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HERO AND LEANDER.

BY

MARLOW AND CHAPMAN.

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HERO AND LEANDER.

A Poem.

BY

CHRISTOPHER MARLOW,

AND

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

A NEW EDITION, REVISED AND CORRECTED ;

WITH A CRITICAL PREFACE.

————— A story of deep love,
How young Leander crossed the Hellespont.

SHAKSPEARE.



Chiswick :

FROM THE PRESS OF C. WHITTINGHAM,
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DEDICATION.

*To the greatest genius born since the glorious
day of Michel-Agnolo,*

HENRY FUSELI, ESQ. A. M.

AND P. P. ROY. ACAD.

*who, in his embodied conception of Hero and
Leander, has raised mortal passion to the sublime,
by its burning intensity, this little revival is offered,
as an unworthy but sincere testimony of the deep-
est admiration for the diversified powers of his
mind and art.*

PREFACE.

MR. HAZLITT observes, in treating of the Elizabethan period of literature, which he likens to the "RICH STROND" of Spenser, that "it only wants exploring to fill the inquiring mind with wonder and delight, and to convince us that we have been wrong in lavishing all our praise on new-born gauds, though they are made and moulded of things past* ; and in giving to dust that is a little gilded, more laud than gilt o'er dusted :"—that it "will be found amply to repay the labour of the search, and it will be hard if in

* This is extremely applicable to the genteel and somewhat cloying poems published under the assumed name of Cornwall.—This author, whose forte lies in tasteful selection, and who is original in imitation, would do well to read and mark page 26 of Mr. Hazlitt's Elizabethan Lectures.

most cases curiosity does not end in admiration, and modesty teach us wisdom." Here very likely some of the profane will shake their heads and exclaim, "We have had specimens in plenty of the ore, and the mine does not pay the trouble of working!" and indeed there does seem some reason for the above complaint, when one refers to the dryness of many articles in the *British Bibliographer*, the *Restituta*, and the *Archaica*, and several of the reprints entire, which have issued from the Lee Priory private press of Sir Egerton Brydges. For this it is not very difficult to account.—The writer of these remarks is no way deficient in respect for the talents of the author of "*Mary de Clifford*" and "*The Ruminator*;" and, in his opinion, the vulgar jaded stomach of the age, which has no appetite but the false one induced by drams and cayenne, is miserably shown by its neglect of the last mentioned elegant series of papers*. He has sym-

* The fickleness of our reading public is well censured in the following sentence from "Eastward Hoe:—" "They are borne on headlong in desire, from one no-

pathized, even unto tears, in those heart-breathed melancholy effusions, poured out with such moving ingenuousness, during the "*Sylvan Wanderer's*" forest walks amid the dank heaps of matted leaves*—and he has mourned over the fast crumbling decay of an ancient and noble house. But private feeling, however painful may be the struggle, (and in this case it is most painful,) must give way to impartial criticism.

Sir Egerton was originally intended for a man of genius—but many melancholy circumstances, which every lover of the Muse bewails with drooping head and heart, have crooked the promising branch, and turned the nourishing sap to a corroding poison, eating the heart of the tree. This it is that has caused that craving for unwholesome food

velty to another: and where these ranging appetites reign there is ever more passion than reason; no stay, and so no happiness."

* Sir E. B. has *wisely* (whatever the worldly and ignorant may say) unloaded his full heart on paper—

"The grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break."

which his *editorial* labours so frequently display. A darkness comes over his *spirit*, and the blue sky appears black even to his *corporeal* eye. His patrician feelings unconsciously cling to him in all things. The multitude are following the chase through a beautiful country after a more glittering leader: he cannot mingle unnoticed in the herd, and therefore plunges moodily among thorny brakes and black rocks—he throws himself beneath “knotty, knarry, barren trees,” blasted by the “thwarting thunder blue;” and gropes around him for rank weeds which “the dire looking planet smites.”—His lips wreath into a grievous smile when he lights on a sow-thistle, he tastes it, and fancies its bitter juice richer far than the oozeings of the wine-vats.—No misgiving obtrudes itself on him that his palate is out of order! no! he carries home his bundle of dry plants and withered leaves, and sends it to his man cook, Mr. Warwick*, who dresses the worthless trash with rich sauce. It is served to table in a superb dish, and re-

* The Lee Priory printer.

commended as an exquisite dainty to the wondering guests. In fact (dropping the silly metaphor) the reprints of those authors superintended by Sir E. Brydges have been, *on the whole*, such as to fully justify the imposing dogma of Dr. Johnson, "that they were sought after because they were scarce, and would not have become scarce had they been much esteemed*."—But there were other neglected writers in that era besides Nicholas Breton, Robert Greene, and

* In justice to Sir Egerton Brydges, it should be observed, that we are indebted to his zeal, and that of his unwearied coadjutor Mr. Haslewood, for much curious and interesting information relating to our early writers; of which Dr. Drake has known how to avail himself, without the labour of wading through the mass of rubbish, under which it has sometimes lain hid. The reviewer of Wither's "Shepherd's Hunting," and "Fair Virtue," (so ably panegyricized by Mr. Lamb) and of the learned Stanley's "Poems," and "Translations from Moschus, Anacreon, &c." deserves the poetical student's warmest thanks; and I have much pleasure in acknowledging that I owe my more intimate acquaintance with the following beautiful poem to Sir Egerton's *almost* entire reprint of it in several numbers of the "Restituta."

Thomas Watson, who surely merited Sir Egerton's best offices with the public on their behalf.—Why did he not follow up his beautiful edition of Drayton's "*Nymphidia*," with some elegant selections from the lyrical parts of Jonson and Fletcher, or from the polished sonnets of Drummond of Hawthornden, recommended by one of his wonted tasteful mild introductions; wherein, as in the preface to Raleigh's Poems, he might have shown us "that the poetry of that day was not an old fashioned uncouth monster, mounted on a lumbering Pegasus, dragon-winged, and leaden-hoofed; but that it as often wore a sylph-like form, with Attic vest, with faëry feet, and the butterfly's gilded wings?"—This would have unfolded more talent and love of the divine art than printing in splendid quarto, with charming vignettes, such a trifle (pretty, but still a trifle) as Mr. Quillinan's juvenile poem of Dunluce Castle. But unhappily for the cause, of which he was a zealous, though injudicious champion, his likings took an oblique direction—orient pearls lay neglected, while worthless beads

were gathered up, strung, and clasped with gold : and imitating Hamlet's sentiment, (" The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty—use them after your own honour and dignity") Watson, Braithwaite, Constable, and Breton, were tricked out in splendid attire, befitting Jonson, or Chapman, or Marlowe, or Sidney, which so far from concealing their native meanness, set it forth in tenfold insignificance.

The rage for blindly reprinting works, merely because they were rare, is quenched ; but it has had its use in creating a general spirit of investigation of the fine old writers of England, and Italy, which is gaining ground daily : and the effect of such search is visible in every department of literature *. "*The Retrospective Review*," as far as it has appeared, is a considerable improvement on former publications of a similar nature ; but in its poetic department, it pro-

* Yet even at this time there are men of indurated, unpoetical minds, to whom the simple, majestic, weighty style of our noble translation of the Bible is "uncouth, vulgar," and who clamour for an entire new version !!

fesses only to administer *small doses* by way of provocatives, while the object of the "*Select Poets*" is to supply true adorers with copious draughts, unadulterated, from the well-head of the Sacred Waters.—There are many would-be admirers who will perhaps expect the editor to draw also of every green ditch and muddy pond in the Delphian country, and their ostrich-stomachs may be balked in not finding any crude, tough, juiceless substances, whereon they may try their marvellous powers of digestion—but this selection is planned with a ruthless regard to intrinsic value, and the editor's opinion that age, when not dignified by worth, is most unreverend and despised, must be a death blow to their hopes. But somewhat too much of this. The author of the first part of the present poem demands attention.

The life of this blazing, though transitory meteor, is shrouded in great obscurity. The place and date of his birth, and the circumstances of his parents are alike unknown; Oldys says that he was born about the former part of

the reign of Edward the Sixth, but this can hardly be correct; and the conjecture of Mr. Ellis, who places his birth about 1562, carries with it an air of greater probability. He was of Benet College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of B. A. in 1583, and of M. A. 1587; and on leaving the university he became, like his great cotemporary Shakspeare, at once an actor and writer for the stage. So vague and uncertain are all the notices we have of Marlow, that a late ingenious writer in the *Monthly Review** has endeavoured to show that Marlow and Shakspeare may have been one and the same person! This paradox is sustained by some very specious arguments, but there is quite sufficient cotemporary evidence of Marlow's existence to overthrow it altogether. Thus Robert Greene in his *Groatsworth of Wit* addresses him, "thou famous gracer of tragedians." Francis Meres praises him together with Sidney, Spenser, Shakspeare, Daniel, &c. for having "mightily

* See vol. lxxxix. p. 361, &c. and vol. xciii. p. 61, &c.

enriched, and gorgeously invested with rare ornaments, and resplendent habiliments, the English tongue." Carew couples his name with that of Shakspeare in the following passage of his "Excellencies of the English tongue:" "Would you read Catullus, take Shakspeare's and Marlow's fragments:" and Nashe, in his "Lenten Stuff," speaking of Hero and Leander, says, "of whom divine Musæus sung, and a diviner muse than he, Kit Marlow." George Peele, in his "Honour of the Garter," thus mentions him:

—————"Unhappy in thy end,
Marlow, the Muses' darling for thy verse,
Fit to write passions for the souls below."

xx Henry Petowe published what he calls a second part of the Hero and Leander, in 1598, and in the following passages exceeds all his eulogists in panegyric, though his verses are homely.

"Marlow admir'd, whose honey-flowing vein
No English writer can as yet attain.
Whose name, in Fame's immortal treasury,
Truth shall record to endless memory."

Marlow, late mortal, now framed all divine,
 What soul more happy, than this soul of thine?
 Live still in Heaven thy soul, thy fame on earth."—

And again,

"What mortal soul with Marlow might contend,
 That could, 'gainst reason, force him stoop or bend?
 Whose silver charming tongue mov'd such delight,
 That men would shun their sleep, in still dark night,
 To meditate upon his golden lines,
 His rare conceits, and sweet according rhymes.
 But Marlow—still admired Marlow's gone,
 To live with Beauty in Elizium,
 Immortal Beauty! who desires to hear
 His sacred poesies, sweet in every ear:
 Marlow must frame, to Orpheus' melody,
 Hymns all divine to make Heaven harmony;
 There ever live the prince of poetry,
 Live with the living in eternity."

The reader must be familiar with Ben Jon-son's mention of "Marlow's mighty line," in his poem to the memory of Shakspeare: and with Drayton's verses, which Warton well observes, are "the highest testimony," because "Drayton from his own feelings was well qualified to decide on the merits of a poet."

"Next Marlow, bathed in the Thespian springs,
Had in him those brave translunary things
That your first poets had: his raptures were
All air and fire, which made his verses clear:
For that fine madness still he did retain
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain."

Decker, in one of his tracts*, has placed Marlow in the Elisian Grove of Baies, "with Greene and Peele, under the shadow of a large vine." In that curious old comedy, "The Returne from Pernassus," is the following passage:

"Marlow was happy in his buskin'd Muse,
Alas! unhappy in his life and end:
Pity it is that wit so ill should dwell,
Wit lent from Heaven, but vices sent from Hell."

It should seem that Marlow on his first launching into life pursued the same thoughtless career of dissipation, which it is to be feared was too prevalent with the men of wit and genius at that period; his associates were Nashe, and Greene, and Peele, dangerous companions—from the fascination of their society and the freedom of

* A Knight's Conjuring, 1607, 4to. sig. L.

their lives; and all of them at mortal enmity with the Puritanical Precisians. Free-thinking on religious topics was then, as it has been deemed since, a mark of the man of spirit and of the world,—a fashionable vice. It may be remarked, that more heterodoxical books were then printed in England than in any other part of Europe; the works of Giordano Bruno, and Servetus, with others of the same stamp, first issued into light from the London press, under the countenance of men of eminence for their rank and talent in the court of Elizabeth.

It is possible, though the evidence is equivocal, that Marlow may have been led by the influence of evil example, in thoughtlessness and gaiety of spirits “to sport with sacred subjects; more perhaps from the preposterous ambition of courting the casual applause of profligate and unprincipled companions, than from any systematic disbelief of religion,” he may have ventured upon

————— “Unlawful things,
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits :”

but it should be remarked that his accusers were the Puritans, the inveterate enemies of stage-players and poets; and that Marlow seems to have aimed a blow at them in his *Edward the Second*, where young Spencer addressing the scholar Baldock ridicules the hypocritical pedant, who says a long grace at the table's end, wears a little band, buttons like pins heads, and is

—— “Curate-like, in his attire,
Though inwardly licentious enough.”

This would never be forgiven or forgotten, his ridicule of their sacred persons would render him more obnoxious than absolute Atheism. Accordingly the fanatic Thomas Beard, in his “*Theatre of God's Judgments**,” gladly avails himself of the unfortunate catastrophe of Marlow's untimely death, to show that it was an immediate judgment of Heaven. He represents him as “giving too large a swing to his own wit, and suffering his lust to have the full reins, so that he fell to that outrage and extremity, as Jodelle

* Printed about 1598.

a French tragical poet did, (being an epicure and an atheist) that he denied God and his son Christ, and not only in word blasphemed the Trinity, but also (as it was credibly reported) wrote divers discourses against it, affirming our Saviour to be a deceiver, and Moses to be a conjuror: the Holy Bible also to contain only vain and idle stories, and all religion but a device of policy." (I quote from good old Anthony Wood, not having immediate access to Beard's Theatre,) he continues: "But see the end of this person, which was noted by all, especially the *Precisians*. For so it fell out, that he (Marlow) being deeply in love with a certain woman, had for his rival a bawdy serving-man, one rather fit to be a pimp, than an ingenious Amoretto, as Marlow conceived himself to be. Whereupon Marlow, taking it to be an high affront, rush'd in upon, to stab him with his dagger: but the serving man being very quick so avoided the stroke, that with all catching hold of Marlow's wrist, he stab'd his own dagger into his own head, in such sort, that notwithstanding all the means of surgery that could be wrought, he

shortly after died of his wound, before the year 1593."

This account of Beard's is the foundation of all that has been laid to the charge of Marlow, it was in part copied and referred to by Meres in his *Wit's Treasury*; it was followed by Wood, and by all succeeding writers. William Vaughan, another puritan, published a little common place book, called the *Golden Grove*, about the year 1600, in which, among other instances of God's judgment upon atheists, &c. he relates with some variation of circumstances the same catastrophe*; and in the same work will be found a

* "Christopher Marlow, by profession a play-maker, who, as it is reported, about fourteen years ago wrote a book against the Trinity: but see the effects of God's justice; it so happen'd, that at Deptford, a little village about three miles distant from London, as he meant to stab with his poniard one named Ingram, that had invited him thither to a feast, and was then playing at tables; he quickly perceiving it, so avoided the thrust, that withall drawing out his dagger for his defence, he stab'd this Marlow into the eye, in such sort, that his brains coming out at the dagger's point, he shortly after died. Thus did God, the true executioner of divine justice, work the end of impious atheists."

chapter entitled, "Whether Stage-players ought to be suffered in a Commonwealth!!" which is to the full as liberal in its conclusions.

A late writer* has supposed that Thomas Beard

* See "*The Poetical Decameron*, by I. P. Collier. Edinburgh, 1820, vol. ii. p. 128.—An advertisement states that these volumes contain "A popular view of that brilliant era of English Poetry, during which Shakspeare, Spenser, Ben Jonson, &c. flourished." It also sets forth that they include the concentrated essence of the *Censura*, *Restituta*, &c. "together with much new information, and many valuable notices not hitherto generally known!"—and finally, that "the work resembles in its plan the elegant dialogues of Bishop Hurd!!"

In *its plan* then be it, certainly not in *its spirit*; a more indiscriminative, prolix piece of verbosity about antiquarian trifles, *quisquilia*, scarcely could have graced or disgraced the heaviest of those periodicals from which it is compiled. How Mr. Dibdin must chuckle when he glances his eye from the Templar's Decameron to his own brisk publications! However he must not plume himself too much on his fancied superiority. If he has erected an eighth mundane wonder in producing on the supposed arid, jejune subject of Bibliography, two works replete with life, vivacity, and curious anecdote; (the honestly-filled "*Bibliomania*," and the beautifully-decorated "*Decameron*") a less Alcidean task was not achieved by his rival in turning, with magic pen, "the fruitage fair" of poetry into "bitter ashes, which our offended jaws with spattering noise reject."

also points at Marlow in another work translated by him, and published in 1594, under the title of "The French Academic," in which is also to be found the following bitter philippic against players: "It is a shameful thing to suffer amongst us, or to lose our time, that ought to be so precious unto us, in beholding and in hearing players, actors of interludes and comedies, who are as pernicious a plague in a commonwealth as can be imagined. For nothing marreth more the behaviour, simplicity, and natural goodness of any people than this, because they soon receive into their souls a lively impression of that dissoluteness and villany which they see and hear, when it is joined with words, accents, gestures, motions, and actions, where-with players and jugglers know how to enrich by all kind of artificial sleights, the filthiest and most dishonest matters, which commonly they make choice of. And to speak freely, in few words we may truly say, that the theatre of players is a school of all unchasteness, uncleanness, whoredom, craft, subtilty, and wickedness."

Is it to be wondered at, that one who was both

player and play-writer, and who had ventured "to dally with interdicted subjects," should be obnoxious to the censure of such writers as this, or have his memory traduced, and his tragic exit accounted a special visitation of the wrath of God?

True it is that among the papers of Lord Keeper Puckering, in the Harleian collection* at the British Museum, a paper exists which may be considered evidence of his heretical, and as it styles them, "damnable" opinions. The writer, one Richard Bome, who appears to have taken a note of his conversation for the purpose of giving information against him, at the conclusion of his diabolical catalogue, says, "These things, with many other, shall by good and honest men be proved to be his opinions and common speeches, and that this Marloe per-

* No. 6853. This paper will be found printed at large in the splenetic Ritson's "Observations upon War-ton's History of Poetry," 4to. 1782, p. 40.—It is a singular circumstance that Ritson, of all men, should have sought to substantiate the charges against Marlow! The very bitterness and excess of depravity in this document render the veracity of the writer suspicious.

suadeth men to atheism, willing them not to be afraid of bugbears and hobgoblins, and utterly scorning both God and *his ministers*, as I Richard Bome will justify, both by my oath, and the testimony of many honest men, and almost all men with whom he had conversed any time will testify the same. And, as I think, all men in Christianity ought to endeavour that the mouth of so dangerous a member may be stopped." Probably Marlow was aware of the character of those whom he thus irritated by his unlicensed speech, and did it out of bravado and wantonness, or to excite admiration of his spirit and courage in worrying a puritanical informer to desperation. Be this as it may, I do not mean to defend the act, but only to show what may probably have given rise to it. Of one part of the charge against Marlow, that of having written books against the Trinity, he must stand acquitted, and the reader will no doubt have seen how cautiously his accusers qualify their assertion by the convenient phrase, "as it is reported*."

* There is good ground for suspecting that Marlow was highly offended at Greene's noted address to him in

It is difficult to conceive that a mind so gifted as Marlow's could have descended from its "towering fancies," from "playing in the plighted clouds," to the groveling and soul-degrading tenets which are ascribed to him in this infamous paper; though I am willing to admit that his course of life may not have been altogether free from the stains of libertinism, the more to be lamented, as it led to that fatal event by which

"Cut was the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burned was Apollo's laurel bough."

What might not have been expected from him if he had lived to follow the career of that heaven-gifted bard, whose earliest productions, it has been remarked, strongly resemble those of Marlow? It is evident that Shakspeare was familiar with his writings, and even the present poem interests us the more from being cited in "As You Like it." xx

that wretched creature's "Groats-worth of Wit;" which, says a writer in Blackwood's Magazine, "would hardly have been the case had he been the open and avowed atheist there represented."

xx "Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might;
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?"

Act iii. Scene v.

It is no slight honour to Marlow that one of his compositions has been thought even to be worthy of Shakspeare, to whom was long attributed that beautiful Pastoral Song

"Come live with me, and be my love,"

some snatches of which are also uttered by Sir Hugh Evans during his "cholars and treplings of mind" while awaiting Caius at the trysting place, Frogmore: (see *Merry Wives*, act iii. sc. 1). The popularity of this exquisite little poem is obvious from the number of imitations to which it gave rise.

xx In a criticism, which is thought to bear strong traces of the hand of Milton, Marlow is styled "a kind of second Shakspeare, not only because like him he rose from an actor to be a maker of plays, though inferior both in fame and merit; but also because in his begun poem of Hero and Leander, he seems to have a resemblance of

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that clean and unsophisticated wit, which is natural to that incomparable poet*."

Marlow, though fully appreciated in his own day, suffered considerably during the reign of French taste, when *the rules* were the only standard of excellence, and when Dr. Johnson wrote and printed with applause in his edition of Shakspeare, a series of cold, antithetical critiques, whose contemptuous brevity seems to intimate that, in his own conceit, the great moralist was a god to punish the fancied lapses of the sweet Swan, not a mortal to adore. The attention to black letter (as it was termed) which was then beginning to prevail, called the name, if not the works, of Marlow into notice; and Malone properly observed, "that he was the most famous and admired poet of that age, previous to the appearance of Shakspeare." In 1808 his plays came under the judgment of Charles Lamb, in his pithy, and deeply-weighed characters of the Elizabethan Dramatists:—

* Phillips's *Theatrum Poetarum*. By Sir E. Brydges. Lond. 1800, p. 113.

"*Faustus*" and "*Lust's Dominion*" were reprinted, with prefatory sketches, in 1814.—Analyses of "*Edward II.*" and the "*Jew of Malta*," were inserted in Blackwood's interesting magazine; and, still later, his "mighty line" has drawn high praise from the glittering pen of Mr. Hazlitt.—Mr. Lamb is rather hard on the fame of Marlow, and indeed shows less attention to his merits, than to those of any other author included in his specimens.—*Barrabbas* serves merely as a peg on which to fasten, under the cloak of moral observation, an illiberal sneer at a noted wealthy Jewish family; and "*Tamburlaine*" is said to be "in a very different style from the tragedy of *Edward II.*" Did not this discrepancy suggest to Mr. Lamb some doubts as to the identity of the author? The genuineness of the Scythian Shepherd has often been suspected; Phillips attributes it to Thomas Newton—and till this point is settled, surely so ardent an admirer of the very reverend ancients might have spared poor *Kit's* manes the mortification of "the lunes of *Tamburlaine*." "*Lust's Dominion*" is dismis-

sed in four lines, which savour rather of the *Rambler's* dogmatism than the *Reflector's* ingenuous, good humoured quaintness. "Rape, murder, and superlatives," are indeed there, yet *many, many* redeeming passages may be found, containing descriptions full of a certain amorous splendour without gaudiness, and scathing threats thundered from furnace hearts without rant. Many of Eleazar's very ravings are written with prodigious gusto and relish; and it may be said of Marlow, as it has been said of Kean the actor, that "he has a devil."—"There is a good deal of the same intense passion as in Faustus, the same recklessness of purpose, and the same smouldering fire within." In support of these remarks, it is hoped, the reader will not object to a few quotations; in which he can hardly fail to observe the variety and melody of Marlow's versification, with one or two exceptions, where the text is probably corrupt. The queen endeavouring to sooth Eleazar with her sugared blandishments, says,

"Smile upon me! and these two wanton boys,
These pretty lads that do attend on me,

Shall call thee Jove, shall wait upon thy cup
And fill thee nectar: their enticing eyes
Shall serve as crystal, wherein thou may'st see
To dress thyself, if thou wilt smile on me.—
Smile on me, and with coronets of pearl,
And bells of gold, circling their pretty arms
In a round ivory fount these two shall swim,
And dive to make thee sport: bestow one smile,
And in a net of twisted silk and gold
In my all-naked arms thyself shall lie.”

The old king expiring, and blind with the
mists of death, desires an attendant to call his
daughter, who is lying drowned in tears at the
bed's foot.

“*King Philip.* Come hither, Isabella! reach a hand,—
Yet now it shall not need; instead of thine
Death, shoving *thee* back, clasps *his* hands in mine,
And bids me come away ———.”

His younger son, Prince Philip, upbraids his
mother and the courtiers with her lusts.—

“ Call not me your son!
My father, while he liv'd, tir'd his strong arms
In bearing Christian armour 'gainst the Turks,
And spent his brains in warlike stratagems,
To bring confusion on damn'd infidels:
Whilst *you*, that snorted here at home, betrayed
His name to everlasting infamy;—

Whilst *you* at home suffered his bed-chamber
 To be a brothelry,—whilst *you* at home,
 Suffer'd his queen to be a concubine,
 And wanton red-cheek'd boys to be her bawds;
 Whilst she, reeking in that lecher's arms——

Eleazar. Me!

Phil. Villain, 'tis *thee*! thou hell-begotten fiend!
 At *thee* I stare!———”

Act the third opens with the following address
 to Night.

“*Queen.* Fair eldest child of Love! thou spotless
 Night,
 Empress of Silence, and the queen of Sleep,
 Who with thy black cheeks' pure complexion,
 Mak'st lovers' eyes enamoured of thy beauty!—
 Thou'rt like my Moor!———.”

Eleazar, raging for the death of his wife *Maria*,
 fancies king *Fernando* to be the murderer.

“*Eleaz.* Now, by the proud complexion of my
 cheeks,
 Ta'en from the kisses of the amorous Sun,
 Were he ten thousand kings that slew my love,
 Thus should my hand, plum'd with *Revenge's* wings,
 Requite mine own dishonour and her death.

[*Stabs the king.*

The king being slain, the Moorish prince thus
 solicits the crown of Castile.—

" *Eleaz.* Mendoza sweats to wear Spain's diadem,—
 Philip hath sworn confusion to this realm,—
 They both are up in arms; war's flames do shine
 Like lightning in the air.—Wherefore, my lords!
 Look well on Eleazar!—Value me,
 Not by my sun-burnt cheeks, nor by my birth,
 But by my loss of blood,
 Which I have sacrific'd in Spain's defence.
 Then look on Philip and the Cardinal!—
 Look on those gaping curs *, whose wide throats
 Stand stretch'd wide open like the gates of death
 To swallow you, your country, children, wives.
 Philip cries, 'Fire and blood!' the Cardinal
 Cries likewise 'Fire and blood!'—*I'll* quench those
 flames.—

* * * * *
Rod. Lay by these ambages! What seeks the Moor?
Eleaz. A kingdom! Castile's crown!———"

The reader will be reminded of Coriolanus' sovereign contempt of "the *tag*," in perusing Eleazar's proud vaunt of the divinity of a hero.

" *Eleaz. to Queen.* Are these your fears? Thus blow them into air.

I rush'd amongst the thickest of their crowds,
 And with a countenance majestical,
 Like the imperious Sun, dispers'd their clouds.—
 I have perfum'd the rankness of their breath,

* *Monsters* would be better both for sense and rhythm.

And by the magic of true eloquence
 Transform'd this many-headed Cerberus,
 This pied camelion,—this beast *multitude*,
 Whose power consists in number, pride in threats
 Yet melt like snow when majesty shines forth."

In a very spirited style is likewise the whole of the first scene *, Act V.

Faustus is well censured by Hazlitt, who esteems it, on the whole, as Marlow's greatest work. "Faustus himself is a rude sketch, but it is a gigantic one. As the outline of the character is grand and daring, the execution is abrupt and fearful. The thoughts are vast and irregular, and the style halts and staggers under them with uneasy steps." Milton may have had in his eye the following passages:—

"*Faustus to the Dæmon.* Where are you damn'd?

Mephistophiles. In Hell.—

Faust. How comes it then that thou art out of Hell?

Mephis. Why this is hell, nor am I out of it.—

Think'st thou that I who saw the face of God,
 And tasted the eternal joys of Heaven,

* Most ludicrously divided into three by the editor of
 "Old English Plays," 6 vols. 8vo. 1814.

Am not tormented by a thousand Hells
In being depriv'd of everlasting bliss?—

* * * * *

Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd
 In one set place,—but where we are is Hell—
 And where Hell is, there must we ever be.
 And, to be short, when all the world dissolves,
 And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be Hell that are not Heaven."

These are noble lines—Lord Byron's obligations to them in his "*Manfred*" have been noted.—The last hour of Faustus' life is spent in such mental torture, as "thicks the" reader's "blood with cold."—"It is indeed an agony and fearful colluctation."

"(The clock strikes eleven.)

(*Faustus solus.*) Oh! Faustus!

Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
 And then thou must be damn'd perpetually.—
 Stand still you ever-moving spheres of Heaven,
 That time may cease, and midnight never come.
 Fair Nature's eye! rise, rise again, and make
 Perpetual day! or let this hour be but
 A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
 That Faustus may repent and save his soul.—
O lentè, lentè, currite noctis equi!—

The stars move still—time runs—the clock will strike—
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.—
Oh! I'll leap up to Heaven!—Who pulls me down?
(*Distractly*) See where Christ's blood streams in the
firmament!

One drop of blood will save me.—Oh! my Christ—
[*Attempts to pray.*]

Render not my heart for naming of my Christ!
Yet will I call on him—Oh! spare me, Lucifer!
Where is it now?—'tis gone! and see—
A threat'ning arm, an angry brow!—
Mountains and hills! come, come and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of Heaven!—No?—
Then will I headlong run into the earth:
Gape, earth!—O no, it will not harbour me.
You stars that reign'd at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist
Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud.

* * * * *

(*The clock chimes the half hour.*)

Oh! half the hour is past, 'twill all be past anon.—
Oh! if my soul must suffer for my sin,
Impose some end to my incessant pain!
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years—
A hundred thousand, and at last be sav'd!
No end is limited to damned souls.
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?

* * * * *

Curs'd be the parents that engendered me—
No, Faustus! curse thyself, curse Lucifer,
That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven.

(*The clock strikes twelve.*)

It strikes! it strikes!—Now, body! turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to Hell.
O soul! be chang'd into small water-drops,
And fall into the ocean—ne'er be found.

(*Thunder.*) Enter DÆMONS.

Oh! mercy, Heaven! look not so fierce on me!
Adders and serpents! let me breathe awhile!—

————— Oh! Mephistophiles *!—”

(*Rolling thunder.*)

[*They all disappear.*]

xx
✓

The foregoing horrible picture demands such
a relief as will gently lead the shaken mind to
a calmer region, and hush it into a meek-eyed

* In these extracts I have ventured on one or two trifling emendations, which were much needed. A tolerably correct edition of the plays of Marlow, Thomas Heywood, Chapman, Decker, &c. &c. would be a real blessing. It is not possible to exceed the blunders committed or disregarded in the “*Old English Plays*,” on which work an acute critique appeared in the *Monthly Review*, N. S. vol. lxxv. p. 225.

sadness. This relief may be derived from the works of Marlow himself, who seems, after all, to have had a considerable leaning to voluptuous reposing fancies, and to have dallied with love, like an accomplished amorist.—The beautiful tradition of the “broad Hellespont” is of undoubted antiquity, though unfortunately no fragment has reached us of the parent stock. Virgil alludes to it in a manner sufficient to show its notoriety in his day.

“ Quid juvenis, magnum cui versat in ossibus ignem
Durus amor?—Nempe abruptis turbata procellis
Nocte natat cæcâ serus freta : quem super ingens
Porta tonat cæli, et scopulis illisa reclamant
Æquora : nec miseri possunt revocare parentes,
Nec moritura super crudeli funere virgo.”

Georg. Lib. iii. 258.

The two *Heroides* of Naso are familiar to every school-boy ; in Lucan, l. 9, 954, Cæsar beholds the

“ ——— Amore notatum *
Æquor, et Heroas lacrymoso littore turres ;”

* So Burmann—Oudendorp has *natatum*, which perhaps is best.

and lastly, in the fifth century, Musæus the grammarian, the contemporary of Nonnus and Coluthus, produced his brilliant poem.

It will not, perhaps, be displeasing to the poetical reader, to be able to compare at his breakfast table, without the trouble of reference to other volumes, the different methods of handling the same story. For this purpose selections are given from Mr. Elton's* elegant version of Musæus, so arranged as to form a continuous narrative. Mr. Elton says truly of the Erotopœgnion, "that it is a beautiful and impassioned production, combining in its love-details the warmth and luxuriance of Ovid, with the delicate

* The amiable author of that beautiful monody "*The Brothers*," and the excellent translator of Hesiod, and specimens of the Classic Poets, 3 vols. 8vo. 1814. Where all is good, it is difficult to make any preference, yet with due diffidence I may venture to point out for admiration his translated extracts from Onomacritus, Pindar, Nonnus, and Apollonius. The visit of Hermes to Calypso (Odys. 5. v. 43.) and part of the hymn to Apollo, beginning 'Λητώ δ' ἐννῆμάρ τε καὶ ἐννέα νύκτας, &c.' are both rendered with equal fidelity and poetry; and Horace's ode, "Quis multâ gracilis," is sweetly touched.

and graceful nature of Apollonius; and in the peril and tumult of the catastrophe, rising to the gloomy grandeur of Homeric description.

The torch that witness'd stealthy loves, and him
Who dared, with ocean-wandering nuptials, swim
The midnight surge; embraces veil'd in shade,
That ne'er the morn's immortal eyes survey'd;
Abydos; Sestos; where sweet Hero lay,
A bride, unconscious of the blush of day;
Oh goddess tell!—
The graceful virgin, of a noble strain,
As priestess minister'd in Venus' fane:
But mix'd not with the blithe-assembling fair,
Nor midst the youthful dancers skimm'd in air:
She shunn'd the curious glance of female eyes,
And women's beauty-kindled jealousies.—
Now the throng'd festival of Venus came,
By Sestians held to fair Adonis' fame:
From farthest isles, encircled by the main,
Flock'd to the gaudy day a countless train
From Cyprus' wave-wash'd rocks, and green Hæ-
monia's plain.
No woman in Cythera's cities staid,
Nor one on hills of Libanus delay'd,
Where dancers twine midst cedar-fragrant glades;
Fair Phrygians haste, and near Abydos' maids.
No maid-enamour'd youths are then away,
Who still the rumour'd festival obey.

They bring no incense to the immortal shrine,
But seek the maids who there assembled shine.

Now Hero walk'd the fane with virgin grace;
A shining beauty lightening from her face,
As white the moon emerges to the view
With her clear visage of transparent hue,—
Such Hero's cheek; but on those cheeks of snow,
Were two vermilion circles seen to glow:
And he, that look'd on Hero's limbs, had said,
That meads of roses there their colours spread.
Soft blush'd her tinted limbs; her ancles glow'd
With roses, as the robe's white drapery flow'd
Light-wafted with her step; soft graces skim
Round all her form, and float from every limb:
Three Graces live in legendary lies:
A thousand spring from Hero's laughing eyes.
As o'er the temple's marble floor she moved,
Men's eyes, hearts, souls, with all her motions roved.
Thou too, Leander! martyr of desire,
Didst view the noble maid with glance of fire;
But loth, in secret, passion's stings to prove,
And yield the mind a prey to wasting love;
Loth, while with flamy-breathing dart subdued,
To drag a life of sighing solitude
Without the beauteous maid. The torch of flame
Fierce on the heart from mingling eyebeams came:
His heart quick trembled,——

* * * * *
Shameless from love, some few soft steps he took,
Confronting stood, and fix'd the virgin's look;

Turning his sidelong eyes, with luring wile,
By silent hints the damsel to beguile.
She, when his art she mark'd, in conscious grace
Smil'd to herself, and oft she veil'd her face;
Yet, stealthily, with secret beck, the maid
Twinkling her eyelids, every sign repaid:
With rapture flush'd, the gazing youth believed
His signal answer'd, and his suit received;
And long'd for hidden hours. In western bay
Now glimmering sank the light-contracted day:
Full opposite on evening's shadowy verge,
Bright Hesper's star appear'd above the surge.
When, as he saw the blackness-gathering shade,
Embolden'd, touch'd he close the lonely maid:
Her rose-tipp'd fingers in soft silence press'd,
And drew a sigh long-breathing from his breast.
She silently, while veil'd in gloom they stand,
Draws as in anger back her roseate hand;
But when Leander felt the maid he loved
With sudden starts and wavering gestures moved,
He boldly twitch'd her robe of various hue,
And towards the sanctuary compulsive drew.
With tardy feet, as loth, the virgin went,
And female words were ready to resent:
"What madness moves thee, stranger? wretch! forbear
To drag a virgin, nor my vesture tear:
Begone, and dread my wealthy parents' ire;
For Venus' priestess ill beseems desire;
And hard the passage to a virgin's bed:"
So threaten'd she; what virgins say she said.

No female threats could make his ears afraid :
 He knew the signs of a consenting maid.
 Her fragrant rose-complexion'd neck he press'd
 With clinging lips, love thrilling in his breast :
 Then whisper'd : " Oh ! thou wonder of this earth !—
 Pity my love, and listen to my prayer.—
 Priestess of Venus, Venus' rites employ :—
 Me Venus' self, commissions now to thee.
 Hast thou of that Arcadian virgin read?
 How Atalanta shunn'd Milanion's bed,
 A maiden vow'd ? But angry Venus tore
 Her heart with love, for him she scorn'd before.
 Then be persuaded, sweet ! and fear to prove
 Th' indignant anger of the queen of love.—"

* * * * *
 His words sow'd love : her thoughts bewilder'd stray'd.
 Speechless the virgin stood, with downcast eye,
 And veil'd her cheek that glow'd with modesty.
 With tip-toe step she lightly paced the ground,
 And bashful clipp'd her folded mantle round.
 Signs of soft yielding :—
 Already does her thrilling bosom prove
 The bitter-sweet, voluptuous stings of love.

* * * * *
 She views Leander with entranced gaze :
 Then on the ground she bends her fringed eyes ;
 His look dilates in frenzied ecstasies :
 Still on her smooth-complexion'd neck, that turns
 With sweeping bend, his glance insatiate burns :
 Till Hero thus with softest accent said,

“ Whence were these ways of soft delusion known?
 Who to my country led thee o'er the main?
 Ah me!—but all thou say'st is said in vain :
 How should an unknown wanderer share my love?

* * * * *
 But tell—conceal them not—thy country and thy
 name.

Mine is not hid from thee ; on rumour flown,
 The name of Hero is not quite unknown.
 A lofty tower my mansion ; where around
 Roars the deep ocean with eternal sound ;
 The spiry walls of Sestos rise behind ;
 There, by my parents' stern device confin'd,
 I, with a single damsel, lonely dwell,
 Where rolls the neighbouring sea with billowy swell
 On the steep shore : no friends my hours engage,
 No youthful playmates of congenial age :
 In waking daylight, or in nightly sleep,
 My ears are fill'd with winds, and voices of the deep.”
 ——— She veil'd again her rosy cheek.

* * * * *
 Sighing from his inmost soul Leander spake
 Words of close wiles : “ Oh, virgin ! for thy sake
 Will I the wild waves cross, ———
 For in a city near thy own I dwell :
 Abydos fronts thy Sestian citadel.
 But let a torch, from that high tower display'd,
 Shine opposite athwart the midnight shade :
 The light discern'd shall guide me straight before
 To the sweet haven of thy country's shore ;

Myself the ship of love, I'll hail from far
The torch of Hero, my directing star ;

* * * * *
But, dear one ! watch, lest blasts should quench the fire,
My gleaming guide of life, and darkling I expire.
Know, that Leander is the name I bear ;
The spouse of Hero with the flower-wreath'd hair.—"
Thus fix'd their night-long wedlock's wakeful hour,
They part reluctant : Hero sought her tower ;
The youth pass'd darkling forth ; but lest he stray,
Noted whence high should blaze the signal ray.
He swimming through th' unfathomable main,
In populous Abydos rose again.

* * * * *
Night came, and cowl'd in sable mantle, ran
And shook deep slumber o'er the eyes of man,
All but Leander's : he long tarrying stood
Where the shores echoed to the roaring flood ;
And looked, impatient, till the angel sign
Of his bright wedlock should, discover'd, shine.

* * * * *
But when with wary eyes th' expectant maid
The rayless gloom of gathering night survey'd,
She show'd the torch on high ; Leander gazed :
As the torch kindled, so his passion blazed :
Hastening he rush'd ; but, lingering on the shore,
The maddening waves with hoarse reechoing roar
Burst on his ear : he shudder'd as they roll'd,
Then, in high courage, thus his heart consoled :
" Dreadful is love : ungentle is the sea ;
Mere waters these ; a burning fire is he ;

Burn high my heart : the flowing surges brave ;
Love calls thee on ; then wherefore heed the wave ?

* * * * *
His beauteous limbs disrobing, while he said,
He roll'd his folded vestments round his head ;
Sprang from the shore at one adventurous leap,
And cast his body midst the rolling deep.
Straight towards the gleaming torch he clave the sea ;
The ship, the rower, and the helmsman he.
The damsel——

Screen'd with her robe the flame : till now, nigh spent,
Leander climb'd the harbouring shore's ascent.
She on the threshold met, and silent round
Her panting spouse her arms embracing wound.
Foam drizzling from his locks, within the tower
She led him to her secret virgin bower,
Deck'd for a bride : with smoothing hand she skims
The clinging brine-drops from his trickling limbs ;
With rosy-fragrant oils his body laves,
And drowns in sweets the briny-breathing waves :
On high-heap'd couch, then, breathless as he lies,
Entwines around him, and enamour'd cries :
“ My husband ! great thy sufferings ; the salt brine
Of bitter odour has enough been thine,
And roarings of the sea : take now thy rest,
And dry thy reeking toils upon my breast.”

Swift at the word he loosed her virgin zone.

* * * * *
Night o'er the scene adorning darkness shed ;
Nor e'er the morning in the well-known bed

Beheld the spouse Leander : he again
To opposite Abydos cross'd the main ;
With oaring arms the severing billows drove,
And, still with bliss unsated, breathed of love.
So they their strong impelling love conceal'd.

But long they lived not, soon their bliss was o'er,
And marriage-rite, that 'roam'd from shore to shore.
For when the winter, with its icy sweep,
In roaring storm upturn'd the whirlpool deep,
Strong blew the chilling hurricanes around,
Lash'd the broad sea, and heaved the gulfs profound.
The sailor dreads the winter ocean's roar,
And runs his bulging bark upon the creaking shore :
But thee, Leander ! strong of heart ! the main,
With all its horrors, would deter in vain.
'Twas night ; when wintry blasts thick-gathering
 roar,

In darted whirlwind rushing on the shore :
Leander, hopeful of his wonted bride,
Was borne aloft upon the sounding tide.
Wave roll'd on wave : in heaps the waters stood ;
Sea clash'd with air ; and howling o'er the flood
From every point the warring winds were driven,
And the loud deeps dash'd roaring to the heaven,
Leander struggled with the whirlpool main,
And oft to sea-sprung Venus cried in vain,
And him, the godhead of the watery reign.
None succouring hasten'd to the lover's call,
Nor love could conquer fate, though conquering all.
'Gainst his opposing breast, in rushing heaps,
Burst with swift shock th' accumulated deeps :

Stiff hung his nerveless feet : his hands, long spread
Restless amidst the waves, dropp'd numb'd and dead :
Sudden th' involuntary waters rush'd,
And down his gasping throat the brine-floods gush'd ;
The bitter wind now quench'd the light above,
And so extinguish'd fled Leander's life and love.—

But while he linger'd still, the watchful maid,
With terrors wavering, on the tower delay'd.
The morning came—no husband met her view :
O'er the wide seas her wandering sight she threw ;
If haply, since the torch was quench'd in shade,
Her bridegroom o'er the waters, devious, stray'd.
When, at the turret's foot, her glance descried
His rock-torn corse cast upward by the tide !
She rent the broider'd robe her breast around,
And headlong from the tower she fell with rushing
sound !—

Thus on her lifeless husband Hero died,
Nor death's last anguish could their loves divide* :—

There is great beauty and power in the above, yet, to my fancy, Mr. Leigh Hunt, in his “ original poem,” has felt parts with as great relish,— he has identified himself more deeply with the lovers. It is really surprising how much *freshness* and originality is poured around this hackneyed tale ; and this he has accomplished by

* *Elton's Specimens of the Classic Poets*, vol. iii. p. 331.

mentally rejecting in his rough draught, the full-blown flower of Musæus, and brooding over, and developing anew the primitive seed.—In so doing some of the antique air necessarily faded, but this loss is more than compensated to the genuine admirers of the spirit in which our old dramas are written, by the additional force with which all the circumstances are brought home to our modern sympathies. Musæus is more *classical*—Hunt more *romantic*.—The present writer neither admires the political doctrines of Mr. Hunt, or the occasional flippancy which disfigure his best works, both prose and verse:—but it is impossible for a candid critic not to perceive the simplicity and truth of his “*Hero and Leander*.” Not that it is free from one or two lines and phrases, which afflict the sensitive mind like a vulgar flourish introduced into Arne’s “*Water parted from the Sea*,” or “*This Cold Flinty Heart*” in Cymon, but they are so immediately redeemed, that they are, as it were, perforce, forgiven and forgotten. I cannot resist a few specimens; the more especially as bring-

ing out any unjustly neglected poem, *jumps* with the original intention of this Series; and I may truly say with old Izaak Walton, that these smooth verses please me better than many of the *strong lines* now in fashion. This little Erotic romance is so short that, if the eyes were not dazzled by thick-bubbling tears, the whole might be perused in ten minutes; however the reader needs not be alarmed, for my intention is only by glimpses of its beauties to provoke him to the purchase of the book*.—Hunt with his

* “Hero and Leander, and Bacchus and Ariadne,” two original poems, by Leigh Hunt, 12mo. 1819. The lay of the Panther, at the end, (taken from Philostratus’s Life of Apollonius of Tyana) is worth the total cost. The essence of youth flames and dances in its elastic lines.—The old legend of Ariadne, too, is very originally embodied,—the opening is “wet with roarie may-dews,”—it is drowned in the cool gray air of dawn.

“The moist and quiet morn was scarcely breaking,
When Ariadne in her bower was waking;
Her eyelids still were closing, and she heard
But indistinctly yet a little bird,
That in the leaves o’erhead, waiting the sun,
Seemed answering another distant one.

characteristic love of "leafy luxuries," has insisted rather on the heart-gladdening site of "Venus' Church" than on its architectural decorations—his description is *summery*, yet "mild as the mist of the hill in the day of the sun."

"The hour of worship's over; and the flute
And choral voices of the girls are mute;—

* * * * *

All, all is still about the odorous grove
That wraps the temple of the Queen of Love,
All but the sparrows twittering from the eaves,
And inward voice of doves among the leaves,
And the cool, hiding noise of brooks in bowers,
And bees, that dart in bosoms of the flowers;
And now and then, a breath-increasing breeze
That comes amid a world of tumbling trees,
And makes them pant and shift against the light
About the marble roof, solid and sunny bright.—
Only some stragglers loiter round the place
To catch a glimpse of Hero's heavenly face,—

* * * * *

(*Note continued.*)

She waked, but stirred not, only just to please
Her pillow-nestling cheek; while the full seas,
The birds, the leaves, the lulling love o'ernight,
The happy thought of the returning light,
————— conspired to keep
Her senses lingering in the feel of sleep."

At last she comes,—————

* * * * *
 Bringing a golden torch;—and so with pace
 A little slackened, and still rosier face,
 Passes their looks; and turning by a bower,
 Hastens to hide her in her lonely tower.
 The tower o'erlooks the sea; and there she sits
Grave with glad thoughts, and watching it by fits;
 For o'er that sea, and by that torch's light,
 Her love Leander is to come at night,—

* * * * *
 So she sat fix'd, thinking, and thinking on,
 And wish'd, and yet did not, the time were gone;—
 And started then, and blushed, and then was fain
 To try some work, and then sat down again;
 And lost to the green trees with their sweet singers,
Tapp'd on the casement's ledge with idle fingers."

The ensuing evening piece seems written in the glowing "South Countrie," "the land of the beautiful blossoms:"—The last two lines remind one of Chaucer—

"Hesper meanwhile, the star with amorous eye
 Shot his fine sparkle from the deep blue sky.
 A depth of night succeeded, dark but clear,
 Such as presents the hollow starry sphere,
 Like a high gulf to Heaven: and all above
 Seems waking to a fervid fire of love.

A nightingale in transport, seem'd to fling
 His warble out, and then sit listening:
 And ever and anon, amid the flush
 Of the thick leaves, there ran a breezy gush;
And then, from dewy myrtles lately bloomed,
An odour small, in at the window, fumed."

The passing of the waters is more picturesquely
 touched than any thing of the kind I ever met
 with—" It is of the water; watery."—The Aby-
 danian's voyages were prosperous during the
 summer season, when

" — The night was almost clear as day,
 Wanting no torch; and then with easy play
 He dipp'd along beneath the silver moon,
 Placidly hearkening to the water's tune."

But the pleasant days of autumn now were over,

" ————— And the crane
 Began to clang against the coming rain,
 And peevish winds ran cutting o'er the sea,
 Which at its best look'd dark and slatily.—
 * * * * *
 But still he came, and still she bless'd his sight;
 And so, from day to day, he came and went,
 Till time had almost made her confident.

One evening, as she sat, twining sweet bay
And myrtle garlands for a holiday,—

* * * * *
She thought with such a full and quiet sweetness
Of all Leander's love, —————

All that he was, and said, and look'd, and dared,
His form, his step, his noble head full-haired,

* * * * *
That the sharp pleasure mov'd her like a grief,
And tears came dropping with their meek relief.—
Meanwhile the sun had sunk ; the hilly mark
Across the straits mix'd with the mightier dark,
And night came on. All noises by degrees
Were hush'd,—the fisher's call, the birds, the trees,
All—but the washing of the eternal seas.

Hero look'd out, and trembling augured ill,
The darkness held its breath so very still.

But yet she hop'd he might arrive before
The storm began, or not be far from shore ;

* * * * *
————— she said a tearful pray'r,
And mounted to the tower, and shook the torch's flare.
But he, Leander, almost half across,
Threw his blithe locks behind him with a toss,
And hail'd the light victoriously, secure
Of clasping his kind love, —————
When suddenly, a blast, as if in wrath,
Sheer from the hills, came headlong on his path."

The story now necessarily follows Musæus,

but there are some sweet touches of nature. Though these extracts have proved of greater length than was intended, I trust the reader will forgive them, and join with me in commending the total absence of all frigid, unmeaning epithets, and mere ambitious verbal delineation. "There is none of that adulterated phraseology," as the philosophic Wordsworth says, "none of that unusual language vulgarly called '*poetic diction*,' which thrusts out of sight the plain humanities of nature," but the story runs on to its fulfilment, with the same unity of feeling as if it had been thrown off at a sitting. I cannot tell how tempered may be the heart of the reader, but for mine own part, I confess, that even now while perusing this tale of true love for the twentieth time, my throat swells, and my eyes gush out with tears.—Perhaps, however, there is something in the congenial season,—the gray and watery sky above, the dank grass below, and flagging Auster blowing heavily against the trees, shattering the tawney leaves,—but I forget myself. The remarks that are purposed on the

principal poem, must not be delayed farther; and, first, for Marlow's share.

There is in all the Elizabethan writers a wonderful exuberance and display of mental riches: they give full measure, heaped, and running over.—“They mingle every thing,” says that choice critic Lamb, “run line into line, embarrass sentences and metaphors. The judgment is perfectly overwhelmed with the confluence of images,” &c. These general remarks apply to the particular case before us. Taken as a whole, Marlow's “*Hero and Leander* contains much to blame, but, considered by sections, more out of all proportion to praise. The quickness of his fancy would not allow him to treat the story simply:—he was obliged to branch forth into splendid superfluities.—The human part of his plot is good, but he could not let well alone.—Thus he has scarcely finished Leander's passionately eloquent wooing, and the rich-haired Hero's unconscious assent, given with such sweet naiveté, when he launches out into an episode, brightly coloured, and ingeniously compacted it

is true; but which from its needlessness to the human interest of the poem, becomes neither more or less than an overgrown conceit. This mode of judging bears still harder on that long description in the Second Sestiad, of Leander's swimming; where it seems extremely difficult for Marlow to decide whether Neptune shall be a real God, or a mere personification of the waves. An author should be consistent with himself,—it will never do to make use of Mercury, or Cupid, or Neptune now as mythological personages, and then as abstractions—but enough already of vituperation.—The versification is extremely musical, and preserves a mean between the monotony of Pope, and the tiresome frequency of Chalkhill's *overlappings*:—many of the lines might be securely dove-tailed into Dryden's narrative poems. Neither is the language unsuited by its harshness to the melody of the verses, being remarkably free from quaintnesses, which in Marlow consist not in phrases, but in ideas.—Our author employs not *many* direct similes, though expository comparisons often:—

he sprinkles, rather liberally, moral sentences, glosses on the text, parenthetical apothegms.—A considerable store of classical learning is revealed in many passages;—the idea of Apollo's harp sounding forth “musick to the ocean,” is a well-known antique piece of mystification; see Book II. where, likewise Leander's ineptness in love, seems suggested by that of Daphnis in Longus's exquisite Pastoral Romance.—Deep knowledge of the human heart is displayed in Hero's longing shamefacedness, which wears the semblance of hypocrisy, and yet is not.—Leander

“ — knock'd and call'd, at which celestial noise,
The longing heart of Hero much more joys,
Than nymphs and shepherds, when the timbrel rings,
Or crooked dolphin when the sailor sings :—
She staid not for her robes, but straight arose,
And, *drunk with gladness*, to the door she goes,—
Where seeing a naked man she *screech'd* for fear*,

* * * * *

* These lines would be highly gratifying to the derisive qualities of a French critic : but *here*, in England, their reign is over; and thanks to the Germans, with the Schlegels at their head, a truer philosophical method of judging, is beginning to obtain among us.

And ran into the dark herself to hide ;
(Rich jewels in the dark are soonest spied)
Unto her was he led, or rather, drawn
By those white limbs which sparkled through the lawn," &c.

How much more truly is this in the genuine nature of woman, and therefore how much more lovely to a healthy mind than either those outrageous personifications of ill-timed chastity, so common in romances ten or twelve years ago, or that unrestrained prostitution of the person which seems considered so venial by Percy B. Shelley and Co.—The two lines

“ Then standing at the door she turn’d about
As loth to see Leander going out :”

contain a pretty illustration of the extreme of love :—some of our diluting modern writers would have spun out this light touch to a fine length.—What a brilliant fancy shines out in the following verses :

“ The men of wealthy Sestos, every year,
For his sake, whom their goddess held so dear,
Rose-cheek’d Adonis, kept a solemn feast ;
Thither resorted many a wand’red guest

To meet their loves :—such as had none at all,
Came lovers home from that great festival.

*For every street, like to a firmament,
Glisten'd with breathing stars,——*

* * * * *

But far above the loveliest Hero shin'd,
And stole away th' enchanted gazer's mind :

* * * * *

Nor that night-wandering, pale, and watery star,
(When yawning dragons draw her whirling car,
From Latmos' mount, up to the gloomy sky,
Where crown'd with blazing light and majesty
She proudly sits) more over-rules the flood,
Than she the hearts of those that near her stood."

But this preface swells apace, and the conclusion seems to retire before me as I advance like an *ignis fatuus*. Chapman's portion still hangs on my hands, but I shall dispatch him in a few words, both on account of what has been heretofore said of him in the preface to his Hymns of Homer, and for the sake of the reader, who has been all-too-long amused with vain speeches in the cold portico of our theatre. It appears almost idle to point out where the supplement commences, as the style of our noble

English Homer quickly betrays itself*.—His crowds of bold and violent figures, which jostle one another in their turbulent birth,—his swelling fancies,—and his dry, square, axioms, giving the lie, as it were, to his enthusiasm.—The usual metaphor of thoughts "*flowing* from the brain" can never be used in writing of Chapman's inventive process. His images and conceptions spout forth as from the *crater* of a volcano, hurling in the blast, at once, bright fire and dusky smoke,—live coals and dry ashes. The English language has not a more unequal poet:—one instant finds him familiar, low,—bolting inelegant conceits, and gross hyperboles; the next, soaring aloft in bardic majesty, full of true passion and vigorous feelings. In his most pathetic scenes he suddenly strikes us into ice, with a philo-

* The following allusion to *Chapman's* share in the present translation, occurs in "England's Mourning Garment," &c. [1606.]

"Neither doth *Coryn*, full of worth and wit,
That finisht dead Musæus' gracious song,
With grace as great, and words and verse as fit,
Chide meager death for doing vertue wrong."

sophical or metaphysical oracle, an apothegmatical couplet; and he takes leave of flesh and blood, to consort with shadowy personifications and embodied abstractions. Of a piece too with his phraseology, is his versification, which is now equable, sonorous, and full; now, harsh, angular, inappropriately jaw-breaking, quaintly twisted, strangely distorted. But with all this he is a noble spirit:—"passion, the all-in-all in poetry, (to repeat an admirable criticism) is everywhere present.—He makes his readers glow, weep, tremble, take any affection which he pleases, be moved by words, or in spite of them, be disgusted, and overcome their disgust." Take for example the last scene of this cutting tragedy, which is indeed struck out with a towering energy.—I do not envy the feelings of that critic who can go over it unmoved, nor of "the little judge" who stops to cavil at an odd word, or extraneous syllable.—Something healing is spread over the final paragraph, which reconciles and imperceptibly harmonizes the mind. It is truly stated by Mr. Lamb, that the genius of Chapman

is epic, rather than purely dramatic. Of this, one confirmation is in Hero's sophisticating self-consolations in the Third Sestiad, which though founded in nature, considered in the abstract, are wanting in characteristic and dramatic propriety.—There are several rich pictures in old George's continuation, among which allow me to point out the following. Hero is robing for private sacrifice—

“ Then put she on all her religious weeds,
A crown of *icicles*, that sun nor fire
Could ever melt, and figur'd chaste desire.
A golden star shin'd in her naked breast
In honour of the queen-light of the east.
In her right hand she held a silver wand,
On whose bright top *Peristera* did stand
Who was a nymph but now, transform'd, a dove,—

* * * * *
Her plenteous hair in curled billows swims
On her bright shoulder: her harmonious limbs
Sustain'd no more but a most subtile veil,
That hung on them, as it durst not assail
Their different concord; for the weakest air
Could raise it, swelling, from her beauties fair;
Nor did it cover, but adumbrate only
Her most heart-piercing parts, that a blest eye
Might see, as it did shadow, fearfully

All that all-love-deserving Paradise :

It was as blue as the most freezing skies,
Near the sea's hue from thence her goddess came :

On it a scarf she wore of wondrous frame ;

In midst whereof she wrought a virgin's face,

From whose each cheek a fiery blush did chase

Two crimson flames, that did two ways extend,

Spreading the ample scarf to either end,

Which figured the division of her mind,—

* * * * *

This serv'd her white neck for a purple sphere,
And cast itself at full breadth down her back."

This is more in costume, and more classical than the rival description at the commencement of the poem, where Marlow has arrayed his "*Nun of Venus*" in the stiff, rustling silks, and glistening brocades worn by the plump-shouldered yellow-haired Venetian dames of Tizian, or Paris Bordone. "Enough, however, has been already said, and it may appear to some more than was altogether seemly ; but there are times when it is difficult for love to restrain every expression of its admiration*."

* See preface to Mr. —'s singular, enthusiastic translation of "*Sintram and his Companions*," by Baron la Motte Fonqué, a sublime, deeply pondered effusion of *genius*, in the strict sense of the term.

I must now take leave of my honoured wards, of whom I confess that my commendations are sincerer than my censures, which last were made the rather to forestall the nibblings of others, than to enforce objections of my own.—I would fain intreat still once again for a sober and candid examination of my favourites, and I cannot do this better than by calling to the “*gentle reader’s*” memory the valuable sentiment of Horace, as expanded by the vigorous Dryden—“True judgment in poetry, like that in painting, takes a view of the whole together, whether it be good or not; and when the *beauties are more than the faults, concludes for the poet against the little judge.*”

* * * * *

Nov. 8. 1820.

This Preface has waited above a month, in expectation that the real Editor of the “Select Poets” would have made some apology to his accustomed readers for appointing a journeyman to that work, which would have been most becomingly performed by himself. But the same

more important avocations, which, in the first instance, caused the substitution, have since operated to prevent the explanation; and the writer of the preceding desultory remarks, and of a few trifling notes on the text, is thus left to request for himself the poetical collector's indulgence towards the inevitable errors of an unpractised hand.

For the possessors of this volume, however, the above mentioned delay was lucky: as it has been the means of furnishing them with the following curious minim of information, which occurred the other day in a shrewd little periodical work, entitled, "The British Stage." The article is on Marlowe*, who is well defended by the ingenious writer from the charge of atheism; and, in its turn, the puzzling question of the poet's death and the name of his opponent

* The critic says of the "*Hero and Leander*," that "It is scarcely hazarding too much to assert, that a more exquisite specimen of poetical ideas, clothed in elegant and harmonious language, does not exist. His Lucan and Ovid have little less merit;—"

come under his consideration. After quoting Vaughan's tale, he says, "The mention of Deptford, in the above passage, led me to imagine, that some record of Marlowe's burial might be still met with there; though, I confess, that my expectations were not very sanguine. The search, however, was attended with success; for, in the Register of Burials at the Church of St. Nicholas, Deptford, occurs the following—"1st June, 1593.—*Christopher Marlowe, slain by Francis Archer.*"—See No. for Jan. 1821, p. 22.

Much other interesting matter is contained in the same paper; and at p. 28, a supposed unique comedy is described, hight "*Roister Dòister!*" The Editor likewise promises a reprint of a MS. masque, from the pen of the thrusting and foining Marston.

H E R O . A N D

LEANDER:

Begunne by *Christopher Marloe*
and finished by George Chapman.

Ut nectar, Ingenium.

At *London*

Imprinted for *John Flasket*, and are to be sold
in *Paules Church-yard*, at the signe of the
Blackè Beare.

1606.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFULL

SIR T. WALSINGHAM, KNIGHT.

SIR,

WE thinke not our selues discharged of the duty we owe to our friend, when we haue brought the breathles bodie to the earth: for albeit the eie there taketh his euer farewell of that beloved object, yet the impression of the man that hath been deare vnto vs, liuing an after life in our memorie, there putteth us in minde of farther obsequies due vnto the deceased. And namely of the performance of whatsoeuer we may iudge shall make to his liuing credit, and to the affecting of his determinations preuented by the stroke of death. By these meditations (as by an intellectual will) I suppose my selfe executor to the vnhappie deceased author of this Poem, vpon whom knowing that in his life time you bestowed many kind fauours, entertaining the partes of reckoning and worth which you found in him,

DEDICATION.

with good countenance and liberall affection: I cannot but see so far into the will of him dead, that whatsoever issue of his braine should chance to come abroad, that the first breath it should take might be the gentle air of your liking: for since his selfe had been accustomed thereunto, it would proue more agreeable and thriving to his right children, than any other foster countenance whatsoever. At this time seeing that this unfinished Tragedy happens vnder my hands to be imprinted; of a double duty, the one to your selfe, the other to the deceased, I present

the same to your most fauourable

allowance, offering my

vtmost selfe now and

euere to be readie,

at your Worships

disposing

E. B.*

* This dedication is prefixed to the *first* edition of Marlowe's part of the poem "Printed by Adam Islip, for *Edward Blunt*, 1598." It was reprinted with Chapman's continuation, "for John Flasket, 1600." Some copies of this edition have the first book of *Lucan*, in blank verse, appended to them. The whole poem was printed again in 1606 and 1637.

HERO AND LEANDER.

FIRST SESTYAD.

The Argument of the first Sestiad.

*Hero's description, and her loves;
The Fane of Venus, where he moves
His worthy love-suit, and attains;
Whose bliss the wrath of Fates restrains,
For Cupid's grace to Mercury:
Which tale the author doth imply.*

HERO AND LEANDER.

THE FIRST SESTYAD.

ON Hellespont, guilty of true love's blood,
In view and opposite two cities stood,
Sea-borderers, disjoin'd by Neptune's might:
The one Abydos, the other Sestos hight.
At Sestos HERO dwelt ; HERO the fair,
Whom young Apollo courted for her hair;
And offer'd as a dower his burning throne,
Where she should sit for men to gaze upon.
The outside of her garments was of lawn,
The lining, purple silk, with gilt stars drawn,
Her wide sleeves green, and border'd with a grove,
Where Venus in her naked glory strove
To please the careless and disdainful eyes
Of proud Adonis, that before her lies;

Her kirtle blue, whereon was many a stain,
Made with the blood of wretched lovers slain.
Upon her head she ware a myrtle wreath,
From whence her veil reach'd to the ground beneath.
Her veil was artificial flowers and leaves,
Whose workmanship both man and beast deceives.
Many would praise the sweet smell as she pass'd,
When 'twas the odour which her breath forth cast.
And there for honey bees have sought in vain,
And beat from thence, have lighted there again.
About her neck hung chains of pebble stone,
Which, light'ned by her neck, like diamonds shone.
She ware no gloves; for neither sun nor wind
Would burn or parch her hands, but to her mind,
Or warm or cool them, for they took delight
To play upon those hands, they were so white.
Buskins of shells, all silver'd, used she;
And branch'd with blushing coral to the knee;
Where sparrows perch'd, of hollow pearl and gold,
Such as the world would wonder to behold:
Those with sweet water oft her handmaid fills,
Which, as she went, would cherup through the bills.
Some say, for her the fairest Cupid pin'd,
And looking in her face was stricken blind.

But this is true; so like was one the other,
As he imagin'd HERO was his mother:
And oftentimes into her bosom flew;
About her naked neck his bare arms threw;
And laid his childish head upon her breast,
And, with still panting rock, there took his rest.
So lovely fair was HERO, Venus' nun,
As Nature wept, thinking she was undone,
Because she took more from her than she left;
And of such wondrous beauty her bereft:
Therefore in sign her treasure suffer'd wrack,
Since Hero's time hath half the world been black.

Amorous LEANDER, beautiful and young,
(Whose tragedy divine Musæus sung)
Dwelt at Abydos, since him dwelt there none,
For whom succeeding times may greater moan.
His dangling tresses, that were never shorn,
Had they been cut, and unto Colchos borne,
Would have allur'd the vent'rous youth of Greece,
To hazard more than for the golden fleece.
Fair Cynthia wish'd his arms might be her sphere;
Grief makes her pale, because she moves not there.
His body was as straight as Circe's wand;
Jove might have sipp'd out nectar from his hand.

Even as delicious meat is to the taste,
So was his neck in touching, and surpass'd
The white of Pelops' shoulder ; I could tell ye,
How smooth his breast was, and how white his belly ;
And whose immortal fingers did imprint
That heavenly path with many a curious dint,
That runs along his back ; but my rude pen
Can hardly blazon forth the loves of men ;
Much less of powerful gods : let it suffice,
That my slack Muse sings of Leander's eyes.
Those orient cheeks and lips exceeding his,
That leap'd into the water for a kiss
Of his own shadow, and despising many,
Died ere he could enjoy the love of any.
Had wild Hippolytus Leander seen,
Enamour'd of his beauty had he been ;
His presence made the rudest peasant melt,
That in the vast uplandish country dwelt ;
The barbarous Thracian soldier, mov'd with nought,
Was mov'd with him, and for his favour sought.
Some swore he was a maid in man's attire,
For in his looks were all that men desire ;
A pleasant smiling cheek, a speaking eye,
A brow for love to banquet royally ;

And such as knew he was a man, would say,
"Leander, thou art made for amorous play:
Why art thou not in love? and lov'd of all?
Though thou be fair, yet be not thine own thrall."

The men of wealthy Sestos every year,
For his sake whom their goddess held so dear,
Rose-check'd Adonis, kept a solemn feast;
Thither resorted many a wander'd guest,
To meet their loves: such as had none at all,
Came lovers home from this great festival.
For every street like to a firmament,
Glisten'd with breathing stars, who where they went,
Frighted the melancholy earth, which deem'd
Eternal heaven to burn, for so it seem'd,
As if another Phaeton had got
The guidance of the Sun's rich chariot.
But far above the loveliest, Hero shin'd,
And stole away the enchanted gazer's mind;
For, like Sea Nymphs inveigling harmony,
So was her beauty to the standers by.
Nor that night-wand'ring, pale, and wat'ry star,
(When yawning dragons draw her whirling car,
From Latmos' mount up to the gloomy sky,
Where, crown'd with blazing light and majesty,

She proudly sits,) more overrules the flood
Than she the hearts of those that near her stood.
Even as when gaudy nymphs pursue the chase,
Wretched Ixion's shaggy-footed race,
Incens'd with savage heat, gallop amain
From steep pine-bearing mountains to the plain;
So ran the people forth to gaze upon her,
And all that view'd her were enamour'd on her.
And as in fury of a dreadful fight,
Their fellows being slain, or put to flight,
Poor soldiers stand with fear of death dead strooken,
So at her presence all surpris'd and taken,
Await the sentence of her scornful eyes:
He whom she favours, lives; the other dies.
There might you see one sigh; another rage;
And some, their violent passions to assuage,
Compile sharp satires; but, alas, too late:
For faithful love will never turn to hate.
And many seeing great princes were denied,
Pin'd as they went, and thinking on her died.
On this feast-day, O cursed day and hour!
Went Hero thorough Sestos, from her tower
To Venus' temple, where unhappily,
As after chanc'd, they did each other spy.

So fair a church as this had Venus none;
The walls were of discolour'd jasper stone,
Wherein was Proteus carv'd; and over head
A lively vine of green sea-agate spread,
Where by one hand light-headed Bacchus hung,
And with the other wine from grapes outwrung.
Of crystal shining fair the pavement was;
The town of Sestos call'd it Venus' glass:
There might you see the gods in sundry shapes,
Committing heady riots, incest, rapes:
For know, that underneath this radiant flower *
Was Danae's statue in a brazen tower:
Jove slily stealing from his sister's bed,
To dally with Idalian Ganymed:
And for his love Europa bellowing loud,
And tumbling with the rainbow in a cloud.
Blood-quaffing Mars, heaving the iron net,
Which limping Vulcan and his Cyclops set:
Love kindling fire, to burn such towns as Troy;
Sylvanus weeping for the lovely boy,
That now is turn'd into a cypress tree,
Under whose shade the wood-gods love to be.

* floor?

And in the midst a silver altar stood ;
There Hero, sacrificing turtles' blood,
Kneel'd to the ground, veiling her eyelids close ;
And modestly they open'd as she rose :
Thence flew Love's arrow with the golden head ;
And thus Leander was enamoured.
Stone still he stood, and evermore he gaz'd,
Till with the fire, that from his countenance blaz'd,
Relenting Hero's gentle heart was strook :
Such force and virtue hath an amorous look.

It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is overrul'd by fate.
When two are stripp'd long ere the course begin,
We wish that one should lose, the other win.
And one especially do we affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect :
The reason no man knows ; let it suffice,
What we behold is censur'd by our eyes.
Where both deliberate the love is slight :
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight ?

He kneel'd ; but unto her devoutly pray'd :
Chaste Hero to herself thus softly said :

“ Were I the saint he worships, I would hear him :”
And as she spake those words, came somewhat near
him.

He started up; she blush'd as one asham'd;
Wherewith Leander much more was inflam'd.
He touch'd her hand; in touching it she trembled;

Love deeply ground, hardly is dissembled.

These lovers parled by the touch of hands;

~~True love is mute; and oft amazed stands.~~

Thus while dumb signs their yielding hearts entangled,

The air with sparks of living fire was spangled;

And Night deep-drench'd in misty Acheron,

Heav'd up her head, and half the world upon,

Breath'd darkness forth; (dark night is Cupid's day)

And now begins Leander to display

Love's holy fire, with words, with sighs, and tears,

Which like sweet music enter'd Hero's ears:

And yet at every word she turn'd aside,

And always cut him off, as he replied.

At last, like to a bold, sharp sophister,

With cheerful hope thus he accosted her:

“ Fair creature, let me speak without offence:
I would my rude words had the influence

To lead thy thoughts as thy fair looks do mine ;
Then shouldst thou be his prisoner, who is thine.
Be not unkind and fair ; mishapen stuff
Are of behaviour boisterous and rough.
O shun me not ; but hear me ere you go :
God knows, I cannot force love, as you do.
My words shall be as spotless as my youth,
Full of simplicity and naked truth.
This sacrifice, whose sweet perfume descending
From Venus' altar to your footsteps bending,
Doth testify that you exceed her far,
To whom you offer, and whose nun you are.
Why should you worship her ? Her you surpass,
As much as sparkling diamonds flaring glass.
A diamond set in lead his worth retains ;
A heavenly nymph, belov'd of human swains,
Receives no blemish ; but oftentimes more grace ;
Which makes me hope, although I am but base,
Base in respect of thee, divine and pure,
Dutiful service may thy love procure ;
And I in duty will excel all other,
As thou in beauty dost exceed Love's mother.
Nor heaven, nor thou, were made to gaze upon ;
As Heaven preserves all things, so save thou one.

A stately builded ship, well-rigg'd and tall,
The ocean maketh more majesticall.
Why vow'st thou then to live in Sestos here,
Who on Love's seas more glorious wouldst appear?
Like untun'd golden strings all women are,
Which long time lie untouch'd, will quickly jar.
Vessels of brass, oft handled, brightly shine;
What difference betwixt the richest mine
And basest mould, but use? For both, not us'd,
Are of like worth. 'Then treasure is abus'd,
When misers keep it; being put to loan,
In time it will return us two for one.
Rich robes themselves and others do adorn;
Neither themselves nor others, if not worn.
Who builds a palace, and rams up the gate,
Shall see it ruinous and desolate:
Ah, simple Hero, learn thyself to cherish,
Lone women like to empty houses perish.
Less sins the poor rich man, that starves himself,
In heaping up a mass of drossy pelf,
Than such as you: his golden earth remains,
Which after his decease some other gains;
But this fair gem, sweet in the loss alone,
When you fleet hence, can be bequeath'd to none;

Or if it could, down from the enamel'd sky,
All heaven would come to claim this legacy;
And with intestine broils the world destroy,
And quite confound Nature's sweet harmony.
Well therefore by the gods decreed it is,
We human creatures should enjoy that bliss.
One is no number; maids are nothing then,
Without the sweet society of men.
Wilt thou live single still? one shalt thou be,
Though never-singling Hymen couple thee.
Wild savages, that drink of running springs,
Think water far excels all earthly things:
But they, that daily taste neat wines, despise it :
Virginity, albeit some highly prize it,
Compar'd with marriage, had you tried them both,
Differs as much as wine and water doth.
Base bullion for the stamp's sake we allow ;
Even so for men's impression do we you.
By which alone our reverend fathers say,
Women receive perfection every way.
This idol, which you term virginity,
Is neither essence subject to the eye,
No, nor to any one exterior sense,
Nor hath it any place of residence

Nor is't of earth, or mould celestial,
Or capable of any form at all.
Of that which hath no being, do not boast;
Things that are not at all, are never lost.
Men foolishly do call it virtuous,
What virtue is it, that is born with us?
Much less can honour be ascrib'd thereto:
Honour is purchas'd by the deeds we do.
Believe me, Hero, honour is not won,
Until some honourable deed be done.
Seek you, for chastity, immortal fame;
And know that some have wrong'd Diana's name?
Whose name is it, if she be false or not,
So she be fair, but some vile tongues will blot?
But you are fair, ah me! so wondrous fair,
So young, so gentle, and so debonair,
As Greece will think, if thus you live alone,
Some one or other keeps you as his own.
Then, Hero, hate me not, nor from me fly,
To follow swiftly blasting infamy.
Perhaps thy sacred priesthood makes thee loath:
Tell me, to whom mad'st thou that heedless oath?"

"To Venus," answer'd she; and, as she spake,
Forth from those two translucent cisterns brake

A stream of liquid pearl, which down her face
Made milk-white paths, whereon the gods might trace
To Jove's high court. He thus replied: "The rites
In which Love's beauteous empress most delights,
Are banquets, Doric music, midnight revel,
Plays, masks, and all that stern age counteth evil.
Thee as a holy idjot doth she scorn;
For thou, in vowing chastity, hast sworn
To rob her name and honour, and thereby
Committ'st a sin far worse than perjury,
Even sacrilege against her deity,
Through regular and formal purity.
To expiate which sin, kiss, and shake hands:
Such sacrifice as this Venus demands."

Thereat she smil'd, and did deny him so,
As but * thereby, yet might he hope for mo;
Which makes him quickly reinforce his speech,
And her in humble manner thus beseech:

"Though neither gods nor men may thee deserve,
Yet for her sake, whom you have vow'd to serve,
Abandon fruitless cold virginity,
The gentle Queen of Love's sole enemy.

* *put*, edit. 1637.

Then shall you most resemble Venus' nun,
When Venus' sweet rites are perform'd and done.
Flint-breasted Pallas joys in single life;
But Pallas and your mistress are at strife.
Love, Hero, then, and be not tyrannous;
But heal the heart that thou hast wounded thus;
Nor stain thy youthful years with avarice:
Fair fools delight to be accounted nice.
The richest corn dies, if it be not reap'd;
Beauty alone is lost, too warily kept."
These arguments he us'd, and many more;
Wherewith she yielded, that was won before.
Hero's looks yielded, but her words made war;
Women are won when they begin to jar.
Thus having swallow'd Cupid's golden hook,
The more she striv'd, the deeper was she strook.
Yet evilly feigning anger, strove she still,
And would be thought to grant against her will.
So having paus'd awhile, at last she said,
"Who taught thee rhetoric to deceive a maid?
Ah me! such words as these should I abhor,
And yet I like them for the orator."
With that Leander stoop'd, to have embrac'd her,
But from his spreading arms away she cast her,

And thus bespake him: "Gentle youth, forbear
To touch the sacred garments which I wear.
Upon a rock, and underneath a hill,
Far from the town, (where all is whist and still,
Save that the sea, playing on yellow sand,
Sends forth a rattling murmur to the land,
Whose sound allures the golden Morpheus,
In silence of the night to visit us,)
My turret stands, and there, God knows, I play
With Venus' swans and sparrows all the day.
A dwarfish beldam bears me company,
That hops about the chamber where I lie,
And spends the night, that might be better spent,
In vain discourse and apish merriment:
Come thither!" As she spake this, her tongue tripp'd;
For unawares, *Come thither*, from her slipp'd;
And suddenly her former colour chang'd,
And here and there her eyes through anger rang'd;
And like a planet moving several ways
At one self instant, she, poor soul, essays,
Loving, not to love at all, and every part
Strove to resist the motions of her heart.
And hands so pure, so innocent, nay such
As might have made Heaven stoop to have a touch,

Did she uphold to Venus, and again
Vow'd spotless chastity, but all in vain :
Cupid beats down her prayers with his wings ;
Her vows above the empty air he flings :
All deep enrag'd, his sinewy bow he bent,
And shot a shaft that burning from him went ;
Wherewith she stricken, look'd so dolefully,
As made Love sigh to see his tyranny.
And as she wept, her tears to pearl he turn'd,
And wound them on his arm, and for her mourn'd ;
Then towards the palace of the Destinies,
Laden with languishment and grief, he flies,
And to those stern nymphs humbly made request,
Both might enjoy each other, and be bless'd ;
But with a ghastly dreadful countenance,
Threatening a thousand deaths at every glance,
They answer'd Love, nor would vouchsafe so much
As one poor word, their hate to him was such.
Hearken, awhile, and I will tell you why :

Heaven's winged herald, Jove-born Mercury,
The self-same day that he asleep had laid
Inchanted Argus, spied a country maid,
Whose careless hair, instead of pearl to' adorn it,
Glisten'd with dew, as one that seem'd to scorn it :

HERO AND LEANDER.

Her breath, as fragrant as the morning rose ;
Her mind pure, and her tongue untaught to glose :
Yet proud she was, for lofty Pride that dwells
In tow' red courts, is oft in shepherds' cells ;
And too, too well the fair vermillion knew,
And silver tincture of her cheeks, that drew
The love of every swain: on her this god
Enamour'd was, and with his snaky rod
Did charm her nimble feet, and made her stay,
The while upon the hillock down he lay,
And sweetly on his pipe began to play,
And with smooth speech her fancy to assay,
Till in his twining arms he lock'd her fast,
And then he woo'd with kisses, and at last,
As shepherds do, her on the ground he laid
And tumbling on the grass, he often stray'd
Beyond the bounds of shame, in being bold
To eye those parts, which no eye should behold :
And like an insolent commanding lover,
Boasting his parentage, would needs discover
The way to new Elisium: but she,
Whose only dower was her chastity,
Having striv'n in vain, was now about to cry,
And crave the help of shepherds that were nigh.

Herewith he stay'd his fury ; and began
To give her leave to rise ; away she ran :
After went Mercury, who us'd such cunning,
As she, to hear his tale, left off her running ;
(*Maids are not won by brutish force and might,
But speeches full of pleasure and delight ;*)
And knowing Hermes courted her, was glad,
That she such loveliness and beauty had,
As could provoke his liking ; yet was mute ;
And neither would deny, nor grant his suit.
Still vow'd he love ; she, wanting no excuse
To feed him with delays, as women use,
Or thirsting after immortality,
(*All women are ambitious naturally,*)
Impos'd upon her lover such a task,
As he ought not perform, nor yet she ask.
A draught of flowing nectar she requested,
Wherewith the king of gods and men is feasted.
He, ready to accomplish what she will'd,
Stole some from Hebe ; (Hebe Jove's cup fill'd)
And gave it to his simple rustic love,
Which being known, (as what is hid from Jove?)
He inly storm'd, and wax'd more furious
Than for the fire filch'd by Prometheus ;

And thrusts him down from Heaven ; he, wand'ring
here,

In mournful terms, with sad and heavy cheer,
Complain'd to Cupid ; Cupid, for his sake,
To be reveng'd on Jove did undertake ;
And those on whom Heaven, earth, and Hell relies.
I mean the adamantine Destinies,
He wounds with love, and forc'd them equally
'To doat upon deceitful Mercury.
They offer'd him the deadly fatal knife,
That shears the slender thread of human life ;
At his fair feather'd feet the engines laid,
Which the earth from ugly Chaos' den upweigh'd :
These he regarded not ; but did intreat
That Jove, usurper of his father's seat,
Might presently be banish'd into Hell,
And aged Saturn in Olympus dwell,
They granted what he crav'd ; and once again
Saturn and Ops begun their golden reign.
Murder, rape, war, and lust, and treachery,
Were with Jove clos'd in Stygian empery.
But long this blessed time continued not ;
As soon as he his wished purpose got,
He, reckless of his promise, did despise
The love of the' everlasting Destinies.

They, seeing it, both love and him abhorr'd,
And Jupiter unto his place restor'd.
And, but that Learning, in despite of Fate,
Will mount aloft, and enter heaven gate,
And to the seat of Jove itself advance,
Hermes had slept in Hell with Ignorance.
Yet as a punishment they added this,
That he and Poverty should always kiss;
And to this day is every scholar poor;
Gross gold from them runs headlong to the boor.
Likewise the angry Sisters, thus deluded,
To venge themselves on Hermes, have concluded
That Midas' brood shall sit in Honour's chair,
To which the Muses' sons are only heir:
And fruitful wits, that inaspiring are,
Shall discontent run into regions far;
And few great lords in virtuous deeds shall joy,
But be surpris'd with every garish toy:
And still enrich the lofty servile clown,
Who with encroaching guile keeps learning down.
Then muse not Cupid's suit no better sped,
Seeing in their loves the Fates were injured.

THE END OF THE FIRST SESTYAD.

HERO AND LEANDER.

SECOND SESTYAD.

c

The Argument of the Second Testpad.

*Hero of love takes deeper sense,
And doth her love more recompense :
Their first night's meeting, where sweet kisses
Are th' only crowns of both their blisses.
He swims to' Abydos and returns :
Cold Neptune with his beauty burns ;
Whose suit he shuns, and doth aspire
Hero's fair tower, and his desire.*

HERO AND LEANDER.

THE SECOND SESTYAD.

By this, sad Hero, with love unacquainted,
Viewing Leander's face fell down and fainted.
He kiss'd her, and breath'd life into her lips,
Wherewith, as one displeas'd, away she trips;
Yet as she went, full often look'd behind,
And many poor excuses did she find
To linger by the way, and once she stay'd,
And would have turn'd again, but was afraid,
In offering parley, to be counted light:
So on she goes, and, in her idle flight,
Her painted fan of curled plumes let fall,
Thinking to train Leander therewithal.
He, being a novice, knew not what she meant,
But stay'd, and after her a letter sent;

Which joyful Hero answer'd in such sort,
As he had hope to scale the beauteous fort
Wherein the liberal Graces lock'd their wealth,
And therefore to her tower he got by stealth.
Wide open stood the door; he need not climb;
And she herself, before th' appointed time,
Had spread the board, with roses strew'd the room,
And oft look'd out, and mus'd he did not come.—
At last he came; O who can tell the greeting
These greedy lovers had at their first meeting!
He ask'd—she gave—and nothing was denied;
Both to each other quickly were affied:
Look how their hands, so were their hearts united,
And what he did, she willingly requited.
(Sweet are the kisses, the embracements sweet,
When like desires and like affections meet;
For from the earth to heaven is Cupid rais'd,
Where fancy is in equal balance pais'd. *)
Yet she this rashness suddenly repented,
And turn'd aside, and to herself lamented:
As if her name and honour had been wrong'd,
By being possess'd of him for whom she long'd;
Aye, and she wish'd, albeit not from her heart,
That he would leave her turret and depart.

* From the French verb *peser*.

The mirthful god of amorous pleasure smil'd
To see how he this captive nymph beguil'd :
For hitherto he did but fan the fire,
And kept it down that it might mount the higher.—
Now wax'd she jealous, lest his love abated,
Fearing her own thoughts made her to be hated.
Therefore unto him hastily she goes,
And, like light Salmacis, her body throws
Upon his bosom, where with yielding eyes
She offers up herself a sacrifice,
To slake his anger, if he were displeas'd :
O what god would not therewith be appeas'd?
Like *Æsop's* cock, this jewel he enjoy'd,
And as a brother with his sister toy'd,
Supposing nothing else was to be done,
Now he her favour and goodwill had won.
But know you not that creatures wanting sense,
By nature have a mutual appetite;
And wanting organs to advance a step,
Mov'd by Love's force, unto each other leap?
Much more in subjects having intellect,
Some hidden influence breeds like effect.
Albeit Leander, rude in love and raw,
Long dallying with Hero, nothing saw

That might delight him more, yet he suspected
Some amorous rites or other were neglected.
Therefore unto his body hers he clung,
She, fearing on the rushes to be flung,
Striv'd with redoubled strength; the more she striv'd,
The more a gentle pleasing heat reviv'd,
Which taught him all that elder lovers know,
And now the same 'gan so to scorch and glow,
As in plain terms, yet cunningly, he'd crave it,
(Love always makes those eloquent that have it.)
She with a kind of granting, put him by it,
And ever, as he thought himself most nigh it,
Like to the tree of Tantalus she fled,
And seeming lavish, sav'd her maidenhead.
Ne'er king more sought to keep his diadem,
Than Hero this inestimable gem.

Above our life we love a steadfast friend,
Yet when a token of great worth we send,
We often kiss it, often look thereon,
And stay the messenger that would be gone;
No marvel then, though Hero would not yield
So soon to part from what she dearly held.
Jewels being lost are found again, this never,
'Tis lost but once, and once lost, lost for ever.

Now had the Morn espied her lover's steeds,
Whereat she starts, puts on her purple weeds,
And red for anger that he stay'd so long,
All headlong throws herself the clouds among.
And now Leander, fearing to be miss'd,
Embrac'd her suddenly, took leave, and kiss'd;
Long was he taking leave, and loth to go,
And kiss'd again, as lovers use to do;
Sad Hero wrung him by the hand and wept,
Saying, "let your vows and promises be kept."
Then standing at the door, she turn'd about,
As loth to see Leander going out.—
And now the sun, that through th' horizon peeps,
As pitying these lovers, downward creeps.
So that in silence of the cloudy night,
Though it was morning, did he take his flight.
But what the secret trusty night conceal'd,
Leander's amorous habit soon reveal'd;
With Cupid's myrtle was his bonnet crown'd,
About his arms the purple riband wound,
Wherewith she wreath'd her largely spreading hair;
Nor could the youth abstain, but he must wear
The sacred ring wherewith she was endow'd,
When first religious chastity she vow'd:

Which made his love through Sestos to be known,
And thence unto Abydos sooner blown
Than he could sail, for incorporeal Fame,
Whose weight consists in nothing but her name,
Is swifter than the wind, whose tardy plumes
Are reeking water and dull earthly fumes.
Home when he came, he seem'd not to be there,
But like exiled air thrust from his sphere,
Set in a foreign place, and straight from thence,
Alcides-like, by mighty violence,
He would have chas'd away the swelling main,
That him from her unjustly did detain.
Like as the sun in a diameter,
Fires and inflames objects removed far,
And heateth kindly, shining lat'rally;
So Beauty sweetly quickens when 'tis nigh,
But being separated and remov'd,
Burns where it cherish'd, murders where it lov'd.
Therefore e'en as an index to a book,
So to his mind was young Leander's look.
O none but gods have power their love to hide!
Affection by the count'nance is descried;
The light of hidden fire itself discovers,
And love that is conceal'd betrays poor lovers.

His secret flame apparently was seen,—
Leander's father knew where he had been,
And for the same mildly rebuk'd his son,
Thinking to quench the sparkles new begun.
But Love resisted once grows passionate,
And nothing more than counsel lovers hate;
For as a hot proud horse highly disdains
To have his head controll'd, but breaks the reins,
Spits forth his ringled bit, and with his hoofs
Checks the submissive ground; so he that loves,
The more he is restrain'd, the worse he fares;
What is it now but mad Leander dares?
"O Hero! Hero!" thus he cried full oft,
And then he got him to a rock aloft,
Where having spied her tower, long star'd he on't,
And pray'd the narrow toiling Hellespont
To part in twain, that he might come and go,
But still the rising billows answer'd, No.
With that he stripp'd him to the ivory skin,
And crying, "Love, I come," leap'd lively in,
Whereat the sapphire-visag'd god grew proud,
And made his cap'ring Triton sound aloud.
Imagining that Ganymede, displeas'd,
Had left the heavens, therefore on him he seiz'd.

Leander striv'd, the waves about him wound,
And pull'd him to the bottom, where the ground
Was strew'd with pearl, and in low coral groves,
Sweet-singing mermaids sported with their loves
On heaps of heavy gold, and took great pleasure
To spurn in careless sort the shipwreck treasure.
For here the stately azure palace stood,
Where kingly Neptune and his train abode.
The lusty god embrac'd him, call'd him Love,
And swore he never should return to Jove.
But when he knew it was not Ganymed,
For under water he was almost dead,
He heav'd him up, and looking on his face,
Beat down the bold waves with his triple mace,
Which mounted up, intending to have kiss'd him,
And fell in drops like tears because they miss'd him.
Leander being up, began to swim,
And looking back, saw Neptune follow him.
Whereat aghast, the poor soul 'gan to cry,
"O let me visit Hero ere I die."
The god put Helle's bracelet on his arm,
And swore the sea should never do him harm.
He clapp'd his plump cheeks, with his tresses play'd,
And smiling wantonly his love betray'd;

He watch'd his arms, and as they open'd wide
At every stroke, betwixt them he would slide,
And steal a kiss, and then run out and dance,
And as he turn'd cast many a lustful glance,
And threw him gaudy toys to please his eye,
And dive into the water, and there pry
Upon his breast, his thighs, and every limb,
And up again, and close beside him swim,
And talk of love; Leander made reply,
"You are deceiv'd, I am no woman, I;"
Thereat smil'd Neptune, and then told a tale,
How that a shepherd sitting in a vale,
Play'd with a boy so lovely, fair and kind,
As for his love both Earth and Heaven pin'd;
That of the cooling river durst not drink,
Lest water-nymphs should pull him from the brink.
And when he sported in the fragrant lawns,
Goat-footed satyrs, and up-starting fawns
Would steal him thence. Ere half his tale was done,
"Aye me," Leander cried, "th' enamour'd sun
That now should shine on Thetis' glassy bower,
Descends upon my radiant Hero's tower,
O that these tardy arms of mine were wings!"
And as he spake, upon the waves he springs.

Neptune was angry that he gave no ear,
And in his heart revenging malice bare:
He flung at him his mace, but as it went,
He call'd it in, for Love made him repent.
The mace returning back his own hand hit,
As meaning to be veng'd for darting it.
When this fresh bleeding wound Leander view'd,
His colour went and came, as if he rued
The grief that Neptune felt. In gentle breasts
Relenting thoughts, remorse and pity rests;
And who have hard hearts and obdurate minds,
But vicious, hare-brain'd and illiterate hinds?
The god seeing him with pity to be mov'd,
Thereon concluded that he was belov'd.
(Love is too full of faith, too credulous,
With folly and false hope deluding us;)
Wherefore Leander's fancy to surprise,
To the rich Ocean for gifts he flies.
*'Tis wisdom to give much, a gift prevails
When deep persuading oratory fails.*

By this Leander being near the land,
Cast down his weary feet, and felt the sand.
Breathless albeit he were, he rested not,
Till to the solitary tower he got:

And knock'd and call'd, at which celestial noise,
The longing heart of Hero much more joys
Than nymphs and shepherds, when the timbrel rings,
Or crooked dolphin, when the sailor sings.
She stay'd not for her robes, but straight arose,
And drunk with gladness to the door she goes,
Where seeing a naked man, she screech'd for fear,
(Such sights as this to tender maids are rare.)
And ran into the dark herself to hide:
(Rich jewels in the dark are soonest spied.)
Unto her was he led, or rather drawn
By those white limbs which sparkled through the
lawn.

The nearer that he came, the more she fled,
And, seeking refuge, slipt into her bed;
Whereon Leander sitting, thus began,
Through numbing cold all feeble, faint and wan.

“ If not for love, yet Love ! for pity's sake,
Me in thy bed and maiden bosom take ;
At least vouchsafe these arms some little room,
Who, hoping to embrace thee, cheerly swum.
This head was beat with many a churlish billow,
And therefore let it rest upon thy pillow.”

Herewith affrighted, Hero shrunk away,
And in her lukewarm place Leander lay ;
Whose lively heat, like fire from heaven *fet*,
Would animate gross clay, and higher set
The drooping thoughts of base-declining souls,
Than dreary Mars' carousing nectar bowls.
His hands he cast upon her like a snare,—
She, overcome with shame and sallow fear,
Like chaste Diana, when Acteon spied her,
Being suddenly betray'd, div'd down to hide her.
And as her silver body downward went,
With both her hands she made the bed a tent,
And in her own mind thought herself secure,
O'ercast with dim and darksome coverture ;
And now she lets him whisper in her ear,
Flatter, entreat, promise, protest and swear ;
Yet ever as he greedily essay'd
To touch those dainties, she the harpy play'd,
And every limb did, as a soldier stout,
Defend the fort, and keep the foeman out.
For though the rising ivory mount he scal'd,
Which is with azure circling lines empal'd,
Much like a globe, (a globe may I term this,
By which Love sails to regions full of bliss,)

Yet there with Sysiphus he toil'd in vain,
Till gentle parley did the truce obtain.

* Even as a bird, which in our hands we wring,
Forth plungeth and oft flutters with her wing,
She trembling strove; this strife of hers, like that
Which made the world, another world begat
Of unknown joy. Treason was in her thought,
And cunningly to yield herself she sought.

Seeming not won, yet won she was at length;
In such wars women use but half their strength.

Leander now, like Theban Hercules,
Enter'd the orchard of th' Hesperides;
Whose fruit none rightly can describe, but he
That pulls or shakes it from the golden tree.
Wherein Leander on her quivering breast,
Breathless spoke something, and sigh'd out the rest;
Which so prevail'd, as he, with small ado,
Enclos'd her in his arms and kiss'd her too:
And every kiss to her was as a charm,
And to Leander as a fresh alarm:
So that the truce was broke, and she, alas,
Poor silly maiden, at his mercy was.

* The Editor has taken the liberty to alter the situation of this couplet; which as it originally stands, after '*means to prey*,' is an awkward excrescence. By the present transposition it becomes a lively and beautifully appropriate simile.

Love is not full of pity, as men say,
But deaf and cruel where he means to prey.

And now she wish'd this night were never done,
And sigh'd to think upon th' approaching sun;
For much it griev'd her that the bright day-light
Should know the pleasure of this blessed night,
And then, like Mars and Ericine, display
Both in each other's arms chain'd as they lay.
Again—she knew not how to frame her look,
Or speak to him, who in a moment took
That which so long, so charily she kept;
And fain by stealth away she would have crept,
And to some corner secretly have gone,
Leaving Leander in the bed alone.
But as her naked feet were whipping out,
He on the sudden clung her so about,
That mermaid-like unto the floor she slid;
One half appear'd, the other half was hid.
Thus near the bed she blushing stood upright,
And from her countenance behold ye might
A kind of twilight break, which through the air *,
As from an orient cloud, glimps'd here and there;

* The old copies read *hair*, which was certainly not intended here, though it is a picturesque image. All editions of this beautiful poem are very incorrect, save that of Sir E. Brydges.

And round about the chamber this false morn
Brought forth the day before the day was born.
So Hero's ruddy cheek Hero betray'd,
And her all naked to his sight display'd:
Whence his admiring eyes more pleasure took,
Than Dis, on heaps of gold fixing his look.—
By this Apollo's golden harp began
To sound forth music to the Ocean,
Which watchful Hesperus no sooner heard,
But he the day bright-bearing car prepar'd,
And ran before, as harbinger of light,
And with his flaring beams mock'd ugly Night,
Till she, o'ercome with anguish, shame and rage,
Dang'd down to hell her loathsome carriage.

THE END OF THE SECOND SESTYAD.

HERO AND LEANDER.



THIRD SESTYAD.

The Argument of the Third Festus.

*Leander to the envious light
Resigns his night-sports with the night,
And swims the Hellespont again.
Thesme the deity sovereign
Of customs and religious rites
Appears, reproving his delights,
Since nuptial honours he neglected;
Which straight he vows shall be effected.—
Fair Hero, left devirginate,
Weighs, and with fury wails her state:
But with her love and woman wit
She argues, and approveth it.*

HERO AND LEANDER.

THE THIRD SESTYAD.

New light gives new directions, fortunes new,
To fashion our endeavours that ensue.
More harsh, at least more hard, more grave and high
Our subject runs, and our stern *Muse* must fly.
Love's edge is taken off, and that light flame,
Those thoughts, joys, longings, that before became
High unexperienc'd blood, and maids' sharp plights,
Must now grow staid, and censure the delights,
That being enjoy'd ask judgment ; now we praise,
As having parted : evenings crown the days.

And now, ye wanton Loves, and young Desires,
Pied Vanity, the mint of strange attires !
Ye lisping Flatteries, and obsequious Glances,
Relentful Musics, and attractive Dances !

And you detested Charms constraining love !
Shun Love's stol'n sports by that these lovers prove.

By this the Sovereign of Heaven's golden fires,
And young Leander, lord of his desires,
Together from their lovers' arms arose :
Leander into Hellespontus throws
His Hero-handled body, whose delight
Made him disdain each other *epithite*.
And as amidst th' enamour'd waves he swims,
The god of gold of purpose gilt his limbs,
That this word *gilt**, including double sense,
The double guilt of his incontinence
Might be express'd, that had no stay t' employ
The treasure which the love-god let him joy
In his dear Hero, with such sacred thrift,
As had beseem'd so sanctified a gift :
But, like a greedy vulgar prodigal,
Would on the stock dispend, and rudely fall
Before his time, to that unblessed blessing,
Which for Lust's plague doth perish with possessing.
*Joy graven in sense, like snow in water wastes ;
Without preserve of virtue, nothing lasts.*

* A conceited playing on words, very characteristic of the age.

What man is he, that with a wealthy eye,
Enjoys a beauty richer than the sky,
Through whose white skin, softer than soundest sleep,
With damask eyes, the ruby blood doth peep,
And runs in branches through her azure veins,
Whose mixture and first fire his love attains;
Whose both hands limit both love's deities,
And sweeten human thoughts like Paradise;
Whose disposition silken is and kind,
Directed with an earth-exempted mind;
Who thinks not Heaven with such a love is given?
And who like earth would spend that dower of Heaven,
With rank desire to joy it all at first?
What simply kills our hunger, quencheth thirst,
Clothes but our nakedness, and makes us live,
Praise doth not any of her favours give:
But what doth plentifully minister
Beauteous apparel and delicious cheer,
So order'd that it still excites desire,
And still gives pleasure freeness to aspire;
The palm of Bounty, ever moist preserving:
To Love's sweet life this is the courtly carving.
Thus Time and all-states-ordering Ceremony
Had banish'd all offence: Time's golden thigh

Upholds the flow'ry body of the earth,
In sacred harmony, and every birth
Of men, and actions, makes legitimate,
Being us'd aright; *the use of time is fate.*

Yet did the gentle flood transfer, once more,
This prize of love home to his father's shore;
Where he unlades himself of that false wealth
That makes few rich; treasures compos'd by stealth.
And to his sister, kind Hermione,
Who on the shore kneel'd praying to the sea
For his return, he all Love's goods did show,
In Hero seised for him, in him for Hero.

His most kind sister all his secrets knew,
And to her, singing, like a shower he flew,
Sprinkling the earth, that to their tombs took in
Streams dead for love, to leave his ivory skin,
Which yet a snowy foam did leave above,
As soul to the dead water that did love;
And from thence did the first white roses spring,
(For love is sweet and fair in every thing,)
And all the sweeten'd shore, as he did go,
Was crown'd with od'rous roses, white as snow.

Love-blest Leander was with love so filled,
That love to all that touch'd him he instilled.
And as the colours of all things we see,
To our sight's powers communicated be;
So to all objects that in compass came
Of any sense he had, his senses' flame
Flow'd from his parts with force so virtual,
It fir'd with sense things mere insensual.

Now, with warm baths and odours comforted,
When he lay down he kindly kiss'd his bed,
As consecrating it to Hero's right,
And vow'd thereafter, that whatever sight
Put him in mind of Hero, or her bliss,
Should be her* altar to prefer a kiss.

Then laid he forth his late enriched arms,
In whose white circle Love writ all his charms,
And made his characters sweet Hero's limbs,
When on his breast's warm sea she sideling swims.
And as those arms, held up in circle, met,
He said, "See, sister, Hero's carcanet!
Which she had rather wear about her neck,
Than all the jewels that do Juno deck."

* *the*, edit. 1637.

* But as he † shook, with passionate desire,
To put in flame his other secret fire,
A music so divine did pierce his ear,
As never yet his ravish'd sense did hear;
When suddenly a light of twenty hues,
Brake through the roof, and like the rainbow views
Amaz'd Leander: in whose beams came down
The goddess Ceremony, with a crown
Of all the stars; and Heaven with her descended:
Her flaming hair to her bright feet extended,
By which hung all the bench of deities;
And in a chain, compact of ears and eyes,
She led Religion; all her body was
Clear and transparent as the purest glass,
For she was all presented to the sense:
Devotion, Order, State, and Reverence,
Her shadows were; Society, Memory;
All which her sight made live, her absence die.
A rich disparent pentacle she wears,
Drawn full of circles and strange characters:
Her face was changeable to every eye;
One way look'd ill, another graciously;

* Warton judged Chapman's part to commence here; but I should rather point out the address to Marlow's shade, as the commencement of his labours.

† *She*, i. e. *his sister*, edit. 1637.

Which while men view'd, they cheerful were and holy;
But looking off, vicious and melancholy.
The snaky paths to each observed law,
Did Policy in her broad bosom draw;
One hand a mathematic crystal sways,
Which gathering in one line a thousand rays
From her bright eyes, Confusion burns to death,
And all estates of men distinguisheth.
By it Morality, and Comeliness,
Themselves in all their sightly figures dress.
Her other hand a laurel rod applies,
To beat back Barbarism and Avarice,
That followed, eating earth and excrement
And human limbs; and would make proud ascent
To seats of gods, were Ceremony slain;
The Hours and Graces bore her glorious train;
And all the sweets of our society
Were spher'd and treasur'd in her bounteous eye.
Thus she appear'd, and sharply did reprove
Leander's bluntness in his violent love;
Told him how poor was substance without rites,
Like bills unsign'd; desires without delights;
Like meats unseason'd; like rank corn that grows
On cottages, that none or reaps or sows:

Not being with civil forms confirm'd and bounded,
For human dignities and comforts founded :
But loose and secret all their glories hide ;
Fear fills the chamber, Darkness decks the bride.

She vanish'd, leaving pierc'd Leander's heart
With sense of his unceremonious part,
In which with plain neglect of nuptial rites
He close and flatly fell to his delights :
And instantly he vow'd to celebrate
All rites pertaining to his married state.
So up he gets, and to his father goes,
To whose glad ears he doth his vows disclose :
The nuptials are resolv'd with utmost power,
And he at night would swim to Hero's tower,
From whence he meant to Sestos' forked bay
To bring her covertly, where ships must stay,
Sent by her father, thoroughly rigg'd and mann'd,
To waft her safely to Abydos' strand.—
There leave we him ; and with fresh wing pursue
Astonish'd Hero, whose most wished view
I thus long have forborne, because I left her
So out of count'nance, and her spirits * bereft her.

* From this, and other passages it would seem that Chapman accentuates *spirits* as a monosyllable.

*To look on one abash'd is impudence,
 When of slight faults he hath too deep a sense.—*
 Her blushing *het** her chamber: she look'd out,
 And all the air she purpled round about;
 And after it a foul black day befell,
 Which ever since a red morn doth foretell,
 And still renews our woes for Hero's woe;
 And foul it prov'd, because it figur'd so
 The next night's horror; which p^repare to hear;
 I fail, if it profane your daintiest ear.

† Then now † most strangely-intellectual fire,
 That proper to my soul hast power t' inspire
 Her burning faculties, and with the wings
 Of thy unsphered flame visit'st the springs
 Of spirits immortal! Now (as swift as Time
 Doth follow motion) find th' eternal clime
 Of his free soul, whose living subject stood
 Up to the chin in the Pierean flood,

* i. e. heated.

† Chapman's noble address to the spirit of his departed precursor, Marlow.

‡ Following Sir E. Brydges, I have taken the liberty (inexcusable, I fear, by lovers of *true editions*) to substitute *now* for *how*, the reading of the old copies; and which wants nothing but intelligibility to render it superior to any other that could be suggested.

And drunk to me half this Musean story,
 Inscribing it to deathless memory:
 Confer with it, and make my pledge as deep,
 That neither's draught be consecrate to sleep!
 Tell it how much his late desires I tender,
 (If yet it know not) and to light surrender
 My soul's dark offspring, willing it should die
 To loves, to passions, and society!

Sweet Hero left upon her bed alone,
 Her maidenhead,—her vows,—Leander gone,
 And nothing with her but a violent crew
 Of new-come thoughts, that yet * she never knew,
 E'en to herself a stranger was; much like
 Th' Iberian city† that War's hand did strike
 By English force in princely *Essex*' guide‡,
 When Peace assur'd her towers had fortified;
 And golden-finger'd India had bestow'd
 Such wealth on her, that strength and empire flow'd

* yet, for until now.

† Cadiz. The expedition against it sailed June 1, 1596; and was under the joint command of Essex, and Lord Howard, the High Admiral of England; assisted by the councils and presence of Lord Thomas Howard, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir F. Vere, Sir George Carew, and Sir Conyers Clifford.

‡ guide, for guidance.

Into her turrets ; and her virgin waist
The wealthy girdle of the sea embrac'd :
Till our Leander, that made Mars his Cupid,
For soft love-suits, with iron thunders chid :
Swum to her towns, dissolv'd her virgin zone ;
Led in his power, and made Confusion
Run through her streets amaz'd, that she suppos'd
She had not been in her own walls enclos'd :
But rapt by wonder to some foreign state,
Sceing all her issue so disconsolate :
And all her peaceful mansions possess'd
With war's just spoil, and many a foreign guest
From every corner driving an enjoyer,
Supplying it with power of a destroyer.
So far'd fair Hero in th' expugned fort
Of her chaste bosom ; and of every sort
Strange thoughts possess'd her, ransacking her breast,
For that which was not there, her wonted rest !
She was a mother straight, and bore with pain
Thoughts that spake straight, and wish'd their mother
 slain ;
She hates their lives, and they their own and hers ;
Such strife still grows where sin the race prefers.
*Love is a golden bubble, full of dreams,
That waking breaks, and fills us with extremes.*

She mus'd how she could look upon her sire,
And not show that without, that was intire*.
For as a glass is an inanimate eye,
And outward forms embraceth inwardly:
So is the eye an animate glass, that shows
In-forms without us; and as Phœbus throws
His beams abroad, though he in clouds be closed,
Still glancing by them till he find opposed
A loose and rorid vapour that is fit
T' event his searching beams, and useth it
To form a tender twenty-coloured eye,
Cast in a circle round about the sky;
So when our fiery soul, our body's star
(That ever is in motion circular)
Conceives a form, in seeking to display it
Through all our cloudy parts, it doth convey it
Forth at the eye, as the most pregnant place,
And that reflects it round about the face.
And this event uncourtly Hero thought,
Her inward guilt would in her looks have wrought:
For yet the world's stale cunning she resisted,
To bear foul thoughts, yet forge what looks she listed,
And held it for a very silly sleight
To make a perfect metal counterfeit,

* i. e. within.

Glad to disclaim herself, proud of an art,
That makes the face a pandar to the heart.
Those be the painted moons, whose lights profane
Beauty's true heaven, at full still in their wane ;
Those be the lapwing faces that still cry,
" Here 'tis!" when that they vow is nothing nigh.
Base fools ! when every Moorish fool can teach
That which men think the height of human reach.
But custom, that the apoplexy is
Of bedrid Nature, and lives led amiss,
And takes away all feeling of offence,
Yet braz'd not Hero's brow with impudence ;
And this she thought most hard to bring to pass,
To seem in countenance other than she was,
As if she had two souls ; one for the face,
One for the heart, and that they shifted place
As either list to utter, or conceal
What they conceiv'd : or as one soul did deal
With both affairs at once, keeps and ejects
Both at an instant contrary effects :
Retention and ejection in her powers
Being acts alike : for this one vice of ours,
That forms the thought, and sways the countenance,
Rules both our motion and our utterance.

These, and more grave conceits toil'd Hero's
spirits*:

For though the light of her discursive wits,
Perhaps might find some little hole to pass
Through all these worldly cinctures; yet, alas!
There was a heavenly flame encompass'd her;
Her Goddess,—in whose fane she did prefer
Her virgin vows, from whose impulsive sight
She knew the black shield of the darkest night
Could not defend her, nor wit's subtlest art:
This was the point pierc'd Hero to the heart;
Who heavy to the death, with a deep sigh,
And hand that languish'd, took a robe was nigh,
Exceeding large, and of black cyprus made,
In which she sate, hid† from the day, in shade,
E'en over head and face, down to her feet;
Her left hand made it at her bosom meet,
Her right hand lean'd on her heart-bowing knee,
Wrapp'd in unshapeful folds: 'twas death to see:
Her knee staid that, and that her falling face;
Each limb help'd other to put on disgrace.
No form was seen, where form held all her sight:
But like an embryo that saw never light;

* See note, p. 52.

† *had*, edit. 1606.

Or like a scorched statue made a coal
With three-wing'd lightning ; or a wretched soul
Muffled with endless darkness, she did sit:
The night had never such a heavy spirit.
Yet might a penetrating* eye well see,
How fast her clear tears melted on her knee
Through her black veil, and turn'd as black as it,
Mourning to be her tears: then wrought her wit
With her broke vow,—her goddess' wrath,—her
fame,—

All tools that *enginous* despair could frame:
Which made her strew the floor with her torn hair,
And spread her mantle piece-meal in the air.
Like Jove's son's club, strong passion struck her
down,

And with a piteous shriek enforc'd her swoon:
Her shriek, made with another shriek ascend
The frightened matron that on her did tend:
And as with her own cry her sense was slain,
So with the other it was call'd again.
She rose and to her bed made forced way,
And laid her down e'en where Leander lay:
And all this while the red sea of her blood
Ebb'd with Leander: but now turn'd the flood,

* *an imitating*, edit. 1606.

And all her fleet of spirits came swelling in
With crowd * of sail, and did hot fight begin
With those severe conceits, she too much mark'd,
And here Leander's beauties were embark'd.
He came in swimming, painted all with joys,
Such as might sweeten hell: his thought destroys
All her destroying thoughts: she thought she felt
His heart in hers: with her contentions melt,
And chide her soul that it could so much err,
To check the true joys he deserv'd in her.
Her fresh heat blood cast figures in her eyes,
And she suppos'd she saw in Neptune's skies
How her star wander'd, wash'd in smarting brine
For her love's sake, that with immortal wine
Should be embath'd, and swim in more heart's-ease,
Than there was water in the Sestian seas.
Then said her Cupid-prompted spirit, " Shall I
Sing moans to such delightful harmony?
Shall slick-tongued Fame patch'd up with voices rude,
The drunken bastard of the multitude,
(Begot when father Judgment is away,
And gossip-like, says because others say,
Takes news as if it were too hot to eat,
And spits it slaving forth for dog-fee's meat,)

* *child*, edit. 1606.

Make me for forging a fantastic vow,
Presume to bear what makes grave matrons bow?
Good vows are never broken with good deeds,
For then good deeds were bad: vows are but seeds,
And good deeds fruits; even those good deeds that
grow

From other stocks than from th' observed vow.
That is a good deed that prevents a bad:
Had I not yielded, slain myself I had.
Hero Leander is, Leander Hero:
Such virtue love hath to make one of two.
If then Leander did my maidenhead get,
Leander being myself, I still retain it:
We break chaste vows when we live loosely ever,
But bound as we are, we live loosely never.
Two constant lovers being join'd in one,
Yielding to one another, yield to none.
We know not how to vow, till love unblind us,
And vows made ignorantly never bind us;—
Too true it is, that when 'tis gone men hate
The joys as vain they took in love's estate:
But that's, since they have lost the heavenly light
Should show them way to judge of all things right.
When life is gone, death must implant his terror,
As death is foe to life, so love to error.

Before we love, how range we through this sphere,
Searching the sundry fancies hunted here !
Now with desire of wealth transported quite
Beyond our free humanity's delight :
Now with ambition climbing falling towers,
Whose hope to scale, our fear to fall devours :
Now rapt with pastimes, pomp, all joys impure ;
In things without us, no delight is sure.
But love, with all joys crown'd, within doth sit ;
O Goddess, pity love, and pardon it !"
Thus spake she weeping : but her Goddess' ear
Burn'd with too stern a heat, and would not hear.
Aye me ! hath Heaven's straight fingers no more
graces,
For such a Hero, than for homeliest faces ?
Yet she hop'd well, and in her sweet conceit
Weighing her arguments, she thought them weight :
And that the logic of Leander's beauty,
And them together, would bring proofs of duty.
And if her soul, that was a skilful glance
Of Heaven's great essence, found such imperance
In her love's beauties, she had confidence
Jove lov'd him too, and pardon'd her offence.
*Beauty in heaven and earth this grace doth win,
It supples rigour, and it lessens sin.*

Thus, her sharp wit, her love, her secrecy,
Trooping together, made her wonder why
She should not leave her bed, and to the temple;
Her health, said she, must live; her sex dissemble.
She view'd Leander's place, and wished he were
Turn'd to his place, so his place were Leander.
"Aye me!" said she, "that love's sweet life and sense
Should do it harm! my Love had not gone hence,
Had he been like his place. O blessed place!
Image of constancy! Thus my love's grace
Parts no where, but it leaves something behind
Worth observation: he renowns his kind.
His motion is like Heaven's, orbicular:
For where he once is, he is ever there.
This place was mine; Leander, now 'tis thine,
Thou being myself,—then it is double mine:
Mine, and Leander's mine, Leander's mine.
O, see what wealth it yields me, nay, yields him:
For I am in it, he for me doth swim.
Rich, fruitful love, that doubling self estates
Elixir-like contracts, though separates.
Dear place! I kiss thee, and do welcome thee,
As from Leander ever sent to me."

THE END OF THE THIRD SESTYAD.

HERO AND LEANDER.

FOURTH SESTYAD.

The Argument of the Fourth Sestiad.

*Hero, in sacred habit deck'd,
Doth private sacrifice effect.
Her scarf's description wrought by Fate.
Ostents, that threaten her estate.
The strange, yet physical events,
Leander's counterfeit presents.
In thunder, Cyprides descends,
Presaging both the lovers' ends :
Ecte, the goddess of Remorse,
With vocal and articulate force
Inspires Leucote, Venus' swan,
T' excuse the beauteous Sestian.
Venus, to wreak her rites' abuses,
Creates the monster Eronusis ;
Enflaming Hero's sacrifice,
With lightning darted from her eyes :
And thereof springs the painted beast,
That ever since taints every breast.*

HERO AND LEANDER.

THE FOURTH SESTYAD.

Now from Leander's place she rose, and found
Her hair and rent robe scatter'd on the ground :
Which taking up, she every piece did lay
Upon the altar; where in youth of day
She us'd t' exhibit private sacrifice :
Those would she offer to the deities
Of her fair Goddess, and her powerful son,
As relics of her late-felt passion :
And in that holy sort she vow'd to end them ;
In hope her violent fancies, that did rend them,
Would as quite fade in her love's holy fire,
As they should in the flames she meant t' inspire.
Then put she on all her religious weeds,
That deck'd her in her secret sacred deeds :

A crown of icicles, that sun nor fire
Could ever melt, and figur'd chaste desire.
A golden star shin'd in her naked breast,
In honour of the queen-light of the east.
In her right hand she held a silver wand,
On whose bright top Peristera did stand,
Who was a nymph, but now transform'd a dove,
And in her life was dear in Venus' love :
And for her sake she ever since that time
Choos'd doves to draw her coach through Heav'n's

blue clime :

Her plenteous hair in curled billows swims
On her bright shoulder: her harmonious limbs
Sustain'd no more but a most subtilé veil,
That hung on them, as it durst not assail
Their different concord: for the weakest air
Could raise it swelling from her beauties * fair ;
Nor did it cover, but adumbrate only
Her most heart-piercing parts, that a bless'd eye
Might see, as it did shadow, fearfully,
All that all-love-deserving paradise:
It was as blue as the most freezing skies ;

* *beauteous*, edit. 1637, a reading more consonant with the genius of Chapman; the adjective *fair* being, by a figure, taken for her *fair limbs*.

Near the sea's hue, for thence her goddess came :
On it a scarf she wore of wondrous frame ;
In midst whereof she'd wrought a virgin's face,
From whose each cheek a fiery blush did chase
Two crimson flames, that did two ways extend,
Spreading the ample scarf to either end,
Which figur'd the division of her mind,
Whiles yet she rested bashfully inclin'd,
And stood not resolute to wed Leander ;
This serv'd her white neck for a purple sphere,
And cast itself at full breadth down her back.
There since the first breath that begun the wrack
Of her free quiet from Leander's lips,
She wrought a sea in one flame full of ships :
But that one ship where all her wealth did pass,
Like simple merchants' goods, Leander was :
For in that sea she naked figur'd him ;
Her diving needle taught him how to swim,
And to each thread did such resemblance give,
For joy to be so like him it did live.

*Things senseless live by art, and rational die
By rude contempt of art and industry.*

Scarce could she work but in her strength of thought,
She fear'd she prick'd Leander as she wrought :

And oft would shriek so, that her guardian, frightened,
Would staring haste, as with some mischief cited.

They double life that dead things' grief sustain :

They kill that feel not their friends' living pain.

Sometimes she fear'd he sought her infamy ;

And then as she was working of his eye,

She thought to prick it out to quench her ill,

But as she prick'd, it grew more perfect still.

Trifling attempts no serious acts advance ;

The fire of love is blown by dalliance.

In working his fair neck she did so grace it,

She still was working her own arms t' embrace it :

That, and his shoulders, and his hands were seen

Above the stream, and with a pure sea green

She did so quaintly shadow every limb,

All might be seen beneath the waves to swim.

In this conceited scarf she wrought beside

A moon in change, and shooting stars did glide

In number after her with bloody beams,

Which figur'd her affects* in their extremes,

Pursuing nature in her Cynthian body,

And did her thoughts running on change imply ;

* i. e. affections.

For maids take more delights, when they prepare,
And think of wives' states, than when wives they are.
Beneath all these she wrought a fisherman,
Drawing his nets from forth that ocean;
Who drew so hard, ye might discover well,
The toughen'd sinews in his neck did swell:
His inward strains drave * out his blood-shot eyes,
And springs of sweat did in his forehead rise:
Yet was of nought but of a serpent sped,
That in his bosom flew, and stung him dead;
And this by Fate into her mind was sent,
Not wrought by mere instinct of her intent.
All the scarf's other end her hand did frame,
Near the fork'd point of the divided flame,
A country virgin keeping of a vine,
Who did of hollow bulrushes combine
Snares for the stubble-loving grasshopper,
And by her lay her scrip that nourish'd her.
Within a myrtle shade she sat and sung,
And tufts of waving † reeds about her sprung;
Where lurk'd two foxes, that while she applied
Her trifling snares, their thieveries did divide;
One to the vine, another to her scrip,
That she did negligently overslip:

* *drew*, edit. 1637.† *wavering*, edit. 1637.

By which her fruitful vine, and wholesome fare,
She suffer'd spoil'd *, to make a childish snare.—
These ominous fancies did her soul express,
And every finger made a prophetess,
To show what death was hid in Love's disguise,
And make her judgment conquer destinies.
O what sweet forms fair ladies' souls do shroud,
Were they made seen, and forced through their blood;
If through their beauties, like rich work through lawn,
They would set forth their minds with virtues drawn,
In letting graces from their fingers fly,
To still their *eyass* thoughts with industry:
That their plied wits in number'd silks might sing
Passion's huge conquest, and their needles leading
Affection prisoner through their own built cities,
Pinion'd with stories and Arachnean ditties.

Proceed we now with Hero's sacrifice;
She odours burn'd, and from their smoke did rise
Unsavoury fumes, that air with plagues inspir'd,
And then the consecrated sticks she fir'd.
On whose pale flame an angry spirit flew,
And beat it down still as it upward grew.

* i. e. *to be* spoil'd.

The virgin tapers that on th' altar stood,
 When she inflamed them burned as blood*:
 All sad ostents of that too near success†,
 That made such moving beauties motionless.
 Then Hero wept, but her affrighted eyes
 She quickly wrested from the sacrifice;
 Shut them, and inwards for Leander look'd,
 Search'd her soft bosom, and from thence she pluck'd
 His lovely picture: which when she had view'd,
 Her beauties were with all Love's joys‡ renew'd;
 The odours sweeten'd, and the fires burn'd clear,
 Leander's form left no ill object there.
 Such was his beauty, that the force of light,
 Whose knowledge teacheth numbers infinite,
 The strength of number and proportion,
 Nature had plac'd in it to make it known.
 Art was her daughter, and what human wits
 For study lost, intomb'd in drossy spirits.
 After this accident, which for her glory
 Hero could not but make a history,
 Th' inhabitants of Sestos and Abydos
 Did every year, with feasts propitious,

* 'When she inflam'd them, then they burn'd as blood,' edit. 1637.

† i. e. succeeding event.

‡ love-joys, edit. 1637.

To fair Leander's picture sacrifice:
And they were persons of especial price,
That were allow'd it, as an ornament
T' enrich their houses; for the continent
Of the strange virtues all approv'd it held:
For even the very look of it repell'd
All blastings, witchcrafts, and the strifes of nature
In those diseases that no herbs could cure:
The wolfy sting of Avarice it would pull,
And make the rankest miser bountiful.
It kill'd the fear of thunder and of death:
The discords, that conceits engendereth
'Twixt man and wife, it for the time would cease:
The flames of love it quench'd, and would increase:
Held in a prince's hand, it would put out
The dreadful'st comet: it would ease * all doubt
Of threaten'd mischiefs: it would bring asleep
Such as were mad: it would enforce to weep
Most barbarous eyes: and many more effects
This picture wrought, and sprung Leandrian sects,
Of which was Hero first: for he whose form,
Held in her hand, clear'd such a fatal storm,
From hell she thought his person would defend her,
Which night and Hellespont would quickly send her.

* *end*, edit. 1637.

With this confirm'd, she vow'd to banish quite
All thought of any check to her delight:
And in contempt of silly bashfulness,
She would the faith of her desires profess:
Where her religion should be policy,—
To follow love with zeal her piety:
Her chamber her cathedral church should be,
And her Leander her chief deity!
For in her love these did the gods forego;
And though her knowledge did not teach her so,
Yet did it teach her this, that what her heart
Did greatest hold in her self greatest part,
That she did make her god; and 'twas less naught
To leave gods in profession and in thought,
Than in her love and life: for therein lies
Most of her duties, and their dignities;
And rail the brain-bald world at what it will,
That's the grand atheism that reigns in it still!—
Yet singularity she would use no more,
For she was singular too much before;
But she would pleasè the world with fair pretext;
Love would not leave her conscience perplexed.
*Great men that will have less do for them still,
Must bear them out, though th' acts be ne'er so ill.*

Meanness must pander be to Excellence;
Pleasure atones Falsehood and Conscience:
Dissembling was the worst, thought Hero then,
And that was best, now she must live with men.
O virtuous love! that taught her to do best
When she did worst, and when she thought it least.
Thus would she still proceed in works divine,
And in her sacred state of priesthood shine,
Handling the holy rites with hands as bold,
As if therein she did Jove's thunders hold;
And need not fear those menaces of error,
Which she at others threw with greatest terror.
O lovely Hero! nothing is thy sin,
Weigh'd with those foul faults other priests are in!
That having neither faiths, nor works, nor beauties,
T' engender any 'scuse for slubber'd duties;
With as much count'nance fill their holy chairs,
And sweat denouncements 'gainst profane affairs,
As if their lives were cut out by their places,
And they the only fathers of the graces.

Now as with settled mind she did repair
Her thoughts to sacrifice her ravish'd hair,
And her torn robe, which on the altar lay,
And only for Religion's fire did stay;

She heard a thunder by the Cyclops beaten,
In such a volley as the world did threaten,
Given Venus as she parted th' airy sphere,
Descending now to chide with Hero here :
When suddenly the Goddess' waggoneres,
The swans and turtles that, in coupled pheres,
Through all worlds' bosoms draw her influence,
Lighted in Hero's window, and from thence
To her fair shoulders flew the gentle doves,—
Graceful Ædone that sweet pleasure loves,
And ruff-foot Chreste with the tufted crown,—
Both which did kiss her, though their Goddess frown.
The swans did in the solid flood her glass
Proin their fair plumes*, of which the fairest was
Jove-lov'd-Leucote, that pure brightness is;
The other bounty-loving Dapsilis.
All were in Heaven, now they with Hero were ;
But Venus' looks brought wrath, and urged fear.
Her robe was scarlet, black her head's attire,
And through her naked breast shin'd streams of fire,
As when the rarified air is driven
In flashing streams, and opes the darken'd heaven.

* *Proin up their plumes*, edit. 1637. *Proin* (in Falconry) is said of a hawk when it picks and dresses its wings.

In her white hand a wreath of yew she bore,
And breaking the icy wreath sweet Hero wore,
She forc'd about her brows her wreath of yew,
And said, "Now, minion! to thy fate be true,
Though not to me; endure what this portends!
Begin where lightness will, in shame it ends.
Love makes thee cunning; thou art current now,
By being counterfeit: thy broken vow
Deceit with her pied garters must rejoin,
And with her stamp thou count'nances must coin:
Coyness, and pure deceits for purities,
And still a maid will seem in cozen'd eyes,
And have an autic face to laugh within,
While thy smooth looks make men digest thy sin.
But since thy lips, (least thought forsworn,) forswore,
Be never virgin's vow worth * trusting more."

When Beauty's dearest did her Goddess hear,
Breathe such rebukes 'gainst that she could not
clear;
Dumb sorrow spake aloud in tears and blood,
That from her grief-burst veins, in piteous flood,
From the sweet conduits of her favor† fell.
The gentle turtles did with moans make swell

* *wish*, edit. 1606.

† *savor*, edit. 1606.

Their shining gorges: the white black-ey'd swans
Did sing as woful Epicedians,
As they would straightways die: when Pity's queen,
The goddess Ecte, that had ever been
Hid in a wat'ry cloud near Hero's cries,
Since the first instant of her broken eyes,
Gave bright Leucote voice, and made her speak,
To ease her anguish, whose swoln breast did break
With anger at her Goddess, that did touch
Hero so near for that she* us'd so much.
And thrusting her white neck at Venus, said—
“Why may not amorous Hero seem a maid
Though she be none, as well as you suppress
In modest cheeks your inward wantonness?
How often have we drawn you from above,
T' exchange with mortals rites for rites in love?
Why in your priest then call you that offence,
That shines in you, and is† your influence?”
With this the Furies stopp'd Leucote's lips,
Enjoin'd by Venus; who with rosy whips
Beat the kind bird. Fierce lightning from her eyes
Did set on fire fair Hero's sacrifice,
(Which was her torn robe, and inforced hair;)
And the bright flame became a maid most fair

* i. e. Venus.

† *in*, edit. 1637.

For her aspect: her tresses were of wire,
Knit like a net, where hearts, set all on fire,
Struggled in pants, and could not get releas'd:
Her arms were all with golden pincers dress'd,
And twenty fashion'd knots, pullies, and brakes,
And all her body girt with painted snakes.
Her down parts in a scorpion's tail combin'd,
Freckled with twenty colours; pied wings shin'd
Out of her shoulders; cloth had never dye,
Nor sweeter colours never viewed eye,
In scorching Turkey, Cares*, Tartary,
Than shin'd about this sp'rit notorious;
Nor was Arachne's web so glorious.
Of lightning and of shreds she was begot;
More hold in base dissemblers is there not.
Her name was Eronusus†. Venus flew
From Hero's sight, and at her chariot drew
This wondrous creature to so steep a height,
That all the world she might command with sleight
Of her gay wings: and then she bade her haste,—
Since Hero had dissembled, and disgrac'd
Her rites so much,—and every breast infect
With her deceits; she made her architect

* *Cares*, or *Kareis*, a town of European Turkey, situate on Mount Athos.

† A compound, probably from *Ἑως* & *ἰόνος*, or *ἰώνος*, *Ionice*.

Of all dissimulation, and since then
Never was any trust in maids nor men.

O it spighted

Fair Venus' heart to see her-most-delighted,
And one she choos'd for temper of her mind,
To be the only ruler of her kind,
So soon to let her virgin race be ended.
Not simply for the fault a whit offended,
But that in strife for chasteness with the Moon,
Spiteful Diana bade her show but one
That was her servant vow'd, and liv'd a maid ;
And now she thought to answer that upbraid,
Hero had lost her answer : who knows not
Venus would seem as far from any spot
Of light demeanour, as the very skin
Twixt Cynthia's brows? *Sin is asham'd of Sin.*
Up Venus flew, and scarce durst up for fear
Of Phœbe's laughter, when she pass'd her sphere :
And so most ugly clouded was the light,
That day was hid in day ; night came ere night,
And Venus could not through the thick air pierce,
Till the day's king, God of undaunted verse,
Because she was so plentiful a theme,
To such as wore his laurel anademe * :

* wreath or fillet, from ἀνθέμια.

Like to a fiery bullet made descent,
And from her passage those fat vapours rent,
That being not thoroughly rarified to rain,
Melted like pitch as blue as any vein ;
And scalding tempests made the earth to shrink
Under their fervor, and the world did think
In every drop a torturing spirit flew,
It pierc'd so deeply, and it burn'd so blue.

Betwixt all this and Hero, Hero held
Leander's picture, as a Persian shield :
And she was free from fear of worst success ;—
The more ill threats us, we suspect the less :
As we grow hapless, violence subtle grows,
Dumb, deaf, and blind, and comes when no man
knows.

THE END OF THE FOURTH SESTYAD.

HERO AND LEANDER.

FIFTH SESTYAD.

The Argument of the Fifth Festiad.

*Day doubles her accustom'd date,
As loth the night, incens'd by fate,
Should wrack our lovers; Hero's plight,
Longs for Leander, and the night:
Which, ere her thirsty wish recovers,
She sends for two betrothed lovers,
And marries them, that, with their crew
Their sports and ceremonies due,
She covertly might celebrate,
With secret joy, her own estate.
She makes a feast, at which appears
The wild nymph Teras*, that still bears
An ivory lute, tells ominous tales,
And sings at solemn festivals.*

* τήρας, portentum.

HERO AND LEANDER.

THE FIFTH SESTYAD.

Now was bright Hero weary of the day,
Thought an Olympiad in Leander's stay.
Sol, and the soft-foot Hours hung on his arms,
And would not let him swim, foreseeing his harms :
That day Aurora double grace obtain'd
Of her love Phoebus ; she his horses rein'd,
Sat on his golden knee, and as she list
She pull'd him back ; and as she pull'd, she kiss'd
To have him turn to bed ; he lov'd her more,
To see the love Leander Hero bore.
Examples profit much, ten times in one,
In persons full of note, good deeds are done.

Day was so long, men walking fell asleep ;
The heavy humours that their eyes did steep

Made them fear mischiefs. The hard streets were
beds

For covetous churls, and for ambitious heads,
That spite of Nature would their business ply:
All thought they had the falling epilepsy,
Men grovell'd so upon the smother'd ground,
And pity did the heart of Heaven confound.
The Gods, the Graces, and the Muses came
Down to the Destinies, to stay the frame
Of the true lovers' deaths, and all world's tears:
But Death before had stopp'd their cruel ears.
All the Celestials parted mourning then,
Pierc'd with our human miseries more than men.
*Ah! nothing doth the world with mischief fill,
But want of feeling one another's ill.*

With their descent the day grew something fair,
And cast a brighter robe upon the air.
Hero, to shorten time with merriment,
For young Alcmane and bright Mya* sent,
Two lovers that had long crav'd marriage dues
At Hero's hands: but she did still refuse,
For lovely Mya was her consort vow'd
In her maid state, and therefore not allow'd

* Maia?

To amorous nuptials: yet fair Hero now
Intended to dispense with her cold vow,
Since hers was broken, and to marry her:
The rites would pleasing matter minister
To her conceits, and shorten tedious day.—
They came; sweet music usher'd th' odorous way,
And wanton Air in twenty sweet forms danc'd
After her fingers; Beauty and Love advanc'd
Their ensigns in the downless rosy faces
Of youths and maids, led after by the Graces.
For all these Hero made a friendly feast,
Welcom'd them kindly, did much love protest,
Winning their hearts with all the means she might,
That when her fault should chance t' abide the light,
Their loves might cover or extenuate it,
And high in her worst fate make pity sit.

She married them, and in the banquet came
Borne by the virgins: Hero strove to frame
Her thoughts to mirth. Aye me! but hard it is
To imitate a false and forced bliss.
Ill may a sad mind forge a merry face,
Nor hath constrained laughter any grace.

Then laid she wine on cares to make them sink ;
Who fears the threats of fortune let him drink.

To these quick nuptials enter'd suddenly
Admired Teras with the ebon thigh;
A nymph that haunted the green Sestian groves,
And would consort soft virgins in their loves,
At gaysome triumphs, and on solemn days
Singing prophetic elegies and lays:
And fing'ring of a silver lute, she tied
With black and purple scarfs by her left side.
Apollo gave it, and her skill withal,
And she was term'd his dwarf, she was so small:
Yet great in virtue, for his beams inclos'd
His virtues in her: never was propos'd
Riddle to her, or augury, strange or new,
But she resolv'd it: never slight tale flew
From her charm'd lips, without important sense,
Shown in some grave succeeding consequence.

This little Sylvan, with her songs and tales,
Gave such estate to feasts and nuptials,
That though oftentimes she forewent tragedies,
Yet for her strangeness still she pleas'd their eyes;

And for her smallness they admir'd her so,
They thought her perfect born, and could not grow.

All eyes were on her: Hero did command
An altar deck'd with sacred state should stand
At the feast's upper end, close by the bride,
On which the pretty nymph might sit espied.
Then all were silent; every one so hears,
As all their senses climb'd into their ears:
And first this amorous tale, that fitted well
Fair Hero and the nuptials, she did tell:

THE TALE OF TERAS.

Hymen, that now is god of nuptial rites,
And crowns with honour Love and his delights,
Of Athens was; a youth so sweet of face,
That many thought him of the female race:
Such quick'ning brightness did his clear eyes dart,
Warm went their beams to his beholder's heart.
In such pure leagues his beauties were combin'd,
That there your nuptial contracts first were sign'd.
For as proportion, white and crimson, meet
In beauty's mixture, all right clear, and sweet,

The eye responsible, the golden hair,
And none is held without the other, fair :
All spring together, all together fade ;
Such intermix'd affection should invade
Two perfect lovers : which being yet unseen,
Their virtues and their comforts copied been
In beauty's concord, subject to the eye,
And that, in Hymen, pleas'd so matchlessly,
That lovers were esteem'd in their full grace,
Like form and colour mix'd in Hymen's face ;
And such sweet concord was thought worthy then
Of torches, music, feasts, and greatest men :
So Hymen look'd, that e'en the chastest mind
He mov'd to join in joys of sacred kind :
For only now his chin's first down consorted
His head's rich fleece, in golden curls contorted ;
And as he was so lov'd, he lov'd so too,
So should best beauties, bound by nuptials, do.

Bright Eucharis, who was by all men said
The noblest, fairest, and the richest maid
Of all th' Athenian damsels, Hymen lov'd
With such transmission, that his heart remov'd
From his white breast to hers ; but her estate,
In passing his, was so interminate

For wealth and honour, that his love durst feed
On nought but sight and hearing, nor could breed
Hope of requital, the grand prize of love;
Nor could he hear or see, but he must prove
How his rare beauty's music would agree
With maids in consort: therefore robbed he
His chin of those same few first fruits it bore,
And clad in such attire as virgins wore,
He kept them company, and might right well,
For he did all but Eucharis excel
In all the fair of beauty: yet he wanted
Virtue to make his own desires implanted
In his dear Eucharis; *for women never*
Love beauty in their sex, but envy ever.
His judgment yet, that durst not suit address,
Nor past due means, presume of due success,
Reason gat fortune in the end to speed
To his best prayers: but strange it seem'd indeed,
That fortune should a chaste affection bless:
Preferment seldom graceth bashfulness.
Nor grac'd it Hymen yet; but many a dart,
And many an amorous thought, enthrall'd his heart,
Ere he obtain'd her; and he sick became,
Forc'd to abstain her sight, and then the flame

Raged in his bosom. O what grief did fill him !
Sight made him sick, and want of sight did kill him.
The virgins wonder'd where Diætia staid,
For so did Hymen term himself a maid:
At length with sickly looks he greeted them:
'Tis strange to see 'gainst what an extreme stream
A lover strives; poor Hymen look'd so ill,
That as in merit he increased still,
By suffering much, so he in grace decreas'd.
Women are most won, when men merit least :
If Merit look not well, Love bids stand by;
Love's special lesson is to please the eye.
And Hymen soon recovering all he lost,
Deceiving * still these maids, but himself most.
His love and he with many virgin dames,
Noble by birth, noble by beauty's flames,
Leaving the town with songs and hallow'd lights,
To do great Ceres Eleusina rites
Of zealous sacrifice, were made a prey
To barbarous rovers that in ambush lay,
And with rude hand enforc'd their shining spoil,
Far from the darken'd city, tir'd with toil.
And when the yellow issue of the sky
Came trooping forth, jealous of cruelty

* deceived?

To their bright fellows of this under heaven,
Into a double night they saw them driven ;
A horrid cave, the thieves' black mansion,
Where, weary of the journey they had gone,
Their last night's watch, and drunk with their sweet
gains,

Dull Morpheus enter'd, laden with silken * chains
Stronger than iron, and bound the swelling veins
And tired senses of these lawless swains.
But when the virgin lights thus dimly burn'd ;
O what a hell was heaven in ! how they mourn'd
And wrung their hands, and wound their gentle forms
Into the shapes of sorrow ! golden storms
Fell from their eyes : as when the sun appears,
And yet it rains, so show'd their eyes their tears.
And as when funeral dames watch a dead corse,
Weeping about it, telling with remorse
What pains he felt, how long in pain he lay,
How little food he eat, what he would say ;
And then mix mournful tales of others' deaths,
Smothering themselves in clouds of their own breaths ;
At length, one cheering other, call for wine,—
The golden bowl drinks tears out of their eyene,

* *silk*, edit. 1637.

As they drink wine from it; and round it goes,
Each helping other to relieve their woes:
So cast these virgins' beauties mutual rays*,
One lights another, face the face displays;
Lips by reflection kiss'd, and hands hands shook,
E'en by the whiteness each of other took.

But Hymen now us'd friendly Morpheus' aid,
Slew every thief, and rescued every maid.
And now did his enamour'd passion take
Heart from his hearty deed, whose worth did make
His hope of bounteous Eucharis more strong;
And now came Love with Proteus, who had long
Juggled the little god with prayers and gifts,
Ran through all shapes, and varied all his shifts,
To win Love's stay with him, and make him love him;
And when he saw no strength of sleight could move
him

To make him love, or stay, he nimbly turn'd
Into Love's self, he so extremely burn'd.
And thus came Love with Proteus and his power,
T' encounter Eucharis: first like the flower,
That Juno's milk did spring—the silver lily,
He fell on Hymen's hand, who straight did spy

* So cast these virgins beauty's mortal rays. Edit. 1637.

The bounteous Godhead, and with wondrous joy
Offer'd it Eucharis. She wondrous coy
Drew back her hand: the subtle flower did woo it,
And drawing it near, mix'd so you could not know it.
As two clear tapers mix in one their light,
So did the lily and the hand their white:
She view'd it; and her view the form bestows
Amongst her spirits: for as colour flows
From superficies of each thing we see,
E'en so with colours forms emitted be:
And where Love's form is, Love is; Love is form;
He enter'd at the eye, his sacred storm
Rose from the hand, Love's sweetest instrument:
It stirr'd her blood's sea so, that high it went,
And beat in bashful waves 'gainst the white shore
Of her divided cheeks; it rag'd the more,
Because the tide went 'gainst the haughty wind
Of her estate and birth: and as we find,
In fainting ebbs, the flowery Zephyr hurls
The green hair'd Hellespont, broke in silver curls,
'Gainst Hero's tower: but in his blast's retreat,
The waves obeying him, they after beat,
Leaving the chalky shore a great way pale,
Then moist it freshly with another gale:

So ebb'd and flow'd in Eucharis's face,
Coyness and Love striv'd which had greatest grace :
Virginity did fight on Coyness' side,
Fear of her parents' frowns, and female pride
Loathing the lower place, more than it loves
The high contents desert and virtue moves.
With Love fought Hymen's beauty and his valure,
Which scarce could so much favour * yet allure
To come to strike, but fameless idle stood,
Action is fiery valour's sovereign good.
But Love once enter'd, wish'd no greater aid
Than he could find within; thought, thought betray'd;
The brib'd, but incorrupted garrison,
Sung *Io Hymen* ; there those songs begun,
And Love was grown so rich with such a gain,
And wanton with the ease of his free reign,
That he would turn into her roughest frowns
To turn them out ; and thus he Hymen crowns
King of his thoughts, man's greatest empery :
This was his first brave step to deity.\

Home to the mourning city they repair,
With news as wholesome as the morning air,

* *valure*, edit. 1637, which makes one of Chapman's favourite jeu de mots between *valure*, *worth*, and *valure*, *courage*.

To the sad parents of each saved maid :—
But Hymen and his Eucharis had laid
This plot, to make the flame of their delight
Round as the moon at full, and full as bright.

Because the parents of chaste Eucharis
Exceeding Hymen's so, might cross their bliss;
And as the world rewards deserts, that law
Cannot assist with force, so when they saw
Their daughter safe, take 'vantage of their own,
Praise Hymen's valour much, nothing bestown,
Hymen must leave the virgins in a grove
Far off from Athens, and go first to prove,
If to restore them all with fame and life,
He should enjoy his dearest as his wife.
This told to all the maids; the* most agree:
The riper sort knowing what 'tis to be
The first mouth of a news so far deriv'd,
And that to hear and bear news brave folks liv'd,
As being a carriage special hard to bear
Occurrents, these occurrents being so dear,
They did with grace protest, they were content
T' accost their friends with all their compliment,

* *they*, edit. 1637.

For Hymen's good : but to incur their harm,
 There he must pardon them. 'This wit went warm
 To Adolesche's * brain, a nymph born high,
 Made all of voice and fire, that upwards fly :
 Her heart and all her forces' nether train,
 Climb'd to her tongue, and thither fell her brain,
 Since it could go no higher : and it must go,
 All powers she had, even her tongue, did so.
 In spirit and quickness she much joy did take,
 And lov'd her tongue, only for quickness' sake,
 And she would haste and tell. The rest all stay,
 Hymen goes one † : the nymph another way :
 And what became of her I'll tell at last :—
 Yet take her visage now :—moist lipp'd, long fac'd,
 Thin like an iron wedge, so sharp and tart,
 As 'twere of purpose made to cleave Love's heart.
 Well were this lovely beauty rid of her,
 And Hymen did at Athens now prefer
 His welcome suit, which he with joy aspir'd :
 A hundred princely youths with him retir'd
 To fetch the nymphs : chariots and music went,
 And home they came : Heaven with applauses rent.
 The nuptials straight proceed, whilst all the town,
 Fresh in their joys, might do them most renown.

* ἀδολοσχης, *garrulus*.

† *on*, edit. 1606.

First gold-lock'd Hymen did to church repair,
Like a quick off'ring burn'd in flames of hair.
And after, with a virgin firmament,
The godhead-proving bride attended went
Before them all, she look'd in her command,
As if form-giving Cypria's silver hand
Gript all their beauties, and crush'd out one flame;
She blush'd to see how beauty overcame
The thoughts of all men. Next before her went
Five lovely children, deck'd with ornament
Of her sweet colours, bearing torches by,
For light was held a happy augury
Of generation, whose efficient right
Is nothing else but to produce to light.
The odd disparent number they did choose,
To show the union married loves should use,
Since in two equal parts it will not sever,
But the midst holds one to rejoin it ever,
As common to both parts: men therefore deem,
That equal number gods do not esteem,
Being authors of sweet peace and unity,
But pleasing to th' infernal empery,
Under whose ensigns Wars and Discords fight,
Since an even number you may disunite

In two parts equal, nought in middle left,
To reunite each part from other reft:
And five they hold in most especial prize*,
Since 'tis the first odd number that doth rise
From the two foremost numbers' unity,
That odd and even are; which are two and three,
For one no number is: but thence doth flow
The powerful race of number. Next did go
A noble matron, that did spinning bear
A housewife's rock and spindle, and did wear
A wether's skin, with all the snowy fleece,
To intimate that e'en the daintiest piece,
And noblest born dame should industrious be;
That which does good disgraceth no degree.

And now to Juno's temple they are come,
Where her grave priest stood in the marriage room:
On his right arm did hang a scarlet veil,
And from his shoulders to the ground did trail,
On either side, ribbands of white and blue;
With the red veil he hid the bashful hue
Of the chaste bride, to show the modest shame,
In coupling with a man, should grace a dame.

* i. e. value.

Then took he the disparent silks, and tied
The lovers by the waists, and side to side,
In token that thereafter they must bind
In one self sacred knot each other mind.
Before them on an altar he presented
Both fire and water, which was first invented,
Since to ingenerate every human creature,
And every other birth produc'd by nature,
Moisture and heat must mix: so man and wife
For human race must join in nuptial life.
Then one of Juno's birds, the painted jay,
He sacrific'd, and took the gall away;
All which he did behind the altar throw,
In sign no bitterness of hate should grow,
'Twixt married loves, nor any least disdain.
Nothing they spake, for 'twas esteemed too plain
For the most silken mildness of a maid,
To let a public audience hear it said
She boldly took the man: and so respected
Was bashfulness in Athens: it erected
To chaste Agneia*, which is shamefacedness,
A sacred temple, holding her a goddess.—
And now to feasts, masks, and triumphant shows,
The shining troops return'd, e'en till earth's throes

* ἀγνεία, pudicitia.

Brought forth with joy the thickest part of night,
When the sweet nuptial song that us'd to cite
All to their rest, was by Phemonöe * sung:
First Delphian prophetess, whose graces sprung
Out of the Muses:—well she sung before
The bride into her chamber, at which door
A matron and a torch-bearer did stand:
A painted box of comfits in her hand
The matron held, and so did other some
That compass'd round the honour'd nuptial room.
The custom was that every maid did wear,
During her maidenhead, a silken sphere
About her waist, above her inmost weed,
Knit with Minerva's knot, and that was freed
By the fair bridegroom on the marriage night,
With many ceremonies of delight:
And yet eternis'd Hymen's tender bride,
To suffer it dissolv'd, so sweetly cry'd.
The maids that heard, so lov'd and did adore her,
They wish'd with all their hearts to suffer for her.
So had the matrons, that with comfits stood
About the chamber, such affectionate blood,

* Vid. Pausan. l. x. c. 6.

And so true feeling of her harmless pains,
That every one a shower of comfits rains.
For which the bride-youths scrambling* on the ground,
In noise of that sweet hail her† cries were drown'd.
And thus bless'd Hymen joy'd his gracious bride,
And for his joy was after deified.
The saffron mirror by which Phoebus' love,
Green Tellus, decks her, now he held above
The cloudy mountains: and the noble maid,
Sharp-visag'd Adolesche, that was stray'd
Out of her way, in hasting with her news,
Not till this hour th' Athenian turrets views;
And now brought home by guides, she heard by all,
That her long kept occurrents would be stale,
And how fair Hymen's honours did excel
Far those rare news, which she came short to tell.
'To hear her dear tongue robb'd of such a joy,
Made the well-spoken nymph take such a toy‡,
That down she sunk: when lightning from above,
Shrunk her lean body, and for mere free love,
Turn'd her into the pied-plum'd Psittacus,
That now the parrot is surnam'd by us,

* *scrabbling*, edit. 1637.† *their*, edit. 1606.

‡ i. e. sudden strange humour, or fancy.

Who still with counterfeit confusion prates
 Nought but news common to the common'st mates.—
 This told, strange Teras touch'd her lute, and sung
 This ditty, that the torchy evening sprung.

EPITHALAMION TERATOS.

Come, come, dear Night! Love's mart of kisses!

Sweet close of his * ambitious line,
 The fruitful summer of his blisses,
 Love's glory doth in darkness shine.
 O come, soft rest of cares! come, Night!

Come, naked virtue's only tire,
 The reaped† harvest of the light,
 Bound up in sheaves of sacred fire.

Love calls to war,—

Sighs his alarms,

Lips his swords are,

The field his arms.

Come, Night, and lay thy velvet hand
 On glorious Day's outfacing face;
 And all thy crowned flames command,
 For torches to our nuptial grace.

* *this*, edit. 1637.

† *That reapest*, edit. 1637.

Love calls to war,—
Sighs his alarms,
Lips his swords are,
The field his arms.

No need have we of factious Day,
To cast, in envy of thy peace,
Her balls of discord in thy way:
Here Beauty's day doth never cease,
Day is abstracted here,
And varied in a triple sphere.
Hero, Alcmane, Mya, so outshine thee,
Ere thou come here let Thetis thrice refine thee.

Love calls to war,—
Sighs his alarms,
Lips his swords are,
The field his arms.

The evening star I see;
Rise, youths! the evening star
Helps Love to summon war,
Both now embracing be.

F 3

Rise, youths! Love's right claims more than banquets;
rise!

Now the bright marygolds, that deck the skies,
Phoebus' celestial flowers, that, contrary
To his flowers here, ope when he shuts his eye,
And shuts when he doth open, crown your sports:
Now love in night, and night in love exhorts
Courtship and dances: all your parts employ,
And suit Night's rich expansure with your joy;
Love paints his longings in sweet virgins' eyes:
Rise, youths! Love's right claims more than banquets;
rise!

Rise, virgins! let fair nuptial loves infold
Your fruitless breasts: the maidenheads ye hold
Are not your own alone, but parted are;
Part in disposing them your parents share,
And that a third part is: so must you save
Your loves a third, and you your thirds must have.
Love paints his longings in sweet virgins' eyes:
Rise, youths! Love's right claims more than banquets;
rise!

Herewith the amorous spirit, that was so kind
To Teras' hair, and comb'd it down with wind,

Still as it, comet-like, brake from her brain,
Would needs have Teras gone, and did refrain
To blow it down: which staring up, dismay'd
The timorous feast, and she no longer staid;
But bowing to the bridegroom and the bride,
Did like a shooting exhalation glide
Out of their sights: the turning of her back
Made them all shriek, it look'd so ghastly black.
O hapless Hero! that most hapless cloud
Thy soon succeeding tragedy foreshow'd.—
Thus all the nuptial crew to joys depart,
But much wrung * Hero stood Hell's blackest dart:
Whose wound because I grieve so to display,
I use digressions thus to' increase the day.

* *much-roug*, edit. 1606, *much-wrong'd*, edit. 1637-

THE END OF THE FIFTH SESTYAD.

HERO AND LEANDER.

SIXTH SESTYAD.

The Argument of the Sixth Festiad.

*Leucote flies to all the winds,
And from the Fates their outrage blinds,
That Hero and her love may meet.
Leander, with Love's complete fleet
Mann'd in himself, puts forth to seas,
When straight the ruthless Destinies,
With Atē*, stir the winds to war
Upon the Hellespont: their jar
Drowns poor Leander. Hero's eyes,
Wet witnesses of his surprise,
Her torch blown out: grief casts her down
Upon her love, and both doth drown.
In whose just ruth the God of Seas
Transforms them to th' Acanthides.*

* With *art* do stir, &c. edit. 1637.

HERO AND LEANDER.

THE SIXTH SESTYAD.

No longer could the Day nor Destinies
Delay the Night, who now did frowning rise
Into her throne; and at her humorous breasts,
Visions and Dreams lay sucking: all men's rests
Fell like the mists of death upon their eyes,
Day's too long darts so kill'd their faculties.
The winds yet, like the flowers, to cease began;
For bright Leucote, Venus' whitest swan,
That held sweet Hero dear, spread her fair wings,
Like to a field of snow, and message brings
From Venus to the Fates, t' entreat them lay
Their charge upon the winds their rage to stay,
That the stern battle of the seas might cease,
And guard Leander to his love in peace.

The Fates consent, (aye me! dissembling Fates)
They show'd their favours to conceal their hates,
And draw Leander on, lest seas too high
Should stay his too obsequious destiny:
Who like a fleering* slavish parasite,
In warping profit or a traitorous sleight,
Hoops round his rotten body with devotes,
And pricks his descant face full of false notes;
Praising with open throat, and oaths as foul
As his false heart, the beauty of an owl;
Kissing his skipping hand with charmed skips,
That cannot leave, but leaps upon his lips
Like a cock-sparrow, or a shameless quean
Sharp at a red lipp'd youth, and nought doth mean
Of all his antic shows, but doth repair
More tender fawns, and takes a scatter'd hair
From his tame subject's shoulder; whips and calls
For every thing he lacks; creeps 'gainst the walls
With backward humblesse, to give needless way:
Thus his false fate did with Leander play.

First to black Eurus flies the white Leucote,
(Born 'mongst the negroes in the Levant sea,

* *fleeting*, edit. 1637.

On whose curl'd head the glowing sun doth rise)
And shows the sovereign will of Destinies,
To have him cease his blasts,—and down he lies.
Next, to the fenny Notus course she holds,
And found him leaning with his arms in folds
Upon a rock, his white hair full of showers,
And him she chargeth by the fatal powers,
To hold in his wet cheeks his cloudy voice.
To Zephyr then that doth in flowers rejoice:
To snake-foot Boreas next she did remove,
And found him tossing of his ravish'd love,
To heat his frosty bosom hid in snow;
Who with Leucote's sight did cease to blow.—
Thus all were still to Hero's heart's desire,
Who with all speed did consecrate a fire
Of flaming gums, and comfortable spice,
To light her torch, which in such curious price
She held, being object to Leander's sight,
That nought but fires perfum'd must give it light.
She lov'd it so, she griev'd to see it burn,
Since it would waste and soon to ashes turn:
Yet if it burn'd not, 'twere not worth her eyes,
What made it nothing, gave it all the prize.
Sweet torch! true glass of our society;
What man does good, but he consumes thereby?

But thou wert lov'd for good, held high, given show :
Poor virtue loath'd for good, obscur'd, held low.
Do good be pined, be deedless good, disgrac'd :
Unless we feed on men, we let them fast.
Yet Hero with these thoughts her torch did spend ;
When bees make wax, Nature doth not intend
It shall * be made a torch ; but we that know
The proper virtue of it, make it so,
And when 'tis made, we light it : nor did Nature
Propose one life to maids, but each such creature
Makes by her soul the best of her true state,
Which without love is rude, disconsolate,
And wants Love's fire to make it mild and bright,
Till when, maids are but torches wanting light.
Thus 'gainst our grief, not cause of grief we fight ;
The right of nought is glean'd, but the delight.
Up went she, but to tell how she descended,
Would God she were not dead, or my verse ended.
She was the rule of wishes, sum and end,
For all the parts that did on love depend :
Yet cast the torch his brightness further forth ;
But what shines nearest best, holds truest worth.
Leander did not through such tempests swim
To kiss the torch, although it lighted him :

* *should*, edit. 1637.

But all his powers in her desires awaked,
Her love and virtues cloth'd him richly naked.
Men kiss but fire that only shows pursue,—
Her torch and Hero, figure show and virtue.

Now at opposed Abydos nought was heard
But bleating flocks, and many a bellowing herd,
Slain for the nuptials; cracks of falling woods;
Blows of broad axes; pourings out of floods.
The guilty Hellespont was mix'd and stain'd
With bloody torrent, that the shambles rain'd;
Not arguments of feast, but shows that bled,
Foretelling that red night that followed.
More blood was spilt, more honours were address'd,
Than could have graced any happy feast;
Rich banquets, triumphs, every pomp employs
His sumptuous hand: no miser's nuptial joys.
Air felt continual thunder with the noise
Made in the general marriage violence:
And no man knew the cause of this expense,
But the two hapless lords, Leander's sire,
And poor Leander, poorest where the fire
Of credulous love made him most rich surmis'd:
As short was he of that himself so priz'd,

As is an empty gallant full of form,
That thinks each look an act, each drop a storm,
That falls from his brave breathings; most brought up
In our metropolis, and hath his cup
Brought after him to feasts; and much palm bears,
For his rare judgment in th' attire he wears :
Hath seen the hot Low-Countries, not their heat,
Observes their rampires and their buildings yet;
And, for your sweet discourse with mouths, is heard
Giving instructions with his very beard :
Hath gone with an ambassador, and been
A great man's mate in travelling, even to Rhene,
And then puts all his worth in such a face,
As he saw brave men make, and strives for grace
To get his news forth; as when you descry
A ship, with all her sail contends to fly
Out of the narrow Thames with winds unapt,
Now crosseth here, then there, then this way rapt,
And then hath one point reach'd; then alters all,
And to another crooked reach doth fall
Of half a birdbolt's shoot; keeping more coil
Than if she danc'd upon the Ocean's toil :
So serious is his trifling company,
In all his swelling ship of vacantry.

And so short of himself in his high thought,
Was our Leander in his fortunes brought,
And in his sort of love that he thought won,
But otherwise, he scorns comparison.

O sweet Leander! Thy large worth I hide
In a short grave; ill favour'd storms must chide
Thy sacred favour; I, in floods of ink
Must drown thy graces, which white papers drink,
E'en as thy beauties did the foul black seas.
I must describe the hell of thy decease*,
That heaven did merit: yet I needs must see
Our painted fools and cockhorse peasantry
Still, still usurp, with long lives, loves, and lust,
The seats of virtue; cutting short as dust
Her dear bought issue; ill, to worse converts,
And tramples in the blood of all deserts.

Night close and silent now goes fast before
The captains and the soldiers to the shore,
On whom attended the appointed fleet
At Sestos' bay, that should Leander meet,
Who feign'd he in another ship would pass:
Which must not be, for no one mean there was

* *disease*, edit. 1606, and 1637.

To get his love home, but the course he took.
Forth did his beauty for his beauty look,
And saw her through her torch, as you behold
Sometimes within the sun a face of gold,
Form'd in strong thoughts, by that tradition's force,
'That says a god sits there and guides his course.
His sister was with him, to whom he shew'd
His guide by sea: and said, "Oft have you view'd
In one heaven many stars, but never yet
In one star many heavens till now were met.
See, lovely sister! see, now Hero shines,
No heaven but her * appears: each star repines,
And all are clad in clouds, as if they mourn'd,
To be by influence of earth out-burn'd.
Yet doth she shine, and teacheth virtue's train,
Still to be constant in hell's blackest reign:
Though even the gods themselves do so entreat them
As they did hate, and earth, as she would eat them."

Off went his silken robe, and in he leap'd,
Whom the kind waves so licorously cleap'd,
Thick'ning for haste, one in another so,
To kiss his skin, that he might almost go

* *her's*, edit. 1637.

To Hero's tower, had that kind minute lasted.
But now the cruel Fates with Até hasted
To all the winds, and made them battle fight
Upon the Hellespont, for either's right
Pretended to the windy monarchy.
And forth they brake, the seas mix'd with the sky,
And toss'd distress'd Leander, being in hell,
As high as heaven: *bliss not in height doth dwell.*
The Destinies sate dancing on the waves,
To see the glorious winds with mutual braves
Consume each other. O true glass, to see
How ruinous ambitious statists be
To their own glories! Poor Leander cried
For help to sea-born Venus; she denied,—
To Boreas, that for his Attheia's* sake,
He would some pity on his Hero take,
And for his own love's sake, on his desires:
But Glory never blows cold Pity's fires.
Then call'd he Neptune, who through all the noise,
Knew with affright his wrack'd Leander's voice,
And up he rose; for haste his forehead hit
'Gainst Heaven's hard crystal; his proud waves he
smit

* *Orithyia*, the fair Athenian princess; *Attheia* being formed by Chapman from 'Αρσις, *Attica*.

With his fork'd sceptre, that could not obey ;
Much greater powers than Neptune's gave them
 sway.

They lov'd Leander so, in groans they brake
When they came near him ; and such space did take -
'Twixt one another, loath to issue on,
That in their shallow furrows earth was shown,
And the poor lover took a little breath :
But the curs'd Fates sat spinning of his death
On every wave, and with the servile winds
Tumbled them on him. And now Hero finds,
By that she felt, her dear Leander's state,
She wept and pray'd for him to every Fate ;
And every wind that whipp'd her with her hair
About the face, she kiss'd and spake it fair,
Kneel'd to it, gave it drink out of her eyes
To quench his thirst : but still their cruelties
E'en her poor torch envied, and rudely beat
The 'bating flame from that dear food it eat :
Dear, for it nourish'd her Leander's life,
Which, with her robe she rescued from their strife :
But silk too soft was, such hard hearts to break ;
And she, dear soul, e'en as her silk, faint, weak,
Could not preserve it : out, O out it went.
Leander still call'd Neptune, that now rent

His brackish curls, and tore his wrinkled face,
Where tears in billows did each other chase,
And burst with ruth ;—he hurl'd his marble mace
At the stern Fates ; it wounded Lachesis
That drew Leander's thread, and could not miss
The thread itself, as it her hand did hit,
But smote it full, and quite did sunder it.
The more kind Neptune rag'd, the more he rased
His love's life's fort, and kill'd as he embraced.
*Anger doth still his own mishap increase ;
If any comfort live, it is in peace.*
O thievish Fates, to let blood, flesh, and sense,
Build two fair temples for their excellence,
To rob it with a poison'd influence.
Though souls' gifts starve, the bodies are held dear
In ugliest things ; sence-sport preserves a bear,
But here nought serves our turns : O Heaven and earth,
How most most wretched is our human birth !—
And now did all the tyrannous crew depart,
Knowing there was a storm in Hero's heart,
Greater than they could make, and scorn'd their
smart.
She bow'd herself so low out of her tower,
That wonder 'twas she fell not ere her hour,

With searching the lamenting waves for him;
Like a poor snail, her gentle supple limb
Hung on her turret's top, so most downright,
As she would dive beneath the darkness quite,
To find her jewel:—jewel!—her Leander,
A name of all earth's jewels pleas'd not her
Like his dear name; "Leander, still my choice,
Come nought but my Leander: O, my voice,
Turn to Leander! Henceforth be all sounds,
Accents, and phrases, that show all griefs' wounds,
Analiz'd in Leander. O black change!
Trumpets, do you with thunder of your *clange*,
Drive out this change's horror—my voice faints:
Where all joy was, now shriek out all complaints."
Thus cried she; for her mix'd soul could tell
Her love was dead: and when the morning fell
Prostrate upon the weeping earth for woe,
Blushes, that bled out of her cheeks, did show,
Leander brought by Neptune, bruis'd and torn,
With cities' ruins he to rocks had worn;
To filthy usuring rocks, that would have blood,
Though they could get of him no other good.
She saw him, and the sight was much, much more
Than might have serv'd to kill her; should her store
Of giant sorrows speak?—Burst,—die,—bleed,
And leave poor complaints to us that shall succeed.

She fell on her Love's bosom, hugg'd it fast,
And with Leander's name she breath'd her last!

Neptune for pity in his arms did take them,
Flung them into the air, and did awake them
Like two sweet birds, surnam'd th' Acanthides*,
Which we call Thistle-warps, that near no seas
Dare ever come, but still in couples fly,
And feed on thistle tops, to testify
The hardness of their first life in their last;
The first, in thorns of love, that sorrows past:
And so most beautiful their colours show,
As none (so little) like them; her sad brow
A sable velvet feather covers quite,
E'en like the forehead cloth† that in the night,
Or when they sorrow, ladies us'd to wear:
Their wings, blue, red, and yellow, mix'd appear;
Colours, that as we construe colours, paint
Their states to life;—the yellow shows their saint,
The dainty Venus, left them; blue, their truth;
The red and black, ensigns of death and ruth.

* "—— resonant et *acanthida*, dumi." Virg. G. iii. v. 338. The *Goldfinch* was formerly, as in the present instance, supposed to be the *acanthis* of the ancients, but Pennant gives that appellation to the Linnet; and Dryden translates the line quoted, "When *linnets* fill the woods with tuneful sound."

† The forehead cloth was a bandage used to prevent wrinkles.

And this true honour from their love-death sprung,
THEY WERE THE FIRST THAT EVER POET SUNG *.

* Chapman alludes to the "Hero and Leander" of Musæus the grammarian, which he here, as well as in the title to his rare translation of that poem (12mo. 1616), ascribes to the traditionary Musæus, the son of Linus. The mistake however is not to be regretted, since it produced the above most poetical close to this sweet song.

FINIS.

POSTSCRIPT.

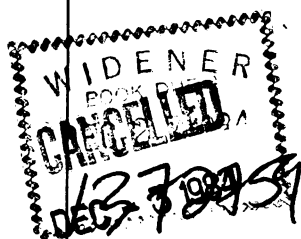
THE Editor cannot take leave of the kind, novelty-contemning reader, who has, in spite of rough and wild ways, accompanied his honoured charges and himself thus far, without a remark on the extreme and reprehensible carelessness of Mr. Malone and others, in describing this original poem as a mere *translation* of Musæus†!

Had these accurate gentlemen ventured a step out of the bibliographer's strong hold, (the title page and colophon) and cast a glance on any one argument of the various "Sestiyads," they might have felt some compunction in their *papery* hearts for the slight put on the illustrious manes of

C. MARLOWE AND G. CHAPMAN.

† See divers "illustrations and obscurities" in that agglomeration of small wit, and overgrown pedantry, Reed's Shakspeare, *twenty-one volumes*, 8vo.!

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