

# **The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy**

Eleanor Anne Porden Franklin



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# **The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy**

**Eleanor Anne Porden Franklin**

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- BOOK THE FIRST. THE CASTLE.
- BOOK THE SECOND. THE EARTH.
- BOOK THE THIRD. THE ESCAPE.
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- BOOK THE FIFTH. STROMBOLI.
- BOOK THE SIXTH. THE RESTORATION.
- PERSONS OF THE POEM.

TO  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
LAVINIA,  
COUNTESS SPENCER,  
THIS POEM  
IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED  
BY HER LADYSHIP'S OBEDIENT SERVANT,  
THE AUTHOR.

A YOUNG lady, one of the members of a small society which meets periodically for literary amusement, lost her Veil (by a gust of wind) as she was gathering shells on the coast of Norfolk. This incident gave rise to the following Poem, which was originally written in short cantos, and afterwards extended and modelled into the form in which it is now respectfully submitted to the public. The author, who considers herself a pupil of the Royal Institution, being at that time attending the Lectures given in Albemarle-Street, on Chemistry, Geology, Natural History, and Botany, by Sir Humphry Davy, Mr. Brand, Dr. Roger, Sir James Edward Smith, and other eminent men, she was induced to combine these subjects with her story; and though her knowledge of them was in a great measure orally acquired, and therefore cannot pretend to be extensive or profound, yet, as it was derived from the best teachers, she hopes it will seldom be found incorrect.

The machinery is founded on the Rosicrusian doctrine, which peoples each of the four elements with a peculiar class of spirits, a system introduced into poetry by Pope, and since used by Darwin, in the Botanic Garden; but the author believes that the ideal beings of these two distinguished writers will not be found to differ more from each other, than from those called into action in the ensuing Poem. She has there endeavoured to shew them as representing the different energies of nature, exerted in producing the various changes that take place in the physical world; but the plan of her Poem did not permit her to exhibit them to any considerable extent. On the Rosicrusian mythology, a system of poetical machinery might be constructed of the highest character; but the person who directs its operations should possess the scientific knowledge of Sir Humphry Davy, and the energy and imagination of Lord Byron and Mr. Scott .

In personifying the metals and minerals, and the agency of fire, the author has generally taken her names from the Greek language; but as it was impossible to avoid the nomenclature of modern chemistry, she requests, on the plea of necessity, the indulgence of her readers for what she fears will be felt as a barbarous mixture.

**BOOK THE FIRST. THE CASTLE.**

THE summer sun its setting radiance shed,  
And tinged the eastern clouds with rosy red;  
While from the west, a flood of amber light  
Stream'd thro' the foliage on the dazzled sight;  
As in a forest's wildering mazes strayed  
A youthful warrior and a blooming maid.

The Maid was fair, as Poets bent on praise  
Have often painted in their flattering lays,  
When they from Fancy, not from Nature, drew  
Their finished forms, yet still to Nature true.  
Erewhile her eyes' soft lustre did outshine  
The brightest diamonds of Golconda's mine;  
But grief had now their native fire deprest;  
And frequent sighs burst from her anguished breast.  
No guardian veil concealed her charms, but round  
Her jetty locks, a wreath of flowers was bound;  
Her vesture rivalled the unsullied snow,  
A sable scarf declared her inward woe.

The Knight, in prime of youthful vigour, joined  
Undaunted courage, and a courteous mind;  
Black were his arms—the painting on his shield  
The strange occasion of their grief revealed:  
Lo ! on the foamy ocean's shingly sands,  
Reft of her Veil, a weeping damsel stands,  
Beside a yawning gulf a Gnome appears,  
Who waves the ravished veil and mocks her tears;  
While forms ethereal lightly float in air,  
And weep in pity o'er the injured fair.  
An azure marge the pictured forms enroll'd,  
Where shine these haughty words embost in gold:  
" PROUD GNOME, THE VEIL TO ME, THY RIVAL, YIELD,  
" OR DARE MY VENGEANCE IN THE LISTED FIELD."

Warned by approaching night, with slackened rein  
They urge their steeds some friendly roof to gain,  
At length they reached the confines of the wood  
Where, on a hill, an ancient Castle stood;  
With high embattled towers, and turrets crown'd,  
By massy walls enclosed, and moated round.  
Cheered at the sight, they checked each weary horse,  
And to the drawbridge bent their joyful course,  
When as the warder from the walls espied

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The pair advancing, to the Knight he cried,  
" A friend or foe ?"— " A friend !" the Knight replied:  
" We crave a shelter till returning day  
" Shall lend its light to speed us on our way."  
" Then welcome," he rejoined; " but, Warrior, pause,  
" And, ere you enter, learn the Castle's laws,  
" And swear obedience—nor misdeem we claim  
" A pledge injurious to your knightly fame:  
" With Royal Edward, from their country far,  
" Through France our warriors spread the flames of war,  
" And few remain, though many a danger calls  
" For all our care, to guard our threatened walls;  
" Hence we require, that when, with strength restored  
" By food and wine, you quit the festive board,  
" That from the bridge descending to the plain,  
" You, till the morn, in arms our watch maintain;  
" While we retire, with lengthened toil opprest,  
" And snatch a few short hours of needful rest;  
" Meanwhile the damsel in our walls shall find  
" From foes protection, and a welcome kind.  
" In arms like yours, with each a beauteous dame,  
" Two knights this evening to the Castle came.  
" The knights with thee till morn the watch will share,  
" The maids with thine partake the Baron's care."

Brave Henry to the proffered terms agreed,  
Then o'er the drawbridge guides Maria's steed;  
The warder there admits the Knight and Maid,  
And through a court of Gothic grandeur led;  
His Lord received them in a spacious hall,  
Where martial trophies decked the storied wall,  
And many a pictured pannel seemed to trace  
The ancient glories of a noble race.  
On couches there two wearied maids repose,  
Who now to meet the lovely stranger rose,  
While with that courtesy which marks the brave,  
Two youths to Henry cordial greeting gave.

Fair was each damsel, but the fairest far  
Maria seemed, like evening's dewy star,  
When all the rival fires that grace the night  
By their own splendour prove her richer light:  
As far in speech, in mien, and courteous mind,  
Brave Henry left his young compeers behind.  
Soon to a banquet, where, with costly pride,  
Carinthia's ores the massy bowl supplied,  
Where Gallia's grapes their richest nectar poured,  
And tropic dainties piled the groaning board,  
The Baron leads, and tries, with social arts,

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To soothe the anguish of their aching hearts;  
Cheats the dull hour with many a sportive jest,  
And gaily urges the neglected feast,  
Till sorrow slept, and joy from every eye  
Beamed like the sunshine through a wat'ry sky.

With food refresh'd, his helm with sable plumes,  
His lance and shield, each warrior now resumes,  
And by the warder summoned took his way,  
Before the bridge to watch till dawn of day.  
Meanwhile the Baron with surprize surveyed,  
In garb resembling, every knight and maid,  
Save that, amid her glossy ringlets twined,  
A wreath of flowers Maria's locks confined.  
—" And why," he said, " fair ladies, do you shew  
" By dress a seeming fellowship in woe ?—  
" What wrongs have forced you from your peaceful home,  
" And why, unveiled, to distant lands you roam,  
" Why comes each knight, in sable arms arrayed,  
" Why on each helm are sable plumes displayed,  
" Fain would I learn:—tho' memory oft may bring  
" The cup of sorrow bitterest from the spring,  
" Yet pitying friendship to the woeworn heart  
" Repays the pangs remembered griefs impart:  
" And if your cause should martial aid require,  
" Though stiff my limbs, and quenched my youthful fire,  
" This arm, which erst in many a well-fought day  
" Through Paynim hosts to victory led the way,  
" May yet have strength the sword and lance to wield,  
" And aid your chosen champions in the field."  
To all he spoke, but most Maria prest,  
Who sighing, thus the listening group address.

" Oh that the tale I tell had power to charm  
Your grief, and anguish of its stings disarm,  
To speed the hours on pinions of delight,  
Till day should rise, unlooked for, on the night !  
But one rash promise that has sealed my doom  
Will o'er my story cast a mournful gloom.  
Erewhile two youths of differing tempers strove  
With rival ardour to obtain my love,  
One, dark and gloomy, as the bursting storm,  
When lowering clouds autumnal skies deform;  
The other, as the vernal morning gay,  
When rosy Phoebus woos the sprightly May.

" This on his boundless riches loved to dwell,  
Which might Arabia's fabled hoards excell;



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Strove to allure my heart with splendid tales  
Of diamond palaces, and emerald vales,  
Of amber streams o'er sapphire beds that rolled,  
And silver seas, and lakes of liquid gold;  
Described his destined consort's regal state,  
What slaves in gorgeous robes should round her wait  
In halls where luxury all her pomp displays,  
And fragrant gums in golden censers blaze;  
From harps unseen while heavenly music flows  
To cheer the feast, or soothe to soft repose;  
And every lure to fix my fancy tried  
That flatters female vanity and pride;  
But still his gloomy scowl, his eye of fire,  
Was on his rival bent with jealous ire,  
His proud demeanour chilled my soul with dread,  
And mystery enveloped all he said.

" The other, nor on wealth nor state relied,  
But love alone his eloquence supplied,  
His manly mind disdained insidious art,  
And scorned by flattery to ensnare my heart.  
Not long in vain my gentle suitor strove,  
But still my breast concealed its infant love:  
Tho' skill'd and proved in every manly art,  
He struck the ring or hurl'd the unerring dart,  
Beyond his peers the ponderous bar he threw,  
And bent with surer aim the stubborn yew;  
I seem'd to scorn the tourney's harmless wreath,  
And bad him seek the nobler fields of death;  
To bear the Cross in Salem's hallow'd land,  
Or join our sable Edward's conquering band;  
Hence with that hero he resolved to sail,  
Whose freighted ships then watched a favouring gale.

" To me one morn, one fatal morn, he came,  
But nor in manner, speech, or look the same;  
Gone was that cheerful smile, that graceful ease,  
That gentle warmth that marks the wish to please,  
The sportive wit, the fire of hope and joy,  
That still with me illumed my Henry's eye;  
A sullen sorrow now his looks declare,  
And his hoarse voice rang strangely in mine ear;  
I started—" Does Maria then," he said,  
" Grieve at the change her cruelty has made?  
" Thou bidst me leave thy presence, bidst me shine  
" In glory's favour, ere I hope for thine;  
" Farewell—I sail to Gallia's hostile shore,  
" Return victorious, or return no more;  
" But oh, from thee removed, whose sight inspired

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" My breast with love, with virtue, valour fired,  
" What to my arms, can like thy smile supply  
" Art to repel, or vigour to annoy ?  
" Yet grant some pledge, no happier youth shall gain  
" That envied hand, so long desired in vain;  
" This in the fight shall steel thy warrior's breast,  
" And soothe his slumbers in the hour of rest."

" 'Tis said that 'often in the parting hour'  
Victorious love asserts superior power,  
I proved it true, when by his prayers subdued,  
These words I spoke,—yet half in jesting mood—  
" Go, Henry, go ! be Heaven in fight your shield,  
" Your guide to glory thro' the ensanguined field,  
" And unperceived if you this Veil obtain,  
" When with the year the hour returns again,  
" I plight my faith, with honour's laurel twined,  
" Love's myrtle crown my warrior's brows shall bind."

" The youth I marked, and while I gaily spoke,  
On his pale face the glow of triumph broke,  
But not my Henry's sunny smile; it shew'd  
Like lightning gleaming on a lurid cloud;  
And o'er my darkened mind appeared to throw  
The sad presentiment of future woe,—  
Then fancy trac'd the battle's bloody plain,  
The shock of arms, the dying and the slain,  
Pale on the ground my wounded lover laid,  
The fatal sword uplifted o'er his head——  
Shuddering I bade him stay—the youth was fled.

" But Henry soon returned. He bore a wreath,  
From whose rich flowers no common odours breathe;  
Their wonted fire again his eyes illumed,  
And on his cheeks their native roses bloomed;  
" This wreath," he said, " while constant I remain,  
" By time uninjured, shall its hues retain;  
" But should I fall by fate's severe decree,  
" Or prove unfaithful to my vows and thee,  
" Those vows that here repeated make me thine,  
" These flowers their bloom and fragrance shall resign:"  
He placed it on my head—he sigh'd adieu,  
Just prest my trembling hand, and then withdrew.  
The precious wreath, preserved with faithful care,  
I since have worn, and still uninjured wear.

" Some months elapsed. At length the tidings came

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constasy

Of Poictiers glorious field, and Edward's fame;  
Can nobler deeds the daring bard engage ?  
Or brighter virtues grace a future age ?  
There prudence aim'd, and mercy staid the sword,  
While vanquished Gallia mourn'd her captive lord,  
Who now received the honours long denied  
To all his pomp of power and regal pride ;  
The veterans that his Sire to victory led,  
At the glad tidings rais'd the hoary head,  
Blest their brave Prince, and half in envy told  
Their sons had fought—as they had fought of old—.  
Where all were heroes, where impatient fame  
Could scarce prefer, and scarce reject a name,  
Where acts, which else in her bright page had shone,  
Past in the blaze of light, unmarked, unknown;  
Elate I heard of deeds by Henry wrought;  
How with his Prince the hottest fight he sought,  
Once saved the youthful chief and still victorious fought;  
I long'd from Henry's lips his deeds to hear,  
Nor thought how soon my joy would melt in air.

" One vernal morn, ('twas in the month of May,)  
As on the ocean's side I chanced to stray,  
My wondering eyes a thousand stones behold,  
A thousand shells that shone like gems and gold,  
Not with more colours glow'd the *pretious shore*  
To whose bright sand submissive ocean bore  
The riches of the shipwreck'd seamen's store,  
When Nereus, urged by dark-browed Cymöent, gave  
To Marinell the treasures of the wave.

" No snare suspecting, by their beauty caught,  
With eager eye the stones and shells I sought,  
When lo ! an earthquake seemed to rock the ground,  
I started back, and trembling look'd around;  
Beneath my feet a hollow noise I heard,  
And high the waves their foamy summits reared.  
My flying steps some magic influence staid,  
And opening earth a hideous gulf displayed;  
Mid clouds of smoke, and flames of livid blue,  
A giant form rose slowly to my view.  
The fatal veil which late my locks confined,  
That veil so closely with my fate combined,

He with insulting transport wav'd in air;  
His gloomy looks my Henry's foe declare,  
Though now in robes of regal state he shone,  
And his dark forehead bore a sparkling crown.

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" In me," he said, " behold the King, whose sway  
" Thro' earth's unnumber'd caves the Gnomes obey;  
" Lord of the mine, I own its secret stores,  
" Its gems, its marbles, and its mineral ores.  
" Long in a human shape concealed, to gain  
" Thy love I sought, but only met disdain,  
" At length my rival's form I bore, and found,  
" Beyond my warmest hope my wishes crown'd:  
" The veil behold—no more I seek to move  
" Thy stubborn heart; I claim thy promised love.

" I wonder not those tears of anguish flow,  
" That o'er my transports cast a shade of woe,  
" 'Tis woman's pride, if we her boast believe,  
" Ne'er to be duped, but ever to deceive;  
" Yet sages say, tho' keen a woman's eyes  
" To read the heart and pierce the deep disguise,  
" If Flattery spread her viewless veil between,  
" Full in her pathway yawns the gulf unseen,  
" And here she triumphs, where the prayers of love,  
" And wealth and power have vainly tried to move.

" Yet why afflicted thus, why thus disdain  
" The hand a thousand beauties seek in vain ?  
" In vain each lovely Gnome with studious care  
" Folds her rich robe, or braids her scented hair,  
" Or, rifling all the secrets of the mine,  
" Makes her dark eye with softer lustre shine,  
" I fly their sight and live alone in thine;  
" Thy form more lovely in its plain attire,  
" Thine eyes more brilliant in their native fire;  
" My heart is thine, fair ingrate, thine alone;  
" O ! dry those tears and share a monarch's throne.  
" What though thou quit the sun's enlivening ray,  
" And 'the warm precincts of the cheerful day,'  
" The feathered songsters, fruits and fragrant flowers,  
" And dear companions of thy social hours,  
" Yet deem not my extended realms below,  
" The constant haunt of horror, gloom, and woe,  
" The light of Heaven our quenchless lamps supply,  
" Our vaults re-echo to the sounds of joy,  
" To festive songs my Gnomes attune the lyre,  
" And captive Sylphs the dulcet flute inspire;  
" To grace my court assembled thousands shine,  
" Approved in valour, or of charms divine;  
" Those fading flowers no more shall bind thy brow,  
" But in their stead a diamond circlet glow;  
" Art's magic hand, at thy command shall spread,

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" With gems in flowery guise, the emerald mead,  
" Bid vales descend, or lofty hills arise,  
" And mimic suns adorn the sapphire skies.  
" Farewell—the cares of empire bid me flee,  
" Those cares neglected in pursuit of thee,  
" Fain would I stay, those streaming tears to dry,  
" And gaze enraptur'd on that speaking eye,  
" But duty calls—yet till the tedious sun  
" His lingering course thro' twelve long signs shall run,  
" And shine propitious on our nuptial hour,  
" For thee my Gnomes shall deck the regal bower."

" He spoke and vanished. Still in mute amaze  
On vacant air I fixed my earnest gaze,  
Still in my ear his hated accents rung,  
Fear fixed me to the spot, and chained my tongue;  
Above his head the yawning earth had closed,  
Sunk was the wind, the waves in peace reposed;  
Surpassing Nature's law, the past might seem  
But the vain horrors of a dreadful dream,  
Yet my stol'n veil a proof too certain bore;  
Grief clog'd the hours that hope had wing'd before,  
And murmur'd still of fairy visions crost,  
And love and happiness and freedom lost;  
How oft I watch'd, impatient for the light,  
Then loath'd the morn, and wish'd again for night;  
Or wept to find those hours had passed away,  
And nearer brought the inevitable day !  
'Till once, as Phoebus ting'd the eastern skies,  
Soft slumber stole upon mine aching eyes,  
When on my view a form ethereal broke,  
That hovering o'er me, thus melodious spoke:

" No more, sweet maid, let grief your peace destroy,  
" But cherish hope, for hope shall lead to joy;  
" That Power Eternal, whose creative mind  
" This orb, and all yon wandering spheres design'd;  
" From nothing call'd yon source of life and light,  
" And all the starry splendours of the night;  
" To numerous spirits, in that awful hour,  
" Their portions gave of delegated power:  
" Four tribes who rule this orb with equal sway,  
" The Earth, the Fire, the Winds, and Waves obey;  
" In fire the Salamanders hold their reign,  
" The bold Hydridæ curb the azure main,  
" The Gnomes are guardians of the solid land,  
" And Sylphs the impassive realms of air command;  
" These jarring tribes in endless strife engage,  
" Foil and are foiled, with ineffectual rage;

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" Their mutual war their balanced reign secures,  
" And endless order ceaseless strife ensures.

" In that sad morn thou soughtst on ocean's strand  
" The gems the Gnome had strew'd with treacherous hand,  
" O'er the green wave unnumber'd Sylphids play'd,  
" That all thy motions with delight survey'd,  
" And fill'd with warm desire to view unveil'd  
" The charms thy maiden modesty conceal'd,  
" They flutter'd round in many a lucid ring,  
" Stretch'd the light hand, and waved the filmy wing,  
" And strove, with gentle violence, to raise  
" The silken screen, that mock'd their eager gaze;  
" When lo ! a viewless hand the veil unbound,  
" And rudely plung'd it in the deep profound,  
" Then shook the earth, and in a yawning void,  
" Albruno rose, in all his kingly pride:  
" The rest thou know'st—the Sylphs thy lot deplore,  
" Dissolve in tears, and quit the fatal shore.

" Incens'd, the Gnome by fraud and theft should dare

**[There is no numbered line 380 in original text.]**

" Pollute my realms, I roused the powers of air,  
" In hope by prompt exertion to regain  
" The ravish'd pledge; but all our toils were vain:  
" For base Albruno had his prize immur'd  
" In deepest caverns, and with spells secur'd:  
" But now the day approaches; gentle maid,  
" Arouse thee from thy trance of grief, and aid  
" Our high emprise, to free thee from thy vow,  
" The sole resource thy stubborn fates allow.

" Long had a war, with rancorous hatred waged,  
" The sullen Gnomes and Sprites of Fire engaged,  
" 'Till wearied all, a transient peace confined  
" Each martial hand, but fettered not the mind,  
" The Sprites, of rest impatient, every one  
" Loth to begin, yet wished the war begun;  
" The flame to kindle, to the Prince of Fire  
" A Sylph I sent, who roused the monarch's ire;  
" Against the Gnomes he leads his hostile line,  
" And soon with him will Ocean's sovereign join;  
" These powers at once their double war shall wage,  
" And from his bride Albruno's thoughts engage;  
" 'Tis thine to aid us—seek the gloomy mine,

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" There urge thy suit, and tears and prayers combine;  
" For there alone must fraud or force assail,  
" Tho' vain were force, such spells secure the Veil,  
" And tho' our strength should burst the powerful chains,  
" A stronger tye, thy plighted faith, remains.  
" His hand alone, his breast should mercy warm,  
" Thy pledge resigning, can dissolve the charm,  
" But if, observant of the stated hour,  
" He come to bear thee to his bridal bower,  
" We can but mourn,—to save exceeds our power.  
" Where'er thou art, his mightier charms compel  
" Their weeping slave to earth's remotest cell;  
" But should he fail, by fraud or force delayed,  
" 'Till night descending wrap this land in shade;  
" Vain are his hopes, for in an adverse course  
" His spells rebounding with elastic force  
" Unlock the casket they secur'd before,  
" And the lost Veil compel him to restore;  
" Then cling to Hope, best solace of our pain,  
" Herself a blessing, if her dreams be vain;  
" Nor dread the perils of the lonely road,  
" Or the dark horrors of his drear abode,  
" My watchful care thy safety shall provide,  
" Thy guard in danger, as in doubt thy guide."

" He vanished: but that voice so sweet, so clear,  
Yet thrilled with transport my delighted ear,  
I rose, and still a cloud of rich perfume,  
Shook from his wings, was floating in the room,  
And at my gate, a milk white palfry stood,  
With costly trappings harnessed for the road;  
I mounted, and discarding female fear,  
Placed my firm confidence in Ariel's care.  
All day I journey'd, but as evening fell,  
Trembling I wander'd thro' a woody dell;  
No sound of life reliev'd my anxious ear,  
I look'd in vain, no sheltering roof was near,  
When lo ! amid a blaze of golden light,  
A rich pavilion rose upon my sight,  
I enter'd, by some unknown influence led,  
By hands unseen the plenteous board was spread,  
Prepared by hands unseen the downy bed.

" With speed untir'd, thro' many a lengthen'd day,  
My horse instinctive still pursu'd his way;  
And still as round the shades of evening close,  
In lonely wilds the rich pavilion rose,  
Or in some rural cot I found repose;  
'Till on this 'morn, in sable arms I view'd

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An unknown warrior, who my steps pursu'd,  
'Twas Henry, late from conquer'd Gallia come,  
By Ariel warn'd, to guide me to the Gnome;  
Together thro' the wood our course we steer,  
And bless the fate that stay'd our wanderings here,  
Where generous welcome cheers the weary guest,  
And kindness soothes the aching heart to rest;  
We hope, ere sinks to-morrow's sun, to gain  
The rocky margin of the northern main;  
For Sweden thence we sail, where mountains round  
Stretch their long chains, with snows eternal crown'd,  
As massy barriers placed to guard the road,  
Long, dark and dreary, to the Gnome's abode."

Imprudent maid ! thy heedless lips exposed  
The secret plans to thee alone disclosed,  
Thy councils known, the host, whose cheerful smile  
Veil'd the dark agent of Albruno's guile,  
Rejoic'd in secret, while his feign'd surprize,  
And falser pity, blind thy heedless eyes;  
Yet scarce his art the latent joy repress,  
Scarce on thy woes forbore the bitter jest,  
As oft he urged Miranda to unfold,  
Why o'er her vest the scarf of sable roll'd,  
And head unveil'd, some inward sorrow told.  
Fair was the maid, her eyes of softest blue,  
Her floating tresses bore an amber hue,  
Of height majestic, dignity and grace  
Spoke in her actions, mingled in her face,  
All present view'd her with, attentive look,  
By soft attraction bound, while thus she spoke:

" Lost in amazement, if mine eyes betray'd  
No common pity for yon injur'd maid,  
At once I mourned her sufferings and my own,  
Nor grieved nor wonder'd at her fate alone,  
Like her's my vesture, and like her's my tale—  
A royal suitor, and a ravish'd Veil.

" O'er the blue regions of the restless main,  
Fresh lakes and streams, extends Marino's reign;  
This prince, by martial force, and manly grace,  
More than by rank distinguish'd o'er his race;  
To Love's high sway an early homage paid,  
And bow'd the vassal of an ocean maid;  
Fair as the fairest forms of Grecian art,  
Her beauteous frame conceal'd a canker'd heart;  
In vain he loved, by turns the artful dame



## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constasy

Fed with false hopes, or check'd the rising flame,  
And when he urg'd to fix the nuptial morn,  
Now smil'd, now blush'd, now frown'd in seeming scorn;  
And now, desponding, feign'd to doubt her power,  
That love should last beyond her bridal hour,  
Yet said, if time his changeless faith should prove,  
She might relent, might yield her soul to love.

" In vain Marino, to this heartless maid,  
Would prove the flame his every act display'd,  
Whene'er he fought, the monarch's loaded car  
Bore to Lymnoria's feet the spoils of war;  
Of rich or rare, that flatters pomp or pride,  
Whate'er she wish'd, his liberal hand supplied;  
'Till many a year in fruitless homage past,  
From his long dream Marino waked at last;  
Of all her acts he saw the secret spring,  
Who ruled the kingdom while she ruled the king,  
And vow'd, in sudden anger and disdain,  
No sea-born maid should o'er the Ocean reign,  
Then bade his slaves, of mortal lineage, find  
A maid in person faultless and in mind.  
His slaves, obedient, watch on every shore,  
Dart up the streams, and various lauds explore,  
Commissioned, when the maid they view, to steal  
Her scarf, her girdle, or pellucid veil,  
Which by his hand, with secret rites imbrued  
In streams that flow beneath the briny flood,  
Twelve moons expired, would act with magic power,  
And draw the virgin to his coral bower.

" Once, in sweet converse with a knight, I stray'd  
Thro' the close windings of a woody glade,  
Our hearts by tenderest friendship were allied,  
And some few weeks had made me Alfred's bride:  
At length with novel charms expands the scene,  
The wood retiring left a narrow green;  
On either side, with various verdure crowned,  
Nor yet by summer's sultry suns embrowned,  
Tall hills arise, and thro' the dell below  
A crystal river's winding waters flow,  
Its banks with flowers adorn'd, and o'er it flung  
Its graceful boughs the pendant willow hung.  
Charm'd with the scene, beneath the grateful shade,  
To cheat the noontide hour, awhile we staid;  
The youth was skill'd in vegetable lore,  
I ask'd the history of a little flower,  
Graceful its form, and bright its lilac hue,  
And like the crane's long beak its ripening pistil grew;

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

The study pleas'd, and from the river's side,  
Innumerable flowers our various theme supplied,  
The white ranunculus, and iris gay,  
The yellow caltha, on the morn of May  
That to their homes the cheerful peasants bring,  
And strew around, in honour of the spring;  
The hyacinth, the violet's purple dye,  
And myosotis blue, with golden eye,  
Which oft the German youth in graceful knot,  
Bears to his love, and sighs 'Forget me not.'  
At length diverging, Nature's course we trace,  
From the first embryo, till the plant decays;  
How from the germ the leafy stems ascend,  
And deep in earth the fibrous roots extend;  
How leaves would issue from the inverted root,  
And the green stems in rigid fibres shoot ;  
How from pure water, given the powers to share,  
Of vivifying heat, and light, and air,  
The leaves their vivid green, the flowers assume  
Their balmy fragrance, and their various bloom;  
Its precious gum mimosa plenteous pours,  
The camphor tree secretes its spicy stores;  
How the same soils, in equal luxury, feed  
The plant medicinal, and poisonous weed;  
How he, though cast upon some unknown shore,  
Could tell the noxious and nutritious flower;  
How in the tulip's bulb the flower is found,  
And future leaves their embryo charge surround;  
How, grafted on its stock, the crab will bear  
The sweeter apple or the juicy pear,  
But gradual as the parent grafts decay,  
The sympathetic offspring fades away.

" The paths of science while I thus pursued,  
A strange event disturbed the peaceful flood;  
No more like liquid glass the waters seem,  
But dire commotions vex the troubled stream;  
On rushed the impetuous tide, with thundering roar,  
And wave o'er wave the foaming waters pour,  
Drive back the refluent stream, which widely spread,  
And rising high, o'erflowed its oozy bed;  
The fishers, who the coming ill descried,  
With speed for safety sought the middle tide,  
When in the stream a monster rose, whose sight  
Had filled the boldest bosom with affright;  
His hideous form was rough with many a scale,  
Green was his hair, his hand displayed my Veil;  
His hoarse rough voice was like the deaf'ning roar  
Of billows breaking on the rocky shore,  
While with rude homage, and uncourtly mien,

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

He told Marino's tale, and hail'd me as his queen.

" My fate to shun, I ponder'd long in vain,  
My frustrate projects but increas'd my pain;  
For counsel then I sought an hermit's cave,  
The prescient sage this strange injunction gave.  
" With Alfred to the ocean's side repair,  
" To aid your wish, a pearl shall meet you there,  
" Dear to the King, and save you from despair."

" Oh ! words obscure ! whence hope can scarcely spring,  
Yet still to these, our last resource we cling,  
In dubious faith the dark behest obey,  
And seek the Ocean with returning day;  
While on my Alfred's shield our quest is shewn,  
And round the Veil inscribed 'FOR THIS ALONE.'"

Miranda ceas'd; each maid attentive heard,  
And felt surprize increase at every word,  
And while the Baron cheer'd his lovely guest,  
He feign'd no more the wonder he exprest;  
To Leonora turned, and sought to know  
If from a kindred source her sorrows flow.

As either maid was Leonora fair—  
A silken net confin'd her sable hair;  
Tho' less her stature, yet her form so light,  
That in the dance she seem'd some airy sprite,  
Or of that choir that met in bright array,  
" To do observance to the Morn of May,"  
Tript in gay circles round their virgin queen,  
And hymn'd the praises of the laurel green.  
A warmer sun had tinged her lovely face,  
Yet animation lent a sprightly grace;  
Nor could Affliction's briny tear destroy  
The speaking lustre of her hazel eye;  
As with a smile the damsel thus began,  
Through all her speech her cheerful temper ran:

" I fear my story of another Veil  
Will prove the tedium of a thrice told tale;  
Well might Maria, or Miranda, move  
Their hearers pity's genuine power to prove,  
But when such rivals in the lists appear,  
How can I hope a sympathetic tear,  
Who, at my onset, must perforce confess

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constasy

My sorrows lighter, as my beauty less?

" A Spaniard I—my father lov'd to trace,  
Thro' many a warlike chief, his noble race  
To heroes, who on Ronscesvalles plain  
Fought for the freedom of invaded Spain,  
And check'd the arms of conquering Charlemagne :  
In youth he came to Albion's happy land,  
There woo'd my mother, and obtain'd her hand,  
With her to Spain he plough'd the watry way,  
Where first mine infant eyes beheld the day.  
Oft had the palm of victory graced his arms,  
Yet now he shun'd the battle's loud alarms,  
And fled the crowded scenes of courtly strife  
For the calm pleasures of domestic life.

" From old Cordova's Roman walls expelled,  
Brave Ferdinand the haughty Moors had quelled;  
But still from Afric poured the ambitious foes,  
And the new kingdom of Granada rose,  
Where luxury held in Hamet 's court her reign,  
And arts and splendour triumph'd in her train.  
Fame, in Castille, Granada's pomp had told;  
Her proud Alhambra with its walls of gold,  
Her nobles' wealth and state, their skill in arms,  
The matchless lustre of their ladies' charms;  
Her hills, where dark the olive woods extend,  
And the green boughs with fruits Hesperian bend;  
Where the sweet rose, and starry jasmine spring,  
And frequent founts their liquid crystal fling;  
Her mulberry groves, in whose propitious gloom  
The worm industrious winds its silken tomb;  
Her fertile vale where two fair rivers flow,  
And lofty mountains ever topt with snow.

" Roused at the sound, with martial ardour fired,  
Or by religion's fervent zeal inspired,  
Alfonzo rose; while burning for the fight,  
Round Sant' Iago's cross, the youth of Spain unite;  
To gain renown, or grasp so rich a prize,  
Or win fresh favour in their ladies' eyes,  
They rush to arms, and, of success secure,  
Rear their proud banners, and defy the Moor.

" From warfare long estranged, again my sire  
Felt in his veins the glow of youthful fire;  
Again his limbs in shining arms are drest,

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constasy

And the broad cuirass guards his manly breast.  
Little I thought of war's destructive rage,  
Who knew it only in the tuneful page;  
My fancy still in brightest hues pourtray'd  
The splendid scene of hosts for fight array'd:  
The martial trumpet echoing from afar,  
And prancing steeds that love the notes of war;  
Aloft in air the pennon's silken fold,  
The plumage nodding o'er the casques of gold,  
The emblazon'd shields, the armour's burnish'd blaze,  
And lances glittering in the morning rays:  
Seldom I turn'd to trace the alter'd scene,  
When evening closes on the empurpled green;  
When dim with dust and blood their bright array,  
And cold the hearts that panted for the fray;  
Yet when my weeping mother urged her lord  
To quit his purpose, or as lost deplored,  
I join'd her prayers, I shrunk with kindred fears,  
And mix'd with her's my unavailing tears;  
Fix'd was his mind, with brave Alfonzo's band  
At dawn of day to seek Granada's land.—

" 'Twas night, and all around in silence slept,  
But rest my pillow shunn'd; I rose and crept  
To my thin lattice, and in silence wept:  
I blest the evening gale's refreshing power,  
As on my cheek it dried the bitter shower:  
When from the shaded walk my bower beneath,  
I heard soft strains of mournful music breathe.  
While with a pleasing voice, and faltering tongue,  
An amorous youth his plaintive ditty sung.  
My conscious memory well the youth betray'd,  
Who waked the echoes with this serenade;  
His arm was valiant, noble was his birth,  
Castile resounded with Alonzo's worth;  
Few knights could tilt, or throw the cane so well,  
Few at the ring the gallant youth excell;  
Oft had he pierced the bull with fatal wound,  
Or held the roaring savage to the ground,  
And still whene'er the youthful hero fought,  
The fairest maids the glittering barriers sought,  
Who view'd with jealous ire, but seeming scorn,  
My favourite colours by the warrior worn,  
While knots of flowers, in mystic guise dispos'd,  
His secret passion to my sight disclos'd,  
And tuned beneath my vine-clad window, long  
The light guitar had join'd his nightly song:  
But on his flowers I cast a careless eye,  
Nor 'blest the youth who bade my slumbers fly.'  
And twice the moon had filled her silver round

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

Since last mine ear had listen'd to the sound.

" Now sunk the strain, and softly I withdrew  
The latticed casement that obscured my view,  
Clear shone the moon, the convent's spires were seen  
Above its spreading groves of dusky green,  
While round the terrac'd walk, with every gale,  
Unnumber'd flowers their spicy sweets exhale.  
Before me, wrapt in sable cloak and hood,  
With folded arms, the brave Alonzo stood;  
He rais'd his kindling eye, the mantle fell,  
And brightly beam'd his mail of burnished steel.

" Oh ! bliss unhoped ! does Leonora deign  
" A favouring ear to sad Alonzo's strain !"  
The youth exclaim'd; " this unexpected grace  
" Can all thy scorn and all my woes efface;  
" And, like the setting sun, whose piercing ray  
" Bursts the thick clouds that veil'd him thro' the day,  
" Thou com'st to cheer me with a parting view,  
" Ere to those charms I bid a long adieu:  
" Nay, turn not thus, nor thus the prayer disdain  
" Of him who ne'er may vex thy sight again,  
" For with the earliest dawn Alfonzo's band  
" Will march to combat in Granada's land;  
" Ev'n now his standard floats, his chargers neigh,  
" Ev'n now my ready vassals chide my stay;  
" Oh should I fall, would one repentant sigh  
" Lament my fate—one tear bedew thine eye ?  
" Farewel, relentless maid; yet, ere we part,  
" Say, does some happier youth possess thy heart,  
" Or may I hope my truth at length may move  
" Thy mind to pity for Alonzo's love ?"

" If this," I said, " can give thy bosom rest,  
No love has enter'd Leonora's breast;  
But wouldst thou hope to light the ardent flame,  
This test of truth, and faith unchanged, I claim—  
My father seeks those scenes of deadly strife,  
Oh ! guard with filial care his sacred life;  
Shield his brave bosom from the threatening blade,  
And turn the javelin from his hoary head.  
So may my mother, to his arms restored,  
Bless the kind hand that sav'd her honour'd lord,  
" So may a daughter's heart thy deeds approve,  
" And gratitude illumine the torch of love."  
I ceas'd: for on the solemn stilness fell,  
Awful and deep, the convent's matin bell:

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constasy

I wav'd my hand, Alonzo sigh'd 'Farewel.'

" Swift I retired; my father joined the train,  
Where with Alfonzo march'd the flower of Spain,  
To distant times shall Spanish records tell  
How to their conquering arms Alziras fell,  
And how, his pride at Gades rock o'erthrown,  
Granada's monarch wore a vassal crown.  
But here, with patriot joy, the loyal tear  
Shall join to dew Alfonzo's royal bier.  
And mine may mingle well, for by his side,  
My sire, with many a proud hidalgo, died,  
And near him was the brave Alonzo found,  
His manly bosom pierced with many a wound.

" Oppression soon, in Pedro's iron reign,  
Check'd the sweet transports of reviving Spain.  
Bound by affection's golden tie no more,  
My mother wished to seek her native shore,  
But as Venasquez' rocky chain we crost,  
Mid evening's shades, our guide, our way were lost,  
And wandering on, as ebbing light decayed,  
Farther and farther from the path we strayed;  
Our frames, long soften'd in a southern vale,  
Shrunk front the keenness of the mountain gale;  
The night grew dark; with weary steps and slow  
We wandered o'er the treacherous field of snow,  
And heard the torrent roar unseen below,  
And from the wood beneath, the frequent howl  
Of bears and wolves, that fierce with hunger prowled:  
The struggling ray the moon at times bestow'd,  
Served but to shew the horrors of the road,  
The avalanch impending from on high,  
The gulph below, the terrors of the sky;  
Shone but on pointed peaks, and ample brows  
White with eternal, undissolving snows;  
Or, on the glacier's polish'd surface, threw  
A fairy tint of evanescent blue:  
And now the storm began, and long and loud  
Roar'd the deep thunder from the bursting cloud,  
In sheets of crimson flame the lightnings play'd,  
And torrents fell on each defenceless head;  
In azure light the fires electric sweep  
O'er the swift streams that ran down every steep;  
Yet scarce this awful scene a thought could claim,  
And scarcely terror rouse our torpid frame;  
Careless, we now the raging storm behold,  
Each sense was dull, our souls benumb'd with cold;  
To sleep were death; yet on that rugged crest,

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

We long'd (such weight our heavy eyes opprest)  
Amid the snow, the storm, to sink to rest;  
When from a cottage, unobserved before,  
A light stream'd brightly thro' the opening door:  
New feeling ran thro' every frozen vein,  
And life and hope appear'd to wake again.  
There, o'er a blazing fire, a youth was seen,  
Of pleasing aspect, and of sprightly mien,  
Our humid robes his care attentive dried,  
His ready hand a plenteous meal supplied;  
But when the morn her orient blush displayed,  
The altered youth our parting steps delayed,  
With crimson blaze his floating garments shone,  
A purple radiance formed his flamy crown.

" Oh stay," he cried, " behold the Prince of Flame,  
" Earth, air, and ocean start at Pyros' name;  
" Prompt at my call, to nourish or annoy,  
" Being to give, or being to destroy,  
" The salamandrine tribes obey my word,  
" And wait in radiant phalanx round their lord;  
" An hundred blazing mouths, this frozen realm,  
" If I command, with floods of flame o'erwhelm,  
" Those icy cliffs in clouds of steam aspire,  
" Those rocks of granite sink in liquid fire;  
" Such my tremendous power—but fear not thou:  
" To beauty's sway a willing slave I bow,  
" Nor shall one sprite his arm in fury wave  
" To harm that life my care so lately gave:  
" Then let thy grateful heart my wishes crown,  
" And be my meed to raise thee to my throne."

" My heart the boon of life preserv'd confest,  
Nor dared I spurn the mighty king's request;  
My Veil, a solemn pledge, he asked and won,  
Which binds my faith to him, and him alone;  
But to my earnest prayers one year was given,  
Ere for his flaming realms I quit the light of heaven.

" To Albion soon we came; and thither brought  
By love, our lone retreat Alonzo sought,  
Whom lying fame had number'd with the dead,  
When wounded by my father's side he laid;  
And hard to say, if now his manly breast  
More swell'd with open joy, or grief suppress;  
With joy to meet his long-lost love again,  
Or grief to find his cherish'd hopes were vain:  
Nor less my heart with mingled feelings strove,



## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

When honour struggled with awakening love,  
That each new day with deeper grief deplored  
My hand affianced to the fiery lord,  
And, to Alonzo pledged, my broken word.  
At length I heard (the monarch's happy bride)  
A nymph of fire my destin'd place supply'd;  
Yet he my pledge refuses to restore,  
And free the hand that. he can claim no more.

" One eve, when all was still, I strove in vain  
To bid the fading embers glow again,  
When in the midst arose a sudden flame,  
And to mine ear these sounds low murmuring came.

" Our gracious queen, Spinthera, bids me bear  
" This message straight to Leonora's ear;  
" My heart she says, is partner in thy pain,  
" And oft has urg'd thy suit, but urg'd in vain;  
" In Stromboli my Pyros holds his court,  
" And there must all who seek the king resort;  
" Then hither come, and if thy prayers or mine  
" Have power to move, the Veil again is thine;  
" Nor fear; my voice shall check the rage of heat,  
" And guide thee safely to his flaming seat."

" We move obedient.—My Alonzo's shield  
Our quest divulges on its argent field;  
Before the monarch's throne a maid appears,  
Who seems to sue with ineffectual tears;  
And near her stands a knight in sable mail,  
With brandish'd falchion—'JUSTICE AND THE VEIL.'

" Strange is my story—strange the links that join  
My fate with yours, sweet maids, and yours with mine;  
Strange thus to meet, where each to each unknown,  
Found each sad tale an echo of her own;  
Then cheer your hearts, let each derive relief  
From that sure source, community of grief,  
And trust that Pow'r, which safe thro' every ill  
'Till now has guided, and shall guide us still;  
Yet it is wondrous we should weep, when more  
Our lot would envy, than our woes deplore;  
Think of the joy to range through realms unknown,  
The robes of regal state—the sparkling crown,  
And powers superior trembling at our frown;  
Can love's bright star, or friendship's milder ray,  
Vie with the splendour wealth and power display?

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

Come, mourn no more—we lift our heads on high,  
Examples great of female constancy,  
Resolved in danger's sternest hour to prove  
Our dauntless courage and unchanging love."

She ceas'd; the Baron heard with careful ear,  
And deeply pondering, still he seem'd to hear:  
At length arous'd, he join'd the tribute paid  
Of thanks and wonder to the lovely maid;  
And oft a sympathetic hope exprest,  
To veil the mischief brooding at his breast.  
Each maiden half her grief resigns, and blends  
In cheerful converse with her new found friends;  
While still their young affection warmer grew,  
Till late to rest the weary group withdrew.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

**BOOK THE SECOND. THE EARTH.**

MEANWHILE the warriors, in the open field,  
Their guard maintained, and each to each revealed  
The mystic meaning of his pictured shield,  
When from the earth upsprung a stranger knight,  
And dar'd Maria's champion to the fight;  
His ruby armour shone with fiery blaze,  
His emerald helmet cast resplendent rays;  
Of one vast diamond formed, his massy shield  
Shone like the moon, and lightened all the field ;  
Less brilliant, though more fatal, those of yore  
That valiant Arthur and Ruggiero bore.  
The knight on Henry cast a threat'ning look,  
High o'er his head his beamy sword he shook,  
Then stampt infuriate on the ground, and spoke:

" Rash youth, to me Maria's charms resign,  
" Or meet in arms the Monarch of the Mine;  
" The bold defiance on thy shield displayed,  
" I rise to answer—fight, or yield the maid;  
" Fool, to believe thy mortal frame can stand  
" A weapon wielded by Albruno's hand !  
" Advance, if still thou dar'st the unequal strife,  
" And lose at once thy mistress and thy life."

" Cease thy proud vaunt !" indignant Henry said,  
" And from my vengeance guard thy treacherous head."  
They met—alike by love and hate impelled,  
And one in skill, and one in strength excelled.  
Long Henry strove to wound the Gnome in vain,  
His ruby arms unhurt the strokes sustain;  
As long Albruno with amazement found  
The valiant youth still fought without a wound;  
Fierce was the fight, till from the donjon tower  
The Castle bell announced the midnight hour,  
And warned him that the vassals of the state,  
By him convened, in solemn council wait;  
Mad with delay, and hopeless now to quell  
By arms alone a knight who fought so well,  
The wily Gnome seemed half compelled to yield,  
Next faint, enfeebled, dropt his ponderous shield,  
Then reigned a wound, and sunk upon the field.  
Bent o'er the king, victorious Henry tried  
To draw the weapon from his bleeding side,  
When lo ! two sinewy arms enwreathed him round,  
And bore him, struggling, thro' a gulph profound,

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

Down to a central cave, and there in fetters bound.

In this black vault, no ray of cheerful light  
Pierced the thick gloom of everlasting night,  
Save when the Gnomes, on hasty errand, past,  
Their jewelled wreaths a transient brightness cast;  
Then so quick flashed the red or azure beam,  
It seemed to Henry but the lightning's gleam,  
And they (so far from human shape their forms)  
Fiends that delight in hurricanes and storms.

Meanwhile, unarmed, the Monarch of the Mines  
In all the pride of regal splendour shines;  
Those jewels sought by men as rich, and rare,  
To deck the vain, the stately, or the fair,  
With thousands yet to solar light unknown,  
Blazed on his gorgeous vesture and his crown.  
He takes his amethystine throne, in state,  
Round which a thousand vassal sovereigns wait,  
And thus he opens the august debate:

" Ye chiefs, that o'er this nether realm preside,  
" Its powers direct, its various changes guide,  
" Discordant elements in peace combine,  
" Their forms, proportions, properties define,  
" And curb, by rules as fixed, attraction's force,  
" As hold the struggling planets in their course,  
" Attend; and prove that not in fight alone  
" To you descend the wreaths your fathers won,  
" But in your counsels be their wisdom shewn;  
" For wisdom is the eye our hands obey,  
" Valour achieves, but wisdom points the way.

" A few short hours will view the truce expire  
" So late concluded with the Prince of Fire;  
" The furious Pyros scorns all thoughts of peace,  
" On every side our ills, our foes increase;  
" The aquatic tribes, insidious race, complain  
" Of feigned encroachments on their watry reign,  
" Their King Marino leads their crowded line,  
" And seeks his own with Pyros' arms to join;  
" And while these mighty foes our thoughts divide,  
" The Sylphs would rob me of my plighted bride.  
" But thanks to favouring fate, your monarch's care  
" For once has foiled the restless tribes of air,  
" And sage Kassiteros detains the fair,  
" While my proud rival waits from me his doom

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

" In chains of adamant and deepest gloom.

" But let my faithful subjects now disclose  
" How best we may obstruct our watry foes;  
" Say, shall we Oros place, with half our force,  
" To stop the invaders in their headlong course,  
" While, with a chosen band, we here remain,  
" Pyros to check, or Oros to sustain ?  
" Or shall we let them join the powers of fire,  
" And wait their onset with our force entire ?  
" Weigh well these projects; then let each suggest  
" The genuine dictates of his faithful breast."

Albruno ceased—and Chrysos next arose;  
A golden circle wreath'd his reverend brows;  
In finest robes of beaten gold he shone  
The splendid " Monarch of Peruvia's throne;"  
His various talents, and his worth long tried,  
His faithful mind and virtue unalloyed,  
Had made him long Albruno's friendship share,  
Dear to the sovereign, to the nation dear;  
Tho' Oreichalcon now, with flattering art,  
Had from the sage estranged the monarch's heart.

In the first ages of man's fleeting race,  
When all was social amity and peace,  
Her richest fruits when earth spontaneous gave,  
And bade unsown the yellow harvests wave,  
Ere wintry storms defaced the lovely land,  
Or sunk the streams in summer's arid sand,  
When mild the gales, and soft the genial showers,  
And spring perpetual led the laughing hours,  
He graced the earth; then virtue reign'd alone,  
And vice, not even in her name was known;  
And oft, while kindling with his theme, the sage  
Has sung enraptured, of " the Golden Age."

On Chrysos' accents hung the attentive crowd,  
While from his lips the words of wisdom flow'd:

" At this dire crisis, when on every hand  
" Unnumber'd foes our vigilance demand,  
" When one rash act, or one short moment lost,  
" May give our kingdom to a conquering host,  
" Hard is the task the helm of state to guide,  
" To pause destructive, dangerous to decide;

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

" Yet let us rather shun the storm of fate,  
" Than meet, unguarded, its collected weight.  
" Across the path, by which the watry line  
" Along our confines march, their friends to join,  
" Let Oros, of primeval rock, oppose  
" A massy rampart to these furious foes;  
" This powerful barrier shall for many an age  
" Resist unmov'd Marino's utmost rage;  
" And should the chances of the war require,  
" Will long repel the fierce attacks of fire:  
" A band of chosen warriors station'd there,  
" May every pass defend, and every breach repair.  
" Asbestos may the fiery war maintain,  
" And here our king his greatest force retain,  
" To guard the threat'ned Veil, and either chief sustain.  
" Such is the counsel, to my faithful breast  
" That long experience dictates as the best."

He spoke: and Oreichalcon then replied,  
Whose pleasing arts his inward treachery hide;  
Like radiant Chrysos in his garb and face,  
But differing far in merit, and in race,  
His spirit proud would regal honours claim,  
As tho' of Chrysos' ancient line he came;  
His air of candour, and his specious gloze,  
Could e'en on Chrysos' reverend age impose.  
His own, and monarch's praise, while thus he sung,  
With plaudits oft the vaulted chamber rung,  
Which echoing thro' the gloomy caverns round,  
To anxious Henry seem'd the thunder's sound.

" It grieves me much, my honour'd lord, to find  
" That when our danger needs our soundest mind,  
" The reverend Chrysos, who so long has shone  
" In council still the bulwark of our throne,  
" On whom all eyes in doubt and danger rest,  
" As their first hope, their latest, and their best,  
" As tho' o'erwhelm'd by this last blow of fate,  
" Now gives advice destructive to the state.

" Tho' thus to differ from so great a sage  
" May seem presumption in my greener age,  
" Yet say, does niggard heaven alone bestow  
" Her richest gift on time's declining brow ?  
" Does wisdom only then our acts advise,  
" When ebbing strength to work her will denies ?  
" Then would her sacred light in vain be given,  
" And vain the best, the noblest boon of heaven;

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

" But oft we see, tho' strong in life's full day,  
" As fails the frame, the mental powers decay,  
" And in our king a shining proof we find  
" Of youth and strength, with early wisdom join'd.

" Think not, my liege, that I presume to vie  
" With one thus singled by a nation's eye;  
" When age has ponder'd on a doubtful road,  
" Folly or youth the rightful path has show'd.  
" But if experience weight can give, your ear  
" I boldly claim, as more expert in war.  
" In youth, the path of valour Chrysos tried,  
" But fate, to him, the victor's meed denied,  
" (So justly nature deals with all her train,  
" Each has his share, but none can all attain.)  
" Dejected then, he shunn'd the scenes of strife,  
" In courts and temples past his peaceful life;  
" While I, in every chance of warfare tried,  
" Have fought, unwearied, by my monarch's side,  
" And oft my buckler, from his threatened head  
" Has turn'd the dart, and foil'd the trenchant blade.

" What ! shall a monarch, by his troops ador'd,  
" Who burn for glory, and but wait his word  
" From countless sheaths to draw th' impatient sword,  
" Within his leaguered bulwarks tamely stay,  
" Content to keep the threat'ning hosts at bay,  
" And mar that junction which, if rightly shown,  
" Is less his foes' advantage than his own,  
" Till wearied, each shall quit our guarded plain,  
" But watch the moment for a fresh campaign ?  
" Long is the war our realms must yet endure,  
" The peace but short, inglorious, insecure.  
" But let them meet, where nature's interests jar,  
" A short alliance leads to deadlier war,  
" And mutual rage, distrust, and discontent,  
" Their force shall weaken, and their plans prevent:  
" If they delay the fight, our cause is won,  
" If they provoke it, need we wish to shun ?

" 'Tis for the coward, treacherous, cold, or weak,  
" Of caution, danger, doubt, defence, to speak;  
" Lord of a thousand hosts, a thousand lands,  
" This bolder plan our martial prince demands,  
" This, while his prudence gives it strength and weight,  
" Shall add new glories to our prosperous state."

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

He ceased: in evil hour the listening throng  
Their praises of this artful speech prolong;  
In evil hour, this plan the monarch chose,  
And bade his warriors snatch a short repose.

Sleep o'er the Gnomes her gentle influence shed,  
Who to her bondage bow'd the willing head,  
E'en mournful Henry own'd her balmy power;  
Save Oreichalcon, all enjoy'd the hour.  
But, can a traitor taste unbroken rest ?  
Is peace an inmate of the canker'd breast ?

His father Calchos lov'd in early youth  
Fair Calamina with unshaken truth;  
The king their union long forbade, and plann'd  
To bless his favourite with Solfara's hand.  
At length his anger rose, to find, that still  
Their constancy opposed his royal will:  
They shunn'd the gathering storm, to Pyros fled;  
He blest their loves; and in his court they staid  
Till jealous Chalcos deem'd the monarch ey'd,  
With more than pity's gaze, his gentle bride;  
(For o'er the lovely exile's form and face,  
Her soft dejection shed a dangerous grace;)  
And soon as she, with all a mother's joy,  
Gave to his father's arms her smiling boy,  
He bore her thence, Albruno's grace they crave,  
Who rais'd the suppliants, and their flight forgave.

Young Oreichalcon, with insidious art,  
Soon work'd his passage to Albruno's heart:  
Envious of Chrysos' well earn'd fame, his mind  
To rise upon his rival's fall design'd,  
And wishes, almost to himself unknown,  
In secret pointed to Albruno's throne.

For this, he Pyros sought, with offers fair,  
T' ensure his conquest in the approaching war,  
For this, so late, the fatal counsel gave,  
That brought destruction, while it seem'd to save;  
And from the king, Albruno's power o'erthrown,  
He, as his price, demanded Chrysos' throne.  
But Pyros, thro' the flimsy veil descried  
All that ambition lurking strove to hide,  
And plann'd (distrustful of a traitor's aid)  
To crush him with the monarch he betray'd.



## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

Meanwhile Marino, with unwearied haste,  
Along the Gnome's neglected frontier past;  
Deep in a vale his weary troops retire,  
Himself advanced to meet the Prince of Fire;  
And strange it seem'd to see those hands, that late  
Had grasp'd the quivering spear in mortal hate,  
Now joined in friendship, while the kings debate  
Their plan of war:—Should they their bands unite?  
Or lead their armies separate to the fight ?  
But Fire's brave prince, who saw, with eagle eye,  
How ill his subjects brook'd their new ally,  
Lest secret discord, lurking in their heart,  
Should rouse a flame, would keep the hosts apart:  
" Soon as the fleeting hours of truce expire,  
" Myself," he said, " will lead the bands of fire.  
" While on the Gnomes we pour our utmost force,  
" Do thou, Marino, with a circling course,  
" Fall on their rear, with thine unbroken powers  
" Oppress their line, and victory is ours."

He spoke and parted; swift the hosts prepare  
To quit their camps, and urge the deadly war;  
But higher thoughts, though to his breast confin'd,  
Ambition wakened in Marino's mind.

And now, with speed, the martial bands arose;  
The trumpet roused them from their brief repose,  
For no sweet interchange of cheerful light,  
In these dark realms, divides the day from night,  
Not theirs " ambrosial morning's roseate ray,"  
Or the mild lustre of departing day.

Now every chieftain, in a spacious plain,  
In martial order rang'd his vassal train,  
The king appointed there his bands to join,  
Thence watch the motions of the adverse line,  
Till spent and weakened by internal broils,  
The prey should fall in Oreichalcon's toils.

And lo ! Albruno comes; on either side,  
Before their king, the subject bands divide;  
He darts his eye o'er each extended line,  
And sees, with pride, such squadrons round him shine.  
Six giants here, the patriarchs of the state,  
His chosen guards, in barbarous grandeur wait;  
Unbent with age, the vast Granites bears

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

The gather'd weight of twice three thousand years;  
Those varied hues his stubborn corslet deck,  
That grace the stately crane's o'erarching neck.  
In purple armour Porphyrites came,  
Tho' less in stature, yet in strength the same.  
Brave Marmaros, in vest of spotless white,  
Hence draws his title of the stainless knight;  
Ophites' garb fair Steatite bestow'd,  
With changing hues the varying texture glow'd;  
A silvery lustre play'd o'er Schisto's vest,  
In crimson arms was Sienitos drest.

Next, rang'd in order the metallic line  
Around their leader, honour'd Chrysos, shine.  
By Oreichalcon's harsh aspersions stung,  
His peaceful robes aside the monarch flung,  
And sought the fight, though still he feared to find  
This seeming safety veil some ill behind,  
As the smooth surface and luxuriant grass  
Float o'er the horrors of the deep morass.  
And now in arms of purest gold array'd,  
More tall his stature seem'd, more firm his tread;  
While Oreichalcon, sickening at the view,  
His jaundic'd visage wore a greener hue,  
And much he fear'd the sage's piercing eye  
The inward treach'ry of his thoughts should spy.  
Chalcos beside him stood, his reverend sire,  
Like him engag'd to aid the powers of fire,  
Array'd in arms of every varying dye  
That paints the rainbow of an April sky.

Near these, his dauntless band Magnetes drew,  
True to their leader, to their sovereign true;  
Train'd to the fight, and nurs'd in war's alarms,  
Their field of pleasure is the field of arms:  
There stood Sideros bold, and by his side  
Chalyps, in many a fiery combat tried.  
The sage Argyros with Molybdos near,  
And brave Plumbago's brother bands appear:  
And with these veterans, many a youthful name  
Yet unrecorded on the rolls of fame,  
Each thirsts for glory, and impatient draws  
His maiden falchion in Albruno's cause.

The brave Stypterion leads his filial band,  
The pride and boast of many an eastern land;  
Of hardest texture fram'd, their armour bright  
Shone through the gloom in lines of dazzling light;

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

In former combats with the powers of fire,  
Immortal glory did these troops acquire;  
Nor less their argillaceous brethren claim  
The hard-earn'd wreath of never-fading fame.  
Tho' not " in glittering arms and glory drest,"  
With equal ardour glow'd each generous breast,  
Practis'd their flexile forms to turn, to bend,  
To close with speed, with speed their lines extend,  
To shrink compacted, at the charge of fire,  
Or broad expand, when aqueous foes require;  
In every kind of warfare train'd and skill'd,  
No foe appall'd, no force could make them yield,  
Fresh fields to dare, to win, elate they ran,  
And claim'd their right to combat in the van.

Next was Titanos; his white arms diffuse  
No changeful lustre, boast no varied hues;  
Numerous his train, and like their leader drest,  
But courage glow'd beneath the humble vest.

Unbent, untam'd, a firm determin'd band;  
Yet with their savage strength, and haughty mien,  
The pride of splendour and of dress was seen;  
Bright were their polish'd shields, their corslets beam'd,  
And from their helms the living lustre stream'd,  
And now display'd the opal's various hue,  
The garnet's crimson, or the sapphire's blue.  
Not with more splendour Ilion's sons could shine,  
Or greater courage warm the Achaian line.  
With them was Adamas, unconquer'd knight !  
His shield, his mail, insufferably bright;  
In him, in action, as in form divine,  
Achilles' strength and manly beauty join.  
A leader's place to him, in arms, they yield,  
And gladly follow thro' the embattled field.  
Tho' prized and honour'd for himself alone,  
Alike his lineage and his birth unknown;  
But some (how far unlike his sire !) declare  
Him Carbon's offspring, by a nymph of air.

Nor plain, nor rich, Magnesios' band was seen,  
Each, like his chief, attir'd in glossy green.  
With them, Asbestos came, himself an host,  
His foemen's terror, and his kindred's boast.  
Strontia, Barytes, brother chiefs, were near:  
Next Ittria, Zircon, and Glucine appear,  
Gay was their armour, verdant, red, or blue,  
Their hearts were valiant, but their troops were few.

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

Of various lineage, what a countless throng,  
In warlike order ranged, demand the song !  
But who now hither bends his hasty flight,  
His face and armour of resplendent white ?  
'Tis Hydrargyras,—thro' the gloom he springs,  
His feet and head, like Hermes, arm'd with wings:  
" My liege," he cried, " the powers of fire are near,  
" A few short moments see their vanguard here;  
" Rang'd in a distant vale, the wat'ry line  
" Remain inactive, and the fight decline."

He spoke: Albruno bids his squadrons form,  
And still and silent wait the approaching storm.  
" The moment comes, so long our warm desire,  
" The hour of conflict with the hosts of fire"—  
Aloud he cried: " the impetuous lines advance,  
" Draw the bright sword, and grasp the beaming lance.  
" Be ye but firm, and each his post maintain,  
" These light arm'd foes shall waste their strength in vain,  
" As rocks the wave shall you their force withstand,  
" And crush at last the faint and weary band;  
" Vengeance and glory ! be our signal cry,  
" Our firm resolve, to conquer or to die.  
" Be but yourselves, my sons, I wish no more,  
" And emulate your fathers' deeds of yore;  
" So may their spirits, hovering o'er the place,  
" Your valour view, and glory in their race,  
" So may proud Pyros rue this fatal day,  
" And my glad bounty all your toils repay."

Albruno ceas'd; meanwhile, with loyal love,  
A snow-white scarf had Amiantha wove,  
Tho' thin and flexile, yet, with wondrous art,  
'Twas form'd impervious to the fiery dart.  
Thro' the close ranks, with eager haste, she prest,  
And twin'd its folds around the monarch's breast,  
His grateful smiles and thanks her toil repaid,  
And fill'd with trembling joy the blushing maid;  
A sister's glance she at Asbestos threw,  
And then with swift, but timid, steps withdrew.

Now in the distance seen, a dim red light  
Told where the foes rush'd onward to the fight:  
First Kapnos, Spintheros, Aleinos, came,  
Dalos, and Phlogos in his robe of flame;  
Empreesmos, Anthrachis, Thermotes there,  
With Spodos, Phlegon, Causimos appear,  
And bright Ignicomus with blazing hair.

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

There Marmarygos, Chliarotes glow'd,  
There his bright face the swift Lampedon show'd;  
Beyond, of armed sprites a radiant train  
With hasty footsteps shake the echoing plain;  
High in the midst, the haughty Pyros shone,  
By his bright arms and giant stature known,  
His fiery mail with crimson lustre glow'd,  
Like redd'ning Phoebus thro' a misty cloud;  
While his vast helmet shone with brighter blaze,  
And mock'd the splendour of his noontide rays:  
Of lambent flame wide wav'd his nodding plume,  
And far dispell'd the subterranean gloom.  
Like Jove's own Ægis, his resplendent shield  
With inward fear the rash beholder fill'd,  
Round a bright orb of silver radiance, roll'd  
The volum'd smoke in many a snaky fold.

Meanwhile the argillaceous bands oppose  
A serried phalanx to their fiery foes,  
Who, swift as glancing arrows, scour the plain,  
Their lines unbroke, the fierce assault sustain,  
Till to the charge the impetuous Pyros came,  
On his fierce courser, born of wind and flame,  
Of old, by poets sung, and Rabican his name.  
With all his force his flaming lance he cast,  
The troops divide, the weapon harmless past.  
The monarch rush'd between, in vain they close,  
His rapid steed the astonish'd ranks o'erthrows:  
His lance regain'd, alone, mid countless foes,  
Speeds the victorious chieftain; in alarm.  
The Gnomes affrighted, fly his potent arm;  
His spear resistless spreads destruction round,  
And vanquish'd heroes strew the smoking ground.  
When brave Stypterion cheer'd his generous band.  
Who pale with shame and rage inactive stand:  
" All is not lost, my comrades, turn and face  
" Your foes—redeem the glory of your race !  
" 'Twas not for this we claim'd this honour'd post,  
" Awhile let Pyros triumph, while his host  
" Shall feel our vengeance, and redeem our boast;  
" Our boast, the longest to contest the field,  
" The first to conquer, but the last to yield."  
So spake the indignant chief, and as he spoke,  
At Pericautheis aim'd a mortal stroke;  
Again, in firmer lines, his squadrons close,  
And brave the impetuous onset of their foes.

Titanos next he quell'd; his fiery dart  
The chieftain's corslet pierc'd, and reach'd his heart,

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constasy

Their leader's fall his troops with terror fill'd,  
In flight dispers'd, an easy prey they yield  
To Pyros' slaught'ring arm, who chas'd them o'er the field.

The trembling Gnomes with fearful wonder view'd  
Whole squadrons by a single arm subdued.  
To check the king, advanc'd two chiefs of fame,  
Of races different, tho' alike in name,  
Their shields, their surcoats, and their arms the same;  
In eastern climes one holds extensive sway,  
And one Iberia's noblest Gnomes obey.  
The foes of Bacchus, they in times of old  
By secret bonds the insidious god control'd,  
Onward they prest, by shame and rage impell'd,  
And broke their lances on his lifted shield.  
The king unshaken, with fresh fury burns,  
And each his blow with mightier force returns,  
When, wondrous change ! beneath his potent spear,  
In different garb, the rival chiefs appear;  
Late in Aurora's purple glory drest,  
Now Amethystos wears a silvery vest;  
Unhurt he stands; a pure effulgence plays  
Around his form, that mock'd the diamond's blaze:  
The Carthaginian

**[The word Carthaginian has been corrected by hand.]**

by the blow was laid  
A milk white corse, and all his lustre fled.

Doubtful this change if fear or spells had wrought,  
The monarch turn'd, and fresh opponents sought.  
When now Asbestos, trusting in his might,  
Provok'd the conquering chieftain to the fight.  
So long his arm the powers of fire had brav'd,  
So oft his monarch and his army sav'd,  
Each adverse warrior fled his arm appall'd,  
And he th' Invincible was justly call'd.  
Yet slender was his frame; no plated vest,  
No temper'd arms secur'd his manly breast,  
Loose to his feet his Persian garments roll'd,  
His head envelop'd in the turban's fold;  
Yet nor the diamond's strength, nor harden'd steel,  
Could like those flowing robes the dart repel.

They met; and long unmov'd Asbestos bore  
The utmost efforts of the fiery power,  
Long seem'd almost the victor, till at length

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

So fierce a contest wasted all his strength:  
He fell; a deadly pale his features wore,  
White as the stones on Santorina's shore.  
For Conquest from her sapphire throne on high.  
Long wont on him to cast a partial eye,  
In love still fickle as a mortal maid,  
In all her glory Pyros now array'd.  
Delusive flatterer ! didst thou only come  
To dress a lovelier victim for the tomb ?  
Didst thou Abestos ' fame and prowess raise,  
To add new glories to his rival's praise ?  
Ah ! think how deep will be his sovereign's sighs,  
What tears will burst from Amiantha's eyes,  
What grief will sadden all his kindred train,  
Who " ne'er shall look upon his like again !"

While Pyros thus the conquer'd legions slew,  
The rival king his bravest bands o'erthrew,  
And many a sprite of fire in death deplor'd  
Albruno's prowess, and his absent lord.  
Brave Dalos first; for vanquish'd in the strife,  
His stiffening breast resign'd the flame of life.  
Next Spodos, but no better fate he found,  
His mangled limbs were scatter'd on the ground.  
Their lot next Causimos and Anthrax share;  
And now to meet him march the valiant pair,  
Phlegon and Thermos, of illustrious race,  
But with Pyrodes share their friends' disgrace.  
Now with Ignicomus in fight he stood,  
His arm at length the fainting sprite subdued.  
Swift was Pyrenemos, but swift in vain,  
Albruno's lance transfix'd him to the plain;  
As vain Pyrigenes, thy strength, thy pride,  
And vaunted lineage to thy king allied.  
Next came Micante, bold but lovely maid,  
Her graceful form in glittering arms array'd;  
By proud Albruno's sword her father died,  
She dropt no tender tear, nor shriek'd, nor sigh'd,  
But from her limbs she tore the flowing vest,  
And seized his plated mail, and nodding crest,  
" Be mine," she cried, " the warrior's stern attire,  
" Until I perish, or avenge my sire !"  
Albruno's mightier arm her lance defies,  
Soon at his feet the lovely victim lies,  
And death in darkness clos'd her radiant eyes.  
Pyaustes flew to save, hut flew too late,  
He fell, and shared his loved Micante's fate.

But now a straggler from the routed band

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

Reveal'd the deeds of Pyros' slaught'ring hand;  
Much mourn'd the king Abestos', Calcios' doom,  
And hastes to save the living from the tomb.  
Alike Albruno's glories Pyros knew,  
To aid his troops with equal haste he flew;  
On fierce Albruno came—to meet the sprite  
The fiery monarch rushes to the fight;  
On either side their hosts the war suspend,  
And eyes and ears in breathless silence bend.  
First the proud Gnome his shining lance impell'd,  
Which pierced, resistless, Pyros' blazing shield,  
Drove thro' his crimson corslet and his vest,  
But melted ere it reached the monarch's breast.  
Next Fire's brave king; but, guiltless of a wound,  
The spear at distance quiver'd in the ground:  
He Pyraphlectos drew, his wondrous blade,  
In earth's most secret cells by magic made,  
By fire intense, unquenchable, illum'd,  
For ever burning, ever unconsum'd.  
Full on Albruno's head the blow descends,  
And from his helm the glittering crest it rends;  
While faint, and staggering o'er the plain, he felt  
The mighty prowess which the blow had dealt;  
Loose on his nerveless arm his shield was slung,  
And o'er his eyes the mists of darkness hung.  
Against his breast now Pyros aims his sword,  
His faithful Gnomes stood trembling for their lord.  
Nought now can save him—Yes! the gift of love,  
"The snow-white scarf by Amiantha wove,"  
Unpierc'd repels the thrice repeated blow,  
And foils the vengeance of his furious foe.  
Recovering now, again Albruno sway'd  
With firmer grasp his adamant blade,  
With equal strength, and fir'd with equal rage,  
In fiercer fight the rival chiefs engage,  
The blows to shun, alike they turn, they bend,  
And swifter now the weighty strokes descend:  
Loud clash'd their arms, and from their falchions brights,  
Shields, helms, and corslets, stream'd the dazzling light.

But Oreichalcon chose this moment dire,  
To lead his troops to join the powers of fire;  
Sublime, upon his burnish'd steed he rode,  
That steed which erst the Tartar King bestrode:  
Which, at his master's bidding, soars on high,  
And treads the trackless azure of the sky,  
Skims the bright surface of the emerald wave,  
Or sinks from sight to earth's most secret cave.  
In regal pomp the Gnome his band precedes,  
Behind, his troops the recreant Chalcos leads.



## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

Wondring they find, to check their swift advance,  
The expected friends extend the hostile lance,  
Surprized, they scarcely raise the guardian shield,  
And vanquish'd numbers spread th' ensanguin'd field;  
But on his flying steed the Gnome arose,  
And floating o'er the fight, with ceaseless blows,  
Now here, now there, assails the unwary foes;  
First fell Pyrauges, in his brilliant course  
Crush'd by the fury of the magic horse;  
Pierc'd by his spear, the brave Perustos died,  
His brazen falchion cleft Aleinos' side,  
But vain his valour; to his crimes decreed,  
Justice meanwhile prepared the traitor's meed,  
Pyrobios gave the wound; his arms no more  
Their golden glow and soft effulgence wore,  
Or vied with Chrysos—like his dusky sire,  
They shew the dark red hue of fading fire;  
In vain on high he turn'd his brazen steed,  
In vain he urged " enchantment's arrowy speed,"  
As swiftly Phlogos, with dilated size,  
And lifted lance, pursues his trembling prize,  
Arrests his flight, and, with resistless force,  
Destroys at once the rider and the horse.

Now Chalcos came; contending passions swell'd  
His labouring bosom, and his arm impell'd:  
Now on his shuddering view his treason broke,  
And conscience, with her thousand stings, awoke:  
He felt his hopes for ever laid in dust;  
His honour blighted by his broken trust;  
He mourn'd his son, but own'd his doom was just.  
His fiery eyes with rage and vengeance glare,  
He fights with all the fury of despair,  
On Phlogos flies, his breast unguarded leaves,  
And in his heart the fatal wound receives.

Their leader slain, dismay'd and spent his line,  
In hasty course, their kindred Gnomes rejoin,  
The fiery train the flying foe pursue,  
The armies join, and all the fight renew.

Now Spintheros on stern Sideros flies,  
Beneath his arm the Gnome expiring lies;  
An equal fate Cobalto, Nickel, knew,  
And on Tellurio next the warrior flew.  
At Calaminos, Phlogos aim'd his dart,  
And Kapnos plung'd his falchion to his heart,  
But still distinguish'd from the vulgar dead;

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

In fleecy clouds the gentle spirit fled.

To stop the tide of fate now Chrysos stood;  
And first the bold Pyrophoros subdued,  
And next Pyrosthene, tho' great in fight,  
And brave Thermanticos confest his might;  
His arm Chliaros and Thermotes felt,  
On Phlogos next a mighty stroke he dealt,  
But in the Sprite he found an equal foe,  
Who fought untir'd, and echo'd blow for blow.

Their monarch's darling, with the powers of flame,  
His first essay in arms, Pyrides came,  
Where brave Silexis' hardy bands appear,  
In hostile blood he dyed his maiden spear;  
And Pyros, while the war allow'd, had eyed  
His gallant offspring with a parent's pride.  
Amid the band a martial form was seen,  
A Gallic prince, the bold Aventurine;  
Thick stars of gold adorn'd his crimson vest,  
His crimson helmet bore a golden crest;  
But from Pyrides' arm a single stroke  
Thro' crest and helm, and spangled corslet broke;  
His soul exhaling at the ghastly wound,  
His members sunk, divided on the ground,  
When Adamas, impell'd by shame and ire,  
Provok'd to fight the youthful Prince of Fire.  
Surprized, he found, beneath a stripling's form,  
The skill and firmness of a veteran's arm;  
Yet long he bore the fight; but faint at length,  
As he relax'd his rival gather'd strength;  
By slow degrees his force, his limbs decay,  
His earthly form, exhausted, wears away,  
The Sylph alone remains; his mother's charms  
Uniting with his former strength in arms,  
On airy wings he floats above the war,  
Shakes his thin vest, and wields his slender spear,  
Turns on his foe, and grasps his crested head—  
Prone at his feet the expiring prince is laid.  
On victor still, thro' crowded ranks he goes;  
A single stroke annihilates his foes;  
In vain they raise the shield, or strike, or fly,  
He does but breathe they fade, they sink, they die.  
Swift as a pest advanced the sudden ill,  
Such numbers fell, that few remain'd to kill;  
Tir'd with the work of death, he left the fight,  
And soar'd to air to claim a Sylphid's right;  
Yet still, as mindful of his former birth,  
He shuns the heights, and lingers near the earth.

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

In caves secluded flies the face of day,  
Nor sports and flutters in the noontide ray ;  
And near his cell if stray the sprites of fire,  
Beneath his arm their smother'd hosts expire.

But whence proceeds this sullen murmuring roar,  
Like billows breaking on a rocky shore ?  
And whence this coolness, this refreshing breeze,  
Like Zephyrs breathing o'er the tranquil seas ?  
So late deprest, now rose the fiery line,  
Their arms with renovated lustre shine,  
Yet scarce the sprites the dubious fight renew,  
Scarce could the mingled hosts their danger view,  
Ere on their ranks the fierce Hydidae flew.  
On friends and foes with equal rage they fall,  
And undistinguished ruin whelms them all.  
Pyridæ, Gnomes, alike their hate forego,  
And fly together from the common foe.  
The kings, who still maintain'd the doubtful fight,  
Beheld their forces mix'd in mutual flight,  
And vainly strove to raise their vengeful hands  
O'erpower'd and sever'd by the flying bands.

On rolls the impetuous host, where Chrysos stood  
Amid his veterans, firm and unsubdu'd:  
Phlogos with Chrysos yet the fight maintain'd,  
Platina there Thermasion's strength sustain'd;  
There in bright arms around their honour'd sire,  
Four gallant youths repel the powers of fire.  
Iridion now, and Empyros engage,  
And now Palladian braves Scintillus' rage,  
Now with the brave Lamedon Osmion fought,  
With Spintheros the combat Rhodios sought.

Vain of his kindred, who had long withstood  
All hostile arts, uninjured, unsubdued,  
Potassion came, in arms of dazzling white,  
To prove his valour in the maiden fight;  
E'en with the aquatic king he dares engage,  
And falls the hapless victim of his rage;  
The great Marino tost him o'er his head,  
Where the poor youth a moment quivering laid,  
At length in flames his failing limbs expire,  
And water seem'd to wield the arms of fire.  
His doom brave Sodion and Ammonias share,  
His kinsman one, one half a child of air;  
Next Calcion, Magnios, flew, but vainly brave,  
Nor Barion, Strontias, more avail'd to save

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

Their kindred races and illustrious birth,  
In flames they mingle with their parent earth.  
Now passing on, that spot the victor sought  
Where Marmarygos and Molybdos fought.  
Touch'd by his weapon high in air they flew,  
The plain their mangled limbs descending strew.

What grief in reverend Chrysos rose, to find  
Fulfilled the bodings of his prescient mind !  
He call'd on Phlogos to suspend the fray;  
Their leaders' voices both the hosts obey.  
" While we," he said, " our partial fight maintain,  
Behold what slaughter'd squadrons strew the plain;  
Ah ! what avails it if to thee I yield,  
Or thou, o'ercome, shouldst press the empurpled field,  
Short were our glory; while yon foes are nigh,  
We fight to fall, and triumph but to die.  
Then let us now our mutual hate resign,  
And join our arms to meet yon hostile line."

He ceas'd; the chief agreed—Each leader wound  
His horn, to call the scatter'd Sprites around,  
And many heard, but more, dispers'd afar,  
Lost its shrill note amid the din of war;  
Or mix'd in combat, or o'ercome by fear,  
Turn'd to its warning voice a careless ear.  
And those who hastened at the bugle's sound  
Were faint with toil, and gor'd with many a wound.  
When Phlogos spoke: " Tho' lasting shame repay  
The dastard wretch who flies in danger's day,  
Not more that chief deserves, when hope is lost,  
Who madly rash, maintains an useless post,  
And vainly falls amid his falling host.  
Our troops are spent and few, an easy spoil  
To foes more numerous, and unbroke by toil,  
Then let us snatch them from this fatal fray,  
And lead to combat on some happier day."

" Wise are thy words; alike should courage know."  
The Gnome replied, " to aim or stay the blow,  
And none who fear or glory in thy might,  
Dare call thee coward—our retreat a flight;"

Soon Phlogos form'd his squadron.—Soon his host  
In distance and the increasing gloom was lost,  
Yet, Parthian like, their vengeful arrows flew,  
And turning, oft the combat they renew,

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

Till tir'd, their aqueous foes no more pursue.

With speed the reverend Chrysos rang'd his throng  
In a square phalanx, close, compact, and strong;  
Those six gigantic kings, who claim their birth  
Ere man was form'd, coeval with the earth,  
His rear-guard form'd—retreating, still oppose  
Their front undaunted to the threat'ning foes.  
Plemmyra, Cumos, Clydon, rage in vain,  
Retreating still, they yet the fight maintain.  
And now they came where, slain by Pyros hand,  
A heap of dead o'erspread the burden'd land;  
There young Asbestos lay, depriv'd of breath,  
Tho' pale and cold, yet lovely e'en in death.  
With grief the Gnomes so sad an object view'd,  
In Chrysos' eye the tear unbidden stood,  
When thus he cried: " And art thou too a prey  
To the dire rage of this ill-omen'd day ?  
Oh ! who so brave in war's destructive scene,  
In peace so mild, so gentle, so serene !  
Still on thy path propitious fortune smil'd,  
And glory claim'd thee as her favourite child.  
But now "—he paus'd—" thou shalt not lie," he said,  
Dishonour'd thus among the vulgar dead.  
Not all our tears, alas ! can bid thee live,  
But yet my care a hero's grave shall give.'

He spoke; and on a bier of lances made,  
Four trusty Gnomes his lifeless form convey'd,  
While still the giant chiefs the fight sustain,  
Till safely shelter'd in their own domain.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK

**BOOK THE THIRD. THE ESCAPE.**

MEANWHILE, imprison'd in Cimmerian gloom,  
Young Henry sate, expectant of his doom;  
'Twas now the time when from the cavern far  
Albruno's chiefs their squadrons led to war;  
No lightning flash'd, no thunder shook the ground,  
Unbroken shade and silence reign'd around.  
He sigh'd—" How long must I in darkness dwell,  
The lonely tenant of this silent cell,  
While to this dreary realm, through ways unknown,  
Maria strays, unaided and alone !  
Oh ! who shall now her erring steps direct,  
In fear sustain her, and from foes protect !  
Or who, and soon the fatal time must come,  
Oh ! who shall guard her from the treacherous Gnome !  
Yet still unshaken faith in Ariel's power  
Shall brace my mind to wait the eventful hour;  
And here, tho' night her thickest veil display,  
Seraphic Hope shall beam a mimic day:  
E'en now her radiance seems to pierce the gloom,  
A sudden splendour fills the vaulted room,  
Again she calls me to the realms above,  
Restor'd to light, to liberty, and love."

Not hope or fancy's power supplied alone  
The dawning light that thro' the cavern shone,  
Gave to the languid air a sudden spring,  
Or shook sweet odours from the zephyr's wing,  
But clad in all the majesty of light,  
Great Ariel's self dispell'd primeval night.

" What madness fill'd thy mind, rash youth !" he cried,  
" The fort to enter, in its lord confide?  
" His craft in courteous phrase but half conceal'd  
" Too well the unaccustom'd law reveal'd.  
" But let not vain regret the hours consume;  
" Haste ! quit these realms of heart-appalling gloom.  
" While now the Gnomes a distant war maintain,  
" Hence to the regions of the roaring main,  
" Miranda there and noble Alfred aid,  
" Then seek at Pyros' court the Spanish maid;  
" So in Maria's cause, their spears with thine  
" May grateful Alfred and Alonzo join."

He spoke; and at his touch from Henry's hands,

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

Self loosen'd, dropt the adamantine bands.  
As Gnomes disguis'd, unmark'd they swiftly tread  
The caves that seem'd interminably spread;  
At length they reach'd a spacious plain; on high  
A ruby sun illum'd a sapphire sky,  
Shed on the distant hills a crimson beam,  
And shone reflected in a silver stream.  
On emerald stalks, and bright with crystal dew,  
Earth's richest gems in flowery semblance grew;  
The tulips there their agate leaves unfold,  
And spartium blooms in imitative gold;  
The hyacinth of amethystine hue  
Shines near the paler gentian's sapphire blue;  
And on its slender stem of glittering green,  
Aloft Hesperia's golden fruit was seen.

Thus rich Peruvia's patient sons, of old,  
Wrought in a thousand forms the ductile gold,  
Bade flowers expand, and yellow harvests spread,  
And mimic woods the shining fields o'ershade.

Thus in Arabian fancy's sweetest theme,  
Wove in the sunshine of her brightest dream,  
She paints the garden whence Aladdin bore  
The wondrous lamp, the talisman of power.

Albruno's palace o'er the plain appear'd  
A splendid pile, of Parian marble rear'd;  
Four long arcades a spacious square enclose,  
On every side a high pavilion rose;  
Light pointed battlements the walls surround,  
An open dome each corner turret crown'd.  
Within the court, in grand array behold  
Tall minarets and cupolas of gold;  
Such are the piles the wanderer's eye that feast,  
Where fancy revels in her favourite east,  
O'er Scythia's plains to roving Tartars shine,  
Or Moslems bound to Mecca's holy shrine;  
Or such the Indian temples, vast and grand,  
By Delhi's monarchs raised on Jumna's strand.  
Yet, oh ! how small, this giant fabric near,  
Proud man ! would all thy loftiest works appear;  
The Egyptian piles, Sophia's vaunted dome !  
Or the famed structures of majestic Rome !

One moment paused the adventurers, then in haste  
The lofty portal's ample arch they past,

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

Tread the rich pavement of the vaulted ile,  
And mount by jasper steps the central pile;  
They reach the council-hall; at Ariel's hand  
The valves that radiate golden light expand.  
The pavement gay with various marbles shone;  
High rose the monarch's amethystine throne;  
An azure dome the splendid chamber crown'd,  
Where mimic stars the silver moon surround.  
There giant Draco's snaky volumes roll,  
The northern team, the bear that guards the pole;  
There bright Andromeda and Perseus shone,  
And Cassiopeia on her glittering throne,  
Bootes stern, and Ariadne's crown.  
Their forms so well the skilful painter drew,  
So nicely mock'd the heaven's ethereal blue,  
That Henry paus'd, as hoping to inhale  
The cooling freshness of the evening gale.

The ancient annals of the Gnomian race  
The golden walls in pictur'd beauty grace;  
Here to Albruno's might the Hydida yield,  
There fire's exhausted legions quit the field;  
The victor Gnomes their vanquish'd foes pursue,  
And dying forms the smoking ground bestrew.  
Here in a cave conceal'd from mortal sight,  
A lamp diffused its everlasting light;  
His ponderous mace a brazen statue rear'd  
As the last step the bold adventurer dar'd,  
Prepar'd, with one remorseless blow, to shroud  
The invaluable secret in perpetual cloud;  
In Egypt's tombs thus burn the quenchless fires,  
Thus with admitted air the light expires.

The painter's skill next bade the scene appear  
Where mourns Belinda for her ravish'd hair;  
Malignant Umbriel's baleful hand unties  
The fatal bag of passions, sobs, and sighs,  
" Full o'er their heads the swelling sack he rent,  
" And all the furies issued at the vent."  
There Juliana quits the realms above,  
In Idria's mine to tend her banish'd love,  
And braves the baleful fogs and noisome air,  
Resolved his toil, his lingering death, to share,  
With anguish pines his fading form to see,  
And weeps Theresa's harsh but just decree,  
Till mov'd to mercy by their guardian sprite,  
The queen restores the pair to upper light.  
These, as he slowly left the council-hall,  
His own sad fate to Henry's mind recall.



## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

Through many a spacious gallery Ariel led;  
Their steps a small secluded chamber staid.  
Before a throne of ruby hue behold  
An emerald tripod grac'd with sculptur'd gold,  
Where firmly bound by adamantine chains,  
A crystal vase the fatal Veil contains.  
Beyond, its beams a wondrous mirror gave,  
That both illumines and reflects the cave,  
Like that strange gem instinct with life and light,  
That self suspended shines and chases night.  
Unconsciously as Henry near it stood,  
Himself restor'd to native form he view'd.

" That glass," said Ariel, " framed by magic charms,  
" Reflects substantial and ethereal forms;  
" No nice disguise the real shape conceals,  
" Its power the bosom's inmost thoughts reveals.  
" And when, absorb'd in rays of solar light,  
" Their lucid forms too fine for mortal sight,  
" The sylphids revel in the noontide blaze,  
" Its polish'd face their airy band betrays.

" Form'd by Dyr Zoro in deep Komri's cave,  
" To Canace this mirror Acban gave;  
" Here first the nymph her destin'd spouse survey'd,  
" Its power the treacherous Acban's fraud betray'd,  
" Timourshah's truth and Erbol's guilt display'd.  
" This, when Cambuscan, whose proud mind disdain'd  
" To share with magic, wreaths by valour gain'd,  
" True to his vow, his brazen courser rode  
" To Kaf's vast height, by mortal erst untrod,  
" Above the clouds, upon its peak to fling  
" The virtuous glass, the sabre, and the ring,  
" From its huge adamantine spire, the Gnome  
" Triumphant bore to this majestic dome.  
" But from its influence haste, nor rashly dare  
" Thy sure detection, should a Gnome appear."

The youth meanwhile scarce heeded Ariel's tale,  
But fixt his eyes upon the fatal Veil;  
Yet, at his call, he rais'd his thoughtful head  
And while his face hope's liveliest glow o'erspread,  
Mov'd from the spot, and thus impassion'd said.

" Why pause we thus, while none the deed oppose,

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

" To snatch this prize from our unheeding foes ?  
" Foiled in his art, if we the pledge regain,  
" The baffled Gnome may rage and storm in vain."

While thus he speaks, his eager arms he strains  
To reach the casket that the Veil contains,  
But Ariel seiz'd his arm, and flung him far:  
" Desist, mad youth, nor thus destruction dare !  
" Fixt by Albruno's power, this casket stands,  
" Nor moves, nor opens at another's hands;  
" While touch'd by hidden springs, his snares surprize  
" The unconscious wretch who seeks the fatal prize.  
" Yet had its loss fulfill'd our bold design,  
" Or fraud, or force, had borne it from the mine;  
" But know, the casket, from his reach convey'd,  
" Frees not the promise of the hapless maid,  
" Himself alone, tho' gain'd by fraud his power,  
" Must yield Maria, and the Veil restore.

" But hark ! what means this sudden noise without ?  
" That mournful cry, and that exulting shout ?  
" Those varied sounds the finish'd fight declare,  
" Haste, quit the palace, ere the Gnomes appear."

Soon they beheld where Chrysos' faithful train  
In solemn silence bore Asbestos slain;  
With eager looks, as slow they mov'd along,  
Around the chief the anxious numbers throng,  
To mourn Asbestos, of the fight inquire,  
And learn the doom of brother, friend, or sire:  
As various fates attend them, beauty's eye  
The soft effulgence beam'd of hope and joy,  
Or shone more keenly thro' her streaming tears,  
As brighter light thro' polish'd glass appears.  
By contrast heighten'd, there delight and fear,  
Despair and joy, and love and hate appear,  
As the sun's radiance on the mountain's brow  
In double darkness shews the glen below.

Than all more fair, now Amiantha came,  
While strange forebodings agitate her frame.  
Scarce could the chief the trembling accents hear,  
That told at once her wishes and her fear;  
But while she waits his slow reply, the maid,  
With looks aghast, her brother's corse survey'd:  
She shriek'd,—then o'er him bent in silent woe,  
While grief too great forbade her tears to flow.

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

On her his glistening eye brave Chrysos turn'd,  
The maid he pitied, and the brother mourn'd;  
But gathering numbers force him to declare  
The changeful fortunes of the fatal war:  
How Pyros rag'd, how Adamas had fought,  
What mighty deeds Albruno's prowess wrought;  
And here the nymph half rais'd her from the bier,  
And half forgot her brother's loss, to hear  
The glorious trophies of Albruno's spear.  
But when, while fortune crown'd their first desire,  
And from the fight their fainting foes retire,  
He told how false Marino's squadrons came,  
And whelm'd at once the hosts of earth and flame,—  
Then Ariel from the croud young Henry led,  
" The war recalls me from these realms," he said;  
" For rash Marino, either chief o'erthrown,  
" May quit these kingdoms and assail mine own.  
" But here thy guide, this faithful magnet, view,  
" Still to the north thy steady course pursue,  
" And soon shalt thou the rocky frontier gain,  
" Where Oros guards the passage to the main.  
" This wand in slumber shall his senses steep,  
" And shield thee from the monsters of the deep.  
" But then no more the Gnome's dark semblance wear,  
" 'Tis here thy safety, but thy danger there.  
" Last, take this casket; dark its surface seems,  
" Yet it, condens'd, contains ethereal beams;  
" This slender spring unlocks the hidden rays;  
" Pure and exhaustless as the solar blaze:  
" This lights thy progress: swift thy course pursue,  
" Maria's welfare is my care—adieu."

So swift the monarch vanish'd from his sight,  
That Henry's eye could scarcely mark his flight.  
The lamp he took—thro' many a cavern vast,  
Whose scatter'd crystals glimmer'd as he past,  
Thro' clefts which freezing floods in rocks had made,  
Or air confin'd, or struggling fires, he stray'd,  
And many a vein of mineral wealth explores,  
Where the rich metals slumber in their ores;  
There gold's rich purple was luxuriant seen,  
And iron's red, and copper's brilliant green.  
Oft on the earth the issuing flame reveals  
The treasur'd hoard the barren soil conceals.

And now he past a mass of shining ore,  
Whose polish'd face a silvery lustre wore,  
But as, by chance, the guiding lamp he rais'd,  
His lifted arm the glittering surface grazed;

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

Slight was the touch; and, patient of the stroke,  
No fragments shiver'd from the stricken rock;  
But when another night had past away,  
And all the Gnomes in peaceful slumber lay,  
A loud explosion shook the caves around,  
The Gnomes, astonish'd, hasten'd at the sound;  
Vast was the chasm, and like untempered glass,  
In thousand atoms laid the broken mass.

Now chang'd the scene—no more in solid blocks.  
Of size immense, ascend the lofty rocks;  
Disjointed, broken, every cleft contains  
Alluvial earth, and organiz'd remains.  
The strata now proclaim their watry birth,  
And grasp the harder nucleus of the earth;  
The fragments here in mouldering ruin hurl'd,  
Of many a race that fill'd the early world,  
Where watry relics earthborn tribes surround,  
And tropic fruits in polar climes are found;  
Where bodies chang'd, a mineral lustre give,  
And buried forests still in coal survive;  
The strata now erected, now deprest,  
Now disappearing, now again confest,  
The events of unrecorded time declare,  
Sad monuments of elemental war.

Here in calcareous rocks, vast torrents force  
The snowy bed of their impetuous course;  
Or from the fires that burn unquench'd beneath,  
Thro' narrow clefts sulphureous odours breathe.

A city next he reach'd:—as crystal clear,  
The ramparts high, and domes of salt appear.  
Such was the pile where lovely Bertha dwelt,  
While Ufo's form the strange enchantment felt,  
Until the seventh revolving moon restor'd  
Again to human shape her dolphin lord.  
Here lamps dependent mock the blaze of day,  
And all within the faithless walls betray.  
Sprightly, and high in bold Marino's grace,  
His subjects once, here dwelt an active race.  
Now conquer'd by Albruno's arms, his sway,  
With vain regret, the vanquish'd tribe obey.

Soon Henry past them, soon he hears the roar  
Of billows breaking on a distant shore.  
A rock of granite insulated rose

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

Where mighty Oros' giant limbs repose,  
While stretch'd around the shore, a faithful band,  
The bold Basaltes, giant warriors, stand,  
A hardy race, and garrison the land.  
To guard the opposing frontiers of the main,  
Undaunted Cumos leads a countless train;  
A valiant chief, but swiftly rous'd to ire,  
Seldom he slept, no toil his limbs could tire.  
Yet either chief a sudden slumber found,  
As Henry, passing, wav'd his wand around.  
Who now, to human form again restor'd,  
The vast recesses of the deep explor'd.

Meanwhile, the armies, still in fight engaged,  
A triple war with fiercer fury wag'd,  
Such numbers fled, such numbers strew'd the plain,  
Wondrous it were to view what hosts remain.  
In countless throngs the aquatic legions pour,  
And ranks succeeding urge the ranks before,  
While, as their routed foes promiscuous fly,  
Or sink in death, fresh troops their place supply.  
It seem'd, (as in creation's primal hour,)  
That earth resum'd her vivifying power;  
While the same stroke, that laid the fiery train  
Prone in the dust, revived their strength again:  
As breathing on her lamp, some careful dame  
At once destroys and renovates the flame.

Still unsubdued, Silexis' bands appear,  
And bold Stypterion's lines provoke the war.  
On great Marino rush'd, with glory fir'd,  
The dread of all, and yet by all admir'd;  
A thousand weighty strokes he dealt around,  
None dealt in vain, and death in every wound,  
While still his myriads, rank by rank impell'd,  
Rush headlong on, and throng the narrow field,  
Till pent and crush'd amid the countless train,  
Fear strove to fly, and valour raged in vain.

Still as they fight, they seem in height to grow,  
And whelm with deadlier weight the prostrate foe;  
Their forms dilated to gigantic size,  
High o'er the field the bold Hydidaë rise,  
Bear in their arms their mangled foes aloof,  
And hurl with fury at the vaulted roof;  
Confused and prest, they fight and struggle there,  
So near, their shouts disturb'd the powers of air:  
In vain the concave with their force expands,

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

Their growing bulk a wider field demands.  
At length the ribs of solid rock give way !  
They force a passage to the realms of day:  
The Sylphs retire, and trembling with affright,  
The Gnomes malignant eye the unusual light.

'Twas night's meridian; on the tranquil scene  
Pale Cynthia shed her silver ray serene,  
And scarce a zephyr breath'd their sweets to bear  
From countless flowers that scent the Alpine air;  
Still were the hamlets in the glens below,  
The flocks slept peaceful on the mountain's brow,  
When starting from the turf, in panic fear,  
They clustering ran, as warn'd of danger near;  
Their shaggy guards howl'd hideous at the sound  
Of low deep thunder in the hollow ground.  
Appall'd, the shepherd sees a mount arise—  
It swells—it bursts—dense vapours veil the skies,  
While from the volum'd rings of smoke and flame,  
The noise of arms—the cries of combat came.  
Strange tumult rent the vault of heaven—and earth,  
Affrighted, trembled at her monstrous birth !  
As borne impetuous by their aqueous foes,  
Of earth and fire the mingled armies rose.  
The sudden flash illum'd the scene, and spread  
The lurid concave with a fearful red,  
While, by the Hydidaë hurl'd, they soar on high,  
A thousand blazing meteors to the sky,  
That burn a moment, then descend and die.  
Still from the new-form'd gulf the legions throng,  
And pour a flood of living fire along:  
Its headlong course no mounds, no barriers stay,  
It rolls resistless down the rapid way,  
Crush'd is the promise of the vernal year,  
The grain scarce budding in the tender ear,  
The prostrate vines before their fury yield,  
And groves of olives blaze along the field;  
The oaks mature, like tender saplings, fall,  
They melt the rock, and burst the massy wall;  
From slumber rous'd, the city's peaceful train  
Behold the falling tower, the blazing fane,  
Fly from their menac'd dwellings in despair,  
And weep, and raise their clasped hands in prayer.  
In vain their holiest relics are display'd !  
In vain a thousand saints invok'd to aid !  
Still with fierce rage the Sprites maintain the war,  
Still louder swells the battle's deafening roar,  
Still to the skies the fiery stream ascends,  
Still deepest darkness o'er the earth extends,  
Save the quick darting flame, that frequent broke

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

Thro' the thick volumes of sulphureous smoke,  
Or the red light that glow'd along the plain,  
From gleaming arms, and fire's expiring train.

But Ariel now from rescued Henry flew,  
And pierced the distant heaven's ethereal blue:  
Above the clouds, he reach'd his throne of light,  
Whence half the globe expands beneath his sight;  
(That wondrous throne, where Scandinavia's race  
Their fabled god, their barbarous Odin place;)  
He mark'd those clouds of rising smoke, that shone  
In silvery light beneath the placid moon,  
And pierced with eagle eye their sable womb,  
Where flames terrific light the fearful gloom;  
And mid the clash of arms, the ceaseless din,  
A second chaos seem'd to rage within.  
As thro' the gulf the mingled legions pour,  
Tumultuous still ! an inexhausted store,  
In vain the Sylphs impede them as they rise,  
Or headlong hurl them from the invaded skies;  
To share their fate unnumber'd troops succeed,  
And friends and foes in strife promiscuous bleed.  
But mighty Ariel, who with grief survey'd  
The dreadful havoc by the Hydridæ made,  
Resolved to end the war—A glance he cast  
Where near his throne a minor planet past,  
There oft these orbs their burning faces shew,  
Their names are meteors with the world below.  
He seized the wanderer, reckless of its weight,  
And swift thro' ether wing'd his radiant flight;  
Soon o'er the gulf he hung—the orb he cast,  
The Sylphids flying as it whistled past;  
Down in its course the issuing Sprites it bore,  
And closed the cavern's mouth for evermore:  
Fixt to the spot, till time's remotest hour  
That stone shall rest the mark of Ariel's power.  
Back by his arm the clouds of smoke were driven,  
Again the moon illumines the azure heaven;  
Yet still the cries of warriors maim'd in fight  
Disturb the sacred silence of the night,  
The dreary scene thick dust and ashes spread,  
And broken arms, and bodies of the dead.

From conflict by their flying squadrons borne,  
Again to fight the rival kings return.  
Albruno, Pyros, view'd with equal pain,  
How few of all their gallant bands remain;  
Alike Marino mourn'd his valiant host,  
Dishearten'd, weak, his bravest warriors lost;

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constasy

Too late repentant of the havoc done,  
Where all were weaken'd, yet victorious none:  
In triple truce the rival kings agreed,  
And from the field their shatter'd forces lead.

The Muse now quits the drear abode of night,  
The clash of arms, the tumult of the fight,  
For Ether's gladsome realms, and cheerful light,  
Where, in the fort, the mournful maids remain,  
And Alfred and Alonzo guard the plain.

Behind the eastern trees the moon was seen  
In silver lustre thro' their deep'ning green;  
Now on the fort her placid radiance falls,  
And gives new grandeur to the massy walls.  
Bright on the view the lofty turrets rose,  
While the deep shades in lengthen'd gloom repose.  
His loss discover'd by the expanding light,  
Now anxious Alfred seeks Maria's knight;  
For when Albruno dar'd him to the field,  
A sable cloud the combatants conceal'd.  
Vainly he sought, and unmolested past,  
Where'er the moon her soft effulgence cast;  
But where the building wrapt the ground in shade,  
Forth from the gloom emerged a lovely maid.  
Miranda's seem'd the form, as veil'd in white,  
She, like a phantom, burst upon his sight.  
" Thus unattended, at this awful hour,  
" Why does Miranda quit the sheltering tower ?  
" From this chill air, these midnight dews, retire,  
" Your wearied frame must rest and sleep require."

" Nor rest nor sleep are mine," the maid replies,  
" While still in doubt my future prospect lies.  
" Mov'd by my prayers, unnotic'd by the guard,  
" A page for me a secret door unbarr'd;  
" Long is our journey, and the morning ray  
" Must find us far upon our toilsome way,  
" Our harness'd steeds now wait beneath yon tree,  
" So waste not time in words, but follow me."

Thro' the thick covert of a lofty wood,  
The travellers long their rapid way pursued;  
At length less thick arose the leafy screen,  
And moonbeams trembled thro' the waving green.  
More thinly scatter'd, now the trees display'd  
Less towering height, and less majestic shade;



## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

Now short thin grass and purple heath alone  
Clothe the bleak summits of the chalky down;  
And when the ocean burst upon their sight,  
Its waves just trembled in the dawning light.  
" Oh, haste," the maiden cried, " our lingering course;  
" My vessel waits." She urged her foaming horse,  
And Alfred followed. Soon the glowing skies  
Cast o'er the deep Aurora's purple dyes;  
And, as they reach'd the strand, Hyperion gave  
A golden tincture to the sparkling wave.  
But now the cock was heard, and at the sound  
The wanderers, hurl'd astonish'd to the ground,  
Sought for their vanish'd steeds.— —A gentle breeze  
Swept the bright surface of the tranquil seas,  
And raised the silken scarf that screen'd with care  
The damsel's features from the morning air,  
While Alfred gazed in hope once more to prove  
The sweet enchantment of her looks of love;  
But, tho' as fair as ever painter drew,  
'Twas not Miranda's face—her eye of blue  
Ne'er shew'd the ungovern'd anger and despair  
That mark'd the features of the stranger fair.  
Sudden her voice assum'd its softest tone,  
Her looks were mournful, but their rage was gone;  
Her bosom seem'd to struggle with a sigh,  
A tear to tremble in her downcast eye.  
" Alas ! you rising sun—too soon betray'd,  
" My sweetest hopes are fled !" exclaim'd the maid.  
" Yet stay, dear youth ! and let thine heart approve,  
" At least my fraud forgive, the fraud of love  
" And hear my prayer—yet, ah ! too well I see  
" The cause that turns thy face in scorn from me.  
" Thy heart has felt the pangs that torture mine,  
" And all the griefs of hopeless love are thine;  
" For well thou know'st no force can burst the band  
" That with Marino's links Miranda's hand;  
" And when yon sun again begins his course,  
" On her the spell exerts resistless force.—  
" I do not speak to wound thy feeling heart,  
" For in each pang I bear an equal part.  
" Yet since thyself must own thy passion vain,  
" By one blest effort break the fatal chain,  
" And turn from her whom fate denies, to one  
" Who lives, and feels, and breathes for thee alone.  
" In me behold a daughter of the wave,  
" Now let me waft thee to my coral cave.  
" Oh ! lovelier far those regions of the main  
" Than bards can paint, or eastern fancy feign;  
" Our wealth and pomp might tire a miser's eyes;  
" But Alfred's heart can wealth and pomp despise !  
" In those blest realms we neither feel nor fear

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

" The seasons varying with the changing year.  
" With you, when summer smiles or winter lours,  
" Unfading spring and equal warmth are ours;  
" And when the moon deserts your dreary night,  
" Our living lamps supply a softer light.—  
" I speak in vain—thy thoughts for ever stray  
" To her in silence slumbering far away.—  
" Yet come with me; this form, which you despise,  
" These locks dishevell'd, and these weeping eyes,  
" Shall bid an hundred knights their lances rear,  
" Knights not unworthy of my Alfred's spear !  
" If thou command, my words their fury rouse  
" To tear the garland from Marino's brows,  
" And force the conquer'd monarch to resign  
" The envied Veil, and make Miranda thine,  
" While I retire and shun the face of day,  
" And, far from thee, in tears dissolve away.—  
" Still dost thou doubt my truth, or scorn my aid ?  
" Know that the ocean cannot boast a maid  
" Whose birth or rank surpasses mine; and fame  
" May e'en to thee have borne Lymnoria's name."

" Lymnoria ! false, perfidious wretch !" he said,  
And turn'd indignant from the astonish'd maid.  
" Yes ! well Lymnoria's name and arts I know,  
" Those arts, the source of all our toils and woe.  
" Hence ! boast my faith betrayed, and tell how long  
" I madly listen'd to thy treacherous tongue."

He spoke:—her curses followed as he flew.  
" Hence, hateful wretch ! may ill thy steps pursue !  
" Hence to Miranda !—nay, thou need'st not fear;  
" It was not love, but hate that brought me here.  
" I knew Marino's mood, his jealousy  
" I wish'd to rouse, and ruin her and thee.  
" Tho' scorned and foiled, if wonted skill be mine,  
" She ne'er shall be Marino's bride—nor thine.  
" To frame a deeper snare I seek my cave."  
She spoke, and plunged indignant in the wave.

Alfred scarce gone, Alonzo hears the alarms  
Of earnest fight, and sees the gleam of arms;  
Advancing to the spot, he viewed his friend  
With two strong knights on noble steeds contend;  
And now the first his manly arm has slain,  
Who still in dying grasp'd his courser's rein,  
While, faint with wounds, the victor prest the plain;  
Yet begs Alonzo, with his latest breath,

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

To guard Miranda, and avenge his death.  
He mounts the vacant steeds—The stranger knight  
Turns his swift courser and declines the fight.  
He flies—Alonzo follows.—As he flew,  
His spear the Spaniard at the caitiff threw,  
When, lo ! in flames he vanish'd from his view;  
He leaves his steed, and seeks his spear—in vain.  
Nor spear, nor steed, Alonzo finds again.  
Bewilder'd in the gloom, no path to guide  
Thro' shades that spread alike on every side,  
He strays, and mourns his hopes by magic crost,  
His post deserted, and the fortress lost;  
And when the morning broke, the feeble ray  
No path discovered to direct his way.  
Whene'er his steps pursue some seeming track,  
It sinks in wood, or circling leads him back;  
At length he thought,— " When first my eyes survey'd  
" This fort, whose fatal law my steps betray'd,  
" In western skies the setting orb of day  
" Tipt its high turrets with a lingering ray;  
" Dark rose its walls embattled on the sight,  
" And grimly frown'd amid the crimson light,  
" Hence westward lies the fort—that course pursu'd,  
" Ere long must lead me from this fatal wood."

Fresh hope and strength the welcome thought bestow'd,

**[There is no numbered line 610 in original text.]**

Less thick the wood, less toilsome seem'd the road.  
And soon the Castle's rising towers he sees  
O'er the high summits of the waving trees.  
Arriv'd, for entrance long in vain he calls.—  
The surly warder answer'd from the walls:  
" No second entrance here our laws allow  
" To recreant warriors who forget their vow,  
" And leave their posts unguarded in the night;—  
" The maids departed with the dawning light."

He spoke: suspicion fill'd Alonzo's breast,  
Tho' all unwont to harbour such a guest:  
His brave companions vanish'd from his sight;  
Himself deluded by the magic knight;  
The law unusual, which had thus remov'd  
From his protecting arm the maid he loved;  
All from one common source appear'd to spring—  
The jealous hatred of the fiery king.  
" 'Tis false !" he cried; " the maids are here, and I

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

" Will win a passage to their sight, or die."

Now to the walls the wily Baron came;  
" Sir knight," he said, " your own base conduct blame;  
" In vain with rage an entrance you demand,  
" We scorn the prowess of a single hand.  
" But come and prove, the maids no longer here,  
" Alike unjust your anger and your fear."

He ceased:—the drawbridge falls—Alonzo's mind  
Already half its late distrust resign'd.  
He past, and turning, wild with anguish, found  
The bridge again uprais'd, himself on hostile ground;  
The vassals, at their fraudulent lord's commands,  
Prepar'd to bind him in ignoble bands;  
Lost was his spear, but swift his sword he drew,  
The first he wounded and the next he slew,  
And on their chief with double fury flew.  
But vain his strength, the villain fought secure,  
In skill, but more in temper'd armour, sure.  
Alonzo's sword, unfaithful to his hand,  
In shining fragments glitter'd on the sand.  
Yet still his art eludes the coming blow,  
And grasps with sinewy arms his hardy foe.  
Long was the strife, as o'er the narrow plain  
Struggling they fight—retreat—advance again.  
The Baron's limbs to time and labour yield,  
Prest by his foe, he sinks upon the field;  
At this, long peals of thunder shook the sky,  
The fallen chieftain fled Alonzo's eye:  
The walls, the towers that caught the morning beam,  
The moat, the drawbridge, vanish'd like a dream !  
He mark'd the change; then sunk in trance profound,  
And woke, where Genoa stretch'd her bay around:  
'Twas on a vessel's deck, prepar'd to sail,  
The joyful crew observe the rising gale;  
The swelling canvass spread, the ship unmoor,  
And seek (with him) the Liparean shore.

Meanwhile the maids, who, in a dungeon's gloom,  
All night imprison'd, had bewailed their doom,  
Now saw the walls in air dissolve away,  
And hail'd the sudden flash of purple day.  
Amaz'd, upon the vacant plain they stood,  
Where their freed palfreys cropt their verdant food;  
When thus a voice was heard—" Dismiss your fear,  
" Pursue your way, and trust to Ariel's care."

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

Cheer'd by the friendly voice, the nymphs obey;  
Their steeds, spontaneous, take the destin'd way;  
And, when a secret fear their looks betray'd,  
Thus Leonora cheers each drooping maid.

" Though now our champions fled, their fate unknown,  
" Through dreary ways we wander, and alone,  
" Rely on Ariel's word. The prince of air  
" Shall make our warriors, like ourselves, his care.  
" And should he fail, although on Albion's shore,  
" 'Gainst lawless force, no generous lions roar,  
" The guards of virtue, as in days of yore,  
" Ours are the arms no warrior dares defy,—  
" The lightnings beaming from a lady's eye;  
" Nor shield, nor plated mail, repels the dart,  
" Through all it glides, and pierces to the heart.  
" So bards have sung ;—and where shall eyes be found,  
" That like Maria's, or Miranda's, wound ?  
" E'en mine, tho' dim, shall flash with virtuous ire,  
" And beam in your defence their keenest fire."

Her words their hearts revive; and now they found  
A spear implanted firmly in the ground;  
The same that, ere he vanish'd from his view,  
The bold Alonzo at the phantom threw.

" Behold," the maid pursu'd, " propitious heaven,  
" Your eyes to aid, this wondrous lance has given;  
" Here planted by some sage magician's hands,  
" To grace a favour'd warrior's arm it stands;  
" That arm is mine—try one, try all, to free  
" Its buried barb, and prove, by fate's decree,  
" This mighty weapon is reserved for me."

Misfortune oft in mirthful guise appears,  
And woe, at times, will frolic, tho' in tears.  
Maria strives and yields, as sorely griev'd  
To leave this great adventure unachiev'd.  
Like her, Miranda, yet but feebly, tries,  
And, with affected sorrow, quits the prize.  
But Leonora comes with all her strength,  
And tugs, and tears it from the ground at length,  
And as elate she shakes it high in air,  
Darts looks of triumph on each vanquish'd fair.

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

But, lo ! a maid advances o'er the plain,  
Whose garb proclaims a daughter of the main.  
Fair was her form; with pearls embroider'd round,  
Her robe of snowy coral swept the ground.  
Pearl was her zone—of pearl the wand she bore,  
And pearl the splendid coronet she wore;  
Loose flow'd her lucid veil of softest blue,  
That shone by turns with every varying hue,  
Like dew drops to its filmy texture clung,  
The scatter'd pearls around its border hung;  
O'er the whole figure of the ocean maid,  
Like Cynthia's light, a silvery lustre play'd.

" Fair wanderers hail !" she said, " from ocean's caves  
" A hapless nymph your kind attention craves;  
" I quit my native realm, to guide and aid,  
" At great Marino's court, a suppliant maid;  
" Those sparkling eyes declare success is near—  
" And hope already greets Miranda here."—

The maid replied, " May every joy be thine,  
" Who, tho' unknown, an interest takest in mine !  
" A sage, whose eye events to come descried,  
" Bade me with speed repair to ocean's side,  
" A pearl should meet me—to Marino's court  
" My steps direct, and there my suit support;  
" Then if my woes have touch'd your gentle mind,  
" Assist my search this precious gem to find."

Smiling, the nymph rejoin'd, " Behold, reveal'd  
" The truth the sage in mystic words conceal'd,  
" A pearl implied in Marguerita's name;  
" With bolder hope I now shall aid thy claim,  
" Foretold thy guide—no thanks are justly mine,  
" For fate has link'd my happiness with thine.

" Two different races mingle in my birth,  
" A nymph my mother, but my sire of earth,  
" And hence from them the double power I bear,  
" To breathe the crystal tide, or lighter air.

" Twelve changing moons had scarcely past away,  
" Since we had seen Lymnoria's power decay,  
" When flush'd with conquest o'er the haughty Gnome,  
" Our king return'd in solemn triumph home,  
" And all the ocean chiefs with costly care,

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

" To greet their lord a festival prepare;  
" The morn a splendid tournament display'd,  
" Where shone the knights in martial pomp array'd,  
" Each warrior's lance a broider'd pendant bears,  
" Grac'd with the name of her whose chains he wears,  
" And they whose champions vanquish'd press the field,  
" The prize of beauty to their rivals yield;  
" Aloft each nymph beholds with joyful eye  
" For her the chance of war her knight defy,  
" And oft, when courage fails, and hope expires,  
" New strength, new zeal, her cheering glance inspires.

" At first from all Lymnoria's valiant knight  
" Their favours bore, the trophies of the fight,  
" While rais'd upon a coral throne she sate,  
" And watch'd his glorious course with heart elate;  
" Her gorgeous robe with regal splendour shone,  
" The scarlet coral form'd a mimic crown,  
" Her clustering locks rich chains of pearl confine,  
" Her whiter arms the clasping pearls outshine;  
" It seem'd alike that art and nature vied  
" To deck that lovely form, their mutual pride.  
" Perhaps she hop'd that hour again might wind  
" Her fatal fetters round Marino's mind.  
" Ah ! less seductive were Armida's smiles,  
" And less pernicious her delusive wiles;  
" Tho' known her fraud, Lymnoria's charms detain  
" Unnumber'd knights in love's delightful chain,  
" To all her smiles deceitful hopes impart,  
" Pleas'd to be dup'd, tho' conscious of her art,  
" Or if against her beauty's sway they strive,  
" Her looks their love and fading hope revive.

" But lo ! Marino comes; his noble steed  
" Active and strong, the pride of ocean's breed;  
" The treasures of the deep his mail compos'd,  
" Corals and shells in bright array dispos'd,  
" A pearly Nautilus his helmet made,  
" The green Confervæ nodded o'er his head,  
" The Walrus gave the ivory horn he wore,  
" A Chama form'd the massy shield he bore,  
" The Xiphias horn his polish'd lance supplied,  
" And the bright sword that glitter'd at his side.  
" Soon to his might all rival warriors yield,  
" And last Lymnoria's champion prest the field,  
" But then her cheek's vermilion hue betray'd  
" The secret rage that stung the wily maid,  
" While (pledge of conquest) from the lance he bore,  
" Her blazon'd name the royal victor tore,

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constasy

" Her hand that purple pennon wrought with care,  
" The name embroider'd in her golden hair.

" Marino now, all rival knights subdu'd,  
" The prize to claim before the judges stood;  
" The victor's meed a sparkling helmet shines,  
" Won from the mighty monarch of the mines,  
" And a bright zone, of pearl and coral rare,  
" The victor's tribute to his chosen fair.  
" But on that morn, Marino to the fight  
" Came not acknowledg'd as a lady's knight;  
" Around the ring awhile in doubt he rode,  
" To view where best the prize might be bestow'd;  
" While hop'd Lymnoria to receive once more  
" That envied honour oft bestow'd before;  
" But no ! the monarch, with a careless eye,  
" Just glanc'd upon the maid, and pass'd her by;  
" Meanwhile his martial mien, and known desert  
" Had wak'd a strange sensation in my heart,  
" And as he in the circle rode, I found  
" My eyes unconsciously had watch'd him round;  
" At length before my seat behold him stand,  
" The radiant girdle waving in his hand.

" 'To thee, the loveliest of the lovely throng,'  
" He said, 'this girdle can alone belong.'

" With trembling hand the precious belt I took,  
" My tott'ring frame with strange emotion shook,  
" In vain I tried the lively thanks to speak  
" That shone in crimson on my glowing cheek;  
" When lo ! in happy hour, a piercing scream  
" Thrill'd thro' my frame, and rous'd me from my dream.

**[There is no numbered line 830 in original text.]**

" Around Lymnoria's fainting form, I view'd  
" Where all the sisters of the ocean stood,  
" And hid my feelings in the throng that led  
" Back to her pearly grot the senseless maid.

" Thus past the morning ! in his regal hall  
" That night the monarch gave a splendid ball;  
" Fate, and the magic of the scene conspire  
" Still in my breast to feed the growing fire,  
" Grac'd with the envied honours of the fight,



## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

" I led the dance with my victorious knight.  
" Sure not so graceful could Sir Gawaine be !  
" That gem of arms, and 'Flower of Courtesie !'  
" Not half so sweet his honied accents flow'd !  
" Tho' in his speech the fire of rhetoric glow'd.  
" He said, 'Since bright-hair'd Florimel was there,  
" 'The ocean caves could boast no maid so fair,  
" 'And well the radiant zone that bound my vest  
" 'Might seem the magic girdle she possest.'

" Think me not vain, sweet maids, for lingering here  
" On words like these, the speaker made them dear !  
" Too swift the moments wing'd their airy flight,  
" And put a period to that festive night;  
" Ne'er with such pleasure have I hail'd the morn,  
" And watch'd its earliest beams the sky adorn,  
" As now with grief I saw the lamps decay  
" In the bright lustre of the orient day.  
" Too soon the weary train retir'd to rest,  
" No gentle sleep my wakeful eyelids blest;  
" On my soft couch in pensive mood reclin'd,  
" I scann'd the new sensations in my mind,  
" While, with officious truth, fond memory dwelt  
" On all that I had seen, and heard, and felt;  
" Each word, each look recall'd, that might impart  
" A gleam of hope to my afflicted heart.  
" Tho' with delight I view'd my mingled birth,  
" Deriv'd not more from ocean than from earth,  
" Yet oft the dreadful vow would cross my brain,  
" No 'daughter of the Sea shall o'er the Ocean reign;'  
" And well I knew that in the realms of air  
" Marino's envoys sought the fated fair,  
" Who should with all Lymnoria's beauties shine,  
" And all the beauties of the soul combine.  
" I knew, that day, a fatal rumour came,  
" His faithful Sprites had found the destin'd dame:  
" Too well the following morn confirm'd the tale,  
" Its truth establish'd, by Miranda's Veil,  
" Yet to my mind this gleam of comfort brought,  
" That she to shun the hateful union sought;  
" I hop'd Lymnoria's jealousy would aid,  
" And in her suit support the unhappy maid.  
" But no ! as stars by Phoebus' light opprest,  
" A keener fire her rising rage suppress;  
" And pondering still the tourney's hapless hour,  
" On me she seeks her heaviest wrath to pour,  
" To check thy course, new perils threat the road,  
" Thro' the deep Maelstrom to the king's abode.  
" But fear not; were its dangers greater far,  
" Secure I'd waft thee in my pearly car."

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

**BOOK THE FOURTH. THE SEA.**

WHILE on the waves the earliest sunbeam play'd,  
Miranda rose, and by their margin stray'd,  
Impatient of her friend's expected aid,  
When on the tide she view'd a bark that bore  
A graceful damsel lightly to the shore;  
But ere it touch'd the strand, a mist profound  
Cloth'd in a fleecy veil the scene around;  
So thick, it scarce allow'd her eye to trace  
The lovely features of the Sea-nymph's face,  
Who from the boat began—" Miranda, haste !  
" Let no vain fear the precious moments waste,  
" Tho' dense around the morning mists extend,  
" Trust the sure guidance of thy faithful friend;  
" My bark ne'er courts the breeze's varying force,  
" No oars impel, no rudder guides its course,  
" I do but bid, at noon or night the same,  
" It moves unerring to its destin'd aim:  
" O come ! our cause admits no vain delay."—  
She enter'd; swift the vessel glides away.  
In silence pondering on her doubtful fate,  
Beside her friend, Miranda mournful sate;  
Slowly the mists disperse, and all around  
The heavens alone the wide horizon bound,  
While o'er the tide her eyes explore in vain,  
For Albion's vanish'd cliffs, the dazzling main.  
But now the vessel stops, the waves divide,  
And seem a glassy wall on every side;  
Down to the bosom of the deep it goes,  
And o'er their heads the crystal arches close;  
At length they reach a realm of purest air,  
Where, far above, the waves like clouds appear;  
And thro' their lucid veil with soften'd ray,  
The emerald sun diffused a milder day.  
Here, as on earth, tall woods and hills ascend;  
Here cities rise, and fruitful vales extend;  
Each flower that loves the limpid rill to drink,  
Or bend in beauty o'er its verdant brink,  
Grac'd a clear stream, whose murmuring current wound,  
Meandering, thro' a garden's ample bound.  
Of azure hue, or deck'd in golden pride,  
The bright Nympheas graced the sparkling tide,  
Numerous the tribe ! a modest blush was seen  
O'er the fair face of Nilus' sacred queen,  
Her rival, bright Nelunbia, grac'd her side,  
Her glowing charms in deeper crimson dyed;  
She blest the Samian sage, whose wise command  
Her embryo offspring saved from luxury's hand.

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

At love's fond call, here Valisneria fair,  
Her spiral stem uncurls, and floats to air;  
Here Sagittaria points her dart of green,  
While far above her graceful flowers are seen.

Along a winding path the nymph proceeds,  
And fair Miranda follows where she leads.

Rais'd at the garden's verge, a grotto stands,  
The beauteous labour of her artful hands,  
Here all the unnumber'd treasures of the wave,  
In rich profusion, deck'd the spacious cave;  
Mid coral sprays, on beds of fuci green,  
The Mytilis and Cardium white were seen;  
Here Ammon's horn appear'd in all its pride,  
(Loveliest of shells ! to mortal view denied,  
Save when embosom'd in the depths of mines,  
The joy of wondering Neptunists it shines.)  
But in these regions, through its pearly throat,  
Marino's minstrels breathe the dulcet note;  
And here its kindred Nautilus outshone  
The mountain-snow, or cygnet's spotless down;  
An unknown inmate forms the beauteous frame,  
Rais'd by its bitterest foe to light and fame,  
His stronger arms the peaceful lord expell,  
He mounts triumphant to the conquered shell;  
Far o'er the seas the foreign pilot sails,  
Spreads his slight web, and courts the favouring gales,  
And hence, with imitative art, mankind  
Unfurl the swelling canvass to the wind:  
The subject seas Britannia's navies ride,  
And every wind, that sweeps the foaming tide,  
Wafts a rich tribute to her island throne,  
And makes the wealth of distant worlds her own,  
Here was that shell where Cytherea rode  
In splendid triumph o'er her native flood;  
And here the gaudy Murex shone, that drest,  
In Tyrian hue, imperial Cæsar's vest:  
And numbers here unnam'd, dispos'd with art,  
Beam'd their collected charms from every part.

Of finest sand the grotto's floor was seen,  
Snow-white, and smoother than the shaven green;  
Rich seats of scarlet coral grac'd the pile,  
Where countless myriads ply their ceaseless toil.

In pleasing wonder lost, her woes forgot;

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constasy

Miranda view'd the garden and the grot;  
When turning, now her artful guide display'd,  
Not Marguerita, but a stranger maid !  
" Ah ! now accuse," the damsel taunting cries,  
" Thine ears deceitful, or thy careless eyes;  
" Or weep once more Lymnoria's fatal smiles,  
" Her heart obdurate and successful wiles.  
" Too late !—my voice your life or death declares:  
" Escape is hopeless ! fruitless are your prayers !  
" Think not, vain girl ! to share Marino's throne,  
" And claim those honours which are mine alone:  
" In vain shall Alfred his lost love bewail,  
" In vain Marino boast thy ravish'd Veil;  
" The charm that binds in ocean realms to dwell,  
" Will aid my arts to fix thee in this cell,  
" While I regain the heart thy wiles have won,  
" And mount the throne thou dost but feign to shun."

She spoke: at her command the waves that spread  
A mass of fleecy clouds above their head,  
In many a pendant column, forming slow,  
Sinks towards the ground—the river boils below.  
To meet the lowering skies its waters rose,  
And walls of seeming glass the grot enclose.  
She joins her sportive sisters of the main,  
The sea re-echoes her triumphant strain,  
The distant sound her mournful captive hears,  
Those notes of joy augment her fruitless tears.  
Tormenting state ! her steps no massy chain,  
No brazen doors, no lofty walls detain:  
She views the scene around, serene and clear,  
She breathes a light ethereal atmosphere,  
Yet by that lucid barrier more secured,  
Than if by circling adamant immured.

Thus, (like a diver in his crystal bell,)  
Aranea lives within her airy cell,  
Rears her young offspring in this secret cave,  
And insulated breathes amid the wave.

But now impatient, to her pearly car  
Fair Marguerita calls the lingering fair,  
But calls in vain,—her friends in wonder stand,  
Then seek their vanish'd partner on the strand.—  
A rock abrupt and insulated stood,  
Its rugged head impending o'er the flood;  
There sat a warrior—Soon his pictur'd shield  
And sable arms Miranda's knight reveal'd;

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

Yet false the hopes that now their breasts inspire,  
In vain their lips Miranda's fate inquire.  
" Oh ! ask not me ! by magic arts betrayed,  
" I left the fort and that transcendant maid ;  
" And had not chance Lymnoria's face reveal'd,  
" She now had borne me o'er yon azure field,  
" In ocean's darkest caves to watch and weep,  
" Or glut some savage monster of the deep !  
" Reviled and scorned, too late I knew the dame,  
" Who mock'd Miranda's voice, Miranda's name;  
" In vain my weary steps my love pursue,  
" Nor know I where to seek, if not with you."

Thus Alfred spoke: with grief the damsels hear,  
While Leonora's voice augments their fear:  
" Oh, Alfred, haste; perchance, like thee, betrayed,  
" The caves of ocean bide the hapless maid;  
" Haste, Marguerita, haste, ere yet too late,  
" Perhaps a moment lost decides her fate."

The nymph young Alfred follows; o'er the seas  
Speeds their light bark, nor heeds the adverse breeze;  
Tho' slight its frame, its strength the waves defied,  
And swift as lightning skimm'd the sparkling tide,  
No brilliant hues its dark-brown surface shows,  
Within the opal's changeful lustre glows,  
And o'er their heads a graceful awning rose.  
Soon to the warrior's eager eyes were lost  
The snowy cliffs that mark'd the distant coast,  
Whence long their anxious friends their course pursue,  
And gazing, wave them many a kind adieu.  
By Albion's shore their rapid way they steer'd,  
And Caledonia's ruder cliffs appear'd;  
Then by the rocky Orcades they past,  
And view'd, at distance, Norway's forests vast;  
And soon they shiver'd in the icy breeze  
That swept the surface of the Arctic seas.  
Those seas alike where truth and fancy reign,  
And with unnumber'd monsters fill the main;  
Where their long course the months in darkness roll,  
And fogs eternal shroud the frozen pole;  
Those seas where endless wastes of snow appear,  
And alps of ice increase with every year.  
Where the red lights that quiver in the sky,  
For half his course, the absent sun supply,  
Till, from Antarctic climes, he turns again,  
And smiling summer takes his rapid reign;  
As touch'd by magic hand, the realms around  
Burst into bloom, and flowers conceal the ground.

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

Where late the Lapland boor in caves reclin'd,  
Fled the stern rigour of the winter wind,  
Or to his sledge, with thongs securely bound,  
Urg'd his fleet rein-deer o'er the frozen ground,  
Which scarce of moss its scanty pittance gave,  
Now fruits expand, and yellow harvests wave.  
In countless boats the busy seamen sail,  
Entrap the seal, or wound the unwieldy whale.  
Not, like our isle, with soft transition blest,  
Where gradual beauties gain a higher zest,  
Where with delight, we watch the opening flowers,  
And the soft influence of the vernal showers;  
The expanding fruits in size and flavour grow,  
Till their bright rinds with ripening lustre glow ;  
Or when the trees in richer livery clad,  
Of gold and crimson spread their mingled shade,  
Their charms increasing in their slow decay—  
There, soon matur'd, as soon they fade away:  
Like the bright rainbow in a summer sky,  
They rise, they bloom, they ripen, fade, and die !

On sail'd the bark secure, but soon, uprear'd  
Above the waves, a hideous form appear'd;  
His head was like a steed's, in many a fold  
Round his long neck the thick tough skin was roll'd;  
Six flatten'd feet his mighty bulk sustain,  
And bristled on his back his yellow mane;  
The boa, largest of the serpent brood,  
Were weak and small, if near this hydra view'd;  
Ten fathom long his snaky form was seen,  
And high he rear'd his head of dusky green.  
Lymnoria's envoy, at her will he came  
To crush the knight, and more detested dame.  
The bark he follow'd o'er the wat'ry plain,  
And hiss'd aloud,—and lash'd the foaming main,  
And strove to wreath it in his spiral train.  
But forth, attentive, Marguerita drew  
A small brown ball, and at the hydra threw;  
Its potent scent the offended monster fled,  
And on its course the little vessel sped.

New dangers now impend; thro' mountains vast  
Of gather'd ice, a narrow streight they past.  
Oh ! should the sun's meridian fervour launch  
From yon dread height the threat'ning avalanch;  
Or should the waves impel some floating rock,  
They sink or perish in the dreadful shock !  
And lo ! impatient of the expected prey,  
O'er the firm ice a bear pursues their way;

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

Vast as the monsters of Hircynia's wood,  
His snowy hairs with rage erected stood;  
He snuffs the scented gale, and longs to clasp  
The unhappy victims in his fatal grasp !  
But as his feet prepare to tempt the tide,  
Behold ! the waves the icy rock divide;  
To shun the double death, a narrow cave,  
In its clear side, the opposing glacier gave;  
The vessel here preserv'd, the sever'd mass  
Impetuous rushes thro' the narrow pass.  
Borne by the furious tide, and driving gales,  
Far out to sea the floating island sails;  
While prescient of his death of lingering pain,  
The bear, with dreadful howls laments in vain;  
Which, first transmitted from the ice around,  
The echoing air returns with fainter sound.

But now the sea in larger waves was seen,  
And snowy foam emboss'd their dusky green;  
And soon the vessel hasten'd in its course,  
Felt of that current the attractive force,  
Where 'twixt Hefleggen's mount, and Ver's wild shore  
Round Moscöe's isle, the eddying waters roar:  
That current dread, which borne by adverse winds,  
With chilling fear the wretched seaman finds,  
Laments his danger, now too late descried,  
And vainly struggles with the increasing tide,  
Then sinks unable with its force to cope,  
And cries in vain for aid he cannot hope;  
Or marks its course the fatal vortex near,  
In all the dreadful calmness of despair.

By turns the vessel sunk, by turns it rose,  
On waves that threaten o'er their heads to close:  
A crystal vase fair Marguerita held,  
And o'er the seas a liquid balm distill'd,  
Sudden the foaming breakers cease to rave,  
Calm is the sea, and sunk the furrowed wave;  
The mountain billows rise on either side,  
Between, the vessel skims the tranquil tide,  
And fearless to the current's force resign'd,  
Leaves a smooth track of silver light behind.  
Within the dreadful vortex now they came,  
Whirl'd in swift circles by the rapid stream;  
At once the angry waves forget to roar,  
Their calm as wondrous as their rage before:  
" Now speed thy course, my bark," the damsel cried,  
" And snatch the moment of the turning tide."  
She spoke: but scarce the central point they gain,



## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

Ere, with redoubled fury, boil'd the main,  
And whirl'd, with giddy motion, round and round,  
The bark absorb'd descends the abyss profound.  
But first a ring, where words mysterious shone,  
Like those that mark'd the seal of Solomon,  
The sea-nymph to the earth-born warrior gave,  
And, as in air, he breathes amid the wave.  
Dark clos'd the foaming waters o'er their head,  
And scarce a beam of straggling light was shed,  
While, chafed by rugged rocks, the waters flow  
Thro' narrow channels to the realm below.  
And scarce their utmost care the vessel guides,  
From sure destruction on the rocky sides.  
At length, the widening track admits a ray  
Of pallid light, to cheer their dreary way;  
The angry waves retire, and safe they land,  
Tho' faint with toil, on the subaqueous strand.  
Onward, thro' shady grots and sunny meads,  
Her wondering guest fair Marguerita leads,  
Who, in amazement, finds this realm unknown,  
Reflect as clear an image of his own,  
As the pure stream whose waters gently flow,  
Gives of the flowers that round its margin grow.  
But whence that song, tho' distant, sweet and clear,  
That falls so soft on Alfred's wondering ear ?  
Well may he hasten, well his heart rejoice,  
He hears, and knows Miranda's plaintive voice.

" Far from his home, how sad the captive's doom,  
" The loathsome dungeon's solitary gloom;  
" His lamp expiring casts a feeble ray;  
" No sound of man, no beam of cheerful day  
" Breaks the dead calm, he meets no friendly eye,  
" Alone the echoes to his moans reply.

" But sadder is my lot, condemn'd to see  
" The bliss forbade, and mock'd with liberty.  
" On yonder hills that catch the morning ray,  
" How sad at evening sunk the waning day,  
" Sad was the calm the evening twilight shed,  
" Grief seem'd to sleep, and hope itself was dead.

" How coldly fair, this green effulgence falls  
" On yon majestic hills and stately halls,  
" Faint as my fading hopes the feeble gleam,  
" Oh ! how unlike that glowing golden beam  
" That cheer'd my path while youthful fancy wove  
" Her fairy dreams of happiness and love:

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constasy

" When, with the cheerful confidence of youth,  
" I listen'd, Alfred ! to thy vows of truth,  
" And thought thy love so sure a source of joy,  
" The storms of life might pass unheeded by.  
" Oh ! whither art thou fled, what bonds restrain,  
" What spells delude thee, or what walls detain ?"

The captive ceased; for who is yonder knight,  
And who yon nymph? So sudden was the sight,  
It almost seemed that fancy but defined  
Those forms so strongly imaged in her mind;  
The grottoes with her shrieks of joy rebound;  
Far off, Lymnoria started at the sound.  
Alas ! in vain those cherish'd friends are seen,  
The wall of waters fills the space between.  
In vain fair Marguerita lifts her hand,  
The stubborn barrier spurns the nymph's command;  
But Alfred's mind recall'd the ring that gave  
Its wearer power to breathe amid the wave.  
He passed the glassy frontier, and in haste  
The golden circlet on her finger placed:  
She leaves the cave rejoicing; but in vain  
Thro' the clear wall would Alfred plunge again,  
In denser mass the angry waters rose,  
And rolling back, a narrower space enclose.

" Oh, fly," he cried, " ere yet some stronger spell  
" To this sad grot again thy steps compell.  
" If thine the Veil, Marino's arm shall lend  
" Its powerful succour to release thy friend;  
" If he reject thy suit, bereft of thee,  
" This grot, or Albion's isle, alike to me."

Her captive scarcely fled, Lymnoria came,  
Amazement, anger, seized her trembling frame.  
" Fly, artful wretch," she cried, "yet dare not hope  
" Thy strength, thy power, thine arts, with mine can cope.  
" For thee, mad youth, thou ne'er shalt boast again,  
" Lymnoria's love rejected with disdain,  
" That heart, which braver warriors seek in vain.  
" What, tho' I feign'd, yet had I truly strove,  
" As much thy pride had scorn'd the proferr'd love !  
" This thought, should mercy seek to quench the fire,  
" To deadlier hate shall rouse my slumbering ire.  
" Soon shall a stronger fence thy love secure;  
" A trusty guard shall make thy prison sure.

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

" I will not rest till her my spells enchain,  
" Till envying nymphs shall follow in my train,  
" And hail Lymnoria empress of the main."

Thus spoke the nymph: the knight his steady eye  
Fix'd on Lymnoria, but disdain'd reply.  
She left the grot: in anxious thought he sate,  
That hour decides his loved Miranda's fate.

Henry, meanwhile, pursued his way; amaz'd,  
On all the wonders of the deep he gaz'd.  
Here the smooth sands in shining plains extend,  
And lofty rocks in rugged points ascend;  
On their rude sides the weeds of ocean wave,  
The nurturing seas their floating foliage lave.  
And here the gay Zoanthæ emulate  
Flora's bright train and transitory state.  
Mid scatter'd shells, and tufts of herbage green,  
The sad remains of human toil are seen.  
On wrecks of ships, that proudly bore afar  
Britannia's wealth, or hurl'd her bolts of war,  
Unnumber'd myriads ply their ceaseless toil,  
And frame the basis of a future isle;  
Tho' small as sands that shun the inquiring eye,  
Their solid works the waves and winds defy;  
Still on the ruins of their race renew'd:  
They share alike their labour and their food.  
Where now a mimic garden mocks the view,  
And nature sports in every form and hue,  
Where scarlet flowers mid verdant foliage glow,  
And dusky fibres seem to twine below;  
Mid azure tufts and blossoms silvery white,  
Where purple fruits the wondring eye invite;  
Soon shall soft moss, and grass, and herbs extend,  
On coral rocks the lofty trees ascend;  
The beasts shall roam, the birds their nests shall frame,  
And man at last his new dominion claim:  
Perchance his hand may turn the shallow soil,  
And wondring pause, and tremble for the isle,  
Alarm'd to see the crystal waters flow,  
And play and sparkle mid the sprays below.  
As, through the trackless air, the feather'd race,  
With speed untir'd, pursue their rapid chace,  
Or sportive wheel in many a mazy ring,  
Now soar on high, now sink on idle wing;  
Thus o'er his head the finny nations glide,

**[This line corrected by hand to read, o'er Henry's head the finny nations glide]**

And lash with strenuous tail the sparkling tide.  
Like swallows marshall'd for their annual flight,  
The smaller tribes in countless shoals unite,  
Still as they roam, inhale the briny flood,  
At once their liquid atmosphere and food.  
Behind, the tyrants of the deep pursue,  
Their savage hunger kindling at the view,  
Their opening jaws the gates of death reveal,  
And shoals are crush'd at one rapacious meal.

Here countless tribes their different kinds renew,  
Fixt to the spot where late their parents grew,  
Their tender frames the shining shells defend,  
Form as they form, and with their growth extend;  
Not theirs the power to urge their rapid way,  
And gain each moment on the flying prey,  
Yet little arts minuter tribes allure,  
Their closing shells the floating food secure;  
Firm on their native spot, they brave the storm,  
And still increasing, grace the rock they form.

At distance thro' the waves, on Henry's eyes,  
Of ocean's chiefs the splendid mansions rise,  
Of motherpearl and shells united fram'd,  
With burnish'd gold and glittering gems they flam'd;  
Sudden, as breathing from some flowery land,  
The wanderer's cheek a fragrant zephyr fann'd:  
Surprized, he felt its breath, and turning found  
His steps unknown had past a viewless bound,  
Behind his track the distant waves appear,  
Before, a light subaqueous atmosphere.  
By gorgeous palaces, and stately groves,  
O'er verdant hills, and cultur'd plains, he roves;  
Beholding, as he past, with wondering view,  
The ocean nymphs their various toils pursue;  
Some seek the cooling rills or leafy bowers,  
Prune the green shrubs, or tend their opening flowers;  
Some for their grotts, gay shells and minerals sought,  
Some their thin webs of fine-spun coral wrought,  
Wound thro' the snowy pearl the golden thread,  
Or the light dance in sportive mazes led,  
Their tuneful part in songs harmonious bear,  
Or draw thro' combs of pearl their yellow hair.

But now a well-known voice to Henry's ears,

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

Miranda's loss, and Alfred's grief declares.  
Beyond the garden's flowery maze was seen  
The grotto, glittering thro' the foliage green,  
Where Alfred sate, the aqueous wall behind,  
Like some unhappy insect, amber—shrin'd.  
A monster guards the gate—his hulk was roll'd  
Voluminous, in many a scaly fold;  
He rears his sparkling crest—but what avails  
His breath of fire, his adamantine scales,  
His venom'd fangs, or fascinating glance,  
That chills its victim, ere the foe advance !  
Great Ariel's spells the intended bound arrest;  
A sudden sleep his glowing eyes opprest;  
Senseless he fell, the warrior past the gate,  
And reach'd the spot where mournful Alfred sate.  
He wav'd his wand, the waters glide away,  
As evening frosts before the morning ray;  
The astonish'd youth a joyful greeting gave,  
And sprang exulting from Lymnoria's cave.

But now the ocean peers in council sate,  
Not oft accustom'd for their king to wait,  
Tir'd with the labours of the march and fight,  
Vain was the summons of the morning light;  
At length he comes, assumes his shelly throne,  
And makes the business of the morning known.

" My friends," he said, " in toil and danger prov'd,  
" Still faithful found, respected and belov'd,  
" Time urges on; attend your king's request,  
" And by your actions be your zeal exprest.

" When next the morning sun illumines the tide,  
" Here will the spell conduct our destin'd bride.  
" Great were the shame, if we, in war's alarms,  
" Forgot the homage due to beauty's charms;  
" Then be our court in all its pomp array'd,  
" Let tilts and tourneys greet the chosen maid;  
" Such splendour in your arms and dress be seen,  
" As fits the welcome of your future queen;  
" And let our nymphs with care and homage sweet,  
" The lovely wanderer as a sister greet,  
" By every kind attention smooth the change  
To realms unknown, and modes and manners strange.  
" Nor unattended must the damsel come  
" To this subaqueous clime, her future home;  
" Let Cuma, and Lymnocharis the fair,  
" With speed to Albion's chalky strand repair,

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

" There Potamos, Plemura, Clydon wait,  
" To guide her passage to her subject state."

He ceas'd; yet still the parting chiefs delay'd,  
For still in musing mood Marino staid;  
Perchance fond fancy trac'd the form and mien,  
And all the beauties of his bride unseen.  
When lo ! two damsels to the presence came,  
Whose graceful forms might colder hearts inflame:  
The one a veil's depending folds conceal'd,  
The other shone in all her charms reveal'd,  
And all unbound her flowing locks appear,  
Those golden locks that every heart ensnare.

Amaz'd, the enraptur'd king her charms survey'd,  
And hop'd before him stood the appointed maid,  
For well her roseate bloom betray'd her birth,  
No ocean nymph, the lovely child of earth.  
Meanwhile, Miranda view'd his gentle eye,  
And gracious smile, with mingled hope and joy;  
Yet paus'd the bashful maid, and fear'd to find  
Those gentle looks bely a sterner mind.

" Blest be the events unknown," exclaim'd the king,  
" That to these realms so fair a stranger bring !  
" If ours to grant, we grant thy boon unheard.  
" Or as a favour be thy suit declar'd,  
" If wealth can aid, our treasur'd stores command,  
" If arms, ourself, and all our subject band !"

Before his throne she fell; the monarch tried  
In vain to raise her, while she thus replied:  
" Thanks, generous king ! but till thine answer seals  
" My future fortune, here thy suppliant kneels;  
" Nor arms, nor wealth can aid; for tho' unknown,  
" The boon I crave depends on thee alone.  
" Soon will the charm's resistless force compel  
" A weeping victim to thy regal cell,  
" Unless thy soul relenting, shall resign  
" The Veil that joins Miranda's fate with thine;  
" Vain were thy love, thy splendour, to impart  
" One throb of pleasure to her bleeding heart,  
" For tho' thy graces might her favour claim,  
" The heart once pledged, admits no second flame;  
" O'er her young mind a valiant warrior reigns,  
" Whom captive here a cruel nymph detains,  
" His freedom grant—let my entreaties move,

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

" And wed a nymph who gives thee all her love;  
" Before thee now she waits, in hope and fear—  
" Oh ! crown those hopes, and grant my earnest prayer !"

Miranda ceas'd—delighted and amaz'd,  
The amorous monarch on his suppliant gaz'd;  
He deem'd the maid who spoke the enamour'd fair,  
And little thought Miranda's self was there.  
And when, as she of Alfred dar'd to speak,  
The rose bloom'd deeper on her bashful cheek,  
With joy he mark'd the radiant tint that glow'd,  
But to himself transferr'd the love it shew'd;  
For we, ourselves still anxious to deceive,  
Hope what we wish, and what we hope believe.  
With eager voice—by sudden love inflam'd,  
" I yield the Veil !" the fickle king exclaim'd,  
" On charms unseen my fancy feeds no more !  
" Haste ! Clydon, haste ! Miranda's pledge restore.  
" Yet ! ere you part, be here your homage shewn,  
" Here, to the destin'd partner of my throne !  
" And thou, bright fair, in happy moment seen,  
" Receive the vows that hail thee as my queen."

The monarch mark'd with transport, as he spoke,  
The glow of joy that o'er her features broke,  
But wondering, saw that glow as soon decay,  
As sudden clouds obscure the April day.

" Alas ! my generous lord !" she cried, " I claim,  
" The sport of wayward fate, Miranda's name !  
" Yet if this form have rais'd one thought of love,  
" Oh ! let that thought thy mind to mercy move,  
" Still let thy generous hand my pledge restore,  
" And leave me not more wretched than before."

As in their course the advancing hosts were staid,  
When Jove's brave son the Gorgon's head display'd,  
E'en thus, by grief transfix'd, Marino stood,  
And the fair maid with looks of anguish view'd.

" Tho' from my breast its sweetest hope is riven,  
" Love must not triumph o'er a promise given."  
At length he said—" My adverse fates prevail,  
" Blest be thy future hours, and thine the Veil !  
" Yet ere a gift so valued I resign,  
" Find me some maid whose form may equal thine;

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

" Nor let her outward charms alone allure,  
" Her eyes an index to a mind as pure:  
" If such the maid, whose flattering portrait shewn  
" My eager hopes too fondly deem'd thine own,  
" Her name, her fortunes, and her race declare,  
" And while my sprites the nuptial feast prepare,  
" Lead me, Miranda ! to this unknown fair."

Fixt on Miranda, scarce the king had view'd  
That near the maid another damsel stood,  
Till Marguerita dropt her veil, and shone  
Bright as from clouds emerged, the silver moon,  
As on the evening of the jousts array'd  
Her slender waist Marino's gift display'd.

" Alas !" he said, " my heart condemn'd to roam,  
" Still wanders on, nor ever finds a home;  
" My fatal vow to thee my love denied,  
" Or never had I sought an earthly bride."—

" Hear me ! great king," the sweet Miranda said;  
" Should'st thou some nymph of mortal lineage wed,  
" Torn from the scenes to youthful memory dear,  
" Not pomp and power her lonely heart could cheer:  
" Soon inward grief would dim the radiant charms  
" That wak'd thy love, and tear her from thine arms.  
" A nymph to wed, thy solemn vow denies,  
" But favouring fate a middle course supplies;  
" Fair Marguerita, whom in years of yore  
" To brave Titanos young Ostrea bore,  
" Alike from ocean and from earth her race,  
" And blest with every charm a throne to grace."

'Twere needless now to tell the king's reply,  
Or paint in every breast the rising joy,  
The assembled peers, who view'd the happy scene,  
On bended knees salute their future queen;  
When thro' the crowd the rescued Alfred sprung,  
And thanks and greetings trembled on his tongue;  
While youthful Henry follow'd, to require  
A guide to lead them to the realms of fire.  
But till the morn the king commands their stay;  
The knights, tho' loth, the monarch's will obey.

The lute's soft sound, the trump, and mellow horn,  
And songs of pleasure rous'd the lingering morn;



## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

What splendid scenes unfolded to the sight  
The soft effulgence of its emerald light !  
The monarch's hall, of shells and coral rais'd,  
With pearl and gold and gems unnumber'd blaz'd.  
The waves in lofty columns rose, and round  
Their shining shafts were wreaths of sea-flowers bound;  
Beneath, of lords and dames a splendid throng,  
To grace their sovereign's marriage, mov'd along.  
The rites perform'd, the trumpet's warlike sound  
Call'd to the tournament each knight renown'd.  
To grace the barriers, on a lofty throne  
Marino sate; his queen beside him shone,  
A snow white lotus form'd her simple crown.  
Near her was fair Miranda placed; no more  
Her looks or garb the stain of sorrow bore,  
But rob'd in white, all smiling and serene,  
She sate conspicuous in the splendid scene;  
The Veil, the fatal cause of fear and pain,  
So long remov'd, so oft deplor'd in vain,  
Flow'd from her head in many a graceful fold,  
And gave new beauty to her locks of gold.  
Around were ocean's fairest nymphs; but there  
Could none with her, or with their queen compare.  
Yet many a youth that to the tourney came,  
With eager looks had sought one absent dame,  
And marvelled why Lymnoria, fair and gay,  
Still prompt to haste where pleasure led the way,  
Who lov'd the ocean's fairest maids among  
To shine distinguished in the glittering throng,  
To mark each jealous damsel's smother'd sighs  
Burst as they watch'd their lover's wandering eyes,  
When, like an empress, mid her slaves she shone,  
And deem'd each eye should fix on her alone;  
Why only she now shunn'd the festive scene,  
Where all were met in honour of their queen.  
Yet many a nymph the secret reason guest,  
In looks, and signs, and whispers half exprest,  
And marvelled much how envy found a place  
In that fair breast, and love-inspiring face;  
And some, whose minds a kindred thought conceal'd,  
In specious guise their lurking envy veil'd:  
" 'Twas true their queen was gracious, good and fair,  
" Yet other nymphs might with her charms compare;  
" And it was hard, must be by all confest,  
" To see one nymph thus rais'd o'er all the rest,  
" And more for her, once destin'd for the throne,  
" Who deem'd this damsel but usurp'd her crown."  
While some their queen's superior charms allow,  
But mutter something of a broken vow,  
Yet most their sovereign's act and choice approv'd,  
For Marguerita, wheresoe'er she mov'd,

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

Was still by all esteem'd, admir'd and lov'd.

The gallant pair, who sought the realms of fire,  
Now from the king again a guide require,  
Who oft, with graceful earnestness, deplor'd  
The cause that forc'd them from his bridal board.  
Yet well he knew it could not brook delay,  
And tho' he wish'd, he would not urge their stay.  
But his fair bride her suit unyielding prest,  
On fair Miranda to remain their guest:  
" Ill fitting your soft sex and tender frame  
" Are earth's dark caverns, or the land of flame;  
" Tir'd with the labours of our dangerous way,  
" Not I, but prudence, now command your stay;  
" Yet small would be my bridal joys, unshar'd  
" By her whose prayers the way to bliss prepar'd;  
" And ere their finish'd quests the knights restore,  
" My bark shall waft you back to Albion's shore."

Miranda yielded to the queen's request,  
Their grateful thanks the parting knights exprest;  
On either youth the king bestows a steed  
For swiftness fam'd o'er all of ocean breed,  
To both his hand with princely grace extends,  
And as their guide the noble Clydon sends.  
To each the queen a scarf pellucid gave,  
That stole its azure tincture from the wave,  
So bright it shone, its soft and silky fold  
Was like a wave around their armour roll'd;  
" This scarf," she said, " shall bid the flames retire,  
" And guard you safe amid surrounding fire;  
" Oh ! may success on all your steps attend,  
" And your long labours find a happy end !  
" And when his richest blessings Fortune showers,  
" And Love and Glory brighten all your hours,  
" Still let this gift, if chance it meet your view,  
" The memory of an absent friend renew."

The knights already mounted for their way;  
T' announce the jousts the warning clarions play  
When in the lists a stranger knight was seen  
Of towering stature, and of noble mien,  
Unknown to all his arms or steed: his shield  
A dolphin bore upon an azure field,  
To ocean's knights and dames he seem'd, as one  
By none remember'd, yet unknown to none.  
Surpriz'd, awhile the parting knights attend,  
The heralds now their martial call suspend.

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constasy

Swiftly he rode around the silent ring  
And paid his graceful homage to the king;  
" My liege," he said, " ere yet the jousts commence,  
" Or these brave knights begin their journey hence,  
" Hear me ! within this circle stands a knight,  
" Whom I have sworn to meet in deadly fight,  
" Before my prince, and all his peers, to prove  
" False to his honour and his lady's love;  
" Forlorn, deserted, in her lonely bower,  
" Her weeping eyes the faithless youth deplore;  
" He flies, the champion of another dame  
" Who wins your favour in a borrow'd name;  
" Him I defy, and in your royal sight,  
" Will prove unworthy of the name of knight !"

The monarch's cheek, where deeper crimson glow'd  
As spoke the stranger knight, his anger shew'd:  
" Long have our ocean-peers the praise obtained  
" Of dauntless valour, and of faith unstained,  
" And much we grieve a warrior should disgrace  
" Himself, his knighthood, and his noble race.  
" Knight of the Dolphin, here his name declare !

**[This and the following two lines are connected by a large brace in the right margin of the original printed edition.]**

" Tho' high his rank, and as a brother dear,  
" That name this instant from our heart we tear;  
" And tho' to mirth we vow'd this festive hour,  
" Nor wish'd that blood should stain our nuptial bower,  
" He whom thy voice announces I command  
" Here in the lists to meet thee hand to hand."

Incens'd, the monarch spoke; the knight unknown  
" Alfred !" proclaim'd, and flung his gauntlet down.  
Amazement chill'd the youth accus'd; the maid  
In changing hues surprize and fear betray'd;  
In wondering silence sate the bride and king,  
While " Alfred !" echo'd from the astonish'd ring;  
At length Marino spoke: " The tale you bear  
" Is strange, and most unwelcome to our ear;  
" Still let me hope some mystery clouds your sight,  
" And while you combat, heaven defend the right !"

The queen meanwhile the sad Miranda cheers,  
Alfred is true, then why these causeless fears?  
" His heart is brave, then in his valour trust !

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

" Just is his cause, and heaven protects the just

Impatient Henry mourns the impending fray,  
Griev'd such a charge should thus their course delay,  
While Alfred snatch'd the gauntlet from the ground,  
And rode in haste the listed circle round,  
" Come on," he cried; " 'tis false ! my sword shall shame  
" Thy recreant heart, and vindicate my fame."

The signal given, they ran, but stood the stroke,  
And in their hands the faithless lances broke;  
They seize their swords, but ward the blows so well,  
That guiltless yet is either gleaming steel;  
At length the Dolphin knight directs a blow  
Which pierc'd the steed, but miss'd his wary foe:  
It fell, though slight the wound !—The warrior stands  
Recover'd, and on foot the fight demands.  
While struggling on the ground, the horse betray'd  
The fatal poison of the envenom'd blade;  
The knights alone pursu'd the fight, nor heed  
The clamorous circle, or expiring steed.  
" The conflict cease !" exclaim'd the king; " the fight  
" Enough has clear'd the fame of Albion's knight;  
" And on yon stain to knighthood's noble name  
" Has fix'd the mark of infamy and shame,  
" Just guerdon of the coward, who in strife  
" Assails with poison'd arms his foeman's life !"

The Dolphin warrior in amazement stood,  
And now the steed, and now the falchion view'd;  
The crowd pour on, ungovern'd in their rage,  
And as a dog with pelting stones engage;  
He rais'd his burnish'd helm—a face appears  
By all remember'd, tho' unseen for years !  
Fresh wonder staid the throng, disgrace and shame  
Could never mingle with Delphino's name.  
" Hear me, oh king ! and by that honour gain'd  
" In many a dangerous field, and yet unstain'd,  
" My fame shall from this ordeal rise more bright,  
" Or hence I fly self—banish'd from your sight !

" Thrice have the seasons chang'd, and thrice renew'd,  
" Since at your royal side in fight I stood;  
" The Gnomes before us fled—their artful flight  
" Too far I follow'd in the heat of fight.  
" Thro' ways unknown escaped the dastard foe,  
" I sunk into a pit that yawn'd below;

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

" By walls of firm basalt, secur'd and chain'd,  
" For three long years in darkness I remain'd.  
" A salamander heard my moan; his aid  
" Thro' the firm rock at length my passage made.

" This morn my native realm, and light of day,  
" Again I view'd rejoicing; on my way  
" I met a nymph: with many a streaming tear,  
" Her lips the tale of wrongs and woe declare,  
" And ask'd my aid. To day, she said, the king  
" Graced with his bride the tourney's crowded ring.  
" Her faithless knight alone, whose artful dame  
" The court amus'd beneath a borrow'd name,  
" Bound on a feign'd adventure, shunn'd the fray—  
" My sword avenging must compel his stay,  
" On this disloyal wretch her wrongs requite,  
" And shame the dastard heart that fled the fight.  
" She told his name and arms, and bade me speed;  
" Unarm'd I stood; she gave these arms and steed.  
" I staid not till I reach'd this fatal place,  
" And thought to meet with honour, not disgrace."

" Disgrace," the king exclaim'd, " on her alone !  
" Come to my arms, thou bulwark of my throne.  
" O ! lost so long, so long as dead deplor'd !  
And now, upon this happy day restor'd—  
But say, what sister of the briny wave  
To thee those arms and poison'd weapon gave?"

" Three weary years," Delphino said, " have past  
" Since, in your court, I saw Lymnoria last,  
" The stranger damsel veil'd her face with care,  
" But seem'd Lymnoria in her form and air."

" Seek her ! be swift !" the indignant monarch said,  
Who not till then had miss'd the once lov'd maid.  
Meanwhile a nymph, who breathless long had hung  
On every accent of Delphino's tongue,  
When now she found his honour freed from stain,  
Love's fervent impulse could no more restrain,  
She ran,—and, clasp'd with transport to his breast,  
Her tears of joy bedew'd his silken vest.  
Three years in sable weeds she mourn'd the knight,  
And the same robes of pure and spotless white  
Her queen that welcomed, greet the youth restor'd,  
And grace her own, and sovereign's bridal board.

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

But now Lymnoria came ! her guilt was known;  
Scornful she stood, nor would the crime disown.  
" Great is our sorrow," said the king, " to find  
" That lovely form bely so foul a mind:  
" Thy arts our gentle suppliants to delay,  
" The rocks and monsters that oppos'd their way,  
" This maid by fraud deluded to thy cave—  
" Unnotic'd all, our clemency forgave;  
" But this rash act, which menac'd with disgrace,  
" Not one brave knight alone, but all our race;  
" Which, had not heaven forbade the hateful deed,  
" And sav'd brave Alfred by his dying steed,  
" Had lost a champion to his country dear,  
" And drawn from beauty's eyes the bitter tear,—  
" This wakes our sleeping wrath, our mercy shown  
" Rebukes, and calls our deepest vengeance down.

" While countless years their course unvaried roll  
" In those drear seas that bathe the Antarctic pole,  
" On sheets of ice where powerless sunbeams play,  
" And fogs eternal mock the frustrate ray;  
" Where man has never yet presum'd, nor dare  
" The spirits of the deep to venture there;  
" That is thy home ! in frozen solitude,  
" There cleanse thy heart in deepest guilt embued."

With tears and prayers, and every suppliant art,  
The nymph too late assails Marino's heart;  
Miranda, Marguerita, knelt in vain;  
The doom pronounced, unalter'd must remain.  
Perhaps Lymnoria hoped her tears might move  
In him some feeling of forgotten love,  
Or if condemned, the magic of her eyes  
In her defence would bid his warriors rise.  
But, no !—if love rebellion dared suggest,  
Reason subdued the thought, or shame suppress;  
While those who late her lightest word obeyed,  
Now turn'd indignant from the guilty maid;  
And what of pity in his alter'd tone  
Marino shew'd, appear'd in that alone.  
Yet long and keenly smarts the rankling wound,  
When those admir'd and lov'd are worthless found,  
And truth's broad mirror, with a thousand flaws,  
Obscures the spotless image memory draws.

As if indignant aught had power to bind  
To transient homage her unyielding mind,

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

Lymnoria rose, and proudly moved along;  
Two aged warriors led her thro' the throng:  
No late repentance in her eye was seen,  
Her doom she reck'd not, strode with haughty mien,  
And her last look glanc'd scorn upon her queen.

The emerald sun now verging to the west,  
The impatient warriors hastened on their quest;  
Past were the hours design'd for martial sport,  
A spacious hall receiv'd the glittering court,  
And with their peers, the sovereigns laid aside  
The cold restraints of state and regal pride;  
Mirth at the table sate, a welcome guest,  
And darkness clos'd unmark'd upon the feast.  
When lo ! on every side, a sudden light  
From lamps unnumber'd burst upon the sight,  
While echoing from a thousand fairy bowers,  
The merry dance prolong'd the evening hours.  
The ships above that skimm'd the sparkling tide  
The unwonted sight with sudden fear descried,  
Yet the soft beams and twinkling rays admire,  
And deem the bosom of the deep on fire:  
And as the stately notes of triumph swell,  
Or sprightlier tones inspire the sounding shell,  
While the clear waves the dulcet strains prolong,  
They muse what syrens wake the midnight song.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

**BOOK THE FIFTH. STROMBOLI.**

THE Nymphs, meanwhile, upon the ocean side,  
Still watch'd the lessening vessel o'er the tide;  
When, wafted by a thousand Sylphs that fling  
Arabian perfumes from each filmy wing,  
Behold, in all his glory, Ariel come,  
To guide Maria to the haughty Gnome.  
Concentred sunbeams form'd his radiant throne,  
His car refulgent as a meteor shone  
Along the ethereal way; but brighter far  
Was he who sat in that celestial car.  
Unfading flowers his golden ringlets bound,  
His regal brow a starry circlet crown'd;  
Bright glow'd his wings with every varying hue,  
His waving mantle caught the ethereal blue;  
And never rose, in opening bloom array'd,  
Such tints as Ariel's glowing cheeks display'd;  
Nor could the sapphire's azure lustre vie  
With the soft light of his benignant eye.  
His sterner warriors round, in martial sport,  
Mix with the lighter spirits of his court;  
The brisk Electron grasps his lightning spear,  
Keraunos moves the thunderbolt of war;  
And mighty Bronte, whose tremendous roar  
Fills the vast caves of Erie's rocky shore,  
While loud contending o'er his foaming flood  
With spirits of the mountain and the wood;  
There in mid ether, o'er the monarch's head,  
His cloudy veil gigantic Nephos spread;  
Whence on the gladden'd earth kind Ombra pours  
The grateful moisture of descending showers.  
Bright Actin lends his ray, and Iris flies,  
And with her arch of beauty spans the skies.  
Thence dread Thuella pours her raging flood,  
Sweeps o'er the earth, and rends the lofty wood;  
Her form transparent, half dissolv'd in air,  
Here gentle Drosa sheds the glistening tear.  
Here moves in blameless freedom every wind,  
That fabling Greece to bags and caves confin'd.  
Some to the earth rude blasts and tempests bring,  
Some shake refreshing moisture from their wing,  
Some genial warmth and fragrant incense bear,  
And aid the progress of the ripening year.

But now the ethereal fabric touch'd the ground,  
While strains of heavenly sweetness breath'd around;  
Such strains as floating o'er the Eolian lyre,



## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

The zephyrs bland at evening's close respire.  
Soft on her ear the dulcet accents fall,  
That to the radiant car Maria call,  
That car which thro' the trackless wilds of air  
To Sweden's distant strand the Nymph shall bear.  
But ere she mounts, she craves the monarch's aid  
Upon her course to speed the Iberian maid.

The king consents; the Sylphs his mandate hear,  
And at his bidding frame a concave sphere.  
Clear and pellucid was its texture rare,  
And scarce distinguish'd from the ambient air,  
Save by the hues of light that rise and fade,  
And ever varying on its surface play'd,  
And made it now like floating sapphire seem,  
And now betray the topaz' golden gleam;  
Now sparkle with the ruby's fiery red,  
And now the emerald's cooler lustre shed.  
Like clouds in Phoebus' setting rays that glow,  
Appear'd the airy car that hung below.  
It open'd, and a crystal throne display'd—  
She mounts: the closing clouds conceal the maid.  
Yet thro' the lucid skreen her eyes survey  
All the long wonders of the various way,  
As high it floats, o'er many a sea and land,  
To flaming Stromboli's volcanic strand;  
While wondering mortals mus'd what partial blast  
Could make that little speck proceed so fast,  
When all the clouds with easy motion sail,  
On the smooth bosom of the vernal gale.

Saint George's Channel past, tho' distant, clear,  
Fair Gallia's realms in prospect wide appear;  
Her vineyards rich with fruit, her mountains high,  
Where clouds extend, and snows eternal lie;  
Her splendid cities, and her winding streams,  
In lines of light that caught the solar beams;  
Her waving harvests, woods for ever green,  
And fertile vales and castled hills between,  
Shew'd the rich gifts of nature's bounteous hand,  
But war and havoc marr'd the lovely land.  
No freighted vessels now securely ride,  
The grace and glory of the sparkling tide,  
But all that hover'd o'er the affrighted coast  
Came fraught with war, and Albion's adverse host.  
Deserted cities, towns, and towers appear,  
Each feudal chief his vassals led to war:  
The fertile fields remain uncultur'd now,  
Or widow'd females guide the lingering plough.

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

Such are the woes that mad ambition brings,  
When the dire fury rules the breasts of kings.

Now o'er the sea the aërial concave flies,  
Now Cirnos' woody isle beneath it lies,  
And Elba near—from whose exhaustless mines  
In dazzling light the sun reflected shines:  
Fraternal isles, which future years shall doom,  
Ambition's cradle one, and one its tomb.

Now o'er the waves the damsel floats once more,  
And sails above Ausonia's fertile shore,  
And Rome's imperial town, whose temples shone  
In the red splendour of the setting sun.

As slowly now descend the shades of night,  
What glories burst on Leonora's sight !  
Far to the left, the flame in flashes broke  
Thro' the thick volumes of incumbent smoke  
That shroud Vesuvio's head; before them far,  
The stronger flames of Stromboli appear,  
Vulcano's sulphurous fumes, and Etna's brow,  
Where crimson vapours tinge the eternal snow,  
And all the heavens with awful beauty glow.

On lofty Stromboli the sky was bright,  
As when it sparkles with the northern light,  
And ever as the mountain hurl'd on high  
Its mass of molten lava to the sky,  
O'er all the isle the vivid lustre spread,  
And brighten'd ocean with a glow of red;  
Like distant thunder, burst a hollow sound,  
Disturb'd the quivering air, and shook the shores around.

Now on the coast the chariot sinks to land,  
Where mingled lavas form'd the rugged strand,  
And o'er the ground deep spread the sable sand,  
And oft some broken rock or cavern show'd  
Where o'er the first the later streams had flow'd.  
As Leonora left her cloud-like car,  
The beauteous fabric melted into air.  
O'er the rude soil with timid steps she went,  
A dim and fitful light the mountain lent,  
That shew'd a hamlet, where the vineyards green  
In narrow patches stud the rugged scene.  
One cottage still a feeble light display'd,

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

And gladly open'd to the Iberian maid.  
Here dwelt an aged peasant and his wife,  
Who calmly journey'd down the vale of life,  
Nor mourn'd departed youth. He from his birth  
Still fondly cherish'd his paternal earth,  
Tho' near was many a fair and fertile spot,  
Though each explosion shook the trembling cot;  
And oft the scorïæ dark or fiery balls  
Pour like a hail-storm on the shattered walls,  
Or in his little vineyard, and consume  
The expected produce of the year to come;  
Yet here his sires first drew the vital air,  
And memory made the humble dwelling dear.  
More sweet to him the bread his toils command,  
His but of lava and his barren strand,  
Than soft repose, or wealth's alluring smiles,  
Sicilia's flowery vales, or fortune's emerald isles.  
His children round with all their offspring dwelt,  
(A numerous race,) in cots themselves had built,  
That morn, the seventieth annal of his birth,  
The hamlet hail'd with sports and rustic mirth,  
Around the dear paternal board they prest,  
The light laugh follow'd on the frequent jest;  
He, pleas'd to see the infant race aspire,  
They, proud to hear and emulate their sire,  
And the glad hours had past in such delight,  
That far the day had trespass'd on the night.

The cloud impending o'er her future lot,  
The explosions long and loud, and trembling cot.  
At morn, attended by a trusty guide,  
The fearless nymph ascends the mountain's side,  
Which tower'd above the vast volcanic pile,  
The giant parent of the rocky isle.  
Long was the steep ascent; the path was strew'd  
With stony fragments, ponderous, loose, and rude;  
And as she toil'd along the rugged way,  
The faithless sands her sinking steps betray.  
The eastern summit gain'd, her eye survey'd  
A plain with sable sand and scoria spread.  
The Sylphs had mov'd the dense sulphureous cloud  
That shrouds in fatal gloom the dangerous road,  
Yet from the ground thro' numerous openings came  
Thick fumes of sulphur in continued stream,  
Hot was the humid soil, and all around  
Her steps re-echoed from the hollow ground.

Within the ancient crater now she stood,  
Whence the long streams of liquid fire had flow'd

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

That form'd the solid isle, but many an age  
Its fires had slept, exhausted with their rage;  
Its falling sides the dire abyss o'erspread,  
And recent scoria form'd a sable bed.  
Yet thro' the crust sulphureous odours breathe,  
And fumes ascend in many a snowy wreath,  
And, like a lion, awful in repose,  
A moment might the dreadful gulf disclose,  
And Leonora hastes, and fears to view  
Its slumbering fury wake and rage anew.

Westward her course the bold adventurer bends,  
And now the mountain's loftiest peak ascends;  
Beneath, unseen, the dread volcano glows,  
Yet o'er the crest the smoky volumes rose;  
She hears the louder roar, and sees with dread  
The flaming masses rise above her head,  
And sand and ashes scatter'd all around,  
The marks of former fury, strew the ground.

Descending now, she reach'd a rocky height,  
Whence the whole scene unfolded to her sight;  
Saw from the gulf the orbs of lava rise,  
And clouds of dusky vapour veil the skies,  
And shuddering thought how soon the hour might come,  
When that red void should be her hated home;  
That was her road, and from that sad sojourn,  
Pyros or Fate might bar the hoped return,  
Yet livelier thoughts her ardent bosom swell'd,  
And love and hope her rapid steps impell'd;  
Above the gulf she mark'd a narrow cave,  
A hanging rock the needful shelter gave;  
She seized a favouring moment, then in haste  
Dismiss'd her wondering guide, and safely past;  
Above her head the balls ignited pour;  
But safely shelter'd from the dreadful shower,  
Within the pit she view'd the burning mass,  
Of dark red hue, it gleam'd like melted brass,  
Now sunk, now rose; now gaseous floods impel  
The fluid balls that harden'd ere they fell,  
And down the cliff rush'd rattling to the main,  
Dash'd on the rocks, or sought the abyss again.

Awhile she paus'd: " Oh thou ! resplendent queen,  
" Chief of the powers that rule this awful scene,  
" Hear, from thy throne of fire, a suppliant maid,  
" Propitious hear, and grant thy promis'd aid.  
" Thy arm, Spinthera, thine alone can guide

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

" My steps in safety thro' yon boiling tide,  
" Mid waves of liquid fire my frame can shield,  
" Where stubborn earths and shining metals yield;  
" Oh ! by some gracious sign thy favour shew,  
" And guide me thro' yon gulf that boils below."

She spoke, and deep the roaring flood retires  
Within the crater, nor again aspires;  
But from the numerous caves that yawn'd around,  
The smoke rush'd furious with a deafening sound,  
And round the edge their vivid flames that play'd,  
Had scar'd all other but this love-fraught maid;  
Thro' the vast gulf, in mild and mellow light,  
The gentle Chliarotes rose to sight.  
He spoke: " Commissioned by my queen, I come  
" To guide your steps to Pyros' regal dome;  
" This robe she sends, to guard your tender frame  
" From the wild fury of encircling flame  
" Soft threads of mountain flax its folds compose,  
" Wov'n by a sea-nymph's hand, and bleach'd on Alpine snows;  
" Then in my sovereign's care and mine confide,  
" Plunge boldly in, nor dread the fiery tide."

The fearless nymph obey'd—her tender feet  
The lava press, yet scarcely feel its heat;  
O'er solid fire proceeds the undaunted dame,  
And breathes amid an atmosphere of flame,  
Which round her form, by frequent currents driven,  
Fann'd her dark tresses like the gales of heaven.  
Yet oft, at first, she screen'd her dazzled sight  
From the full splendour of that crimson light,  
And shrunk from flames that round innocuous fly,  
Soft as the evening zephyr's vernal sigh.

How vast the fiery realm ! around her stood  
Unnumber'd Sprites, that various tasks pursu'd;  
Surpris'd she saw, where some of gentler birth  
Warm with benignant heat the incumbent earth,  
Arous'd the slumbering seed, and bid it shoot  
Deep in the fostering soil its vigorous root,  
While high in air the leafy stems ascend,  
And clustering fruits in vermil pride depend;  
Some bid beneath the exhaustless sulphur boil,  
Whose fumes condensing in Vulcano's soil,  
Fill the hot ground, or roaring force their way  
Thro' the thin roof that parts them from the day,  
The solid lava decompose again,  
And with white crust conceal its sable grain.

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

Some in close caves, far from access of air,  
Bid chalk the marble's sparry texture wear;  
Some the fall'n woods, by earth long cover'd o'er,  
With fumes sulphureous fill at every pore,  
Bid dark bitumen now pervade the whole,  
And change the forest's leafy pride to coal,  
While some with empyrean air combine,  
And bid the crystal mass a diamond shine,  
Or dark plumbago frown in sable pride,  
Of different nature, tho' in birth allied.  
And some the elemental war sustain,  
Where frost and fire contend for Thule's reign,  
Where her vast geysers' boiling fountains flow,  
And Hecla burns amid eternal snow.

But now, emerg'd from Genoa's ample bay,  
The light felucca cuts its rapid way;  
Twice on the tide the setting crimson stream'd,  
And twice the morning's purple lustre gleam'd,  
While still, as day, retiring, yields to night,  
The ocean sparkles with phosphoric light,  
And like a torch the bright medusæ glide,  
With oscillating motion, o'er the tide.  
Long had Alonzo watch'd them on the main,  
Now wearied sink, now rise to light again;  
Sudden in many a form their troops combine,  
That varied oft in circle, square, or trine;  
At length these words their lucid lines declare:  
"Hasten to Stromboli, thy love is there."  
The floating lamps their wondrous mandate gave,  
Then sunk, and darkness clos'd upon the wave.

And now arrived at Lipari's isle, they moor  
Their galley in its shelter'd port secure.  
The harbour, with the town and castle crown'd,  
Stretch'd like an amphitheatre around.  
The Castle on a rock enormous stood,  
Which rose abruptly from the roaring flood;  
Of herbage bare, save where the opuntia green  
Had forc'd its stem the solid rocks between,  
Careless of soil, with equal strength it grows  
In the moist valley, or on mountain brows,  
Where scarce the lichen hides the lava bare,  
And seems to draw its sustenance from air;  
Its trunk of aggregated leaves was made,  
Its verdant head a leafy crown display'd;  
Broad spread the leaves, and on their pulpy green  
The embryo plants in bristled knobs were seen;  
The large and numerous fruits, on either side,

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

(A massy fringe,) depend in golden pride,  
And there, uninjur'd by the inclement year,  
The wintry board with Autumn's dainties cheer.

The extended town volcanic mountains crown'd,  
Two lofty hills the shelter'd harbour bound;  
Here Capiscello, Monte Rosa there,  
Whose sides their porphyritic birth declare,  
While Campo Bianco's silvery pumice shone,  
Like drifted snow beneath the morning sun,  
And numbers scoop'd its shining side, and bore  
Their burthens light, tho' large, and piled upon the shore.  
High in the air, a dark but shining mass,  
Castagna reared its head of solid glass.  
As when some mighty river, swell'd with rain,  
Bursts its strong mounds, and foams along the plain,  
Uproots the trees, o'erwhelms the verdant land,  
And stains its sparkling waves with mud and sand;  
The waters now in numerous streams divide,  
O'er some steep rock now pour their mingled tide,  
Then could some ice-bolt, in its hurried fall,  
With sudden cold congeal the lucid wall,  
The crystal mass in clefts and fissures rent,  
Would like Castagna's mount a scene present.

Stupendous sight ! at Pyros' might amaz'd,  
Alonzo on those giant trophies gazed.  
Then turn'd to view St. Angelo's vast height,  
Which rose in rugged grandeur on the sight,  
While in the clefts some fruitful spot was seen,  
The barren rocks and steepy heights between,  
Where labour, and a length of ages fled,  
Had turn'd to earth the lava's solid bed—  
Near these proud Guardia rears its rival head;  
On whose rich side the cluster'd vines behold,  
That pour the Malmsey from their fruit of gold,  
When ruddy autumn rules the mellow year;  
The busy natives make their dwelling here,  
(A simple active race; content and health,  
The noblest gifts of heaven, their only wealth,  
Yet questions shrewd an active mind display,  
And beauty lends a bright but transient ray.)  
And here, while pleasure cheats the toilsome hours,  
They strip the vineyard of its golden stores;  
And oft at sea, amid the shades of night,  
The wondering seaman views the unusual light  
From each illumin'd cot that brightly glows,  
And crowns with starry wreaths the mountain's brows.

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

The sails swell'd briskly in the favouring breeze,  
As launched the bark upon the Eolian seas,  
Those seas, so oft to sudden storms a prey,  
While calms, delusive, flatter to betray;  
For oft when peaceful seem the summer skies,  
Without a wind the troubled waters rise,  
And by the waves on rocks volcanic tost,  
The unsuspecting bark is wreck'd, and lost.  
Now as the vessel lightly bounds away,  
In sportive troops around the dolphins play,  
With arrowy speed they cut the waters blue,  
Now disappear, now rise again to view,  
Now o'er the foaming waves their heads they rear,  
And spout their crystal fountains high in air;  
Now from the prow dart swiftly to the helm,  
A playful escort thro' the watry realm.

Panaria's isle a milder aspect wore,  
And vines and olives cloth'd the fertile shore;  
But Lisca's rock in native grandeur stood,  
And three small islands break the foaming flood;  
When here, in number great, and great in size,  
The Xiphias' shoals the admiring knight surprize,  
Their pointed horns a pearly lustre gave,  
And shone like silver thro' the sparkling wave;  
Emerging from Messina's streights they steer,  
In Genoa's seas to pass the vernal year.

When thrice the glass had chang'd its shifting sand,  
On Stromboli Alonzo springs to land.  
Yet how, if here, the Spanish maid to find,  
A thousand doubts distract his labouring mind  
Of all he ask'd, in vain—no ship was here  
From Albion's isle, and all the sea was clear.  
At length he heard, as on the shore he stray'd,  
Some peasants talking of a stranger maid,  
While every face surprize and fear betray'd.

" Alone, at midnight's silent hour, she came,  
" The shelter of my humble roof to claim,  
" No guardian veil conceal'd her lovely face  
" From evening blasts, or man's intrusive gaze.  
" At morn she left me; Ubald for her guide;  
" Eager she climb'd the mountain's rugged side:  
" And when she reach'd yon gulf of liquid fire,  
" In haste she bade the wondering youth retire.  
" He went: yet linger'd nigh, and thought to hear



## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

" His swift recall. At length he ventur'd near,  
" But not a vestige of the nymph was there;  
" Nor know we how she vanish'd, when, or where.  
" Her garb proclaim'd her from a foreign land,  
" Yet has no vessel touch'd this sable strand:  
" So bright her charms, her form so light and fair,  
" But for her eyes of jet, and sable hair,  
" I else had deem'd that Fay; whose magic pow'r  
" Paints on the distant waves our mimic shore.  
" Had left her rainbow dome and airy bower."

" Nay, rather deem her some deluded nun,"  
Another said, " who seeks her vows to shun;  
" Heaven's vengeance has destroy'd the guilty fair,  
" And let our voices rise in earnest prayer,  
" Lest we the horrors of her doom should share."

" No !" said a youth, " be prayers and praises given  
" As to a saint that leaves her throne in heaven !  
" Last night, when all around was still and mute,  
" As at Lavinia's bower I wak'd my lute,  
" In the dark sky I saw a floating cloud,  
" Where still the evening's crimson lustre glow'd,  
" It sunk to earth, and seem'd to melt in air,  
" When in its place I saw a damsel fair;  
" Round her dark locks a silver glory play'd,  
" As thro' the night's increasing gloom she stray'd:  
" Perchance St. Catharine left her spouse, to tame  
" The demon sprites that vex this land of flame."

Each listener's looks increasing dread display;  
" Enough," Alonzo thought, and turn'd away,  
Nor heeds the strife of vestal, saint, or fay.  
And now, as chance a rugged pathway shew'd

**[This line is also labeled as line 440 in the original printed edition.]**

The knight pursu'd the long labourious road.  
High o'er the mountain spread a lofty cloud,  
And wrapt the summit in its sable shroud;  
In vain he sought to pierce its dangerous womb,  
Sulphureous odours fill the fatal gloom,  
For mighty Kapnos, a gigantic guard,  
Waving his " arms of mist," his progress barr'd;  
And leagued with hot Scirocco's baleful breath,  
Had spread around this atmosphere of death.  
Rebellious Sylph ! in vain thine arts essay

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

To stop the knight; thy monarch guards his way.—  
" Propitious power ! till now my friend and guide,  
" Oh ! aid my progress here !" Alonzo cried,  
He spoke; a sudden gale refresh'd the air,  
And mighty Boreas hasten'd at his pray'r;  
Not as to Albion Arctic blasts he brings,  
And second winter on his icy wings;  
Here the mild breezes own his gentle reign,  
And waft Apulian fragrance o'er the main,  
At distance fell Scirocco seem'd to know,  
And with instinctive terror shuns his foe;  
He spreads his tawny wings—he scours the plain,  
And seeks Sahara's boundless wilds again.  
Karnos awhile delay'd, then rising high,  
Spread his gigantic form and vanish'd in the sky;  
Again the sun his orb unclouded shew'd,  
Alonzo hasten'd on his dangerous road,  
And reach'd the fiery gulf: a numerous band  
Of sprites around in hostile phalanx stand;  
In vain he states what wondrous causes bring  
A mortal knight a suppliant to their king,  
And prays their courtesy to guide him right—  
With levell'd spears the train provoke the fight;  
While Spintheros his arrows showers from far,  
The gallant Phlogos hastes to closer war.  
Short was the strife—what mortal could withstand  
The fierce attack of his unconquer'd hand !  
The knight invokes celestial aid in vain;  
His weary arms the faulchion scarce sustain;  
When Phlogos now, who saw his strength decay,  
Seized in his arms his unresisting prey;  
Faint with the heat, exhausted with the fight,  
He hung a lifeless burthen on the sprite,  
Who, while his comrade follow'd, swiftly bore  
His victim to the inhospitable shore.

" But whence," he cried, " and who this knightly pair  
" That treads these nether realms with dauntless air ?  
" At their approach the sprites in haste retire,  
" And safe they move amid encircling fire !  
" Stand knights ! in death your trespass you atone,  
" Or win your dangerous passage with my own."

The summons soon obey'd, in deadly fight  
The dauntless warriors clos'd with either sprite.  
But Spintheros, in missile warfare skill'd,  
(His arrows useless in the narrow field,)  
Soon yields to Alfred's arm; his eye of fire,  
And roseate bloom, in pallid death expire.

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

As turns the victor knight, amaz'd he found  
Alonzo pale and senseless on the ground;  
He rais'd his head—on Alfred's scarf-clad breast  
His lifeless arms and throbbing temples rest.  
The wondrous scarf exerts its cooling power,  
Refreshing as at summer's sultry hour  
To sunburnt pastures the reviving shower,  
Or by the faint and weary traveller seen,  
Mid Afric's sands her springs and isles of green.

Meanwhile, with Phlogos hand to hand engaged,  
A long and doubtful conflict Henry waged;  
While every blow the salamander dealt  
On Henry's magic cincture dropt unfelt;  
And every stroke of Henry's vengeful blade  
Deep in his rival's mail a passage made.  
The wounded Phlogos writh'd with rage and pain,  
" But soon the ethereal essence clos'd again:"  
Thus slightest shocks the limpid stream divide,  
And o'er the wound thus flows the closing tide.  
Vex'd at his fruitless toil, the knight unroll'd  
His emerald scarf, and flung its silken fold  
Full on the sprite— as bubbles on the wind  
Burst as they sail, nor leave a trace behind,  
He sunk, and where his arm the fight maintained,  
No sign, no vestige, of the chief remained.

Alonzo now restor'd, uncheck'd they past,  
And Pyros' regal palace reach'd at last.  
Bright walls of fire the ample space enclose,  
Here domes of smoke on flamy columns rose,  
There smoky pillars wreaths resplendent bound,  
And cornices of fire the roof surround.  
While, like the vault of heaven, in dazzling light,  
The scattered lamps adorn its fleecy white,  
Light forms of fire the hall majestic fill,  
And move obedient to their monarch's will;  
Who by his beauteous bride, in awful state,  
Rais'd on a throne of fiery splendour sate,  
And round his graceful form such lustre plays,  
That e'en the sprites are dazzled as they gaze.

Before them Leonora stood; her air  
And mournful eye a fruitless suit declare,  
In vain she strove by prayers her Veil to gain,  
And mild Spinthera urg'd her lord in vain,

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

Sternly he frown'd, but when the knights he saw,  
His alter'd looks betray'd surprize and awe;  
His glowing form and glaring eyes exprest  
The increasing storm that struggled in his breast.  
" What means this sight, that mortal knights and strange  
" Thus through our kingdom unmolested range?  
" E'en to our presence force their desperate way !  
" At their approach why shrink the sprites away?  
" Slaves ! ye that oft in victory's dangerous field  
" The Gnomes o'erthrew, or bade the Hydidæ yield,  
" Fear ye a mortal's arm ? advance, and shew  
" That none unpunish'd tread this realm below.  
" Promptly avenge your lord's insulted throne,  
" And let their lives their rash attempt atone !"

The monarch spoke; while, chafed with inward ire,  
His nostrils breath'd, his eyeballs flash'd with fire;  
Brave Henry rais'd the visor from his brow,  
And thus replied, in words sedate and slow:

" There was a time, in Salem's hallow'd land,  
" That Pyros join'd Mohammed's impious band,  
" There led the host that worship at his shrine,  
" And powerful spells and magic fenc'd their line.  
" The Sylphs and Europe's host their force defied,  
" Triumphant fought, for heaven was on their side.  
" Ill would it fit a warrior's tongue to tell  
" Of vanquish'd foes that by his valour fell;  
" And ill it fits a Christian knight to boast  
" Of ruth and mercy to a conquer'd host;  
" But when beneath a Christian warrior's sword,  
" His vanquish'd votary call'd his distant lord,  
" Then Pyros knows the arts he used to save,  
" The prayers he urg'd, the royal word he gave,  
" And HENRY comes the promis'd boon to crave."

He spoke: at once the monarch's anger gone,  
With milder mien he left his lofty throne,  
Each wondering warrior hail'd with courteous grace,  
And welcom'd Henry with a friend's embrace.

" Forgive, brave knight," he said, " thy name unknown,  
" Our angry mien and strange reception shewn,  
" Hail to these nether regions ! and receive  
" Such welcome as a grateful prince should give,  
" And be thy boon of worth at once to prove  
" Our friend's confiding mind, and Pyros' love."

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

" Such shall it be !" the generous knight rejoin'd,  
" Not for myself I tax thy noble mind;  
" Here stands a maid, a suppliant at thy throne,  
" Whose tearful eyes her suit successless own;  
" And here a youth, in combat tried and prov'd,  
" Her love deserving, and by her beloved:  
" Then why, since fair Spinthera at thy side  
" Now shares thy throne and heart, a beauteous bride,  
" Why not her Veil, a useless gift, resign,  
" Which checks her bliss, yet cannot add to thine,  
" And claim the joy to noble natures dear,  
" When smiles contend with beauty's grateful tear ?"—

" What ! yield the Veil, that late I deeply swore  
" To her I never, never would restore !—  
" I sought her love, and pleas'd she heard my tale,  
" Pledge of her faith, she freely gave the Veil  
" She now with tears would claim,—but far away  
" War with the Gnomes from her prolong'd my stay;  
" And when return'd, elate I sought the fair,  
" To tell my triumphs to her joyful ear,  
" Fearful to burst too rudely on her sight,  
" I lurk'd unseen behind a beam of light,  
" That thro' the waving foliage found its way,  
" Where on a bank the damsel pensive lay.  
" But while, with love's fond gaze, I watch'd the dame,  
" She with a sigh pronounc'd Alonzo's name.  
" 'Alas ? she said, 'these groves already wear  
" The joyous livery of the vernal year,  
" And ere these buds shall ripen into bloom,  
" A haughty despot bears me to his home.  
" Farewell ! dear scenes, where oft Alonzo tells  
" Of hope and love, and still his image dwells,  
" Soon must I tear that image from my heart !  
" And soon to fire's terrific realms depart !  
" Doom'd, by the rashness of one fatal hour,  
" The consort of a strange mysterious power,  
" Of different race, and one who still must prove  
" An object more of terror, than of love.'

" With jealous fury stung, I darted through  
" The quivering foliage, muttering as I flew,  
" No more shalt thou of Pyros' love complain,  
" He scorns to combat or to sue in vain;  
" On this ungrateful earth no more I range,  
" And trust a race for ever prone to change.  
" I quit this upper realm—to wound thy pride,

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

" This night shall hail Spinthera as my bride.  
" Yet think not thy inconstancy, thy scorn,  
" Ungrateful maid ! by me are tamely borne;  
" Or that thine hours in calm delight shall flee  
" With him thy folly now prefers to me,  
" For while I hold the mystic pledge, thy hand,  
" Affianced thus, no other dares demand.  
" And by yon sun that rules this subject earth,  
" That radiant orb whence I derive my birth,  
" Tho' thou with tears and ceaseless prayers implore,  
" To thee thy Veil I never will restore.'  
" Too late repentant of my vow, I heard  
" The constant prayers Spinthera's love preferr'd,  
" Forc'd, while my brows in borrow'd frowns were dress'd,  
" To hide the pity that my heart confest;  
" Then drop, my friend, a suit by fate repell'd,  
" And claim some boon that I may freely yield.  
" For I, if told, had scrupled to believe  
" That thou could'st ask what I should pause to give."

" If but thy vow resist," the youth replied,  
" Still shalt thou yield, nor claim I ought beside,  
" Then by some other hand from thine transfer  
" The fatal pledge thou canst not yield to her."

" I will !" the king in eager transport said,  
And o'er his form a milder lustre play'd:  
" Well pleased I yield, nor deem caprice or pride,  
" Sweet maid ! to thee so long the gift denied;  
" O'er my rash vow propitious fates prevail,  
" I pause no more, ALONZO, THINE THE VEIL !  
" Restore it to those lovely locks, and may  
" Your future bliss your sorrows past repay."

Wrapt in her rescu'd pledge, the Spanish maid  
And joyful knight their grateful homage paid  
To fair Spinthera, to the royal sprite,  
To Alfred, and to Albion's generous knight.  
Then as he twin'd it in her sable hair,  
Alonzo recogniz'd, and claim'd his spear,  
(That spear had prov'd a faithful staff, to guide  
Her failing footsteps on the mountain side.)

The Veil restor'd, not long the knights delay'd,  
Nor linger'd long the fair Iberian maid.  
She bids farewell—in Chliarotes' care,  
Thro' the deep gulf again she mounts to air.

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

And oh ! how lovely to her wearied eye,  
The moon's soft light, the azure of the sky,  
The still and placid grandeur of the scene,  
The haunts of man, the tufts of sober green,  
And that red cloud, that in the blue expanse,  
With rapid motion sailing, met her glance;  
Is that her airy car ?—with what delight  
She watch'd it sinking from the ethereal height !  
How softly seem'd the evening gale to breathe,  
How calm the waves of ocean slept beneath !  
While its fair freight the aërial vessel bore,  
And safely lands on Albion's happy shore.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

**BOOK THE SIXTH. THE RESTORATION.**

MEANWHILE, great Ariel in his beamy car  
Speeds with Maria thro' the pathless air,  
While mortal crowds, with wild admiring eyes,  
Pursue the seeming meteor as it flies,  
By some believed portending wars and woe,  
And plagues and tempests to the world below;  
But nobler minds in sager wonder gaze,  
Lost in conjecture whence the wanderer strays;  
From lunar mountains if it take its rise,  
Or fumes condensing in superior skies;  
Or from some comet's train ignited hurl'd,  
Feels the attraction of our greater world;  
Or as a minor planet swiftly moves  
Thro' various systems, kindling as it roves.

Thro' the light air, and fann'd by fragrant gales,  
As o'er the clouds the ethereal chariot sails,  
The maiden marks the Sylphs their tasks pursue  
With toil unceasing, zeal for ever new.  
Some from the sun, with speed unmatch'd, convey  
To heaven's remotest bounds the lucid ray,  
Hence countless suns to distant worlds appear,  
And beaming planets gild each other's sphere,  
Some o'er the viewless rays of heat preside,  
And thro' ethereal realms their progress guide;  
While some diffuse on every side around  
The quick vibrations of concentric sound.  
Some bid the lightning flash, the thunder roll,  
And, as they dart around each glowing pole,  
Their quivering lights the bright Auroras spread,  
Till all the wondering welkin flames with red.  
Some paint in liveliest hues each various flower,  
Fan the slow flame of being, and restore  
In tenfold light, the torch's fading ray,  
Or bar the bold Electron's rapid way.  
While some, with these in union, close combine,  
And bid the leaves with pearly dew—drops shine;  
Or where above, the sun less warmly glows,  
In glittering stars congeal the feathery snows.

Now speed the Sylphs o'er Cimbria's frozen shore,  
Now o'er the Baltic's tideless waves they soar,  
Now hovering o'er Salseberist hangs the car,  
And now descending thro' the impassive air,  
They reach a dreary plain, where all around



## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

With sable pines or snows eternal crown'd,  
Their narrow view stupendous mountains bound.  
Here Ariel leaves his train, the car, on high  
Ascending swiftly, vanish'd in the sky:  
Around no cheerful sound of life was heard,  
Nor haunt of man, nor cave of beast appear'd,  
Thro' the thick mist the sunbeams faintly glow,  
And darkness hover'd o'er the pit below;  
That pit whose depth would mock the keenest sight,  
If lamps beneath had shed a noontide light.  
Now o'er the black abyss the monarch bends,  
And thro' the unmeasured depth his voice descends,  
" A guide !" the king demands; his heavenly breath  
Appear'd to burst the dreadful calm of death,  
While echoing from the gulf and rocks around,  
An hundred voices seem'd to join the sound.

And now, tho' faint and wan, a ray of light  
Appears below, and breaks the dreary night.  
It brightens, and a hideous Gnome appears,  
Who thro' the gulf a bark ascending steers.  
Less black was Vulcan, at his ceaseless toil  
When Thetis found him in the Lemnian isle;  
Less gloomy Charon seem'd when he convey'd,  
In his craz'd bark, the manes of the dead.  
His wrinkled brow with soot was cover'd o'er,  
His haggard cheeks a smile malignant wore;  
His eyes, unus'd to meet the light of day,  
Star'd wildly round, and seem'd to loath the ray;  
Through his dark robes his naked arms appear'd,  
One held a torch, and one the vessel steer'd.

The bark rose slowly to the pit's dark side,  
At two small seats in silence points the guide,  
The Sylph supports and cheers the entering maid;  
" Descend !" the Gnome in voice of thunder said.  
Sad on her ear those hollow accents came,  
And thrill'd with horror all her shrinking frame.  
From his dark form she turn'd her glistening eyes,  
And fix'd them wildly on the azure skies;  
Still less and less the lucid circle grew,  
Shrunk to a point, and vanish'd from her view,  
While fainter as it shone, her eager sight  
More keenly strain'd to catch the latest light,  
And when it fled, with grief and fear oppress'd,  
She droop'd, and hope forsook her aching breast.  
" Alas !" she thought, " in that bright point, the skies  
" And cheerful day for ever fled mine eyes;  
" I go a living victim to the tomb,

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

" Where shapes terrific haunt congenial gloom;  
" Far from those scenes which memory turns to trace,  
" Each well known spot, each 'dear familiar face,'  
" From love, from Henry,"—then with look askance  
She casts upon the guide an anxious glance,  
Then on the ærial monarch, to descry,  
And draw fresh hope from that which lit his eye;  
Yet still her heart is chill'd by boding fears,  
And o'er her breast descend her streaming tears.

But now, with sudden cold, a dreadful sound  
Of rushing streams and torrents roaring round,  
Arous'd the maid, yet nought her eyes survey.  
The heavy air obscur'd the torch's ray  
That faintly glimmer'd through the dashing spray.  
But as the vessel sinks, the torrent's roar  
Dies in the distance, and is heard no more,  
While down the sad abyss, long, deep, and dark,  
With added swiftness still descends the bark;  
At length they reach the ground, Maria springs  
From her frail seat, yet still to Ariel clings,  
While through the narrow path of damp and gloom  
Their steps are lighted by the sullen Gnome.

But now, what cheerful sounds and sudden light  
Burst in full splendour on her dazzled sight !  
A vast saloon the astonished travellers gain,  
Where silver columns the bright dome sustain;  
Four spacious galleries stretch the chamber round,  
Each with its roof of solid silver crown'd.  
Innumerable lamps illumine the splendid halls,  
In tenfold light reflected from the walls,  
Or on a crystal stream their lustre shed,  
That gaily tript along its shining bed.  
Amid his court, upon a lofty throne,  
In regal state, the sage Argyros shone,  
An aged chief; an ample realm he swayed,  
Revered for wisdom, and with joy obey'd;  
Yet more he wish'd his loaded wains to bear  
The gifts of commerce, than the spoils of war,  
And better liked his temper'd fires to yield  
The sculptur'd chalice, than the bossy shield;  
Thro' crowded streets to urge his sumptuous cars,  
Than ride triumphant o'er the field of Mars:  
His word was truth, his wisdom high was deem'd,  
And next to Chrysos was his worth esteem'd,  
And many a doubtful cause, to him referr'd,  
He judg'd impartial, as he calmly heard:  
To his award e'en Chrysos bow'd, and he,

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

Their lord Albruno, sanctioned his decree.

Thro' the vast throng that crowd this ample hall,  
The adventurers past, invisible to all;  
They reach'd the portal, where, with Attic taste,  
The frieze and valves with sculptured forms were grac'd:  
Thence her astonish'd eyes Maria bends,  
Where far beyond a spacious town extends;  
In silver glow the towers and spires appear,  
The lofty walls their glittering turrets rear,  
All, all was light, the dazzled eye with pain  
Endures the glare, and seeks repose in vain.  
Now pass the pair thro' many a shining street,  
And busy Gnomes and wains unnumber'd meet,  
And view, where turn'd by subterranean gales,  
The restless mills expand their whirling sails.  
But watchful Ariel shudder'd here to view  
Each yellow flame decay in livid hue,  
And heard the thrilling shriek of woe and fear,  
That told the mine's malignant demon near.  
Those fading flames attest his baleful breath,  
Down sink the Gnomes, or fly the impending death,  
Or stand prepared again in native night  
To shroud the realm, and mock the demon's sight.  
The evil Spirit came—o'er Ariel's head,  
A snowy film, his floating form, was spread;  
The watchful Sylph his powerful arms expands,  
Seiz'd the foul Sprite, and crush'd him in his hands;  
Or, withering at his touch, unhappy fair !  
Thy fears and hopes at once had ended there !—  
Bright beam the lamps, the Gnomes recovered rise,  
And all again is bustle, life, and noise.

The wanderers quit these busy realms of light,  
And plunge once more in silence and in night;  
Yet still from Ariel's crown the unfading ray  
Supplied the absence of ethereal day.  
Thro' many a cave and arched way they pass,  
Hewn in primeval granite's solid mass,  
In speckled porphyry, or in marble white,  
Or glittering schist, or darker sienite,  
And now directly in the adventurers' way,  
Deep, wide, and swift a milky river lay ;  
Awhile in thought the aërial monarch stood,  
Prepar'd to bear the maiden o'er the flood,  
But as the Sylph approach'd, the waters fled,  
And dry they journey'd o'er its silver bed,  
Then paus'd upon the bank, surpriz'd to view  
The intermittive waters flow anew.

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

Just as they reach'd Albruno's stately dome,  
To meet his council mov'd the lordly Gnome;  
With loud acclaims the spacious galleries rang,  
The vaulted roofs reflect the trumpets' clang:  
Here paus'd the Sylph, and turning to the maid,  
" Now fate propitious speed thy suit !" he said;  
" Why is that eye deprest with sudden fear ?  
" My presence will but mar thy fortunes here;  
" Thy welfare calls me hence, yet still my power  
" Shall shield and guide thee in this awful hour,  
" And when this form next bursts upon thine eye,  
" I come the harbinger of love and joy."  
He spoke, Maria answered with a sigh.

Where round his throne the vassal monarchs wait,  
Albruno like an eastern despot sate,  
The bravest warriors quail'd beneath his eye,  
And scarcely dar'd to lift their looks so high.  
Those veteran chiefs who oft had brav'd in fight  
The hosts of fire, or bold Hydidæ's might,  
With slavish fear obey their tyrant lord,  
Haste at his nod, and tremble at his word.  
Chrysos alone, a keen reproachful glance  
Darts on the king, more sharp than foeman's lance,  
Heeds not his angry look, and dares to frown  
On the pale Sprite that stands before the throne;  
Kassiteros, whose servile tongue display'd  
The wiles that lur'd the unsuspecting maid,  
And faltering told the unexpected aid;  
Which (while his towers immur'd, not her alone,  
Whom to decoy those towers delusive shone,  
But two fair maids, by spells congenial tied,)  
His triumph mock'd, and made his labour void,  
Releas'd the damsels, and the fort destroy'd.  
Pleas'd with their counsels known, the king forgave  
The fruitless toil, and smil'd upon his slave.

When first this nether realm Albruno sway'd,  
His just commands a cheerful land obey'd;  
By Chrysos guided, every happy hour,  
With blessings wing'd, bore record of his power,  
His prosperous realm was free from war's alarms,  
Or led by wisdom, glory crown'd his arms;  
Hope gaz'd with transport on his dawning sway,  
And blazon'd brighter still his noontide ray.  
But ah ! too soon the monarch's heart around  
His serpent folds false Oreichalcon wound,  
Rous'd by his breath, his heart alternate strove  
With mad ambition and insensate love:

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

One bred protracted wars and countless foes,  
One taught the fraud that caus'd Maria's woes;  
While flattery clouded truth's serener rays,  
And urged him to pursue their meteor blaze;  
And tho', his favourite dead, again his ear  
To Chrysos turn'd, with penitence sincere,  
Returning virtue vainly fought with pride,  
And love yet linger'd where ambition died.  
Nor could the sage's prudent voice persuade  
The stubborn monarch to release the maid;  
" Tho' time yet lingers, soon the appointed hour  
" Will place the beauteous virgin in my power,  
" Then haste, ye Gnomes, and trim the bridal bower;  
" Let all that yields delight to eye or ear,  
" Each pleasing tint, each soothing sound be there;  
" All that on earth the female heart can charm,  
" All that on earth can female fancy warm;  
" So shall my zeal the grateful damsel move,  
" And wealth and splendour light the fires of love."  
Thus spoke Albruno, when the entering maid  
Among his peers her fairy form display'd;  
A lovelier nymph these regions ne'er had seen,  
Of form more graceful, or more princely mien,  
Tho' from her cheeks their wonted bloom was fled,  
And chilling fear restrained her airy tread.  
The chiefs around in silent rapture pause,  
Or join the whisper'd murmur of applause.  
Not so the king ! for tho' in mute delight  
On her lov'd form he fed his ravish'd sight,  
When he beheld how dim, how sunk her eye,  
How pale her cheek, and heard her long-drawn sigh,  
His conscience woke, and to his tortur'd heart  
Her scorpion stings their fiercest fury dart;  
He trembled lest the assembled Gnomes should know  
That he had caus'd such aggravated woe,  
And at her bidding rise in rebel arms,  
The prompt avengers of her injured charms,  
For all were taught that mutual vows allied  
Their amorous monarch and his mortal bride,  
Though jealous Ariel would their loves divide.

While thus he mused, before his throne she fell,  
And strongly urged him to restore the Veil:  
By reason's force, or soft persuasive art,  
She tried to move his unrelenting heart.  
" Alas !" she said, " what hate thy bosom bears,  
" Thus to rejoice and triumph in my tears,  
" Destroy each vision youthful hope has wove,  
" And wound thus deeply in the mask of love !  
" Can this be love?—No; love is ever prone

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

" To prize its object's weal before its own;  
" Ah, yet relent ! ere, worn by lengthen'd grief,  
" My frame decays, and death shall yield relief;  
" And oh ! if e'er thy bosom thrill'd with joy  
" When tears of rapture fill'd the glistening eye,  
" And virtue long opprest, by thee restor'd,  
" A thousand blessings on thy name implor'd,  
" Oh ! let my voice, my woes, my tears prevail,  
" My sufferings pity, and restore the Veil !"

Albruno gaz'd upon the maid and sigh'd;  
Awhile he musing stood, and then replied,  
" Unhappy me ! whom adverse fates compel  
" To cause the woe of one I love so well;  
" Oh ! why that love with hate requite ? and why  
" Still ask a boon which love must still deny ?  
" Claim ought but this, and if to grant be mine,  
" My power, my crown, my sceptre, all are thine !  
" Thine are my treasures, all my secret store,  
" By Gnome or mortal never view'd before;  
" Thine Ophir's vaunted gold, the wealth that shines:  
" In proud Hispania's or Carinthia's mines;  
" Or where Siberia's frozen plains expand,  
" Or vast Sahara spreads her boundless sand;  
" Golconda shall her glittering hoard resign,  
" And Ethiopia's gems and gold be thine;  
" Earth too has mines revealed to me alone,  
" And wealth that slumbers in a world unknown,  
" Yet if thou bid'st, for thee my Gnomes unfold  
" Potosi's silver, and Peruvia's gold,  
" From Anahuac bring the various ores,  
" And choicest diamonds from Brazilian shores.

" Doubtst thou my love ! look round this realm and see  
" What endless labours vex my slaves for thee !  
" See, where yon hills rise towering on the sight,  
" The landscape emulates the fields of light,  
" Yon ruby sun now darts his mimic rays,  
" This lofty dome the evening sky displays !  
" Let these prevail, a favouring ear incline,  
" And oh ! by choice, and not by force be mine.  
" Bid my glad spirits dress the nuptial bower,  
" For know, the Veil I never can restore."  
He ceas'd; the lingering ray of hope was fled,  
Which, while he spoke, sustain'd the anxious maid;  
Senseless she fell, but Chrysos rais'd the dame,  
And, at his bidding, Amiantha came,  
Long o'er the nymph employ'd her care in vain,  
Before she woke to life and woe again.

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

Meanwhile, Albruno mark'd the feeling strong  
That broke in murmurs from his vassal throng;  
Fix'd not to yield, yet griev'd those sounds to hear,  
Where indignation triumph'd over fear,  
He pondered how to quench the rising flame,  
To sooth her grief, yet not resign the dame;  
When, long in craft, and wiles insidious tried,  
The artful plan Kassiteros supplied,  
And, as the damsel weeping left the hall,  
Her faltering steps the monarch's words recall.

" Stay, lov'd Maria, stay ! my anxious heart  
" In all thy sufferings bears an equal part,  
" I mourn each shade of grief that clouds thine eye,  
" Feel every tear, and echo every sigh.  
" Oh could I dry those tears—that this might be  
" At any price but that of yielding thee !

" Too well I know why all my prayers are vain,  
" As lunar beams to melt the frozen main;  
" Shunn'd as a foe, and odious in thy sight,  
" Why scorn and hate my proffer'd crown requite.  
" What tho' my rival boast the careless mirth,  
" The sportive gaiety of upper earth;  
" For thee a love as warm, as pure, I bear,  
" And call thee here a monarch's throne to share.  
" Yet if with me in fight he dare to stand,  
" Here let proud Henry combat for thy hand.  
" To-morrow is the day, should heaven incline,  
" The happy day that links thy fate with mine,  
" Then let him meet me, then my force assail,  
" Till sinks the sun, and win or lose the Veil.  
" Nay more, let him two champions bring to fight,  
" With me two Gnomes shall vindicate my right,  
" And should my warriors vanquish'd press the field,  
" Victor myself, I yet the pledge will yield;  
" (Oh, may the fates a happier doom decree !)  
" Who wins the battle, wins the Veil and thee,  
" And while my busy sprites the lists prepare,  
" On earth my heralds shall the fight declare  
" To Europe's farthest bounds, and whosoe'er  
" Accepts the challenge, lead in safety here.  
" Meanwhile, in this our realm, thy guide and friend,  
" Shall Amiantha on thy steps attend,  
" Her gentle cares, her tender watchful love,  
" Shall charm thine anxious fears to rest, and prove  
" That not to day's ethereal realms alone

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

" The softer virtues of the soul are known:  
" Though here the sun refuse his beam, we claim  
" Alike a portion of that heavenly flame,  
" That flows at once thro' earth, and air, and sky,  
" One boundless flood of life, and love, and joy."

Fraudful he spoke, who deem'd securely chain'd,  
His deepest cell the captive youth detain'd,  
Nor thought, for one unknown, the bravest knight  
Thro' Europe's realms would dare the unequal fight;  
Or rashly should some chief the field demand,  
What could Albruno fear from mortal hand ?  
He only sought, by seeming good betray'd,  
From upper light to keep the hapless maid,  
And hold her, when expir'd the fatal day,  
Within his power an unresisting prey.

Maria, weeping, with her friend withdrew,  
Nor found the prospect brighten on her view;  
Fate seemed to draw a darker circle round,  
Her Henry lost, herself more firmly bound—  
While Amiantha vainly strives to cheer  
Her drooping heart, and dry the frequent tear;  
Yet ever as the injur'd maid inclin'd  
In harsher hues to paint Albruno's mind,  
She on the portrait milder colouring laid,  
And gave it brighter tints and softer shade.

Where Albion lifts her chalky cliffs on high,  
The first faint crimson streak'd the eastern sky,  
When thro' the nether realms the sounding gong  
Call'd to the lists Albruno's vassal throng.  
A brilliant ring ! yet many a blooming maid,  
And aged matron, mourning robes array'd,  
And oft the anxious eye look'd round in vain  
For warriors sleeping on the battle plain.  
Her hands to heaven uprais'd, in earnest prayer  
Maria sate, and seem'd a statue fair;  
Or, by her wreath of flowers and suppliant eyes,  
Some victim drest for ancient sacrifice.  
The hour-glass told the fatal moment near,  
Its last sands ran, yet was not Henry there.  
" Ah ! thought Maria, " whither dost thou rove,  
" While instant danger threats thy distant love,  
" While I the moments count in torturing fear,  
" The day may pass, nor thou the summons hear;  
" To reach the spot thy distance may deny,  
" Or if thou com'st, thou only com'st to die;



## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

" Ariel might aid me now, but thron'd in air,  
" He sits sublime, nor heeds a wretch's prayer."

Prepared for fight, now proud Albruno came,  
His diamond shield and ruby armour flame:  
With him Kassiteros, in white array'd,  
His stately step vain confidence betray'd;  
Chrysos was last, and seem'd to loath the cause  
That from its sheath his golden falchion draws.  
The martial trio past the barriers bright,  
Where lamps depend in many an arch of light,  
And thus the herald's voice announc'd the fight:  
" Our lord, Albruno, of a race divine,  
" Chief of the Gnomes, and Monarch of the Mine,  
" Whom earth thro' all her realms obeys, and pours,  
" At his command, her never-failing stores,  
" Maria's suitor, cloth'd in temper'd mail,  
" Now seeks her hand, affianc'd by the Veil,  
" And comes prepared, before the beauteous dame,  
" To fight with all who dare dispute his claim,  
" With him Kassiteros and Chrysos stand,  
" To prove his title to the maiden's hand;  
" If any doubt his right, or dare deny,  
" Now let them come, and here his arm defy;  
" Before the maiden be their quarrel tried,  
" WHO WINS THE BATTLE, WINS THE VEIL AND BRIDE."

Twice was the summons given, no answer came,  
And a chill faintness seiz'd the maiden's frame;  
Again in louder tone the herald cried,  
" Prepare—we come !" a hollow voice replied.  
Yet vainly search'd the anxious eye around,  
No warrior entering, answered to the sound,  
But like the troubled waters of the main,  
The heaving earth now rose, now sunk again,  
Now yawn'd a cavern, whence with hissing noise,  
Sulphureous steams and azure flames arise,  
Upsprung three knights—thus Cadmus saw the field,  
His labour plough'd, an armed harvest yield  
First Henry came, and on Maria threw  
A cheerful glance, that wak'd her hopes anew,  
And as the throng stand speechless with surprize,  
To instant fight the astonish'd king defies.  
While Alfred and Alonzo, gallant pair !  
Firm on the closing ground the conflict dare.

All pause in wonder, but the most amaz'd,  
Albruno stood, and mutter'd as he gaz'd.

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

" How comes he here ?—by whom releas'd ?—and how ?—  
" His treacherous guards—but 'tis no matter now.  
" Success is sure, and when I end the fight,  
" No common pangs their treason shall requite."  
He turn'd—" Rash youth, and dost thou madly run  
" To brave that arm which prudence bids thee shun ?"  
Aloud he cried—" then on, proud mortal, come,  
" And from Albruno's sword receive thy doom,  
" That fatal doom all rash intruders prove,  
" Who vie with me in combat or in love."

No answer Henry deign'd—the trumpets blew,  
And from their hands their beamy lances flew;  
Guiltless they fell—in nearer fight oppos'd  
They met—and now with Alfred Chrysos clos'd,  
While mindful of his recent fall, with fear  
Kassiteros beheld Alonzo near,  
And fled—but as he ran the barriers round,  
The spear, pursuing, pinn'd him to the ground.  
He fell unpity'd, not a warrior there,  
Or maid or matron, grac'd him with a tear:  
But anger glow'd on many a veteran's face,  
Griev'd for the wounded honour of their race;  
And inly blamed their monarch's tardy blade,  
And marvell'd at his vengeance thus delay'd.  
Fierce was the fight; by love and hate inspir'd,  
Warm'd by her presence whom they both desir'd;  
Swift rush'd the tide of life thro' every vein,  
They turn, they bend, and every sinew strain;  
Their shiver'd spears bestrew'd the glittering sand,  
Their threat'ning falchions beam'd in either hand;  
Albruno's sword, the toil of many a year,  
Hewn from the axis of this mundane sphere,  
That adamantine prism, whose branches shoot  
In all directions from their parent root,  
And when he bids its smallest fibre shake,  
The city falls, the solid mountains quake;  
Keen was its edge, embued in many a charm,  
A weapon worthy of Albruno's arm.  
By Ariel's hand was Henry's sword bestow'd,  
The wondrous blade with fiery lustre glow'd;  
Form'd of concentred lightning, at its stroke  
The harden'd steel divides, and knotted oak,  
Yet now in vain repeated blows assail,  
A stronger charm secured Albruno's mail,  
Each with unwearied strength attacks his foe,  
Each stroke eludes, and blow returns for blow;  
Fast from their batter'd mail the flashes fly,  
The echoing caverns to the strokes reply.  
Yet neither yields—and Chrysos unsubdued,

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

In dubious contest still with Alfred stood;  
Now on the champion's head his sword descends,  
The temper'd helm his threat'ned life defends,  
Yet glancing down, the falchion pierc'd his side,  
His burnish'd arms the crimson torrent dy'd:  
Sunk on his knee, and senseless from the blow,  
He seem'd an easy victim to his foe,  
But brave Alonzo came, his massy shield  
Received the stroke at Alfred's breast impell'd;  
With rigour unimpair'd he wag'd the fight,  
And with redoubled blows assails the Sprite.  
Meanwhile recover'd, gallant Alfred sought  
The spot where Henry and Albruno fought,  
A mighty blow the king at Henry sped,  
Palsied his arm, his hand resign'd the blade,  
But Alfred's ready sword the loss supplied,  
Again the knight the angry Gnome defied:  
Thus foil'd, when victory seem'd secure, and cries  
Of joy and triumph fill'd the nether skies,  
Furious he turn'd, and shunn'd the former strife,  
To glut his vengeful soul with Alfred's life.  
Broke was the hero's spear—his faithful brand,  
His only weapon, shone in Henry's hand;  
Yet on his breast he held his massy shield,  
And slow retreated o'er the ensanguin'd field;  
He came where, writhing with a mortal wound,  
Kassiteros lay struggling on the ground;  
Tho' lingering still, the spear forbade to rise,  
And on the fight he turn'd his dying eyes,  
Strain'd every nerve, and seiz'd with either hand  
Brave Alfred's foot, and stretch'd him on the sand.  
His crafty spirit at the effort fled—  
Beneath the monarch's arm the champion laid,  
His sword was lifted for the stroke of fate,  
When Henry's falchion fell with deadly weight;  
His broken mail his wounded shoulder shew'd,  
But from the wound no crimson torrent flow'd.  
" Turn, if thou dar'st," cried Henry, " coward Sprite !  
" Or dar'st thou but with foes unarm'd the fight ?"  
Stung with the taunt, Albruno turn'd—his foe  
Shunn'd with an agile bound the impending blow;  
With strength unwearied, and increasing rage,  
In closer fight the valiant pair engage,  
Now this, now that, retiring seems to yield;  
Maria, trembling, eyed the doubtful field:  
Thrice Henry's falchion pierc'd the monarch's side,  
Albruno's twice in Henry's blood was dy'd;  
In silent agony the Gnomes survey'd  
The blow now hanging o'er their monarch's head,  
And had his own good weapon arm'd the knight,  
No more were needful to decide the fight.

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

The monarch bent beneath the mighty stroke;  
In Henry's hand the faithless weapon broke;  
Who, swift as eagles seize their prey, threw down  
The borrow'd falchion, and regain'd his own.  
Prepar'd to meet the monarch's arm he stood,  
Again they clos'd, again their fight renew'd.

Chrysos meanwhile still braved Iris angry foe,  
And parries oft, but seldom aims a blow,  
Still as he fought, increasing strength he gains,  
The exhausted Spaniard scarce the fight sustains.  
When now, where Albion shines amid the main,  
The last faint sunbeam ting'd the watry plain,  
By turns Maria watch'd the doubtful fight,  
Or on the hour-glass fix'd her aching sight,  
And saw, as flow'd the shallow sands away,  
The jaws of ruin opening on their prey.  
Now proud Albruno, mad that mortal knight  
So long with him sustained a doubtful fight,  
Infuriate spoke: " Too long thy arts evade  
" The fate impending on thy guilty head !  
" What spells secure thy mail ? what powerful charm  
" Eludes the vengeance of Albruno's arm ?  
" No mortal strength, unaided, could withstand  
" The deadly weight of this immortal hand !  
" Yet now receive thy due,"—and as he spoke,  
Full at his head he aim'd the dreadful stroke,  
The wary youth the threat'ning blow repell'd,  
Which spent its fury on his lifted shield;  
From his stunn'd arm the orb divided flew—  
Maria, trembling, sicken'd at the view,  
Sad on her ear the shouts of triumph fell,  
As to the orphan sounds her parent's knell,  
She saw her last faint hopes of conquest fail,  
Her love defenceless, lost the fatal Veil,  
While Amiantha's sympathizing heart  
Her sorrows wept, and bore herself a part;  
Then first did maiden wish, in battle field,  
To see her love before his rival yield.  
Meanwhile the dauntless youth collects his might,  
By one decisive blow to end the fight,  
To win or die; and while the king address  
A mortal stroke at his defenceless breast,  
He turn'd the sword aside, and onward prest;  
Then where thick plates of well-wrought brass unite  
His ruby arms and sapphire cuirass bright,  
He pierc'd Albruno's chest—no more avail  
His vaunted valour, or impassive mail,  
Swift to his heart the burning blade was thrust,  
The haughty monarch sunk upon the dust;

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

For tho' immortal, yet of sense bereft,  
His heart forgot to beat, his cheek the colour left.  
Griev'd at the sad reverse, the astonish'd throng  
In silence stood, when struck the mighty gong:  
That solemn sound, which on Maria's ear,  
That morning fell, in anguish and despair,  
Which seem'd the knell of happiness to toll,  
Slave to a haughty tyrant's loath'd controul,  
Now told the setting sun, the finish'd fight,  
The Veil redeem'd, and safe her victor knight.  
With such sweet force the tide of rapture came,  
Its sudden weight o'erwhelm'd her weary frame;  
She sunk; but pleasure soon her eye relumed,  
And her wan face a livelier hue assumed.  
Albruno too revived—the languid tide  
Again more briskly swell'd his veins, and dyed  
His sallow cheek, but as he slowly rose,  
A sullen shame his gloomy looks disclose.  
" Come !" to the champions and the maid he cries,  
With stifled anger, " take the Veil, your prize !  
" Retire, ye Gnomes; no sprite of Gnomian race  
" Shall view his monarch in this dire disgrace !"

They reach'd the fatal spot; the chains that bound  
The crystal vase and emerald tripod round,  
The gloomy monarch seiz'd—and as he broke,  
Deep thunders roll'd, and all the fabric shook;  
Earth felt the shock in her remotest cave,  
Thro' air, thro' fire, and thro' the sapphire wave  
Each structure trembled; high the billows rear'd  
Their foaming crests, the bold Hydidae feared.  
The yawning ground admits the unusual day,  
And new volcanos burst their furious way,  
The gathering clouds deform the azure heaven,  
The mountains fall, by frequent lightning riven,  
Their prayers and tears affrighted mortals pour'd,  
**AND ANXIOUS ARIEL KNEW THE VEIL RESTOR'D !**  
He blest the sign, and from his throne on high,  
Shot like a falling meteor thro' the sky.

The king meanwhile, with sad yet haughty look,  
To Henry gave the fatal Veil, and spoke:  
" Fate crowns thy arms, proud mortal; I resign  
" The precious pledge that makes perfection thine;  
" Fool that I was, to risk the chance of arms,  
" My dear bought right, and those unequall'd charms !  
" Hence, daring warrior, to thy native land—  
" There boast the triumphs of a mortal hand,  
" By thee subdu'd, a chief the lord of flame,

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

" And ocean's king have vainly fought to tame !  
" For thee ! sweet maid, no language can impart  
" The agony that rends Albruno's heart.  
" Oh ! that my will, reversing nature's plan,  
" My life could shorten to a mortal span,  
" To him resign my wealth, my pomp, my power,  
" So thy bright smile might gild the transient hour !  
" Mayst thou be blest ! yet hence thy joy remove,  
" Nor swell the tortures of despairing love."

He ceas'd; impatient to restore the Veil,  
At fair Maria's feet her hero fell,  
Before the magic glass unconscious kneels—  
A wondrous truth the magic glass reveals !  
Dropp'd from his youthful limbs his radiant arms,  
A grace ethereal heighten'd all his charms;  
Dyed in the rainbow's hues, his wings unfold  
Their forms pellucid, starr'd with living gold,  
His roseate mantle flutter'd in the wind,  
His locks of waving amber flow'd behind;  
In heavenly beauty shines the Sylph confest,  
And thus his lips the astonish'd maid address;

" Fear not, Maria !—Since by chance reveal'd  
" The truth from thee which yet I wish'd conceal'd;  
" A wondrous tale Aurelio shall declare,  
" And why constrain'd a human form to bear.  
" Not ours alone to float on painted wing,  
" And drink the fragrant incense of the spring;  
" Nor yet our sole employ to guide on high  
" The radiant orbs that gem the evening sky,  
" In vacant air the mimic suns to form,  
" Ride the bright sun-beam, or the rapid storm.  
" Our gentler ministry, with soft controul,  
" In virtue's path directs the female soul;  
" Unseen, we whisper in the ear of youth,  
" The golden rules of honour, wisdom, truth—  
" Thus softly steals at eve the dewy shower,  
" The sunburnt fields reveal its balmy power  
" In many a glistening herb, and fragrant flower.

" Two lovely infants drew a kindred birth—  
" With me a Sylph descended to the earth;  
" In opening youth each shew'd a form divine,  
" His charge Elvira, Evelina mine.  
" Ceruleo long had striven, with fruitless art,  
" In virtue's paths to lead his pupil's heart,  
" For ever varying, her inconstant mind

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

" Nor friendship fix'd, nor promises could bind;  
" With every charm that wins the heart to love,  
" A youth had woo'd the maid, nor vainly strove;  
" In evil hour a wealthier rival came,  
" He sought, he won—forgot her former flame—  
" The Sylph incens'd, withdrew his guardian power,  
" Nor shed his blessing on their nuptial hour.

" 'How long,' he cried, 'shall this capricious race  
" Our labour baffle, and our care disgrace ?  
" Vainly we strive their wanderings to restrain,  
" The sex is all inconstant, false, and vain.'

" 'Oh pause,' I cried; 'though one thy bosom vex,  
" Waste not thy fury on the guiltless sex !  
" How many a female name, from age to age,  
" Has history blazon'd on her brightest page,  
" For virtues Sylphs can scarcely hope to gain,  
" And constancy we emulate in vain !'

" 'Fruitless my toil'—the angry Sylph replied  
" In harsher terms, and storied truth denied,  
" He challeng'd me a mortal maid to shew,  
" Despising wealth and power, to love and merit true.

" His word I took in Evelina's name,  
" And pledg'd her to redeem her sex's fame,  
" For she was all that claims our fondest care,  
" Like thee was virtuous, and almost as fair !  
" And should she fail, I vow'd no more to view  
" Yon starry regions of ethereal blue,  
" A mortal form to bear, till came the time,  
" When three fair nymphs, in youth and beauty's prime,  
" Should scorn a monarch and despise his throne,  
" And death and fate defy, for love alone.

" I will not tell, to slow disease a prey,  
" How long I watch'd my pupil's charms decay,  
" And as she lay upon her early bier,  
" In human semblance dropp'd the frequent tear;  
" For the stern Sylph, when Evelina died,  
" Still claim'd the proof her early fate denied:  
" How often hope revived her fading fire,  
" Which glow'd awhile, yet blaz'd but to expire;  
" As wandering in the gloom, a flash of light  
" Gives tenfold darkness to surrounding night.

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

" At length I knew thee—could I fail to prove  
" The fondest transports of a mortal's love,  
" With all that deeper tenderness refined,  
" That fits the nature of the ethereal mind ?  
" But when I found thy love was sought in vain,  
" By him whose mandate awes this vast domain,  
" I hail'd with rapture pleasure's dawning ray,  
" The happy prelude to her cloudless day.  
" The rest thou know'st—no longer fate denies,  
" I soar triumphant to my native skies."

" And wilt thou leave me," sigh'd the weeping fair,  
" In this dark realm of anguish and despair ?"

" Leave thee !" Aurelio cried, "bereft of thee,  
" The realms of light would boast no charms for me !  
" I call thee hence, a Sylph's pure joys to share  
" In those bright fields of empyrean air."

" Stay !" said the king, in whom Aurelio's tale  
Wak'd a faint hope again to claim the Veil,  
" Dar'st thou, a Sylph, and hence my mortal foe,  
" Thus venture thro' the hostile realms below,  
" E'en in my presence dare to own the offence,  
" And hope to pass unmark'd, unpunish'd hence ?—  
" Ho ! seize him guards !"—he stamp'd upon the ground:  
The ready vassals enter'd at the sound,  
While his brave comrades hasten'd to defend  
The weeping damsel and their injur'd friend;  
When o'er their heads a dreadful crash was heard,  
A sudden fissure in the dome appear'd,  
The blazing lamps grew dim, an azure ray  
Shot thro' the dreary realm unwonted day,  
While down the steep descent, with rapid flight,  
His Sylphs great Ariel bore, enthron'd in light;  
And at his side was seen a lovely maid,  
Bright Amiantha, as a bride array'd.

" Is this a monarch's faith ? these abject chains,"  
He cried, " are these the meed a victor gains?  
" Here at thy call he came, a mortal knight,  
" With thee to prove the equal chance of fight.  
" With mortal strength thy mightier arm he dar'd,  
" And as a mortal claims his due reward;  
" Claims for himself, these knights, and damsel fair,  
" Free passage to the realms of light and air.  
" What frenzy rules thee ? why does passion blind



## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

" The light of reason in thy noble mind ?  
" Has not experience taught thy soul to know  
" From purer sources purer pleasures flow ?  
" Shake off thy bonds; or since a monarch's throne  
" Wants half its lustre while he rules alone,  
" This maid behold !—nor can these regions find  
" A nymph more fair in person or in mind;  
" How long with smother'd fires she vainly lov'd  
" I need not say, this every act has prov'd !  
" And many a Gnome remembers yet the days  
" Thine ear was pleas'd with Amiantha's praise.  
" And more, thy life preserv'd from Pyros' hand,  
" Who stretch'd her dying brother on the sand,  
" Claims this just tribute from a generous chief,  
" And calls on thee to sooth a sister's grief."

He ceas'd; with downcast eyes the monarch stands,  
Nor moves, nor speaks, in anguish clasp'd his hands;  
At length remorse and reason vanquish'd pride,  
And he with new affection hail'd his bride.

" I yield—forgive my errors past," he said,  
" Ye valiant knights, and each afflicted maid;  
" Oh ! here may all Maria's sufferings close !  
" Be this the last of Amiantha's woes !  
" For me ! the memory of this painful hour  
" Shall curb my passions, quench the thirst of power,  
" And teach henceforth my sterner soul to find  
" A gentle guide in Amiantha's mind;  
" Between the Gnomes and Sylphs might discord cease,  
" And mighty Ariel's voice confirm the peace."

" 'Tis done," the Sylph replied: " the Veil restor'd,  
" I wage no war with earth's imperial lord;  
" Peace in our realms shall rest, and stretch her chain  
" O'er fire's bright regions, and the azure main.  
" I lit the torch of war, the furious fire  
" I fan no longer, and the flames expire !"

The monarch spoke, and call'd Maria fair,  
With each brave knight, to mount the radiant chair  
The Sylphs ascending cleave the heavy air.

Now to Albruno's hall his subjects prest  
In happy crowds to grace his nuptial feast.  
Again by Chrysos rul'd, in paths of truth,

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

O'er his glad people reign'd the immortal youth;  
And still, with gentle though unseen controul,  
Mild Amiantha curb'd his fiery soul,  
And oft the grateful Gnomes, in loud acclaim,  
Join'd peace and love with Amiantha's name.

Meanwhile, where Albion's fertile vales extend,  
Their chosen brides the three brave youths attend,  
The friendly Gnomes a sumptuous palace rais'd,  
Each marble hall with gems unnumber'd blaz'd;  
The sportive sisters of the deep, around  
The stately columns wreaths of coral bound,  
And all the shining treasures of the wave  
To frame a grot of ample size they gave.  
Innumerable seeds, the spoils of distant lands,  
The Sylphids scatter'd from their airy hands,  
The fiery spirits gently warm the earth,  
And push each gay exotic into birth;  
There, breathing fragrance, the Magnolias vied  
" In snow—white innocence and purple pride;"  
While drest in roseate buds and leaves of green,  
The Kalmia rivals her delightful queen;  
Proud of her form, in classic grace array'd,  
Tall Agapantha rears her purple head,  
In varying dyes each gay Protea springs,  
And Passiflora spreads her scarlet wings;  
O'er all superior, tall Agave tow'rs,  
And the bright Aloe glows with crimson flowers.  
The Sylphids caught, and rang'd in lines of light,  
The stars that shoot athwart the gloom of night.  
To sight reveal'd, in various forms they move,  
One Hymen seems, and one the God of Love,  
High in their hands their flaming torches bear,  
And crown with roseate wreaths each happy pair.

Great Ariel now appeared—his gentle look  
Glanced on each lovely maid, as thus he spoke:  
" Hail ! blooming nymphs, whose constancy restor'd  
" My lov'd Aurelio to his happy lord.  
" Your woes—a Sylph from human bondage freed—  
" Claim from his grateful king an ample meed,  
" For thee, Maria ! now his chosen bride,  
" Nor less in virtue to our race allied:  
" Ne'er shall thy lips resign the vital breath,  
" Thy roses fade, or close thine eyes in death.  
" Not like Tithonus, doom'd to bear the strife  
" Of mortal weakness with immortal life,  
" Each circling year to that fair form and face  
" Shall add fresh lustre, more ethereal grace,

## The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

" Till thy pure spirit shall spontaneous rise,  
" And seek its destin'd station in the skies;  
" As Alighieri, with his heavenly love,  
" Soar'd to yon round of silver light above,  
" A partner in thy joys, thy hopes, thy cares,  
" Till then his human form Aurelio wears.

" Miranda, Leonora, lovely pair !  
" And ye, brave knights, their mortal lot who share,  
" Yours be each joy that cheers the child of earth,  
" A blooming race shall deck your social hearth;  
" And when, as all of human lineage must,  
" Your breath expires, and dust returns to dust,  
" No widow's eye shall weep her spouse's doom;  
" One be your dying hour, and one your tomb.  
" Your spirits rising in a train of light,  
" Shall with new splendours grace yon vaulted height.  
" In that vast space, 'twixt Jove's imperial sphere  
" And fiery Mars, four smaller orbs appear,  
" Yours be the task to rule their course on high,  
" And guide the kindred worlds along the sky.  
" Join'd in your fates below, and joined above  
" In mystic intercourse of holy love,  
" To circle yon pure source of day, and bound  
" In one bright sphere your planetary round."

He spoke. No words their gratitude express'd,  
But Ariel read it in each joyful breast.

END OF THE POEM.

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**PERSONS OF THE POEM.**

**Mortals.**

- ALFRED.
- ALONZO.
- ELVIRA.
- EVELINA.
- HENRY.
- LEONORA.
- MARIA.
- MIRANDA.

**Gnomes.**

**ALBRUNO.**

- ADAMAS *Diamond*
- AMIANTHA *Amianthus*
- AMMONIAS *Ammonium —of ammonia*
- ARGYROS *Silver*
- ASBESTOS *Mountain flax*
- AVENTURINE *A sparry gem*
- BARION *Barium —metallic basis of barytes*
- BARYTES *An earth*
- BASALTES *Basalt*
- CALCION *Calcium —metallic basis of chalk*
- CALCIOS *Chalk*
- CALAMINA *Zinc*
- CARBON *Charcoal*
- CHALCOS *Copper*
- CHALYBS *Steel*
- CHRYSOS *Gold*
- COBALTO *A metal*
- GLUCINE *An earth*
- GRANITES *Granite*
- HYDRARGYRAS *Quicksilver*
- IRIDION *A metal*
- ITTRIA *An earth*
- KASSITEROS *Tin or pewter*
- MAGNESIOS *Magnesia*
- MAGNETES *Magnet*
- MAGNIOS *Magunim —metallic basis of magnesia*

**[Note in manuscript hand changes Magunim to Magnium.]**

- MARMAROS *Marble*
- MOLYBDOS *Lead*
- NICKEL *A metal*

The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

|               |  |
|---------------|--|
| • NITRON      | <i>Nitre</i>                                 |
| • OPHITES     | <i>Serpentine</i>                            |
| • OREICHALCON | <i>Brass</i>                                 |
| • OROS        | <i>Mountain</i>                              |
| • OSMION      | <i>Osmium</i>                                |
| • PALLADION   | <i>Palladium</i>                             |
| • PLATINA     | <i>A metal</i>                               |
| • PLUMBAGO    | <i>Black lead</i>                            |
| • PORPHYRITES | <i>Porphyry</i>                              |
| • SCHISTOS    | <i>Shist</i>                                 |
| • SIDEROS     | <i>Iron</i>                                  |
| • SIENITOS    | <i>Sienite</i>                               |
| • SILEXIS     | <i>Silex</i>                                 |
| • SODION      | <i>Sodium</i> —metallic basis of soda        |
| • SOLFARA     | <i>Sulphur</i>                               |
| • STEATYTE    | <i>Soap rock</i>                             |
| • STRONTIA    | <i>An earth</i>                              |
| • STRONTIAS   | <i>Strontium</i> —metallic basis of strontia |
| • STYPTERION  | <i>Allumine</i>                              |
| • TELLURIO    | <i>A metal</i>                               |
| • THEION      | <i>Sulphur</i>                               |
| • TITANOS     | <i>Chalk</i>                                 |
| • ZIRCON      | <i>An earth</i>                              |

**Sylphs.**

**ARIEL.**

|            |                            |
|------------|----------------------------|
| • ACTIN    | <i>Sunbeam</i>             |
| • AURELIO  |                            |
| • BRONTE   | <i>Thunder</i>             |
| • CERULEO  |                            |
| • DROSA    | <i>Dew</i>                 |
| • ELECTRON | <i>Lightning</i>           |
| • IRIS     | <i>Rainbow</i>             |
| • KERAUNOS | <i>Thunderbolt</i>         |
| • NEPHOS   | <i>Cloud</i>               |
| • OMBRA    | <i>Shower</i>              |
| • SCIROCCO | <i>The south-east wind</i> |
| • THUELLA  | <i>Storm</i>               |

**PYRIDAE.**

**PYROS.**

|              |                        |
|--------------|------------------------|
| • ALEINOS    | <i>Hot</i>             |
| • ANTHRAX    | <i>Lighted coal</i>    |
| • ANTHRACHIS | <i>Lighted coal</i>    |
| • CAUSIMOS   | <i>Apt for burning</i> |
| • CHLIAROTES | <i>Warmth</i>          |
| • CHLIAROS   | <i>Warmth</i>          |

The Veils; or the Triumph of Constancy

|                |   |
|----------------|---|
| • EMPREESMOS   | <i>A flame or fire, a burning</i>                       |
| • EMPYROS      | <i>Fiery, that which contains fire</i>                  |
| • IGNICOMUS    | <i>Fiery hair</i>                                       |
| • KAPNOS       | <i>Smoke</i>  |
| • LAMPEDON     | <i>Flash</i>  |
| • MARMARYGOS   | <i>Brightness</i>                                       |
| • MICANTE      | <i>Glittering</i>                                       |
| • PERUSTOS     | <i>Perustus, Lat. burnt up, or scorched</i>             |
| • PERICAUTHEIS | <i>Perustus, Lat. burnt up, or scorched</i>             |
| • PHLEGON      | <i>Burning —the name of one of the horses of Apollo</i> |
| • PHLOGOS      | <i>Flame</i>  |
| • PYRENEMOS    | <i>Wind of fire</i>                                     |
| • PYRIGENES    | <i>Child of fire</i>                                    |
| • PYRAUSTES    | <i>Fire-fly</i>   |
| • PYROPHOROS   | <i>Fire-bearer</i>                                      |
| • PYROSTHENES  | <i>Ignipotent</i>                                       |
| • PYRODES      | <i>Fiery, burning hot</i>                               |
| • PYRIDES      | <i>Son of Pyros</i>                                     |
| • SCINTILLUS   | <i>Spark</i>  |
| • SPINTHERA    | <i>Spark</i>  |
| • SPINTHEROS   | <i>Spark</i>  |
| • SPODOS       | <i>Ashes</i>  |
| • THERMOTES    | <i>Heat</i>   |
| • THERMOS      | <i>Heat</i>   |
| • THERMANTICOS | <i>Having the power of making warm</i>                  |
| • THERMASION   | <i>Thermesia—warmth, heat</i>                           |

**Hydidae.**

**MARINO.**

|               |                    |
|---------------|--------------------|
| • CLYDON      | <i>Tide</i>        |
| • CUMA        | <i>Wave</i>        |
| • CUMOS       | <i>Wave</i>        |
| • DELPHINO    | <i>Dolphin</i>     |
| • LYMNORIA    | <i>From a lake</i> |
| • LYMNOCHARIS |                    |
| • MARGUERITA  | <i>Pearl</i>       |
| • POTAMOS     | <i>River</i>       |
| • PLEMMYRA    | <i>Flowing</i>     |
| • PLEMURA     | <i>Flowing</i>     |

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