

Then sudden, by a flash, his careless will  
And wandering faculties are seized and fixed  
By some sweet face, where Love and Sorrow strive  
Which of the two shall sanctify it most;  
Or by some ruder lineament of man,  
With power, and purpose, and relentless Fate,  
Seamed in each shaggy furrow of the brow.  
Then is he conquered—spell-bound—held in thrall—  
Until he throbs with inward sympathy,  
And knows them human, as he knows himself,  
By the fine fascination that he feels :—  
They challenge him to pass them, if he dare,  
And look upon him with mute, eloquent eyes,  
That seem to say, "Come, read our mystery!"  
Their glances follow him where'er he goes;  
And so he stands, spell-bound, to give them back  
Keen inquisition, and a stare for stare.  
He reads whole histories in their painted orbs,