So was I—Never, if
credit me, did there exist so poor-spirited a milk-sop!
all the opportunities in the world furnished by daily
with our oppressor, would not stir a finger to help
when Chiappino rose in solitary majesty and . . .
one go on saying? . . . dealt the godlike blow,—
Luitolfo, not unreasonably fearing the indignation of
and liberated people, fled precipitately: he may
trodden to death in the press at the south-east gate,
the Provost's guards fled thro' it to Ravenna, with
wounded master,—if he did not rather hang himself
some hedge.
Or why not simply have lain perdue in some quiet
such as San Cassiano, where his estate was,—
daily intelligence from some sure friend, meanwhile,
the turn matters were taking here . . . how, for
the Provost, was not dead after all, only wounded
as to-day's news would seem to prove, how Chiappino

was not Brutus the Elder, after all, only the new Provost and thus Luitolfo be enabled to watch a favourable tunity for returning—might it not have been so?

3rd. Why, he may have taken that care of his certainly, for he came of a cautious stock.—I'll tell you his uncle, just such another gingerly treader on tiptoe finger on lip,—how he met his death in the great year: *dico vobis*! Hearing that the seventeenth house certain street was infected, he calculates to pass it in by taking plentiful breath, say, when he shall arrive eleventh house; then scouring by, holding that breath he be got so far on the other side as number twenty and thus elude the danger.—And so did he begin he arrived at thirteen, we will say,—thinking to impose his precaution by putting up a little prayer to St. N cene of Prague, this exhausted so much of his lungs' that at sixteen it was clean spent,—consequently fatal seventeen he inhaled with a vigour and pe enough to suck you any latent venom out of the he stone—ha, ha!

Luit. [*Aside.*] (If I had not lent that man the wanted last spring, I should fear this bitterness was able to me). Luitolfo is dead then, one may conclude

3rd. Why, he had a house here, and a woman to he was affianced; and as they both pass naturally to the Provost, his friend and heir . . .

Luit. Ah, I suspected you of imposing on me with pleasantry—I know Chiappino better!

1st. (Our friend has the bile! after all, I do not finding somebody vary a little this general gape of adm at Chiappino's glorious qualities—.) Pray, how much you know of what has taken place in Faenza since memorable night?

Luit. It is most to the purpose, that I know Chi to have been by profession a hater of that very Provost, you now charge him with proposing to accept

1st. Sir, I'll tell you. That night was indeed me —up we rose, a mass of us, men, women, children the guards with the body of the tyrant—we were to d world: but, next grey morning, "What will Rom began everybody—(you know we are governed by Ra which is governed by Rome). And quietly into the t the Ravenna road, comes on muleback a portly p

by name, with the quality of Pontifical Legate—briskly thro' the streets humming a "*Cur fremuêre* and makes directly for the Provost's Palace—there you—"One Messer Chiappino is your leader? I known three-and-twenty leaders of revolts!" (laughing to himself)—"Give me the help of your arm from my yonder steps under the pillar—So! And now, my and good friends, what do you want? The guards Ravenna last night bearing your wounded Provost having had a little talk with him, I take on myself to and try appease the disorderliness, before Rome, hearing resort to another method; 'tis I come, and not another, certain love I confess to, of composing differences. you understand, you are about to experience this of tyranny from me, that there shall be no heading ding, no confiscation nor exile,—I insist on your pleasing yourselves,—and now, pray, what does please to live without any government at all? Or having for one, to see its minister murdered by the first of that chooses to find himself wronged, or disposed to first principles and a Justice anterior to all —and so will you carry matters, that the rest world must at length unite and put down such a den beasts? As for vengeance on what has just taken once for all, the wounded man assures me he cannot who struck him—and this so earnestly, that one sure he knows perfectly well what intimate acquain- could find admission to speak with him so late that I come not for vengeance therefore, but from pure to hear what you will do next."—And thus he ran ly and volubly, till he seemed to arrive quite naturally praise of Law, Order and Paternal Government by ally from rather a distance: all our citizens were in the and about to be friends with so congenial an adviser; Chiappino suddenly stood forth, spoke out in- ly, and set things right again . . .

Do you see?—I recognise him there!

Ay, but mark you, at the end of Chiappino's longest in praise of a pure Republic. "And by whom do I such a government should be administered, perhaps, one like yourself?"—returns the Legate—thereupon for a quarter of an hour together, on the natural legitimate government by the Best and Wisest—

and it should seem there was soon discovered to be no vast discrepancy at bottom between this and Chiappino theory, place but each in its proper light—"Oh, are there?" quoth Chiappino:—"In that, I agree," re Chiappino, and so on.

Luit. But did Chiappino cede at once to this?

1st. Why, not altogether at once—for instance, he that the difference between him and all his fellows was they seemed all wishing to be kings in one or another w whereas what right, asked he, has any man to wish h superior to another?—whereat, "Ah, Sir," answere Legate, "this is the death of me, so often as I expect thing is really going to be revealed to us by your clearer deeper-thinkers—this—that your right-hand (to speak figure) should be found taking up the weapon it displays ostentatiously, not to destroy any dragon in our pat was prophesied, but simply to cut off its own fellow left —yourself set about attacking yourself—for see now! are you who, I make sure, glory exceedingly in knowin noble nature of the soul, its divine impulses, and so and with such a knowledge you stand, as it were, arm encounter the natural doubts and fears as to that inherent nobility, that are apt to waylay us, the weaker in the road of Life,—and when we look eagerly to see fall before you, lo, round you wheel, only the left hand the blow; one proof of the soul's nobility destroys another proof, quite as good, of the same,—you are delivering an opinion like this! Why, what is this pet yearning to exceed, to subdue, to be better than, and over, one's fellows,—all that you so disclaim,—but the tendency yourself are most proud of, and under another would oppose to it,—only in a lower stage of manifest You don't want to be vulgarly superior to your fellows their poor fashion—to have me hold solemnly up your tail, or hand you an express of the last importance fro Pope, with all these bystanders noticing how uncon you look the while—but neither does our gaping frie burgess yonder, want the other kind of kingship, that sists in understanding better than his fellows this and points of human nature, nor to roll under the tongue sweeter morsel still, the feeling that, thro' immense sophy, he does *not* feel, he rather thinks, above you and —And so chatting, they glided off arm in arm.

And the result is . . .

Why, that a month having gone by, the indomitable marrying as he will Luitolfo's love—at all events to Luitolfo's goods,—becomes the first inhabitant and a proper aspirant to the Provostship—which here to see conferred on him this morning. The to clear the way! He will follow presently! [*withdrawing a little*]. I understand the drift of communication less than ever—yet she surely said, words, that Chiappino was in urgent danger,—disregarding her injunctions to continue in my and wait the result of, what she called, some experi- in process—I hastened here without her leave or what could I else?—Yet if what they say be if it were for such a purpose, she and Chiappino away . . . Oh, no, no! I must confront him and believe this of them—and at the word, see!

Enter CHIAPPINO *and* EULALIA.

We are here, then? The change in your principles seem to be complete!

Now, why refuse to see that in my present course no principles, only re-adapt them and more adroitly? despaired of what you may call the material instru- ility of Life; of ever being able to rightly operate on thro' such a deranged machinery as the existing of government—but now, if I suddenly discover how these perverted institutions with fresh purpose, the functionary limbs once more into immediate with, and subjection to the soul I am about on them . . . do you see? Why should one desire so long as it remains possible to renew and trans- When all further hope of the old organisation shall then, I grant you, it will be time to try and create

And there being discoverable some hope yet in the much-abused old system of absolute government by here, you mean to take your time about endeavour- realise those visions of a perfect State, we once heard of? say, I would fain realise my conception of a Palace, and that there is, abstractedly, but a single way one perfectly; here, in the market-place is my building-ground; here I stand without a stone to

lay, or a labourer to help me,—stand, too, during a short
of life, close on which the night comes. On the other h
circumstances suddenly offer me . . . turn and see it
the old Provost's House to experiment upon—ruinous
you please, wrongly constructed at the beginning, and
to tumble now—but materials abound, a crowd of wor
offer their services; here, exists yet a Hall of Audienc
originally noble proportions, there, a Guest-chamber
symmetrical design enough; and I may restore, enl
abolish or unite these to heart's content—ought I not
make the best of such an opportunity, than continue to
disconsolately with folded arms on the flat pavement
while the sun goes slowly down, never to rise again?
you cannot understand this nor me: it is better we sh
part as you desire.

Eu. So the love breaks away too!

Ch. No, rather my soul's capacity for love widens—
more than one object to content it,—and, being b
instructed, will not persist in seeing all the component
of love in what is only a single part,—nor in finding th
many and so various loves, united in the love of a wom
finding all uses in one instrument, as the savage has
sword, sceptre and idol, all in one club-stick. Love is a
compound thing. I shall give the intellectual part of my
to Men, the mighty dead, or illustrious living; and deter
to call a mere sensual instinct by as few fine names as po
What do I lose?

Eu. Nay, I only think, what do I lose! and, one
word—which shall complete my instruction—does Friend
go too?—What of Luitolfo—the author of your pr
prosperity?

Ch. How the author?—

Eu. That blow now called yours . . .

Ch. Struck without principle or purpose, as by a b
natural operation—and to which all my thoughts and
directly and advisedly tended. I would have struck it,
could not. He would have done his utmost to avoid str
it, yet did so. I dispute his right to that deed of mi
final action with him, from the first effect of which he
away—a mere first step with me, on which I base a s
mighty superstructure of good to follow. Could he get
from it?

Eu. So we profess, so we perform!

Enter Ogniben. Eulalia *stands apart.*

I have seen three-and-twenty leaders of revolts!—
leave, Sir! Perform? What does the lady say of
ing?

Only the trite saying, that we must not trust Pro-
only Performance.

She'll not say that, Sir, when she knows you longer;
instruct her better. Ever judge of men by their pro-
For tho' the bright moment of promising is but
nt and cannot be prolonged, yet, if sincere in its
extravagant goodness, why, trust it and know the
it, I say—not by his performance—which is half the
work, interfere as the world needs must with its
ts and circumstances,—the profession was purely the
ent. I judge people by what they might be,—not
will be.

But have there not been found, too, performing
not merely promising?

Plenty: little Bindo of our town, for instance,
d his friend, great ugly Masaccio, once, "I will repay
for a favour done him: so when his father came to
Bindo succeeded to the inheritance, he sends straight-
Masaccio and shares all with him; gives him half the
half the money, half the kegs of wine in the cellar.
say you—and it is good: but had little Bindo found
possessor of all this wealth—some five years before
happy night when Masaccio procured him that inter-
the garden with his pretty cousin Lisa—instead of
the beggar he then was,—I am bound to believe that
warm moment of promise he would have given away
wine-kegs, and all the money, and all the land, and
reserved to himself some hut on a hill-top hard by,
he might spend his life in looking and seeing his
enjoy himself: he meant fully that much, but the
interfered!—To our business—did I understand you
within-doors? You are not going to marry your
nd's love, after all?

I must have a woman that can sympathise with,
preciate me, I told you.

Oh, I remember! you, the greater nature, needs
have a lesser one (—avowedly lesser—contest with
on that score would never do!)—such a nature must

comprehend you, as the phrase is, accompany and test your greatness from point to point onward: why, that being not merely as great as yourself, but greater consider Meantime, might not the more bounded nature as reason count on your appreciation of it, rather?—on your k close by it, so far as you both go together, and then on by yourself as far as you please? So God serves us

Ch. And yet a woman that could understand the of me, to whom I could reveal alike the strength and weakness—

Ogni. Ah, my friend, wish for nothing so foolish! W your love, give her the best of you to see; be to her like Western Lands (they bring us such strange news of t Spanish Court—send her only your lumps of gold, t feathers, your spirit-like birds, and fruits and gem shall you, what is unseen of you, be supposed altoget Paradise by her,—as these Western lands by Spain warrant there is filth, red baboons, ugly reptiles and s enough, which they bring Spain as few samples of as pe Do you want your mistress to respect your body gene Offer her your mouth to kiss—don't strip off your boo put your foot to her lips! You understand my humou this time? I help men to carry out their own pri if they please to say two and two make five, I assent, i will but go on and say, four and four make ten!

Ch. But these are my private affairs—what I you to occupy yourself about, is my public appe presently: for when the people hear that I am app Provost, tho' you and I may thoroughly discern—and too—the right principle at bottom of such a movement how my republicanism remains thoroughly unaltered, takes a form of expression hitherto commonly judged and heretofore by myself . . . incompatible with its ence . . . when thus I reconcile myself to an old fo government instead of proposing a new one . . .

Ogni. Why, you must deal with people broadly, at a distance from this matter and say,—new truths truths! why, there is nothing new possible to be revea us in the moral world—we know all we shall ever and it is for simply reminding us, by their various resp expedients, how we *do* know this and the other matter men get called prophets, poets and the like. A philoso life is spent in discovering that, of the half-dozen truth

when a child, such an one is a lie, as the world states in set terms; and then, after a weary lapse of years, and of hard thinking, it becomes a truth again after all, happens to newly consider it and view it in a different light with the others—and so he restates it, to the con- of somebody else in good time.—As for adding to the stock of truths,—impossible!—So you see the expres- of them is the grand business:—you have got a truth your head about the right way of governing people, and took a mode of expressing it—which now you confess imperfect—but what then? There is Truth in False- Falsehood in Truth.—No man ever told one great that I know, without the help of a good dozen of lies generally unconscious ones: and as when a child breathlessly and relates a strange story, you try to from the very falsities in it, what the reality was, conclude that he saw nothing in the sky, because did not see a flying horse there as he says,—so, contradictory expression, do you see, men should painfully for, and trust to arrive eventually at, what the true principle at bottom. Ah, what an answer to what will it not prove applicable!—"Contradic- Of course there were, say you!

Still, the world at large may call it inconsistency, what shall I say in reply?

Why look you, when they tax you with tergiversa- duplicity, you may answer—you begin to perceive that, all's done and said, both great parties in the state, the actors of change in the present system of things, and opponents of it, patriot and anti-patriot, are found pulling together for the common good, and that in the midst their efforts for and against its progress, the world some- or other still advances—to which result they contribute equal proportions, those who spent their life in pushing regard as those who gave theirs to the business of pulling back—now, if you found the world stand still between the two forces, and were glad, I should conceive you—but steadily advances, you rejoice to see! By the side of the rejoicer, the man who only winks as he keeps cunning quiet, and says, "Let yonder hot-headed fellow fight my battle; I, for one, shall win in the end by the blows he gives, and which I ought to be giving"—even he seems helpful in his avowal, when one considers that he might say,

If—a

"I shall win quite as much by the blows our antagonist gives him, and from which he saves me—I thank the antagonist equally!" Moreover, you must enlarge on the loss of the edge of party-animosity with age and experience—

Ch. And naturally time must wear off such asperities—the bitterest adversaries get to discover certain points of similarity between each other, common sympathies—do they not?

Ogni. Ay, had the young David but sate first to dine on his cheeses with the Philistine, he had soon discovered an abundance of such common sympathies—He of Gath, it is recorded, was born of a father and mother, had brothers and sisters like another man,—they, no more than the sons of Jesse, were used to eat each other; but, for the sake of one broad antipathy that had existed from the beginning, David slung the stone, cut off the giant's head, made a spoil of it, and after ate his cheeses alone, with the better appetite for all I can learn. My friend, as you, with a quickened eyesight, go on discovering much good on the worse side, remember that the same process should proportionably magnify and demonstrate to you the much more good on the better side—and when I profess no sympathy for the Goliahs of our time, and you object that a large nature should sympathise with every form of intelligence, and see the good in it, however limited—I answer, so I do—but preserve the proportions of my sympathy, however finelier or widelier I may extend its action. I desire to be able, with a quickened eyesight, to descry beauty in corruption where others see foulness only,—but I hope I shall also continue to see a redoubled beauty in the higher forms of matter, where already every body sees no foulness at all. I must retain, too, my old power of selection, and choice of appropriation, to apply to such new gifts . . . else they only dazzle instead of enlighten ing me. God has his Archangels and consorts with them, tho' he made too, and intimately sees what is good in, the worm. Observe, I speak only as you profess to think and ought to speak—I do justice to your own principles, that is all!

Ch. But you very well know that the two parties do, on occasion, assume each other's characteristics: what more disgusting, for instance, than to see how promptly the new emancipated slave will adopt, in his own favour, the very measures of precaution, which pressed soreliest on himself

institutions of the tyranny he has just escaped from.—Do the classes, hitherto without opinion, get leave to express it? there is a confederacy immediately, from which—exercise your individual right and dissent, and woe be to you!

Ogni. And a journey over the sea to you!—That is the generous way. Say—emancipated slaves, the first excess, and off I go! The first time a poor devil, who has been bastinadoed steadily his whole life long, finds himself let alone and able to legislate, so begins pettishly, while he rubs his soles, "Woe be to whoever brings anything in the shape of a stick this way,"—you, rather than give up the very innocent pleasure of carrying one to switch flies with,—you, go away to everybody's sorrow! Yet you were quite reconciled to staying at home while the governors used to pass, every now and then, some such edict as "Let no man indulge in owning a stick which is not thick enough to chastise our slaves, if need require." Well — there are pre-ordained hierarchies among us, and a profane vulgar subjected to a different law altogether—yet I am rather sorry you should see it so clearly—for, do you know what is to . . . all but save you at the Day of Judgment, all you Men of Genius? It is this—that, while you generally began by pulling down God, and went on to the end of your life, in one effort at setting up your own Genius in his place,—still, the last, bitterest concession wrung with the utmost unwillingness from the experience of the very loftiest of you, was invariably — would one think it?—that the rest of mankind, down to the lowest of the mass, stood not, nor ever could stand, just on a level and equality with yourselves.—That will be a point in the favour of all such, I hope and believe!

Ch. Why, men of genius are usually charged, I think, with doing just the reverse; and at once acknowledging the natural inequality of mankind, by themselves participating in the universal craving after, and deference to, the civil distinctions which represent it. You wonder they pay such undue respect to titles and badges of superior rank!

Ogni. Not I! (always on your own ground and showing, be it noted!) Who doubts that, with a weapon to brandish, a man is the more formidable? Titles and badges are exercised as such a weapon, to which you and I look up slothfully.—We could pin lions with it moreover, while in its present owner's hands it hardly prods rats. Nay, better than a mere weapon of easy mastery and obvious use, it is a

mysterious divining rod that may serve you in undreamed of ways.—Beauty, Strength, Intellect—men often have none of these and yet conceive pretty accurately what kind of advantages they would bestow on the possessor.—You know at least what it is you make up your mind to forego, and so can apply the fittest substitute in your power; wanting Beauty, you cultivate Good Humour, missing Wit you get Riches; but the mystic unimaginable operation of that gold collar and string of Latin names which suddenly turned poor stupid little peevish Cecco of our town into natural Lord of the best of us—a Duke, he is now! there indeed is a Virtue to be reverenced!

Ch. Ay, by the vulgar—not by Messere Stiatta the poet, who pays more assiduous court to him than anybody.

Ogni. What else should Stiatta pay court to? He has talent, not honour and riches—men naturally covet what they have not.

Ch. No—or Cecco would covet talent, which he has not, whereas he covets more riches, of which he has plenty already.

Ogni. Because a purse added to a purse makes the holder twice as rich—but just such another talent as Stiatta's, added to what he now possesses, what would that profit him? Give the talent a purse indeed, to do something with! But lo, how we keep the good people waiting. I only desired to do justice to the noble sentiments which animate you, and which you are too modest to duly enforce. Come, to our main business: shall we ascend the steps? I am going to propose you for Provost to the people; they know your antecedents, and will accept you with a joyful unanimity whereon I confirm their choice. Rouse up! you are nerving yourself to an effort? Beware the disaster of Messere Stiatta we were talking of—who determining to keep an equal mien and constant face on whatever might be the fortune of his last new poem with our townsmen,—heard too plainly "hiss, hiss," increase every moment, till at last the man of senseless—not perceiving that the portentous sounds had all the while been issuing from between his own nobly clenched teeth, and nostrils narrowed by resolve!

Ch. Do you begin to throw off the mask? to jest with me, having got me effectually into your trap?

Ogni. Where is the trap, my friend? You hear what I engage to do, for my part—you, for yours, have only to fulfil your promise made just now within doors, of profess

unlimited obedience to Rome's authority in my person—and I shall authorise no more than the simple re-establishment of the Provostship and the conferment of its privileges upon yourself—the only novel stipulation being a birth of the peculiar circumstances of the time.

Ch. And that stipulation?

Ogni. Oh, the obvious one—that in the event of the discovery of the actual assailant of the late Provost . . .

Ch. Ha!

Ogni. Why, he shall suffer the proper penalty, of course; what did you expect?

Ch. Who heard of this?

Ogni. Rather, who needed to hear of this?

Ch. Can it be, the popular rumour never reached you . . .

Ogni. Many more such rumours reach me, friend, than I choose to receive: those which wait longest have best chance—has the present one sufficiently waited? Now is its time for entry with effect. See the good people crowding about yonder palace-steps—which we may not have to ascend after all!—my good friends—(nay, two or three of you will answer every purpose)—who was it fell upon and proved nearly the death of your late Provost?—his successor desires to hear, that his day of inauguration may be graced by the act of prompt, bare justice we all anticipate? Who dealt the blow that night, does anybody know?

Luitolfo [*coming forward.*] I!

All. Luitolfo!

Luit. I avow the deed, justify and approve it, and stand forth now, to relieve my friend of an unearned responsibility. Having taken thought, I am grown stronger—I shall shrink from nothing that awaits me. Nay, Chiappino—we are friends still—I dare say there is some proof of your superior nature in this starting aside, strange as it seems at first. So, they tell me, my horse is of the right stock, because a shadow in the path frightens him into a frenzy, makes him dash my brains out. I understand only the dull mule's way of standing stockishly, plodding soberly, suffering on occasion a blow or two with due patience.

Ch. I was determined to justify my choice, Chiappino; to let Luitolfo's nature vindicate itself. Henceforth we are undivided, whatever be our fortune.

Ogni. Now, in these last ten minutes of silence, what have I been doing, deem you? Putting the finishing stroke

to a homily of mine, I have long taken thought to perfect, on the text "Let whoso thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." To your house, Luitolfo!—Still silent, my patriotic friend? Well, that is a good sign, however! And you will go aside for a time? That is better still. I understand—it would be easy for you to die of remorse here on the spot, and shock us all, but you will live and grow worthy of coming back to us one day. There, I will tell everybody; and you only do right to believe you will get better as you get older! All men do so,—they are worst in childhood, improve in manhood, and get ready in old age for another world. Youth, with its Beauty and Grace, would seem bestowed on us for some such reason as to make us partly endurable till we have time for really becoming so of ourselves, without their aid, when they leave us. The sweetest child we all smile on for his pleasant want of the whole world to break up, or suck in his mouth, seeing no other good in it—would be rudely handled by that world's inhabitants, if he retained those angelic infantine desires when he has grown six feet high, black and bearded: but, little by little, he sees fit to forego claim after claim on the world, puts up with a less and less share of its good as his proper portion,—and when the octogenarian asks barely a sup of gruel and a fire of dry sticks, and thanks you as for his full allowance and right in the common good of life,—hoping nobody may murder him,—he who began by asking and expecting the whole of us to bow down in worship to him,—why, I say he is advanced, far onward, very far, nearly out of sight like our friend Chiappino yonder. And now—(Ay, good-bye to you! He turns round the North-west gate—going to Lugo again? Good-bye!)—And now give thanks to God, the keys of the Provost's Palace to me, and yourselves to profitable meditation at home. I have known *Four*-and-twenty leaders of revolts!—

CHRISTMAS-EVE AND EASTER-DAY

A POEM