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POETICAL WORKS

of

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.
VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

Pleasant it was, when woods were green,
And winds were soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs between,
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen
Alternate come and go;

Or where the denser grove receives
No sunlight from above,
But the dark foliage interweaves
In one unbroken roof of leaves,
Underneath whose sloping eaves
The shadows hardly move.

Beneath some patriarchal tree
I lay upon the ground;
His hoary arms uplifted he,
And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee,
With one continuous sound;

A slumberous sound, a sound that brings
The feelings of a dream,
As of innumerable wings,
As, when a bell no longer swings,
Paint the hollow murmur rings
O'er meadow, lake, and stream.
HYMN TO THE NIGHT.—A PSALM OF LIFE.

And dreams of that which cannot die,
Bright visions, came to me,
As lapped in thought I used to lie,
And gazed into the summer sky.
Where the sailing clouds went by,
Like ships upon the sea;

Dreams that the soul of youth engage
Ere fancy has been quelled;
Old legends of the monkish page,
Traditions of the saint and sage,
Tales that have the ring of age,
And chronicles of Eld.

And, loving still these quaint old themes,
Even in the city's throng
I feel the freshness of the streams,
That, crossed by shades and sunny gleams,
Water the green land of dreams,
The holy land of song.

Therefore, at Pentecost, which brings
The Spring, clothed like a bride,
When nesting hinds unfold their wings,
And bishop's-caps have golden rings,
Musings upon many things,
I sought the woodlands wide.

The green trees whispered low and mild;
It was a sound of joy!
They were my playmates when a child,
And rocked me in their arms so wild!
Still they looked at me and smiled,
As if I were a boy;

And ever whispered, mild and low,
"Come, be a child once more!"
And waved their long arms to and fro,
And beckoned solemnly and slow;
O, I could not choose but go
Into the woodlands hoar,—

Into the blithe and breathing air,
Into the solemn wood,
Solemn and silent everywhere!
Nature with folded hands seemed there,
Kneeling at her evening prayer!
Like one in prayer I stood.

Before me rose an avenue
Of tall and sombre pines;
A broad their fan-like branches grew,
And, where the sunshine darted through,
Spread a vapor soft and blue,
In long and sloping lines.

And, falling on my weary brain,
Like a fast-falling shower,
The dreams of youth came back again,
Low lispings of the summer rain,
Dropping on the ripened grain,
As once upon the flower.

Visions of childhood! Stay, O stay!
Ye were so sweet and wild!
And distant voices seemed to say,
"It cannot be! They pass away!
Other themes demand thy lay;
Thou art no more a child!"

"The land of Song within thee lies,
Watered by living springs;
The lids of Fancy's sleepless eyes
Are gates unto that Paradise,
Holy thoughts, like stars, arise,
Its clouds are angels' wings.

"Learn, that henceforth thy song shall be,
Not mountains capped with snow,
Nor forests sounding like the sea,
Nor rivers flowing ceaselessly,
Where the woodlands bend to see
The bending heavens below.

"There is a forest where the din
Of iron branches sounds!
A mighty river roars between,
And whosoever seeks therein
Sees the heavens all black with sin,
Sees not its depths, nor bounds.

"Aterwart the swinging branches cast,
Soft rays of sunshine pour;
Then comes the fearful wintry blast;
Our hopes, like withered leaves, fall fast;
Pullid lips say, 'It is past!'
We can return no more!"

"Look, then, into thine heart, and write!
Yes, into Life's deep stream!
All forms of sorrow and delight,
All solemn Voices of the Night,
That can soothe thee, or affright,—
Be these henceforth thy theme."

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

As you go, I'll say,
I heard the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,—
From those deep cisterns flows.

O, holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
The best-beloved Night!"

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.
THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;
"Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
The Reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child."

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care;
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
"Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

The night is come, but not too soon;
And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven
But the cold light of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?
The star of love and dreams?
O no! from that blue tent above,
A hero's armor gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,
When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies,
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain;
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light
But the cold light of stars;
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whoso'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

O fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know o'relong,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

When the hours of Day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more.

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.
With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me,
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit’s voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died.

Speake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth’s firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
As astrologers and seers of eld;
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
Like the burning stars, which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Written all over this great world of ours;
Making evident our own creation,
In these stars of earth, these golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the selfsame, universal being,
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,
Buds that open only to decay;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,
Flaunting gayly in the golden light;
Large desires, with most uncertain issues
Tender wishes, blossoming at night!

These in flowers and men are more than seeming;
Workings are they of the self-same powers,
Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,
Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing,
Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born;
Others, their blue eyes with tears overflowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn;

Not alone in Spring’s armorial bearing,
And in Summer’s green-emblazoned field,
But in arms of brave old Autumn’s wearing,
In the centre of his brazen shield;

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
On the mountain-top, and by the brink
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
Where the slaves of nature stoop to drink;
THE BELEAGUERED CITY.—MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar
The spectral camp is fled;
Faith shineth as a morning star,
Our ghastly fears are dead.

MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

Yes, the Year is growing old,
And his eye is pale and blanched!
Death, with frosty hand and cold,
Plucks the old man by the beard,
Sorely, sorely!

The leaves are falling, falling,
Solemnly and slow;
Caw! caw! the rooks are calling,
It is a sound of woe,
A sound of woe!

Through woods and mountain passes
The winds, like anthems, roll;
They are champing solemn masses,
Singing, "Pray for this poor soul,
Pray, pray!"

And the hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain,
And patter their doleful prayers;
But their prayers are all in vain,
All in vain!

There he stands in the foul weather,
The foolish, fond Old Year,
Crowned with wild flowers and with heather,
Like weak, despised Lear,
A king, a king!

Then comes the summer-like day,
"Bids the old man rejoice!"
His joy! his last! O, the old man gray
Loveth that ever-soft voice,
Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith,
To the voice gentle and low,
Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath,
"Pray do not mock me so!"
Do not laugh at me!"

And now the sweet day is dead;
Cold in his arms it lies;
No stain from its breath is spread
Over the glasy skies,
No mist or stain!

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,
And the forests utter a moan,
Like the voice of one who crieth
In the wilderness alone,
"Vex not his ghost!"

Then comes, with an awful roar,
 Gathering and sounding on,
The storm-wind from Labrador,
The wind Euroclydon,
The storm-wind!

Howl! howl! and from the forest
Sweep the red leaves away!
Would, the sins that thou abhorrest,
O Soul! could thus decay,
And be swept away!

For there shall come a mightier blast,
There shall be a darker day;
And the stars, from heaven down-cast
Like red leaves be swept away!
Kyrie, eleison!
Christe, eleison!

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
Not on graves of bird and beast alone,
But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,
On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

And with child-like, credulous affection
We behold their tender buds expand;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

I have read, in some old, marvellous tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of spectres pale
Belonged the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldan's rushing stream,
With the van moon overhead,
There stood, as in an awful dream,
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
The spectral camp was seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,
No drum, nor sentry's pace;
The mist-like banners clasp'd the air,
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But when the old cathedral bell
Proclaimed the morning prayer,
The white pavilions rose and fell
On the alarmed air.

Down the broad valley fast and far
The troubled army fled;
Up rose the glorious morning star,
The glistening host was dead.

I have read, in the marvellous heart of man,
That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms vast and wan
Belonged the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,
In Fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground
The spectral camp is seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice nor sound is there,
In the army of the grave;
No other challenge breaks the air,
But the rushing of Life's wave.

And when the solemn and deep church-bell
Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
The shadows sweep away.

15
EARLIER POEMS

[These poems were written for the most part during my college life, and all of them before the age of nineteen. Some have found their way into schools, and seem to be successful. Others lead a vagabond and precarious exist-
ence in the corners of newspapers; or have changed their names and run away to seek their fortune beyond the
sea. I say, with the Bishop of Avranches on a similar occasion: "I cannot be displeased to see these children of
mine, which I have neglected, and almost exposed, brought from their wanderings in lanes and alleys, and safely
lodged, in order to go forth into the world together in a more decorous garb."

AN APRIL DAY.

When the warm sun, that brings
Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,
When forest glades are teeming with bright
forms,
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell
The coming-on of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives;
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

The softly-warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and colored wings
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills
And widest up the glades.

And when the eve is born,
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching far,
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,
And twinkle many a star.

Inverted in the tide
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows throw,
And the fair trees look over, side by side,
And see themselves below.

Sweet April! many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.

WOODS IN WINTER.

When winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill,
That overbows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sang out their mellow lay,
And winds were soft, and woods were green,
And the song ceased not with the day!

But still wild music is abroad,
Pale, desert woods! within your crowd;
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear
Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year,
I listen, and it cheers me long.

AUTUMN.

With what a glory comes and goes the year!
The buds of spring, those beautiful harbinger
Of sunny skies and cloudless times, enjoy
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out;
And when the silver habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with
A sober gladness the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.
Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,
And silver beach, and maple yellow-leaved,
Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
By the village a-weather. Through the trees
The golden robin moves. The purple finch,
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,
A winter bird, comes with its plaintive whistle,
And pecks by the witch-hazel, whilst alond
From cottage roofs the warbling bluebird sings,
And,merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,
SOUNDS from the threshing floor the busy flail.

O what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent!
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,
Shall have in a voice, and give him elegant teach-
ing.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear.
HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS OF
BETHLEHEM.

AT THE CONSECRATION OF PULASKI'S BANNER.

WHEN the dying flame of day
Through the chancel shot its ray,
Far the glimmering tapers shed
Faint light on the cowled head;
And the censer burning swung,
Where, before the altar, hung
The crimson banner, that with prayer
Had been consecrated there.
And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard the while,
Sung low, in the dim, mysterious aisle.

"Take thy banner! May it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave;
When the battle's distant wall
Breaks the sabbath of our vale,
When the clarion's music thrills
To the hearts of these lone hills,
When the spear in conflict shakes,
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

"Take thy banner! and, beneath
The battle-cloud's encircling wreath,
Guard it, till our homes are free!
Guard it! God will prosper thee!
In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and men,
His right hand will shield thee then.

"Take thy banner! But when night
Closes round the ghastly light,
If the vanquished warrior bow,
Spare him! By our holy vow,
By our prayers and many tears,
By the mercy that endears,
Spare him! be our love hath shared!
Spare him! as thou wouldst be spared!

"Take thy banner! and if o'er
Thou shouldst press the soldier's brow,
And the muffled drum should beat
To the tread of mournful feet,
Then this crimson flag should bear
Martial cloak and shroud for thee."

The warrior took that banner proud,
And it was his martial cloak and shroud!

SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.

I STOOD upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,
And woods were brightened, and soft gales
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.
The clouds were far beneath me; bathed in light,
They gathered mid-way round the wooded height,
And, in their fading glory, shone
Like hosts in battle overthrown,
As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance,
Through the gray mist thrust up its shattered lance,
And rocking on the cliff was left
The dark pine blasted, bare, and cleft.
The veil of cloud was lifted, and below
Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow
Was darkened by the forest's shade,
Or lightened in the white cascade;
Where upward, in the mellow blush of day,
The noisy billow wheeled his spiral way.

I heard the distant waters dash,
I saw the current whirl and flash,
And richly, by the blue lake's silver beach,
The woods were bending with a silent reach.
Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell,
The music of the village bell
THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

There is a quiet spirit in these woods,
That dwells where'er the gentle south-wind blows;
Where, underneath the white-thorn, in the glade,
The wild flowers bloom, or, kissing the soft air,
The leaves above their sunny palms outspread.
With what a tender and impassioned voice
It fills the nice and delicate ear of thought,
When the fast ushering star of morning comes
O'er-riding the gray hills with golden ears;
Or when the cowled and dusky-sandaled Eve,
In mourning weeds, from out the western gate,
Departs with silent pace! That spirit moves
In the green valley, where the silver brook,
From its full laver, pours the white cascade;
And, babbling low amid the tangled woods,
Slips down through moss-grown stones with endless laughter.
And frequent, on the everlasting hills,
Its feet go forth, when it doth wrap itself
In all the dark embroidery of the storm,
And shouts the stern, strong wind. And here,
Amid the silent majesty of these deep woods,
Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts from earth,
As to the sunshine and the pure, bright air.
Their tops the green tree lift. Hence gifted bards
Have ever loved the calm and quiet shades.
For them there was an eloquent voice in all
The sylvan pomp of woods, the golden sun,
The flowers, the leaves, the river in its way,
Blue skies, and silver clouds, and gentle winds,
The swelling upland, where the sidelong sun
Aslant the wooded slope, at evening goes,
Groves, through whose broken roof the sky looks in,
Mountains, and shattered cliff, and sunny vale,
The distant lake, fountains, and mighty trees,
In many a lazy syllable, repeating
Their old poetic legends to the wind.
And this is the sweet spirit, that doth fill
The world; and, in these wayward days of youth,
My busy fancy oft embodies it,
As a bright image of the light and beauty
That dwell in nature; of the heavenly forms
We worship in our dreams, and the soft hues
That stain the wild bird's wing, and flush the clouds
When the sun sets.
Within her tender eye
The heaven of April, with its changing light,
And when it wears the blue of May, is hung,
And on her lip the rich, red rose. Her hair

Is like the summer tresses of the trees,
When twilight makes them brown, and on her cheek
Blushes the richness of an autumn sky,
With ever-shifting beauty. Then her breath,
It is so like the gentle air of Spring,
As, from the morning's dewy flowers, it comes
Full of their fragrance, that it is a joy
To have it round us, and her silver voice
Is the rich music of a summer bird,
Heard in the still night, with its passionate cadence.

BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK.

On sunny slope and beechen swell,
The shadowed light of evening fell;
And, where the maple's leaf was brown,
With soft and silent lapse came down,
The glory, that the wood receives,
At sunset, in its golden leaves.

Far upward in the mellow light
Rose the blue hills. One cloud of white,
Around a far uplifted cone,
In the warm blush of evening shone;
An image of the silver lakes,
By which the Indian's soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard
Where the soft breath of evening stirred
The tall, gray forest; and a band
Of stern in heart, and strong in hand,
Came winding down beside the wave,
To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sang, that by his native bowers
He stood, in the last moon of flowers,
And thirty snows had not yet shed
Their glory on the warrior's head;
But, as the summer fruit decays,
So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin
Covered the warrior, and within
Its heavy folds the weapons, made
For the hard toils of war, were laid;
The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds,
And the broad belt of shells and beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train
Chanted the death dirge of the slain;
Behind, the long procession came
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,
With heavy hearts, and eyes of grief,
Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stripped of his proud and martial dress,
Uncurled, unrined, and riderless,
With darting eye, and nostril spread,
And heavy and impatient tread,
He came; and oft that eye so proud
Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief; they freed
Beside the grave his battle steed;
And swift an arrow cleaved its way
To his stern heart! One piercing neigh
Arose, and, on the dead man's plain,
The rider grasps his steed again.
COPLAS DE MANRIQUE

FROM THE SPANISH.

O let the soul her slumbers break, 
Let thought be quickened, and awake; 
Awake to see 
How soon this life is past and gone, 
And death comes softly stealing on, 
How silently!

Swiftly our pleasures glide away, 
Our hearts recall the distant day 
With many sighs: 
The moments that are speeding fast 
We heed not, but the past—the past, 
More highly prize.

Onward its course the present keeps, 
Onward the constant current sweeps, 
Till life is done; 
And, did we judge of time aright, 
The past and future in their flight 
Would be as one.

Let no one fondly dream again, 
That Hope in all her shadowy train 
Will not decay; 
Fleeting as were the dreams of old, 
Remembered like a tale that's told, 
They pass away.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free 
To that unfathom'd, boundless sea, 
The silent grave! 
Thither all earthly pomp and boast 
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost 
In one dark wave.

Thither the mighty torrents stray, 
Thither the brook pursues its way, 
And tinkling rill. 
There all are equal; side by side 
The poor man and the son of pride 
Lie calm and still.

I will not here invoke the throng 
Of orators and sons of song, 
The deathless few; 
Fiction criticizes, and deceives, 
And, sprinkled o'er her fragrant leaves 
Lies poisonous dew.

To One alone my thoughts arise, 
The Eternal Truth, the Good and Wise, 
To Him I fly, 
Who shared on earth our common lot, 
But the world comprehended not 
His deity.

This world is but the rugged road 
Which leads us to the bright abode 
Of peace above; 
So let us choose that narrow way, 
Which leads no traveller's foot astray 
From realms of love.

Our cradle is the starting-place, 
Life is the running of the race, 
We reach the goal 
When, in the mansions of the blest, 
Death leaves to its eternal rest 
The weary soul.

Did we but use it as we ought, 
This world would school each wandering thought 
To its high state. 
Faith wings the soul beyond the sky, 
Up to that better world on high, 
For which we wait.

Yes, the glad messenger of love, 
To guide us to our home above, 
The Saviour came; 
Born amid mortal cares and fears, 
He suffered in this vale of tears 
A death of shame.

Behold of what dolusive worth 
The bubbles we pursue on earth, 
The shapes we chase, 
Amid a world of treachery! 
They vanish ere death shuts the eye, 
And leave no trace.

Time steals them from us, chances strange, 
Disastrous accident, and change, 
That come to all; 
Even in the most exalted state, 
Relentless sweeps the stroke of fate; 
The strongest fall.

Tell me, the charms that lovers seek 
In the clear eye and blushing cheek, 
The hues that play 
O'er rosy lip and brow of snow, 
When hoary age approaches slow, 
Ah, where are they?

The cunning skill, the curious arts 
The glorious strength that youth imparts 
In life's first stage; 
These shall become a heavy weight, 
When Time swings wide his outward gate 
To weary age.

The noble blood of Gothic name, 
Heroes emblazoned high to fame, 
In long array;
How, in the onward course of time,
The landmarks of that race sublime
Were swept away!

Some, the degraded slaves of lust,
Prostrate and trampled in the dust,
Shall rise no more;
Others, by guilt and crime, maintain
The scythe gone, that, without a stain,
Their fathers bore.

Wealth and the high estate of pride,
With what untimely speed they glide,
How soon depart!
Bid not the shadowy phantoms stay,
The vassals of a mistress they,
Of fickle heart.

These gifts in Fortune's hands are found;
Her swift revolving wheel turns round,
And they are gone!
No rest the inconstant goddess knows,
But changing and without repose,
Still hurries on.

Even could the hand of avarice save
Its gilded babbles, till the grave
Reclaimed its prey,
Let none on such poor hopes rely;
Life, like an empty dream, fits by,
And where are they?

Earthly desires and sensual lust
Are passions springing from the dust,
They fade and die;
But, in the life beyond the tomb,
They seal the immortal spirit's doom
Eternally!

The pleasures and delights, which mask
In treacherous smiles life's serious task,
What are they, all,
But the fleet courser of the chase,
And death an ambush in the race,
Wherein we fall?

No foe, no dangerous pass, we heed,
Brook no delay, but onward speed
With loosened rein;
And, when the fatal snare is near,
We strive to check our mad career,
But strive in vain.

Could we new charms to age impart,
And fashion with a cunning art
The human face,
As we can clothe the soul with light,
And make the glorious spirit bright
With heavenly grace,

How busily each passing hour
Should we exert that magic power,
What ardor show,
To deck the sensual slave of sin,
Yet leave the freshborn soul within,
In weeds of woe?

Monarchs, the powerful and the strong,
Famous in history and in song
Of olden time,
Saw, by the stern decrees of fate,
Their kingdoms lost, and desolate
Their race sublime.

Who is the champion? who the strong?
Pontiff and priest, and sceptred kings?
On these shall fall
As heavily the hand of Death,
As when it stays the shepherd's breath
Beside his stall.

I speak not of the Trojan name,
Neither its glory nor its shame
Has met our eyes;
Nor of Rome's great and glorious dead,
Though we have heard so oft, and read,
Their histories.

Little avails it now to know
Of ages passed so long ago,
Nor how they rolled;
Our themes shall be of yesterday,
Which to oblivion sweeps away,
Like days of old.

Where is the King, Don Juan? Where
Each royal prince and noble heir
Of Aragon?
Where are the courtly gallantries?
The deeds of love and high emprise,
In battle done?

Tourney and jest, that charmed the eye,
And scarf, and gorgeous panoply,
And nodding plume,
What were they but a pageant scene?
What but the garlands, gay and green,
That deck the tomb?

Where are the high-born dames, and where
Their gay attire, and jewelled hair,
And odors sweet?
Where are the gentle knights, that came
To kneel, and breathe love's ardent flame,
Low at their feet?

Where is the song of Troubadour?
Where are the lute and gay tambour
They loved of yore?
Where is the mazy dance of old,
The flowing robes, inwrought with gold,
The dancers wore?

And he who next the sceptre sway'd,
Henry, whose royal court displayed
Such power and pride;
O, in what winning smiles arrayed,
The world its various pleasures laid
His throne beside!

But O how false and full of guile
That world, which wore so soft a smile
But to betray!
She, that had been his friend before,
Now from the fated monarch tore
Her charms away.

The countless gifts, the stately walls,
The royal palaces, and halls
All filled with gold;
Plate with armorial bearings wrought,
Chambers with ample treasures fraught
Of wealth untold;

The noble steeds, and harness bright,
And gallant lord, and stalwart knight,
In rich array,
Where shall we seek them now? Alas!
Like the bright dewdrops on the grass,
They passed away.

His brother, too, whose factions zeal
Usurped the sceptre of Castile,
Unskilled to reign;
What a gay, brilliant court had he,
When all the flower of chivalry
Was in his train?

But he was mortal; and the breath,
That flashed from the hot forge of Death,
Blasted his years;
Judgment of God! that flame by thee,
When raging fierce and fearfully,
Was quenched in tears!

Spain's haughty Constable, the true
And gallant Master, whom we knew
Most loved of all;
Breathe not a whisper of his pride,
He on the gloomy scaffold died,
Ignoble fall!

The countless treasures of his care,
His villages and villas fair,
His mighty power,
What were they all but grief and shame,
Tears and a broken heart, when came
The parting hour?

His other brothers, proud and high,
Masters, who, in prosperity,
Might rival kings;
Who made the bravest and the best
The bondsmen of their high behest,
Their underlings;

What was their prosperous estate
When high exalted and exalted
With power and pride?
What, but a transient gleam of light,
A flame, which, glaring at its height,
Grew dim and died?

So many a duke of royal name,
Marquis and count of spotless fame,
And baron brave,
That might the sword of empire wield,
All these, O Death, hast thou concealed
In the dark grave!

Their deeds of mercy and of arms,
In peaceful days, or war's alarms,
When thou dost show,
O Death, thy stern and angry face,
One stroke of thy all-powerful mace
Can overthrow.

Unnumbered hosts, that threaten nigh,
Pennon and standard flaunting high,
And flag displayed;
High battlements intrenched around,
Bastion, and moated wall, and mound,
And palisade.

And covered trench, secure and deep,
All these cannot one victim keep,
O Death, from thee,
When thou dost battle in thy wrath,
And thy strong shafts pursue their path
Unerringly.

O World! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give
Were life indeed!
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.

Our days are covered o'er with grief,
And sorrows neither few nor brief
Veil all in gloom;
Left desolate of real good,
Within this cheerless solitude
No pleasures bloom.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,
Or dark despair;
Midway so many toils appear,
That he who lingers longest here
Knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many a groan,
By the hot sweat of toil alone,
And weary hearts;
Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,
But with a lingering step and slow
Its form departs.

And he, the good man's shield and shade,
To whom all hearts their homage paid,
As Virtue's son,
Roderic Manrique, he whose name
Is written on the scroll of Fame,
Spain's champion;

His signal deeds and prowess high
Demand no pompous eulogy,
Ye saw his deeds!
Why should their praise in verse be sung?
The name, that dwells on every tongue,
No minstrel needs.

To friends a friend: how kind to all
The vassals of this ancient hall
And feudal fief!
To foes how stern a foe was he!
And to the valiant and the free
How brave a chief!

What prudence with the old and wise:
What grace in youthful gayeties;
In all how sage!
Benignant to the serf and slave,
He showed the base and falsely brave
A lion's rage.

His was Octavian's prosperous star,
The rush of Caesar's conquering car
At battle's call;
His, Scipio's virtue; his, the skill
And the indomitable will
Of Hannibal.

His was a Trojan's goodness, his
A Titus' noble charities
And righteous laws;
The arm of Hector, and the might
Of Tully, to maintain the right
In truth's just cause;

The eloquence of Antonine,
Aurelius' countenance divine,
Firm, gentle, still;
The eloquence of Adrian,
And Theodosius' love to man,
And generous will;

In tented field and bloody fray,
An Alexander's vigorous sway
And stern command;
The faith of Constantine; ay, more,
The fervent love Camillus bore
His native land.

He left no well-filled treasury,
He hoarded no pile of riches high,
Nor massive plate;
He fought the Moors, and, in their fall,
City and tower and castled wall
Were his estate.

Upon the hard-fought battle-ground,
Brave steeds and gallant riders found
A common grave;
And there the warrior's hand did gain
The rents, and the long vassal train,
That conquest gave.

And if, of old, his halls displayed
The honored and exalted grade
His worth had gained,
THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

So, in the dark, disastrous hour,
Brothers and bondsmen of his power
His hand sustained.

After high deeds, not left untold,
In the stern warfare, which of old
'T was his to share,
Such noble leagues he made, that more
And fairer regions, than before,
His guerdon were.

These are the records, half effaced,
Which, with the hand of youth, he traced
On history's page;
But with fresh victories he drew
Each fading character anew
In his old age.

By his unrivalled skill, by great
And veteran service to the state,
By worth adored,
He stood, in his high dignity,
The proudest knight of chivalry,
Knight of the Sword.

He found his cities and domains
Beneath a tyrant's galling chains
And cruel power;
But, by fierce battle and blockade,
Soon his own banner was displayed
From every tower.

By the tried valor of his hand,
His monarch and his native land
Were nobly served;
Let Portugal repeat the story,
And proud Castile, who shared the glory
His arms deserved.

And when so oft, for weal or woe,
His life upon the fatal throne
Had been cast down;
When he had served, with patriot zeal,
Beneath the banner of Castile,
His sovereign's crown;
And done such deeds of valor strong,
That neither history nor song
Can count them all;
Then, on Ocaña's castled rock,
Death at his portal came to knock,
With sudden call,
Saying, "Good Cavalier, prepare
To leave this world of toil and care
With joyful mien;
Let thy strong heart of steel this day
Put on its armor for the fray,
The closing scene.

"Since thou hast been, in battle-strife,
So prodigal of health and life,
For earthly fame,
Let virtue nerve thy heart again;
Loud on the last stern battle-plain
They call thy name.

"Think not the struggle that draws near
Too terrible for man, nor fear
To meet the foe;
Nor let thy noble spirit grieve,
Its life of glorious fame to leave
On earth below.

"A life of honor and of worth
Has no eternity on earth,
"Is but a name;
And yet its glory far exceeds
That base and sensual life, which leads
To want and shame.

"The eternal life, beyond the sky,
Wealth cannot purchase, nor the high
And proud estate;
The soul in durance laid, the spirit
Corrupt with sin, shall not inherit
A joy so great.

"But the good monk, in cloistered cell,
Shall gain its book and bell,
His prayers and tears;
And the brave knight, whose arm endures
Fierce battle, and against the Moors
His standard bears.

"And thou, brave knight, whose hand has poured
The life-blood of the Pagan horde
O'er all the land,
In heaven shalt thou receive, at length,
The guerdon of thine earthly strength
And dauntless hand.

"Cheered onward by this promise sure,
Strong in the faith entire and pure
Thou dost profess,
Depart, thy hope is certainty,
The third, the better life on high
Shalt thou possess."

"O Death, no more, no more delay;
My spirit longs to flee away,
And be at rest;
The will of Heaven my will shall be,
I bow to the divine decree,
To God's bequest.

"My soul is ready to depart,
No thought rebels, the obedient heart
Breathes forth no sigh;
The wish on earth to linger still
Were vain, when 't is God's sovereign will
That we shall die.

"O thou, that for our sins didst take
A human form, and humbly make
Thy home on earth;
Thou, that to thy divinity
A human nature didst ally
By mortal birth,
"And in that form didst suffer hero
Torment, and agony, and fear,
So patiently;
By thy redeeming grace alone,
And not for merits of my own,
O, pardon me!"

As thus the dying warrior prayed,
Without one gathering mist or shade
Upon his mind;
Encircled by his family,
Watched by affection's gentle eye
So soft and kind;

His soul to Him, who gave it, rose;
God lead it to its long repose,
Its glorious rest!
And, though the warrior's sun has set,
Its light shall linger round us yet,
Bright, radiant, blest.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.
FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE VEGA.

SHEPHERD! who with thine amorous, sylvan song
Hast broken the slumber that encompassed me,
Who mad'st thy crook from the accursed tree,
On which thy powerful arms were stretched so long!
Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains;
For thou my shepherd, guard, and guide shalt be;
I will obey thy voice, and wait to see
Thy feet all-beautiful upon the mountains.

Hear, Shepherd! thou who for thy flock art dying,
O, rush away these scarlet sins, for thou
Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.
O, wait! to thee my weary soul is crying,
Wait for me! Yet why ask it, when I see,
With feet nailed to the cross, thou'rt waiting still for me.

TO-MORROW.
FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE VEGA.

Lord, what am I, that, with unceasing care,
Thou didst seek after me, that thou didst wait,
Yet wilt not with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
O strange delusion! that I did not goot
Thy best approach, and O, to Heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy feet.
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
"Soul, from thy casement look, and see
How he persists to knock and wait for thee!"
And, O! how often to that voice of sorrow,
"To-morrow we will open," I replied,
And when the morrow came I answered still,
"To-morrow."

THE NATIVE LAND.
FROM THE SPANISH OF FRANCISCO DE ALDANA.

Clear fount of light! my native land on high,
Bright with a glory that shall never fade!
Mansion of truth! without a veil or shade,
Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye.
Thou dwells the soul in its ethereal essence,
Gasping no longer for life's feeble breath;
But, sentinelled in heaven, its glorious presence
With pitying eye beholds, yet fears not, death.
Beloved country! banished from thy shore,
A stranger in this prison-house of clay,
The exiled spirit weeps and sighs for thee!
Heavenward the bright perfections I adore
Direct, and the sure promise cheers the way,
That, whither love aspires, there shall my dwelling be.

THE IMAGE OF GOD.
FROM THE SPANISH OF FRANCISCO DE ALDANA.

O Lord! who seest, from on starrv height,
Controlled in one the future and the past,
Fashioned in thine own image, see how fast
The world obscures in me what once was bright!

Eternal Sun! the warmth which thou hast given,
To cheer life's flowery April, fast decays;
Yet, in the hoary winter of my days,
Forever green shall be my trust in Heaven.

Celestial King! O let thy presence pass
Before my spirit, and an image fair
Shall meet that look of mercy from on high,
As the reflected image in a glass
Both meet the look of him who seeks it there,
And owes its being to the gazer's eye.

THE BROOK.
FROM THE SPANISH.

Laugh of the mountain!—lyre of bird and tree!
Pomp of the meadow! mirror of the morn!
The soul of April, unto whom are born
The rose and jessamine, leaps wild in thee!

Alas! where'er thy devions current strays,
The lap of earth with gold and silver teems,
To me thy clear proceeding brighter seems
Than golden sands, that charm each shepherd's gaze.

How without guile thy bosom, all transparent
As the pure crystal, let the curious eye
Thy secrets scan, thy smooth, round pebbles count!

How, without malice murmuring, glides thy current!
O sweet simplicity of days gone by!
Thou shun'st the haunts of man, to dwell in limpid font!

THE CELESTIAL PILOT.
FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO, II.

And now, behold! as at the approach of morning,
Through the gross vapors, Mars grows fiery red
Down in the west upon the ocean floor,
Appeared to me,—may I again behold it! A light along the sea, so swiftly coming,
Its motion by no flight of wing is equalled.
And when therefrom I had withdrawn a little
Mine eyes, that I might question my conductor,
Again I saw it brighter grown and larger.
Thitheron, on all sides of it, appeared
I knew not what of white, and underneath,
Little by little, there came forth another.
My master yet had uttered not a word,
While the first whiteness into wings unfolded;
But, when he clearly recognized the pilot,
He cried aloud: "Quick, quick, and bow the knee!
Behold the Angel of God! fold up thy hands!
Henceforward shalt thou see such officers!
See, how he scorns all human arguments,
So that no ear he wants, nor other sail
Than his own wings, between so distant shores!
See, how he holds them, pointed straight to heaven,
Fanning the air with the eternal pinions,
That do not mount themselves like mortal hair!!

And then, as nearer and more near us came
The Bird of Heaven, more glorious he appeared,
So that the eye could not sustain his presence,
But down I cast it; and he came to shore
With a small vessel, gliding swift and light,
So that the water swallowed nought thereof.
Upon the stern stood the Celestial Pilot!
Beatitude seemed written in his face!
And more than a hundred spirits sat within.
"In eceo Israel de Aegypto!"
THE TERRESTRIAL PARADISE.—THE CHILD ASLEEP.

Thus sang they all together in one voice,
With whatso in that Psalm is after written.
Then made he sign of holy roof upon them,
Whereat all cast themselves upon the shore,
And he departed swiftly as he came.

THE TERRESTRIAL PARADISE.
FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO, XXVIII.

LONGING already to search in and round
The heavenly forest, dense and living-green,
Which tempered to the eyes the new-born day,
Withouton more delay I left the bank,
Crossing the level country, slowly, slowly,
Over the soil, that everywhere breathed fragrance.
A gently-breathing air, that no mutation
Had in itself, smote me upon the forehead,
No heavier blow, than of a pleasant breeze,
Whereat the tremulous branches readily
Did all of them bow downward towards that side
Where its first shadow casts the Holy Mountain;
Yet not from their upright direction bent
So that the little birds upon their tops
Should cease the practice of their tuneful art;
But, with full-throated joy, the hours of prime
Singing received they in the midst of foliage
That made monotonous burden to their rhymes,
Even as from branch to branch it gathering swells,
Through the pine forests on the shore of Chiasa,
When Aebus unlooses the Sirocco.

Already my slow steps had led me on
Into the ancient wood so far, that I
Could see no more the place where I had entered.
And lo! my further course cut off a river,
Which, to'wards the left hand, with its little waves,
Bent down the grass, that on its margin sprang
All waters that on earth most limpid are,
Would seem to have within themselves some mixture,
Compared with that, which nothing doth conceal,
Although it moves on with a brown, brown current,
Under the shade perpetual, that never
Ray of the sun lets in, nor of the moon.

BEATRICE.
FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO, XXX., XXXI.

Even as the Blessed, at the final summons,
Shall rise up quickened, each one from his grave,
Wearing again the garments of the flesh,
So, upon that celestial chariot,
A hundred rose ad vocem tanti senis,
Ministers and messengers of life eternal.
They all were saying, "Benedicta qui venis," And scattering flowers above and round about, "Manibus o dat ilia plena,

Oft have I seen, at the approach of day,
The orient sky all stained with roseate hues,
And the other heaven with light serene adorned,
And the sun's face uprising, overshadowed,
So that, by temperate influence of vapors,
The eye sustained his aspect for long while;

Thus in the bosom of a cloud of flowers,
Which from those hands angelic were thrown up,
And from descended inside and without,
With crown of olive o'er a snow-white veil,
Appeared a lady, under a green mantle,
Vested in colors of the living flame.

Even as the snow, among the living rafters
Upon the back of Italy, congeals,
Blown on and beaten by Schlawionian winds,
And then, dissolving, filters through itself,
Whene'er the land, that loses shadow, breathes,
Like as a taper melts before a fire.
Even such I was, without a sigh or tear,
Before the song of those who chime forever
After the chiming of the eternal spheres;
But, when I heard in those sweet melodies
Compassion for me, more than had they said,
"O wherefore, lady, dost thou thus consume him?"
The ice, that was about my heart congealed,
To air and water changed, and, in my anguish,
Through lips and eyes came gushing from my breast.

Confusion and dismay, together mingled,
Forced such a freble "Yes!" out of my mouth,
To understand it one had need of his tongue.
Even as a cross-bow breaks, when 'tis discharged,
Too tensely drawn the bow-string and the bow,
And with less force the arrow hits the mark;
So I gave way beneath this heavy burden,
Gushing forth into bitter tears and sighs,
And the voice, fainting, flagged upon its passage.

SPRING.
FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES D'ORLEANS.

GENTLE Spring! in sunshine clad, Well dost thou thy power display! For Winter maketh the light heart sad, And thou, thou makest the sad heart gay.

He sees thee, and calls to his gloomy train, The scout, and the snow, and the wind, and the rain; And they shrink away, and they flee in fear, When thy merry step draws near.

Winter giveth the fields and the trees, so old, Their beards of icicles and snow; And the rain, it raineth so fast and cold, We must cower over the umbrellas low;

And, snugly housed from the wind and weather, Hope like birds that are changing feather, But the storm retires, and the sky grows clear, When thy merry step draws near.

Winter maketh the sun in the gloomy sky Wrap him round with a mantle of cloud; But, Heaven be praised, thy step is nigh; Thou leastest, though the mournful shrub, And the earth looks bright, and Winter surly, Who has toiled for naught both late and early, Is banished afar by the new-born year, When thy merry step draws near.

THE CHILD ASLEEP.
FROM THE FRENCH.

SWEET babe! true portrait of thy father's face, Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have pressed! Sleep, little one; and closely, gently place Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's breast.
Upon that tender eye, my little friend,
Soft sleep shall come, that cometh not to me!
I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend;
'T is sweet to watch for thee, alone for thee!

His arms fall down; sleep sits upon his brow;
His eye is closed; he sleeps, nor dreams of harm.
Wore not his cheek the apple's ruddy glow,
Would you not say he slept on Death's cold arm?

Awake, my boy! I tremble with affright!
Awake, and chase this fatal thought! Unclose
Thine eye but for one moment on the light!
Even at the price of thine, give me repose!

Sweet error! he but slept, I breathe again;
Come, gentle dreams, the hour of sleep beguile!
O, when shall he, for whom I sigh in vain,
Beside me watch to see thy waking smile?

So thou shalt in mould, dwell full cold

Loathsome is that earth-house,
And grim within to dwell.
There thou shalt dwell,
And worms shall divide thee.

Thou art laid,
And leaves thy friends; Thou hast no friend,
Who will come to thee,
Who will ever see
How that house pleaseth thee;
Who will ever open
The door for thee,
And descend after thee;
For soon thou art loathsome
And hateful to see.

KING CHRISTIAN.
A NATIONAL SONG OF DENMARK.
FROM THE DANISH OF JOHANNES EVALD.

KING CHRISTIAN stood by the lofty mast
In mist and smoke;
His sword was hammering so fast,
Through Gothic helm and brain it passed;
Thon sank each hostile hulk and mast,
In mist and smoke.
"Fly!" shouted they, "fly, he who can! Who braves of Denmark's Christian
The stroke?"
THE HAPPIEST LAND.

FROM THE GERMAN.

There sat one day in quiet,
By an ale-house on the Rhine,
Four bale and hearty fellows,
And drank the precious wine.

The landlord's daughter filled their cups,
Around the rustic board;
Then sat they all so calm and still,
And spake not one rude word.

But, when the maid departed,
A Swabian raised his hand,
And cried, all hot and flushed with wine,
"Long live the Swabian land!

"The greatest kingdom upon earth
Cannot with that compare;
With all the stout and hardy men,
And the nut-brown maidens there."

"Ha!" cried a Saxon, laughing,
And dashed his beard with wine;
"I had rather live in Lapland,
Than that Swabian land of thine!

"The goodliest land on all this earth,
It is the Saxon land!
There have I as many maidens
As fingers on this hand!"

"Hold your tongues! both Swabian and Saxon!"
A bold Bohemian cries;
"If there's a heaven upon this earth,
In Bohemia it lies.

"There the tailor blows the flute,
And the cobbler blows the horn,
And the miner blows the bugle,
Over mountain gorge and bourn."

And then the landlord's daughter
Up to heaven raised her hand,
And said: "Ye may no more contend,—
There lies the happiest land!"

THE WAVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF TIEDE.

"Whither, thou turbid wave?
Whither, with so much haste,
As if a thief wert thou?"

"I am the Wave of Life,
Stained with my margin's dust;
From the struggle and the strife
Of the narrow stream I fly,
To the Sea's immensity,
To wash from me the slime
Of the muddy banks of Time."

THE DEAD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF STOCKMANN.

How they so softly rest,
All they the holy ones.
Unto whose dwelling-place
Now doth my soul draw near!
How they so softly rest,
All in their silent graves,
Deep to corruption
Slowly down-sinking!
And they no longer weep,
Here, where complaint is still!
And they no longer feel,
Here, where all gladness flies!
And, by the cypress trees
Softly overshadowed,
Until the Angel
Calls them, they slumber!

THE BIRD AND THE SHIP.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MULLER.

"The rivers rush into the sea,
By castle and town they go;
The winds behind them merrily
Their noisy trumpets blow.

"The clouds are passing far and high,
We little birds in them play;
And everything, that can sing and fly,
Goes with us, and far away.

"I gree thee, bonny boat! Whither, or whence,
With thy fluttering golden band?"

"I gree thee, little bird! To the wide sea
I haste from the narrow land.

"Full and swollen is every sail;
I see no longer a hill,
I have trusted all to the sounding gale.
And it will not let me stand still.

"And wilt thou, little bird, go with us?
Thou mayest stand on the mainmast tall,
For full to sinking is my house,
With merry companions all."

"I need not and seek not company,
Bonny boat, I can sing all alone;
For the mainmast tall too heavy am I,
Bonny boat, I have wings of my own.
WHITHER.—THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

27

"High over the sails, high over the mast,
 Who shall gainsay these joys?
When thy merry companions are still, at last,
 Thou shalt hear the sound of my voice.

"Who neither may rest, nor listen may,
 God bless them every one!
I dart away, in the bright blue day,
 And the golden fields of the sun.

"Thus do I sing my weary song,
 Wherever the four winds blow;
And this same song, my whole life long,
 Neither Poet nor Printer may know.

WHITHER?
FROM THE GERMAN OF MÜLLER.

I heard a brooklet gushing
From its rocky fountain near,
Down into the valley rushing,
So fresh and wondrous clear.

I know not what came o'er me,
Nor who the counsel gave;
But I must hasten downward,
All with my pilgrim-stave;

Downward, and ever farther,
And ever the brook beside;
And ever fresher murmured,
And ever clearer, the tide.

Is this the way I was going?
Whither, O brooklet, say!
Thou hast, with thy soft murmur,
Murmured my senses away.

What do I say of a murmur? 
That can no murmur be;
'Tis the water-nymphs, that are singing
Their roundelay's under me.

Let them sing, my friend, let them murmur,
And wander merrily near;
The wheels of a mill are going
In every brooklet clear.

BEWARE!
FROM THE GERMAN.

I know a maiden fair to see,
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
Take care!
She gives a side-glance and looks down,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

And she has hair of a golden hue,
Take care!
And what she says, it is not true,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She has a bosom as white as snow,
Take care!
She knows how much it is best to show,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She gives thee a garland woven fair,
Take care!
It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

SONG OF THE BELL.
FROM THE GERMAN.

Bell! thou soundest merrily,
When the bridal party
To the church doth hie!
Bell! thou soundest solemnly,
When, on Sabbath morning,
Fields deserted lie!

Bell! thou soundest merrily;
Tellest thou at evening,
Bed-time draweth nigh!
Bell! thou soundest mournfully,
Tellest thou the bitter
Parting hath gone by!

Say! how canst thou mourn?
How canst thou rejoice?
Thou art but metal dull!
And yet all our sorrowings,
And all our rejoicings,
Thou dost feel them all!

God hath wonders many,
Which we cannot fathom,
Placed within thy form!
When the heart is sinking,
Thou alone canst raise it,
Trembling in the storm!

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.
FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

"Hast thou seen that lordly castle,
That Castle by the Sea?
Gothen and red above it
The clouds float gorgeous.

"And fain it would stoop downward
To the mirrored wave below;
And fain it would soar upward
In the evening's crimson glow."

"Well have I seen that castle,
That Castle by the Sea,
And the moon above it standing,
And the mist rise solemnly."

"The winds and the waves of ocean,
Had they a merry chime?
Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambers,
The harp and the minstrel's rhyme?"

"The winds and the waves of ocean,
They rested quietly,
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,
And tears came to mine eye."
"And sawest thou on the turrets
The King and his royal bride?
And the wave of their crimson mantles?
And the golden crown of pride?

Led they not forth, in rapture,
A beauteous maiden there?
Resplendent as the morning sun,
Beaming with golden hair?"

"Well saw I the ancient parents,
Without the crown of pride;
They were moving slow, in weeds of woe,
No maiden was by their side!"

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THE BLACK KNIGHT.
FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

"T was Pentecost, the Feast of Gladness,
When woods and fields put off all sadness,
Thus began the King and spake
"So from the halls
Of ancient Hofburg's walls,
A luxuriant Spring shall break."

Drums and trumpets echo loud and strong,
Wave the crimson banners proudly,
From balcony the King looked down;
In the play of spears,
Fell all the cavaliers,
Before the monarch's stalwart son.

To the barrier of the fight
Rode at last a sable Knight,
"Sir Knight! your name and scutcheon, say!
"Should I speak it here,
Ye would stand aghast with fear;
I am a Prince of mighty sway!"

When he rode into the lists,
The arch of heaven grew black with mists, And the castle 'gan to rock; At the first blow, Foll the youth from saddle-bow, Hardly rises from the shock.

Pipe and viol call the dances,
Torch-light through the high halls glances;
Waves a mighty shadow in;
With manner bland
Doth ask the maiden's hand,
Doth with her the dance begin.

Danced in sable iron sark,
Danced a measure weird and dark;
Coldly clasped her limbs around;
From breast and hair
Down fall from her the fair
Flowerets, faded, to the ground.

To the sumptuous banquet came
Every Knight and every Dame;
'Twixt son and daughter all distraught,
With mournful mind
The ancient King reclined,
Gazed at them in silent thought.

Pale the children both did look,
But the guest a beaker took;"
"Golden wine will make you whole!"
The children drank,
Gave many a courteous thank:
"O, that draught was very cool!"

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Each the father's breast embraces,
Son and daughter; and their faces
Colorless grow utterly;
Whichever way
Looks the fear-struck father gray,
He beholds his children die.

"Woe! the blessed children both
Takest thou in the joy of youth;
Take me, too, the joyless father!"
Spake the grim Guest,
From his hollow, cavernous breast:
"Roses in the spring I gather!"

---

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.
FROM THE GERMAN OF SALIS.

INTO the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, O thither,
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! Tender morning visions
Of beauteous souls! The Future's pledge and
hand!
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand,
Shall hear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
To the land of the great Departed,
Into the Silent Land!

---

L'ENVOI.

Ye voices, that arose
After the Evening's close,
And whispered to my restless heart repose!

Go, breathe it in the ear
Of all who doubt and fear,
And say to them, "Be of good cheer!"

Ye sounds, so low and calm,
That in the groves of balm
Seemed to me like an angel's psalm!

Go, mingle yet once more
With the perpetual roar
Of the pine forest, dark and hark!

Tongues of the dead, not lost,
But speaking from death's frost,
Like fiery tongues at Pentecost!

Glimmer, as funeral lamps,
Amid the chills and damps
Of the vast plain where Death encamps!
THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

"Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the goshawk;
And, with my skataz fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound,
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen hair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders,
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-lout
Wore the long Winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid.
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted;
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frightened.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Land sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Heldegard
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.
"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts wait
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that uight
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

"As with his wings astart
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
No more shall the sun arise
On such another!

The skipper he stood beside the helm.
"Still grew my bosom then, 
Still as a stagnant fen! 
Hateful to me were men, 
The sunlight hateful! 
In the vast forest here, 
Clad in my warlike gear, 
Fell I upon my spear, 
O, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars, 
Bursting these prison bars, 
Up to its native stars 
My soul ascended! 
There from the flowing bowl 
Deep drinks the warrior's soul, 
Skoal! to the Northland! skoal!" 
Thus the tale ended.

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May,

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailor,
Had sailed to the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And lo! night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the Northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like foam.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"
"Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Tow'ards the Reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck.
And a whooping hillow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.
THE LUCK OF EDENHALL. — THE ELECTED KNIGHT.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stote and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast;
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman’s Woe!

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.
FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

Or Edenhall, the youthful Lord
Bids sound the festal trumpet’s call;
He rises at the banquet board,
And cries, ‘Mid the drunken revellers all,
“Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall!”

The butler hears the words with pain,
The house’s oldest seneschal,
Takes slow from its silken cloth again
The drinking glass of crystal tall;
They call it The Luck of Edenhall.

Then said the Lord: “This glass to praise,
Fill with red wine from Portugal!”
The graybeard with trembling hand obeys;
A purple light shines over all
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the Lord, and waves it light: 
“This glass of flashing crystal tall
Gave to my sire’s the Fountain-Sprite; She wrote in it, If this glass doth fall,
Farewell then, Of Luck of Edenhall!”

“T was right a goblet the Fate should be Of the joyous race of Edenhall!
Deep draughts drink we right willingly; And willingly ring, with merry call,
Klang! klang! to the Luck of Edenhall!”

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,
Like to the song of a nightingale; Then like the roar of a torrent wild;
Then mutters at last like the thunder’s fall,
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

“For its keeper takes a race of might,
The fragile goblet of crystal tall; It has lasted longer than is right; Klang! klang!—with a harder blow than all Will I try the Luck of Edenhall!”

As the goblet ringing flies apart, Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall; And through the rift, the wild flames start; The guests in dust are scattered all, With the breaking Luck of Edenhall!

In storms the foe, with fire and sword; He in the night had sealed the wall, Slain by the sword the youthful Lord, But holds in his hand the crystal tall, The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes alone, The graybeard in the desert hall, He seeks his Lord’s burnt skeleton, He seeks in the dismal ruin’s fall The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

“The stone wall,” saith he, “doth fall aside, Down must the stately columns fall; Glass is this earth’s Luck and Pride; In atoms shall fall this earthly hall One day like the Luck of Edenhall!”

THE ELECTED KNIGHT.
FROM THE DANISH.

Sir Oluf he rideth over the plain,
Full seven miles broad and seven miles wide; But never, ah never can meet with the man A tilt with him dare ride.

He saw under the hillside
A Knight full well equipped; His steed was black, his helm was barred; He was riding at full speed.

He wore upon his spurs
Twelve little golden birds; Anon he spurred his steed with a clang, And there sat all the birds and sang:

He wore upon his tail
Twelve golden wheels; Anon in oldies the wild wind blew, And round and round the wheels they flew.

He wore before his breast
A lance that was poised in rest; And it was sharper than diamond-stone, It made Sir Oluf’s heart to groan.

He wore upon his helm
A wreath of ruddy gold; And that gave him the Maidens Three, The youngest was fair to behold.

Sir Oluf questioned the Knight of so soon If he were come from heaven down; “Art thou Christ of Heaven,” quoth he, “So will I yield me unto thee.”

“I am not Christ the Great, Thou shalt not yield thee yet; I am an Unknown Knight, Three modest Maidens have me beguiled.”

“Art thou a Knight elected, And have three Maidens thee beguiled; So shall thou ride a tilt this day, For all the Maidens’ honor!”

The first tilt they together rode They put their steeds to the test; The second tilt they together rode, They proved their manhood beat,

The third tilt they together rode, Neither of them would yield; The fourth tilt they together rode, They both fell on the field.

Now lie the lords upon the plain, And their blood runs unto death; Now sit the Maidens in the high tower, The youngest sorrows till death.
THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

FROM THE SWEDISH OF BISHOP TEGNER.

PENTECOST, day of rejoicing, had come. The church of the village Gleaned stood in the morning's sheen. On the spire of the belfry, Decked with a brazen cock, the friendly flames of the Spring-sun Glanced like the tongues of fire, beheld by Apostles afoottime.

Clear was the heaven and blue, and May, with her cap crowned with roses, Stood in her holiday dress in the fields, and the wind and the brooklet Mourned gladness and peace, God's-peace! with lips rose-tinted

Whispered the breeze of the flowers, and merry on balancing branches Birds were singing their carol, a jubilant hymn to the Highest.

Swept and clean was the churchyard. Adorned like a leaf-woven bower Stood its old-fashioned gate; and within upon each cross of iron Hung was a fragrant garland, new twined by the hands of affection. Even the dial, that stood on a mound among the departed,

(There full a hundred years had it stood), was embellished with blossoms. Like to the patriarch hoary, the sage of his kith and the hamlet, Who on his birthday is crowned by children and children's children.

So stood the ancient prophet, and mute with his pencil of iron Marked on the tablet of stone, and measured the time and its changes, While all around at his feet, an eternity slumbered in quiet. Also the church within was adorned, for this was the season When the young, their parents' hope, and the loved-ones of heaven, Should at the foot of the altar renew the vows of their baptism.

Therefore each nook and corner was swept and cleaned, and the dust was Blown from the walls and ceiling, and from the oil-painted benches. There stood the church like a garden; the Feast of the Leafy Pavilions

Saw we in living presentment. From noble arms on the church wall Grew forth a cluster of leaves, and the preacher's pulpit of oak-wood Budded once more anew, as afoottime the rod before Aaron

Wreathed therewith was the Bible with leaves, and the dove, washed with silver, Under its canopy fastened, had on it a necklace of wild-flowers. But in front of the choir, round the altar-piece painted by Hörberg, Crept a garland gigantic; and bright-curling tresses of angels Peeped, like the sun from a cloud, from out of the shadowy leaf-work.

Likewise the lustre of brass, new-polished, blinked from the ceiling.

And for lights there were lilies of Pentecost set in the sockets.

Loud rang the bells already; the thronging crowd was assembled From valleys and hills, to list to the holy preaching.

Hark! then roll forth at once the mighty tones of the organ. Hover like voices from God, aloft like invisible spirits. Like an Elia in heaven, when he cast from off him his mantle. So cast off the soul its garments of earth; and with one voice Chimed in the congregation, and sang an anthem immortal Of the sublime Wallin, of David's harp in the North-land

Tuned to the choral of Luther; the song on its mighty pinions Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to heaven And each face did shine like the Holy One's face upon Tabor. Lo! there entered then into the church the Reverend Teacher. Father he hight and he was in the parish; a Christianly plainness Clothed from his head to his feet the old man of seventy winters. Friendly was his face to behold, and glad as the heralding angel Walked he among the crowds, but still a contemplative grandeur Lay on his forehead as clear as on moss-covered gravestone a sunbeam. As in his inspiration (an evening twilight that faintly Gleams in the human soul, even now, from the day of creation) Th' Artist, the friend of heaven, imagines Saint John when in Patmos, Gray, with his eyes uplifted to heaven, so seemed then the old man; Such was the glance of his eye, and such were his tresses of silver. All the congregation arose in the pews that were numbered. But with a cordial look, to the right and the left hand, the old man Nodding all hail and peace, disappeared in the innermost chancel.

Simply and solemnly now proceeded the Christian service, Singing and prayer, and at last an ardent discourse from the old man. Many a moving word and warning, that out of the heart came, Fell like the dew of the morning, like manna on those in the desert. Then, when all was finished, the Teacher entered the chancel, Followed therein by the young. The boys on the right had their places, Delicate figures, with close-curling hair and cheeks rosy-blooming. But on the left of these there stood the tremulous lilies, Tinged with the blushing light of the dawn, the diffident clusters. Folding their hands in prayer, and their eyes cast down on the pavement.
Now came, with question and answer, the cate-
clism. In the beginning
Answered the children with troubled and falter-
ing voice, but the old man's
Glances of kindness encouraged them soon, and the
doctrines eternal
Flowed, like the waters of fountains, so clear from
lips unpolluted.
Each time the answer was closed, and as oft as
they named the Redeemer,
Lowly louted the boys, and lowly the maidens all
courtesied.
Friendly the Teacher stood, like an angel of light
there among them,
And to the children explained the holy, the high-
est, in few words,
Thorough, yet simple and clear, for sublimity
always is simple,
Both in sermon and song, a child can seize on its
meaning.
E'en these three-growing buds unfold when
Springtide approaches,
Leaf by leaf puts forth, and warmed, by the
radiant sunshine,
Blushed, with purple and gold, till at last the per-
fected blossom
Opens its odorous chalice, and rocks with its
crown in the breezes,
So was unfolded here the Christian lore of salva-
tion,
Line by line from the soul of childhood. The
fathers and mothers
Stood behind them in tears, and were glad at the
well-worded answer.

Now went the old man up to the altar;—and
straightway transfigured
(So did it seem unto me) was then the affectionate
Teacher.
Like the Lord's Prophet sublime, and awful as
Death and as Judgment
Stood he, the God-commissioned, the soul-search-
er, earthward descending.
Glances, sharp as a sword, into hearts that to him
its transparent
Shot he; his voice was deep, was low like the
thunder afar off.
So on a sudden transfigured he stood there, he
spake and he questioned.

"This is the faith of the Fathers, the faith the
Apostles delivered,
This is moreover the faith wherein unto I baptized
you, while still ye
Lay on your mother's breasts, and nearer the portals
of heaven.
Slumbering received you then the Holy Church in
its bosom;
Wakened from sleep are ye now, and the light in
your radiant splendor
Downward rains from the heavens;—to-day on the
threshold of childhood
Kindly she frees you again, to examine and make
your election
For she knows naught of compulsion, and only
conviction desireth.
This is the hour of your trial, the turning-point of
existence,
Seer for the coming days; without revocation
departeth
Now from your lips the confession; Bethink ye,
before ye make answer!
Think this (O think not with guile to deceive the
questioning Teacher,
Sharp is his eye to-day, and a curse ever rests
upon falsehood.
Enter not with a lie on Life's journey; the multi-
plied hearths ye blessed,
Brothers and sisters and parents, what dear upon
earth is and holy
Standeth before your sight as a witness; the
Judge everlasting
Looks from the children down upon you, and angels in
waiting beside him
Grave your confession in letters of fire upon tab-
lets eternal.
Thus, when ye believe ye in God, in the Father
who this world created?
Him who redeemed it, the Son, and the Spirit
where both are united?
Will ye promise me here, (a holy promise!) to
choose
God more than all things earthly, and every man
as a brother?
Will ye promise me here, to confirm your faith
by your living?
'Tis' heavenly faith of affection! to hope, to for-
give, and to suffer,
Be what it may your condition, and walk before
God in uprightness?
Will ye promise me this before God and man?"—
With a clear voice
Answered the young men Yes! and Yes! with
lips softly-breathing
Answered the multitude eke. Then dissolved from
the brow of the Teacher
Clouds with the lightnings therein, and he spake
in accents more gentle,
Soft as the evening's breath; as harps by Babyl-
on's rivers.

"Hail, then, hail to you all! To the heirloom of
heaven be ye welcome!
Children no more from this day, but by covenant
brothers and sisters!
Yet,—for what reason not children? Of such is
the kingdom of heaven.
Here upon earth an assemblage of children, in
the name of the Father,
Ruling them all as his household,—forgiving in
turn and chastising,
That is of human life a picture, as Scripture has
taught us.
Best are the pure before God! Upon purity and
upon virtue
Resteth the Christian Faith; she herself from on
high is descended.
Strong as a man and pure as a child, is the sum of
the doctrine,
Which the Divine One taught, and suffered and
died on the cross for.
O, as ye travel this day from childhood's sacred
asylum
Downward and ever downward, and deeper in
Age's chill valley,
O, how soon will ye come,—too soon!—and long
to turn backward
Up to its hill-tops again, to the sun-illumined,
where Judgment
Stood like a father before you, and Pardon, clad
like a mother.
Gave you her hand to kiss, and the loving heart
was forgiven,
Life was a play and your hands grasped after the
roses of heaven!
Seventy years have I lived already; the Father
eternal
Gave me gladness and care; but the loveliest
hours of existence,
When I have steadfastly gazed in their eyes, I
have instantly known them,
Known them all again;—they were my child-
hood's acquaintance.
Therefore take from henceforth, as guides in the
paths of existence
Prayer, with her eyes raised to heaven, and Inno-
cence, bride of man's childhood.
Innocence, child beloved, is a guest from the
world of the blessed,
Beautiful, and in her hand a lily; on life's roar-
ing billows
Swings she in safety, she heedeth them not, in the ship she is sleeping. Calmly she gazes around in the turmoil of men; in the desert Angel descends and minister unto her; she herself knoweth Naught of her glorious attendance; but follows faithful and humble, Follows so long as she may her friend; O do not reject her. For she cometh from God and she holdeth the keys of the heavens. — Prayer is Innocence' friend; and willingly flieth her breast. Twixt the earth and the sky, the carrier-pigeon of heaven, Son of Eternity, fettered in Time, and an exile, the Spirit. Tugs at his chains evermore, and struggles like flame ever upward. Still he recalls with emotion his Father's manifold mansions, Thinks of the land of his fathers, where blossom some more freshly the flowers, Shone a more beautiful sun, and he played with the winged angels. Then comes the earth so narrow, too close; and homesick for heaven Longs the wanderer again; and the Spirit's long-ings are worship; Worship is called his most beautiful hour, and its tone is entr'acte. Ah! when the infinite burden of life descendeth upon us, Crushes to earth our hope, and, under the earth, in the grave-yard, Then it is good to pray unto God; for his sorrowing children Turns he ne'er from his door, but he heals and helps and consoles them. Yet is it better to pray when all things are prosperous with us, Pray in fortunate days, for life's most beautiful Fortune Knells before the Eternal's throne; and with hands interfolded, Praises thankful and moved the only giver of blessings, Or do ye know, ye children, one blessing that comes but from Heaven? What has mankind forsown, the poor! that it has not received? Therefore, fall in the dust and pray! The prayer is alighting Cover with pious tears six their face in the glory of him who Hung his masonry pendant on naught, when the world he created. Earth declareth his might, and the firmament utters his glory, Races blossom and die, and stars fall downward from heaven, Downward like withered leaves; at the last stroke of midnight, millenniums Lay themselves down at his feet, and he sees them, but counts them as nothing. Who shall stand in his presence? The wrath of the judge is terrific. Casting the insolent down at a glance. When he speaks in his anger Hilltops skip like the kid, and mountains leap like the judge is terrific. Yet,—why are ye afraid, ye children? This awful avenger, Ah! is a merciful God! God's voice was not, in the earthquake, Not in the fire, nor the storm, but it was in the whispering breezes. Love is the root of creation; God's essence; worlds without number Lie in his bosom like children; he made them for this purpose only. Only to love and to be loved again, he breathed forth his spirit. Into the crumbling dust, and upright standing, it laid its Hand on its heart, and felt it was warm with a flame out of heaven. Queer, O queer not that flame! It is the breath of your being. Love is life, but hatred is death. Not father, nor mother Loved you, as God has loved you; for 't was that you might be happy. Gave he his only Son. When he bowed down his head in the death-hour. Solemnized Love its triumph; the sacrifice then was completed. Lo! then was rent on a sudden the veil of the temple, dividing Earth and heaven apart, and the dead from their sepulchres rising Whispered with pallid lips and low in the ears of each other Th' answer, but dreamed of before, to creation's enigma,—Atonement! Depths of Love's Atonement, for Love is Atonement. Therefore, child of mortality love thou the merciful Father! Wish what the Holy One wishes, and not from fear, but affection; Fear is the virtue of slaves; but the heart that loveth is willing; Perfect was before God, and perfect is Love, and Love only. Lovest thou God as thou owestest, then loveth thou likewise thy brethren; One is the sun in heaven, and one, only one, is Love also Bears not each human figure the godlike stamp on his forehead? Readest thou not in his face thine origin? Is he not sailing Lost like thyself on an ocean unknown, and is he not guided By the same stars that guide thee? Why shouldst thou hate then thy brother? Hatheth he thee, forgive! For 't is sweet to stammer out one's better Of the Eternal's language;—on earth it is called Forgiveness! Knowest thou Him, who forgave, with the crown of thorns on his temples? Earnestly prayed for his foes, for his murderers? Say, dost thou know him? Ah! thou confessest his name, so follow likewise his example. Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a veil over his failings, Guide the erring aright; for the good, the heavy-only shepherd Took the lost lamb in his arms, and bore it back to its mother. This is the fruit of Love, and it is by its fruits that we know it. Love is the creature's welfare with God; but Love among mortals Is but an endless sigh! He longs, and endures, and stands waiting, Suffers and yet rejoices, and smiles with tears on his eyes, he robs. Hope,—so is called upon earth, his recompense,— Hope, the befriending, Does what she can, for she points evermore up to heaven, and faithfull Plunges her anchor's peak in the depths of the grave, and beneath it Paints a more beautiful world, a dim, but a sweet play of shadows!
Races, better than we, have leaned on her waving promise, 
Having taught each, but Hope. Then praise we 
Our Father in heaven, 
Him, who has given us more; for to us has Hope been transfigured, 
Groping no longer in night; she is Faith, she is 
Faith is enlightened Hope; she is light, is the eye of affection, 
Dreams of the longing interprets, and carves their visions in our marble, 
Faith is the sun of life; and her countenance shines like the Hebrew's, 
For she has looked upon God; the heaven on its stable foundation 
Drawn she with chains down to earth, and the New Jerusalem sinketh 
Splendid with portals twelve in golden vapors descending. 

There encrusted she wanders, and looks at the figures majestic, 
Pears not the winged crowd, in the midst of them all is her homestead. 
Therefore love and believe; for works will follow spontaneous 
Even as day does the sun; the Right from the Good is an offspring, 
Love in a bodily shape; and Christian works are no more than 
Animate Love and faith, as flowers are the amant Springtide. 
Works do follow us all unto God; there stand, there bear witness 
Not what they seemed,—but what they were only. Blessed is he who 
Hears their confession secure; they are mute upon earth until death's hand 
Openeth the mouth of the silent. Ye children, doeth Death e'er alarm you? 
Death is the brother of Love, twin-brother is he, and is only 
More austere to behold. With a kiss upon lips that are fading 
Taketh he the soul and departs, and, rocked in the arms of affection, 
Places the ransomed child, new born, 'fore the face of its father. 
Sounds of his coming already I hear,—see dimly his pinions, 
Swart as the night, but with stars strewn upon it I fear not before him. 
Death is only release, and in mercy is mute. On his bosom 
Freer breathes, in its coolness, my breast; and face to face standing 
Look I on God as he is, a sun unpolluted by vapors; 
Look on the light of the ages I loved, the spirits majestic, 

Nobler, better than I; they stand by the throne 
Vested in white, and with harps of gold, and are singing an anthem, 
Writ in the climate of heaven, in the language spoken by angels. 
You, in like manner, my children beloved, he one day shall gather, 
Never forgets he the weary;—then welcome, ye loved ones, hereafter! 
Meanwhile forget not the keeping of vows, forget not the promise. 
Wander from holiness onward to holiness; earth shall ye heed not; 
Earth is but dust and heaven is light; I have deferred your visit to heaven. 
God of the universe, hear me! thou fountain of Love everlasting, 
Hark to the voice of thy servant! I send up my prayer to thy heaven! 
Let me hereafter not miss at thy throne one spirit of all these, 

When thou hast given me here! I have loved them all like a father, 
May they bear witness for me, that I taught them the way of salvation, 
Faithful, so far as I knew, of thy word; again may they know me. 
Fall on their Teacher's breast, and before thy face may I place them, 
Pure as they now are, but only more tried, and exclaiming with gladness, 
Father, lo! I am here, and the children, whom thou hast given me! 

Weeping he spake in these words; and now at the beck of the old man 
Knee against knee they knitted a wreath round the altar's enclosure. 
Kneeling he read then the prayers of the consecration, and softly 
With him the children read; at the close, with tremulous accents, 

Asked he the peace of Heaven, a benediction upon them. 
Now should have ended his task for the day; the hour of Sunday 
Was for the young appointed to eat of the Lord's holy Supper. 
Sudden, as struck from the clouds, stood the Teacher silent and laid his 
Hand on his forehead, and cast his looks upward; while thoughts high and holy 
Flew through the midst of his soul, and his eyes glanced with wonderful brightness. 
"On the next Sunday, who knows! perhaps I shall rest in the grayyard! 
Some one perhaps of yourselves, a lily broken untimely, 
Bow down his head to the earth: why delay I? 
Warm is the heart;—I will! for to-day grows the harvest of heaven. 
What I began accomplish I now; what falling therein is 
I, the old man, will answer to God and the reverend father. 
Say to me only, ye children, ye denizens newcome in heaven, 
Are ye ready this day to eat of the bread of Atonement? 
What it denoteth, that know ye full well, I have told it you often. 
Of the most covenantal symbol it is, of Atonement a token. 
'Stablished between earth and heaven. Man by his sins and transgressions 
Far has wandered from God, from his essence. 
'T was in the beginning 
Fast by the Tree of Knowledge he fell, and it hangs its crown o'er the 
Fall to this day; in the Thought is the Fall; in the Heart the Atonement. 
Infinite is the fall,—the Atonement infinite likewise. 
See! behind me, as far as the old man remembers, and forward, 
Far as Hope in her flight can reach with her weared pinions. 
Sin and Atonement incessant go through the lifetime of mortals. 
Sin is brought forth full-grown; but Atonement sleeping in our bosoms 
Still as the cradled babe; and dreams of heaven and of angels, 
Cannot awake to sensation; is like the tones in the pledged youth's strings. 
Spirits imprisoned, that wait evermore the deliverer's finger. 
Therefore, ye children beloved, descended the Prince of Atonement. 
Woke the slumberer from sleep, and she stands now with eyes all resplendent.
THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate’er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

Read the Form of Communion, and in chiming
the organ and anthem:
'0 Holy Lamb of God, who takest away our
transgressions,
Hear us, give us thy peace! have mercy, have
mercy upon us!'

Th' old man, with trembling hand, and heavenly
pearls on his eyelids,
Fell on the chalice and paten, and dealt round
the mystical symbols.
O, then seemed it to me as if God, with the
broad eye of midday,
Clearer looked in at the windows, and all the
trees in the churchyard
Bowed down their summits of green, and the
grass on the graves 'gan to shiver.

But in the children (I noted it well; I knew if
there ran a
Tremor of holy rapture along through their icy
cold members.
Decked like an altar before them, there stood the
green earth, and above it
Heaven opened itself, as of old before Stephen;
they saw there
Radiant in glory the Father, and on his right
hand the Redeemer.
Under them hear they the clang of harpstrings,
and angels from gold clouds
Beckon to them like brothers and fan with their
pinions of purple.

Closed was the Teacher's task, and with heaven
in their hearts and their faces,
Up rose the children all, and each bowed him,
weeping full sorely,
Downward to kiss that reverend hand, but all of
them pressed he
Moved to his bosom, and laid, with a prayer, his
hands full of blessings,
Now on the holy breast, and now on the innocent
tresses.

MISCELLANEOUS.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Tailing, rejoicing — sorrowing,
Ourward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.
And children coming home from school.

ENDYMION.

The rising moon has hid the stars;
Her level rays, like golden bars,
Lies on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams,
As if Diana, in her dreams,
Had dropped her silver bow
Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,
She woke Endymion with a kiss,
When, sleeping in the grove,
He dreamed not of her love.

Like Diana's kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought;
Nor voice, nor sound betrays
Its deep, impassioned gaze.

It comes, — the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity; —
In silence and alone*
To seek the elected one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep
Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,
And kisses the closed eyes
Of him, who slumbering lies.

O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes!
O drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

Responds, — as if with unseen wings,
An angel touched its quivering strings;
And whispers, in its song,
"Where last thou stayed so long?"

THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR.

FROM THE GERMAN OP PFIZER.

A YOUTH, light-hearted and content,
I wander through the world;
Here Arab-like, is pitched my tent
And straight again is furled.

Yet oft I dream, that once a wife
Close in my heart was locked,
And in the sweet repose of life
A blessed child I rocked.

I wake! Away that dream, — away!
'Too long did it remain!'
So long, that both by night and day
It ever comes again.

The end lies ever in my thought;
To a grave so cold and deep
The mother beautiful was brought;
Then dropt the child asleep.
IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.—TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

But now the dream is wholly o'er,
I bathe mine eyes and see;
And wander through the world once more,
A youth so light and free.

Two locks—and they are wondrous fair—
Left me that vision mild;
The brown is from the mother's hair,
The blond is from the child.

And when I see that lock of gold,
Pale grows the evening red;
And when the dark lock I behold,
I wish that I were dead.

IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

No hay pájaros en los nidos de antaño.

Spanish Proverb.

The sun is bright,—the air is clear,
The darting swallow soars and sings,
And from the stately elm I hear
The bluebird prophesying Spring.

So blue you winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where waiting till the west-wind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new;—the buds, the leaves,
That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest,
And even the nest beneath the eaves;—
There are no birds in last year's nest!

All things rejoice in youth and love,
The fulness of their first delight!
And learn from the soft heavens above
The molting tenderness of night.

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For O, it is not always May!

Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,
To some good angel leave the rest;
For Time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest!

THE RAINY DAY.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

GOD'S-ACHE.

I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those, who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows we shall all be cast,
In the sure faith, that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers, which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and Acre of our God,
This is the place where human harvests grow!

TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

RIVER! that in silence windest
Through the meadows, bright and free,
Till at length thy rest thou findest
In the bosom of the sea!

Four long years of mingled feeling,
Half in rest, and half in strife,
I have seen thy waters stealing
Onward, like the stream of life.

Thou hast taught me, Silent River!
Many a lesson, deep and long;
Thou hast been a generous giver;
I can give thee but a song.

Oft in sadness and in illness,
I have watched thy current glide,
Till the beauty of its stillness
Overflowed me, like a tide.

And in better hours and brighter,
When I saw thy waters gleam,
I have felt my heart beat lighter,
And leap onward with thy stream.

Not for this alone I love thee.
Nor because thy waves of blue
From celestial seas above thee
Take their own celestial hue.

Where thou shadowy woodlands hide thee,
And thy waters disappear,
Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,
And have made thy margin dear.

More than this;—thy name reminds me
Of three friends, all true and tried;
And that name, like magic, binds me
Closer, closer to thy side.

Friends my soul with joy remembers!
How like quivering flames they start,
When I fan the living embers
On the hearth-stone of my heart!
BLIND BARTIMEUS.  

BLIND BARTIMEUS at the gates
Of Jericho in darkness waits;
He hears the crowd,—he hears a breath
Say, "It is Christ of Nazareth!"
And calls, in tones of agony,
'Tis he, Eleazar, Eleazar!
The thronging multitudes increase;
Blind Bartimeus, hold thy peace!
But still, above the noisy crowd,
The beggar's cry is shrill and loud;
Until they say, "He calleth thee!"
Shouts, gasps, with fervent cry!
Then saith the Christ, as silent stands
The crowd, "What wilt thou at my hands?
And he replies, "O give me light!
Rabbi, restore the blind man's sight."
And Jesus answers, "Thy eye!
If piñas sou siquell et e!"
Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see,
In darkness and in misery,
Recall those mighty Voices Three,
Jesus, Eleazar, Eleazar!
Thy piñas sou siquell et e!

THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

Filled is life's goblet to the brim;
And though my eyes with tears are dim,
I see its sparkling bubbles swim,
And chant a melancholy hymn
With solemn voice and slow.

No purple flowers,—no garlands green,
Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen,
Nor maudlin draughts of Hippocrene,
Like gleams of sunshine, flash between
Thick leaves of mistletoe.

This goblet, wrought with curious art,
Is filled with waters, that upstart,
When the deep fountains of the heart,
By strong convulsions rent apart,
Are running all to waste.

And as it mantling passes round,
With fennel is it wreathed and crowned,
Whose seed and foliage sun-browned,
Are in its waters steeped and drowned,
And give a bitter taste.

Above the lowly plants it towers,
The fennel, with its yellow flowers,
And in an earlier age than ours
Was gifted with the wondrous powers,
Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength and fearless mood;
And gladiators, fierce and rude,
Mingled it in their daily food;
And he who battled and subdued,
A wreath of fennel wore.

Then in life's goblet freely press,
The leaves that give it bitterness,
Nor prize the colored waters less,
For in thy darkness and distress
New light and strength they give!

And be who has not learned to know
How false its sparkling bubbles show,
How bitter are the drops of woe,
With which its brim may overflow,
He has not learned to live.

The prayer of Ajax was for light;
Through all that dark and desperate fight,
The blackness of that noonday night,
He asked but the return of sight,
To see his foeman's face.

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer
Be, too, for light,—for strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care,
That crushes into dumb despair
One half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity!
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeled to the lips in misery,
Lenging, and yet afraid to die,
Patient, though sorely tried!

I pledge you in this cup of grief,
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf!
The Battle of our Life is brief,
The alarm,—the struggle,—the relief,
Then sleep we side by side.

MAIDENHOOD.

MAIDEN! with the neck, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood meet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sces the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearst thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataclys's roar!

O, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands,—Life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered;
Age, the bough with snows enumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.
Maidenhood.

Standing, with reluctant feet, where the brook and river meet.

Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.
EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
ExceLSIOr!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
ExceLSIOr!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
ExceLSIOr!

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
ExceLSIOr!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
ExceLSIOr!

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
ExceLSIOr!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last Good-night,
A voice replied, far up the height,
ExceLSIOr!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
ExceLSIOr!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
ExceLSIOr!

POEMS ON SLAVERY.

[The following poems, with one exception, were written at sea, in the latter part of October, 1842. I had not then heard of Dr. Channing's death. Since that event, the poem addressed to him is no longer appropriate. I have added, however, to let it remain as it was written, in testimony of my admiration for a great and good man.]

TO WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

The pages of thy book I read,
And as I closed each one,
My heart, responding, ever said
"Servant of God! well done!"

Well done! Thy words are great and bold;
At times they seem to me
Like Luther's, in the days of old,
Half-battles for the free.

Go on, until this land revokes
The old and chartered lie,
The feudal curse, whose whips and yokes
Insult humanity.

A voice is ever at thy side
Speaking in tones of might
Like the prophetic voice, that cried
To John in Patmos, "Write!"

Write! and tell out this bloody tale;
Record this dire eclipse,
This Day of Wrath, this Endless Wail,
This dread Apocalypse!

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

Beside the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand.
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flowed;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode;
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
They held him by the hand!—
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank;
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew;
From morn till night he followed their flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyena scream,
And the river-home, as he crushed the reeds
Beside some hidden stream;
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph of his dream.
The forests, with their myriad tongues,       
Shouted of liberty;
And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,       
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep and smiled       
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver’s whip,       
Nor the burning heat of day;
For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep,       
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul       
Had broken and thrown away!

AND THEN AT FURIOUS SPEED HE RODE.

THE GOOD PART,—THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

THE GOOD PART,
THAT SHALL NOT BE TAKEN AWAY.

She dwells by Great Kanawha’s side,       
In valleys green and cool;
And all her hope and all her pride       
Are in the village school.

Her soul, like the transparent air       
That robed the hills above,
Thought not of earth, encircles there       
All things with arms of love.

And thus she walks among her girls       
With praise and mild rebukes;
Subduing e’en rude village churls       
By her angelic looks.

She reads to them at eventide       
Of One who came to save;
To cast the captive’s chains aside       
And liberate the slave.

And oft the blessed time foretells       
When all men shall be free;
And musical, as silver-bells,       
Their falling chains shall be.

And following her beloved Lord,       
In decent poverty,
She makes her life one sweet record       
And deed of charity.

For she was rich, and gave up all       
To break the iron bands
Of those who waited in her hall,       
And labored in her lands.

Long since beyond the Southern Sea       
Their outbound sails have sped,
While she, in meek humility,       
Now earns her daily bread.

It is their prayers, which never cease,       
That clothe her with such grace;
Their blessing is the light of peace       
That shines upon her face.

THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

In dark tents of the Dismal Swamp       
The hunted Negro lay;
He saw the fire of the midnight camp,       
And heard at times a horse’s tramp
And a bloodhound’s distant bay.

Where will-o’-the-wisps and glow-worms shine       
In bulrush and in brake;
Where waving mosses shroud the pine,       
And the cedar grows, and the poisonous vine
Is spotted like the snake;

Where hardly a human foot could pass,       
Or a human heart would dare,
On the quaking turf of the green morass       
He crouched in the rank and tangled grass,
Like a wild beast in his lair.

A poor old slave, infirm and lame;       
Great scars deformed his face;
On his forehead he bore the brand of shame,       
And the rags, that hid his mangled frame,
Were the livery of disgrace.
All things above were bright and fair,
All things were glad and free;
Lithu squirrels darted here and there,
And wild birds filled the echoing air
With songs of Liberty!

On him alone was the doom of pain,
From the morning of his birth;
On him alone the curse of Cain
Fell, like a flail on the garnered grain,
And struck him to the earth!

THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

Loud he sang the psalm of David!
He, a Negro and enslaved,
Sang of Israel's victory,
Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour, when night is calmest,
Sang he from the Hebrew Psalmist,
In a voice so sweet and clear
That I could not choose but hear,

Songs of triumph, and ascriptions,
Such as reached the swart Egyptians,
When upon the Red Sea coast
Perished Pharaoh and his host.

And the voice of his devotion
Filled my soul with strange emotion;
For its tones by turns were glad
Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison,
Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen,
And an earthquake's arm of might
Broke their dungeon-gates at night.

But, alas! what holy angel
Brings the Slave this glad evangel?
And what earthquake's arm of might
Breaks his dungeon-gates at night?

THE WITNESSES.

In Ocean's wide domains,
Half buried in the sands,
Lie skeletons in chains,
With shackled feet and hands.

Beyond the fall of dews,
Deeper than plummet lies,
Float ships, with all their crews,
No more to sink nor rise.

There the black Slave-ship swims,
Freighted with human forms,
Whose fettered, fleshless limbs
Are not the sport of storms.

These are the bones of Slaves;
They gleam from the abyss;
They cry, from yawning waves,
"We are the Witnesses!"

Within Earth's wide domains
Are markets for men's lives;
Their necks are galled with chains,
Their wrists are cramped with yokes.

Dead bodies, that the kite
In deserts makes its prey;
Morders, that with affright
Scare school-boys from their play!

All evil thoughts and deeds;
Anger, and lust, and pride;
The foulest, rankest weeds,
That choke Life's gleaning tide!

These are the woes of Slaves;
They glare from the abyss;
They cry, from unknown graves,
"We are the Witnesses!"

THE QUADROON GIRL.

The Slaver in the broad lagoon
Lay moored with tattered sail;
He waited for the rising moon,
And for the evening gale.

Under the shore his boat was tied,
And all her listless crew
Watched the gray alligator slide
Into the still bayou.

Odors of orange-flowers, and spice,
Reached them from time to time,
Like airs that breathe from Paradise
Upon a world of crime.

The Planter, under his roof of thatch,
Smoked thoughtfully and slow;
The Slaver's thumb was on the latch,
He seemed in haste to go.

He said, "My ship at anchor rides
In yonder broad lagoon;
I only wait the evening tides,
And the rising of the moon."

Before them, with her face upraised,
In timid attitude,
Like one half curious, half amazed,
A Quadroon maiden stood.

Her eyes were large, and full of light,
Her arms and neck were bare;
No garment she wore save a kirtle bright,
And her own long, raven hair.

And on her lips there played a smile
As holy, meek, and faint,
As lights in some cathedral aisle
The features of a saint.

"The soil is barren,—the farm is old;"
The thoughtful planter said;
Then looked upon the Slaver's gold,
And then upon the maid.

His heart within him was at strife
With such accursed gains;
For he knew whose passions gave her life,
Whose blood ran in her veins.

But the voice of nature was too weak;
He took the glittering gold;
Then pale as death grew the maiden's cheek,
Her hands as icy cold.

The Slaver led her from the door,
He led her by the hand,
To be his slave and paramour
In a strange and distant land!
THE WARNING.

Beware! The Israelite of off, who tore
The lion in his path,—when, poor and blind,
He saw the blessed light of heaven no more,
Shorn of his noble strength and forced to grind
In prison, and at last led forth to be
A wander to Philistine revelry,—

Upon the pillars of the temple laid
His desperate hands, and in its overthrow
Destroyed himself, and with him those who made
A cruel mockery of his sightless woe;
The poor, blind Slave, tho' scoff and jest of all,
Expired, and thousands perished in the fall!

There is a poor, blind Samson in this land,
Shorn of his strength and bound in bonds of steel,
Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand,
And shake the pillars of this Common-wealth,
Till the vast Temple of our liberties
A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

VICTORIAN
HYPOLOGY
THE COUNT OF LARA
DON CARLOS
THE ARCHBISHOP OF TOLEDO
A CARDINAL
BELTRAN CRUZADO
BARTOLOME ROMAN
THE PADRE CURA OF GUADARRAMA
PEDRO CRESCO
PANCHO
FRANCISCO
CHIPEA
BALTARAR
PRECIOSA
ANGELICA
MARTINA
DOLORES

Gypsie, Musician, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — The Count of Lara's chambers.
Night. The Count in his dressing-gown,
smoking and conversing with Don Carlos.
Lara. You were not at the play to-night, Don Carlos;
How happened it?

Don C. I had engagements elsewhere.

Pray who was there?

Lara. Why, all the town and court.
The house was crowded; and the busy fans
Among the gayly dressed and perfumed ladies
Fluttered like butterflies among the flowers.
There was the Countess of Medina Cell;
The Goblin Lady with her Phantom Lover,
Her Liento Don Diego; Dona Sol,
And Doña Serafina, and her cousins.

Don C. What was the play?

Lara. It was a dull affair;
One of those comedies in which you see,
As Lope says, the history of the world
Brought down from Genesis to the Day of Judgment.

There were three duels fought in the first act,
Three gentlemen receiving deadly wounds,
Leaving their hands upon their hearts, and saying,
"O, I am dead!" a lover in a closet,
An old bidalgo, and a gay Don Juan,
A Dona Inez with a black mantilla,
Followed at twilight by an unknown lover,
Who looks intently where he knows she is not!
Don C. Of course, the Preciosa danced to-night?

Lara. And never better. Every footstep fell
As lightly as a sunbeam on the water.
I think the girl extremely beautiful.

Don C. Almost beyond the privilege of woman!

I saw her in the Prado yesterday.
Her step was royal,—queen-like,—and her face
As beautiful as a saint's in Paradise.
Lara. May not a saint fall from her Paradise,
And be no more a saint?

Don C. Why do you ask?

Lara. Because I have heard it said this angel fell,
And though she is a virgin outwardly
Within she is a sinner; like those panels
Of doors and altar-pieces tho' the old monks
Painted in convents, with the Virgin Mary
On the outside, and on the inside Venus!

Don C. You do her wrong; indeed, you do
her wrong!

She is as virtuous as she is fair.

Lara. How credulous you are! Why look
you, friend,
There's not a virtuous woman in Madrid,
In this whole city! And would you persuade me
That a mere dancing-girl, who shows herself,
Nightly, half-naked, on the stage, for money,
And with voluptuous motions firs the blood
Of inconsiderate youth, is to be held
A model for her virtue?

Don C. You forget
She is a Gypsy girl.

Lara. And therefore won
The easier.

Don C. Nay, not to be won at all!
The only virtue that a Gypsy prizes
Is chastity. That is her only virtue.
Dearer than life she holds it; I remember
A Gypsy woman, a vile, shameless wench,
Whose craft was to betray the young and fair;
And yet this woman was above all brutes.
And when a noble lord, touched by her beauty,
The wild and wizard beauty of her race,
Offered her gold to be what she made others, 
She turned upon him, with a look of scorn, 
And snote him in the face!

Lara. And does that prove 
That Preciosa is above suspicion?

Don C. It provokes a nobleman may be repulsed, 
When he thinks conquest easy. I believe 
That woman, in her deepest degradation, 
Holds something sacred, something undefiled, 
Some pledge and keepsake of her higher nature, 
And, like the diamond in the dark, retains 
Some quenchless gleam of the celestialight!

Lara. Yet Preciosa would have taken the gold.

Don C. (rising). I do not think so.

Lara. I am sure of it.

But what this haste? Stay yet a little longer. 
And fight the battles of your Dulcinea.

Don C. 'Tis late. I must begone, for if I stay 
You will not be persuaded.

Lara. Yes; persuaded me.

And greater faith in woman.

[Exeunt.

Lara. Greater faith! I have the greatest faith; for I believe 
Victorinan her lover. I believe 
That I shall be to-morrow; and thereafter 
Another, and another, and another, 
Chasing each other through her zodiactic, 
As Taurus chasing Arius.

(Enter Francisco with a casket.)

Well, Francisco, 
What speed with Preciosa?

Franc. None, my lord.

She sends your jewels back, and bids me tell 
Don 
She is not to be purchased by your gold.

Lara. Then I will try some other way to win 
her.

Pray, dost thou know Victorian? 

Franc. Yes, my lord; 

I saw him at the jeweller's to-day.

Lara. What was he doing there? 

Franc. I saw him buy 

A golden ring, that had a ruby in it. 

Lara. Was there another like it? 

Franc. One so like it 

I could not choose between them.

Lara. It is well. 

To-morrow morning bring that ring to me. 
Do not forget. Now light me to my bed.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A street in Madrid. Enter Chispa, 
followed by musicians, with a bagpipe, guitar, 
and other instruments.

Chispa. Ahernuelo Satanas! and a plague on 
all lovers who ramble about at night, drinking 
the elements, instead of sleeping quietly in their beds. 
Every dead man to his cemetery, say I; and 
every friar to his monastery. Now, here's my 
master, Victorian, yesterday a cow-keeper, and 
to-day a gentleman; yesterday a student, and 
to-day a lover; and I must be up later than the 
nightingale, for as the abbot sings so must the 
sacristan respond. God grant he may soon be 
marrying, for then shall all this serenading cease. 
Ay, marry! marry! marry! Mother, what does 
marry mean? It means to spin, to bear children, 
and to weep, my daughter! And, of a truth, 
there is something more in matrimony than the 
wedding-ring. (To the musicians.) And now, 
gentlemen, I'ax vosombre! as the ass said to the 
cabbages. Pray, walk this way; and don't hang 
down your heads. It is no disgrace to have an 
old father and a ragged shirt. Now, look you, 
you are gentlemen who lead the life of crickets; you 
enjoy hunger by day and noise by night. 
Yet, I beseech you, for this once be not loud, but 
patrician; for it is a serenade to a damed in bed, 
and not to a man in the Moon, nor your object is 
not to arowse and terrify, but to soothe and bring 
the fancies dreams. Therefore, each shall not play 
upon his instrument as if it were the only one in 
the universe, but gently, and with a certain 
modesty, according with the others. Pray, how 
may I call thy name, friend?

First Mus. Gerônimo Gil, at your service. 

Chispa. Every tab smells of the wine that is 
in it. Pray, Gerônimo, is not Saturday an unpleasant 
day with thee?

First Mus. Why so?

Chispa. Because I have heard it said that 
Saturday is an unpleasant day with those who 
have but one shirt. Moreover, I have seen thee 
at the tavern, and if thou canst run as fast as thou canst drink, I should like to hunt hares 
with thee. What instrument is that?

First Mus. An Aragonese bagpipe. 

Chispa. Pray, art thou related to the bagpiper of 
Buñalance, who asked a maravedi for playing, 
and ten for leaving off?

First Mus. No, your honor.

Chispa. I am glad of it. What other instruments have we?

Second and Third Musicians. We play the 
banduria.

Chispa. A pleasing instrument. And thou?

Fourth Mus. The life.

Chispa. I like it; it has a cheerful, soul-stirring 
round, that soars up to my lady's window 
like the song of a swallow. And you others?

Other Mus. We are the singers, please your 
honor.

Chispa. You are too many. Do you think we 
are going to sing mass in the cathedral of Córdova? 
Four men can make but little use of one 
shoe, and I see not how you can all sing in one 
song. But follow me along the garden wall. 
That is the way my master climbs to the lady's 
window. It is by the Vicar's skirts that the 
Devil climbs into the belfry. Come, follow me, 
and make no noise.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—PRECIOISA's chamber. She stands 
at the open window.

Pree. How slowly through the lilac-scented air 
Descends the tranquil moon! Like thistle-down 
The vapery clouds float in the peaceful sky; 
And sweetly from you hollow vaults of shade 
The nightingales breathe out their souls in song. 
And hark! what songs of love, what soul-like 
Answer them from below!

SERENADE.

Stars of the summer night!

Far in you mazy deeps,

Hide, hide your golden light!

She sleeps!

My lady sleeps!

Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!

Far down you western steep,

Sink, sink in silver light!

She sleeps!

My lady sleeps!

Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!

Where yonder woodland creeps,

Fold, fold thy pinions light!

She sleeps!

My lady sleeps!

Sleeps!
Dreams of the summer night!
Tell her, her lover keeps
Watch! while in chambers light
My lady sleeps! Sleeps!

(Enter VICTORIAN by the balcony.)

VICT. Poor little dove! Thou tremblest like a leaf!
Prec. I am so frightened! 'T is for thee I tremble!
VICT. I hate to have thee climb that wall by night!
What did one see thee?

VICT. None, my love, but thou.
Prec. 'T is very dangerous; and when thou art gone
I chide myself for letting thee come here
Thus stealthily by night. Where hast thou been?
Since yesterday I have no news from thee.
VICT. Since yesterday I have been in Alcalá.
Kreeling the time will come, sweet Preciosa;
When that dull distance shall no more divide us;
And I no more shall scale thy wall by night
To steal a kiss from thee, as I do now.

Prec. An honest thief, to steal but what thou art best.
VICT. And we shall sit together unmolested,
And words of true love pass from tongue to tongue,
As singing birds from one bough to another.

Prec. That were a life to make time envious!
I knew that thou wouldst come to me to-night.
I saw thee at the play.

VICT. Sweet child of air!
Never did I behold thee so attired
And garmented in beauty as to-night!
What hast thou done to make thee look so fair?

Prec. Am I not always fair?
Ay, and so fair
That I am jealous of all eyes that see thee,
And wish that they were blind.

Prec. I head them not;
When thou art present, I see none but thee.

VICT. There's nothing fair nor beautiful, but takes
Something from thee, that makes it beautiful.

Prec. And yet thou leavest me for those dusty books.

VICT. Thou comest between me and those books too often!
I see thy face in everything I see!
The paintings in the chapel wear thy looks,
The canticles are chanted to sarabands,
And with the learned doctors of the school
I see thee dance cachuchas.

Prec. In good sooth,
I dance with learned doctors of the school.

VICT. To-morrow morning.

Prec. And with whom, I pray?

VICT. A grave and reverend Cardinal, and his Grace
The Archbishop of Toledo.

Prec. What mad jest is this?

VICT. It is no jest; Indeed it is not.

Prec. Prithhee, explain thyself.

VICT. Why, simply thus,
Thou knowest the Pope has sent here into Spain
To put a stop to dances on the stage.

Prec. I have heard it whispered.

VICT. Now the Cardinal, Who for this purpose comes, would fain behold
With his own eyes these dances; and the Arch-

Prec. Has sent for me—

VICT. That thou mayst dance before them!

Prec. Yes, that I love thee, as the good love

VICT. And yet I fear these dances will be stopped,

Prec. And Preciosa be once more a beggar.

VICT. The sweetest beggar that e'er asked for alms;
With such beseeching eyes, that when I saw thee
I gave my heart away!

Prec. When first we met?

VICT. It was at Córdova,
In the cathedral garden. Thou wast sitting
Under the orange trees, beside a fountain.

Prec. 'T was Easter-Sunday. The full-blos-

VICT. Filled all the air with fragrance and with joy.
The priests were singing, and the organ sounded,
And thou anon the great cathedral bell.

VICT. It was the elevation of the Host.
We both of us fell down upon our knees,
Under the orange boughs, and prayed together.
I never had been happy till that moment.

Prec. Thou blessed angel!

VICT. And when thou wast gone
I felt an aching here. I did not speak
To any one that day. But from that day
Bartolomé grew hateful unto me.

VICT. Remember him no more. Let not his shadow
Come between thee and me. Sweet Preciosa!
I loved thee even then, though I was silent!

Prec. I thought I never should see thy face again
Thy farewell had a sound of sorrow in it.

VICT. That was the first sound in the song of love!

Prec. Scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound.
Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings
Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,
And play the prelude of our fate. We hear
The voice prophetic, and are not alone.

Prec. That is my faith. Dost thou believe these warnings?

VICT. So far as this. Our feelings and our thoughts
Tend ever on, and rest not in the Present.
As drops of rain fall into some dark well,
And from below comes a scarce audible sound,
So fall our thoughts into the dark Hereafter,
And their mysterious echo reaches us.

Prec. I have felt it so, but found no words to say it!
I cannot reason; I can only feel!

VICT. But thou hast language for all thoughts and feel-

Prec. Thou art a scholar; and sometimes I think
We cannot walk together in this world!
The distance that divides us is too great!

VICT. Henceforth thy pathway lies among the stars;
I must not hold thee back.

Prec. Thou little sceptic! Dost thou still doubt?
What I most prize in woman
Is her affections, not her intellect!

VICT. The intellect is fine; but the affections
Are infinite, and cannot be exhausted.

Prec. Compare me with the great men of the earth;
What am I? Why, a pygmy among giants!

VICT. But if thou lovest,—mark me! I say lovest,
The greatest of thy sex excels thee not!
The world of the affections is thy world,
Not that of man's ambition. In that stillness
Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy
Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,
Feeding its flame. The element of fire.

Prec. Is pure. It cannot change nor hide its nature,
But burns as brightly in a Gypsy camp
As in a palace hall. Art thou convinced?

VICT. Yes, that I love thee, as the good love

Prec. Saving one.

VICT. But not that I am worthy of that heaven.

Prec. How shall I more deserve it?
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Vic. Loving more.

Prec. I cannot love thee more; my heart is full.

Vic. Then let it overflow, and I will drink it, as in the summer-time the thirsty sands drink the swift waters of the Manzanares, and still do thirst for more.

A Watchman (in the street). Ave Maria Purissima! 'T is midnight and serene!

Vic. Hearst thou that cry?

Prec. It is a hateful sound, to scare thee from me!

Vic. As the hunter's horn, doth scare the timid stag, or bark of hounds. The monarch owl from his masts.

Prec. Pray, do not go!

Vic. I must away to Alcalá to-night.

Think of me when I am away.

Prec. Fear not! I have no thoughts that do not think of thee.

Vic. (giving her a ring). And to remind thee of my love, take this: A serpent, emblem of Eternity; A thy—say, a drop of my heart's blood.

Prec. It is an ancient saying, that the ruby brings gladness to the wearer, and preserves the heart pure, and, if laid beneath the pillow, drives away evil dreams. But then, alas! It was a serpent tempted Eve to sin.

Vic. What convent of barefooted Carmelites taught thee so much theology?

Prec. (talking her hand upon his mouth). Hush! hush! Good night! and may all holy angels guard thee! Good night! good night! Thou art my guardian angel!

I have no other saint than thou to pray to!

(He descends by the balcony.)

Prec. Take care, and do not hurt thee. Art thou safe?

Vic. (from the garden). Safe as my love for thee! But art thou safe?

Others can climb a balcony by moonlight as well as I. Pray shut thy window close; I am jealous of the perfumed air of night. That from this garden climbs to kiss thy lips.

Prec. (throwing down her handkerchief). Thou silly child! Take this to blind thine eyes. It is my beacon!

Vic. And brings to me
Sweet fragrance from thy lips, as the soft wind Wafts to the out-bound mariner the breath Of the beloved land he leaves behind.

Prec. Make not thy voyage long.

Vic. To-morrow night shall see me safe returned. Thou art the star To guide me to an anchorage. Good night! My beautiful star! My star of love, good night! Prec. Good night!

Watchman (at a distance). Ave Maria Purissima!

SCENE IV. An inn on the road to Alcalá. Baltasar asleep on a bench. Enter Chispa.

Chispa. And here we are, half-way to Alcalá, between cocks and midnight. Body o' me! what an inn this is! The lights out, and the landlord asleep. Hola! ancient Baltasar!

Bat. (awaking). Here I am.

Chispa. Yes, there you are, like a one-eyed Alcalde in a town without inhabitants. Bring a light, and let me have supper.

Bat. Where is your master?

Chispa. Do not trouble yourself about him. We have stopped a moment to breathe our horses; and, if he chooses to walk up and down in the open air, looking into the sky as one who hears it rain, that does not satisfy my hunger, you know.

But be quick, for I am in a hurry, and every man stretches his legs according to the length of his coverlet. What have we here?

Bat. (setting a light on the table). Stewed rabbit.

Chispa (eating). Conscience of Portalegre! Stewed kitten, you mean!

Bat. And a pitcher of Pedro Ximenes, with a roasted pear in it.

Chispa (drinking). Ancient Baltasar, amigo! You know how to cry wine and sell vinegar. I tell you this is nothing but Vino Tinto of La Mancha, with a tang of the swine-skin.

Bat. I swear to you by Saint Simon and Judas, it is all as I say.

Chispa. And I swear to you by Saint Peter and Saint Paul, that it is no such thing. Moreover, your supper is like the hidalgos' dinner, very little meat and a great deal of表格cloth.

Bat. Ha! ha! ha!

Chispa. And more noise than nuts.

Bat. Ha! ha! ha! You must have your joke, Master Chispa. But shall I not ask Don Victorion in, to take a draught of the Pedro Ximenes?

Chispa. No; you might as well say, "Don't you-want-some?" to a dead man.

Bat. Why does he go so often to Madrid?

Chispa. For the same reason that he eats no supper. He is in love. Were you ever in love, Baltasar?

Bat. I was never out of it, good Chispa. It has been the torment of my life.

Chispa. What? are you on fire, too, old hay-stack? Why, we shall never be able to put you out.

Vic. (without). Chispa! Chispa! Go to bed, Pero Grullo, for the cocks are crowing.

Vic. Eä! Chispa! Chispa! Chispa. Eä! Señor. Come with me, ancient Baltasar, and bring water for the horses. I will pay for the supper to-morrow.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V. —VICTORIAN'S chambers at Alcalá. Hypolito asleep in an arm-chair. He awakes slowly.

Hyp. I must have been asleep! ay, sound and it was all a dream. O sleep, sweet sleep! Whatever form thou takest, thou art fair, holding unto our lips thy golden filled Out of Oblivion's well, a healing draught! The candles have burned low; it must be late. Where can Victorian be? Like Fray Carillo, The only place in which one cannot find him Is his own cell. Here's his guitar, that seldom Feels the caresses of its master's hand. Open thy silent lips, sweet instrument! And make dull midnight merry with a song.

(He plays and sings.)

Padre Francisco! Padre Francisco!

What do you want of Padre Francisco?

Here is a pretty young maiden. Who wants to confess her sins? Open the door and let her come in, I will shrieve her from every sin.

(Enter Victorian.)

Vic. Padre Hypolito! Padre Hypolito!

Hyp. What do you want of Padre Hypolito?

Vic. Come, shrieve me straight; for, if love be a sin.

I am the greatest sinner that doth live. I will confess the sweetest of all crimes, A maiden woe'd and won.

Hyp. The same old tale
The Spanish Student. 49

Of the old woman in the chimney-corner,
Who, while the pot boils, says, 'Come here, my child!
I'll tell thee a story of my wedding-day.'

**Vic.** Nay, listen, for my heart is full; so full
That I must speak.

**Hyp.** Alas! that heart of thine
Is like a scene in the old play; the curtain
Rises to solemn music, and lo! enter
The eleven thousand virgins of Cologne!

**Vic.** Nay, like the Sibyl's volumes, thou
shouldst say:

Those that remained, after the six were burned,
Being held more precious than the nine together.

But listen to my tale. Dost thou remember
The Gypsy girl we saw at Córdova
Dance the Romílai in the market-place?

**Hyp.** Thou meanest Preciosa.

**Vic.** Ay, the same.

Thou knowest how her image haunted me
Long after we returned to Alcalá.

She's in Madrid.

**Hyp.** I know it.

**Vic.** And I'm in love.

**Hyp.** And therefore in Madrid when thou
shouldst be
In Alcalá

O pardon me, my friend,
If I so long have kept this secret from thee;
But silence is the charm thatguards such treasures,
And, if a word be spoken ere the time,
They sink again, they were not meant for us.

**Hyp.** Alas! alas! I see thou art in love.

Love keeps the cold out better than a cloak.
It serves for food and raiment. Give a Spaniard
His mass, his oil, and his Dóna Lúrus
Thou knowest the proverb. But pray tell me, my lover,
How speedy thy wooing? Is the maiden coy?
Write her a song, beginning with an Ave;
Sing as the monk sang to the Virgin Mary,

> Ave! cupis calicem clare
> Nunc centum tribulare
> Scrit Seraph studio!

**Vic.** Pray, do not jest! This is no time for it!
I am in earnest!

**Hyp.** Seriously enamored?

What, ho! The Primus of great Alcalá
Enamored of a Gypsy? Tell me frankly,
How meanest thou?

**Vic.** I mean it honestly.

**Hyp.** Surely thou wilt not marry her!

**Vic.** Why not?

She was betrothed to one Bartolomé,
If I remember rightly, a young Gypsy
Who danced with her at Córdova.

They quarreled,
And so the matter ended.
But in truth
Thou wilt not marry her.

**Vic.** In truth I will.

The angels sang in heaven when she was born!
She is a precious jewel I have found
Among the filth and rubbish of the world.
I'll stoop for it; but when I wear it there,
Set on my forehead like the morning star,
This world may wonder, but it will not laugh.

**Hyp.** If thou wear'st nothing else upon thy
forehead,
'T will be indeed a wonder.

**Vic.** Out upon thee
With thy unseasonable jests! Pray tell me,
Is there no virtue in the world?

**Hyp.** Not much.

What, think'st thou, is she doing at this moment;
Now while we speak of her?

**Vic.** She lies asleep,
And from her parted lips her gentle breath
Comes like the fragrance from the lips of flowers,
Her tender limbs are still, and on her breast
The cross she prayed to, ere she fell asleep,
Rises and fails with the soft tide of dreams,
Like a light barge safe moored.

**Hyp.** Which means, in prose,
She's sleeping with her marble a little open!

**Vic.** O, would I had the old magician's glass
To see her as she lies childlike asleep!

**Hyp.** And wouldst thou venture?

**Vic.** Ay, indeed I would!

**Hyp.** Thou art courageous. Hast thou e'er
reflected
How much lies hidden in that one word, now?

**Vic.** Yes; all the awful mystery of Life!
I oft have thought, my dear Hypolito,
That could we, by some spell of magic, change
The world and its inhabitants to stone,
In the same attitudes they now are in,
What fearful glances downward might we cast
Into the hollow charms of human life?

What groups should we behold about the death-bed,
Putting to shame the group of Xiobe!

What joyful welcomes, and what sad farewells!
What stony tears in those consummated eyes!

What visible joy or anguish in those cheeks!
What bridal pomps, and what funereal shows!

What foes, like gladiators, fierce and struggling!
What lovers with their marble lips together!

**Hyp.** Ay, there is it! and, if I were in love,
That is the very point I most should dread.

This magic glass, these magic spells of thine,
Might tell a tale were better left untold,
For instance, they might show us thy fair cousin,
The Lady Violante, bathed in tears
Of love and anger, like the maid of Colchis,
Whom thou, another faithless Argonaut,
Having won that golden fleece, a woman's love,
Desertest for this Glauce.

**Vic.** Hold thy peace!
She cares not for me. She may wed another,
Or go into a convent, and, thus dying,
Marry Achilles in the Elysian Fields.

**Hyp.** (rising). And so, good night!
Good morning, I should say.

(Clock strikes three.)

Hark! how the loud and ponderous mace of Time
Knocks at the golden portals of the day!
And so, once more, good night! We'll speak
more largely now.

Of Preciosa when we meet again.

Get thee to bed, and the magician, Sleep,
Shall show her to thee, in his magic glass,
In all her loveliness. Good night!

**Vic.** Good night.
But not to bed; for I must read awhile.

(Throws himself into the arm-chair which Hypolito has left, and lays a large book open upon his knees.)

Must read, or sit in reverie and watch
The changing color of the waves that break
Upon the idle sea-shore of the mind!

Visions of Fame! that once did visit me,
Making night glorious with your smile, where
are ye?
O, who shall give me, now that ye are gone,
Juices of those immortal plants that bloom
Upon Olympian scapes, making us immortal?

Or teach me where that wondrous mansemane grows
Whose magic root, torn from the earth with
groans,
At midnight hour, can scare the fiends away,
And make the mind prolific in its fantasies,
I have the wish, but want the will, to act!

Souls of great men departed! Ye whose words
Have come to light from the swift river of Time,
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Like Roman swords found in the Tagus' bed,
Where is the strength to wield the arms ye bore?
From the barred visor of Antiquity
Reflected shines the eternal light of Truth,
As from a mirror! All the means of action—
The shapeless masses, the materials—
Lie everywhere about. What we need
Is the celestial fire to change the flint
Into transparent crystal, bright and clear.
That fire is genius! The rude material sits
At evening in his smoky cot, and draws
With charcoal unctous figures on the wall.
The son of genius comes, foot-sore with travel,
And theft a shelter from the inclement night.
He takes the charcoal from the peasant's hand,
And, by the magic of his touch at once
Transfigured, all its hidden virtues shine,
And, in the eyes of the astonished clown,
It gleams a diamond! Even thus transformed,
Rade popular traditions and old tales
Shine as immortal poems, at the touch
Of some poor, houseless, homeless, wandering bard.
Who had but a night's lodging for his pains.
But there are brighter dreams than those of Fame,
Which are the dreams of Love! Out of the heart
Rises the bright ideal of these dreams,
As from some woodland fount a spirit rises
And sinks again into its silent deeps,
Ere the enamored knight can touch her robe!
'Tis this ideal that the soul of man,
Like the enamored knight beside the fountain,
 waits for upon the margin of Life's stream;
Waits to behold her rise from the dark waters,
Clad in a mortal shape! Alas! how many
Must it await in vain! The stream flows evermore,
But from its silent deeps no spirit rises!
Yet I, born under a propitious star,
Have found the bright ideal of my dreams.
Yes! she is ever with me. I can feel,
Here, as I sit at midnight and alone,
Her gentle breathing! on my breast can feel
The pressure of her head! God's benison
Rest ever on it! Close those beauteous eyes,
Sweet Slumber! and all the flowers that bloom at night
With balmy lips breathe in her ears my name!

(Gradually sinks asleep.)

ACT II.


Prec. Why will you go so soon? Stay yet awhile.
The poor too often turn away unheard
From hearts that shut against them with a sound
That will be heard in heaven. Pray, tell me more.
Of your adversities. Keep nothing from me.
What is your landlord's name?

Ang. The Count of Lara.

Prec. The Count of Lara? O, beware that man!
Mistrust his pity,—hold no parley with him!
And rather die an outlaw in the streets
Than touch his gold.

Ang. You know him, then? As much
As any woman may, and yet be pure.
As you would keep your name without a blemish,
Beware of him.

Prec. Alas! what can I do? I cannot choose my friends. Each word of kindness,
Come whence it may, is welcome to the poor.

Prec. Make me your friend. A girl so young
and fair
Should have no friends but those of her own sex.
What is your name?

Ang. Angelica.

Prec. That name
Was given you, that you might be an angel
To her who bore you! When your infant smile
Made her home Paradise, you were her angel.
O, be her angel still! She needs that smile.
So long as you are innocent, fear nothing.
No one can harm you! I am a poor girl,
Whom chance has taken from the public streets.
I have no other shield than mine own virtue.
That is the charm which has protected me!
Amid a thousand perils, I have worn it.
Here on my heart! It is my guardian angel.

Ang. (rising). I thank you for this counsel,
Dear lady.

Prec. Thank me by following it.

Ang. Indeed I will.

Prec. Pray, do not go. I have much more to say.

Ang. My mother is alone. I dare not leave her.

Prec. Some other time, then, when we meet again.
You must not go away with words alone.

(Gives her a purse.)

Take this. Would it were more.

Ang. I thank you, lady.

Prec. No thanks. To-morrow come to me again.

I dance to-night,—perhaps for the last time.
But what I gain, I promise shall be yours,
If that can save you from the Count of Lara.

Ang. O, my dear lady! how shall I be grateful
For so much kindness?

Prec. I deserve no thanks,
Thank Heaven, not me.

Ang. Both Heaven and you.

Prec. Farewell.

Remember that you come again to-morrow.

Ang. I will. And may the Blessed Virgin guard you.

And all good angels.

[Exit.]

Prec. May they guard thee too,
And all the poor; for they have need of angels.
Now bring me, dear Dolores, my consolations,
My richest maja dress,—my dancing dress,
And my most precious jewels! Make me look
Fairer than night ever saw me. I've a prize
To win this day, worthy of Preciosa!

(Enter Beltran Cruzado.)

Cruz. Ave Maria!

Prec. O God! my evil genius!
What seekest thou here to-day?

Cruz. Thyself,—my child.

Prec. What is thy will with me?

Cruz. More Gold! gold! gold!

Prec. I gave thee yesterday; I have no more.

Cruz. The gold of the Biscay,—give me his gold!

Prec. I gave the last in charity to-day.

Cruz. That is a foolish lie.

It is the truth.

Cruz. Curses upon thee! Thou art not my child!
Hast thou given gold away, and not to me?
Not to thy father? To whom, then?

To one

Who needs it more.

Cruz. No one can need it more.

Prec. Thou art not poor.

Cruz. What, I, who lurk about
In dismal suburbs and unhallowed lanes;
I, who am housed worse than the galley slave;
I, who am fed worse than the kennelled hound;
I, who am clothed in rags,—Beltran Cruzado,—
Not poor!

Prec. Thou hast a stout heart and strong hands.
Thou canst supply thy wants; what wouldst thou more?

Cruz. The gold of the Busnè! give me his gold.

Prec. Beltran Cruzado! hear me once for all,
I speak the truth. So long as I had gold,
I gave it to thee freely, at all times,
Never denied thee; never had a wish
But to fulfill thine own. Now go in peace!
By merciful, be patient, and erelong
Thou shalt have more.

Cruz. And if I have it not,
Thou shalt no longer dwell here in rich chambers,
Wear silken dresses, feed on dainty food,
And live in idleness; but go with me,
Dance the Romanis in the public streets,
And wander wild again o'er field and fell;
For here we stay not long.

Prec. What! march again?

Cruz. Ay, with all speed. I hate the crowded town!
I cannot breathe shut up within its gates!
Ah! I want air, and sunshine, and blue sky,
The feeling of the breeze upon my face,
The feeling of the turf beneath my feet,
And no walls but the far-off mountain-tops.
Then I am free and strong; some more myself,
Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calès!

Prec. God speed thee on thy march!—I cannot go.

Cruz. Remember who I am, and who thou art!
Be silent and obey! Yet one thing more.
Bartolome Roman—

Prec. (with emotion). O, beseech thee
If my obedience and blameless life,
If my humility and meek submission
In all things hitherto, can move in thee
One feeling of compassion; if thou art
Indeed my father, and canst trace in me
One look of her who bore me, or one tone
That doth remind thee of her, let it plead
In my behalf, who am a feeble girl,
Too feeble to resist, and do not force me
To wed that man! I am afraid of him!
I do not love him! I kneel I beg thee
To use no violence, nor do in haste
What cannot be undone!

Cruz. Thou hast betrayed thy secret, as a bird
Betrayed by her nest, by striving to conceal it;
I will not leave thee here in the great city
To be a grandee's mistress. Make thee ready
To go with us; and until then remember
A watchful eye is on thee.

[Exit. Prec.

Woe is me!
I have a strange misgiving in my heart!
But that one deed of charity I'll do,
Befall what may; they cannot take that from me.

Scene II.—A room in the Archishop's Palace.

The Archishop and a Cardinal seated.

Arch. Knowing how near it touched the public morals,
And that our age is grown corrupt and rotten
By such excess, we have sent to Rome,
Beseeching that his Holiness would aid
In curing the gross surfeit of the time,
By seasonable stop put here in Spain
To baffle-fights and joved dances on the stage.
All this you know.

Card. And know and approve.

Arch. That, by a mandate from his Holiness,
The first have been suppressed.

Card. I trust forever.

Arch. It was a cruel sport.

Most Catholic and Christian.

Card. Yet the people
Murmur at this; and, if the public dances
Should be condemned upon too slight occasion,
Worse ills might follow than the ills we cure.

As Pam eu e Orenses was the cry
Among the Roman populace of old,
So Pan y Toro is the cry in Spain.

Hence I would act advisedly herein;
And therefore have induced your Grace to see
These national dances, ere we interdict them.

(Enter a Servant.)

Serv. The dancing-girl, and with her the musicians
Your Grace was pleased to order, wait without.

Arch. Bid them come in. Now shall your eyes behold
In what angelic, yet voluptuous shape
The Devil came to tempt Saint Anthony.

(Enter PREGOSO, with a mantle thrown over her head. She advances slowly, in modest, half-timid attitude.)

Card. (aside). O, what a fair and ministering angel
Was lost to heaven when this sweet woman fell!

Prec. (kneeling before the Archishop). I have obeyed the order of your Grace.

If I intrude upon your better hours,
I proffer this excuse, and here beseech
Your holy benediction.

Arch. May God bless thee,
And lead thee to a better life. Arise.

Card. (aside). Her acts are modest, and her words discreet.
I did not look for this! Come hither, child.

Is thy name Preciosa?

Prec. That is a Gypsy name. Who is thy father?

Arch. Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calès.

Card. I have a dim remembrance of that man;
He was a bold and reckless character,
A sun-burnt Ishmael!

Card. Dost thou remember
Thy earlier days?

Prec. Yes; by the Darro's side
My childhood passed. I can remember still
The river, and the mountains capped with snow;
The villages, where, yet a little child,
I told the traveller's fortune in the street;
The smuggler's horse, the brigand and the shepherd;
The march across the moor; the halt at noon;
The red fire of the evening camp, that lighted
The forest where we slept; and, further back,
As in a dream or in some former life,
Gardens and palace walls.

Arch. 'Tis the Alhambra,
Under whose towers the Gypsy camp was pitched.

Prec. Your Grace shall be obeyed.

(Strong behind her mantilla. The music of the cachucha is played, and the dance begins. The Archishop and the Cardinall look on with gravity and an occasional frown; then make signs to each other; and, as the dance continues, become more and more pleased and excited; and at length rise from their seats, throw their caps in the air, and applaud vehemently as the scene closes.)

Scene III.—The Prado. A long avenue of trees
leading to the gate of Atocha. On the right the
dome and spires of a convent. A fountain;
Evening, Don Carlos and Hypolito meeting.

Don C. Hold! good evening, Don Hypolito.
Hyp. And a good evening to my friend, Don
Carlos.
Some lucky star has led my steps this way.
I was in search of you.

Don C. Command me always.
Hyp. Do you remember, in Quevedo's Dreams,
The miser, who, upon the Day of Judgment,
Asks if his money-bags would rise?
Don C. I do.
But what of that?
Hyp. I am that wretched man.
Don C. You mean to tell me yours have risen
empty?
Hyp. And amen! said my Cid the Campeador.

Do not.

Which, with due interest—

Don C. (giving his purse). What, am I a Jew
To put my moneys out at unsure?
Here is my purse.
Hyp. Thank you. A pretty purse.
Made by the hand of some fair Madrilena;
Perhaps a keepsake.

Don C. No, 'tis at your service.
Hyp. Thank you again. Lie there, good Chry-
sostom,
And with thy golden mouth remind me often,
I am the debtor of my friend.

Don C. But tell me,
Come you to-day from Alcalá?

Hyp. This moment.

Don C. And pray, how fares the brave Victor-
ian?
Hyp. Indifferent well; that is to say, not well.
A damsel has ensnared him with the glances
Of her dark, roving eyes, as herdsmen catch
A steer of Andalusia with a lazo.

He is in love.

Don C. And is it fairing ill?

Hyp. In his case very ill.

Don C. Why so?

Hyp. For many reasons. First and foremost,
Because he is in love with an ideal;
A creature of his own imagination;
A child of air; an echo of his heart;
And, like a lily on a river floating,
She floats upon the river of his thoughts!

Don C. A common thing with poets. But who is
This floating lily? For, in fine, some woman,
Some living woman,—not a mere ideal,—
Mnst wear the outward semblance of his thought.
Who is it? Tell me.

Hyp. Well, it is a woman!
But, look you, from the coffer of his heart
He brings forth precious jewels to adorn her,
As pious priests adorn some favorite saint
With gems and gold, until at length she gleams
One blaze of glory. Without those, you know,
And the priest's benediction, 'tis a doll.

Don C. Well, well! who is this doll?

Hyp. Why, who do you think?

Don C. His cousin Violante.

Hyp. Guess again.

To ease his laboring heart, in the last storm
He threw her overboard, with all her ingots.

Don C. I cannot guess; so tell me who it is.

Hyp. Not I.

Don C. Why not?

Hyp. (mysteriously). Why? Because Mari
Franca
Was married four leagues out of Salamanca!

Don C. Jesting aside, who is it?

Hyp. Preciosa.

Don C. Impossible! The Count of Lara tells me
She is not virtuous.
Hunting the traitor Quadros to his death,
And the great Moor Calaynos, when he rode
To Paris for the ears of Oliver.
Were nothing to him, O hot-headed youth! But come; we will not follow. Let us join
The crowd that pours into the Prado. There
We shall find merrier company; I see
The Marialontos and the Almavivas,
And fifty fans, that beckon me already.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Preciosa’s chamber. She is sitting,
With a book in her hand, wear a tale, on which
are flowers. A bird singing in its cage. The
COUNT OF LARA enters behind unperceived.

Prec. (reads).

All are sleeping, weary heart! Thou, thou only sleepless art!
Heigho! I wish Victorian were here.
I know not what it is makes me so restless!

(The bird sings.)

Thou little prisoner with thy motley coat,
That from thy vaulted, wavy dungeon escapest
Like thee I am a captive, and, like thee,
I have a gentle jailer. Lack-a-day!

All are sleeping, weary heart!
Thou, thou only sleepless art!
All this throbbing, all this aching,
Evermore shall keep thee waking,
For a heart in sorrow breaking
Thinketh ever of its smart!

Thou speakest truly, poet! and methinks
More hearts are breaking in this world of ours
Than one would say. In distant villages
And solitudes remote, where winds have wafted
The barbied seeds of love, or birds of passage
Scattered them in their flight, do they take root,
And grow in silence, and in silence perish.
Who hears the falling of the forest leaf?
Or who takes note of every flower that dies?
Heigho! I wish Victorian would come.
Dolores!

(‘Ours to lay down her book, and perceives the
COUNT.)

Ha!

Lara. Señora, pardon me!
Prec. How’s this? Dolores!

Lara. Pardon me—

Prec. Dolores!
Lara. Be not alarmed; I found no one in
waiting.

If I have been too bold—

Prec. (turning her back upon him). You are too bold!
Retire! retire, and leave me!

Lara. My dear lady,
First hear me! I beseech you, let me speak!
’Tis for your good I come.

Prec. (turning toward him with indignation).

Lara. I dare anything! Therefore beware! You are deceived in me.
In this false world, we do not always know
Who are our friends and who our enemies.
We all have enemies, and all need friends.
Even you, fair Preciosa, here at court
Have foes, who seek to wrong you.

Prec. If to this
I owe the honor of the present visit,
You might have spared the coming. Having
spoken,
Once more I beg you, leave me to myself.
Lara. I thought it but a friendly part to tell you
What strange reports are current here in town.
For my own self, I do not credit them;
But there are many who, not knowing you,
Will lend a reader ear.

Prec. There was no need
That you should take upon yourself the duty
Of telling me these tales.

Lara. Malicious tongues
Are ever busy with your name.

Prec. Alas!

I’ve no protectors. I am a poor girl,
Exposed to insults and unfeeling jests.
They wound me, yet I cannot strike myself.
I give no cause for these reports. I live
Retired; am visited by none.

Lara. By none?

Prec. O, then, indeed, you are much wronged!

Lara. Nay, nay; I will not wound your gen-
tle soul
By the report of idle tales.

Prec. Speak out!

What are these idle tales? You need not spare
me.

Lara. I will deal frankly with you. Pardon me;
This window, as I think, looks toward the street,
And this into the Prado, does it not?
In your high house, beyond the garden wall,—
You see the roof there just above the trees,—
There lives a friend, who told me yesterday,
That on a certain night,—be not offended
If I too plainly speak,—he saw a man
Climb to your chamber window. You are silent!
I would not blame you, being young and fair—

(He tries to embrace her. She starts back, and
draws a dagger from her bosom.)

Prec. Beware! beware! I am a Gypsy girl!
Lay not your hand upon me. One step nearer
And I will strike!

Lara. Pray you, put up that dagger.
Fear not.

Prec. I do not fear. I have a heart
In whose strength I can trust.

Lara. I come here as your friend,—I am your friend,—
And by a single word can put a stop
To all those idle tales, and make your name
Spotless as lilies are. Here on my knees,
Fair Preciosa! on my knees I swear,
I love you even to madness, and that love
Has driven me to break the rules of custom,
And force myself unmasked into your presence.

(VICTORIAN enters behind.)

Prec. Rise, Count of Lara! That is not the
place
For such as you are. It becomes you not
To kneel before me. I am strangely moved
To see one of your rank thus low and humbled;
For your sake I will put aside all anger,
All unkind feeling, all dislike, and speak
In gentleness, as most becomes a woman.
And as my heart now prompts me. I no more
Will hate you, for all hate is painful to me.
But if, without offending modesty
And that reserve which is a woman's glory,
I may speak freely, I will teach my heart
To love you.

Lara. O sweet angel!

Prec. Ay, in truth,
Far better than you love yourself or me.

Lara. Give me some sign of this,—the slightest token.

Let me but kiss your hand!

Prec. Nay, come no nearer.
The words I utter are its sign and token.

Misunderstand me not! Be not deceived!
The love wherewith I love you is not such
As you would offer me. For you come here
To take from me the only thing I have,
My honor. You are wealthy, you have friends
And kindred, and a thousand pleasant hopes
That fill your heart with happiness; but I
Am poor, and friendless, having but one treasure,
And you would take that from me, and for what?
To better your own vanity, and make me
What you would most despise. O sir, such love,
That seeks to harm me, cannot be true love.
Indeed it cannot. But my love for you
Is of a different kind. It seeks your good.
It is a holier feeling. It rebukes
Your earthly passion, your unchaste desires,
And bids you look into your heart, and see
How you do wrong that better nature in you,
And grieve your soul with sin.

I swear to you,
I would not harm you; I would only love you.
I would not take your honor, but restore it,
And in return I ask but some slight mark
Of your affection. If indeed you love me,
As you confess you do, O let me thus
With this embrace—

Vict. (Rushing forward.) Hold! hold! This is too much.

What means this outrage?

Lara. First, what right have you
To question thus a nobleman of Spain?

Vict. I too am noble, and you are no more!

Out of my sight!

Lara. Are you the master here?

Vict. Ay, here and elsewhere, when the wrong
Of others

Gives me the right!

Prec. (to LARA.) Go! I beseech you, go!

Vict. I shall have business with you, Count,

Lara. You cannot come too soon! [Exit.

Vict. Preciosa, Victorian!

O, we have been betrayed!

Vict. Ha! ha! betrayed!

'Tis I have been betrayed, not we!—not we!

Prec. Dost thou imagine—

Vict. I imagine nothing;

I see 'tis thou whilsts the time away
When I am gone!

Prec. O speak not in that tone!

It wounds me deeply.

Vict. 'T was not meant to flatter.

Prec. Too well thou knowest the presence of that man
Is hateful to me!

Vict. Yet I saw thee stand

And listen to him, when he told his hope.

Prec. I did not hear his words,

Vict. I do not like these Gypsy marriages!

Where is the ring I gave thee?

Prec. In my casket.

Vict. There let it rest! I would not have thee wear it:

I thought thee spotless, and thou art polluted!

Prec. I call the Heavens to witness—

Vict. Nay, nay, nay! Take not the name of Heaven upon thy lips!

They are forsworn! Preciosa! Victorian! dear Victorian!

Vict. I gave up all for thee; myself, my fame,

My hopes of fortune, ay, my very soul!

And thou hast been my ruin! Now, go on!

Laugh at my folly with thy paramour,

And, sitting on the Count of Lara's knee,

Say what a poor, fond fool Victorian was!

(He casts her from him and rushes out.)

Prec. And this from thee!

(Scene closes.)

SCENE V.—The Count of Lara's rooms. Enter the Count.

Lara. There's nothing in this world so sweet as love,

And next to love the sweetest thing is hate!

I've learned to hate, and therefore am revenged.

A silly girl to play the prude with me!

The fire that I have kindled—

(Enter Francisco.)

Well, Francisco,

What tidings from Don Juan?

Fran. Good, my lord;

He will be present.

Lara. And the Duke of Lermos?

Fran. Was not at home.

Lara. How with the rest?

Fran. I've found

The men you wanted. They will all be there,

And at the given signal raise a whirlwind
Of such discordant noises, that the dance

Must cease for lack of music.

Fran. Bravely done.

All! little dost thou dream, sweet Preciosa,

What lies in wait for thee. Sleep shall not close

Thine eyes this night! Give me my cloak and sword.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—A retired spot beyond the city gates. Enter Victorian and Hypolito.

Vict. O shame! O shame! Why do I walk abroad

By daylight, when the very sunshine mocks me,

And voices, and familiar sights and sounds

Cry, 'Hide thyself!' O what a thin partition

Doth shut out from the curious world the knowledge

Of evil deeds that have been done in darkness!

Disgrace has many tongues. My fears are windows,

Through which all eyes seem gazing. Every face

Expressions some suspicion of my shame,

And in derision seems to smile at me!

Hyp. Did I not caution thee? Did I not tell thee

I was but half persuaded of her virtue?

Vict. And yet, Hypolito, we may be wrong.

We may be over-hasty in condemning!

The Count of Lara is a cursed villain.

Hyp. And therefore is she cursed, loving him.

Vict. She does not love him! 'Tis for gold!

For gold!

Hyp. Ay, but remember, in the public streets

He shows a golden ring the Gypsy gave him,

A serpent with a ruby in its mouth.
(Enter Lara followed by Francisco.)

**Lara.** Good evening, gentlemen.

**Hyp.** Very good evening, Count.

**Lara.** I trust I have not kept you long in waiting.

**Vic.** Not long, and yet too long. Are you prepared?

**Lara.** I am. It grieves me much to see this quarrel between you, gentlemen. Is there no way Left open to accord this difference, But you must make one with your swords?

**Vic.** No! none! I do entreat thee, dear Hypolito, Stand not between me and my foe. Too long Our tongues have spoken. Let these tongues of steel End our debate. Upon your guard, Sir Count.

**(They fight. Victorian disarma the Count.)**

Your life is mine; and what shall now withhold me From sending your vile soul to its account?

**Lara.** Strike! strike! You are disarmed. I will not kill you. Take up your sword.

**(Francisco hands the Count his sword, and Hypolito interposes.)**

**Hyp.** Enough! Let it end here! The Count of Lara Has shown himself a brave man, and Victorian A generous one as ever. Now be friends. Put up your swords; for, to speak frankly to you, Your cause of quarrel is too slight a thing To move you to extremes. I am content. I sought no quarrel. A few hasty words, Spoken in the heat of blood, have led to this.**

**Vic.** Nay, something more than that. I understand you. Therein I did not mean to cross your path. To me the door stood open, as to others. But, had I known the girl belonged to you, Never would I have sought to win her from you. The truth stands now revealed; she has been false To both of us.

**Vic.** Ay, false as hell itself!

**Lara.** In truth, I did not seek her; she sought me; And told me how to win her, telling me The hour she was oftenest left alone.

**Vic.** Say, can you prove this to me? O, pluck out These awful doubts, that goad me to madness! Let me know all! all! all! all! .

**Lara.** You shall know all. Here is my page, who was the messenger. Between us, question him. Was it not so, Francisco?

**Fran.** Ay, my lord.

**Lara.** Ay, if further proof Is needful, I have here a ring she gave me.

**Vic.** Pray let me see that ring! It is the same!

(Threw it upon the ground, and tramples upon it.)

Thus may she perish who once wore that ring! Thus do I spurn her from me; do thus trample Her memory in the dust! O Count of Lara, We both have been abused, been much abused! I thank you for your courtesy and frankness. Though, like the surgeon’s hand, yours gave me pain. Yet it has cured my blindness, and I thank you. I now can see the folly I have done, Though ’t is alas! too late. So fare you well! To-night I leave this hateful town forever. Regard me as your friend. Once more farewell! **Hyp.** Farewell, Sir Count.

**(Exit Victorian and Hypolito.)**

**Lara.** Farewell! farewell! farewell! Thus have I cleared the field of my worst foe! I have none else to fear; the fight is done, The citadel is stormed, the victory won! **[Exit with Francisco.]**

**SCENE VII.—A lane in the suburbs. Night. Enter Cruzado and Bartolomé.**

**Cruz.** And so, Bartolomé, the expedition failed. But where wast thou for the most part?

**Bart.** In the Guadarrama mountains, near San Ildefonso.

**Cruz.** And thou bringest nothing back with thee? Didst thou rob no one?

**Bart.** There was no one to rob, save a party of students from Segovia, who looked as if they would rob us; and a jolly little friar, who had nothing in his pockets but a morsel and a loaf of bread.

**Cruz.** Pray, then, what brings thee back to Madrid?

**Bart.** First tell me what keeps thee here?

**Cruz.** Preciosa.

**Bart.** And she brings me back. Hast thou forgotten thy promise?

**Cruz.** The two years are not passed yet. Wait patiently. The girl shall be thine.

**Bart.** I hear she has a Busné lover.

**Cruz.** That is nothing.

**Bart.** I do not like it. I hate him,—the son of a Busné harlot. He goes in and out, and speaks with her alone, and I must stand aside, and wait his pleasure.

**Cruz.** Be patient, I say. Thou shalt have thy revenge. When the time comes, thou shalt waylay him.

**Bart.** Meanwhile, show me her house.

**Cruz.** Come this way. But thou wilt not find her. She dances at the play to-night.

**Bart.** No matter. Show me the house.

**(Exit.**

**SCENE VIII.—The Theatre. The orchestra plays the cachucha. Sound of castanets behind the scenes. The curtain rises, and discovers Preciosa in the attitude of commencing the dance. The cachucha, Turnull, hisses; cries of "Branca!" and "Afreita!" She falter's and pauses. The music stops. General confusion. Preciosa faints.)**

**SCENE IX.—The Count of Lara’s chambers. Lara and his friends at supper.**

**Lara.** So, Caballeros, once more many thanks! You have stood by me bravely in this matter. Pray fill your glasses. **Don J.** Did you mark, Don Luis, how pale she looked, when first the noise began,
And then stood still, with her large eyes dilated! Her nostrils spread! her lips apart! her bosom
Tumultuous as the sea!

Don L. I pitied her.
Lara. Her pride is humbled; and this very
night,
I mean to visit her.

Don J. Will you serenade her?
Lara. No music! no more music!

Don L. Why not music?
Lara. Not in the humor.

They rise and drink.

Don J. Ite! missa est!

Scene closes.

Scene X.—Street and garden wall. Night.

Enter Cruzado and Bartolomé.

Cruz. This is the garden wall, and above it,
yonder, is her house. The window in which thou
seest the light is her window. But we will not
go in now.

Bart. Why not?

Cruz. Because she is not at home.

Bart. No matter; we can wait. But how is
this? The gate is bolted. (Sound of guitars and
voices in a neighboring street.) Hark! There
comes her lover with his infernal serenade! Hark!

SONG.

Good night! Good night, beloved!
I come to watch over thee!
To be near thee,—to be near thee,
Along in peace for me.

Thine eyes are stars of morning,
Thy lips are crimson flowers!
Good night! Good night, beloved,
While I count the weary hours.

Cruz. They are not coming this way.

Bart. Wait, they begin again.

SONG (coming nearer).

Ah! thou moon that shinest
Argent-clear above!
All night long enlighten
My sweet baby-love!
Moon that shinest,
All night long enlighten!

Bart. Woe be to him, if he comes this way!
Cruz. Be quiet. They are passing down the
street.

SONG (dying away).

The moon in the cloister
Hang to each other;
For so many sisters
Is there not one brother?
Ay, for the partridge, mother!
The cat has run away with the partridge!

Puss! puss! puss!

Bart. Follow that! follow that! Come with me.
Puss! puss!

(Exeunt. On the opposite side enter the Count
of Lara and gentlemen, with Francisco.

Lara. The gate is fast. Over the wall, Fran
cisco.

And draw the bolt. There, so, and so, and over.
Now, go: the men, come in, and help me scale
Yon balcony. How now? Her light still burns.
Move warily. Make fast the gate, Francisco.

(Exeunt. Re-enter Cruzado and Bartolomé.)

Bart. They went in at the gate. Hark! I
hear them in the garden. (Tries the gate.)

Bolted again! Vive Cristo! Follow me over
the wall.

(They climb the wall.)

Scene XI.—Preciosa’s bedchamber. Midnight.

She is sleeping in an arm-chair, in an un
dress.

Dolores watching her.

Dol. She sleeps at last!

(Opens the window, and listens.)

All silent in the street.

And in the garden. Hark!

Prece. (in her sleep). I must go hence! Give
me my cloak!

Dol. He comes! I hear his footsteps.

Prece. Go tell them that I cannot dance to
night;

I am too ill! Look at me! See the fever
That burns upon my cheek! I must go hence.

I am too weak to dance.

(Signal from the garden.)

Dol. (from the window). Who’s there?

Prece. (from below). A friend.

Dol. I will undo the door. Wait till I come.

Prece. I must go hence. I pray you do not
harm me!

Shame! shame! to treat a feeble woman thus!
Be you but kind, I will do all things for you.

I’m ready now,—give me my castanets.

Where is Victorian? Oh, those hateful lamps!
They glare upon me like an evil eye.

I cannot stay. Hark! how they mock at me!

They hiss at me like serpents! Save me! Save
me!

(She wakes.)

How late is it, Dolores?

Dol. It is midnight.

Prece. We must be patient. Smooth this pil
tow for me.

(Shesleeps again. Noise from the garden, and
voices.)

Voice. Mnsa.

Another Voice. O villains! villains!

Lara. So! have at you!

Voice. Take that!

Lara. O, I am wounded!

Dol. (shutting the window). Jean Maria!
ACT III.

Scene I.—A cross-road through a wood. In the background a distant village spire. Victorian and Hypolito, as travelling students, with guitars, sitting under the trees. Hypolito plays and sings.

SONG.

Ah, Love! Perjured, false, treacherous Love! Enemy Of all that is fair and may not be! Most untrue To him who keeps most faith with thee, Woe is me! The falcon has the eyes of the dove, Ah, Love! Perjured, false, treacherous Love! 

VICT. Yes, Love is ever busy with his shuttle, Is ever weaving into life’s dull warp Bright, gorgeous flowers, and scenes Arcadian; Hanging our gloomy prison-house about With tapestries, that make its walls dilate In never-ending vistas of delight.

HYP. Thinking to walk in those Arcadian pastures, Thou hast run thy noble head against the wall.

SONG (continued).

Thy deceits
Give me clearly to comprehend,
Whither too!
All thy pleasures, all thy sweets!
They are cheats,
Thorns below and flowers above, Ah, Love!
Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

VICT. A very pretty song. I thank thee for it.

HYP. It suits thy case.

VICT. Indeed, I think it does.

What wise man wrote it?

HYP. Lopez Maldonado.

VICT. In truth, a pretty song.

HYP. With much truth in it. I hope thou wilt profit by it; and in earnest Try to forget this lady of thy love.

VICT. I will forget her! All dear recollections Pressed in my heart, like flowers within a book, Shall be torn out, and scattered to the winds! I will forget her! But perhaps hereafter, When she shall learn how heartless is the world, A voice within her will repeat my name, And she will say, “He was indeed my friend!” O, would I were a soldier, not a scholar, That the loud march, the deafening beat of drums, The shattering blast of the brass-throated trumpet, The din of arms, the onslaught and the storm, And a swift death, might make me deaf forever To the uprivalings of this foolish heart!

HYP. Then let that foolish heart upbraid no more!

To conquer love, one need but will to conquer.

VICT. Yet, good Hypolito, it is in vain I throw into Oblivion’s sea the sword That pierces me; for, like Excalibar, With ginned and flashing hilt, it will not sink. There rises from below a hand that grasps it, And waves it in the air; and waving voices Are heard along the shore.

HYP. And yet at last Down sank Excalibar to rise no more. This is not well. In truth, it vexes me. Instead of whistling to the steeds of Time, To make them jog on merrily with life’s burden, Like a dead weight thou hængest on the wheels.

 Thou art too young, too full of lusty health To talk of dying.

VICT. Yet I fear would die! To go through life, unloving and unloved; To feel that thirst and hunger of the soul We cannot still: that longing, that wild impulse, And struggle after something we have not And cannot have; the effort to be strong; And, like the Spartan boy, to smile, and smile, While secret wounds do bleed beneath our cloaks; All this the dead feel not,—the dead alone! Would I were with them!

HYP. We shall all be soon. VICT. It cannot be too soon; for I am weary Of the bewildering masquerade of Life. Where strangers walk as friends, and friends as strangers; Where whispers overheard betray false hearts; And through the mazes of the crowd we chase Some form of loneliness, that smiles and beckons, And cheats us with fair words, only to leave us A mockery and a jest; maddened,—confused,— Not knowing friend from foe.

HYP. Why seek to know? Enjoy the merry shrive-tide of thy youth! Take each fair mask for what it gives itself, Nor strive to look beneath it.

VICT. I confess. That were the wiser part. But Hope no longer Comforts my soul. I am a wretched man, Much like a poor and shipwrecked mariner, Who, struggling to climb up into the boat, Has both his bruised and bleeding hands cut off, And sinks again into the weltering sea, Helpless and hopeless!

HYP. The strength of thine own arm is thy salvation. Above thy head, through rifted clouds, there shines A glorious star. Be patient. Trust thy star!

(Sound of a village bell in the distance.)

VICT. Ave Maria! I hear the sacristan Ringing the chimes from yonder village belfry! A solemn sound, that echoes far and wide Over the red roofs of the cottages, And bids the laboring hind a-field, the shepherd Guarding his flock, the lonely muleteer, And all the crowd in village streets, stand still, And breathe a prayer unto the blessed Virgin!

HYP. Amen! amen! Not half a league from hence The village lies.

VICT. This path will lead us to it. Over the wheat-fields, where the shadows sail Across the running sea, now green, now blue, And, like an idle mariner on the main, Whistles the gale. Come, let us hasten on.

[Exeunt.

Scene II.—Public square in the village of Guadarrama. The Ave Maria still tolling. A crowd of villagers, with their hats in their hands, as if in prayer. In front, a group of Gypsies. The bell rings a merrier peal. A Gypsy dance. Enter Pancho, followed by Pedro Crespo.

PANCHO. Make room, ye vagabonds and Gypsy thieves! Make room for the Alcaide and for me! Pedro C. Keep silence all! I have an edict here From our most gracious lord, the King of Spain, Jerusalem, and the Canary Islands, Which I shall publish in the market-place. Open your ears and listen!

(Enter the Padre Cura at the door of his college.)
Padre Cura,

Good day! and, pray, you, hear this edict read.

Padre C. Good day, and God be with you!

Pray, what is it?

Padre C. An act of banishment against the Gypsies!

(Agitation and murmurs in the crowd.)

Pancho. Silence!

Pedro C. (reade.) "I hereby order and command,

That the Egyptian and Chaldean strangers,

Known by the name of Gypsies, shall henceforth

Be banished from the realm, as beggars,

And beggars; and if, after seventy days,

Any be found within our kingdom's bounds,

They shall receive a hundred lashes each;

The second time, shall have their ears cut off;

The third, be slaves for life to him who takes

Or burn't as heretics. Signed, I, the King."

Vile miscreants and creatures unbaptized!

You hear the law! Obey and disappear!

Pancho. And if in seventy days you are not gone,

Dead or alive I make you all my slaves.

(The Gypsies go out in confusion, showing signs of fear and discontent. Pancho follows.)

Padre C. A righteous law! A very righteous law!

Pray you, sit down.

Pedro C. I thank you heartily.

(They seat themselves on a bench at the Padre Cura's door. Sound of guitars heard at a distance, approaching during the dialogue which follows.)

A very righteous judgment, as you see.

Now tell me, Padre Cura,—you know all things—

How came these Gypsies into Spain?

Padre C. Why, look you;

They came with Hercules from Palestine,

And hence are thieves and vagrants, Sir Alcalde,

As the Simonites from Simon Magnus.

And, look you, as Fray Jayme Bleda says,

There are a hundred marks to prove a Moor

Is not a Christian, so 'tis with the Gypsies.

They never marry, never go to mass,

Never baptize their children, nor keep Lent,

Not being the inside of a church,—nor—nor—

Pedro C. Good reasons, good, substantial reasons all!

No matter for the other ninety-five.

They should be burnt, I see it plain enough,

They should be burnt.

(Emer VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO playing.)

Padre C. And pray, whom have we here?

Pedro C. More vagrants! By Saint Lazarus, more vagrants!

Hyp. Good evening, gentlemen! Is this Guadarrama?

Padre C. Yes, Guadarrama, and good evening to you.

Hyp. We seek the Padre Cura of the village;

And, judging from your dress and reverend mien,

You must be he.

Padre C. I am. Pray, what's your pleasure?

Hyp. We are poor students, travelling in vacation.

You know this mark?

(Touching the wooden spoon in his hat-band.)

Padre C. (joyfully). Ay, know it, and have worn it.

Pedro C. (aside). Soup-eaters! by the mass!

The worst of vagrants!

And there's no law against them. Sir, your servant.

[[Exit.]]

Padre C. Your servant, Pedro Crespo.

Hyp. Padre Cura,

From the first moment I behold your face,

I said within myself, "This is the man!"

There is a certain something in your looks,

A certain scholar-like and studious something,—

You understand,—which cannot be mistaken;

Which marks you as a very learned man,

In fine, as one of us.


Hyp. As we approached, I said to my companion,

"That is the Padre Cura; mark my words!"

Meaning your Grace. "The other man," said I,

"Who sits so awkwardly upon the bench,

Must be the sucrarian."

Padre Cura. Ah! said you so?

Hyp. Indeed! you much astonish me! His air

Was not so full of dignity and grace;

As a schoolmaster's should be.

Padre C. That is true.

He's out of humor with some vagrant Gypsies,

Who have their camp here in the neighborhood.

There's nothing so undignified as auger.

Hyp. The Padre Cura will excuse our boldness,

If, from his well-known hospitality,

We crave a lodging for the night.

Padre Cura. I pray you!

You do me honor! I am but too happy

To have such guests beneath my humble roof.

It is not often that I have occasion

To speak with scholars; and Emollit moreis,

Ne siuit case feris, Cicero says.

Hyp. "It is Ovid, is it not?"

Padre C. No, Cicero.

Hyp. Your Grace is right. You are the better scholar.

Now what a dunce was I to think it Ovid!

But hang me if it is not! (Aside.)

Padre C. Pass this way.

He was a very great man, was Cicero!

Pray you, go in, go in! no ceremony. (Exeunt.)

SCENE III.—A room in the Padre Cura's house.

Padre C. So then, Señor, you come from Alcalá.

I am glad to hear it. It was there I studied.

Hyp. And left behind an honored name, no doubt.

How may I call your Grace?

Padre C. Gerónimo.

De Santillana, at your Honor's service.

Hyp. Descended from the Marquis Santillana?

From the distinguished poet?

Padre C. From the Marquis.

Not from the poet.

Hyp. Why, they were the same.

Let me embrace you! O some lucky star!

Has brought me hither! Yet once more!—once more!

Your name is ever green in Alcalá,

And our professor, when we are mirthy,

Will shake his hoary head, and say, "Alas!

It was not so in Santillana's time!"

Padre C. I did not think my name remembered there.

Hyp. More than remembered; it is idolized.

Padre C. Of what professor speak you?
MARTINA. Then, She Cueva? I'm He Kind "n't. should 'T you And Why within Indeed, wi>h Timoneda. and because how Tell had Horses ho, I Ay, Hist But, I Yes, Beltran "Is Sitting The I He Shepherd from his hands, he said, having been told that he should not marry her. Martina. I told you. You know what I know. I have your hand. I'll tell you what they said. They said,—they said, The shepherd boy that loved you was a clown, And him you should not marry. Was it not? Mart. (surprised). How know you that? Hyp. O, I know more than that. What a soft, little hand! And then they said, A cavalier from court, handsome, and tall And rich, should come one day to marry you, And you should be a lady. Was it not? He has arrived, the handsome cavalier. (Trias to kiss her. She runs off. Enter VICTORIAN, with a letter.) Vic. The muleteer has come. Hyp. So soon? Vic. I found him Sitting at supper by the tavern door, And, from a pitcher that he held aloft His whole arm's length, drinking the blood-red wine. Hyp. What news from Court? Vic. He brought this letter only. (Reads.) O cursed perfidy! Why did I let That lying tongue deceive me! Preciosa, Sweet Preciosa! how art thou avenged!

(Enter Martina.) Hyp. You may be proud of such a niece as that. I wish I had a niece. Enolilut noires. (Aside). He was a very great man, was Cicro! Your servant, fair Martina. Mart. Servant, sir. Padre C. This gentleman is hungry. See thou to it. Let us have supper. Padre C. And bring a bottle of my Val-de-Penas Out of the collar. Stay; I'll go myself. Pray you, Señor, excuse me. [Exit. Hyp. Hist! Martina! One word with you. Bless me! what handsome eyes! To-day there have been Gypsies in the village Is it not so? Mart. There have been Gypsies here. Hyp. Yes, and have told your fortune. Mart. (embarrassed). Told my fortune? Hyp. Yes, yes; I know they did. Give me your hand. I'll tell you what they said. They said,—they A cavalier from court, handsome, and tall And rich, should come one day to marry you, And you should be a lady. Was it not? He has arrived, the handsome cavalier. (Trias to kiss her. She runs off. Enter VICTORIAN, with a letter.) Vic. The muleteer has come. Hyp. So soon? Vic. I found him Sitting at supper by the tavern door, And, from a pitcher that he held aloft His whole arm's length, drinking the blood-red wine. Hyp. What news from Court? Vic. He brought this letter only. (Reads.) O cursed perfidy! Why did I let That lying tongue deceive me! Preciosa, Sweet Preciosa! how art thou avenged!

Hyp. What news is this, that makes thy check turn pale, And thy hand tremble? Vic. O, most infamous! The Count of Lara is a worthless villain! Hyp. That is no news, forsooth. Vic. He strove in vain To steal from me the jewel of my soul, The love of Preciosa. Not succeeding, He swore to be revenged; and set snares A plot to ruin her, which has succeeded. She has been kissed and hooted from the stage, Her reputation stained by slanderous lies Too foul to speak of; and, once more a beggar, She roams a wanderer over Toll's green earth, Housing with Gypsies! Hyp. To renew again The Age of Gold, and make the shepherd swains Despair with love, like Gasper Gil's Diana. Redi et Virgo! Vic. Dear Hypolito, How have I wronged that meek, confiding heart! I will go seek for her; and with my tears Wash out the wrong I've done her! Hyp. O beware! Act not that folly o' er again. Vic. Ay, folly. Delusion, madness, call it what thou wilt, I will confess my weakness,—I still love her! Still fondly love her! 

(Enter the Padre Cura.) Hyp. Tell us, Padre Cura, Who are these Gypsies in the neighborhood? Padre C. Beltran Cruzado and his crew. Vic. Kind Heaven, I thank thee! She is found! is found again! Hyp. And have they with them a pale, beautiful girl, Called Preciosa? Padre C. Ay, a pretty girl. The gentleman seems moved. Hyp. Yes, moved with hunger, He is half famished with this long day's journey. Padre C. Then, pray you, come this way. The supper waits. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—A post-house on the road to Segovia, not far from the village of Guadarrama. Enter Chispa, cracking a whip, and singing the cacuchica.

Chispa. Hallo! Don Fulano! Let us have horses, and quickly. Alas, poor Chispa! what a dog's life dost thou lead! I thought, when I left my old master Victorian, the student, to serve my new master Don Carlos, the gentleman, that I, too, should lead the life of a gentleman; should go to bed early, and get up late. For when the abbot plays cards, what can you expect of the friars? But, in running away from the thunder, I have run into the lightning. Here I am in hot chase after my master and his Gypsy girl. And a good beginning of the week it is, as he said who was hanged on Monday morning.

(Enter Don Carlos.) Don C. Are not the horses ready yet? Chispa. I should think not, for the hostler seems to be asleep. Ho! within there! Horses! horses! horses! (He knocks at the gate with his whip, and enters Mosquito; grunting on his jacket.) Mosq. Pray, have a little patience. I'm not a musket. Chispa. Health and pitarereas! I'm glad to see you come on dancing, padre! Pray, what's the news? Mosq. You cannot have fresh horses; because there are none.
Chiqua. Cachiporra! Throw that bone to another dog. Do I look like your aunt? Mosq. No; she has a beard. Chiqua. Go to! go to! Mosq. Are you from Madrid? Chiqua. Yes; and going to Estramadura. Get us horses. Mosq. What’s the news at Court? Chiqua. Why, the latest news is, that I am going to set up a coach, and I have already bought the whip.

(Strikes him round the legs.)

Mosq. Oh! oh! you hurt me! Don C. Enough of this folly. Let us have horses. (Gives money to Mosquito.) It is almost dark; and we are in haste. But tell me, has a band of Gypsys passed this way of late? Mosq. Yes; and they are still in the neighborhood.

Don C. And where?

Mosq. Across the fields yonder, in the woods near Guadarrama. [Exit. Don C. Now this is lucky. We will visit the Gypsy camp. Chiqua. Are you not afraid of the evil eye? Have you a stag’s horn with you?

Don C. Fear not. We will pass the night at the village.

Chiqua. And sleep like the Squires of Hernan Daza, nine under one blanket.

Don C. I hope we may find the Preciosa among them.

Chiqua. Among the Squires?

Don C. No; among the Gypsys, blockhead!

Chiqua. I hope we may; for we are giving ourselves trouble enough on her account. Don’t you think so? However, there is no catching trout without wetting one’s trousers. Yonder come the horses. [Exit.


Gypsys (at the forge sing).

On the top of a mountain I stand, With a crown of red gold! in my hand, With Moors come trooping over the seas, O how from their fury shall I flee, flee, flee? O how from their fury shall I flee?

First Gypsy (playing). Down with your John-Dorados, my pigeon. Down with your John-Dorados, and let us make an end.

Gypsys (at the forge sing).

First Gypsy (playing). There you are in your morocco! Second Gypsy. One more game. The Alcalde’s doves against the Padre Cura’s new moon.

First Gypsy. Have at you, Chirella. Gypsys (at the forge sing).

At midnight, when the moon began To show her silver flame, There came to him no Gypsy man, The Gypsy lascivious came.

(Enter Beltran Cruzado.)

Cruz. Come hither. Murigalleros and Bastilleros; leave work, leave play; listen to your orders for the night. (Speaking to the right.) You will get you to the village, mark you, by the stone cross.

Gypsys. Ay! Cruz. (to the left). And you, by the pole with the hermit’s head upon it.

Gypsys. Ay! Cruz. As soon as you see the planets are out, in with you, and be busy with the ten commandments, under the sky, and Saint Martin asleep. D’ye hear?

Gypsys. Ay! Cruz. Keep your lanterns open, and, if you see a goblin or a papagayo, take to your tramps. Vineyards and Dancing John is the word. Am I comprehended?

Gypsys. Ay! ay! Cruz. Away, then!

(Exeunt severally. CruZado walks up the stage, and disappears among the trees. Enter Preciosa.)

Prec. How strangely gleams through the gigantic trees The red light of the forge! Wild, beckoning shadows Walk through the forest, ever and anon Rising and bending with the flickering flame, Then flitting into darkness! So within me Strange hopes and fears do beckon to each other, My bright and shining hopes giving dark fears a being. As the light does the shadow. Woo is me! How still it is about me, and how lonely!

(Bartolome rushes in.)

Bart. Ho! Preciosa! O Bartolome!

Prec. Thou here?

Bart. Lo! I am here.

Prec. Whence comest thou?

Bart. From the rough ridges of the wild Sierra, From caverns in the rocks, from hunger, thirst, And fever! like a wild wolf to the sheepfold Come I for thee, my lamb.

Prec. O touch me not!

The Count of Lara’s blood is on thy hands! The Count of Lara’s curse is on thy soul! Do not come near me! Pray, begone from here! Thou art in danger! They have set a price Upon thy head!

Bart. Ay, and I’ve wandered long Among the mountains; and for many days Have seen no human face, save the rough swineherd’s. The wind and rain have been my sole companions. I shouted to them from the rocks thy name, And the loud echo sent it back to me, Till I grew mad. I could not stay from thee, And I am here! Betray me, if thou wilt.

Prec. Betray thee? I betray thee?

Bart. Preciosa! I come for thee! for thee I thus brave death! Fly with me or the borders of this realm! Fly with me!

Prec. Speak of that no more. I cannot. I’m thine no longer.

Bart. Ay! O, recall the time When we were children! how we played together, How we grew up together; how we delighted Our hearts unto each other, even in childhood! Fulfil thy promise, for the hour has come. I’m hunted from the kingdom, like a wolf! Fulfil thy promise.

Prec. ’T was my father’s promise, Not mine. I never gave my heart to thee, Nor promised thee my hand!

Bart. False tongue of woman! And heart more false!

Prec. Nay, listen unto me. I will speak frankly. I have never loved thee;
I cannot love thee. This is not my fault, It is my destiny. Thou art a man Restless and violent. What wouldst thou with me, A feeble girl, who have not long to live, Whose heart is broken? Seek another wife, Better than I, and fairer; and let not Toy rash and headlong moods estrange her from thee.

Thou art unhappy in this hopeless passion. I never sought thy love; never did aught To make thee love me. Yet I pity thee, And most of all I pity thy wild heart, That hurries thee to crimes and deeds of blood. Beware, beware of that.

A. For thy dear sake I will be gentle. Thou shalt teach me patience. 

Prec. Then take this farewell, and depart in peace.

Thou must not linger here.

Bart. Come, come with me.

Prec. Hark! I hear footsteps.

Bart. I entreat thee, come!

Prec. Away! It is in vain.

Bart. Wilt thou not come?

Prec. Never.

Bart. Then woe, eternal woe, upon thee!

Thou shalt not be another's. Thou shalt die.

[Exit.]

Prec. All holy angels keep me in this hour! Spirit of her who bore me, look upon me! Mother of God, the glorified, protect me! Christ and the saints, be merciful unto me! Yet why should I fear death? What is it to die? To leave all disappointment, care, and sorrow, To leave all falsehood, treachery, and unkindness, All ingenuity, suffering, and despair, And be at rest forever! O dull heart, Be of good cheer! When thou shalt cease to beat, Then shall thou cease to suffer and complain!

(Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO behind.)

Vict. 'Tis she! Behold, how beautiful she stands Under the tent-like trees!

Hyp. A woodland nymph!

Vict. I pray thee, stand aside. Leave me.

Hyp. Be wary.

Do not betray thyself too soon.

Vict. (disguising his voice). Hist! Gypsy!

Prec. (aside, with emotion). That voice! that voice from heaven! O speak again! Who is it calls?

Vict. A friend.

Prec. (aside). 'Tis he! 'Tis he! I thank thee, Heaven, that thou hast heard my prayer, And sent me this protector! Now be strong, be strong, my heart! I must dissemble here. False friend or true?

Vict. A true friend to the true; Fear not; come hither. So; can you tell fortunes?

Prec. Not in the dark. Come nearer to the fire.

Give me your hand. It is not crossed, I see.

Vict. (putting a piece of gold into her hand.) There is the cross.

Prec. Is 't silver.

Vict. No, 'tis gold.

Prec. There's a fair lady at the Court, who loves you.

And for yourself alone.

Vict. Fie! the old story! Tell me a better fortune for my money; Not this old woman's tale!

Prec. And this same passionate humor in your blood Has marred your fortune. Yes; I see it now; The line of life is crossed by many marks. Shame! shame! O you have wronged the maid who loved you!

How could you do it?

Vict. I never loved a maid; For she I loved was then a maid no more.

Prec. How know you that?

Vict. A little bird in the air Whispered the secret.

Prec. There, take back your gold! Your hand is cold, like a deceiver's hand! There is no blessing in its charity! Make her your wife, for you have been abused; And you shall mend your fortunes, mending hers.

Vict. (aside). How like an angel's speaks the tongue of woman, When pleading in another's cause own! That is a pretty ring upon your finger. Pray give it me. 

(Tries to take the ring.)

Prec. No; never from my hand Shall that be taken!

Vict. Why, 'tis but a ring. I'll give it back to you; or, if I keep it, Will give you gold to buy you twenty such.

Prec. Why would you have this ring?

Vict. A traveller's fancy, A whim, and nothing more. I would fain keep it As a memento of the Gypsy camp In Guadarrama, and the fortune-teller Who sent me back to wed a widowed maid. Pray, let me have the ring.

Prec. No, never! never! I will not part with it, even when I die; But bid my nurse fold my pale fingers thus, That it may not fall from them. 'Tis a token Of a beloved friend, who is no more.

How? dead?

Prec. Yes; dead to me; and worse than dead. He is estranged! And yet I keep this ring. I will rise with it from my grave hereafter, To prove to him that I was never false. 

Vict. (aside). Be still, my swelling heart! one moment, still!

Why, 'tis the folly of a love-sick girl. Come, give it me, or I will say 'tis mine, And that you stole it.

Vict. O, you will not dare To utter such a falsehood!

Prec. I not dare? Look in my face, and say if there is anguish I have not dared, I would not dare for thee!

(She rushes into his arms.)

Prec. 'Tis thou! 'tis thou! Yes; yes; my heart's elected! My dearest-dear Victorian! my soul's heaven! Where hast thou been so long? Why didst thou leave me?

Vict. Ask me not now, my dearest Preciosa. Let me forget we ever have been parted!

Prec. Hadst thou not come—

Vict. I pray thee, do not chide me!

Prec. I should have perished here among these Gypsies.

Vict. Forgive me, sweet! for what I made thee suffer.

Think'st thou this heart could feel a moment's joy? Thou being absent? O, believe it not! Indeed, since that sad hour I have not slept, For thinking of the wrong I did to thee! Dost thou forgive me? Say, wilt thou forgive me?

Prec. I have forgiven thee. Ere those words of anger Were in the book of Heaven writ down against thee, I had forgiven thee.
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Vic. I'm the veriest fool That walks the earth, to have believed thee false. It was the Count of Lara—

Prec. That bad man has worked me harm enough. Hast thou not let me alone?

Vic. I have heard all. And yet speak on, speak on!

Let me but hear thy voice, and I am happy;
For every tone, like some sweet incantation,
Carries up the buried past to plead for me.
Speak, my beloved, speak into my heart,
Whatever fills and agitates thine own.

(They walk aside.)

Hyp. All gentle quarrels in the pastoral poets,
All passionate love scenes in the best romances,
All chaste embraces on the public stage,
All soft adventures, which the liberal stars
Have winked at, as the natural course of things,
Have been surpassed here by my friend, the student,
And this sweet Gypsy lass, fairPreciosa!

Prec. Señor Hypolito! I kiss your hand.
Pray, shall I tell your fortune?

Hyp. Not to-night;
For, should you treat me as you did Victorian,
And lead me back to marry maids forlorn,
My wedding day would last from now till Christmas.

Chispa (within). What ho! the Gypsies, ho! Beltran Cruzado!
Halloo! halloo! halloo! halloo!

(Enters booted, with a whip and lantern.)

Vic. What now?
Why such a fearful din? Hast thou been robbed?

Chispa. Ay, robbed and murdered; and good evening to you,
My worthy masters.

Vic. Speak; what brings thee here?

Chispa (to Preciosa). Good news from Court; good news! Beltran Cruzado,
The Count of the Calés, is not your father,
But your true father has returned to Spain
Loaded with wealth. You are no more a Gypsy.

Vic. Strange as a Moorish tale!

Chispa. And we have all Been drinking at the tavern to your health,
And we shall drink in November, when it rains.

Vic. Where is the gentleman?

Chispa. As the old song says,
His body is in Segovia,
His soul is in Madrid.

Prec. Is this a dream? O, if it be a dream,
Let me sleep on, and do not wake me yet!
Repeat thy story! Say I'm not deceived!
Say that I do not dream! I am awake;
This is the Gypsy camp; this is Victorian,
And this his friend, Hypolito! Speak! speak!
Let me not wake and find it all a dream!

Vic. It is a dream, sweet child: a waking dream,
A blissful certainty, a vision bright
Of that pure happiness, which even on earth
Heaven gives to those it loves. Now art thou rich,
As thou wast ever beautiful and good;
And I am now the beggar.

Prec. (giving him her hand). I have still
A hand to give. Chispa (aside). And I have two to take.
I've heard my grandmother say, that Heaven gives almonds
To those who have no teeth. That's nuts to crack.
I've teeth to spare, but where shall I find almonds?

Vic. What more of this strange story?

Chispa. Nothing more.

Your friend, Don Carlos, is now at the village
Showing to Pedro Crespo, the Alcalde,
The proofs of what I tell you. The old hag,
Who stole you in your childhood, has confessed;
And probably they'll hang her for the crime,
To make the celebration more complete.

Vic. No; let it be a day of general joy;
Fortune comes well to all, that comes not late.
Now let us join Don Carlos.

Hyp. So farewell,
The student's wandering life! Sweet serenades,
Sung under ladies' windows in the night,
And all that makes vacation beautiful!

To you, ye cloistered shades of Alcalá,
To you, ye radiant visions of romance,
Written in books, but here surpassed by truth,
The Bachelor Hypolito returns,
And leaves the Gypsy with the Spanish Student.

SCENE VI.—A pass in the Guadarrama mountains. Early morning. A swalleter crosses the stage, sitting sideways on his ass, and lighting a paper cigar with flint and steel.

SONG.

If thou art sleepless, maiden,
Awake and open thy door,
'Tis the break of day, and we must away,
Over meadow, and mount, and moor.

Wait not to find thy slipsper,
But come with thy naked feet,
We shall have to pass through the dewy grass,
And waters wide and fleet.

(Disappears down the pass. Enter a Monk. A shepherd appears on the rocks above.)

Monk. Ave Maria, gratia plena. Olá! good man!

Shep. Olá!

Monk. Is this the road to Segovia?

Shep. It is, your reverence.

Monk. How far is it?

Shep. I do not know.

Monk. What is that yonder in the valley?

Shep. San Ildefonso.

Monk. A long way to breakfast.

Shep. Ay, marry.

Monk. Are there robbers in these mountains?

Shep. Yes, and worse than that.

Monk. What?

Shep. Wolves.

Monk. Santa Maria! Come with me to San Ildefonso, and thou shalt be well rewarded.

Shep. What wilt thou give me?

Monk. An Agnus Dei and my benediction.

(They disappear. A mounted Contrabandista passes, wrapped in his cloak, and a gun at his saddle-bow. He goes down the pass singing)

SONG.

Worn with speed is my good steed,
And I march me hurried, worried!

Toward, cavalete, to me,
With the white star in thy forehead!

Onward, for here comes the Ronda,
And I hear their rifles crack!

Ay, jalo! Ay, ay, jalo!

Ay, jalo! They cross our track.

( Song dies away. Enter Preciosa, on horseback, attended by Victorían, Hypolito, Don Carlos, and Chispa, on foot, and armed.)

Vic. This is the highest point. Here let us rest.
THE BELFRY OF BRUGES,
AND OTHER POEMS.

CARILLON.

In the ancient town of Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city,
As the evening shades descended,
Low and loud and sweetly blended,
Low at times and loud at times,
And changing like a poet's rhymes,
Hung the beautiful wild chimes
From the Belfry in the market
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

Then, with deep sonorous clangor
Calmly answering their sweet augment,
When the wrangling bells had ended,
Slowly struck the clock eleven,
And, from out the silent heaven,
Silence on the town descended.
Silence, silence everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
Save that footsteps here and there
Of some burgher home returning,
By the street lamps faintly burning,
For a moment woke the echoes
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

Blasts of adversity and frosts of fate!
But the first ray of sunshine that falls on thee
Melts thee to tears! O, let thy weary heart
Lean upon mine! and it shall faint no more,
Nor thirst, nor hunger; but be comforted
And filled with my affection.

Stay no longer!
My father waits. Methinks I see him there,
Now looking from the window, and now watching
Each sound of wheels or footfall in the street,
And saying, "Hark! she comes!" O father!
father!

(They descend the pass. Chispa remains behind.)

Chispa. I have a father, too, but he is a dead one.
Alas and alack-a-day! Poor was I born, and poor do I remain.
I neither win nor lose. Thus I wag through the world, half the time on foot, and the other half walking; and always as merry as a thunder-storm in the night. And so we plough along, as the fly said to the ox. Who knows what may happen? Patience, and shuffle the cards! I am not yet so sadl that you can see my brains; and perhaps, after all, I shall some day go to Rome, and come back Saint Peter.
Benedicite!

(Exit.)

(A pause. Then enter Bartolome mildly, as if in pursuit, with a carbine in his hand.)

Bart. They passed this way! I hear their horses' hoofs!
Yonder I see them! Come, sweet caramillo,
This serenade shall be the Gypsy's last!

(Fires down the pass.)

Ha! ha! Well whistled, my sweet caramillo!
Well whistled!—I have missed her!—O my God!

(The shot is returned. Bartolome falls.)

CARILLON.

In the ancient town of Bruges,
Kneeling, like hooded friars, the misty mountains
Receive the benediction of the sun!
O glorious sight!

Prec. Most beautiful indeed
Hyp. Most wonderful!

In the vale below,
Where yonder steelples flash like lifted halberds,
San Ildefonso, from its noisy belfries,
Seems up a salutation to the morn,
As if an army smote their brazen shields,
And shouted victory!

And which way goes Segovia?

At a great distance yonder.

Doth thou not see it?

No. I do not see it.

The merest flaw that dents the horizon's edge.

There, yonder!

'T is a notable old town,
Boasting an ancient Roman aqueduct,
And an Alcazar, builded by the Moors,
Wherein, you may remember, poor Gil Blas
Was fed on Pan del Rey. O, many a time
Out of its grated windows have I looked
Hundreds of feet plumb down to the Eresma,
That, like a serpent through the valley creeping,
Glides at its foot.

O yes! I see it now,
Yet rather with my heart than with mine eyes,
So faint is it. And all my thoughts sail thither,
Freighted with prayers and hopes, and forward urged
Against all stress of accident, as in
The Eastern Tale, against the wind and tide
Great ships were drawn to the Magnetic Mountains,
And there were wrecked, and perished in the sea!

She walks.

O gentle spirit! Thou didst bear unmoved
Hearing the music as they pass,
But deeming it no more, alas!
Yet perchance a sleepless wight,
Lodging at some humble inn
In the narrow lanes of life,
When the dusk and hush of night
Shut out the incessant din
Of daylight and its toil and strife,
May listen with a calm delight
To the poet’s melodies,
Till he hears, or dreams he hears,
Intermingled with the song,
Thoughts that he has cherished long;
Hears amid the chime and singing
The bells of his own village ringing,
And wakes, and finds his slumberous eyes
Wet with most delicious tears.

Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay
In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Lis,
Listening with a wild delight
To the chimes that, through the night,
Rang their changes from the Belfry
Of that quaint old Flemish city.

In the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.
In the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown;
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt, still it watches o’er the town.
As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty tower I stood,
And the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds of widowhood.
Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams and vapors gray,
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the landscape lay.
At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys, here and there,
Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending, vanished, ghost-like, into air.

Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower.

From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows wild and high;
And the world, beneath me sleeping, seemed more distant than the sky.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times,
With their strange unearthly changes rang the melancholy chimes,
Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing in their choir;
And the great bell toiled among them, like the chanting of a friar.
Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms
filled my brain;
They who live in history only seemed to walk
the earth again;

All the Foresters of Flanders,—mighty Baldwin
Bras de Fer,
Lyderick du Bucq and Creasy Philip, Guy de
Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid that adorned
those days of old;
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who
bore the Fleece of Gold.

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-
laden argosies;
Ministers from twenty nations: more than royal
pomp and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on
the ground;
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk
and hound;

And her lighted bridal-chamber, where a duke
slept with the queen,
And the armed guard around them, and the
sword unsheathed between.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and
Juliera bold,
Marching homeward from the bloody battle of
the Spurs of Gold;

Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White
Hoods moving west,
Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden
Dragon’s nest.

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land
with terror smote;
And again the wild alarum sounded from the toc-
sin’s throat;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o’er lagoon and
dike of sand,
“ I am Roland! I am Roland! there is victory
in the land!”

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The
awakened city’s roar
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into
their graves once more.

Hours had passet away like minutes; and, before
I was aware,
Lo! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-
illuminated square.

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

This is the place. Stand still, my steed,
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy Past
The forms that once have been.

The Past and Present here unite
Beneath Time’s flowing tide,
Like footprints hidden by a brook,
But seen on either side.

Here runs the highway to the town;
There the green lane descends,
Through which I walked to church with thee,
O gentlest of my friends!

The shadow of the linden-trees
Lay moving on the grass;
Between them and the moving boughs,
A shadow, thou didst pass.

Thy dress was like the lilies,
And thy heart as pure as they:
One of God’s holy messengers
Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees
Bend down thy touch to meet,
The clover-blossoms in the grass
Rise up to kiss thy feet.

“Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born!”
Solemnly sang the village choir
On that sweet Sabbath morn.

Through the closed blinds the golden sun
Poured in a dusty beam,
Like the celestial ladder seen
By Jacob in his dream.

And ever and anon, the wind,
Sweet-scented with the bay,
Turned o’er the hymn-book’s fluttering leaves
That on the window lay.

Long was the good man’s sermon,
Yet it seemed not so to me;
For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,
And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he uttered,
Yet it seemed not so to me;
For in my heart I prayed with him,
And still I thought of thee.

But now, alas! the place seems changed;
Thou art no longer here:
Part of the sunshine of the scene
With thee did disappear.

Though thoughts, deep-rooted in my heart,
Like pine-trees dark and high,
Subdue the light of noon, and breathe
A low and ceaseless sigh;

This memory brightens o’er the past,
As when the sun, concealed
Behind some cloud that near us hangs,
Shines on a distant field.
THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death-angel touches those sweet keys!

What loud lament and dismal Misere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
And loud, amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocalli
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace!—and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

NUREMBERG.

In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient, stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables like the rooks that round them throng:
Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors,
rough and bold,
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying centuries old;
And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncoath rhyme,
That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.

In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many an iron hand,
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand;
On the square the oriel window, where in old heroic days
Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art:
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart;
And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their trust;
In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare,
Like the fomly sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted air.

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,
Lived and labored Albrecht Diirer, the Evangelist of Art;
Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tomb-stone where he lies:
Dead he is not, but departed,—for the artist never dies.
Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its air!
Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and dismal lanes,
Walked of yore the Mastersingers, chanting rude poetical strains.

From remote and sunless suburbs came they to the friendly guild,
Building nesis in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows build.
As the weed plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme,
And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime;
THE NORMAN BARON.—RAIN IN SUMMER.

In his chamber, weak and dying,
Was the Norman baron lying;
Lord, without, the tempest thundered
'And the castle-target shook.

In this fight was Death the gainer,
Spite of vassal and retainer,
And the lands his sire had plundered,
Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated,
Who in humble voice repeated
Many a prayer and pater-noster,
From the missal on his knee;

And, amid the tempest pealing,
Sounds of bells came faintly stealing,
Bells, that from the neighboring cloister
Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal
Held, that night, their Christmas wassail;
May a carol, old and saintly,
Sang the minstrels and the waits;

And so loud these Saxon gleemen
Sang to slavers the songs of freemen,
That the storm was heard but faintly,
Knoaking at the castle-gates.

Till at length the lays they chanted
Reached the chamber terror-haunted,
Where the monk, with accents holy,
Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,
As he paused awhile and listened,
And the dying baron slowly
Turned his weary head to hear.

"Wassail for the kingly stranger
Born and cradled in a manger!
King, like David, priest, like Aaron,
Christ is born to set us free!"

And the lightning showed the sainted
Figures on the casement painted,
And exclaimed the shuddering baron,
"Miserere, Domine!"

In that hour of deep contrition
He beheld, with clearer vision,
Through all outward show and fashion,
Justice, the Avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had vanished,
Falsehood and deceit were banished,
Reason spoke more loud than passion,
And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,
Every serf born to his manor,
All those wronged and wretched creatures,
By his hand were freed again.

And, as on the sacred missal
He recorded their dismissal,
Death relaxed his iron features,
And the monk replied, "Amen!"

Many centuries have been numbered
Since in death the baron slumbered
By the convent's sculptured portal,
Mingling with the common dust:

But the good deed, through the ages
Living in historic pages,
Brighter grows and gleams immortal,
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

RAIN IN SUMMER.

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!

Across the window-panes
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted branches;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool.

Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes
The flowers of poesy bloom,
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft,
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and laughed.

But his house is now an ale-house, with a nicely sanded floor,
And a garland in the window, and his face above the door;
Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's song,
As the old man gray and dove-like, with his great beard white and long.

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his bark and care,
Qualting ale from pewter tankards, in the master's antique chair.

Vanished is the ancient splendor, and before my dreamy eye
Wave these mingled shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard;
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs thy cobbler-bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away,
As he paced thy streets and court-yards, sang in thought his careless lay:
Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the soil,
The nobility of labor,—the long pedigree of toil.

THE NORMAN BARON.

Dans les moments de la vie où la réflexion devient plus calme et plus profonde, où l'indécrit et l'avare précèdent moins haut que là raison, dans les instants de chagrins domestiques, de maladie, et de péril du mort, les nobles se repentirent de posséder des serfs, comme d'une chose peu agréable à Dieu, qui avait créé tous les hommes à son image.

Thierry, Conquête de l'Angleterre.

In his chamber, weak and dying,
Was the Norman baron lying;
Lord, without, the tempest thundered
'And the castle-target shook.

In this fight was Death the gainer,
Spite of vassal and retainer,
And the lands his sire had plundered,
Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated,
Who in humble voice repeated
Many a prayer and pater-noster,
From the missal on his knee;

And, amid the tempest pealing,
Sounds of bells came faintly stealing,
Bells, that from the neighboring cloister
Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal
Held, that night, their Christmas wassail;
May a carol, old and saintly,
Sang the minstrels and the waits;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighboring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets
Till the treacherous pool
Ingulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapors that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil.

For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures, and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these,
The Poet sees!
He can behold
Aquarius old
Walking the fenceless fields of air;
And from each ample fold
Of the clouds about him rolled
Scattering everywhere
The showery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold
Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly told,—
Have not been wholly sung nor said.
For his thought, that never stops,
Follows the water-drops
Down to the graves of the dead,
Down through chasms and gulls profound,
To the dreary fountain-head
Of lakes and rivers underground;
And sees them, when the rain is done,
On the bridge of colors seven
Climbing up once more to heaven,
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,
With vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear,
In the perpetual round of strange,
Mysterious changes.
From birth to death, from death to birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth;
Till glimpses more sublime
Of things, unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel
Turning forevermore
In the rapid and rushing river of Thine.

TO A CHILD.

DEAR child! how radiant on thy mother's knee
With merry-making eyes and jovial smiles,
Thou gazest at the painted tiles,
Whose figures grace,
With many a grotesque form and face,
The ancient chimney of thy nursery!
The lady with the gay macaw,
The dancing girl, the grave bashaw
With bearded lip and chin;
And, leaning idly o'er his gate,
Beneath the imperial fan of state,
The Chinese mandarin.

With what a look of proud command
Thou shakest in thy little hand
The coral rattle with its silver bells,
Making a merry tune!
Thousands of years in Indian seas
That coral grew, by slow degrees,
Until some deadly and wild monsoon
Dashed it on Coromandel's sand!
Those silver bells
Reposed of yore,
As shapeless ore,
Far down in the deep-sunken wells
Of darksome mines,
In some obscure and sunless place,
Beneath huge Chimborazo's base,
Or Potosi's o'erhanging pines!
And thus for thee, O little child,
Through many a danger and escape,
The tall ships passed the stormy cape;
For thee in foreign lands remote,
Beneath a burning, tropic clime,
The Indian peasant, chasing the wild goat,
Himself as swift and wild,
In falling, clutched the frail arbute,
The fibres of whose shallow root,
Uplifted from the soil, betrayed
The silver veins beneath it laid,
The buried treasures of the miser, Time.

But, lo! thy door is left ajar!
Thou hear'st footsteps from afar!
And, at the sound,
Thou turn'st round
With quick and questioning eyes,
Like one, who, in a foreign land,
Beholds on every hand
Some source of wonder and surprise!
And, restlessly, impatiently,
Thou striuest, strugglest, to be free.
The four walls of thy nursery
Are now like prison walls to thee.
No more thy mother's smiles,
No more the painted tiles,
Delight thee, nor the playthings on the floor,
That won thy little, beating heart before;
Thou strugglest for the open door.

Through those once solitary halls
Thy pattering footsteps fall.
The sound of thy merry voice,
Makes the old walls
Jubilant, and they rejoice
With the joy of thy young heart,
O'er the light of whose gladness
No shadows of sadness
From the sombre background of memory start.
The Occultation of Orion.

Once, ah, once, within these walls,
One whom memory oft recalls,
The Father of his Country, dwelt,
And wonder measured bread and lamp
The fires of the besieging camp
Encircled with a burning belt.
Up and down these echoing stairs,
Heavy with the weight of cares,
Sounded his majestic tread!
Yet, within this very room
Sat he in those hours of gloom,
Weary both in heart and head.

But what are these grave thoughts to thee?
Out, out! into the open air!
Thy only dream is liberty,
Thouarest littlelowhowwhere.
I see thee eager at thy play,
Now shouting to the apples on the tree,
With cheeks as round and red as they;
And now among the yellow stalks,
Among the flowering shrubs and plants,
As restless as the bee.

Along the garden walks,
The tracks of thy small carriage-wheels I trace;
And see at every turn how they cliche
Whole villages of sand-roofed tents,
That rise like golden domes
Above the cavernous and secret homes
Of wandering and nomadic tribes of ants.
Ah, cruel little Tamerlane,
Who, with thy dreadful reign,
Dost persevere and overwhelm
These hapless Troglydotes of thy realm!
What! tired already! with those suppliant looks,
And voice more beautiful than a poet's books,
Or murmuring sound of water as it flows,
Thou comest back to parley with repose!
This rustic seat in the old apple-tree,
With its overhanging golden canopy
Of leaves illuminate with autumn hues,
And shining with the argente light of dews,
Shall for a season be our place of rest.
Beneath us, like an oriole's pendent nest,
From which the laughing birds have taken wing,
By thee abandoned, hangs thy vacant swing.
Dream-like the waters of the river gleam;
A sailless vessel drops adown the stream,
And like it, to a sea as wide and deep,
Thou driftest gently down the tides of sleep.

O child! O new-born denizen
Of life's great city! on thy head
The glory of the moon is shed,
Like a celestial benison!
Here at the portal thou dost stand,
And with thy little hand
Thou openest the mysterious gate
Into the future's undiscovered land.

I see its valleys expand,
As at the touch of Fate!
Into those realms of love and hate,
Into that darkness blank and drear,
By some prophetic feeling taught,
I launch the bold, adventurous thought,
Freighted with hope and fear;
As upon subterranean streams,
In caverns unexplored and dark,
Men sometimes launch a fragile bark,
Laden with flickering fire.
And watch its swift-receding beams,
Until at length they disappear,
And in the distant dark expire.

By what astrology of fear or hope
Dare I cast thy horoscope?
Like the new moon thy life appears;
A little strip of silver light,
And widening onward to the night,
The shadowy disk of future years;

And yet upon its outer rim,
A luminous circle, faint and dim,
And scarcely visible to us here,
Bounded and completes the perfect sphere;
A prophecy and intimation,
A pale and feeble adumbration,
Of the great world of light, that lies
Behind all human destinies.

Ah! if thy fate, with anguish fraught,
Should be to wet the dusty soil
With the hot tears and sweat of toil,—
To struggle with imperious thought,
Until the overburdened brain,
Weary with labor, faint with pain,
Like a jarred pendulum, retain
Only its motion, not its power,—
Remember, in that perilous hour,
When most afflicted and oppressed,
From labor there shall come forth rest.

And if a more auspicious fate
On thy advancing steps await,
Still let it ever be thy pride
To linger by the laborer's side;
With words of sympathy or song
To cheer the dreary march along
Of the great army of the poor,
O'er desert sand, o'er dangerous moor.
Nor to thyself the task shall be
Without reward; for thou shalt learn
The wisdom early to discern
True beauty in utility;
As great Pythagoras of yore,
Standing beside the blacksmith's door,
And hearing the hammers, as they smote
The anvils with a different note,
Stole from the varying tones, that hung
Vibrant on every iron tongue,
The secret of the winding wire,
And formed the seven-chorded lyre.

Enough! I will not play the Soer;
I will no longer strive to ope
The mystic volume, where appear
The herald Hope, forerunning Fear,
And Fear, the pursuivant of Hope.
Thy destiny remains untold;
For, like Acestes' shaft of old,
The swift thought kindles as it flies,
And burns to ashes in the skies.

The Occultation of Orions.

I saw, as in a dream sublime,
The balance in the hand of Time.
O'er East and West its beam impended;
And day, with all its hours of light,
Was slowly sinking out of sight,
While, opposite, the scale of night
Silently with the stars ascended.

Like the astrologers of old,
In that bright vision I beheld
Greater and deeper mysteries.
I saw, with its celestial keys,
Its chords of air, its frets of fire,
The Sarmian's great Kolian lyre,
Rising through all its sevenfold bars,
From earth into the fixed stars,
And through the dewy atmosphere,
Not only could I see, but hear,
Its wondrous and harmonious strings,
In sweet vibration, sphere by sphere,
From Iran's circle light and near,
Outward to vaster and wider rings,
Where, chanting through his beard of snows,
Majestic, mournful, Saturn goes,
And down the sunless realms of space
Reverberates the thunder of his bass.

Beneath the sky's triumphal arch
This music sounded like a march,
And with its choruses seemed to be
Preluding some great tragedy.
Sirius was rising in the east;
And, slow ascending one by one,
The twinkling constellations shone.
Begirt with many a blazing star,
Stood the great giant Algebar,
Orion, hunter of the beast!
His sword hung gleaming by his side,
And, on his arm, the lion's hide
Scattered across the midnight air
The golden radiance of its hair.

The moon was pallid, but not faint;
And beautiful as some fair saint,
Serene moving on her way
In hours of trial and dismay.
As if she heard the voice of God,
Unharmed with naked feet she trod
Up to the hot and burning stars,
As on the glowing coals and bars,
That were to prove her strength, and try
Her holiness and her purity.

Thus moving on, with silent pace,
And triumph in her sweet, pale face,
She reached the station of Orion.
Aghast he stood in strange alarm!
And suddenly from his outstretched arm
Down fell the red skin of the lion
Into the river at his feet.
His mighty club no longer beat
The forehead of the bull; but he
Reeled as of yore beside the sea,
When, blinded by Enopton,
He sought the blacksmith at his forge,
And, climbing up the mountain gorge,
Fixed his blank eyes upon the sun.

Then, through the silence overhead,
An angel with a trumpet said,
"Forevermore, forevermore,
The reign of violence is o'er!"
And, like an instrument that flings
Its music on another's strings,
The trumpet of the angel cast
Upon the heavenly lyre its blast,
And on from sphere to sphere the words
Re-echoed down the burning chords,—
"Forevermore, forevermore,
The reign of violence is o'er!"

Among the long, black rafters,
The wavering shadows lay,
And oft the voices that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away;
As, sweeping and eddying through them,
Rose the belated tide,
And, streaming into the moonlight,
The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, O how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, O how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide!
For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old subdued and slow!

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes;
The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

THE BRIDGE.
I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.

TO THE DRIVING CLOUD.
Gloomy and dark art thou, O chief of the mighty Omahas:
Gloomy and dark as the driving cloud, whose name thou hast taken!
Wrept in thy scarlet blanket, I see thee stalk
Through the city, through the streets,
Narrow and populous streets, as once by the margin of rivers
Stalked those birds unknown, that have left us
Only their footsteps.

What, in a few short years, will remain of thy race but the footprints?
How canst thou walk these streets, who hast trod the green turf of the prairies? How canst thou breathe this air, who hast breathed the sweet air of the mountains? Ah! 'tis in vain that with lordly looks of disdain thou dost challenge

Looks of disdain in return, and question these walls and these pavements,
Claiming the soil for thy hunting-grounds, while down-trodden millions

Starve in the garrets of Europe, and cry from its caverns that they, too,
Have been created heirs of the earth, and claim its division!

Back, then, back to thy woods in the regions west of the Wabash!
There as a monarch thou reignest. In autumn the leaves of the maple

Pave the floors of thy palace-halls with gold, and in summer

Pine-trees waft through its chambers the odorous breath of their branches.
There thou art strong and great, a hero, a tamer of horses!

There thou clustrest the stately stag on the banks of the Elkhorn.
Or by the roar of the Running-Water, or where the Omaha

Calls thee, and leaps through the wild ravine like a brave of the Blackfoot!

Hark! what murmurs arise from the heart of those mountainous deserts?
Is it the cry of the Foxes and Crows, or the mighty Behemoth,

Who, unharmed, on his tasks once caught the bolts of the thunder,
And now lurks in his lair to destroy the race of the red man?

Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the Crows and the Foxes,
Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the tread of Behemoth,

Lo! the big thunder-canoe, that steadily breasts the Missouri's

Merciless currents! and yonder, afar on the prairies, the camp-fires

Gleam through the night; and the cloud of dust in the gray of the daybreak

Marks not the buffalo's track; nor the Mandan's dexterous horse-pack!
It is a caravan, whitening the desert where dwell the Camanches!

Ha! how the breath of these Saxons and Celts, like the blast of the east-wind,

Drifts evermore to the west the scanty smokes of thy wigwams!

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SONGS.

SEAWEED

When descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Storm-wind of the equinox,
Landward in his wrath he scourges
The foaming surges,
Laden with seaweed from the rocks:

From Bermuda's reefs; from edges
Of snaked ledges,
In some far-off, bright Azore;
From Bahama, and the dashing,
Silver-flashing
Surges of San Salvador;

From the tumbling surf, that buries
The Orkneyan skerries,
Answering the hoarse Hebrides;
And from wrecks of ships, and drifting
Sparis, uplifting
On the desolate, rainy seas;

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless main;
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches
Of sandy beaches,
All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion
Strike the ocean
Of the poet's soul, ere long
From each cave and rocky fastness,
In its vastness,
Floats some fragment of a song:

From the far-off isles enchanted,
Heaven has planted
With the golden fruit of Truth;

From the flashing surf, whose vision
Gleams Elysian
In the tropic clime of Youth;

From the strong Will, and the Endeavor
That forever
Wrestles with the tides of Fate;
From the wreck of Hopes far-scattered,
Tempest-shattered,
Floating waste and desolate;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless heart;
Till at length in books recorded,
They, like hoarded
Household words, no more depart.

THE DAY IS DONE.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.
TO AN OLD DANISH SONG-BOOK.

WELCOME, my old friend,
Welcome to a foreign fireside,
While the sultry gales of autumn
Shake the windows.

The ungrateful world
Has, it seems, dealt harshly with thee,
Since, beneath the skies of Denmark,
First I met thee.

There are marks of age,
There are thumb marks on thy margin,
Made by hands that clasped thee rudely,
At the ale-house.

Soiled and dull thou art;
Yellow are thy time-worn pages,
As the russet, rain-molested
Leaves of autumn.

Thou art stained with wine
Scattered from hilarious goblets,
As the leaves with the libations
Of Olympus.

Yet dost thou recall
Days departed, half-forgotten,
When in dreamy youth I wandered
By the Baltic,—

When I paused to hear
The old ballad of King Christian
Shouted from suburban taverns
In the twilight.

Thou recallest bards,
Who, in solitary chambers,
And with hearts by passion wasted,
Wrote thy pages.

Thou recallest homes
Where thy songs of love and friendship
Made the gloomy Northern winter
Bright as summer.

Once some ancient Seald,
In his bleak, ancestral Iceland,
Chanted staves of these old ballads
To the Vikings.

Once in Elsinore,
At the court of old King Hamlet,
Yorick and his boon companions
Sang these ditties.

Once Prince Frederick’s Guard
Sang them in their smoky barracks,—
Suddenly the English cannon
Joined the chorus!

Peasants in the field,
Sailors on the roaring ocean,
Students, tradesmen, pale mechanics,
All have sung them.

Thou hast been their friend;
They, alas! have left thee friendless!
Yet at least by one warm fireside
Art thou welcome.

And, as swallows build
In these wide, old-fashioned chimneys,
So thy twittering songs shall nestle
In my bosom,—

Quiet, close, and warm,
Sheltered from all molestation,
And recalling by their voices
Youth and travel.

AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY.—TO AN OLD DANISH SONG-BOOK.

The day is ending,
The night is descending;
The marsh is frozen,
The river dead.

Through clouds like ashes
The red sun flashes
On village windows
That glimmer red.

The snow recommences;
The buried fences
Mark no longer
The road o’er the plain;

While through the meadows,
Like fearful shadows,
Slowly passes
A funeral train.

The bell is pealing,
And every feeling
Within me responds
To the dismal knell;

Shadows are trailing,
My heart is bewailing
And tolling within
Like a funeral bell.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bard’s sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life’s endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice;

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.
WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID.

VOGELWEID the Minnesinger,
When he left this world of ours,
Laid his body in the cloister,
Under Wurzburg’s minster towers.

And he gave the monks his treasures,
Gave them all with this behest:
“Should feed the birds at noontide
Daily on his place of rest;”

Saying, “From these wandering minstrels
I have learned the art of song;
Let me now repay the lessons
They have taught so well and long.”

Thus the bard of love departed;
And, fulfilling his desire,
On his tomb the birds were feasted
By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o’er tower and turret,
In foul weather and in fair,
Day by day, in vaster numbers,
Flocked the poet of the air.

On the tree whose heavy branches
Overshadowed all the place,
On the pavement, on the tombstone,
On the poet’s sculptured face,

On the cross-bars of each window,
On the lintel of each door,
They renewed the War of Wurzburg,
Which the bard had fought before.

There they sang their merry carols,
Sang their lands on every side;
And the name their voices uttered
Was the name of Vogelweit.

Till at length the portly abbot
Murmured, “Why this waste of food?
Be it changed to leaves henceforward
For our fasting brotherhood.”

Then in vain o’er tower and turret,
From the walls and woodland nests,
When the minster bells rang noontide,
Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain, with cries discordant,
Clamorous round the Gothic spire,
Screamed the feathered Minnesingers
For the children of the choir.

Time has long effaced the inscriptions
On the cloister’s funeral stones,
And tradition only tells us
Where repose the poet’s bones.

But around the vast cathedral,
By sweet echoes multiplied,
Still the birds repeat the legend,
And the name of Vogelweit.

Old Silenus, bloated, drunken,
Led by his inebriate Satyrs;
On his breast his head is sunken,
Vacantly he leers and chatters.

Fauns with youthful Bacchus follow;
Ivy crowns that brow supernal
As the forehead of Apollo,
And possessing youth eternal.

Round about him, fair Bacchantes,
Bearing cymbals, flutes, and thyrses,
Wild from Naxian groves, or Zante’s
Vineyards, sing delirious verses.

Thus he won, through all the nations,
Bloodless victories, and the farmer
Bore, as trophies and oblations,
Vines for banners, ploughs for armor.

Judged by no o’erzealous rigor,
Much this mystic throng expresses;
Bacchus was the type of vigor,
And Silenus of excesses.

These are ancient ethnic revels,
Of a faith long since forsaken;
Now the Satyrs, changed to devils,
Frighten mortals wine-o’er taken.

Now to rivulets from the mountains
Point the rods of fortune-tellers;
Youth perpetual dwells in fountains,—
Not in flasks, and casks, and cellars.

Claudius, though he sang of flags
And huge tankards filled with Rhenish,
From that fiery blood of dragons
Never would his own replenish.

Even Redi, though he chanted
Bacchus in the Tuscan valleys,
Never drank the wine he vaunted
In his dithyrambic sallies.

Then with water fill the pitcher
Wreathed about with classic tablets;
Nor or Palernian throw a richer
Light upon Lucullus’ tables.

Come, old friend, sit down and listen!
As it passes thus betwixt us,
How its wavelets laugh and glisten
In the head of old Silenus!

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

D’éternité est une pensée, dont le balancer dit de redits sans cesse ces deux mots seulement, dans le silence des tombeaux: “Toujours! jamais! Jamais! tou jours!”

JACQUES BRIDAINE.

SOMewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw;
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all,—
“Forever—never! Never—forever!”

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,

DRINKING SONG.

INSCRIPTION FOR AN ANTIQUE PITCHER.

COME, old friend! sit down and listen!
From the pitcher, placed between us,
How the waters laugh and glisten
In the head of old Silenus!

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.
CROSSES himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—
"Forever—never!  
Never—forever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say, at each chamber-door,—
"Forever—never!  
Never—forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchangeable it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe,—
"Forever—never!  
Never—forever!"

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased,—
"Forever—never!  
Never—forever!"

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidsen dreaming strayed;
O precious hours!  O golden prime,
And allusion of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—
"Forever—never!  
Never—forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;

And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—
"Forever—never!  
Never—forever!"

All are scattered now and tied,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
"Ah! when shall they all meet again?"
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply,—
"Forever—never!  
Never—forever!"

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time shall disappear,—
Forever there, but never here!
The horology of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,—
"Forever—never!  
Never—forever!"

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THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air.
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

SONNETS.

THE EVENING STAR.

Lo! in the painted oriel of the West,
Whose pales the sunken sun incarnadines,
Like a fair lady at her casement, shines
The evening star, the star of love and rest!
And then anon she doth herself divest
Of all her radiant garments, and reclines
Behind the sombre screen of yonder pines,
With slumber and soft dreams of love oppressed.
O my beloved, my sweet Hesperus!
My morning and my evening star of love!
My best and gentlest lady! even thus,
As that fair planet in the sky above,
Dost thou retire unto thy rest at night,
And from thy darkened window fades the light.

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AUTUMN.

Thou comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,
With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand
And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain!

Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,
Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain!

Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended
So long beneath the heaven's o'erhanging caves;
Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attend ed;
Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves;
And, following thee, in thy ovation splendid,
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden leaves!

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TUSCAN, that wandrest through the realms of gloom,
With thoughtful pace, and sad, majestic eyes,
Stern thoughts and awful from thy soul arise,
Like Farinata from his fiery tomb.
Thy sacred song is like the trump of doom;

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DANTE.
Yet in thy heart what human sympathies,
What soft compassion glows, as in the skies
The tender stars their clouded lamps reume!
Methinks I see thee stand, with pallid cheeks,
By Fra Hilario in his diocese,
As up the convent-walls, in golden streaks,
The ascending sunbeams mark the day's decrease;
And, as he asks what there the stranger seeks,
Thy voice along the cloister whispers,
"Peace!"

O hemlock tree! how faithful are thy branches.

THE HEMLOCK TREE.
FROM THE GERMAN.
O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful are thy branches!
Green not alone in summer time,
But in the winter's frost and rime!

O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful are thy branches!

O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how faithless is thy bosom!
To love me in prosperity,
And leave me in adversity!
O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how faithless is thy bosom!

The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine example!
**ANNIE OF THARAW.**

FROM THE LOW GERMAN OF SIMON DACH.

ANNIE of Tharaw, my true love of old,
She is my life, and my goods, and my gold.
Annies of Tharaw, her heart once again
To me has surrendered in joy and in pain.
Annies of Tharaw, my riches, my good,
Thou, O my soul, my flesh, and my blood!
Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come snow,
We will stand by each other, however it blow.
Oppression, and sickness, and sorrow, and pain
Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.
As the palm-tree standeth so straight and so tall,
The more the hall beats, and the more the rains fall,—
So love in our hearts shall grow mighty and strong,
Through crosses, through sorrows, through man-ifold wrong.
Shouldest thou be torn from me to wander alone
In a desolate land where the sun is scarce known,—
Through forests I'll follow, and where the sea flows,
Through ice, and through iron, through armies of foes.
Annies of Tharaw, my light and my sun,
The threads of our two lives are woven in one.
Whate'er I have bidden thee hast obeyed,
Whatever forbidden thou hast not gainsaid.
How in the turmoil of life can love stand,
Where there is not one heart, and one mouth, and one hand?
Some seek for dissension, and trouble, and strife; Like a dog and a cat live such man and wife.
Annies of Tharaw, such is not our love;
Thou art my lambkin, my chick, and my dove.
Whate'er my desire is, in thine may be seen;
I am king of the household, and thou art its queen.
It is this, O my Annie, my heart's sweetest rest,
That makes of us twain but one soul in one breast.
This turns to a heaven the hutt where we dwell; While wrangling soon changes a home to a hell.

**THE STATUE OVER THE CATHEDRAL DOOR.**

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS MOSEN.

Forms of saints and kings are standing
The cathedral door above; Yet I saw but one among them
Who hath soothed my soul with love.
In his mantle,—wound about him,
As their robes the solvers wind,—
Bore he swalloweth and their fledglings,
Flowers and weeds of every kind.
And so stands he calm and childlike,
High in wind and tempest wild;
O, were I like him exalted,
I would be like him, a child!
And my songs,—green leaves and blossoms,—
To the doors of heaven would bear,
Crying even in storm and tempest,
Round me still these birds of air.

**THE LEGEND OF THE CROSSBILL.**

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS MOSEN.

On the cross the dying Saviour
Heavenward lifts his eyelids calm,
Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling
In his pierced and bleeding palm.
And by all the world forsaken,
Sees he how with zealous care
At the ruthless nail of iron
A little bird is striving there.
Stained with blood and never tiring,
With its beak it doth not cease,
From the cross 't would free the Saviour,
Its Creator's Son release.
And the Saviour speaks in mildness:
"Blest be thou of all the good!
Bear, as token of this moment,
Marks of blood and holy rood!"
And that bird is called the crossbill;
Covered all with blood so clear,
In the groves of pine its single.
Songs, like legends, strange to hear.

**THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS.**

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH HEINE.

The sea hath its pearls,
The heaven hath its stars;
But my heart, my heart,
My heart hath its love.
Great are the sea and the heaven;
Yet greater is my heart,
And fairer than pearls and stars
Flashes and beams my love.
Thou little, youthful maiden,
Come unto my great heart;
My heart, and the sea, and the heaven
Are melting away with love!
POETIC APHORISMS.
FROM THE SINGENDICHTE OF FRIEDRICH VON LOGAU.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

MONEY.
WHEREUNTO is money good?
Who has it not wants hardship,
Who has it has much trouble and care,
Who once has had it has despair.

THE BEST MEDICINE.
Joy and Temperance and Repose
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

SIN.
MAN-LIKE is it to fall into sin,
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
God-like is it all sin to leave.

POVERTY AND BLINDNESS.
A blind man is a poor man, and blind a poor man is;
For the former seeth no man, and the latter no man sees.

LAW OF LIFE.
LIVE I, so live I,
To my Lord heartily,
To my Prince faithfully,
To my Neighbor honestly.
Die I, so die I.

CREEDS.
LUTHERAN, Popish, Calvinistic, all these creeds and doctrines three;
Extant are; but still the doubt is, where Christianity may be.

THE RESTLESS HEART.
A MILLSTONE and the human heart are driven ever round;
If they have nothing else to grind, they must themselves be ground.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.
WHILOM Love was like a fire, and warmth and comfort it bespoke;
But, alas! it now is quenched, and only bites us, like the smoke.

ART AND TACT.
INTELLIGENCE and courtesy not always are combined;
Often in a wooden house a golden room we find.

RETRIBUTION.
THOUGH the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds he all.

TRUTH.
WHEN by night the frogs are croaking, kindle but a torch's fire,
Ha! how soon they all are silent! Thus Truth silences the liar.

RHYMES.
IF perhaps these rhymes of mine should sound not well in strangers' ears,
They have only to bethink them that it happens so with theirs;
For so long as words, like mortals, call a fatherland their own,
They will be most highly valued where they are best and longest known.

CURFEW.

I.

SOLEMNLY, mournfully,
Dealing its dole,
The Curfew Bell
Is beginning to toll.

Cover the embers,
And put out the light;
'Till comes with the morning,
And rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows,
And quenched is the fire;
Sound fades into silence,—
All footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers,
No sound in the hall!
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all!

II.

THE book is completed,
And closed, like the day;
And the hand that has written it
Lays it away.

Dim grow its fancies;
Forgotten they lie;
Like coals in the ashes,
They darken and die.

Song sinks into silence,
The story is told,
The windows are darkened,
The hearth-stone is cold.

Darker and darker
The black shadows fall;
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all.
EVANGELINE.
A TALE OF ACADIE.

She bore to the reapers at noontide flagons of home-brewed ale.

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Boarded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Lou'd from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers,—

Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.
PART THE FIRST.

I.

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré,
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows
stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks
without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised
with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons
the flood-gates
Open, and welcomed the sea to wander at will
’er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and
orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o’er the plain; and
away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the
mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the
mighty Atlantic,
Looked on the happy valley, but never from their station descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the
Acadian village,
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of
oak and of hemlock,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the
reign of the Henries.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and
gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the
doorway.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when
brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vans
on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and
in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the
golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whirl of the wheels and
the songs of the maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest,
and the children
Panced in their play to kiss the hand he extended
to bless them
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose
matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affection
welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the field, and
serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon
from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of
the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending.
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and
contentment, thus
dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer
the Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of
Grand-Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing
his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride
of the village.
Stalwart and stately in form was the man of
seventy winters;
Hearty and pale was he, an oak that is covered
with snow-flakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks
as brown as the oak-leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen
summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on
the thorn by the way-side,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the
brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that
feed in the meadows,
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers
at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was
the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the
bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest
with his hyssop
Sprinkled the congregation, and scatters blessings
upon them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue,
and the ear-rings,
Brought in the olden time from France, and since,
as an heirloom.
Handed down from mother to child, through long
generations.
But a casket of brightness — a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when,
after confession, Homeward serenely she walked with God’s benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing
of exquisite music.
Firmly built with rafters of oak, the house
of the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea;
and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine
wrestling around it
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath;
and a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in
the distance.
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by
a penhouse,
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by
the roadside,
Built o’er for the poor, or the blessed image of
Mary.
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well
with its moss-grown
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough
for the horses.
Shielding the house from storms, on the north,
were the barns and the farm-yard,
There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the anti
tique ploughs and the harrows;
There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in
his feathered seraglio,
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock,
with the soft same;
Voice that in ages of old had startled the peni
tent Peter.
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a
village. In each one
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase,
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.
There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates
Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand Prê

Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men;
For, since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood
Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Pelican,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters.

Out of the self-same book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-song.
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.
There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice,
Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring bellows,
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer.

Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.
Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion;
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment!
Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended.
And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron;
Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.
But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome;
Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel.

Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,
Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow.

Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters,
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings;

Lucky was he who found that store in the nest of the swallow!
Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children.
He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning,
Glaadened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.

She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.

"Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she called; for that was the sunshine
Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples;

She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

II.

Now had the season returned, when the nights grew colder and longer,
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.

Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air from the ice-bound,
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.

Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of September
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel.
All the signs foretold a winter long and indolent.
Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey
Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters asserted
Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.

Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season,
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints!
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape
Lay as it new created in all the freshness of childhood.

Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consol'd. All sounds were in harmony blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-yards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons.
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest

Flash'd like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.

Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the horns to the homestead.

Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening.

Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her collar,
Quickly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.

Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the seaside.
Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-dog,
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly
Waving his baby tail, and urging forward the stragglers;
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept;
Wherefrom they fledged, at night, through the starry silence, the wolves howled.
Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.

Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks,
While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,
Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson,
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders
Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular cadence
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.

Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farm-yard,
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness asserted.
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors,
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fire-place, idly the farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the smoke-wreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city.

Behind him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.

Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair
Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the dresser
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armories the sunshine.

Frangments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.

Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,

Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner behind her.
Arms have been taken from us, and warlike diligence of all kinds.

"Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and

the scythe of the mower."

Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer:

"Safer are we warned, in the midst of our flocks

and our cornfields,

Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the ocean,

Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the ene-

my's cannon.

Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no

shadow of sorrow

Fall on this house and hearst; for this is the

night of the contract.

Built are the house and the barn. The merry

lads of the village

Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking

the globe round about them,

Filled the barn with hay, and the house with

food for a twelvemonth.

René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers

and inkhorn.

Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our

children?"

As apart by the window she stood, with her

hand in her lover's,

Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her

father had spoken,

And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary

entered.

III.

Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,

Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public;

Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken fles of the maize, hung

Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and

glasses with horn bows

Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom

supernal.

Father of twenty children was he, and more than

a hundred.

Children's children rode on his knee, and heard

his great watch tick.

Four long years in the times of the war had he

languished a captive.

Suffering much in an old French fort as the

friend of the English.

Now, though warier grown, without all guile or

suspicion,

Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple,

and childlike

He was beloved by all, and most of all by the

children;

For he told them tales of the Loup-garon in the forest,

And of the goblin that came in the night to

water the horses,

And of the white Léthèque, the ghost of a child who

unheeded

Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the cham-

bers of children;

And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the

stable,

And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up

in a nutshell,

And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved
clover and horseshoes,

With which never else was writ in the lore of the

village.

Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil

the blacksmith,

Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly exti-

duing his right hand,

"Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast

heard the talk in the village,
And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these
ships and their errand."

Then with modest demeanor made answer the
notary public,

"Go I too have I heard, in sooth, yet am
never the wiser;

And what their errand may be I know not better
than others.

Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil in-
tention

Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why
then molest us?"

"God's name!" shouted the hasty and some-
what irascible blacksmith;

"Must we in all things look for the how, and the
why, and the wherefore?

Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of
the strongest!"

But, without heeding his warmth, continued the
notary public,—

"Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally
justice

Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that
often consoled me,

When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at
Port Royal."

This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved
to repeat it

When his neighbors complained that any injustice
was done them.

"Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer
remember,

Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Jus-
tice

Stood in the public square, upholding the scales
in its left hand,

And in its right a sword, as an emblem that jus-
tice presided

Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and
homes of the people.

Even the birds had built their nests in the scales
of the balance,

Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the
sunshine above them.

But in the course of time the laws of the land
were corrupted;

Might took the place of right, and the weak were
oppressed, and the mighty
Ruled with an iron rod.

Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace

That a necklace of pearls was lost, and erelong a
suspicion

Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the
household.

She, after form of trial condemned to die on the
seaford,

Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue
of Justice.

As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit
ascended,

Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of
the thunder
Smote this statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath
from its left hand

Down on the pavement below the clattering scales
of the balance,

And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of
a magpie,

Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls
was invnoen."

Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was
ended, the blacksmith

Stood like a man who fain would speak, but find-
eth no language;

All his thoughts were conjugated into lines on his
face, as the vapors

Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-pane in the
winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the
table,

Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with
home-brewed
Nutm-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in
the village of Grand-Pré;

While from his pocket the notary drew his papers
and inkhorn.

Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of
the parties,

Naming the dancer of the bride in flocks of sheep
and in cattle.

Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well
were completed,

And the great seal of the law was set like a sun
on the margin.

Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on
the table

Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of
silver;

And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and
the bridegroom,

Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their
walfare.

Wiping from his hand, he solemnly bowed and
departed,

While in silence the others sat and mused by the
fireside,

Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of
its corner.

Soon was the game begun. In friendly conten-
tion the old men

Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful man-
ceuvre,

Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach
was made in the king-row.

Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a win-
dow's embrasure,

Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding
the moon rise

Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the
meadows.

Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of
heaven,

Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of
the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell
from the belfry

Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew,
and straightway

Rose the gentleman and departed; and silence reigned
in the household.

Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the
door-step

Lingered housed in Evangeline's heart, and filled it
with gladness.

Carefully then were covered the embers that
glowed on the hearth-stone,

And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of
the farmer.

Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline
followed.

Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the
darkness.

Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of
the maiden.

Silent she passed the hall, and entered the door of
her chamber.

Simple the chamber was, with its curtains of
white, and its clothes-press

Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were
carefully folded

Linen and oddment stuffs, by the hand of Eva-
geline woven.

This was the precious dover she would bring to
her husband in marriage,

Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her
skill as a housewife.

Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow
and radiant moonlight

Streamed through the windows, and lighted the
room, till the heart of the maiden.
Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous
tides of the ocean.
Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she
stood with
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of
her chamber!
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees
of the orchard,
Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of
her lamp and her shadow,
Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a
feeling of sadness
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds
in the moonlight,
V'lted across the floor and darkened the room for
a moment.
And, as she gazed from the window, she saw
serenely the moon pass
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star fol-
low her footsteps,
As out of Abraham’s tent young Ishmael wan-
dered with Hagar!

IV.

PLEASANTLY rose next morn the sun on the vil-
lage of Grand-Pré.
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the
Bassin de Minas,
Where the ships, with their waving shadows,
were riding at anchor.
Life had long been at rest in the village, and clam-
orous labor
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden
gates of the morning.
Now from the country around, from the farms
and neighboring hamlets,
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian
peasants.
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from
the young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the nu-
erous meadows,
Where no path could be seen but the track of
wheels in the greensward.
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed
on the highways.
Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor
were silenced.
Throngs were the streets with people; and noisy
groups at the house-doors.
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped
together.
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed
and feasted;
For with this simple people, who lived like
brothers together,
All things were held in common, and what one
had was another’s.
Yet under Benedict’s roof hospitality seemed
more abundant:
For Evangeline stood among the guests of her
father;
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of
welcome and gladness.
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup
as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the
orchard,
Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of
betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest
and the solitary seated;
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the
blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the citer-press
and the bee-hives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of
hearts and of waistcoats.

Shadow and light from the leaves alternately
played on his snow-white
Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face
of the fiddler
Gloved like a living coal when the ashes are
blown from the embers.
Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of
his fiddle,

Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and Le Carillon
de Dunkerque,
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the
music.
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzy-
ing dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to
the meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children ming-
gled among them.
Fairest of all the maidens was Evangeline, Bene-
dict’s daughter!
Nobest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the
blacksmith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a
summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the
meadows a drum beat.
Thronged erelong was the church with men.
Women, in the churchyard,
waited the women. They stood by the graves,
and hung on the headstones
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh
from the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and march-
ing proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and disso-
nant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from
courtyard and casemate,—
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous
portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will
of the soldiers.
Then uprose their commander, and spoke from
the steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the
royal commission.
“Ye are convened this day,” he said, “by his
Majesty’s orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how you
have answered his kindness,
Let your voices be the reply! To my natural make
and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know
must be grievous.
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of
our monarch:
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and
animal of all kinds
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you your-
selves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you
may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable
people!
Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his
Majesty’s pleasure!”
As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice
of summer,
Sudden gathers a storm, and the deadly cling
of the hailstones
Beats down the farmer’s corn in the field and
shatters his windows,
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with
thatch from the house-roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their
enclosures;
So on the hearts of the people descended the
weet breath of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder,
and then rose
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children.

Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand

Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending,

Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor, and roosted each

Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows.

Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table;

There stood his wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild-flowers;

There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from the dairy;

And, at the head of the board, the great armchair of the farmer.

Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset

Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial meadows.

Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,

And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended,

Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience!

Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,

Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts of the women,

As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,

Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children.

Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glittering vapors

Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai,

Sweety over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.

All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the windows

Stood she, and listened and looked, till, overcome by emotion,

"Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no answer

Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the living.

Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father.

Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was the supper untouched,

Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror.

Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.

In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate rain falling

Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the window.

Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing thunder

Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world he created!

Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of Heaven

Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till morning.

Meanwhile

in the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,

Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father

Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar,

Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed the silence.

All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;

Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful

Spake he, as, after the beesin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes.

"What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you?

Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you.

Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!

Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigil and prayers and privations?

Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?

This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it

Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?

Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you?

See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!

Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'

Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,

Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!'"

Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people

Sank they, and souls of contrition succeeded the passionate outbreak,

While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar.

Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded.

Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria

Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion translated,

Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides

FOUR times the sun had risen and set; and now on the fifth day

Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farm-house.
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the sea-shore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.

Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there on the sea-beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.

Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters.
Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their voices,
Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions:
"Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!"
Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the wayside
Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above them.

All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply;
All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.
Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church-doors opened,
And forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.

Driving in ponderous wains their household goods,
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction,
Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession approached her,
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and eagerly running to meet him,
Clasper she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered,—

"Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another, Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!"

Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly

Saw she slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his aspect!

Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and his footstep

Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart in his bosom.

But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and embraced him,

Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.

Thus to the Gasperean's mouth moved on that mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.

Basily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion

Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children

Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.

So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried.

While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.

Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight

Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the refluent ocean

Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach

Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery sea-weed.

Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons, like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle, All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,

Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.

Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,

Draggling adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.

Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures;

Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from their udders;

Lowering they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farm-yard,—

Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milkmaid,

Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus sounded,

Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled,

Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the tempest.

Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered,

Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children.

Onward from fire to fire, as from heaven to earth in his parish,

Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering.

Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate seashore.

Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father.

And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old mother.

Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emotion.

E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken, for her father.

Vainly Evangeline strove with words and cares to cheer him,

Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake not.

But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering fire-light.

"Benedicite!" murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.

More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents faltered and paused on his lips, as the fect of a child on a threshold.

Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.

Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden.

Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that witnessed them

Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals.

Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red

Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon

Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow,

Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.

Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of this village.

Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead.

Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were

Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a martyr.

Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,

Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a house to a house-top.

Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on shipboard.

Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,

"We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pre!"

Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farm-yards,

Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of cattle

Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.

Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encampments.

Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska,

When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirlwind,

Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river them.

Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the horses

Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the maiden.
Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened yore them;  
And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion,  
Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the sea-shore.  
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed.  
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden  
Kneel at her father's side, and wept aloud in her terror.  
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.  
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber;  
And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her.  
Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her,  
Palid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.  
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,  
Reddened the sky, and gleamed on the faces around her,  
And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.  
Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people.—  
"Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season  
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,  
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard."  
Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the sea-side,  
Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,  
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.  
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,  
Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congregation,  
Solemnly swelled the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges.  
"Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,  
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward.  
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking;  
And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of the harbor.  
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.  

PART THE SECOND.  

I.  

Many a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré.  
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,  
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,  
Exile without an end, and without an example in story.  
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians were scattered;  
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the northeast  
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of Newfoundland.  
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,  
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern seas.  
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters  
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drugs them down to the ocean,  
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.  
Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing, heart-broken,  
As they of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fire-side.  
Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards.  
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered.  
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.  
Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her extended  
Drearv and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway  
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her.  
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,  
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by  
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine.  
Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished;  
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,  
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended  
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.  
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,  
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,  
She would commence again her endless search and endeavor;  
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tombstones,  
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom  
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.  
Sometimes a rumor, a balsam, an inarticulate voice of wailing,  
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.  
Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known him,  
But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.  
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" they said; "Yes! we have seen him.  
He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the priories;  
Coureurs-des-Bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers.  
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "Yes! we have seen him.  
He is a Voyageur in the lowlands of Louisiana."  
Then would they say, "Dear child! why dream and wait for him longer?  
Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others  
Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?  
Here is a Blackfeet Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee  
Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy!  
Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's pinafore.  
Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly, "I cannot!"
EVANGELINE.

Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.

For where my heart is gone, be, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness."

Thereupon the priest, her friend and father—

Said, with a smile, "O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee!

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never mortal.

If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning

Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them

full of refreshment;

That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.

Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.

Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike.

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of love.

"Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored and waited.

Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,

But with its sound there mingled a voice that whispered, "Despair not!"

Thus did that poor soul wander, in want and cheerless discomfort,

Bleeding, barefooted, over the shorns and thorns of existence.

Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's footsteps—

Not through such devious path, each changeful

margy of existence;

But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course through the valley:

Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water

Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only;

Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that conceal it.

Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuus murmur;

Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it reaches an outlet.

II.

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,
Floated a cumulous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.

It was a band of exiles; a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked

Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together.

Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune;

Men and women and children, who, guided by

confessor,

Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers

On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Louisiana.

With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.

Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests,

Day after day they glided down the turbulent river;

Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.

Now through the whispering chutes, among green islands,

where plumelike

Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current.

Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars,

Lay in the stream, and along the wimping waves of their margin,

Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.

Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,

Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,

Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and dove-cots.

They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,

Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,

Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.

They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the Bayou of Plaquemine,

Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,

Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.

Over their heads the towering and tenuous boughs of the cypress

Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air.

Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.

Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons.

Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset.

Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.

Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,

Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,

Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.

Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them;

And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness—

Strange forebodings of ill, unseen that cannot be compassed.

As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,

Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa.

So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,

Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.

But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision,

that faintly

Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight.

It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom.

Through those shadowy isles had Gabriel wandered before her,

And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the oarsmen,

And, as a musical sound, if others like them peradventure,

Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams,

blew a blast on his bugle.

Wild through the dark colomades and corridors leafy the blast rang,
Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the forest.

Soundless above them the banners of moss just expired to the music.

Multitudinons echoes awoke and died in the distance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant boughs;
But not a voice replied; no answer came from the darkness;
And, when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.

Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed through the midnight,
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,
Such as the sang of old on their own Acadian rivers.

While through the night they were heard the mysterious sounds of the desert,
Far off,—indistinct,—as of wave or wind in the forest.

Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from the shades; and before them lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.

Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations.
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,
And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,
Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.

Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.
Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,
Safety their boat was moored; and scattered about on the greensward,
Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.

Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grapevine
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending.

Were the swift humming-birds, that flittered from blossom to blossom.
Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.
Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven
Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer, ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away, o'er the water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver.

At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn,
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness

Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.

Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.

Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,
But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos,
So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the willows.

All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the sleepers,
Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden.

Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie.

After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the distance,
As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden
Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father Felician!

Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.

Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition?
Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit?

Then, with a blush, she added, "Alas for my credulous fancy!

Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning."
But may we answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered,—

"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me without meaning.

Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface
Is as the to-sing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.

Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.

Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the southward,
On the banks of the Téche, are the towns of St. Martin and St. Martin,
There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridgroom,
There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his shepherd.

Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fritillaries;
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the blue of heavens
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."

With these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey.

Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand over the landscape;
Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.

Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water
Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.
Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling
Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around her.
Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.

Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring to madness
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation;
Cill, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.
With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbb'd with emotion,
Slowly they entered the Teche, where it flows through the green Opelousas,
And, through the amber air, above the eves of woodland,
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring dwelling:
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide,
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.
Largo and low was the roof; and on slender columns supported,
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,
Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine
Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in shadow,
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.
In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie.

III.

Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks, from whose branches

Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups.
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending,
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas.
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,
Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grapevines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surfe of the prairie,
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,
Sat a herdsmen, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.
Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master.
Round about him were numberless herds of kine,
that were grazing
Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory freshness
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape.
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the evening.
Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.
Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the prairie, And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance.
Then, as the herdsmen turned to the house, through the gate of the garden
Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to meet him.
Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward
Rushed with extended arms and exclamation of wonder;
When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the blacksmith.

Heart his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.
There in an arbor of roses with endless question and answer
Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces,
Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful.
Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts and misgivings
Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,
Broke the silence and said, "If you came by the Aitchafalaya,
How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous?"
Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.
Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent,
"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his shoulder,
All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.
Then the good Basil said,—and his voice grew as he said it,—
"Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed.
Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses,
Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit
Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.
Thinking the prayer of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,
He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens.
Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent him
Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards.
Then he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,
Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.
Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive lover;
He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against him.
Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning
We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,
Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler.
Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on Olympus.
Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.
Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.
"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian minstrel!"
As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and
straightway Father François, conversant with Evangeline, greeting the old man
Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enrapured,
Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,
Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters.
Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the cajun blacksmith,
All his domains and his herds; and his patriarchal demeanor;
Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate,
And of and answer, whose numberless herds were his who would take them;
Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go and do likewise.
Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the breezy veranda,
Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil
Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.
All was silent without, and, illumining the landscape with silver,
Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but within doors,
Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the shimmering lamplight.
Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman
Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion.
Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco,
Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened:
"Welcome once more, my friends, who long have been friendless and homeless,
Welcome once more to a home, that is better per-
chance than the old one!
Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the
river.
Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the
farmer.

Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil,
as a keel, through the water.
All the year round the orange-groves are in blos-

som; and grass grows
More in a single night than a whole Canadian
summer.
Here, too, numberless herds run wild and un-
claimed in the prairies;
Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and
forests of timber
With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed
into houses.
After your houses are built, and your fields are
yellow with harvests,
No King George of England shall drive you away
from your homesteads,
Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing
your farms and your cattle.

Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud
from his nostrils.
While his huge, brown hand came thundering
down on the table,
So that the guests all started; and Father Felici-

an, astounded,
Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way
to his nostrils.
But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were
milder and gayer:
"Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware
of the fever!
For it is not like that of our cold Acadian cli-

mate,
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck
in a nutshell!!
Then there were voices heard at the door, and
footsteps approaching
Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the
breezy veranda.
It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian
planters,
Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil
the Herdsman.
Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and
neighbors:
Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who
before were as strangers,
Met in exil, became straightway as friends
to each other.
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country
together.
But in the neighboring hall a strain of music,
proceeding
From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious
fiddle,
Broke up all further speech. Away, like children
delighted.
All things forgotten; besides, they gave themselves
to the maitidenng
Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed
to the music.
Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of
fluttering garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the
priest and the herdsman
Sat, conversing together of past and present and
future;

While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for
within her
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the
music
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressi-
ble sadness
Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth
into the garden.

Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall
of the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon.
On the river
Fell here and there through the branches a trem-

ulous gleam of the moonlight,
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened
and dewy spirit.
Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers
of the garden
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their
prayers and confessions
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent
Carthusian,
 Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with
shadows and night-dews,
Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and
the magical moonlight
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable
longings,
As, through the garden gate, and beneath the
shade of the oak-trees,
Passed she along the path to the edge of the
measurless prairie.
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-
flies
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infi-
nite numbers.
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in
the heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to mar-
vel and worship,
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls
'of that temple,
As if a hand had been traced and written upon them,
'Upharishin.'
And the soul of the maiden, between the stars
and the fire-flies,
Wandered alone, and she cried, 'O Gabriel! O
my beloved!
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot be
hold thee?
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does
not reach me?
Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to
the prairie!
Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the
woods around me!
Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from
labor,
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me
in thy slumber!
When shall the eye behold, these arms be
folded about thee?'
Loud and sudden and near the note of a whip-
poorwill sounded
Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the
neighboring thickets,
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped
into silence.
'Patience!' whispered the oaks from oracular
caverns of darkness:
And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded,
'To-morrow!'

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers
of the garden
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and
anointed his tresses
With the delicious balm that they bore in their
vases of crystal.

"Farewell!!" said the priest, as he stood at the
shadowy threshold;
'"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his
fasting and famine,
And, too, the Podish Virgin, who slept when the
bridegroom was coming.'
"Farewell!!" answered the maiden, and, smiling,
with Basil descended
Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen
already were waiting.
Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine, and gladness, Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before them, Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert. Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded, Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or river, Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague and uncertain Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and desolate country; Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adaves, Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the garrulous landlord, That on the day before, with horses and guides and companions, Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

IV.

Fair in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits. Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gateway, Opens a passing rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon, Westward the Oregon flows and the Walloway and Owyhee. Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind River Mountains, Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska; And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish sierras, Prettied with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert, Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean, Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations. Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies, Billow'd seas of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine. Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas, Over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck; Over them wander the wolves, and herds of riderless horses; Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel; Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children, Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible war-trails Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture, Like the implacable soul of a chiefman's slaughter'd in battle, By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens. Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage marauders; Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers; And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert, Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brook-side; And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven, Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them, Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains, Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trap-pers behind him. Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and Basil Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'ertake him. Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of his camp-fire. Rise in the morning air from the distant plain; but at nightfall, When they had reached the place, they found only embers and ashes. And, though their hearts were sad at times and their bodies were weary, Hope still guided them on, as the 'Magic Fata Morgana' Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and vanished before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently entered Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose features Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her sorrow. She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people, From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Comanches, Where her Canadian husband, a Courreur-des-Bois, had been murdered. Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and friendliest welcome Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted among them On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the embers. But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his companions, Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and the bison, Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quivering fire-light Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped up in their blankets. Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent, Cried out, "The tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and reverses. Much, much I will not repeat at the tale, and to know that another..."

Rapheal heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed. Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compassion, Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near her. She in turn related her love and all its disasters. Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the Mowis; Mows, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden, But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam...
When they had reached the place, they found only embers.

That, through the pines, o'er her father's lodge, in the hush of the twilight, Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden. 
Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest. 
And nevermore returned, nor was seen again by her people.

Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened 
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the enchantress. 
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose, 
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor 
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling the woodland.

With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches 
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers. 
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a secret, Subtle sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror, 
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow.
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits 
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a moment That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom. 
With this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed; and the Shawnee said, as they journeyed along, "On the western slope of these mountains Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mission. Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jean; Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they hear him." Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered, "Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us!" Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of the mountains, Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices. 
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river, 
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission. 
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village, 
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened 
High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grapevines,
Lock'd with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it. This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches Of its apsidal roof, arose the chant of their ves- pers, and mingled its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the branches. Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, as near as approaching, knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions, but when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen in the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the sower, Slowly the reverend man advanced to the stran gers, and bade them welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant expression, hearing the homelike sounds of his mother tongue in the forest. And, with words of kindness, conducted them into his wigwam. There upon mats and skins they repose, and on cakes of the maize ear Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher. Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity answered:—"Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel seated on this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes, told me this same sad tale; then arose and con tinued his journey!" Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of kindness; but on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in winter the snow-flakes fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed. "Far to the north he has gone," continued the priest; "but in autumn, when the chase is done, will return again to the Mission." Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive, "Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted." So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the morrow, mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and companions, Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission. Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other, Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize were springing Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving above her, Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, Cloisters for mendicant crops and granaries pillaged by squirrels. Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens flushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover, but at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the corn-field. Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover."Patience!" the priest would say; "have faith, and thy prayer will be answered! Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from the meadow, See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true as the magnet; and this is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has planted. Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveller's journey Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert. Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion, Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance, But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odor is deadly. Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter. Crowned with snow-flakes, that are wet with the down of nepenthe." So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter,—yet Gabriel came not; Blossomed the opening spring, and the roses of the robin and bluebird Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel came not. But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was wafted Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom. Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests, Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River. And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence, Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission. When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests, Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin! Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden. Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian Missions, Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army, Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities Like a phantom she came, and passed away unre membered. Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey: Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended. Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty. Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow. Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead, Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon, As in the Eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning. V.

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters, Guarding in shadowy shades the name of Penn the apostle, Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded. There all the air is balm, and the peach is the em blem of beauty. And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose
trees they molested.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline
landed, an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and
wealth.
There old René LeBlanc had died; and when he
departed,
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred de-
sendants.

Something at least was in the friendly
streets of the city,
Something that spake to her heart, and made her
no longer a stranger;
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou
of the Quakers.
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers
and sisters,
So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed
endeavor,
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, un-
complaining,
Thither she leaves to the light, were turned her
thoughts and her footsteps.
As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape
below us,
Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the
world far below her,
Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and
the pathway
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and
fair in the distance.
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was
his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last
she beheld him,
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence
and absence.
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it
was not.
Over him years had no power; he was not
changed, but transfigured;
He had become to her heart as one who is dead,
and not absent;
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to
others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had
taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous
spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air
with aroma.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to
follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy;
frequented
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes
of the city,
Where distress and want concealed themselves
from the sunlight,
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished
neglected.
Night after night, when the world was asleep, as
the watchman repeated
Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well
in the city,
High at some lonely window he saw the light of
her taper.
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow
through the suburbs
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and
fruit for the market,
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home
from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on
the city,
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by
flocks of wild pigeons,
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in
their tracks but an acorn.
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of
September,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a
lake in the meadow,
So death flooded life, and, overflowing its natural
margin,
Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of
existence.
Wealth has no power to bribe, nor beauty to
charm, the oppressor;
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his
anger;—
Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends
nor attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the
homeless.
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of
meadows and woodlands;—
Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its
gateway and wicket.
Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls
seem to echo
Softly the words of the Lord:—"The poor ye
always have with you."
Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of
Mercy. The dying
Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to
belong there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead
with splendor,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints
and apostles.
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a
distance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city
celestial,
Into whose shining gates erelong their spirits
would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets,
deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of
the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers
in the garden;
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest
among them,
That the dying ones might rejoice in their
fragrance and beauty.
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors,
cooled by the east-wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from
the belfry of Christ Church,
While, intermingled with these, across the
meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes
in their church at Wicaco.
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour
on half the city;
Something within her said, "At length thy trials
are ended;"
And, with light in her looks, she entered the
chambers of sickness.
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful
attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow,
and in silence
Closing those blest eyes of the dead, and con-
cealing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of
snow by the roadside.
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline
entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she
passed, for her presence.
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.
And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night time;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart,
While a shudder Ban through her frame,
And, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.

Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt.

As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had been sprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking,

Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.

Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.

Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.

Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside,
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.

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Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,
As one who walking in the twilight.

And am to us as if a living tongue.

Never grow old, nor pass away.

Therefore do I look to your assiduous walk.

How deeply of birth or place has made us friends.

But the same hope and fear and appetite.

THE SEASIDE AND THE FIRESIDE.

DEDICATION.

Our household treasures like familiar places.

And are to us as if a living tongue.

Nevertheless, and in truth, there will be.

The grand, majestic symphonies of ocean.

Therefore do I hope, as to unwelcome guest.

As your warm refresh, warm - the larger.

If though of giving, or sung to both.

That comes to us, when seeing must alone.

Friends that burn at once, though word be

Kind messages, that pass from hand to hand.

Therefore do I hope, to join your assiduous walk.

How deeply of birth or place has made us friends.

But the same hope and fear and appetite.

THE SEASIDE AND THE FIRESIDE.

THE SEASIDE AND THE FIRESIDE.
In the ship-yard stood the master,
With the model of the vessel.

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

"Build me straight, O worthy Master!
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

The merchant's word
Delighted the Master heard;
For his heart was in his work,
Giveth grace unto every Art.

A quiet smile played round his lips,
As the eddies and dimples of the tide
Play round the bows of ships,
That steadily at anchor ride.

As ever weathered a wintry sea!
And first with nicest skill and art,
Perfect and finished in every part,
A little model the Master wrought,
Which should be to the larger plan
What the child is to the man,
Its counterpart in miniature;
That with a hand more swift and sure
The greater labor might be brought
To answer to his inward thought.

And as he labored, his mind ran o'er
The various ships that were built of yore,
And above them all, and strangest of all
Towered the Great Harry, crank and tall,
Whose picture was hanging on the wall,
With bows and stern raised high in air,
And balconies hanging here and there,
And signal lanterns and flags afloat,
And eight round towers, like those that grown
From some old castle, looking down
Upon the drawbridge and the moat,
And he said with a smile, "Our ship, I wis,
Shall be of another form than this!"

It was of another form, indeed;
Built for freight, and yet for speed,
A beautiful and gallant craft;
Broad in the beam, that the stress of the blast,
Pressing down upon sail and mast,
Might not the sharp bows overwhelm;
Broad in the beam, but sloping aft
With graceful curve and slow degrees,
That she might be docile to the helm,
And that the currents of parted seas,
Closing behind, with mighty force,
Might aid and not impede her course.

In the ship-yard stood the master,
With the model of the vessel,
That should laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!

Covering many a rood of ground,
Lay the timber piled around;
Timber of chestnut, and elm, and oak,
And scattered here and there, with these,
The knarred and crooked cedar knees;
Brought from regions far away,
From Pascagoula's sunny bay,
And the banks of the roaring Roanoke!
Ah! what a wondrous thing it is
To note how many wheels of toil
One thought, one word, can set in motion!
There's not a ship that sails the ocean,
But every climate, every soil,
Must bring its tribute, great or small,
And help to build the wooden wall!

The sun was rising o'er the sea,
And long the level shadows lay,
As if they, too, the beams would be
Of some great, airy argosy,
Framed and launched in a single day.
That silent architect, the sun,
Had hewn and laid them every one,
Ere the work of man was yet begun.
Beside the master, when he spoke,
A youth, against an anchor leaning,
Listened, to catch his slightest meaning.
Only the long waves, as they broke
In ripples on the pebbly beach,
Interrupted the old man's speech.

Beautiful they were, in sooth,
The old man and the fiery youth!
The old man, in whose busy brain
Many a ship that sailed the main
Was modelled o'er and o'er again;—
The fiery youth, who was to be
The heir of his dexterity,
The heir of his house, and his daughter's hand,
When he had built and launched from land
What the elder bead had planned.

"Thus," said he, "will we build this ship!
Lay square the blocks upon the slip,
And follow well this plan of mine.
Choose the timbers with greatest care;
Of all that is unsound beware;
For only what is sound and strong
To this vessel shall belong.
Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine
Here together shall combine.
A goodly frame, and a goodly fame,
And the UNION be her name!
For the day that gives her to the sea
Shall give my daughter unto thee!"

The Master's word
Enraptured the young man heard;
And as he turned his face aside,
With a look of joy and a thrill of pride,
Standing before
Her father's door,
He saw the form of his promised bride.
The sun shone on her golden hair,
And her cheek was glowing fresh and fair,
With the breath of morn and the soft sea air.
Like a beauteous barge was she,
Still at rest on the sandy beach,
Just beyond the billow's reach;
But he
Was the restless, seething, stormy sea!
Ah, how skilful grows the hand
That obeyeth Love's command!

"Standing before her father's door,
He saw the form of his promised bride."
It is the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain,
And he who followeth Love's behest
Par excellence all the rest!

Thus with the rising of the sun
Was the noble task begun,
And soon throughout the ship-yard's bounds
Were heard the intermingled sounds
Of axes and of mallets, pld.
With vigorous arms on every side;
Plied so deftly and so well,
That, ere the shadows of evening fell,
The keel of oak for a noble ship,
Scarfed and bolted, straight and strong,
Was lying ready, and stretched along
The blocks, well placed upon the slip.
Happy, thrice happy, every one
Who sees his labor well begun,
And not perplexed and multiplied,
By idly waiting for time and tide!

And when the hot, long day was o'er,
The young man at the mastor's door
Sat with the maiden, calm and still,
And within the porch, a little more
Removed beyond the evening chill,
The father sat, and told them tales
Of wrecks in the great September gales,
Of pirates coasting the Spanish Main,
And ships that never came back again,
The change and change of a sailor's life,
Want and plenty, rest and strife,
His roving fancy, like the wind,
That nothing can stay and nothing can bind,

And the magic charm of foreign lands,
With shadows of palms, and shining sands,
Where the tumbling surf,
O'er the coral reefs of Madagascar,
Washes the feet of the swarthy Lascar,
As he lies alone and asleep on the turf.
And the trembling maiden held her breath
At the tales of that awful, pitless sea,
With all its terror and mystery,
The dim, dark sea, so like unto death,
That divides and yet unites mankind!
And whenever the old man paused, a gleam
From the bowl of his pipe would awhile illumine
The silent group in the twilight gloom,
And thoughtful faces, as in a dream,
And for a moment one might mark
What had been hidden by the dark,
That the head of the maiden lay at rest,
Tenderly, on the young man's breast!

Day by day the vessel grew,
With timbers fastened strong and true,
Stemson and keelson and sternson-knee,
Till, framed with perfect symmetry,
A skeleton ship rose up to view!
And around the bows and along the side
The heavy hammers and mallets plied,
Till after many a week, at length,
Wonderful for form and strength,
Sublime in its enormous bulk,
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk!
And around it columns of smoke, upwreathing,
Rose from the boiling, bubbling, seething
Caldron, that glowed,
And overflowed
With the black tar, heated for the sheathing
And amid the claimors,
Of clattering hammers,
He who listened heard now and then
The song of the master and his men:

"Build me straight, O worthy Master,
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

With oaken brace and copper band,
Lay the rubber on the sand,
That, like a thought, should have control
Over the movement of the whole;
And near the anchor, whose giant hand
Would reach down and grapple with the land,
And immovable and fast
Hold the great ship against the bellowing blast!
And at the bow an image stood,
By a cunning artist carved in wood,
With robes of white, that far behind
Seemed to be fluttering in the wind.
It was not shaped in a classic mould,
Not like a Nymph or Goddess of old,
Nor Naiad rising from the water,
But modelled from the master's daughter!
On many a dreary and misty night,
"T will be seen by the rays of the signal light,
Speeding along through the rain and the dark,
Like a ghost in its snow-white sark,
The pilot of some phantom bark,
Guiding the vessel, in its flight,
By a path none other knows aright!
Behold, at last,
Each tall and tapering mast
Is swung into its place;
Shrouds and stays
Holding it firm and fast!

Long ago,
In the deer-haunted forests of Maine,
When upon mountain and plain
Lay the snow,
They fell,—those lordly pines!
Those grand, majestic pines!
'Mid shouts and cheers
The jaded steers,
Parrying beneath the gale,
Dragged down the weary, winding road
Those captive kings so straight and tall,
To be shorn of their streaming hair,
And, naked and bare,
To feel the strength and the strain
Of the wind and the reeling main,
Whose roar
Would remind them forevermore
Of their native forests they should not see
again.

And everywhere
The slender, graceful spars
Poise aloft in the air,
And at the mast-head,
White, blue, and red,
A flag unrolls the stripes and stars.
Ah! when the wanderer, lonely, friendless,
In foreign harbors shall behold
That flag unrolled
"I will be as a friendly hand
Stretched out from his native land,
Filling his heart with memories sweet and endless!"

All is finished! and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength.
To-day the vessel shall be launched!
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
"And o'er the bay,
Slowly, in all his splendors dight,
The great sun rises to behold the sight.
The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth, and as uncontroll'd,
Faces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold.
His beating heart is not at rest;
And far and wide,
With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow
Heavens with the beaming of his breast.
He waits impatient for his bride.
There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honor of her marriage day.
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray old sea.

On the deck another bride
Is standing by her lover's side.
Shadows from the flags and shrouds,
Like the shades cast by clouds,
Broken by many a sunny fleck,
Fall around them on the deck.
The prayer is said,
The service read,
The joyous bridegroom bows his head;
And in tears the good old Master
Shakes the brown hand of his son,
Kisses his daughter's glowing cheek
In silence, for he cannot speak,
And ever faster
Down his own the tears begin to run.
The worthy pastor—
The shepherd of that wandering flock,
That has the ocean for its fold,
That has the vessel for its fold,
Leaping over from rock to rock—
Spake, with accents mild and clear,
Words of warning, words of cheer,
But tedious to the bridegroom's ear.
He knew the chart
Of the sailor's heart,
All its pleasures and its griefs,
All its shallows and rocky reefs,
All those secret currents, that flow
With such subtlc undertow,
And lift and drift, with terrible force,
The will from its moorings and its course.
Therefore he spake, and thus said he:
"Like unto ships far off at sea,
Outward or homeward bound, are we.
Before, behind, and all around,
Floats and swings the horizon's bound,
Seems at its distant rim to rise
And climb the crystal wall of the skies,
And then again to turn and sink,
As if we could slide from its outer brim.
Ah! it is not the sea,
It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,
But ourselves.
That rock and rise
With endless and uneasy motion,
Now touching the very skies,
Now sinking into the depths of ocean.
Ah! if our souls but poised and swing
Like the compass in its brazen ring,
Ever level and ever true
To the toil and the task we have to do,
We shall sail securely, and safely reach
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach
The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,
Will be those of joy and not of fear!"

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs,
And see! she stirs!
She starts, she moves, she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,
"Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray,
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms!"

How beautiful she is! How fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer!
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness and love and trust Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'T is of the wave and not the rock;
'T is but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

CHRYSAOR.

Just above yon sandy bar,
As the day grows fainter and dimmer,
Lonely and lovely, a single star
Lights the air with a dusky glimmer.
THE SECRET OF THE SEA.—SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

Into the ocean faint and far
 Falls the trail of its golden splendor,
 And the gleam of that single star
 Is ever refugent, soft, and tender

Chrysaor, rising out of the sea,
 Showed thus glorious and thus emulous,
 Leaving the arms of Callirrhoe,
 Forever tender, soft, and tremulous

Thus o'er the ocean faint and far
Trailed the gleam of his falshion brightly;
Is it a God, or is it a star
That, entranced, I gaze upon nightly!

THE SECRET OF THE SEA.

Ah! what pleasant visions haunt me
As I gaze upon the sea!
All the old romantic legends,
All my dreams, come back to me.

Sails of silk and ropes of sandal,
Such as gleam in ancient lore;
And the singing of the sailors,
And the answer from the shore!

Most of all, the Spanish ballad
Haunts me oft, and tarry long,
Of the noble Count Arnaldos
And the sailor's mystic song.

Like the long waves on a sea-beach,
Where the sand as silver shines,
With a soft, monotonous cadence,
Flow its unrhymed lyric lines;—

Telling how the Count Arnaldos,
With his hawk upon his hand,
Saw a fair and stately galley,
Steering onward to the land;—

How he heard the ancient helmsman
Chant a song so wild and clear,
That the sailing sea-bird slowly
Posed upon the mast to hear,

Till his soul was full of longing
And he cried, with impulse strong,—
"Helmman! for the love of heaven,
Teach me, too, that wondrous song!"

"Wouldst thou,?"—so the helmsman answered,
"Learn the secret of the sea?
Only those who brave its dangers
Comprehend its mystery!"

In each sail that skims the horizon,
In each landward-blowing breeze,
I behold that stately galley,
Hear those mournful melodies;

Till my soul is full of longing
For the secret of the sea,
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse through me.

TWILIGHT.

The twilight is sad and cloudy,
The wind blows wild and free,
And like the wings of sea-birds
Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage
There shines a muddier light,
And a little face at the window
Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,
As if those childish eyes
Were looking into the darkness,
To see some form arise.

And a woman's wavering shadow
Is passing to and fro,
Now rising to the ceiling,
Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, bleak and wild,
As they beat at the crazy casement,
Tell to that little child?

And why do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, wild and bleak,
As they beat at the heart of the mother,
Drive the color from her cheek?

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

SOUTHWARD with fleet of ice
Sailed the corsair Death;
Wild and fast blew the blast,
And the east-wind was his breath.

His lordly ships of ice
Glisten in the sun;
On each side, like pennons wide,
Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist
Dripped with silver rain;
But where he passed there were cast
Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed;
Three days or more seaward he bore,
Then, alas! the land-wind failed.

Alas! the land-wind failed,
And ice-cold grew the night;
And nevermore, on sea or shore,
Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,
The Book was in his hand;
"Do not fear! Heaven is as near,"
He said, "by water as by land!"

In the first watch of the night,
Without a signal's sound,
Out of the sea, mysteriously,
The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star
Were hanging in the shrouds;
Every mast as it passed,
Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize,
At midnight black and cold!
As of a rock was the shock;
Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward through day and dark,
They drift in close embrace,
With mist and rain, o'er the open main;
Yet there seems no change of place.

THE SECRET OF THE SEA.—SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.
Southward, forever southward,
Their drift through dark and day;
And like a dream, in the Gulf-stream
Sinking, vanish all away.

THE Lighthouse.
The rocky ledge runs far into the sea,
And on its outer point, some miles away,
The Lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.

Even at this distance I can see the tides,
Uphaving, break unheard along its base,
A speechless wrath, that rises and subsides
In the white lip and tremor of the face.

And as the evening darkens, lo! how bright,
Through the deep purple of the twilight air,
Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light
With strange, unearthly splendor in the glare!

Not one alone; from each projecting cape
And perilous reef along the ocean's verge,
Starts into life a dim, gigantic shape,
Holding its lantern o'er the restless surge.

Like the great giant Christopher it stands
Upon the brink of the tempestuous wave,
Wading far out among the rocks and sands,
The night o'ertaken mariner to save.

And the great ships sail outward and return
Bending and bowing o'er the billowy swells,
And ever joyful, as they see it burn,
They wave their silent welcomes and farewells.

They come forth from the darkness, and their sails
Glem for a moment only in the blaze,
And eager faces, as the light unveils,
Gaze at the tower, and vanish while they gaze.

The mariner remembers when a child,
On his first voyage, he saw it fade and sink,
And when, returning from adventures wild,
He saw it rise again o'er ocean's brink.

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same
Year after year, through all the silent night
Burns on forevermore that quenchless flame,
Shines on that inextinguishable light!

It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp
The rocks and sea-sand with the kiss of peace;
It sees the wild winds lift it in their grasp,
And hold it up, and shake it like a fleece.

The startled waves leap over it; the storm
Smites it with all the scourges of the rain,
And steadily against its solid form
Press the great shoulders of the hurricane.

The sea-bird wheeling round it, with the din
Of wings and winds and solitary cries,
Blinded and maddened by the light within,
Dashes himself against the glare, and dies.

A new Prometheus, chained upon the rock,
Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove,

It does not hear the cry, nor heed the shock,
But hails the mariner with words of love.

"Sail on!" it says, "sail on, ye stately ships!
And with your floating bridge the ocean span;
Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,
Be yours to bring man nearer unto man!"

THE FIRE OF Drift-WOod.

DEVEREUX FARM, NEAR MARBLEHEAD.

We sat within the farm-house old,
Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,
An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,
The lighthouse, the dismantled fort,
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little room;
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
And who was changed, and who was dead;

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel, with secret pain,
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,
And never can be one again;

The first slight awriving of the heart,
That words are powerless to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
Had something strange, I could but mark;
The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,
As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
The flames would leap and then expire,

And, as their splendor flashed and failed,
We thought of wrecks upon the main,
Of ships dismayed, that were hailed
And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames,
The ocean, roaring up the beach,
The gusty blast, the bickering flames,
All mingled vaguely in our speech;

Until they made themselves a part
Of fancies floating through the brain,
The long-lost ventures of the heart,
That send no answers back again.

O flames that glowed! O hearts that yearned!
They were indeed too much akin,
The drift-wood fire without that burned,
The thoughts that burned and glowed within.
BY THE FIRESIDE.

RESIGNATION.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!
The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!
Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.
We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.
There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.
She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.
In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.
Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air,
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.
Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.
Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;
But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.
And though at times impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,—
We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

THE BUILDERS.

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.
For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.
Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between,
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the Gods see everywhere.
Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.
Else our lives are incomplete.
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.
Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.
Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

SAND OF THE DESERT IN AN HOUR-GLASS.

A handfull of red sand, from the hot clime
Of Arab deserts brought,
Within this glass becomes the spy of Time,
The minister of Thought.
How many weary centuries has it been
About those deserts blown!
How many strange vicissitudes has seen,
How many histories known!
Perhaps the cameles of the Ishmaelite
Trampled and passed it o'er,
When into Egypt from the patriarch's sight
His favorite son they bore.
Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt and bare,
Crushed it beneath their tread;
Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into the air
Scattered it as they sped;
Or Mary, with the Christ of Nazareth
Held close in her caress,
Whose pilgrimage of hope and love and faith
Illumed the wilderness;
Or anchorites beneath Engaddi's palms
Facing the Dead Sea beach,
And singing slow their old Armenian psalms
In half-articulate speech;

RESIGNATION.—SAND OF THE DESERT IN AN HOUR-GLASS.
BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

Or caravans, that from Bassora's gate
With westward steps depart;
Or Mecca's pilgrims, confident of Fate,
And resolute in heart!

These have passed over it, or may have passed!
Now in this crystal tower
Imprisoned by some curious hand at last,
It counts the passing hour.

And as I gaze, these narrow walls expand;
Before my dreamy eye
Stretches the desert with its shifting sand,
Its unimpeded sky.

And borne aloft by the sustaining blast,
This little golden thread
Dilates into a column high and vast,
A form of fear and dread.

And onward, and across the setting sun,
Across the boundless plain,
The column and its broader shadow run,
Till thought pursues in vain.

The vision vanishes! These walls again
Shut out the lurid sun,
Shut out the hot, immeasurable plain;
The half-hour's sand is run!

And from the realms
Of the shadowy elms
A tide-like darkness overwhelms
The fields that round us lie.

But the night is fair,
And everywhere
A warm, soft vapor fills the air,
And distant sounds seem near;

And above, in the light
Of the star-lit night,
Swift birds of passage wing their flight
Through the dewy atmosphere.

I hear the beat
Of their pinions fleet,
As from the land of snow and sleet
They seek a southern lea.

I hear the cry
Of their voices high
Falling dreamily through the sky,
But their forms I cannot see.

O, say not so!
Those sounds that flow
In murmurs of delight and woe
Come not from wings of birds.

They are the throngs
Of the poet's songs,
Murmurs of pleasures, and pains, and wrongs,
The sound of winged words.

This is the cry
Of souls, that high
On toiling, beating pinions fly,
Seeking a warmer clime.

From their distant flight
Through realms of light
It falls into our world of night.
With the murmuring sound of rhyme.

I saw the nursery windows wide open to the air.
THE OPEN WINDOW.
The old house by the lindens
Stood silent in the shade,
And on the gravelled pathway
The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows
Wide open to the air;
But the faces of the children,
They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house-dog
Was standing by the door;
He looked for his little playmates,
Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens,
They played not in the hall;
But shadow, and silence, and sadness
Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches,
With sweet, familiar tone;
But the voices of the children
Will be heard in dreams alone!

And the boy that walked beside me,
He could not understand
Why closer in mine, ah! closer,
I pressed his warm, soft hand!

KING WITLAF'S DRINKING-HORN.

WITLA. a king of the Saxons,
Ere yet his last he breathed,
To the merry monks of Croyland
His drinking-horn bequeathed,—

That, whenever they sat at their revels,
And drank from the golden bowl,
They might remember the donor,
And breathe a prayer for his soul.

So sat they once at Christmas,
And bade the goblet pass;
In their beards the red wine glistened
Like dew-drops in the grass.

They drank to the soul of Witala,
They drank to Christ the Lord,
And to each of the Twelve Apostles,
Who had preached his holy word.

They drank to the Saints and Martyrs
Of the dismal days of yore,
And as soon as the horn was empty
They remembered one Saint more.

And the reader droned from the pulpit,
Like the murmur of many bees,
The legend of good Saint Guthlac,
And Saint Basil's homilies;

Till the great bells of the convent,
From their prison in the tower,
Guthlac and Bartholomæus,
Proclaimed the midnight hour.

And the Yule-log cracked in the chimney,
And the Abbot bowed his head,
And the flamelets flapped and flickered,
But the Abbot was stark and dead.

Yet still in his pallid fingers
He clutched the golden bowl,
In which, like a pearl dissolving,
Had sunk and dissolved his soul.

But not for this their revels
The jovial monks forborne,
For they cried, "Fill high the goblet!
We must drink to one Saint more!"

GASPAR BECERRA

By his evening fire the artist
Pondered o'er his secret shame;
Baffled, weary, and disheartened,
Still he mused, and dreamed of fame.

'T was an image of the Virgin
That had tasked his utmost skill;
But, alas! his fair ideal
Vanished and escaped him still.

From a distant Eastern island
Had the precious wood been brought;
Day and night the anxious master
At his toil untiring wrought;

Till, discouraged and desponding,
Sat he now in shadows deep,
And the day's humiliation
Found oblivion in sleep.

Then a voice cried, "Rise, O master!
From the burning brand of oak
Shape the thought that stirs within thee!"
And the startled artist woke,—

Woke, and from the smoking embers
Seized and quenched the glowing wood;
And therefrom he carved an image,
And he saw that it was good.

O thou sculptor, painter, poet!
Take this lesson to thy heart;
That is best which lieth nearest;
Shape from that thy work of art.

PEGASUS IN POUND.

Once into a quiet village,
Without haste and without heed,
In the golden prime of morning,
Strayed the poet's winged steed.

It was Autumn, and incessant
Piped the quails from shocks and sheaves,
And, like living coals, the apples
Burned among the withering leaves.

Loud the clamorous bell was ringing
From its belfry gaunt and grim;
'T was the daily call to labor,
Not a triumph meant for him.

Not the less he saw the landscape,
In its gleaming vapor veiled;
Not the less he breathed the odors
That the dying leaves exhaled.

Thus, upon the village common,
By the school-boys he was found;
And the wise men, in their wisdom,
Put him straightway into pound.

Then the sombre village crier,
Ringing loud his brazen bell,
Wandered down the street proclaiming
There was an estray to sell.
And the curious country people,  
Rich and poor, and young and old,  
Came in haste to see this wondrous  
Winged steed, with mane of gold.

Thus the day passed, and the evening  
Fell, with vapors cold and dim;  
But it brought no food nor shelter,  
Brought no straw nor stall, for him.

Patiently, and still expectant,  
Looked he through the wooden bars,  
Saw the moon rise o'er the landscape,  
Saw the tranquil, patient stare;

Till at length the bell at midnight  
Sounded from its dark abode,  
And, from out a neighboring farm-yard,  
Loud the cock Alectryon crowed.

Then, with nostrils wide distended,  
Breaking from his iron chain,  
And unfolding far his pinions,  
To those stars he soared again.

On the morrow, when the village  
Woke to all its toil and care,  
Lo! the strange steed had departed,  
And they knew not when nor where.

But they found, upon the greensward  
Where his struggling hoofs had trod,  
Pure and bright, a fountain flowing  
From the hoof-marks in the sod.

From that hour, the fount unfailing  
Gladdens the whole region round,  
Strengthening all who drink its waters,  
While it soothes them with its sound.

---

**TEGNÉR'S DRAPA.**

I heard a voice, that cried,  
"Balder the Beautiful  
Is dead, is dead!"  
And through the misty air  
Passed like the mournful cry  
Of sunward sailing canoes.

I saw the pallid corpse  
Of the dead sun  
Borne through the Northern sky  
Blasts from Niffelheim  
Lifted the sheeted mists  
Around him as he passed.

And the voice forever cried,  
"Balder the Beautiful  
Is dead, is dead!"  
And died away  
Through the dreary night,  
In accents of despair.

Balder the Beautiful,  
God of the summer sun,  
Fairest of all the Gods!  
Light from his forehead beamed,  
Ranes were upon his tongue,  
As on the warrior's sword.

All things in earth and air  
Bound were by magic spell  
Never to do him harm;  
Even the plants and stones;  
All save the mistletoe,  
The sacred mistletoe!

Hander, the blind old God,  
Whose feet are shod with silence,  
Pierced through that gentle breast  
With his sharp spear, by fraud  
Made of the mistletoe,  
The accursed mistletoe!

They laid him in his ship,  
With horse and harness,  
As on a funeral pyre.  
Odin placed  
A ring upon his finger,  
And whispered in his ear.

They launched the burning ship!  
It floated far away  
Over the misty sea,  
Till like the sun it seemed,  
Sinking beneath the waves.  
Balder returned no more!

So perish the old Gods!  
But out of the sea of Time  
Rises a new land of song,  
Fairer than the old.  
Over its meadows green  
Walk the young bards and sing.

Build it again,  
O ye bards,  
Fairer than before!  
Ye fathers of the new race,  
Feed upon morning dew  
Sing the new Song of Love!

The law of force is dead!  
The law of love prevails!  
Thus, the throned mower,  
Shall rule the earth no more,  
No more, with threats,  
Challenge the meek Christ.

Sing no more,  
O ye bards of the North,  
Of Vikings and of Jarls!  
Of the days of Eld  
Preserve the freedom only,  
Not the deeds of blood!

---

**SONNET.**

ON MRS. KEMBLE'S READINGS FROM SHAKE-SPEARE.

O precious evenings! all too swiftly sped!  
Leaving us heirs to ampest heritages  
Of all the best thoughts of the greatest sages,  
And giving tongues unto the silent dead!  
How our hearts glowed and trembled as she read,  
Interpreting by tones the wondrous pages  
Of the great poet who foreruns the ages,  
Anticipating all that shall be said!  
O happy Reader! having for thy text  
The magic book, whose Sibylline leaves have caught  
The rarest essence of all human thought!  
O happy Poet! by no critic vext!  
How must thy listening spirit now rejoice  
To be interpreted by such a voice!

---

**THE SINGERS.**

Gon sent his Singers upon earth  
With songs of sadness and of mirth,  
That they might touch the hearts of men,  
And bring them back to heaven again.
THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTÉL-CUILLE.

FROM THE GASCON OF JASMIN.

I.

At the foot of the mountain height
Where is perched Castel-Cuillé,
When the apple, the plum, and the almond tree
In the plain below were growing white,
This is the song one might perceive
On a Wednesday morn of Saint Joseph’s Eve:

“The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home!
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day!”

This old Te Deum, rustic rites attending,
Seemed from the clouds descending;
When lo! a merry company
Of rosy village girls, clean as the eye,
Each one with her attendant swain,

Camè to the cliff, all singing the same strain;
Resembling there, so near unto the sky,
Rejoicing angels, that kind Heaven has sent
For their delight and our encouragement.
Together blending,
And soon descending
The narrow sweep
Of the hillsides steep,
““The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home!
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day!”

THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTÉL-CUILLE

FROM THE GASCON OF JASMIN.

II.

The first, a youth, with soul of fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre;
Through groves he wandered, and by streams,
Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face,
Stood singing in the market-place,
And stirred with accents deep and loud
The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A gray old man, the third and last,
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,
While the majestic organ rolled
Contrition from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the Singers three
Disputed which the best might be;
For still their music seemed to start
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said, “I see
No best in kind, but in degree;
I gave a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.

“These are the three great chords of might,
And he whose ear is tuned aright
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony.”

SUSPIRIA.

TAKE them, O Death! and bear away
Whatever thou canst call thine own!
Thine image, stamped upon this clay,
Dost give thee that, but that alone!

Take them, O Grave! and let them lie
Folded upon thy narrow shelves,
As garments by the soul laid by,
And precious only to ourselves!

Take them, O great Eternity!
Our little life is but a gust
That bends the branches of thy tree,
And trails its blossoms in the dust!

HYMN

FOR MY BROTHER’S ORDINATION.

Christ to the young man said: “Yet one thing more;
If thou wouldst perfect be,
Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor,
And come and follow me!”

Within this temple Christ again, unseen,
Those sacred words hath said.
And his invisible hands to-day have been
Laid on a young man’s head.

And evermore beside him on his way
The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean upon his arm and say,
“Dost thou, dear Lord, approve?”

Beside him at the marriage feast shall be,
To make the scene more fair;
Beside him in the dark Gethsemane
Of pain and midnight prayer.

O holy trust! O endless sense of rest!
Like the beloved John
To lay his head upon the Saviour’s breast,
And thus to journey on!
I

**THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTEL-CUILLE.**

It is Baptiste, and his affianced maiden,
With garlands for the bridal ladeen!

The sky was blue; without one cloud of gloom,
The sun of March was shining brightly,
And to the air the freshening wind gave lightly
Its breathings of perfume.

When one beholds the dusky hedges blossom,
A pastic bridal, ah! how sweet it is!
To sounds of joyous melodies,
That touch with tenderness the trembling bosom,
A band of maidens
Gaily frolicking,
A band of youngsters
Wildly rollicking!
Kissing,
Caressing,
With fingers pressing,
Till in the verdict
Madness of mirth, as they dance,
They retreat and advance,
Trying whose laugh shall be loudest and merriest;
While the bride, with rognish eyes,
Sporting with them, now escapes and cries.

"Those who catch me
Marry me!
This year shall be!"

And all pursue with eager haste,
And touch her pretty apron fresh and new,
And the linen kirtle round her waist.

Meanwhile, whence comes it that among
Those youthful maidens fresh and fair,
So joyous, with such laughing air,
Baptiste stands sighing, with silent tongue?
And yet the bride is fair and young!
Is it Saint Joseph would say to us all,
That love, o'er-hasty, preceded a fall?
O no! for a maiden frail, I trow,
Never bore so lofty a brow!
What lovers! they give not a single careless
To see them so careless and cold to-day,
These are grand people, one would say.

What ails Baptiste? what grief doth him oppress?

It is, that half-way up the hill,
In you cottage, by whose walls
Stand the cart-house and the stalls,
Dwelleth the blind orphan still,
Daughter of a veteran old;
And you must know, one year ago,
That Margaret, the young and tender,
Was the village pride and splendor,
And Baptiste her lover bold.

Love, the deceiver, them ensnared;
For them the altar was prepared;
But alas! the summer's blight,
The dread disease that none can stay,
The pestilence that walks by night,
Took the young bride's sight away.

All at the father's stern command was changed;
Their peace was gone, but not their love espoused.

Weared at home, crelong the lover fled;
Returned but three short days ago.
The golden chain they round him throw,
He is enticed, and onward led
To marry Angela, and yet
Is thinking ever of Margaret.

Then suddenly a maiden cried,
"Anna, Theresa, Mary, Kate!
Here comes the cripple Jane!" And by a fountain's side
A woman, bent and gray with years,
Under the mulberry-trees appears,

And all towards her run, as fleet
As had they wings upon their feet.

It is that Jane, the cripple Jane,
Is a soothsayer, wary and kind.
She telleth fortunes, and none complain.
She promises one a village swain,
Another a happy wedding-day,
And the bride a lovely boy straightway.
All comes to pass as she avers;
She never deceives, she never errs.

But for this once the village seer
Wears a countenance severe.
And from beneath her eyebrows thin and white
Her two eyes flash like cannons bright
Aimed at the bridegroom in waistcoat blue,
Who, like a statue, stands in view;
Changing color, as well be might.
When the bel dame wrinkled and gray
Takes the young bride by the hand,
And, with the tip of her reedy wand
Making the sign of the cross, doth say,—
"Thoughtless Angela, beware!
Lest, when thou weddest this false bridegroom,
Thou diggest for thyself a tomb!"

And she was silent; and the maidens fair
Saw from each eye escape a swollen tear,
But on a streamlet silver-clear
What are two drops of terbid rain?
Saddened a moment, the bridal train
Resumed the dance and song again.
The bridegroom only was pale with fear;—
And down green alleys
Of verdurous valleys,
With merry sailies
They sang the refrain:

"The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home!
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day!"

II.

And by suffering worn and weary,
But beautiful as some fair angel yet,
Thus lamented Margaret,
In her cottage lone and dreary:—

"He has arrived! arrived at last!
Yet Jane has named him not these three days past;
Arrived! yet keeps aloof so far!
And knows that of my night he is the star!
Knows that long months I wait alone, hightened,
And count the moments since he went away!
Come! keep the promise of that happier day,
That I may keep the faith to thee I pledged!
What have I without thee? what delight?
Grief wastes my life, and makes it misery;
Day for the others ever, but for me
Forever night! forever night!
When he is gone it is dark! my soul is sad!
I suffer! O my God! come, make me glad.
When he is near, no thoughts of day intrude;
Day has blue heavens, but Baptiste has blue eyes.
Within those riches for me a heaven of love,
A heaven all happiness, like that above,
No more of grief! no more of lassitude!
Earth I forget,—and heaven, and all distresses,
When seated by my side my hand he presses;
But when alone, remember all!
Where is Baptiste? he hears not when I call!
A branch of ivy, dying on the ground,
I need some bough to twine around!"
THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTÉL-CUILLÉ.

In pity come! be to my suffering kind!
True love, they say, in grief doth more abound!
What then—when one is blind?

"Who knows? perhaps I am forsworn!
Ah! woe is me! then bear me to my grave!
O God! what thoughts within me waken!
Away! he will return! I do but rave!
He will return! I need not fear!
He swore it by our Saviour dear;
He could not come at his own will;
Is weary, or perchance ill?
Perhaps his heart, in this disguise,
Prepares for me some sweet surprise!
But some one comes! Though blind, my heart
can see!
And that deceives me not! 'tis he! 'tis he!

And the door ajar is set,
And poor, confiding Margaret
Rises, with outstretched arms, but sightless
eye;
'Tis only Paul, her brother, who thus cries:—
"Angela the bride has passed!
I saw the wedding guests go by;
Tell me, my sister, why were we not asked?
For all are there but you and I!"

"Angela married! and not send
To tell her secret unto me!
O, speak! who may the bridegroom be?
'My sister, 'tis Baptiste, thy friend!"

A cry the blind girl gave, but nothing said;
A milky whiteness spreads upon her cheeks;
An icy hand, as heavy as lead,
Descending, as her brother speaks,
Upon her heart, that has ceased to beat,
Suspends awhile its life and heat.
She stands beside the boy, now sore distressed,
A wax Madonna as a peasant dressed.

At length, the bridal song again
Brings her back to her sorrow and pain.

"Hark! the joyous airs are ringing!
Sister, dost thou hear them singing?
How merrily they laugh and jest!
Would we were bidden with the rest!
I would do my best of homespun gray,
And my doublet of linen striped and gay;
Perhaps they will come; for they do not weed
Till to-morrow at seven o'clock, it is said!"

"I know it!" answered Margaret,
Whose vision, with aspect black as jet,
Mastered again; and its hand of ice
Held her heart crushed, as in a vice!
"Paul, be not sad! 'T is a holiday;
To-morrow put on thy doubles gay!
But leave me now for a while alone.
Away, with a hop and a jump, went Paul,
And, as he whistled along the hall,
Entered Jane, the crippled crone.

"Holy Virgin! what dreadful heat!
I am faint, and weary, and out of breath!
But thou art cold,—art chill as death;
My little friend! what ails thee, sweet?"

"Nothing! I heard them singing home the bride;
And, as I listened to the song,
I thought my turn would come ere long,
Thou knowest it is at Whitentside.
Thy cards forsooth can never lie,
To me such joy they prophesy,
Thy skill shall be vaunted far and wide
When they behold him at my side.
And poor Baptiste, what saest thou?
It must seem long to him,—methinks I see him now!"

Jane, shuddering, her hand doth press:
"'Thy love I cannot all approve;
We must not trust too much to happiness;—
Go, pray to God, that thou mayest love him less!"

"The more I pray the more I love!
It is no sin, for God is on my side!
It was enough; and Jane no more replied.

Now to all hope her heart is barred and cold;
But to deceive the beldame old
She took sweet, complexion air;
Speak of foul weather or of fair,
At every word the maiden smiles!
Thus the beguiler she-beguiles;
So that, departing at the evening's close,
She says, "She may be saved! she nothing
knows!"

Poor Jane, the cunning sorceress!
Now that thou wouldst, thou art no prophetess!
This morning, in the fulness of thy heart,
Thou wast so, far beyond thine art!

III.

Now rings the bell, nine times reverberating,
And the white daybreak, stealing up the sky,
Sees in two cottages two maidens waiting,
How differently!

Queen of a day, by flatterers caressed,
The one puts on her cross and crown,
Decks with a huge bouquet her breast,
And flouting, flittering up and down,
Looks at herself, and cannot rest.
The other, blind, within her little room,
Has neither crown nor flower's perfume;
But in their stead for something gropes apart,
That in a drawer's recess doth lie,
And, 'neath her bodice of bright scarlet dye,
Convulsive clasps it to her heart.
The one, fantastic, light as air,
'Mid kisses ringing,
And joyous singing,
Forgets to say her morning prayer!
The other, with cold drops upon her brow,
Joins her two hands, and kneels upon the floor,
And whispers, as her brother opens the door,
"O God! forgive me now!"

And then the orphan, young and blind,
Conducted by her brother's hand,
Towards the church, through paths unscanned,
With tranquil air, her way doth wind.
Odors of laurel, making her faint and pale,
Round her at times exhale,
And in the sky as yet no sunny ray,
But brumal vapors gray.

Near that castle, fair to see,
Crowned with sculptures old, in every part,
Marvels of nature and of art,
And proud of its name of high degree,
A little chapel, almost bare
At the base of the rock, is builded there;
All glorious that it lifts aloof,
Above each jealons cottage roof,
Its sacred summit, swept by autumn gales,
And its blackened steeple high in air.
Round which the osprey screams and sails.

"Paul, lay thy noisy rattle by!"
Thus Margaret said. "Where are we? we ascend!"

"Yes; we are not our journey's end?
Hearnest not the osprey from the belfry cry?
The hideous bird, that brings ill luck, we know!
Dest thou remember when our father said,
The night we watched beside his bed,
'O daughter, I am weak and low;
'Take care of Paul; I feel that I am dying!'
And thou, and he, and I, all fell to crying?
Then on the roof the osprey screamed aloud;
And here they brought our father in his shroud.
There is his grave; there stands the cross we set;
Why do thou clasp me so, dear Margaret?
Come in! The bride will be here soon:
Thou tremblest! O my God! thou art going to swoon!"

She could no more,—the blind girl, weak and weary!
A voice seemed crying from that grave so dreary,
"What wouldst thou do, my daughter?"—and she started,
And quick recoiled, aghast, faint-hearted;
But Paul, impatient, urges evermore
Her steps towards the open door;
And when, beneath her feet, the unhappy maid
Crushed to the laurel near the house immortal,
And with her head, as Paul talks on again,
Touched the crown of filigree
Suspended from the low-arched portal,
No more restrained, no more afraid,
She walks, as for a least arrayed,
And in the ancient chapel's sombre night
They both are lost to sight.

At length the bell,
With booming sound,
Sends forth, resounding round,
Its hymeneal peal o'er rock and down the dell.
It is broad day, with sunshine and with rain;
And yet the guests delay not long,
For soon arrives the bridal train,
And with it brings the village throng.

In sooth, deceit maketh no mortal gay,
For lo! Baptiste on this triumphant day,
Mute as an idiot, sad as yestern-morning,
Thinks only of the beldame's words of warning.

And Angela thinks of her cross, I wis;
To be a bride is all! The pretty lisper
Feels her heart swell to hear all round her wisper,
"How beautiful! how beautiful she is!"

But she must calm that giddy head,
For already the Mass is said;
At the holy table stands the priest;
The wedding ring is blessed; Baptiste receives it;
Ere on the finger of the bride he leaves it,
He must pronounce one word at least!
"This spoken; and sudden at the groomman's side
"This be!" a well-known voice has cried.
And while the wedding guests all hold their breath,
Opens the confessional, and the blind girl, see!
"Baptiste," she said, "since thou hast wished my death,
As holy water be my blood for thee!"
And calmly in the air a knife suspended!
Doubtless her guardian angel near attended,
For anguish did its work so well,
That, ere the fatal stroke descended,
Lifeless she fell!

At eve, instead of bridal verse,
The De Profundis filled the air;
Decked with flowers a simple hearse
To the churchyard forth they bear;

Village girls in robes of snow
Follow, weeping as they go;
Nowhere was a smile that day,
No, ah no! for each one seemed to say:
"The road should mourn and be veiled in gloom,
So fair a corpse shall leave its home!
Should mourn and should weep, ah, well-away!
So fair a corpse shall pass to-day!"

* A CHRISTMAS CAROL
FROM THE NOEL BOURGUIGNON DE GUI BAROZAL

I Hear along our street
Pass the minstrel thongs;
Hark! they play so sweet,
On their harps and Christmas songs!
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

In December ring
Every day the chimes;
Loud the gleemen sing
In the streets their merry rhymes.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire.

Shepherds at the grange,
Where the Babe was born,
Sang, with many a change,
Christmas carols until morn.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

These good people sang
Songs devout and sweet;
While the rafters rang,
There they stood with freezing feet.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire.

Nuns in frigid cells
At this holy tide,
For want of something else,
Christmas songs at times have tried.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

Washerwomen old,
To the sound they beat,
Singing rivers cold,
With uncovered heads and feet.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire.

Who by the fireside stands
Stamps his feet and sings;
But he who blows his hands
Not so gay a carol brings.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!
INTRODUCTION.

SHOULD you ask me, whence these stories?
Whence these legends and traditions,
With the odors of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers,
With their frequent repetitions,
And their wild reverberations,
As of thunder in the mountains?

I should answer, I should tell you,
"From the forests and the prairies,
From the great lakes of the Northland,
From the land of the Ojibways,
From the mountains, moors, and fenlands,
Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Feeds among the reeds and rushes.
I repeat them as I heard them
From the lips of Nawadaha,
The musician, the sweet singer."

Should you ask where Nawadaha
Found these songs, so wild and wayward,
Found these legends and traditions,
I should answer, I should tell you,
"In the bird's-nests of the forest,
In the lodges of the beaver,
In the hoof-prints of the bison,
In the eyry of the eagle!

All the wild-fowl sang them to him,
In the moorlands and the fen-lands,
In the melancholy marshes;
Ghetowalk, the plover, sang them.

Mahng, the loon, the wild-goose, Wawa,
The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
And the grouse, the Mushkodass!"

If still further you should ask me,
Saying, "Who was Nawadaha?
Tell us of this Nawadaha,"
I should answer your inquiries
Straightway in such words as follow.

"In the Vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley,
By the pleasant water-courses,
Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.
Round about the Indian village
Spread the meadows and the corn-fields,
And beyond them stood the forest,
Stood the groves of singing pine-trees,
Green in Summer, white in Winter,
Ever sighing, ever singing.

And the pleasant water-courses,
You could trace them through the valley,
By the rushing in the Spring-time,
By the alders in the Summer,
By the white fog in the Autumn,
By the black line in the Winter;
And beside them dwelt the singer,
In the vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley.

There he sang of Hiawatha,
Sang the Song of Hiawatha,
Sang his wondrous birth and being,
How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,
That the tribes of men might prosper,
That he might advance his people!"
Ye who love the haunts of Nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain-shower and the snow-storm,
All in the rushing of its kindled.
Through their palisades of pine-trees,
And the thunder in the mountains,
Whose innumerable echoes
Flap like eagles in their eyries;
Listen to these wild traditions,
To this Song of Hiawatha!
Ye who love a nation’s legends,
Love the ballads of a people,
That like voices from far off
Call to us to pause and listen,
Speak in tones so plain and childlike,
Sparely can the ear distinguish
Whether they are sung or spoken;
Listen to this Indian Legend,
To this Song of Hiawatha!
Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God’s right hand in that darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened;
Listen to this simple story,
To this Song of Hiawatha!
Ye, who sometimes, in your rambles
Through the green lanes of the country,
Where the tangled barberry-bushes
Hang their tufts of crimson berries
Over stone walls gray with mosses,
Pause by some neglected graveyard,
For a while to muse, and ponder
A half-effaced inscription,
Written with little skill of song-craft,
Homely phrases, but each letter
Full of hope and yet of heart-break,
Full of all the tender pathos
Of the Heirs and the Heiress;
Stay and read this rude inscription,
Read this Song of Hiawatha!

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

I.

THE PEACE-PIPE.

On the Mountains of the Prairie,
On the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
He the Master of Life, descending
On the red crag of the quarry
Stood erect, and called the nations,
Called the tribes of men together.
From his footprints flowed a river,
Leaped into the light of morning,
O'er the precipice plunging downward
Gleamed like Ishkoodah, the comet.
And the Spirit, stooping earthward,
With a hand of meadow
Traced a winding pathway for it,
Saying to it, "Run in this way!"
From the red stone of the quarry
With his hand he broke a fragment,
Molded it into a pipe-stem,
Shaped and fashioned it with figures;
From the margin of the river
Took a long reed for a pipe-stem,

With its dark green leaves upon it;
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
With the bark of the red willow;
Breathed upon the neighboring forest,
Made its great boughs chafe together,
Till in the same they were kindled;
And erect upon the mountains,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Smoked the calumet, the Peace-Pipe,
As a signal to the nations.
And the smoke rose slowly, slowly,
Through the tranquil air of morning,
First a single line of darkness,
Then a denser, bluer vapor,
Then a showy white cloud unfolding,
Like the tree-tops of the forest,
Ever rising, rising, rising,
Till it touched the top of heaven,
Till it broke against the heavens,
And rolled outward all around it.

From the Vale of Tawasentha,
From the Valley of Wyoming,
From the groves of Tuscaloosa,
From the far-off Rockies and Mountains,
From the Northern lakes and rivers
All the tribes beheld the signal,
Saw the distant smoke ascending,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe.

Then the People to the nations Said: "Behold it, the Pukwana! By this signal from afar off, Bending like a wand of willow, Waving like a hand that beckons, Gitche Manito, the mighty, Calls the tribes of men together, Calls the warriors to his council!" Down the rivers, o'er the prairies, Came the warriors of the nations, Came the Delawareas and Mohawks, Came the Choctaws and Camanches, Came the Shoshonies and Blackfeet, Came the Pawnees and Omahas, Came the Mandans and Dacotahs, Came the Hurons and Ojibways, All the warriors drawn together By the signal of the Peace-Pipe, To the Mountains of the Prairie, To the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry. And they stood there on the meadow, With their weapons and their war-gear, Painted like the leaves of Autumn, Painted like the sky of morning, Wildly glaring at each other; In their faces stern defiance, In their hearts the feuds of ages, The hereditary hatred, The ancestral thirst of vengeance. Gitche Manito, the mighty, The creator of the nations, Looked upon them with compassion, With paternal love and pity; Looked upon their wrath and wrangling But as quarrels among children, But as feuds and fights of children! Over them he stretched his right hand, To subdue their stubborn natures, To allay their thirst and fever, By the shadow of his right hand; Spake to them with voice majestic As the sound of far-off waters, Falling into deep abysses, Warning, chiding, spake in this wise: "O my children or my poor children! Listen to the words of wisdom, Listen to the words of warning, From the lips of the Great Spirit, From the Master of Life, who made you! "I have given you hands to hunt in, I have given you streams to fish in, I have given you bear and bison, I have given you roe and reindeer,
THE SONG OF HIWAHTA.

I have given you brant and beaver,
Filled the marshes full of wild-fowl,
Filled the rivers full of fishes
Why then are you not contented?
Why then will you hunt each other?
"I am weary of your quarrels,
Weary of your wars and bloodshed,
Weary of your praegnance,
Of your wranglings, and dissensions;
All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord;
Therefore be at peace henceforward,
And as brothers live together.
"I will send a Prophet to you,
A Deliverer of the nations,
Who shall guide you and shall teach you,
Who shall toil and suffer with you.
If you listen to his counsels,
You will multiply and prosper;
If his warnings pass unheeded,
You will fade away and perish!
"Bathe now in the stream before you,
Wash the war-paint from your faces,
Wash the blood-stains from your fingers,
Bury your war-clubs and your weapons,
Break the rock of this quarry,
Mould and make it into Peace-Pipes,
Take the reeds that grow beside you,
Deck them with your brightest feathers,
Smoke the cedar, and
And as brothers live henceforward!"

Then upon the ground the warriors
Threw their cloaks and shirts of deerskin,
Threw their weapons and their war-gear,
Leaped into the rushing river,
Washed the war-paint from their faces.
Above clear above them flowed the river,
Clear and limpid from the footprints
Of the Master of Life descending;
Dark below them flowed the river,
Soiled and stained with streaks of crimson,
As if blood were mingled with it!
From the river came the warriors,
Clean and washed from all their war-paint;
On the banks their clubs they buried,
Buried all their warlike weapons.
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
The Great Spirit, the creator,
Smiled upon his helpless children!
And in silence all the warriors
Broke the red stone of the quarry,
Smoothed and formed it into Peace-Pipes,
Broke the long reeds of the river,
Decked them with their brightest feathers,
And departed each one homeward,
While the Master of Life, ascending,
Through the opening of cloud-curtains,
Through the doorways of the heaven,
Vanished from before their faces,
In the smoke that rolled around him,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe!

II.

THE FOUR WINDS.

"Honor be to Mudjekewis!"
Cried the warriors, cried the old men,
When he came in triumph homeward
With the sacred silver arrows,
From the regions of the North-Wind,
From the kingdom of Wabasso,
From the land of the White Rabbit.
He had taken the Belt of Wampum
From the neck of Mishe-Mokwa
From the Great Bear of the mountains,
From the terror of the nations,
As he lay asleep and embrowned
On the summit of Wabun
Like a rock with mosses on it,
Spotted brown and gray with mosses.
SILENTLY he stoles upon him,
Till the red nails of the monster
Almost touched him, almost scared him,
Till the hot breath of his nostrils
Warmed the hands of Mudjekewis,
As he drew the Belt of Wampum
Over the round cars, that heard not,
Over the small eyes, that saw not,
Over the long nose and nostrils,
The black muffle of the nostrils,
Out of which the heavy breathing
Warmed the hands of Mudjekewis.
Then he swung aloft his war-club,
Shouted loud and long his war-cry,
Smote the mighty Mishe-Mokwa
In the middle of the forehead,
Right between the eyes he smote him.
With the heavy blow bewildered,
Rose the Great Bear of the mountains;
But his knees beneath him trembled,
And he whimpered like a woman,
As he reeled and staggered forward,
As he sat upon his haunches;
And the mighty Mudjekewis,
Standing fearless before him,
Taunted him in loud derision,
Spako disdainfully in this wise:
"Hark, you Bear! you are a coward,
And no Brave, as you pretend;
Else you would not cry and whimper
Like a miserable woman!
Bear! you know our tribes are hostile,
Long have been at war together;
Now you find that we are strongest,
You go sneaking in the forest,
You go hiding in the mountains!
Had you conquered me in battle
Not a grain of sand would I uttered;
But, you Bear! sit here and whimper,
And disgrace your tribe by crying,
Like a wretched Shangodiya,
Like a cowardly old woman!"
Then again he raised his war-club,
Smote again the Mishe-Mokwa
In the middle of his forehead,
Broke his skull, as ice is broken
When one goes to fish in Winter.
Thus was slain the Mishe-Mokwa,
He the Great Bear of the mountains,
He the terror of the nations.
"Honor be to Mudjekewis!"
With a shout exclaimed the people,
"Honor be to Mudjekewis!
Henceforth he shall be the West-Wind,
And hereafter and forever
Shall he hold supreme dominion
Over all the winds of heaven.
Call him no more Mudjekewis,
Call him Kaheyun, the West-Wind!"
Thus was Mudjekewis chosen
Father of the Winds of Heaven.
For himself he kept the West-Wind,
Gave the others to his children;
Unto Wabun gave the East-Wind,
Gave the South to Shawandanee,
And the North-Wind, wild and cruel,
To the fierce Kabibonokka.
Young and beauteous was Wabun;
He it was who brought the morning,
He it was who sent the rain;
Chased the dark o'er hill and valley;
He it was whose cheeks were painted
With the brightest streaks of crimson,
And whose nostrils smote the village,
Called the deer, and called the hunter.
Lonely in the sky was Wabun;
Though the birds sang gaily to him,
Though the wild-flowers of the meadow
Piled the air with odors for him,
Though the forest and the rivers
Song and shout at his coming,
Still his heart was sad within him,
For he was alone in heaven.
But one morning, gazing earthward,
While the village still was sleeping,
And the fog lay on the river,
Like a ghost, that goes at sunrise,
He beheld a maiden walking
All alone upon a meadow,
Gathering water-flage and rushes
By the brook in the meadow.
Every morning, gazing earthward,
Still the first thing he beheld there
Was her blue eyes looking at him,
Two blue lakes ambut the rushes
And he loved the lonely maiden,
Who thus waited for his coming;
For they were both solitary,
She on earth and he in heaven.
And he wooed her with carooses,
Wooed her with his smile of sunshine,
With his flattering words he wooed her,
With his sighing and his singing,
Gentlest whispers in the branches,
Softest music, sweetest odors,
Till he drew her to his bosom,
Folded in his robes of crimson,
Till into a star he changed her,
Transforming still his bosom;
And forever in the heavens
They are seen together walking,
Wabun and the Wabun-Amnung,
Wabun and the Star of Morning.
But the fierce Kabibonokka
Has his dwelling among icebergs,
In the everlasting snow-drifts,
In the kingdom of Wabasso,
In the land of the White Rabbit.
He it was whose hand in Autumn
Painted all the trees with scarlet,
Stained the leaves with red and yellow;
He it was who sent the snow-flakes,
Sifting, hissing through the forest,
Froze the ponds, the lakes, the rivers,
Drove the loon and sea-gull southward,
Drove the cormorant and curlew
To their nests of sedges and sea-lang
In the realms of Shawondasee.
Once the fierce Kabibonokka
Issued from his lodge of snow-drifts,
From his hune among the icebergs,
And his hair, with snow besprinkled,
Streamed behind him like a river,
Like a black and wintry river,
As he howled and hurried southward,
Over frozen lakes and moorlands.
Where among the reeds and rushes
Found he Shingebis, the diver,
Trailing strings of fish behind him,
Over the frozen fens and moorlands,
Lingerling still among the moorlands,
Though his tribe had long departed
To the land of Shawondasee.
Creed up the fierce Kabibonokka,
"Who is this that dares to brave me?
Dares to stay in my dominions,
When the Wa-wa has departed,
When the wild-goose has gone southward,
And the heron, the Shun-shun-nah,
Long ago departed southward?
I will go into his wigwam,
I will put his smothering fire out!"
And at night Kabibonokka
To the lodge came wild and wailing,
Heaped the snow in drifts about it,
Shouted down into the smoke-flue,
Shook the lodge-poles in his fury,
Flapped the eaves of the door-way.
Shingebis, the diver, feared not,
Shingebis, the diver, cared not;
Four great logs had he for firewood,
One for each moon of the winter,
And for food the fishes served him.
By his blazing fire he sat there,
Warm and merry, eating, laughing,
Singing, "O Kabibonokka,
You are but my fellow-mortal!"
Then Kabibonokka entered,
And though Shingebis, the diver,
Felt his presence by the coldness,
Felt his icy breath upon him,
Still he did not cease his singing,
Still he did not leave his laughing,
Only turned the log a little,
Only made the fire burn brighter,
Made the sparks fly up the smoke-flue.
From Kabibonokka's forehead,
From his snow-besprinkled tresses,
Drops of sweat fell fast and heavy,
Making dints upon the ashes,
As along the eaves of lodges,
As from drooping boughs of hemlock,
Drips the melting snow in spring-time,
Making hollows in the snow-drifts.
Till at last he rose from the moorlands
Could not bear the heat and laughter,
Could not bear the merry singing,
But rushed headlong through the doorway,
Stamped upon the crustod snow-drifts,
Stomped upon the lakes and rivers,
Made the snow upon them harder,
Made the ice upon them thicker,
Challenged Shingebis, the diver,
To come forth and wrestle with him,
To come forth and wrestle naked
On the frozen fens and moorlands.
Forth went Shingebis, the diver,
Wrestled all night with the Night-Wind,
Wrestled naked on the moorlands
With the fierce Kabibonokka,
Till his panting breath grew fainter,
Till his frozen grasp grew feeble,
Till he reeled and staggered backward,
And retreated, baffled, beaten,
To the kingdom of Wabasso,
To the land of the White Rabbit,
Hearing still the gusty laughter,
Hearing Shingebis, the diver,
Singing, "O Kabibonokka,
You are but my fellow-mortal!"
Shawondasee, fat and lazy,
Had his dwelling far to southward,
In the drowsy, dreamy sunshine,
In the never-ending Summer.
He it was who sent the wood-birds,
Sent the robin, the Opechee,
Sent the bluebird, the Owassa,
Sent the Shawawaw, sent the swallow,
Sent the wild-goose, Wawa, northward,
Sent the melons and tobacco,
And his dwelling in purple clusters.
From his pipe the smoke ascending
Filled the sky with haze and vapor,
Filled the air with dreamy softness,
Gave a twinkle to the water,
Touched the seamed hills with smoothness,
Brought the tender Indian Summer
To the melancholy north-land,
In the dreamy Moon of Snow-shoes.
Listless, careless, Shawondasee!
In his life he had one shadow,
In his heart one sorrow had he.
Once, as he was gazing northward,
Far away a prairie
He beheld a maiden standing,
Saw a tail and slender maiden
All alone upon a prairie;
Brightest green were all her garments,
And her hair was like the sunshine.
Day by day he gazed upon her,
Day by day he sighed with passion,
Day by day his heart within him.
Grew more hot with love and longing
For the maid with yellow tresses.
But he was too fat and lazy
To bestir himself and woo her;
Yes, too indolent and easy
To pursue her and persuade her.
So he only gazed upon her,
Only sat and sighed with passion
For the maiden of the prairie.

Till one morning, looking northward,
He beheld her yellow tresses
Changed and covered with whiteness,
Covered as with whitest snow-flakes.

"Ah! my brother from the Northland,
From the kingdom of Wahees,
From the land of the White Rabbit!
You have stolen the maiden from me,
You have laid your hand upon her,
You have wooed and won my maiden,
With your stories of the Northland!"

Thus the wretched Shawondasee
Breathed into the air his sorrow;
And the South-Wind o'er the prairie
Wandered warm with sighs of passion,
With the sighs of Shawondasee,
Till the air seemed snow-flakes,
Full of thistle-down the prairie,
And the maid with hair like sunshine
Vanished from his sight forever;
Never more did Shawondasee
See the maid with yellow tresses!
Poor, deluded Shawondasee!
'T was no woman that you gazed at,
'T was no maiden that you sighed for,
'T was the prairie dandylion
That through all the dreamy Summer
You had gazed at with such longing,
You had sighed for with such passion,
And had puffed away forever.
Blown into the air with sighing.
Ah! deluded Shawondasee!

Thus the Four Winds were divided;
Thus the sons of Mudjekeewis
Had their stations in the heavens,
At the corner of the heavens;
For himself the West-Wind only
Kept the mighty Mudjekeewis.

III.

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD.

Downward through the evening twilight,
In the days that are forgotten,
In the unremembered ages,
From the full moon fell Nokomis,
Fell the beautiful Nokomis,
She a wife, but not a mother.

She was sporting with her women
Swinging in a swing of grape-vines,
When her rival, the rejected,
Full of jealousy and hatred,
Out the leafy swing asunder,
Cut in twain the twisted grape-vines,
And Nokomis fell into the meadow.
Downward through the evening twilight,
On the Muskoday, the meadow,
On the prairie full of blossoms.

"See! a star falls!" said the people;
"From the sky a star is falling!"
There among the ferns and mosses,
There among the prairie lilies,
On the Muskoday, the meadow,
In the moonlight and the starlight,
Fair Nokomis bore a daughter.
And she called her name Wenonah,
As the first-born of her daughters.
And the daughter of Nokomis
Grew up like the brake and bushes;
Grew a tall and slender maiden,
With the beauty of the moonlight,
With the beauty of the starlight.
And Nokomis warned her often,
Saying oft, and oft repeating,
"O, beware of Mudjekeewis,
Of the West-Wind, Mudjekeewis;
Listen not to what he tells you;
Lie not down upon the meadow,
Stoop not down among the lilies,
Lest the West-Wind come and harm you!"

But she heeded not the warning,
Heeded not these words of wisdom,
And the West-Wind came at evening,
Walking lightly o'er the prairie,
Whispering to the leaves and blossoms,
Bending low the flowers and grasses,
Found the beautiful Wenonah,
Lying there among the lilies,
Wooded her with his words of sweetness,
Wooded her with his soft caresses,
Till she bore a son in sorrow,
Bore a son of love and sorrow.

Thus was born my Hiawatha,
Thus was born the child of wonder;
But the daughter of Nokomis,
Hiawatha's gentle mother.

In her anguish died deserted
By the West-Wind, false and faithless,

By the heartless Mudjekeewis.

For her daughter long and loudly
Wailed and wept the sad Nokomis:
"O that I were dead!" she murmured,
"O that I were dead, as thou art!
No more work, and no more weeping,
Wahonon! Wahonon!"

By the shores of Giteche Gumeec,

By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,

Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.

Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the fires with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled, old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his tender cradle,
Bowed soft in moss and rushes,

Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
Stillled his fretful wail by saying,
"Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!"

Lulled him into slumber, singing,
"Ewa-yesa! my little owlet!"

Many things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven;
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses;
Showed the Dance of the spirits,

Of the prairie, the shadows,
Running straight across the heavens,
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha,

Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
Heard the lapping of the water,

Sounds of music, words of wonder;

"Winne-wawa!" said the pine-trees,
"Mudjekeewis!" said the water.

Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flinging through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle,
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
"Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
Little, fitterg, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"

Saw the moon rise from the water
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her;
'T is her body that you see there."

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,

In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"'T is the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."

When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried in terror;
"What is that?" he said, "Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,

Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them when'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."
Of all the beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them when'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

Then Iago, the great booster,
He the marvellous story-teller,
He the traveller and the talker,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Made a bow for Hiawatha;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak-bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deer-skin.
Then he said to Hiawatha:
"Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers!"

Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows;
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Sang the robin, the Opechoe,
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"

Up the oak-tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"
And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat creet upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in tickle,
Saying to the little hunter,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

But he heeded not, nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer;
On their tossing and turning fastened,
Leaving downward to the river,
To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.

Hidden in the thicket stood he.
There he waited till the deer came,
 Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket.
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway.
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.
And his heart within him throbbed,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch-leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.

Then, upon one knee rising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow;
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred within,
But the wary roebuck started,
Stumped with all his hoops together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow;
Ah! the stinging, fatal arrow.
Like a wisp it buzzed and stung him!

Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river;
Beat his tills the longer,
But the heart of Hiawatha
Throbbed and shouted and exulted,
As he bore the red deer homeward,
And lagged and Nokeek his heart;
Hailed his coming with applauses.

From the red deer's hide Nokeek
Made a cloak for Hiawatha,
From the red deer's flesh Nokeek
Made a moccasin for his honor.
All the village came and feasted,
All the guests praised Hiawatha,
Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha!
Called him Loon-Heart, Mahm-go-taysee!

IV.
HIAWATHA AND MUDJEKEEWS.

Out of childhood into manhood
Now had grown my Hiawatha,
Skilled like all the craft of hunters,
Learned in all the lore of old men,
In all youthful sports and pastimes,
In all manly acts and labors.
Swift of foot was Hiawatha;
He could shoot an arrow from him,
And run forward with such fleetness,
That the arrow fell behind him!

Strong of arm was Hiawatha;
He could shoot ten arrows upward,
Shoot them with such strength and swiftness,
That the tenth had left the bow-string
Ere the first to earth had fallen!

He had mittened his hand,
Magic mittens made of deer-skin;
When upon his hands he wore them,
He could smite the rocks asunder,
He could grind them into powder.
He had moccasins of deer-skin;
When he bound them round his ankles,
When upon his feet he tied them,
At each stride a mile he measured!

Much he questioned old Nokeek
Of his father Mudjekeewis;
Learned from her the fatal secret
Of the beauty of his mother,
Of the falsehood of his father;
And his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.
Then he said to old Nokeek,
"I will go to Mudjekeewis,
See how fare it with my father,
At the doorways of the West-Wind,
At the portals of the Sunset!"

From his lodge went Hiawatha,
Dressed for travel, armed for hunting;
Dressed in deer-skin shirt and leggings,
Richly wrought with quills and wampum;
On his head his eagle-feathers,
Round his waist his belt of wampum,
In his hand his bow of ash-wood,
Strung with sinews of the reindeer;
In his quiver oaken arrows,
Tipped with Jasper, winged with feathers;
With his mittened, Minjekabwun,
With his moccasins enchanted.

Warning said the old Nokeek,
"Go not forth, O Hiawatha!
To the kingdom of the West-Wind,
To the realm of Mudjekeewis.
Lest he harm you with his magic,
Lest he kill you with his cunning!"

But the fearless Hiawatha
Heeded not her woman's warning;
Forth he strode into the forest,
At each stride a mile he measured;
Lurid he seemed the sky above him,
Lurid the earth beneath him,
Hot and close the air around him,
Filled with smoke and fiery vapors,
As of burning woods and prairies,
For his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.

So he journeyed westward, westward,
Left the fittest deer behind him,
Left the antelope and bison;
Crossed the rushing Leconabah,
Crossed the mighty Mississippi,
Passed the Mountains of the Prairie,
Passed the land of Crows and Foxes,
Passed the dwellings of the Blackfeet,
Came unto the Rocky Mountains,
To the kingdom of the West-Wind,
Where upon the gusty summits
Sat the ancient Mudjekeewis,
Ruler of the winds of heaven.

Filled with awe was Hiawatha
At the aspect of his father.
On the air about him wildly
Tossed and streamed his cloudy tresses,
Gleamed like drifting snow his tresses,
Clared like Ishkoodah, the comet,
Like the star with fiery tresses.
Filled with joy was Mudjekeewis
When he looked on Hiawatha.
Saw his youth rise up before him
In the face of Hiawatha,
Saw the beauty of Wenonah.

From the grave rise up before him.
"Welcome!" said he, "Hiawatha,
To the kingdom of the West-Wind!
Long have I been waiting for you!
Youth is lovely, age is lonely,
Youth is fiery, age is frosty,
You bring back the days departed,
You bring back my youth of passion,
And the beautiful Wenonah!"

Many days they talked together,
Questioned, listened, waited, answered;
Much the mighty Mudjekeewis
Boasted of his ancient prowess,
Of his perilous adventures.
His indomitable courage,
The Song of Hiawatha.

The Keneu, the great war-eagle
Sat upon the crags around them,
Winging flapped his wings above them.
Like a tall tree in the tempest
Bent and lashed the giant bulrush;
And in masses huge and heavy
Crashing fell the fatal Waabweck
Till the earth shook with the tumult
And confusion of the battle,
And the air was full of shoutings,
And the thunder of the mountains,
Starting, answered, "Baim-awa!"
Back retreated Mudjekeewis,
Rushing westward o'er the mountains,
Stumbling westward down the mountains,
Three whole days retreated fighting,
Still pursued by Hiawatha.
To the doorways of the West-Wind,
To the portals of the Sunset,
To the earth's remotest border,
Where into the empty spaces
Sinks the sun, as a flamingo
Drops into her nest at nightfall,
In the melancholy marshes
"Hold!" at length cried Mudjekeewis,
"Hold! my son, my Hiawatha!"
"Tis impossible to kill me,
For you cannot kill the immortal.
I have put you to this trial,
But to know and prove your courage;
Now receive the prize of valor!
"Go back to your home and people,
Live among them, toil among them,
Cleanse the earth from all that harms it,
Clear the fishing-grounds and rivers,
Slay all monsters and magicians,
All the Wendigoes, the giants,
All the serpents, the Kenabeeks,
As I slew the Miseh-Mekwa,
Slew the Great Bear of the mountains.
And at last when Death draws near you,
When the awful eyes of Pauguk
Glide upon you in the darkness,
I will share my kingdom with you,
Ruler shall you be thenceforward
Of the Northwest-wind, Keewaydin,
Of the home-wind, the Keewaydin,"
The Song of Hiawatha.

Eyes that smiled and frowned alternate,  
Feet as rapid as the river,  
Tresses flowing like the water,  
And as musical a laugh that ever  
And he named her from the river,  
From the water-fall he named her,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water.  

Was it then for heads of arrows,  
Arrived the heads of death,  
Arrow-heads of flint and Jasper,  
That my Hiawatha hated  
In the land of the Dacotahs?  
Was it not to see the rain,  
See the face of Laughing Water,  
Peeping from behind the curtain,  
Heart the rustling of her garments  
From behind the waving curtain,  
As one sees the Minnehaha  
Gleaming, glancing through the branches,  
As one hears the Laughing Water  
From behind its screen of branches?  

Who shall say what thoughts and visions  
Fill the fiery brains of young men?  
Who shall say what dreams of beauty  
Filled the heart of Hiawatha?  
All he told to old Nokomis,  
When he reached and Compassion at sunset,  
Was the meeting with his father,  
Was his fight with Mudjkeewis;  
Not a word he said of arrows,  
Not a word of Laughing Water.

V.

Hiawatha's Fasting.

You shall hear how Hiawatha  
Prayed and fasted first,  
Not for greater skill in hunting,  
Not for greater craft in fishing,  
Not for triumph in the battle,  
And renown among the warriors,  
But for profit of the people,  
For advantage of the nations.  
First he built a lodge for fasting,  
Built a wigwam in the forest,  
By the shining Big Wigwam,  
In the moon of leaves he built it.  
And, with dreams and visions many,  
Seven whole days and nights he fasted.  
On the first day of his fasting  
Through the leafy woods he wandered;  
Saw the deer start from the thicket,  
Saw the rabbit in his burrow,  
Hear the pheasant, Rena, drumming,  
Heard the squirrel, Adjidalamo,  
Rattling in his hoard of acorns,  
Saw the pigeon, the Omena,  
Building nests among the pine-trees,  
And in flocks the wild goose, Wawa,  
Flying to the fen-lands northward,  
Whirring, wailing far above him.  
"Master of Life!" he cried, desponding,  "Must our lives depend on these things?"  
On the next day of his fasting  
By the river's brink he wandered,  
Through the muskodai, the meadow,  
Saw the wild rice, Mahomonee,  
Saw the blueberry, Memalaga,  
And the strawberry, Odahmin,  
And the gooseberry, Shahbomin,  
And the grape-vine, the Bonahgut,  
Trailing over the alder branches,  
Filling all the air with fragrance!  
"Master of Life!" he cried, desponding,  "Must our lives depend on these things?"  
On the third day of his fasting  
By the lake he sat and pondered,  
By the still, transparent water;  
Saw the sturgeon, Nahma, leaping,  
Scattering drops like heads of wampum,  
Saw the yellow perch, the Sahwa,  
Like a sunbeam in the water,  
Saw the pike, the Maskemozhia,  
And the herring, Okahahawi,  
And the Shawgashee, the craw-fish!  
"Master of Life!" he cried, desponding,  "Must our lives depend on these things?"  
On the fourth day of his fasting  
In his lodge he lay exhausted;  
From his couch of leaves and branches  
Gazing with half-open eyelids,  
Full of shadowy dreams and visions,  
On the dizzy, swimming landscape,  
On the gleaming of the water,  
On the splendor of the sunset.  
And he saw a youth approaching,  
Dressed in garments green and yellow  
Coming through the purple twilight,  
Through the splendor of the sunset;  
Plumes of green bent o'er his forehead,  
And his hair was soft and golden.  
Standing at the open doorway,  
Long he looked at Hiawatha,  
Looked with pity and compassion  
On his wasted form and features,  
And, in accents like the sighing  
Of the South-Wind in the tree-tops,  
Said he, "O my Hiawatha!  
All your prayers are heard in heaven,  
For you pray not like the others;  
Not for greater skill in hunting,  
Not for greater craft in fishing,  
Not for triumph in the battle,  
Nor renown among the warriors,  
But for profit of the people,  
For advantage of the nations.  
"From the Master of Life descending,  
I, the friend of man, Mondamin,  
Come to warn you and instruct you,  
How by struggle and by labor  
You shall gain what you have prayed for.  
Rise up from your bed of branches,  
Rise, O youth, and wrestle with me!"  
Faint with famine, Hiawatha  
Started from his bed of branches,  
From the twilight of his wigwam  
Forth into the flush of sunset  
Came, and wrestled with Mondamin,  
At his touch he felt new courage  
Throbbing in his brain and bosom,  
Felt new life and hope and vigor  
Run through every nerve and fibre.  
So they wrestled there together  
In the glory of the sunset,  
And the more they strove and struggled,  
Stronger still grew Hiawatha;  
Till the darkness fell around them,  
And the heron, the Shuah-shuh-gah,  
From her nest among the pine-trees,  
Gave a cry of lamentation,  
Gave a scream of pain and famine.  
"'Tis enough!" then said Mondamin,  
Smiling upon Hiawatha;  
"But to-morrow, when the sun sets,  
I will come again to try you."

And he vanished, and was seen not;  
Whether sinking as the rain sinks,  
Whether rising as the mists rise,  
Hiawatha saw not, knew not,  
Only saw that he had vanished,  
Leaving him alone and fainting,  
With the misty lake below him,  
And the roiling stars above him.  
On the morrow and the next day,  
When the sun through heaven descending  
Like a red and burning cinder  
From the hearth of the Great Spirit  
Fell into the western waters.
Came Mondamin for the trial,
For the strife with Hiawatha;
Came as silent as the dew comes,
From the empty air appearing,
Into empty air returning.

Taking shape when ever it touches,
But invisible to all men
In its coming and its going.
Thrice they wrestled there together
In the glory of the sunset,
Till the darkness fell around them,
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her nest among the pine-trees,
Uttered her loud cry of famine,
And Mondamin paused to listen.

Tall and beautiful he stood there,
In his garments green and yellow;
To and fro his plumes above him
Waved and nodded with his breathing,
And the sweat of the encounter
Stood like drops of dew upon him.
And he cried, "O Hiawatha!
Bravely have you wrestled with me,
The last day of your conflict,
Till the last day of your fasting.
You will conquer and overcome me;
Make a bed for me to lie in,
Where the rain may fall upon me,
Where the sun may come and warm me;
Strip these garments, green and yellow,
Strip this nodding plumage from me,
Lay me in the earth, and make it
Soft and loose and light above me.

"Let no hand disturb my slumber,
Let no weed nor worm molest me,
Let not Kahgahgee, the raven,
Come to hant me and molest me,
Till I wake, and start, and quicken,
Till I leap into the sunshine."

And thus saying, he departed;
Peacefully slept Hiawatha.
But he heard the Wawoniassa,
Heard the whippoorwill complaining,
Perched upon his lonely wigwam;
Heard the rushing Sebowinisha,
Hearing the rivulets rippling near him;
Talking to the darksome forest;
Heard the sighing of the branches,
As they lifted and subsided
And as the pastime went by,
Heard them, as one hears in slumber
Far-off murmurs, dreamy whispers:
Peacefully slept Hiawatha.

On the morrow came Nokomis,
On the seventh day of his fasting,
Came with food for Hiawatha,
Came imploring and bewailing,
Lest this hunger should overtake him,
Lest his fasting should be fatal.

But he tasted not, and touched not,
Only said to her, "Nokomis,
Wait until the sun is setting,
Till the darkness falls around us,
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Crying from the desolate marshes,
Tells us that the day is ended."

Homeward weeping went Nokomis,
Sorrowsing for her Hiawatha.
Fearing lest his strength should fail him,
Lest his fasting should be fatal.
He meanwhile sat wearily waiting
For the coming of Mondamin,
Till the ripenings of the cornward,
Lengthened over field and forest,
Till the sun dropped from the heaven,
Floating on the waters westward,
As a red leaf in the Autumn
Falls and floats upon the water,
Falls and sinks into its bosom.

And behold! the young Mondamin,
With his soft and shining tresses,
With his garments green and yellow,
With his long and glossy plumage,
Stood and beckoned at the doorway.
And as one in slumber walking,
Pale and haggard, but undamaged,
From the wigwam Hiawatha
Came and wrestled with Mondamin.
Round about him spun the landscape,
Sky and forest rooled together,
And his strong heart leaped within him,
As the sturgeon leaps and struggles
In a net to break its meshes.

Like a ring of fire around him
Blazed and flared the red horizon,
And a hundred suns seemed looking
At the combat of the wrestlers.

Suddenly upon the greensward
All alone stood Hiawatha,
Pasting with thunderful exertion,
Palpitating with the struggle;
And before him breathless, lifeless,
Lay the youth, with hair dishevelled,
Plume torn, and garments tattered,
Dead he lay there in the sunset.

And victorious Hiawatha
Made the grave as he commanded,
Stripped the garments from Mondamin,
Staying the tattered plumage from him,
Laid him in the earth, and made it
Soft and loose and light above him;
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From the melancholy moorlands,
Gave a cry of lamentation,
Gave a cry of pain and anguish!

Homeward then went Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis,
And the seven days of his fasting
Were accomplished and completed.
But the place was not forgotten
Where he wrestled with Mondamin;
Nor forgotten nor neglected
Was the grave where lay Mondamin,
Sleeping in the rain and sunshine,
Where his scattered plumes and garments
Faded in the rain and sunshine.

Day by day did Hiawatha
Go to watch and watch beside it;
To watch the dark mould soft above it,
To keep it clean from woods and insects,
Driven away, with those scoifs and shotguns,
Kahgahgee, the king of ravens,
Till at length a small green feather
From the earth shot slowly upward,
Then another and another,
And before the Summer ended
Stood the maize in all its beauty,
With its shining robes about it,
And its long, soft, yellow tresses;
And in rapture Hiawatha
Cried aloud, "It is Mondamin!
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin!"

Then he called to old Nokomis
And Isago, the great booster,
Showed them where the maize was growing,
Told them of his wondrous vision,
Of his wrestling and his triumph,
Of this new gift to the nations,
Which should be their food forever.

And still later, when the Autumn
Changed the long, green leaves to yellow,
And the soft and juicy kernels
Grew like wampum hard and yellow,
Then the ripened corn he gathered,
Stripped the withered husks from off them,
As he once had stripped the wrestler,
Gave the first Feast of Mondamin,
VI.

**HIWATHA'S FRIENDS.**

Two good friends had Hiwatha, 
Singlyed out from all the others,  
Bound to him in closest union,  
And to whom he gave the right hand  
Of his heart, in joy and sorrow;  
Chibias, the musician, and  
And the very strong man, Kwasinid,  
Straight between them ran the pathway,  
Never grew the grass upon it;  
Singing birds, that utter falsehoods,  
Story-tellers, mischief-makers,  
Found no eager ear to listen,  
Could not breed ill-will between them  
For they kept each other's counsel,  
Spake with naked hearts together,  
Pondering much and much contriving  
How the tribes of men might prosper.  

Most beloved by Hiwatha  
Was the mirth among all singers,  
He the best of all musicians,  
He the sweetest of all singers;  
Beautiful and childlike was he,  
Brave as man is, soft as woman,  
Placed as a wand in his hand,  
Statly as a deer with antlers.  
When he sang the village listened;  
All the warriors gathered round him,  
All the women came to hear him;  
Now he stirred their souls to passion,  
Now he melted them to pity.  
From the hollow reeds he fashioned  
Flutes so musical and mellow,  
That the brook, the tinkle of his voice,  
Caused to murmur in the woodland,  
That the woodbirds ceased from singing,  
And the squirrel, Adjudlamo,  
Ceased his chatter in the oak-tree,  
And the rabbit, the Wahasso,  
Sat upright to look and listen,  
Yes, the brook, the Schobwia,  
Passing, said: "O Chibias,  
Teach me thy ways to the Schobwia,  
Softly as your words in singing!"  
Yes, the blue-bird, the Owaissa,  
Envious, said: "O Chibias,  
Teach me tones as wild and wayward,  
Teach me songs as full of frenzy!"  
Yes, the robin, the Opechee,  
Joyous, said: "O Chibias,  
Teach me tones as sweet and tender,  
Teach me songs as full of sadness!"  
And the whippoorwill, Wawonaissa,  
Sobbing, said: "O Chibias,  
Teach me tones as melancholy,  
Teach me songs as full of sorrow!"  
All the many sounds of nature  
Borrowed sweetness from his singing;  
All the hearts of men were softened  
By the pathos of his music,  
For he sang of peace and freedom,  
Sang of beauty, love, and longing;  
Sang of death, and life uniting  
In the Islands of the Blessed,  
In the kingdom of Pemah,  
In the land of the Hereafter.  
Very dear to Hiwatha  
Was the gentle Chibias,  
He the best of all musicians,  
He the sweetest of all singers;  
For his gentleness he loved him,  
And the magic of his singing.  
Dear, too, unto Hiwatha  
Was the very strong man, Kwasinid,  
He the strongest of all mortals,  
He the mightiest among many;  
For his very strength he loved him,  
For his strength allied to goodness.  
Idle in his youth was Kwasinid,  
Very listless, dull, and dreamy,  
Never played with other children,  
Never fished and never hunted,  
Not like other children was he;  
But they saw that much he fasted,  
Much his Manito entreated,  
Much besought his Guardian Spirit.  
"Lay Kwasinid!" said his mother,  
"In my work you never help me!  
In the Summer you are roaming  
Idly in the fields and forests;  
In the Winter you are cowering  
O'er the firebrands in the wigwam!  
In the coldest days of Winter  
I must break the ice for fishing;  
With my nets you never help me!  
At the door my nets are hanging,  
Dripping, freezing with the water;  
Go and wring them, Yenadize!  
Go and dry them in the sunshine!"  
Slowly, from the ashes, Kwasinid  
Rose, but made no angry answer;  
From the lodge went forth in silence,  
Took the nets, that hung together,  
Dripping, freezing at the doorway,  
Like a wisp of straw he wrung them,  
Like a wisp of straw he broke them,  
Could not wring them without breaking,  
Such the strength was in his fingers.  
"Lay Kwasinid!" said his father,  
"In the hut you never help me;  
Every bow you touch is broken,  
Snapped asunder every arrow;  
Yet come with me to the forest,  
You shall bring the hunting homeward."  
Down a arrow pass they wandered,  
Where a brooklet fed them onward,  
Where the trail of deer and bison  
Marked the soft mud on the margin,  
Till they found all further passage  
Shut against them, barred securely  
By the trunks of trees uprooted,  
Lying lengthwise, lying crosswise,  
And forbidding further passage.  
"We must go back," said the old man,  
"O'er these logs we cannot clamber;  
Not a wood-chuck could get through them,  
Not a squirrel clamber o'er them!"  
And straightway his pipe he lighted,  
And sat down to smoke and ponder.  
But before his pipe was finished,  
Lo! the path was cleared before him;  
All the trunks had Kwasinid lifted,  
To the right hand, to the left hand,  
Shot the pine-trees swift as arrows,  
Hurling the cedars light as lances.  
"Lay Kwasinid!" said the young men  
As they sported in the meadow:  
"Why stand idly looking at us,  
Leaning on the rock behind you?  
Come and wrestle with the others,  
Let us pitch the quoit together!"  
Lay Kwasinid made no answer,  
To their challenge made no answer,  
Only rose, and slowly turning,  
Seized the huge rock in his fingers,  
Tore it from its deep foundation,  
Poisied it in the air a moment,  
Pitched it sheer into the river,  
Sheer into the swift Pauwating,  
Where it still is seen in Summer.  
Once as down that foaming river,  
Down the rapids of Pauwating,  
Kwasinid sailed with his companions,  
In the stream he saw a beaver,  
Saw Ataska, the King of Beavers,  
Struggling with the rushing currents,
Rising, sinking in the water,
Without speaking, without pausing,
Kwasind leaped into the river,
Plunged beneath the bubbling surface,
Through the whirlpools, the beaver,
Followed him among the islands,
Stayed so long beneath the water,
That his terrified companions
Cried, "Alas! good-by to Kwasind!
We shall never more see Kwasind!"
But he reappeared triumphant,
And upon his shining shoulders
Brought the beaver, dead and dripping,
Broke the bark of all the beavers.
And these two, as I have told you,
Were the friends of Hiawatha,
Chibiasob, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind.
Long they lived in peace together,
Spake with naked hearts together,
Pondering much and much contriving
How the tribes of men might prosper.

VII.
HIAWATHA'S SAILING.

"Give me of your bark, O Birch-Tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and slaty in the valley!
A light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow lily!
"Let aise your cloak, O Birch-Tree!
Let aise your white-skin wrapper,
For the Summer-time is coming,
And the sun's warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!"

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,
By the rushing Taquamenaw,
When the birds were singing gayly,
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,
And the sun, from sleep awaking,
Started up and said, "Behold me! Gezis, the great Sun, behold me!"
And the tree's branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saving, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha,
Take my tree he girdled;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.
"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and plant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me!"
Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance;
But it whispered, bending downward,
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"
Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.
"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your strong Larch-Tree!
My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"

And the Larch, with all its fibres,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
"Take all of me, O Hiawatha!"
From the earth he tore the fibres,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch-Tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.
"Give me of your balsam, O Fir-Tree!"
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"

And the Fir-Tree, tall and sombre,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"
And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir-Tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water.
"Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!
I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom!"
From a hollow tree the Hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers,
"Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"
From the ground the quills he gathered,
All the little shining arrows,
Stained them red and blue and yellow,
With the juice of roots and berries;
Into his canoe he wrought them,
Round its waist a shining girdle,
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
On its breast two stars resplendent.

Thus the Birch Canoe was built
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch-tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.
Paddles none had Hiawatha,
Paddles none had he had or needed,
For his thoughts as paddles served him,
And his wishes served to guide him;
Swifit or slow at will he glided,
Veered to right or left at pleasure.
Then he called aloud to Kwasind,
To his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,
Saying, "Help me clear this river
Of its sunken logs and sand-bars.
Straight into the river Kwasind Plunged as if he were an otter,
Dived as if he were a beaver,
Stood up to his waist in water,
To his arm-pits in the river,
Swam and shouted in the river.
Tugged at sunken logs and branches,
With his hands he scooped the sand-bars,
With his feet the oozes and tangle.
And thus sailed my Hiawatha
Down the rushing Taquamenaw,
Sailed through all its bends and windings,
Sailed through all its deeps and shallows.
While his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,
Swam the deeps, the shallow wafts.
Up and down the river went they,
In and out among its islands,
Cleared its bed of root and sand-bar,
Dragged the dead trees from its channel,
Made its passage safe and certain,
Made a pathway for the people,
From its springs among the mountains,
To the waters of Pauwating,
To the bay of Taquamenaw.

In his fur the breeze of morning
Played as in the prairie grasses.
On the white sand of the bottom
Lay the monster Mishe-Nahma,
Lay the sturgeon, King of Fishes;
Through his gills he breathed the water,
With his fins he fanned and winnowed,
With his tail he swept the sand-floor.
There he lay in all his armor;
On each side a shield to guard him,
Plates of bone upon his forehead,
Plates of bone with spines projecting!
Painted was he with his war-paints,
Stripes of yellow, red, and azure,
Spots of brown and spots of sable;
And he lay there on the bottom,
Fanning with his fins of purple,

That the birch canoe stood endwise.

In his birch canoe exulting
All alone went Hiawatha.
Through the clear, transparent water
He could see the fishes swimming
Far down in the depths below him;
See the yellow perch, the Sahwa,
Like a sunbeam in the water,
See the Shawgashee, the craw-fish,
Like a spider on the bottom,
On the white and sandy bottom.

As above him Hiawatha
In his birch canoe came sailing,
With his fishing line of cedar.
"Take my bait," cried Hiawatha,
Down into the depths beneath him,
"Take my bait, O Sturgeon, Nahma!
Come up from below the water,
Let us see which is the stronger!"
And he dropped his line of cedar
Through the clear, transparent water,
Waited vainly for an answer,
Long sat waiting for an answer,
And repeating loud and louder,
"Take my bait, O King of Fishes!"
Quiet lay the sturgeon, Nahma,
Fanning slowly in the water,
Looking up at Hiawatha, 
Listening to his call and clamor, 
His unnecessary tumult,
Till he wearied of the shouting; 
And he said to the Kenozha, 
To the squirrel along the summit.
"Take the bait of this rude fellow, 
Break the line of Hiawatha!"

In his fingers Hiawatha 
Felt the loose line jerk and tighten 
As he drew it in, till it twirled so
That the birch canoe stand endwise, 
Like a birch log in the water, 
With the squirrel, Adjidaumo, 
Peering and flicking on the summit.

Full of scorn was Hiawatha 
When he saw the fish rise upward, 
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha, 
Coming nearer, nearer to him, 
And he shouted through the water, 
"Esa! esa! shame upon you!
You are but the pike, Kenozha, 
You are not the fish I wanted, 
You are not the King of Fishes!"

Feeling downward to the bottom 
Sank the pike in great confusion, 
And the mighty sturgeon, Nahma, 
Said to Ugudwash, the sun-fish, 
To the bream, with scales of crimson, 
"Take the bait of this great boaster, 
Break the line of Hiawatha!"

Slowly upward, wavering, gleaming, 
Rose the Ugudwash, the sun-fish, 
Seized the line of Hiawatha, 
Swung with all his weight upon it, 
Made a whirlpool in the water, 
Whirled the birch canoe in circles, 
Bound and round in gurgling eddies, 
Till the circles in the water
Reached the far-off sandy beaches, 
Till the water-flags and rushes 
Nodded on the distant margins. 
But when Hiawatha saw him 
Slowly rising through the water, 
Lifting up his disk refugent, 
Load he shouted in derision, 
"Esa! esa! shame upon you!
You are Ugudwash, the sun-fish, 
You are not the fish I wanted, 
You are not the King of Fishes!"

Slowly downward, wavering, gleaming, 
Sank the Ugudwash, the sun-fish, 
And again the sturgeon, Nahma, 
Heard the shout of Hiawatha, 
Heard his challenge of defiance, 
The unnecessary tumult
Ringing far across the water.

From the white sand of the bottom 
Up he rose with angry gesture, 
Quivering in each nerve and fibre, 
Clashing all his plates of armor, 
Gleaming bright with all his war-paint; 
In his wrath he darted upward, 
Flashing leaped into the sunshine, 
Opening the openings, and swallowed
Both canoe and Hiawatha.

Down into that darksome cavern 
Plunged the headlong Hiawatha, 
As a log on some swift river
Shoots and plunges down the rapids, 
Found himself in utter darkness, 
Groped about in helpless wonder, 
Till he felt a great heart beating, 
Through the opening in utter darkness.

And he smote it in his anger, 
With his fist, the heart of Nahma, 
Felt the mighty King of Fishes
Shudder through his nerve and fibre, 
Heard the water gurgle round him 
As he leaped and staggered through it, 
Sick at heart, and faint and weary.

Crosswise then did Hiawatha 
Drag his birch-canoe for safety, 
Lest from out the jaws of Nahma, 
In the turmoil and confusion, 
Forth he might be hurled and perish. 
And the pike, the Maskenozha, 
Frisked and chattered very gayly, 
Tailed and tagged with Hiawatha 
Till the labor was completed.

Then said Hiawatha to him, 
"Oh my little friend, the squirrel, 
Bravely have you tired to help me; 
Take the thanks of Hiawatha, 
And the name which now he gives you; 
For hereafter and forever 
Boys shall call you Adjidaumo, 
Tail-in-air the boys shall call you!"

And again the sturgeon, Nahma, 
Gasped and quivered in the water, 
Then was still, and drifted landward 
Till he grated on the pebbles, 
Till the listening Hiawatha 
Heard him grate upon the margin, 
Felt him strung upon the pebbles, 
Knew that Nahma, King of Fishes, 
Lay there dead upon the margin.

Then he heard a clang and clapping, 
As of many wings assembling, 
 Heard a screaming with confusion, 
As of birds of prey contending, 
Saw a gleam of light above him, 
Shining through the ribs of Nahma. 
Saw the glittering scales of sea-gulls, 
Of Kayoshik, the sea-gulls, peering, 
Gazing at him through the opening, 
Heard them saying to each other,
"T is our brother, Hiawatha! 
And he shouted from below them, 
Cried exulting from the cavern:
"O ye sea-gulls! O my brothers! I have slain the sturgeon, Nahma; Make the rifts a little larger, With your claws the openings widen, Set me free from this dark prison, And henceforward and forever Men shall speak of your achievements, Calling you Kayoshik, the sea-gulls, Yes, Kayoshik, the Noble Scratchers!"

And the wild and clamorous sea-gulls 
Toiled with beak and claws together, 
Made the rifts and openings wider 
In the mighty ribs of Nahma, 
And from peril and from prison, 
From the body of the sturgeon, 
From the peril of the water, 
They released my Hiawatha.

He was standing near his wigwam, 
On the margin of the water, 
And he called to old Nokomis, 
Called and beckoned to Nokomis, 
Pointed to the sturgeon, Nahma, 
Living lifeless on the pebbles, 
With the sea-gulls feeding on him. 
"I have slain the Mishe-Nahma, 
Slain the King of Fishes!" said he; 
"Look! the sea-gulls feed upon him, 
Yes, my friends Kayoshik, the sea-gulls; 
Drive them not away, Nokomis, They were seduced me from great peril 
In the body of the sturgeon, 
Wait until their meal is ended, 
Till their claws are full with feeding, 
Till they homeward fly, at sunset, 
To their nests and prison, together, 
Then bring all your pots and kettles, 
And make oil for us in Winter." 
And she waited till the sun set, 
Till the bald moon, the Night-sun, 
Rose above the tranquil water, 
Till Kayoshik, the sated sea-gulls, 
From their bouquet rose with clamor,
THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

IX.

HIAWATHA AND THE PEARL-FEATHER.

On the shores of Gitchee Gumee,
Of the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood Nokomis, the old woman,
Pointing with her finger westward,
O'er the water pointing westward,
To the purple evening alternate
Old Nokomis and the sea-gulls
Stripped the oily flesh of Nahma,
Till the waves washed through the rib-bones,
Till the sizzling bodies sputter,
And upon the sands lay nothing
But the skeleton of Nahma.

I say to the young lady
Wing her way to the far-off islands,
To their nests and their paths.
To his sleep went Hiawatha,
And Nokomis to her labor,
Toiling patiently in the moonlight,
Till the sun and moon changed places,
Till the sky was red with sunshine,
And Kayoshk, the hungry sea-gulls,
Came back from the reedy islands,
Chamorous for their morning banquet.
Three whole days and nights alternate
O'er the Pointing Of Slay,
Take S-nds,
Sends S-nds,
Sends You,
Manito
Followed
And
Burned
And
Come.

So when he reached the fiery serpents,
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,
Lying huge upon the water,
Sparking, rippling in the water,
Lying coiled across the passage,
With their blazing crests uplifted,
Breathing fiery fogs and vapors,
So that none could pass beyond them.
But the fearless Hiawatha
Cried aloud, and spake in this wise:
"Let me pass my way, Kenabeek,
Let me go upon my journey!"
And they answered, hissing fiercely,
With their fiery breath made answer:
"Back, go back! O Shangadayaa!
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart!"

Then the angry Hiawatha
Raised his mighty bow of ash-tree,
Seized his arrows, jasper-headed,
Shot them fast among the serpents;
Every twanging of the bow-string
Was a war-cry and a death-cry,
Every whizzing of an arrow
Was a death-song of Kenabeek.

Weltering in the bloody water,
Dead lay all the fiery serpents,
And among them Hiawatha.

Harmless sailed, and cried exulting:
"Onward, O Cheemaun, my darling!
Onward to the black pitch-water!"

Then he took the oil of Nahma,
And the bows and sides anointed,
Smeared them well with oil, that swiftly
He might pass the black pitch-water.

All night long he sailed upon it,
Sailed upon that sluggish water,
Covered with its mould of ages,
Black with rotten water-rushes,
Rank with flags and leaves of lilies,
Stagnant, lifeless, dreary, dismal,
Lighted by the shimmering moonlight,
And by the fire-flies, the wise,
Fires by ghosts of dead men kindled,
In their weary night-encampments.

All the air was white with moonlight,
All the water black with shadow,
And around him the Suggema,
The mosquito, sang his war-song,
And the fire-flies, Wah-wah-taysee,
Waved their torches to mislead him;
And the bull-frog, the Dahinda,
Thrust his head into the moonlight,
Fixed his yellow eyes upon him,
Sobbed and sank beneath the surface;
And anon a thousand whistles,
Answered over all the black pitch,
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Far off on the reedy margin,
Heralded the hero's coming.

Westward thus he fared Hiawatha,
Toward the realm of Megissogwon.
Toward the land of the Pearl-Feather,
Till the level moon stared at him,
In his face stared pale and haggard,
Till the sun was hot behind him,
Till it burned upon his shoulders,
And before him on the upland
He could see the Shining Wigwam
Of the Monster of Wampum,
Of the mightiest of Magicians.

Then once more Cheemaun he patted,
The Song of Hiawatha

To his birch-canoe said, "Onward!"
And it stirred in all its fibres,
And with one great bound of triumph
Leaped across the water-lilies,
Leaped through tangled flags and rushes,
And upon the beach beyond them
Dry-shod landed Hiawatha.

Straight he took his bow of ash-tree,
On he sped till he rested;
With his knee he pressed the middle,
Stretched the faithful bow-string tighter,
Took an arrow, Jasper-headed,
Shot it at the shining wigwam,
Sent it singing, as a herald,
As a herald of his message,
Of his challenge loud and lofty:
"Come forth from your lodge, Pearl-Feather! Hiawatha waits your coming!"

Straightway from the shining wigwam
Came the mighty Megissogwon,
Tail of stature, broad of shoulder,
Dark and terrible in aspect,
Clad from head to foot in wampum,
Armed with all his warlike weapons,
Painted like the sky of morning,
Streaked with crimson, blue, and yellow,
Crested with great eagle feathers,
Streamed upward, streaming outward.
"Well I know you, Hiawatha!"
Cried he in a voice of thunder,
In a tone of loud derision,
"Hasten back, O Shagushgaya! Hasten back among the women,
Back to old Nokomis, faint-heart! I will slay you as you stand there,
As old I slay her father!"
But my Hiawatha answered,
Nothing daunted, fearing nothing:
"Big words do not smite like war-clubs,
Boastful breath is not a bow-string,
Taunts are not so sharp as arrows,
Deeds are better things than words are,
Actions mightier than boasts!"

Then began the greatest battle
That the sun had ever looked on,
That the war-birds ever witnessed,
All a summer's day it lasted,
From the sunrise till the sunset;
For the shafts of Hiawatha
Hardly hit the shield of wampum,
Harmless fell the blows he dealt it
With his mitten, Minjekahwun,
Harmless fell the heavy war-club;
It could dash the rocks asunder,
But it could not break the meshes
Of that magic shirt of wampum.

Till at sunset Hiawatha,
Leaning on his bow of ash-tree,
Wounded, weary, and desponding,
With his mighty war-club broken,
With his mitten torn and tattered,
And three useless arrows only,
Passed to rest beneath a pine-tree,
From whose boughs trailed the masses,
And whose trunk was covered over
With the dead-man's Moccasin-leather,
With the fungus white and yellow.

Suddenly from the boughs above him
Sang the Mama, the woodpecker:
"Aim your arrows, Hiawatha,
At the head of Megissogwon,
Strike the taff of hair upon it,
At their roots the loose remembrance,
There alone can he be wounded!"

Winged with feathers, tipped with jasper,
Swift flew Hiawatha's arrow,
Just as Megissogwon, stooping,
Raised a heavy stone to throw it.
Full upon the crown it struck him,
At the roots of his long tresses,
And he reeled and staggered forward,
Plunging like a wounded bison,
Yes, like Pezhekee, the bison,
When the snow is on the prairie.
Swift flew the arrows of Megissogwon,
In the pathway of the other,
Piercing deeper than the other,
Wounding sore than the other;
And the knock of Megissogwon
Shook like windy rains beneath him,
Bent and trembled like the rushes.
But the third and latest arrow
Swiftest flew, and wounded sorely,
And the mighty Megissogwon,
Saw the fiery eyes of Pauguk,
Saw the eyes of Death glare at him,
Heard his voice call in the darkness;
At the feet of Hiawatha.
Lifeless lay the great Pearl-Feather,
Lay the mightiest of magicians.

Then the grateful Hiawatha
Called the Mama, the woodpecker,
From his perch among the branches
Of the melancholy pine-tree,
And, in honor of his service,
Stained with blood the tuft of feathers
On the little head of Mama;
Even to this day when he wears it,
Wears the tuft of crimson feathers,
As a symbol of his service.

Then he stripped the shirt of wampum
From the back of Megissogwon,
As a trophy of the battle,
As a signal of his conquest.
On the shore he left the body
Half on land and half in water,
In the sand his feet were buried,
And his face was in the water.
And above him, wheeled and clambered
The Kenus, the great war-eagle,
Sailing round in narrower circles,
Hovering nearer, nearer, nearer.

From the wigwam Hiawatha
Bore the weight of Megissogwon,
All his wealth of skins and wampum,
Furs of bison and of beaver,
Furs of sable and of ermine,
Wampum belts and strings and pouches,
Quivers wrought with beads of wampum,
Filled with arrows, silver-headed.
Homeward then he sailed exulting,
Homeward through the black pitch-water,
Homeward through the weltering serpents,
With the trophies of the battle,
With a shout and bray of triumph.

On the shore stood old Nokomis,
On the shore stood Chibiabos,
And the very strong man, Kwasinid,
Waiting for the hero's coming,
Listening to his song of triumph.
And the people of the village
Welcomed him with songs and dances,
Made a joyous feast, and shouted:
"Honour be to Hiawatha!
He has slain the great Pearl-Feather,
Slain the mightiest of magicians,
Honour be to Hiawatha!
He has slain the great Pearl-Feather, Hiawatha!
Slain the most mighty of magicians, Hiawatha!

Never again shall we see, nor hear,
A song so sweetly sung, nor see,
A hero so valiantly adverts, nor hear,
A song so richly sweet, nor see,
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A hero so valiantly adverts, nor hear,
A song so richly sweet, nor see,
A hero so valiantly adverts, nor hear,
The Song of Hiawatha.

X.

Hiawatha's Wooing.

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman,
Though she bendeth it she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other!"

Thus the youthful Hiawatha
Said within himself and pondered,
Much perplexed were his feelings,
Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,
Dreaming still of Minnehaha,
Of the lovely Laughing Water,
In the land of the Dacotahs.

"Wend a maiden of your people,"
Warning said the old Nokomis:
"Go not eastward, go not westward,
For a stranger, whom we know not!
Like a fire upon the hearth-stone
Is a neighbor's homely daughter,
Like the starlight or the moonlight
Is the handsomest of strangers!"

Thus dissuading spake the Nokomis,
And my Hiawatha answered
Only this: "Dear old Nokomis,
Very pleasant is the firelight,
But I like the starlight better,
Better do I like the moonlight!"

Gravely then said old Nokomis:
"Bring not here an idle maiden,
Bring not here a useless woman,
Hands unskilful, feet unwilling,
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,
Heart and hand that move together,
Feet that run on willing errands!"

Smiling answered Hiawatha:
"In the land of the Dacotahs
Lives the arrow-maker's daughter,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women.
I will bring her to your wigwam,
She shall run upon your errands,
Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,
Be the sunlight of my people!"

Still dissuading said Nokomis:
"Bring not to my lodge a stranger
From the land of the Dacotahs!
Very fierce are the Dacotahs,
Often is there war between us,
There are few peace and friendship.
Wounds that ache and still may open!"

Laughing answered Hiawatha:
"For that reason, if no other,
Would I west the fair Dacotah,
That our tribes might be united,
That old feuds might be forgotten,
And old wounds be healed forever!"

Thus departed Hiawatha
To the land of the Dacotahs,
To the land of handsome women;
Striding over moor and meadow,
Through interminable forests,
Through uninterrupted silence.
With his moccasins noiseless
At each stride a mile he measured;
Yet the way seemed long before him,
And his heart outrun his footsteps;
And he journeyed singing,
Till he heard the cataract's laughter,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to him through the silence.
"Pleasant is the sound!" he murmured,
"Pleasing is the brightness of my eyes!"

On the outskirts of the forest,
Twixt the shadow and the sunshine,
Heeds of fallow deer were feeding,
But they saw not the young man;
To his bow he whispered, "Full not?"
To his arrow whispered, "Swerve not!"

Sent it singing o'er its errand,
To the red heart of the roebuck;
Throw the deer across his shoulder,
And sped forward without pausing.

At the doorway of his wigwam
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Making arrow-heads of Jasper,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony.
At his side, in all her beauty,
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes;
Of the past the old man's thoughts were,
And the maiden's of the future.

He was thinking, as he sat there,
Of the days when with such arrows
He had struck the deer and bison,
On the Muskoday, the meadow;
Shot the wild goose, flying southward,
On the wing, the clamorous Wawas;
Thinking of the great war-parties,
How they came to buy his arrows,
Could not fight without his arrows.
Ab no more such noble warriors
Could be found on earth as they were!
Now the men were all like women,
Only used their tongues for weapons.

She was thinking of a hunter,
From another tribe and country,
Young and tall and very handsome,
Who one morning, in the Spring-time,
Came to buy her father's arrows,
Sat and rested in the wigwam,
Lingered long about the doorway,
Looking back as he departed.
She had heard her father praise him,
Praise his courage and his wisdom;
Would be1261 ashamed for arrows
To the Falls of Minnehaha?

On the mat her hands lay idle,
And her eyes were very dreamy.
Through their thoughts they heard a footstep,
Heard a rustling in the branches,
And with glowing cheek and forehead,
With the deer upon his shoulders,
Suddenly from out the woodlands
Hiawatha stood before her.

Straight the ancient Arrow-maker
Looked up gravely from his labor,
Laid aside the unfinished arrow,
Bade him enter at the doorway.
Saying, as he rose to meet him,
"Hiawatha, you are welcome!"

At the feet of Laughing Water
Hiawatha laid his burden,
Throw the red deer from his shoulders
And the maiden looked up at him,
Looked up from her mat of rushes,
Said with gentle look and accent,
"You are welcome, Hiawatha!"

Very spacious was the wigwam,
Made of deer-skin dressed and whitened,
With the Gods of the Dacotahs.
Drawn and painted on its curtains,
And so tall the doorway, hardly
Hiawatha stooped to enter,
Hardly touched his eagle-feathers
As he entered at the doorway.

Then upon the bank of Laughing Water,
From the ground fair Minnehaha,
Laid aside her mat unfinished,
Brought forth food and set before them,
Water brought them from the brooklet,
Gave them food in earthen vessels,
Gave them drink in bowls of bass-wood,
Listened while the guest was speaking,
Listened while her father answered,
But not once be her lips she opened,
Not a single word she uttered.

Yes, as in a dream she listened.
THE SONG OF HI AWSATHA.

To the words of Hiawatha, As he talked of old Nokomis, Who had nursed him in his childhood, As he told of his companions, Chibiabos, the musician, And the very strong man, Kwasiend, And of happiness and plenty. In the land of the Ojibways, In the pleasant land and peaceful.

After many years of warfare, Many years of striving and bloodshed, There is peace between the Ojibways And the tribe of the Dacotahs."

Thus continued Hiawatha, And then added, speaking slowly, "That peace can have no end, And our hands be clasped more closely, And our hearts be more united, Give me as my wife this maiden, Minnehaha, Laughing Water, Loveliest of Dacotah women!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker Paused a moment ere he answered, Smoked a little while in silence, Looked at Hiawatha proudly, Fondly looked at Laughing Water, And made answer very gravely: "Yes, if Minnehaha wishes; Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!"

And the lovely Laughing Water Seemed more lovely as she stood there, Neither willing nor reluctant, As she went to Hiawatha, Softly took the seat beside him, While she said, and blushed to say it, "I will follow you, my husband!"

This was Hiawatha's woofing! Then it was the daughter of the ancient Arrow-maker, In the land of the Dacotahs!

From the wigwam he departed, Leading with him Laughing Water; Hand in hand they went together, Through the woodland and the meadow, Left the old man standing lonely At the doorway of his wigwam, Heard the Falls of Minnehaha Calling to them from the distance, Crying to them from afar off, "Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker Turned again unto his labor, Sat down by his sunny doorway, Murmuring to himself, and saying: "Thus it is our daughters leave us, Those we love, and those who love us! Just when they have helped to learn us, When we are old and lean upon them, Comes a youth with flouting feathers, With his flute of reeds, a stranger Wanders piping through the village, Beckons to the fairest maiden, And she follows where he leads her, Leaving all things for the stranger!"

Pleasant was the journey homeward, Through interminable forests, Over meadow, over mountain, Over river, hill, and hollow, Short it seemed to Hiawatha, Though they journeyed very slowly, Though his pace he checked and slackened To the steps of Laughing Water. Over wide and rushing rivers In his arms he bore the maiden; Light he thought her as a feather, As the plume upon his head-gear; Cleared the tangled pathway for her, Bent aside the swaying branches, Made at night a lodge of branches, And a bed with boughs of hemlock, And a fire before the doorway

With the dry cones of the pine-tree. All the travelling friends went with them, O'er the meadow, through the forest; All the stars of night looked at them, Watched with sleepless eyes their slumber; From his ambush in the oak-tree

And from his ambush in the oak-tree, With his ambuscade, Ambizamo, With eager eyes the lovers; And the rabbit, the Watasso, Scampered from the path before them, Peering people from his burrow, Sat erect upon his haunches, Watched with curious eyes the lovers. Pleasant was the journey homeward!

All the birds sang loud and sweetly Songs of happiness and heart's-case; Sang the bluebird the Owassa, "Happy are you, Hiawatha, Having such a wife to love you!" Sang the robin, the Opechee, "Happy are you Laughing Water, Having such a noble husband!"

From the sky the sun benignant Looked upon them through the branches, Saying to them, "My children, Love is sunshine, hate is shadow, Life is checkered shade and sunshine, Rule by love, O Hiawatha!"

From the sky the moon looked at them, Filled the lodge with mystic splendors, Whispered to them, "O my children, Day is restless, night is quiet, Man imperious, woman feeble; Half is mine, although I follow; Rule by patience, Laughing Water!"

Thus it was they journeyed homeward; Thus it was that Hiawatha To the lodge of old Nokomis Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight, Brought the sunshine of his people, Minnehaha, Laughing Water, Handsomest of all the women In the land of the Dacotahs, In the land of handsome women.

XI.

HI AWSATHA'S WEDDING-FEAST.

You shall hear how Pan-Puk-Keevis, How the hand of Monnadee Danced at Hiawatha's wedding; How the gentle Chibiabos, He the sweetest of musicians, Sang his songs of love and longing; How Iago, the great boaster, He the marvellous story-teller, Told his tales of strange adventure, That the feast might be more joyous, That the time might pass more gaily, And the guests be more contented. Sumptuous was the feast Nokomis Made at Hiawatha's wedding; All the bowls were made of bass-wood, White and polished very smoothly All the spoons of horn of bison, Black and polished very smoothly. She had sent through all the village Messengers with wands of willow, As a sign of invitation, As a token of the feast; And the wedding guests assembled, clad in all their richest raiment, Robes of fur and belts of wampum, Splendid with their paint and plumage, Beautiful with beads and tassels. First they ate the sturgeon, Nahma, And the pine, the Maskemoxha, Caught and cooked by old Nokomis; Then on pemican they feasted,
THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

Pemican and buffalo marrow,
Haunch of deer and hump of bison,
Yellow cakes of buckskin,
And the wild rice of the river.

But the gracious Hiawatha,

And the lovely Laughing Water,

And all the orderly: 

Tasted not the food before them,

Only waited on the others,

Only served their guests in silence,

And when all the guests had finished,

Old Nokomis, briskly feathers,

From an ample pouch of otter,

Filled the red-stone pipes for smoking

With tobacco from the South-land,

Mixed with bark and willow,

And with herbs and leaves of fragrance.

Then she said, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis,

Dance for us your merry dances,

Dance the Beggar's Dance to please us,

That the feast may be more joyous,

That the time may pass more gayly,

And our guests be more contented!"

Then the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,

He the idle Xenadou, made

He the merry mischief-maker,

Whom the people called the Storm-Fool,

Rose among the guests assembled.

Skilled was he in sports and pastimes,

In the merry dance of the forest,

In the play of quots and ball-play;

Skilled was he in games of hazard,

In all games of skill and hazard,

Puggasing, the Bowl and Counters,

Kuntassoo, the Game of plum-stones.

Though the warriors called him Paint-Heart,

Called him coward, Shangodaya,

Idler, gambler, Yenadize,

Little heeded he their insolens,

For the women and the maidens

Loved the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis.

He was dressed in shirt of deerskin,

White and soft, and fringed with ermine,

All inwrought with beads of wampum;

He was dressed in deerskin leggings,

Fringed with hodgepodge quills and ermine

And in mockins of buckskin,

Thick with quills and beads embroidered,

On his head were plumes of swan's down,

On his heels were tails of foxes,

In one hand a fan of bird-skins,

And a pipe was in the other.

Barred with streaks of red and yellow,

Streaks of blue and bright vermillion,

Shone the face of Pau-Puk-Keewis.

From his forehead fell his tresses,

Smooth, and parted like a woman's,

Shining bright with oil, and plaited,

Hung with braids of scented grasses,

As among the guests assembled,

To the sound of flutes and singing

To the sound of drums and voices,

Rose the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,

And began his mystic dances.

First he danced a solemn measure,

Very slow in step and gesture,

in and out among the pine-trees,

Through the shadows and the sunshine,

Treading softly the stonewalls,

Then more swiftly and still swifter,

Whirling, spinning round in circles,

Leaping o'er the guests assembled,

Eddyng round and round the wigwam,

Till the leaves withered on him,

Till the dust and wind together

Swept in eddies round about him.

Then along the sandy margin

Of the lake, the Hi'am self walked,

On he sped with frenzied gestures,

Stamped upon the sand, and tossed it

Wildly in the air around him;

Till the wind became a whirlwind,

Till the sand was blown and sifted.

Like great snowdrifts o'er the landscape,

Hooping all the shores with Sand Dunes,

Sand Hills of the Nagow Wotjoo;

Thus the merry Pau-Puk-Keewis

Danced his Beggar's Dance to please them,

And, returning, sat down laughing

There among the guests assembled,

Sat and fanned himself serenely

With the fan of turkey-feathers.

Then they said to Chibiabos,

To the friend of Hiawatha,

To the sweetest of all singers,

To the best of all musicians,

"Sing to us, O Chibiabos!

Songs of love and songs of longing,

That the feast may be more joyous,

That the time may pass more gayly,

And our guests be more contented!"

And the gentle Chibiabos

Sang in accents sweet and tender,

Sang in tones of deep emotion,

Songs of love and songs of longing;

Looking still at Hiawatha

Looking at fair Laughing Water,

Sang he softly, sang in this wise:

"Onaway! Awake, beloved!

Then the wild-flowers of the forest;

Then the wild-bird of the prairie;

Thou with eyes so soft and fawn-like!

If thou only lookest at me,

I am happy, I am happy,

As the fields of the prairie,

When they feel the dew upon them!

"Sweet thy breath is as the fragrance

Of the wild-flowers in the morning,

As their fragrance is at evening

In the Moon when leaves are falling.

"Does not all the blood within me

Leap to meet thee, leap to meet thee,

As the springs to meet the sunshine,

In the Moon when nights are brightest?

"Onaway! my heart sings to thee,

Sings with joy when thou art near me,

As the sighing, singing branches

In the pleasant Morn of Strawberries!

"When thou art not pleased, beloved,

Then my heart is sad and darkened,

As the shining river darkens

When the clouds drop shadows on it!

"When thou smilest, my beloved,

Then my troubled heart is brightened,

As in sunshine gleam the ripples

That the cold wind makes in rivers.

"Smiles the earth, and smile the waters,

Smile the cloudless skies above us,

But I lose the way of smiling

When thou art no longer near me!

"I myself, myself! behold me!

Blood of my beating heart, behold me!

O awake, awake, beloved!

Onaway! awake, beloved!"

Thus the gentle Chibiabos

Sang his song of love and longing:

Ahi Iago, the great boaster,

He the marvellous story-teller,

He the friend of old Nokomis,

Jealous of the sweet musician,

Jealous of the applause they gave him,

Saw in all the eyes around him,

Saw in all their looks and gestures,

That the wedding guests assembled

Longed to hear the pleasant stories,

His immeasurable falsehoods.

Very boastful was Iago;

Never heard he an adventure

That the wedding guests assembled,

Never any deed of daring

But himself had done a bolder;
THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

Never any marvellous story Will himself could tell stranger.
Would you listen to his boasting,
Would you only give him credence,
No one ever shot an arrow
Half so far and high as he did;
Ever caught so many fishes,
Ever killed so many reindeer,
Ever trapped so many beaver!
None could run so fast as he could,
None could climb so steep as he could,
None could swim so far as he could;
None had made so many journeys,
None had seen so many wonders,
All the wonderful things.
As this marvellous story-teller!
Thus his name became a by-word
And a jest among the people;
And whenever a boastful hunter
Praised his own address too highly,
Or a warrior, home returning,
Talked too much of his achievements,
All his hearers cried, "Iago!
Here's Iago come amongst us."
He it was who carved the cradle
Of the little Hiawatha,
Carved it's framework out of linden,
Bound it strong with reindeer sinews;
He it was who taught him later
How to make his bows and arrows,
How to make the bows of ash-tree,
And the arrows of the oak-tree.
So among the guests assembled
At my Hiawatha's wedding
Sat Iago, old and ugly,
Sat the marvellous story-teller.
And they said, "O good Iago,
Tell us now a tale of wonder,
Tell us of some strange adventure,
That the feast may be more joyous,
That the time may pass more gayly,
And our guests be more contented!"
And Iago answered straightway,
"You shall hear a tale of wonder,
You shall hear the strange adventures
Of Osseo, the magician.
From the Evening Star descended."  

XII.

THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR.

Can it be the sun descending
O'er the level plain of water?
Or the Red Swan floating, flying,
Wounded by the magic arrow,
Staining all the waves with crimson,
With the crimson of its life-blood,
Bathing all the air with splendor
With the splendor of its plumage?
Yes; it is the sun descending,
Sinking down into the water,
All the sky is stained with purple,
All the water flushed with crimson!
No; it is the Red Swan floating,
Diving down beneath the water;
To the sky its wings are lifted,
With its blood the waves are reddened!
Over it the Star of Evening
Melts and trembles through the purple,
Hanging suspended in the twilight.
No; it is a beak of wampum
On the robes of the Great Spirit,
As he passes through the twilight,
Walks in silence through the heavens.
This with joy beheld Iago
And he said in his heart:
"Behold it!"
See the sacred Star of Evening!
You shall hear a tale of wonder,
Hear the story of Osseo,
Son of the Evening Star, Osseo!
"Once, in days no more remembered,
Ages nearer the beginning,
When the heavens were closer to us,
And the Gods were more familiar,
In the North-land lived a hunter
With ten young and comely daughters,
Tall and lithe as wands of willow;
Only Oweegee, the youngest,
She the willful and the wayward,
She the silent, dreamy maiden,
Was the fairest of the sisters.
"All these women married warriors,
Married brave and haughty husbands;
Only Oweegee, the youngest,
Laughed and flouted all her lovers,
All her young and handsome suitors,
And then married old Osseo,
Old Osseo, poor and ugly,
Broken with age and weak with coughing,
Always coughing like a squirrel.
"Ah, but beautiful within him
Was the spirit of Osseo,
From the Evening Star descended,
Star of Evening, Star of Woman,
Star of tenderness and passion!
All its fire was in its bosom,
All its beauty in his spirit,
All its mystery in his being,
All its splendor in his language!
"And her lovers, the rejected,
Handsome men with belts of wampum,
Handsome men with paint and feathers,
Pointed at her in derision,
Followed her with jest and laughter.
But she said: 'Care not for you,
Care not for your belts of wampum,
Care not for your paint and feathers,
Care not for your jests and laughter.
I am happy with Osseo!'
"Once to some great feast invited,
Through the damp and dusk of evening
Walked together the ten sisters,
Walked together with their husbands;
Slowly followed old Osseo,
With fair Oweegee beside him;
All the others chattered gayly,
These two only walked in silence.
"At the western sky Osseo
Gazed intent, as if imploring,
Often stopped and gazed imploring
At the trembling Star of Evening,
At the tender Star of Woman;
And they heard him murmur softly,
'Ah, shoncin wennehin, Nosa!'
Pity, pity me, my father!'"  

'Listen!' said the eldest sister,
'He is praying to his father!
What a pity that the old man
Does not stumble in the pathway,
Does not break his neck by falling!'
And they laughed till all the forest
Rang with their unseemly laughter.
"On their pathway through the woodlands
Lay an oak, by days as uprooted!
Lay the great trunk of an oak-tree,
Buried half in leaves and mosses,
Mouldering, crumbling, huge and hollow.
And Osseo, when he saw it,
Gave a shout, a cry of anguish,
Leaped into its yawning cavern,
At one end went in an old man,
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly;
From the other came a young man,
Tall and straight and strong and handsome.
"Thus Osseo was transfigured,
Thus restored to youth and beauty;
But, alas, poor Osseo,
And for Oweegee, the faithful!
Strangely, too, was she transfigured.
Changed into a weak old woman,
With a staff she tottered onward,
Wasted, wrinkled, old and ugly;
And the sisters and their husbands
Laughed until the echoing forest
Rang with their unseemly laughter.

But Osseo turned not from her,
Walked with slower step beside her,
Took her hand, as brown and withered
As an oak-leaf is in Winter,
Called her sweetheart, Nememoosha,
Sketched her with a wand of kindness,
Till they reached the lodge of feasting,
Till they sat down in the wigwam,
Sacred to the Star of Evening,
To the tender Star of Woman.

And the sisters and their husbands
Bore the staff to Osseo
And the sisters with their husbands
Boasted their youth and beauty,
And her soiled and tattered garments
Were transformed to robes of ermine,
And her staff became a feather.

Yet, a shining silver feather!

And again the wigwam trembled,
Swayed and rushed through airy currents,
Through transparent cloud and vapor,
And amid celestial splendors
On the Evening Star alighted,
As a snow-flake falls on snow-flake,
As a leaf drops on a river,
As the whistle-drunken on water.

"Fortune's wires and words of welcome Came the father of Osseo
He with radiant locks of silver,
He with eyes serene and tender.

And he said: "My son, Osseo,
Hang the cage of birds you bring there,
Hang the cage with rods of silver,
And the birds with glistening feathers,
At the doorway of my wigwam."

At the door he saw the bird-cage,
And they entered in, and gladly
Listened to Osseo's father,
Ruler of the Star of Evening,
As he said: "O my Osseo!
I have had compassion on you,
Given you back your youth and beauty,
Into birds of various plumage
Changed your sisters and their husbands;
Changed them thus because they mocked you
In the figure of the old man,
In that aspect sad and wrinkled,
Could not see your heart of passion,
Could not see your youth immortal;
Only Osseo, the faithful,

Saw your naked heart and loved you.

"In the lodge that glimmers yonder,
In the little star that twinkles
Through the vapor, on the left hand,
Lives the evasion Evil Spirit,
The Wabeno, the magician,
Who transformed you to an old man.
Take heed lest his beams fall on you,
For the rays he darts around him
Are the power of his enchantment,
Are the arrows that he uses."

"Many years, in peace and quiet,
On the peaceful Star of Evening Dwelt Osseo with his father:
Many years, in song and flutter,
At the doorway of the wigwam,
Hung the cage with rods of silver,
And fair Osseo, the faithful,
Bore a son unto Osseo.

With the beauty of his mother,
With the courage of his father.

And the boy grew bigger and prospered,
And Osseo, to delight him,
Made him little bows and arrows,
Opened the great cage of silver,
And let loose his amits and uncles,
All those birds with glossy feathers,
For his little son to shoot at.

"Round and round they wheeled and darted,
Filled the Evening Star with music,
With their songs of joy and freedom;
Filled the Evening Star with splendor,
With the fluttering of their plumage;
Till the boy, the little hunter,
Bent his bow and shot an arrow,
Shot a swift and fatal arrow,
And a bird, with shining feathers,
At his feet fell wounded sorely.

"But, O wondrous transformation!
'T was a beautiful young woman,
With the arrow in her bosom!

When her blood fell on the planet,
On the sacred Stave of Evening,
Broken was the spell of magic,
Powerless was the strange enchantment,
And the youth, the fearless bowman,
Suddenly felt himself descending,
 Held by unseen hands, but sinking,
Downward through the empty spaces,
Downward through the clouds and vapors,
Till he rested on an island,
On an island, green and grassy,
Yonder in the Big-Sea-Water.

"After him he saw descending
All the birds with shining feathers,
Fluttering, falling, wafted downward,
Like the painted leaves of Autumn;
And the lodge with poles of silver,
With its roof like wings of beetles,
Like the shining shards of beetles,
By the winds of heaven uplifted,
Slowly sank upon the island,
Bringing back the good Oseo,
Bringing Owecnee, the faithful.

"Then the birds, again transfigured,
Resumed the shape of mortals,
Took their shape, but not their stature;
They remained as Little People,
Like the pygmies, the Puk-Wundjies,
And on pleasant heights of Summer;
When the Evening Star was shining,
Hand in hand they danced together
On the island's craggy headlands,
On the sand-beach low and level.

"Still their glittering lodge is seen there,
On the tranquil Summer evenings,
And upon the shore the fisher
Sometimes hears their happy voices,
Sees them dancing in the starlight!

When the story was completed,
When the wondrous tale was ended,
Looking round upon his listeners,
Solemnly Iago added:

"There are great nations, I have known such,
Whom their people understand not,
Whom they even make a jest of,
Scuff and jeer at in derision.

From the story of Oseo,
Let us learn the fate of jestro!"

All the wedding guests delighted
Listened to the marvellous story,
Listened laughing and applauding,
And they whispered to each other:

"Does he mean himself, I wonder?
And are we the aunts and uncles?"

Then again sang Chibiabos,
Sang a song of love and longing,
In those accents sweet and tender,
In those tones of pensive sadness,
Sang a maiden's lamentation
For her lover, her Algonquin.

"When I think of my beloved,
Ah me! think of my beloved,
When my heart is thinking of him,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!
Shall I part from him?
Round my neck he hung the wampum,
As a pledge, the snow-white wampum,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

I will go with you, he whispered,
Ah me! to country;
Let me go with you, he whispered,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

Far away, away, I answered,
Very far away, I answered,
Ah me! is my native country,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

"When I looked back to behold him,
Where we parted, to behold him,
After we heard him singing,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

"By the tree he still was standing,
By the falling tree was standing,
That had dropped into the water,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

"When I think of my beloved,
Ah me! think of my beloved,
When my heart is thinking of him.
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

Such was Hiawatha's wedding,
Such the dance of Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Such the story of Ingeo,
Such the songs of Chibiabos;
Thus the wedding banquet ended,
And the wedding guests departed,
Leaving Hiawatha happy
With the night and Minnehaha.

XIII:

BLESSING THE CORNFIELDS.

SING, O Song of Hiawatha,
Of the happy days that followed,
In the land of the Ojibways,
In the pleasant land and peaceful!
SING the mysteries of Mondamin,
SING the Blessing of the Cornfields!
Buried was the bloody hatchet,
Buried was the dreadful war-club,
Buried were all war-like weapons,
And the war-ory was forgotten.
There was peace among the nations;
Un molested roved the hunters,
Built the birch canoe for sailing,
Caught the fish in lake and river,
Shot the deer and trapped the beaver;
Un molested worked the women,
Made their sugar from the maple,
Gathered wild rice in the meadows,
Dressed the skins of deer and beaver.

All around the happy village
Stood the maize-fields, green and shining,
Waved the green plumes of Mondamin,
Waved his soft and sunny tresses,
Filling all the land with plenty.

'T was the women who in Spring-time
Planted the broad fields and fruitful,
Buried in the earth Mondamin;

'T was the women who in Autumn
Stripped the yellow husks of harvest,
Stripped the garments from Mondamin,
Even as Hiawatha taught them.

Once, when all the maize was planted,
Hiawatha, wise and thoughtful,
Spoke and said to Minnehaha,
To his wife the Laughing Water:

"You shall bless to-night the cornfields,
Draw a magic circle round them,
To protect them from destruction,
Blast of mildew, blight of insect,
Wagemin, the thief of cornfields,
Palmosaid, who steals the maize-ear!

In the night, when all is silence,
In the night, when all is darkness,
When the Spirit of Sleep, Nepawhin,
Shuts the doors of all the wigwams,
So that not an ear can hear you,
So that not an eye can see you,
Rise up from your bed in silence,
Let aside your garments wholly,
Walk around the fields you planted,
Round the borders of the cornfields,
Covered by your tresses only,
Robed with darkness as a garment.
THE SONG OF HIWATHA. 137

"Thus the fields shall be more fruitful,
And the passing of your footsteps
Draw a magic circle round them,
Set they blaze neither high nor low,
Neither burrowing worm nor insect,
Shall pass o'er the magic circle;
Not the dragon-fly, Kwó-ne-shé, Nor the spider, Sóbábékáshe, Nor the grasshopper, Mút-kún ea, Nor the mighty eaterpillar, Way-mút-kwána, with the bear-skin, King of all the caterpillars!":

On the tree-tops stood the cornfields
Sat the hungry crows and ravens,
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
With his band of black marauders.

And they laughed at Hiawatha,
Till the tree-tops shook with laughter,
With their melancholy laughter,
At the words of Hiawatha.

"Hear him!" said they; "hear the Wise Man,
Hear the plots of Hiawatha!"

When the noiseless night descended
Brood and dark o'er field and forest,
When the mournful Wawonaissa,
Sorrowing sang among the hemlocks,
And the Spirit of Repentance,
Shut the doors of all the wigwams,
From her bed rose Laughing Water,
Laid aside her garments wholly,
And with darkness and guarded
Unshamed and unafrighted,
Walked securely round the cornfields,
Drew the sacred magic circle
Of her footsteps round the cornfields.
No one but the lightfoot only
Saw her beauty in the darkness,
No one but the Wawonaissa
Heard the panting of her bosom;
Gukséwáit, the darkness, wrapped her
Closely in his sacred mantle,
So that none might see her beauty,
So that none might boast, "I saw her!"

On the morrow, as the day dawned,
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
Gathered all his black marauders,
Crows and blackbirds, jays and ravens,
Clamorons on the dusty tree-tops,
And descended, fearless,
On the fields of Hiawatha,
On the grave of Mondamin.

"We will drag Mondamin," said they,
"From the grave where he is buried,
Spite of all the trees,
Laughing Water draws around it,
Spite of all the sacred footprints
Minnehaha stamps upon it!"

But the war Hiawatha,
Ever thoughtful, careful, watchful,
Had o'erheard the scornful laughter,
When they mocked him from the tree-tops.
"Kaw!" he said, "my friends the ravens! Kahgahgee, my King of Ravens! I will teach you all a lesson
That shall not be soon forgotten!"
He had risen before the daybreak,
He had spread upon the cornfields
Snakes to catch the black marauders,
And was lying now in ambush
In the neighboring grove of pine-trees,
Waiting for the crows and blackbirds,
Waiting for the jays to come.

Soon they came with caw and clamor,
Rush of wings and cry of voices,
To their work of devastation,
Settling down upon the cornfields,
Delving deep with beak and talon,
For the body of Mondamin.

And with all their craft and cunning,
All their skill in wiles of warfare,
They perceived no danger near them,
Till their claws became entangled,
Till they found themselves imprisoned
In the snare of Hiawatha.

From his place of ambush came he,
Striding terrible among them,
And so awful was his aspect
That the bravest quailed with terror.
Without mercy he destroyed them
Right and left, by tens and twenties,
And their wretched, lifeless bodies
Hung aloft on poles for scarercrows
Round the encircled cornfields,
As a signal of his vengeance,
As a warning to marauders.

Only Kahgahgee, the leader,
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
He alone was spared among them
As a hostage for his people.

With his prisoner-string he bound him,
Led him captive to his wigwam.
Tied him fast with cords of elm-bark
To the ridge-pole of his wigwam.
Kahgahgee, my raven!" said he,
"You the leader of the robbers,
You the plotter of this mischief,
The conspirator of this outrage,
I will keep you, I will hold you,
As a hostage for your people,
As a pledge of good behavior!"

And he left him, prince and slyly,
Sitting in the morning sunshine
On the summit of the wigwam,
Cooing fiercely (his displeasure,
Flappling (his great sable pinions,
Vainly struggling for his freedom,
Vainly calling on his people!

Summer passed, and Shawondasse
Breathe his sighs o'er all the landscape,
From the South-land sent his arders,
Wafted kisses warm and tender;
And the maize-field grew and ripened,
Till it stood in all the splendor
Of its garments green and yellow,
Of its tassels and its plumeage,
And the maize-ears full and shining
Gleamed from bursting sheaths of verdure.

Then Nokomis, the old woman,
Spoke, and said to Minnehaha:
"'Tis the Moon when leaves are falling;
All the wild-rice has been gathered,
And the maize is ripe and ready;
Let us gather in the harvest,
Let us wrestle with Mondamin,
Strip him of his plumes and tassels,
Of his garments green and yellow!"

And the merry Laughing Water
Went rejoicing from the wigwam,
With Nokomis, old and wrinkled,
And they called the women round them,
Called the young men and the maidens,
To the harvest of the cornfields,
To the husking of the maize-ear.

On the border of the forest,
Underneath the fragrant pine-trees,
Sat the old men and the warriors
Smoking in the pleasant shade.

In uninterrupted silence
Looked they at the gamesome labor
Of the young men and the women;
Listened to their noisy talking,
To their laughter and their singing,
Heard them chattering like the magpies,
Heard them laughing like the blue-jays,
Heard them singing like the robins.

And when the womanly maidens
Found a red ear in the husking,
Found a maize-ear red as blood is,
"Nushka!" cried they all together,
"Nushka! you shall have a sweetheart,"
THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

As a serpent was depicted,
As Kenabeek, the great serpent.
Very crafty, very cunning.

Is the creeping Spirit of Evil,
Was the meaning of this symbol.

Life and Death he drew as circles,
Life was white, but Death was darkened;
Sun and moon and stars he painted,
Man and beast, and fish and reptile,
Foresis, mountains, lakes, and rivers.

For the earth he drew a straight line,
For the sky a bow above it;
While the space between for day-time,
Filled with little stars for night-time;
On the left a point for sunrise,
On the right a point for sunset,
And for rain and cloudy weather
Waving lines descending from it.

Footprints pointing towards a wigwam
Were a sign of invitation,
Were a sign of guests assembling;
Bloody hands with palms uplifted
Were a symbol of destruction,
Were a hostile sign and symbol.

All these things did Hiawatha
Show unto his wondering people,
And interpreted their meaning.
And he said: "Behold, your grave-posts
Have no mark, no sign, nor symbol.
Go and paint them all with figures;
Each one with its household symbol,
With its own ancestral Totem;
So that those who follow after
May distinguish them and know them."

And they painted on the grave-posts
On the graves yet un-forgotten,
Each his own ancestral Totem,
Each the symbol of his household;
Figures of the Bear and Reindeer,
Of the Turtle, Crane, and Beaver,
Each inverted as a token
That the owner was departed,
That the chief who bore the symbol
Lay beneath in dust and ashes.

And the Jossakeeds, the Prophets,
The Wabenos, the Magicians,
And the Medicine-men, the Medas,
Painted upon bark and deer-skin
Figures for the songs they chanted,
For each song a separate symbol,
Figures mystical and awful,
Figures strange and brightly colored;
And each figure had its meaning,
Each some magic story suggested.
The Great Spirit, the Creator,
Flashing light through all the heaven,
The great Serpent, the Kenabeek,
With his bloody crest erected,
Creeping looking into heaven;
In the sky the sun, that listens,
And the moon eclipsed and dying;
Owl and eagle, crane and hen-hawk,
And the cormorant, bird of magic;
Headless men, that walk the heavens,
Birds lying pierced with arrows,
Bloody hands of death uplifted,
Flags on graves, and great war-captains
Grasping both the earth and heaven!

Such as these the shapes, they painted
On the birch-bar and the deer-skin;
Songs of war and songs of hunting,
Songs of medicine and of magic.

All were written in these figures,
For each figure had its meaning,
Each its separate song recorded.

Nor forgotten was the Love-Song,
The most subtle of all medicine,
The most potent spell of magic,
Dangerous more than war or hunting!
Thus the Love-Song was recorded,
Symbol and interpretation.
First a human figure standing
Painted in the brightest scarlet;
’Tis the lover, the musician,
And the meaning is, “My painting
Makes me powerful over others.”
Then the figure seated, singing,
Playing on a drum of magic,
And the interpretation, “Listen!
’Tis my voice you hear, my singing!”
Then the same red figure seated
In the shelter of a wigwam,
And the meaning of the symbol,
“I will come and sit beside you
In the mystery of my passion!”
Then two figures, man and woman,
Standing hand in hand together
With their hands so clasped together
That they seem in one united,
And the words thus represented
Are, “I see your heart within you,
And your cheeks are red with blushes!”
Next the maiden on an island,
In the centre of an island;
And the song this shape suggested
Was, “Though you were at a distance,
Were upon some far-off island,
Such the spell I cast upon you,
Such the magic power of passion,
I could straightway draw you to me!”
Then the figure of the maiden
Sleeping, and the lover near her,
Whispering to her in her slumbers,
Saying, “Though you were far from me
In the land of Sleep and Silence,
Still the voice of love would reach you!”
And the last of all the figures
Was a heart within a circle,
Drawn within a magic circle;
And the image had this meaning:
“Naked lies your heart before me,
To your naked heart I whisper!”
Thus it was that Hiawatha,
In his wisdom, taught the people
All the mysteries of painting,
All the art of Picture-Writing,
On the smooth bark of the birch-tree,
On the white skin of the reindeer,
On the grave-posts of the village.

XV.

HIAWATHA’S LAMENTATION.

In those days the Evil Spirits,
All the Manitos of mischief,
Fearing Hiawatha’s wisdom,
And his love for Chibiabo,
Jealous of their faithful friendship,
And their noble words and actions,
Made at length a league against them,
To molest them and destroy them.
Hiawatha, wise and warry,
Often said to Chibiabos,
"O my brother, do not leave me,
Lest the Evil Spirits harm you!"
Chibiabos, young and heedless,
Laughing shook his coal-black tresses,
Answered ever sweet and childlike,
"Do not fear for me, O brother!
Harm and evil come not near me!"
Once when Peboan, the Winter,
Roofed with ice the Big-Sea-Water,
When he snow-blanketed, mightily,
Hissed among the withered oak-leaves,
Changed the pine-trees into wigwams,
Covered all the earth with silence,—
Armed with arrows, shod with snow-shoes,
Hoedding not his brother's warning,
Fearing not the Evil Spirits,
Forth to hunt the deer with antlers
All alone went Chibiabos.
Right across the Big-Sea-Water
Sprang with speed the deer before him.
With the wind and snow he followed,
O'er the treacherous ice he followed,
Wild with all the fierce commotion
And the rapture of the hunting.
But beneath, the Evil Spirits
Lay in ambush, waiting for him,
Broke the treacherous ice beneath him,
Dragged him downward to the bottom,
Buried in the sand his body.
Untakete, the god of water,
He the god of the Dacotahs,
Drowned him in the deep abysses
Of the lake of the Gumeec.
From the headlands Hiawatha
Sent forth such a wail of anguish,
Such a fearful lamentation,
That the bison paused to listen,
And the wolves howled from the prairies,
And the thunder in the distance
Starting answered, "Baim-wawa!"
Then his face with black he painted,
With his robe his head he cover'd,
In his wigwam sat lamenting.
Seven long weeks he sat lamenting,
Uttering still this moan of sorrow:—
"He is dead, he sweet musician!
He the sweetest of all singers!
He has gone from us forever,
He has moved a little nearer
To the Master of all music,
To the Master of all singing!
O my brother, Chibiabos!"
And the melancholy tree-trees
Waved their dark green fans above him,
Waved their purple crowns above him,
Sighing with him to console him,
Mingling with his lamentation
Their complaining, their lamenting.
Came the Spring, and all the forest
Looked in vain for Chibiabos;
Sighed the rivulet, Sobowisha,
Sighed the rushes in the meadow.
From the tree-tops sang the bluebird,
Sang the bluebird, Owinaissa,
"Chibiabos! Chibiabos!"
"He is dead, the sweet musician!"
From the wigwam sang the robin,
Sang the robin, the Opeechee,
"Chibiabos!"
"He is dead, the sweetest singer!"
And at night through all the forest
Went the whippoorwill complaining,
Wailing went the Owinaissa,
"Chibiabos! Chibiabos!
He is dead, the sweet musician!
He the sweetest of all singers!"
Then the medicine-men, the Medas,
The magicians, the Wabenos,
And the Jossakeeds, the prophets,
Came to visit Hiawatha;
Built a Sacred Lodge beside him,
To do him honor, to console him,
Walked in silent, grave procession,
Hearing each a pouch of healing,
Skin of beaver, lynx, or otter,
Piled with magic roots and simples,
Pilled with very potent medicines.
When he heard their steps approaching,
Hiawatha ceased lamenting,
Called no more on Chibiabos;
Nashtight he questioned, naught he answered,
But his mournful head uncovered,
From his face the mourning colors
Washed he slowly and in silence,
Slowly and in silence followed
Onward to the Sacred Wigwam.
There a magic drink they gave him,
Made of Nahma-wusak, the spearmint,
And Wabeno-wusak, the yarrow,
Roots of power, and herbs of healing;
Beat their drums, and shook their rattles;
Chanted singly in chorus,
Mystic songs like these, they chanted.
"I myself, myself! behold me!"
"Take the great Gray Eagle talking;
Come, ye white crows, come and hear him!
The loud-speaking thunder helps me;
All the unseen spirits help me;
I can shoot your arrows calling;
All around the sky I hear them!
I can blow you strong, my brother,
I can heal you, Hiawatha!"
"Hi-au-ha!" replied the chorus,
"Way-ha-way!" the mystic chorus.
"Friends of mine are all the serpents!
Hear me shake my skin of hen-hawk!
Malah, the white loon, I can kill him;
I can shoot your heart and kill it;
I can blow you strong, my brother,
I can heal you, Hiawatha!"
"Hi-au-ha!" replied the chorus,
"Way-ha-way!" the mystic chorus.
"I myself, myself! the prophet!"
When I speak the wigwam trembles,
Shakes the Sacred Lodge with terror,
Hands unseen begin to shake it!
When I walk, the sky I tread on!
Bends and makes a noise beneath me!
I can blow you strong, my brother!
Rise and speak, O Hiawatha!"
"Hi-au-ha!" replied the chorus.
"Way-ha-way!" the mystic chorus.
Then they shook their medicine-pouches
Over the head of Hiawatha.
Danced their medicine-dance around him;
And upstarting wild and ragged,
Like a man from dreams awakened,
He was healed of all his madness.
As the clouds are swept from heaven,
Straightway from his brain departed
All his moody melancholy;
As the ice is swept from rivers,
Straightway from his heart departed
All his sorrow and affliction.
They summoned Chibiabos
From his grave beneath the waters,
From the sands of Gitche Gumeec
Summoned Hiawatha's brother.
And so mightily was the magic
Of that day and that invocation,
That he heard it as he lay there
Underneath the Big-Sea-Water;
From the sand he rose and listened,
Heard the music, and the singing,
Came, obedient to the summons,
To the doorway of the wigwam,
But to enter they forsook him,
Through a chink a coal they gave him,
Through the door a burning fire-brand;
Ituler in the Land of Spirits,
Ruler o'er the dead, they made him,
Telling him a story more, farther,
For all those that died thereafter,
Camp-fires for their night encampments
On their solitary journey
To the kingdom of Ponedah,
To the land of the Hereafter.

From the village of his childhood,
From the homes of those who knew him,
Passing silent through the forest,
Like a wolf's wraith, and sideways,
Slowly vanished Chibiabo!
Where he passed, the branches moved not,
Where he trudled, the grasses bent not,
And the fallen leaves of last year
Mere no sound beneath his footsteps.

Four whole days he journeyed onward
Down the pathway of the dead men;
On the dead-man's strawberry feasted,
Crossed the melancholy river,
On the swinging log; he crossed it,
Came unto the Lake of Silver,
In the Stone Canoe was carried
To the Islands of the Dead.
To the land of ghosts and shadows.
On that journey, moving slowly,
Many weary spirits saw he,
Panting under heavy burdens,
Laden with war-clubs and arrows,
Robes of fur, and pots and kettles,
And with food that friends had given
For that solitary journey.

"Ay! why do the living," said they
"Lay such heavy burdens on us!
Better were it to go naked,
Better were it to go fasting,
Than to bear such heavy burdens.
On our long and weary journey!"

Fort then issued Hiawatha,
Wandered eastward, wandered westward,
Teaching men the use of simples
And the antidotes for poisons,
And the cure of all diseases.
Thus was first made known to mortals
All the mystery of Medamin,
All the sacred art of healing.

Of Ojeeg, the Summer-Maker,
How he made a hole in heaven,
How he climbed up into heaven,
And let our summer onther,
The perpetual pleasant Summer;
How the Otter first essayed it;
How the Beaver, Lynx, and Badger
Tried in turn the great achievement,
From the summit of the mountain
Smote their fists against the heavens,
Smote against the sky their foreheads,
Cracked the sky, but could not break it;
How the Wolf, as Uprising,
Made him ready for the encounter.
Bent his knees down, like a squirrel,
Drew his arms back, like a cricket.
"Once he leaped," said old Iago,
"Once he leaped, and lo! above him
Bent the sky, as ice in rivers
When the waters rise beneath it;
Twice he leaped, and lo! above him
Cracked the sky, as ice in rivers,
When the freshet is at highest!
Thrice he leaped, and lo! above him
Broke the shattered sky asunder,
And he disappeared within it,
And Ojeeg, the Fisher Waesel,
With a bound went in behind him!"

"Hark you!" shouted Pau-Puk-Keewis
As he entered at the doorway;
"I am tired of all this talking,
Tired of old Iago's stories,
Tired of Hiawatha's wisdom.
Here is something to amuse you,
Better than this endless talking!"

Then from out his pouch of wolf-skin
Forth he drew, with solemn manner,
All the game of Howl and Counter,
Pegassing, with thirteen pieces.
White on one side, red on the other,
And vermilion on the other;
Two Kenabeeks or great serpents,
Two Ininewug or wedge-men,
One great war-club, Pugamaugun,
And one slender fish, the Keego,
Four round pieces, Ozawabeks,
And three Sheshcbwug or ducklings.
All were made of bone and painted,
All except the Ozawabeks;
These were brass, on one side burnished,
And were black upon the other.

In a wooden bowl he placed them,
Shook and jostled them together,
Threw them on the ground before him,
Thus exclaiming and explaining:
"Red side up are all the pieces,
And one great Kenabeek standing
On the bright side of a brass piece,
On a burnished Ozawabek;
Thirteen tens and eight are counted."

Then again he shook the pieces,
Shook and jostled them together,
Threw them on the ground before him,
Still exclaiming and explaining:
"White are both the great Kenabeeks,
White the Ininewug, the wedge-men;
Red are all the other pieces,
Five tens and eight are counted."

Thus he taught the game of hazard,
Thus displayed it and explained it.
Running through its various chances,
Various changes, various meanings:
Twenty curious eyes stared at him.
Full of eagerness stared at him.

"Many games," said old Iago,
"Many games of skill and hazard
Have I seen in different nations,
Have I played in different countries.
He who plays with old Iago
Must have very nimble fingers;
Though you think yourself so skilful,
The Song of Hiawatha

I can beat you, Pan-Puk-Keevis,
I can even give you lessons
In the game of Bead-Dead and Counters!"

So they sat and played together,
All the old men and the young men,
Played for dresses, weapons, wampum,
Played till midnight, played till morning,
Played until the Yonac broke,
Till the cunning Pan-Puk-Keevis,
Of their treasures had despooled them,
Of the best of all their dresses,
Shirts of deer-skin, robes of ermine,
Belts of wampum, crests of feathers,
Warlike weapons, pipes and pouches.
Twenty eyes glared wildly at him,
Like the eyes of wolves glared at him.

Said the lucky Pan-Puk-Keevis:

"In my wigwam I am lonely,
In my wanderings and adventures
I have need of a companion,
Palm would have a Mesheanuwa,
An attendant and pipe-bearer.
I will venture all these winnings,
All these garments heaped about me,
All this wampum, all these feathers,
O n a single throw which he shook it,
Strangled Kahgahgee, the raven,
From the ridge-pole of the wigwam
Left its lifeless body hanging,
As an insult to its master,
As a taunt to Hiawatha.

With a stealthy step he entered,
Round the lodge in wild disorder
Threw the household things about him,
Piled together in confusion,
Bowls of wood and earthen kettles,
Robes of buffalo and beaver,
Skins of otter, lynx, and ermine,
As an insult to his people,
As a taunt to Minneha.

Then departed Pan-Puk-Keevis,
Whistling, singing through the forest,
Whistling gayly to the squirrels,
Who from hollow boughs above him
Dropped their acorn-shells upon him,
Singing gayly to the wood birds,
Who from out the leafy darkness
Answered with a song as merry,
Then he climbed the rocky headlands,
Looking o'er the Gitche Gumee,
Perched himself upon their summit,
Waiting full of mirth and mischief
The return of Hiawatha.

Stretched upon his back he lay there;
Far below him plashed the waters,
Plashed and washed the dreamy waters;
Far above him swam the heavens,
Swam the dizzy, dreamy heavens;
Round him hovered, fluttered, rustled,
Hiawatha's mountain chickens,
Flock-wise swept and wheeled about him,
Almost brushed him with their pinions.
And he killed them as he lay there,
Slaughtered them by tens and twenties,
Threw their bodies down the headlands,
Threw them on the benches beside him,
Till at length Kayosuk, the sea-gull,
Perched upon a crag above them,
Shouted: 'It is Pan-Puk-Keevis!
He is slaying his hundreds!
Send a message to our brother,
Tidings send to Hiawatha!'"

XVII.
The Hunting of Pan-Puk-Keevis.

Full of wrath was Hiawatha.
When he came into the village,
Found the people in confusion,
THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

Heard of all the misdeemors,
All the malice and the feuds
Of the cunning Pan-Puk-Keewis.

Hard his breath came through his nostrils,
Through his teeth he buzzed and muttered
Words of anger and resentment,
Hot and bount that Pau-Puk-Keewis.

"I will slay this Pan-Puk-Keewis,
Slay this mischief-maker!" said he.

"Not so long and wide the world is,
Not so rude and wild the man,
That my wrath shall not attain him,
That my vengeance shall not reach him!"

Then in swift pursuit departed
Hiawatha and the hunters.

On the trail of Pan-Puk-Keewis,
Through the forest, where he passed it,
To the headlands where he rested;
But they found not Pan-Puk-Keewis,
Only in the trampled grasses,
In the whortleberry-bushes,
Found the couch where he had rested,
Found the impress of his body.

From the lowlands far beneath them,
From the Miskoday, the meadow,
Pau-Puk-Keewis, turning backward,
Made a gesture of defiance.

From the summit of the mountain:
"Not so long and wide the world is,
Not so rude and rough the way is,
But my wrath shall overtake you,
And my vengeance shall attain you!"

Over rock and over river,
Thorough bush, and brake, and forest,
Kan the cunning Pan-Puk-Keewis;

"O Pan-Puk-Keewis, we come."
Till he came unto a streamlet
In the middle of the forest,
To a streamlet still and tranquil,
That had overflowed its margin,
To a dam made by the beavers,
To a pond of quiet water,
Where knee-deep the trees were standing,
Where the water-lilies floated,
Where the rushes waved and whispered.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keeewis,
On the dam of trunks and branches,
Through whose chinks the water spouted,
O'er whose summit flowed the streamlet.

From the bottom rose the beaver,
Looked with two great eyes of wonder,
Eyes that seemed to ask a question,
At the stranger, Pau-Puk-Keewis.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,
O'er his ankles flowed the streamlet,
Flowed the bright and silvery water,
And he spake into the beaver,
With a smile he spoke in this wise:
"O my friend Ahmeek, the beaver,
Cool and pleasant is the water;
Let me dive into the water,
Let me rest there in your lodges;
Cough me, too, as I pass:
Cautiously replied the beaver,
With reserve he thus made answer:
"Let me first consult the others,
Let me ask the other beavers,
Down he sank into the water.
Heavily sank he, as a stone sinks,
Down among the leaves and branches,
Brown and matted at the bottom.

In the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,
O'er his ankles flowed the streamlet,
Spouted through the chinks below him,
Dashed upon the stones beneath him,
Spread serene and calm before him,
And the sunshine and the shadows
Fell in flecks and gleams upon him,
Fell in little shining patches.

Through the waving, rustling branches.
From the bosom and the beavers,
Silently above the surface
Rose one head and then another,
Till the pond seemed full of beavers,
Full of black and shining faces.

To the beavers Pau-Puk-Keewis
Spake entreatling, said in this wise:
"Very pleasant is your dwelling,
O my friends! and safe from danger;
Can you not with all your cunning,
All your wisdom and contrivance,
Change me, too, into a beaver?"

"Yes!" replied Ahmeek, the beaver,
He the King of all the beavers.

"Let yourself slide down among us,
Down into the tranquil water,"

Down into the pond among them
Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis;
Black became his shirt of deer-skin,
Black his moccasins and leggings,
In a broad black tail behind him
Spread his fox-tails and his fringes;
He was changed into a beaver.

"Make me large," said Pan-Puk-Keeewis,
"Make me large and make me larger,
Larger than the other beavers."

"Yes," the beaver chief responded,
"When our lodge below you overflows,
In our wigwam we will make you
Ten times larger than the others."

Thus into the clear, brown water
Silently sank Pan-Puk-Keewis;
Found the bottom covered over
With the trunks of trees and branches,
Heards of food against the winter.

Piles and heaps against the famine,
Found the lodge with arching doorway,
Leading into spacious chambers.

Here they made him large and larger,
Made him largest of the beavers,
Ten times larger than the others.

"You shall be our ruler," said they;
"Chief and king of all the beavers."

But not long had Pau-Puk-Keewis
Sat in state among the beavers,
When there came a voice of warning
From the watchman at his station
In the water-flags and lilies,
Saying, "Here is Hiawatha!
Hiawatha with his hunters!"

Then they heard a cry above them,
Heard a shouting and a tramping,
Heard a crashing and a rushing,
And the water round and o'er them
Sank and sucked away in oldies.

And they knew their dam was broken.
On the lodge's roof the hunters
Leaped, and broke it all asunder;
Streamed the sunshine through the crevice,
Sprang the beavers through the doorway,
Hid themselves in deeper water,
In the channel of the streamlet;
But the mighty Pan-Puk-Keewis
Could not pass beneath the doorway;
He was puffed with pride and feeding,
He was swollen like a bladder.

Through the roof looked Hiawatha,
Cried aloud, "O Pan-Puk-Keewis!
Vain are all your craft and cunning,
Vain your manifold disguises!
Well I know you, Pan-Puk-Keewis!"

With their clubs they beat and bruised him,
Bent to death poor Pan-Puk-Keewis,
Pounded him as maize is pounded,
Till his skull was crushed to pieces.

Six tall hunters, lithe and limber,
Bore him home on poles and branches,
Bore the body of the beaver
But the ghost, the Jeebi in him,
Thought and felt as Pan-Puk-Keeewis,
Still lived on as Pau-Puk Keewis.

And it fluttered, flew, and struggled, Waving it's tail, waving it's wings, As the curtains of a wigwam

Struggle with their thongs of deer-skin, When the wintry wind is blowing; Till it drew itself together, Till it rose up from the body, Till it took the form and features

Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis

Vanishing in the forest.

But the weary Hiawatha

Saw the figure ere it vanished, Saw the form of Pau-Puk-Keewis Glide into the soft blue shadow Of the pine-trees of the forest;

Toward the squares of white beyond it, Toward an opening in the forest,

Like a wind it rushed and panted, Bending all the boughs before it, And behind it, as the rain comes, Came the steps of Hiawatha.

To a lake with many islands Came the breathless Pau-Puk-Keewis, With a whir and a snort, Pishnekub, the brant, were sailing;

Through the tufts of rushes floating, Steering through the reedy islands, Now their broad black heads they lifted, Now they plonged beneath the water, Now they darkened in the shadow, Now they brightened in the sunshine.

"Pishnekub!" cried Pau-Puk-Keewis, "Pishnekub! my brothers!" said he, "Change me to a brant with plumage, With a shining neck and feathers, Make me large, and make me larger.

Ten times larger than the others," Straightway to a brant they changed him, With two huge and dusky pinions, With a bosom smooth and rounded, With a bill like two great paddles, Made him larger than the others.

Ten times larger than the largest, Just as, shooting from the forest, On the shore stood Hiawatha.

Up they rose with cry and clamor, With a whir and a whist of pinions, Rose up from the reedy islands, From the water-flags and lilies. And they said to Pau-Puk-Keewis: "In your flying, look not downward, Take good heed, and look not downward, lest some strange mishap should happen, lest some great mishap befall you!"

Fast and far they fled to northward, Fast and far through mist and sunshine, Fed among the moors and fen-lands, Slept among the reeds and rushes.

On the morrow as they journeyed, Brooded and lifted by the South-wind, Wafted onward by the South-wind, Blowing fresh and strong behind them, Rose a sound of human voices, Rose a clamor from beneath them, From the lodges of a village, From the people miles beneath them.

For the people of the village

Saw the flock of brant with wonder, Saw the wings of Pau-Puk-Keewis Flapping far up in the ether.

Broader than two doorway curtains.

Pau-Puk-Keewis heard the shouting, Knew the voice of Hiawatha, Knew the outcry of the people,

And, forgetful of the warning, Drew his neck in, and looked downward, And the wind that blew behind him Carried my fan of feathers,

Sent him wheeling, whirling downward!

All in vain did Pau-Puk-Keewis

Struggle to regain his balance!

Whirling round and round and downward, The heathen, with the villagers,

In turn the flocks above him,

Saw the village coming nearer,

And the flock receding farther, Heard the voices growing louder, Heard the shouting and the laughter;

Saw no more the flock above him, Only saw the earth beneath him; Bade out of the thirty heaven, Dead among the shouting people, With a heavy sound and sullen, Fell the brant with broken pinions.

But his soul, his ghost, his shadow, Still survived as Pan-Puk-Keewis, Took again the form and features

Of the handsome Yonadizze,

And again went rushing onward, Followed fast by Hiawatha.

Crying: "Not so while the world is,

But my wrath shall overtake you, But my vengeance shall attain you!"

And so near he came, so near him, That his hand was stretched to seize him, His right hand to seize and hold him, When the cunning Pan-Puk-Keewis Whirled and spun about in circles, And the air into a whirlwind, Danced the dust and leaves about him, And amidst the whirling eddies

Sprang into a hollow oak-tree, Changed himself into a serpent, Gliding out through root and rubbish.

With his right hand Hiawatha

Smote amain the hollow oak-tree, Rent it into shreds and splinters, Looking o'er lake and landscape. But in vain; for Pau-Puk-Keewis, Once again in human figure, Full in sight ran on before him, Sped away in gust and whirlwind, On the shores of Gitche Gumee, Westward by the Big-Sea-Water, Came unto the rocky headlands, To the Picketed Rocks of sandstone, Looking over lake and landscape.

And the Old Man of the Mountain,

He the Manitou of Mountains, Opened wide his rocky doorways, Opened wide his deep abysses,

Giving Pau-Puk-Keewis shelter In his caverns dark and dreary, Bidding Pau-Puk-Keewis welcome To his gloomy lodge of sandstone.

There without stood Hiawatha, Found the doorways closed against him, With his mitten, Minjekahwun, Smote great caverns in the sandstone, Cried aloud in tones of thunder, "Open! I am Hiawatha!"

But the Old Man of the Mountain Opened not, and made no answer From the silent crags of sandstone, From the gloomy rock abysses. Then he raised his hands to heaven, Called imploring on the tempest, Called Waywassimo, the lightning, And the thunder, Ammenkeec; And they came with night and darkness, Sweeping down the Big-Sea-Water From the distant Thunder Mountains; And the trembling Pan-Puk-Keewis Heard the foot-steps of the thunder, Saw the red eyes of the lightning, Was afraid, and crouched and trembled.

Then Waywassimo, the lightning, Smote the doorways of the caverns, With his war-club smote the doorways, Smote the jutting crags of sandstone,
And the thunder, Annemeekee, 
Shouted down into the caverns, 
Saying, "Where is Pau-Puk-Keewis!" 
And the crags fell, and wafted them 
Dead among the rocky ruins 
Lay the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis, 
Lay the handsome Yenadizze, 
Slain in his own hunted retreat. 

Endowed with his wild adventures, 
Endowed with his tricks and gambols, 
Endowed all his craft and cunning, 
Endowed all his mischief-making, 
All his gamboling and racing, 
All his woeing of the maidens. 

Then the noble Hiawatha 
Took his soul, his ghost, his shadow, 
Spake and said: "O Pau-Puk-Keewis, 
Never more in human figure 
Shall you search for new adventures; 
Never more with jest and laughter 
Dance the dust and leaves in whirlwinds; 
But above there in the heavens 
You shall soar and sail in circles; 
I will change you to an eagle, 
To Keneu, the great war-eagle, 
Chief of all the current feather's 
Chief of Hiawatha's chickens." 

And the name of Pau-Puk-Keewis 
Lingers still among the people, 
Lingers still among the singers, 
And among the story-tellers, 
And in Winter, when the snow-flakes 
Whirl in eddies round the lodges, 
When the wind in gusty tumult 
Over the smoke-due pipes and whistles, 
"There," they say, "comes Pau-Puk-Keewis; 
He is dancing through the village, 
He is gathering in his harvest!"

XVIII. 

THE DEATH OF KWASIND. 

Far and wide among the nations 
Spread the name and fame of Kwasiend; 
No man dared to strive with Kwasiend, 
No man could compete with Kwasiend. 
The mischievous Puk-Wudjies, 
They the envious Little People, 
They-they fairies and the pygmies, 
Plotted and conspired against him. 
"If this hateful thunder," said they, 
"If this great, outrageous fellow 
Goes on thus a little longer, 
Tearing everything he touches, 
Rendering everything to pieces, 
Filling all the world with wonder, 
What becomes of the Puk-Wudjies? 
Who will care for the Puk-Wudjies? 
He will tread us down like mushrooms, 
Drive us all into the water, 
Give our bodies to be eaten 
By the wicked Nee-ba-naw-baig, 
By the Spirits of the water!" 

So the angry Little People 
All conspired against the Strong Man, 
All conspired to murder Kwasiend, 
Yes, to rid the world of Kwasiend, 
The audacious, overbearing, 
Heartless, haughty, dangerous Kwasiend! 

Now this wondrous strength of Kwasiend 
In his crown alone was seated; 
In his crown too was his weakness; 
There alone could Kwasiend 
Nowhere else could weapon pierce him, 
Nowhere else could weapon harm him. 
Even there the only weapon 
That could wound him, that could slay him, 
Was the seed-cone of the pine-tree, 
Was the blue cone of the fir-tree. 

This was Kwasiend's fatal secret, 
Known to no man among mortals; 
But the cunning Little People, 
The Puk-Wudjies, knew the secret, 
Knew the only way to kill him. 

So they gathered cones together, 
Gathered seed-cones of the pine-tree, 
Gathered blue cones of the fir-tree, 
In the woods by Taquamenaw, 
Brought them to the river's margin, 
Heaped them in great piles together, 
Where the red rocks from the margin 
Jutting overhanging the river, 
There they lay in wait for Kwasiend, 
The malicious Little People. 

"T was an afternoon in Summer; 
Very hot and still the air was, 
Very smooth the gliding river, 
Motionless the sleeping shadows: 
Insects glistened in the sunshine, 
Insects skated on the water, 
Filled the drowsy air with buzzing, 
With a far resounding war-cry. 

Down the river came the Strong Man, 
In his birch canoe came Kwasiend, 
Floating slowly down the current 
Of the sluggish Taquamenaw, 
Very languid with the weather, 
Very sleepy with the silence. 

From the overhanging branches, 
From the tassels of the birch-trees, 
Soft the Spirit of Sleep descended; 
By his airy hosts surrounded, 
His invisible attendants, 
Came the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin; 
Like the burnished Dush-kwo-ne-sha, 
Like a dragon-fly, he hovered 
O'er the drowsy head of Kwasiend. 

To his ear there came a murmur 
As of waves upon a sea-shore, 
As of far-off tumbling waters, 
As of winds among the pine-trees; 
And he felt upon his forehead 
Blows of little airy war-clubs, 
Winkled by the shumbrons legions 
Of the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin, 
As of some one breathing on him. 
At the first blow of their war-clubs, 
Fell a drowsiness on Kwasiend, 
At the second blow they smote him, 
Motionless his paddle rested; 
At the third, before his vision 
Reeled the landscape into darkness, 
Very sound asleep was Kwasiend. 

So he floated down the river, 
Like a blind man seated upright, 
Floated down the Taquamenaw, 
Underneath the trembling birch-trees, 
Underneath the wooded headlands, 
Underneath the war encampment 
Of the pygmies, the Puk-Wudjies. 
There they stood, all armed and waiting, 
Hurl'd the pine-cones down upon him, 
Struck him on his brawny shoulders, 
On his crown defenceless struck him. 
"Death to Kwasiend!" was the sudden 
War-cry of the Little People. 
And he sideways swayed and tumbled, 
Sideways fell into the river, 
Plunged below the sluggish water 
Headlong, as the other plunges; 
And the birch-canoes, abandoned, 
Drifted empty down the river, 
Bottom upward swerved and drifted: 
Nothing more was seen of Kwasiend. 

But the memory of the Strong Man 
Lingered long among the people, 
And whenever through the forest 
Raged and roared the wintry tempest, 
And the branches, tossed and troubled, 
Creaked and groaned and split around,
THE SONG OF HIWATHA.

"Kwasind!" cried they; "that is Kwasind! He is gathering in his fire-wood!"

XIX.

THE GHOSTS.

Never stoops the soaring vulture
On his quarry in the desert,
On the sick or wounded bison,
But another vulture, watching
From his high aerial look-out,
Saw his dismembered - and followed;
And a third pursues the second,
Coming from the invisible ether,
First a speck, and then a vulture,
Till the air is dark with pinions.
So disasters come not singly;
But as if they watched and waited,
Scanning one another's motions,
When the first descends, the others
Follow, follow, gathering flock-wise
Round their victim, sick and wounded,
First a shadow, then a sorrow,
Till the air is dark with anguish
Now, o'er all the dreary Northland,
May the Winter
Breathing on the lakes and rivers,
Into stone had changed their waters.
From his hair he shook the snow-flakes,
Till the ice the noisy ball-play,
On the plain the dance of snow-shoes.
One dark evening, after sundown,
In her wigwam Laughing Water
Sat with old Nokomis, waiting
For the steps of Hiawatha;
Homeward from the hunt returning.
On their faces gleamed the fire-light,
Painting them with streaks of crimson
In the eyes of old Nokomis,
Glimmered like the watery moonlight,
In the eyes of Laughing Water
Glistened like the sun in water;
And behind them crouched their shadows
In the corners of the wigwam,
And the smoke in wreaths above them
Climbed and crowded through the smoke-flue.
Then the curtain of the doorway
From without was slowly lifted;
Brighter glowed the fire a moment,
And a moment swerved the smoke-wreath,
As two women entered softly,
Passed the doorway uninvited,
With the steps of Hiawatha;
Without sign of recognition,
Sat down in the farthest corner,
Crouching low among the shadows.
From their anger and their garments,
Strangers seemed they in the village;
Very pale and haggard were they,
As they sat there sad and silent,
Tabled, cowering with the shadows.
Was it the wind above the smoke-flue,
Muttering down into the wigwam?
Was it the owl, the Koko-koko,
Hothing from the dismal forest?
Said a voice said in the silence:
"These are ghosts that come to haunt you,
From the kingdom of Pomemah,
From the land of the Hereafter!"

Homeward now came Hiawatha
From his hunting in the forest,
With the snow upon his tresses,
And the red deer on his shoulders.
At the feet of Laughing Water
Down he threw the lifeless burden;
Ndler, homemaker she thought him,
Then when first he came to woo her,
First threw down the deer before her,
As a token of his wishes,
As a promise of the future.

Then he turned and saw the strangers,
Cowering, cowering with the shadows;
Said within himself, "Who are they?
What strange guests has Minnehaha?"
But he questioned not the strangers,
Only spake to bid them welcome
To his lodge, his food, his fireside.
When the evening meal was ready,
And the deer had been divided,
Both the pallid guests, the strangers,
Springing from among the shadows,
Seized upon the choicest portions,
Seized the white fat of the roebuck,
Set apart for Laughing Water,
For the wife of Hiawatha;
Without so much as a thanksgiving,
Furiously devoured the morsels,
Flitted back among the shadows
In the corner of the wigwam.
Not a word spake Hiawatha,
Not a gesture Laughing Water;
Not a change came o'er their features;
Only Minnehaha softly
Whispered, saying, "They are famished;
Let them do what best delights them;
Let them eat, for they are famished."
Many a daylight dawned and darkened,
Many a night shook off the daylight
As the pine shaks off the snow-flakes
From the midnight of its branches;
Day by day the guests unmoving
Sat there silent in the wigwam;
But by night, in storm or starlight,
Forth they went into the forest,
Bringing fire-wood to the wigwam,
Bringing pine-cones for the burning,
Always sad and always silent.
And whenever o'er Hiawatha
Came from fishing or from hunting,
When the evening meal was ready,
And the food had been divided,
Gliding from their darksome corner,
Came the pallid guests, the strangers,
Seized upon the choicest portions
Set aside for Laughing Water,
And without reproach or question
Flitted back among the shadows.
Never once had Hiawatha
By a word or look reproved them;
Never once had old Nokomis
Made a gesture of impatience;
Never once had Laughing Water
Showed resentment at the outrage.
All had they endured in silence,
That the rights of guest and stranger,
That the virtue of Hiawatha,
By a look might not be lessened,
By a word might not be broken.
Once at midnight Hiawatha,
Ever wakeful, ever watchful,
In the wigwam dimly lighted
By the brands that still were burning,
By the glimmering, flickering fire-light,
Heard a sighing, oft repeated,
Heard a sobbing, a burst of sorrow
From his couch rose Hiawatha,
From his shaggy hide of bison,
Pushed aside the deer-skin curtain,
Saw the pallid guests, the shadows,
THE SONG OF HIWATHA.

Sitting upright on their couches, Weeping in the silent midnight. And he said: "O guests! why is it That your heart is so afflicted? That you sob in the midnight? Has perchance the old Nokomis, Has my wife, my Minnehaha, Wroged or grieved you by your kindess, Failing in hospital duties?"

Then the shadows ceased from weeping, Ceased from sobbing and lamenting, And they said, with gentle voices: "We are ghosts of the forest, Souls of those who once were with you. From the realms of Chibiabos Hither have we come to try you, Hither have we come to warn you. "Cries of grief and lamentation Reach us in the Blessed Islands; Cries of anguish from the living. Calling back their friends departed, Sadden us with useless sorrow. Therefore have we come to try you; No one knows us, no one heeds us. We are but a burden to you, And we see they are deserted. Have no place among the living. "Think of this, O Hiwatha! Speak of it to all the people, That henceforward and forever They no more, with lamentations Sadden the souls of the departed In the islands of the Blessed. "Do not lay such heavy burdens In the graves of those you love. Not such weight of furs and wampum Not such weight of pots and kettlees, For the spirits faint beneath them. Only give them food to carry, Only give them fire to light them. "Four days is the spirit's journey To the land of ghosts and shadows, Four its lonely night encampments; Four times must their fires be lighted. Therefore, when the dead are buried, Let a fire, as night approaches, Four times on the grave be kindled, That the soul upon its journey May light its way, may make it light, May not grope about in darkness. "Farewell, noble Hiwatha! We have put you to the trial, To try the proof of your patience, By the insult of our absence, By the outrage of our actions. We have found you great and noble. Fail not in the greater trial, Faint not in the harder struggle." When they ceased, a sudden darkness Fell and filled the silent wigwam. Hiwatha heard a rustle As of garments trailing by him, Heard the curtain of the doorway Lifted by a hand he saw not, Felt the cold breath of the night air, For a moment saw the starlight But he saw the edge of his grave, Saw no more the wandering spirits From the kingdom of Pomemah, From the land of the Hereafter.

XV.

THE FAMINE.

O the long and dreary Winter! O the cold and cruel Winter! Ever thicker, thicker, thicker Froze the ice on lake and river, Ever deeper, deeper, deeper Fell the snow o'er all the landscape, Fell the covering snow, and drifted Through the forest, round the village. Hardly from his buried wigwam Could the hungry one protrude his passage; With his mittens and his snow-shoes Vainly walked he through the forest, Sought for bird or beast and found none, Saw no track of deer or rabbit, In the snow beheld no footprints, In the ghastly, glooming forest Fell, and could not rise from weakness, Perished there from cold and hunger. O the famine and the forest! O the wasting of the famine! O the blasting of the fever! O the wailing of the children! O the anguish of the women! All the earth was sick and famished; Hungry was the air around them, Hungry was the sky above them, And the hungry stars in heaven Like the eyes of wolves glared at them! Into Hiwatha's wigwam Came two other guests, as silent As the ghosts were, and as gloomy, Waited not to be invited. Did not parley at the doorway, Sat there without word of welcome In the seat of Laughing Water; Looked with haggard eyes and hollow At the face of Laughing Water. And the foremost said: "Behold me! I am Famine, Bukadayin!" And the other said: "Behold me! I am Fever, Akkosewin! And the lovely Minnehaha Shuddered as they looked upon her, Shuddered at the words they uttered, Lay down on her bed in silence, Had her face so made an answer; Lay there trembling, freezing, burning At the looks they cast upon her, At the fearful words they uttered. Firth into the empty forest Rushed the maddened Hiwatha; In his heart was deadly sorrow, In his face a stormy firmness; On his brow the sweat of anguish Started, but it froze and fell not. Wrapped in furs and armed for hunting, With his mighty bow of ash-tree, With his quiver full of arrows, With his mitten, Minjekanwar, Into the vast and vacant forest, On his snow-shoes strode he forward." "Gitche Manitou, the Mighty!" Cried he with his face uplifted In that bitter hour of anguish, "Give your children food, O father! Give us food, or we must perish! Give me food for Minnehaha, For my dying Minnehaha." Through the far-resounding forest, Through the forest vast and vacant Rang that cry of desolation, But there came no other answer Than the echo of his crying. Than the echo of the woodlands, "Minnehaha! Minnehaha!" All day long roved Hiwatha In that melancholy forest, Through the shadow of whose thickets, In the pleasant days of Summer, Of that ne'er forgotten Summer, He had brought his young wife homeward From the land of the Dacodahs; When the birds sang in the thickets, And the streamlets laughed and glistened, And the air was full of fragrance, And the lovely Laughing Water Said with voice that did not tremble,
"I will follow you, my husband!"
In the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests, that watched her,
With the Famine and the Fever,
She was lying, the Beloved,
She the dying Minnehaha.
"Hark!" she said; "I hear a rushing,
Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'T is the night-wind in the pine-trees!"
"Look!" she said; "I see my father
Standing lonely at his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam
In the land of the Dacotahs!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'T is the smoke, that waves and beckons!"
"Ah!" said she, "the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness,
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"
And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
"Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"
Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumbered branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:
"Wahonowin! Wahonowin!
Would that I had perished for you,
Would that I were dead as you are!
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"

And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him,
And his bursting heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moaned and shuddered,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.
Then he sat down, still and speechless,
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet, that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow.
With both hands his face he covered,
Seven long days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.
Then they buried Minnehaha;
In the snow a grave they made her,
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks;
Clothed her in her richest garments,
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine;
Covered her with snow, like ermine,
Thus they buried Minnehaha.
And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled,
For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessed.
From his doorway Hiawatha
Saw it burning in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks;
From his sleepless bed uprisings,
From the bed of Minnehaha,
Stood and watched it at the doorway,
That it might not be extinguished,  
'Might not leave behind the darkness.'  
"Farewell!" I said, "Minnehaha!   
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!  
All my heart is buried with you,  
All my thoughts go with you!  
Come not back again to labor,  
Come not back again to suffer,  
Where the famine and the Fever  
Wear the heart and waste the body.  
Soon your footsteps I shall follow  
To the Islands of the Blessed,  
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,  
To the Land of the Hereafter!"

XXI.

THE WHITE MAN'S FOOT.

In his lodge beside a river,  
Close beside a frozen river,  
Sat an old pow wow and duly.  
White his hair was as a snow-irift;  
Dull and low his fire was burning,  
And the old man shook and trembled,  
Folded in his Wanbewyon,  
In his tattered white wrappings,  
Hearing nothing but the tempest  
As it roared along the forest,  
Seeing nothing but the snow-storm,  
As it whirled and kissed and drifted,  
All the coals were white with ashes,  
And the fire was slowly dying,  
As a young man, walking lightly,  
At the open doorway entered.  
Red with blood of his cheeks were,  
Soft his eyes, as stars in Spring-time,  
Bound his forehead was with grasses,  
Bound and plumed with scented grasses;  
On his lips a smile of beauty,  
Filling all the lodge with sunshine,  
In his hand a bunch of blossoms  
Filling all the lodge with sweetness.

"Ah, my son!" exclaimed the old man,  
"Happy are my eyes to see you.  
Sit here on the mat beside me,  
Sit here by the dying embers,  
Let us pass the night together,  
Tell me of your wanderings,  
Of the lands where you have travelled;  
I will tell you of my prowess,  
Of my many deeds of wonder."  
From his pouch he drew his peace-pipe,  
Very old and strung the rivered;  
Made of red stone was the pipe-head,  
And the stem a coed of feathers;  
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,  
Placed a burning coal upon it,  
Gave it to his guest, the stranger,  
And began to speak in this wise:  
"When I blow my breath about me,  
When I breathe upon the landscape,  
Motionless are all the rivered;  
Hard as stone becomes the water!"  
And the young man answered, smiling:  
"When I blow my breath about me,  
When I breathe upon the landscape,  
Flowers spring up o'er all the meadows,  
Singing, onward rush the rivers!"  
"When I shake my hoary tresses,"  
Said the old man softly laughing,  
"All the land with snow is covered;  
All the leaves from all the branches  
Fall and fade and die and wither,  
For I breathe, and lo! they are not.  
From the waters and the marshes  
Rise the wild goose and the heron,  
Fly away to distant regions,  
For I speak, and lo! they are not.  
And wherever my footsteps wander,  
All the wild beasts of the forest  
Hide themselves in holes and caverns,  
And the earth becomes as flintstone!"  
"When I shake my flowing ringlets,"  
Said the young man, softly laughing,  
"Shower of rain fall warm and welcome,  
Plants lift up their heads rejoicing,  
Back unto their lakes and marshes  
Come the wild goose and the heron,  
Homeward shoots the arrowy swallow,  
Sing the bluebird and the robin,  
And where'er my footsteps wander,  
All the meadow wave with blossoms,  
All the woodslands ring with music,  
All the trees are dark with foliage!"  
While they spake, the night departed:  
From the distant realms of Wabun,  
From his shining lodge of silver,  
Like a warrior robed and painted,  
Came the sun, and said, "Behold me!  
Gheoza, the great sun, behold me!"  
Then the old man's tongue was speechless  
And the air grew warm and pleasant,  
And upon the wigwam sweetly  
Sang the bluebird and the robin,  
And the stream began to murmur,  
And a scent of growing grasses  
Through the lodge was gently wafted,  
And Segwun, the youthful stranger,  
More distinctly in the daylight  
Saw the icy face before him;  
It was P文书, the Winter!  
From his eyes the tears were flowing,  
As from melting lakes the streamlets,  
And his body shrunk and dwindled  
As the shouting sun ascended,  
Till into the air it faded,  
Till into the ground it vanished,  
And the young man saw before him,  
On the hearth-stone of the wigwam,  
Where the fire had smoked and smouldered,  
Saw the earliest flower of Spring-time,  
Saw the Beauty of the Spring-time,  
Saw the Miskooseal in blossom.  
Thus it was that in the North-land  
After that unbound-of-coldness,  
That intolerable Winter,  
Came the Spring with all its splendor,  
All its birds and all its blossoms,  
All its flowers and leaves and graces.  
Sailing on the wind to northward,  
Flying in great flocks, like arrows,  
Like huge arrows shot through heaven,  
Passed the swan, the Mahnalbeze,  
Speaking almost as a man speaks;  
And in long lines waving, bending  
Like a bow-string snapped asunder,  
Came the white goose, Waw-be-wawa;  
And in pairs, or singly flying,  
Making the loon, with dangerous pinions,  
The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
The grousse, the Muskoldasa.  
In the thickets and the meadows  
Piped the bluebird, all the Ossasa,  
On the summit of the lodges  
Sang the robin, the Opechee,  
In the covert of the pine-trees  
Closed the pike, the Qumene,  
And the sorrowing Hiawatha,  
Speechless in his infinite sorrow,  
Heard their voices calling to him,  
Went forth from his gloomy doorway,  
Stood and gazed into the heavens,  
Gazed upon the earth and waters.  
From his wanderings far to eastward,  
From the regions of the morning,  
From the shining land of Wabun,  
Homeward now returned Iago,  
The great traveller, the great boaster,  
Puff of new and strange adventures,
Marvels many and many wonders.
And the people of the village
Listened to him as he told them
Of his marvellous adventures.
Laughing and answered him in this wise:
"Ugh! it is indeed so! Lagoo!
No one else beholds such wonders!"

He had seen, he said, a water
Bigger than the Big-Sea-Water,
Broader than the Gitche Gumee,
Bitter so that none could drink it!
At each other looked the warriors,
Looked the women at each other,
Smiled, and said, "It cannot be so!
Kaw!" they said, "it cannot be so!"

O'er it, said he, o'er this water
Came a great canoe with pinions,
A canoe with wings came flying,
Bigger than a grove of pine-trees,
Taller than the tallest tree-tops!
And the old men and the women
Looked and tittered at each other;
"Kaw": they said, "we don't believe it!"

From his mouth, he said, to greet him,
Came Waywassimo, the lightning,
Came the thunder, Anнемекее!
And the warriors and the women
Laughed aloud at him before him;
"Kaw!" they said, "what tales you tell us!"

In it, said he, came a people,
In the great canoe with pinions
Came, he said, a hundred warriors;
Painted white were all their faces,
And with hair their chins were covered!
And the warriors and the women
Laughed and shouted in derision,
Like the ravens on the tree-tops.
Like the crows upon the hemlocks.
"Kaw!" they said, "what lies you tell us!
Do not think that we believe them!"

Only Hiawatha laughed not,
But he gravely spoke and answered
To their jeering and their jesting:
"True is all Lagoo tells us;
I have seen it in a vision,
Sewn the great canoe with pinions,
Seen the people with white faces,
Seen the coming of this bearded
People of the wooden vessel
From the regions of the morning,
From the shining land of Waibun.

"Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
The Great Spirit, the Creator,
Sends them hither on his errand,
Sends them to us with his message,
Wheresoever they move, before them
Swarms the stinging fly, the Ahmo.
Swarms the bee, the honey-maker;
Wherever they tread, beneath them
Springs a flower unknown among us,
Springs the White man's foot in blossom.

"Let us welcome, then, the strangers,
Hail them as our friends and brothers,
And the heart's right hand of friendship
Give them when they come to see us.

Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
Said this to me in my vision.
"I beheld, too, in that vision
All the secrets of the Lagoo!
I beheld the westward marches
Of the unknown, crowded nations.
All the land was full of people,
Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,
Speaking many tongues, yet feeling
But one heart-beat in their bosoms.
In the woodlands rang their axes,
Smoked their town on wick and valleys,
Over all the lakes and rivers
Rushed their great canoes of thunder.

"Then a darker, drearier vision
Passed before me, vague and cloud-like:
I beheld our nation scattered,
All forgetful of my counsels,
Weakened, warring with each other;
Saw the remnants of our people
Sweeping westward, wild and woeful,
Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,
Like the withered leaves of Autumn!"

XXII.

HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE.

By the shore of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
At the doorway of his wigwam,
In the pleasant Summer morning,
Hiawatha stood and waited.
All the air was full of freshness,
All the earth was bright and joyous,
And before him, through the sunshine,
Westward toward the neighboring forest
Passed in golden swarms the Ahmo,
Passed the bees, the honey-makers,
Burning, singing in the sunshine.
Bright above him shone the heavens,
Level spread the linden before him.
From its bosom leaped the sturgeon,
Sparkling, flashing in the sunshine;
On its margin the great forest
Stood reflected in the water,
Every tree had in its shadow,
Motionless beneath the water.

From the brow of Hiawatha
Gone was every trace of sorrow,
As through from off the water,
As the mist from off the meadow.
With a smile of joy and triumph,
With a look of exultation,
As of one who in a vision
Sees what is to be, but is not,
Stood and waited Hiawatha.

Towards the sun his hands were lifted,
Both the palms spread out against it,
And between the parted fingers
Fell the sunshine on his features,
Flecked with light his naked shoulders,
As it falls and flecks an oak-tree
Through the rifted leaves and branches.
Over the water floating, flying,
Something in the hazy distance,
Something in the mists of morning,
Loosened and lifted from the water,
New seemed floating, now seemed flying,
Coming nearer, nearer, nearer.

Was it Shingebis the diver?
Or the pelican, the Shada?
Or the heron, the Shu-shin-gah?
Or the white goose, Waw-be-wa-wa,
With the water floating, flashing,
From its glossy neck and feathers?
It was neither goose nor diver,
Neither pelican nor heron.
O'er the water floating, flying,
Through the shining mist of morning,
But a birch canoe with paddles,
Rising, sinking on the water,
Dripping, floating in the sunshine;
And within it came a people
From the distant land of Waibam,
From the farthest realms of morning,
Came the Black-Robe chief, the Prophets,
He the Priest of Prayer, the Pale-face,
With his guides and his companions.
And the noble Hiawatha,
With his hand aloft extended,
Held aloft in sign of welcome,
Waited, full of exultation,
Till the birch canoe with paddles
Grated on the shining pebbles,
Stranded on the sandy margin,
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,
With the cross upon his bosom,
Landed on the sandy margin.
Then the joyous Hiawatha
Cried aloud and spake in this wise:
"Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,
When you come so far to see us!
All our town in peace awaits you,
All our doors stand open for you;
You shall enter all our wigwams,
For the heart's right hand we give you.
"Never bloomed the earth so gayly,
Never shone the sun so brightly,
As to-day they shine and blossom
When you come so far to see us!
Never was our lake so tranquil,
Nor so free from rocks and sand-bars;
For your bark canoe in passing
Has removed both rock and sand-bar.
"Never before had our tobacco
Such a sweet and pleasant flavor,
Never the broad leaves of our cornfields
Were so beautiful to look on,
As they seem to us this morning,
When you come so far to see us!"
And the Black-Robe chief made answer,
Stammered in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar:
"Peace be with you, Hiawatha,
Peace be with you and your people,
Peace of prayer, and pardon,
Peace of Christ, and joy of Mary!"
Then the generous Hiawatha
Led the strangers to his wigwam,
Seated them on skins of black,
Seated them on skins of ermine,
And the careful old Nokomis
Brought them food in bowls of bass-wood,
Water brought in birchen dippers,
And the calumet, the peace-pipe,
Filled and lighted for their smoking.
All the old men of the village,
All the warriors of the nation,
All the Jossakaeds, the prophets,
The magicians, the Wabemus,
And the medicine men, the Medas,
Came to bid the strangers welcome;
"It is well," they said, "O brothers,
That you come so far to see us!"
In a circle round the doorway,
With their pipes they sat in silence,
Waiting to behold the strangers,
Waiting to receive their message;
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,
From the wigwam came to greet them,
Stammering in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar;
"It is well," they said, "O brother,
That you come so far to see us!"
Then the Black-Robe chief, the prophet,
Told his message to the people,
Told the parable of his mission,
Told them of the Wise-Man,
And her blessed Son, the Saviour,
How in distant lands and ages
He had lived on earth as we do;
How he fasted, prayed, and labored;
How the Jews, the tribe accursed,
Mocked him, scourged him, crucified him;
How he rose from where they laid him,
Walked again with his disciples,
And ascended into heaven.
And the chiefs made answer, saying:
"We have listened to your message,
We have heard your words of wisdom,
We will think on what you tell us.
It is well for us, O brothers,
That you come so far to see us!"
Then they rose up and departed
Each one homeward to his wigwam,
To the young men and the women
Told the story of the strangers
Whom the Master of Life had sent them
From the shining land of Wabun.
Heavy with the heat and silence
Grew the afternoon of Summer;
With a drowsy sound the forest
Whispered round the sultry wigwam,
With a sound of sighs the water
Rippled on the beach below it;
From the cornfield shrill and ceaseless
Sang the grasshopper, Pan-puk-koa;
And the guests of Hiawatha,
Wearied with the heat of Summer,
Slumbered in the sultry wigwam.
Slowly o'er the simmering landscape
Fell the evening's dust and coolness,
And the long and level sunbeams
Shot their spears into the forest,
Breaking through its shields of shadow,
Rushed into each secret ambush,
Searchèd each thicket, dingle, hollow;
Still the guests of Hiawatha
Slumbered in the silent wigwam.
From his place rose Hiawatha,
Bade farewell to old Nokomis,
Spake in whispers, spake in this wise,
Did not wake the guests, that slumbered:
"I am going, O Nokomis,
On a long and distant journey,
To the portals of the Sunset,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the Northwest wind, Koewaydin.
But these guests I leave behind me,
In your watch and ward I leave them;
See that never harm comes near them,
See that never fear molests them,
Never danger nor suspicion,
Never want of food or shelter,
In the lodge of Hiawatha:"
Forth into the village went he,
Bade farewell to all the warriors,
Bade farewell to all the young men,
Spake persuading, spake in this wise:
"I am going, O my people,
On a long and distant journey;
Many moons and many winters
Will have come, and will have vanished,
Ere I come again to see you.
But my guest I leave behind me;
Listen to the words of wisdom,
Listen to the truth they tell you,
For the Master of Life has sent them
From the land of light and morning!"
On the shore stood Hiawatha,
Turned and waved his hand at parting;
On the clear and luminous water
Launched his birch canoe for sailing,
From the pebbles of the margin
Shoved it forth into the water;
Whispered to it, "Westward! westward!"
And with speed it darted forward.
And the evening sun descending
Set the clouds on fire with colorfulness,
Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,
Left upon the level water
One long track and trail of splendor,
Down whose stream, as down a river,
Westward, westward Hiawatha
Sailed into the fiery sunset,
Sailed into the purple vapors,
Sailed into the dusk of evening.
And the people from the margin
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,
Till the birch canoe seemed lifted
High into that sea of splendor,
Till it sank in the heat of the vapors
Like the new moon slowly, slowly
Sinking in the purple distance.
And they said, "Farewell forever!"
And the almighty Hiawatha:
And the forests, dark and lonely,
Moved through all their depths of darkness,
Sighed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"

And the waves upon the margin
Rising, rippling on the pebbles,
Sobbed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"

Thus departed Hiawatha
Hiawatha the Beloved,
In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the Northwest wind Keewaydin,
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter!

THE COURTSPIPH OF MILES STANDISH.

Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron;
Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already
Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November.

Near him was seated John Alden, his friend, and household companion,
Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the window:
Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,
Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof, as the captives
Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, "Not Angles, but Angels."
Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the May Flower.

Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe interrupting,

To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling.
Spake, in the pride of his heart, Miles Standish

"Look at these arms," he said, "the warlike weapons that hang here
Burthen'd and bright with steel, as if for parade or inspection!
This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in Flanders; this breastplate,
Well I remember the day I once saved my life in a skirmish;
Here in front you can see the very dint of the bullet
Fired point-blank at my heart by a Spanish archer.

Had it not been of sheer steel, the forgotten bones of Miles Standish
Would at this moment be mould, in their grave in the Flemish morasses;"
Thereupon answered John Alden, but looked not up from his writing:
"Truly the breath of the Lord hath slackened the speed of the bullet;
He in his mercy preserved you, to be our shield and our weapon!"

Still the Captain continued, unheeding the words of the stripping:
"See, how bright they are burnished, as if in an arsenal of bullets!
That is because I have done it myself, and not left it to others.
Serve yourself, would you be well served, is an excellent adage,
So I take care of my arms, as you of your pens and your inkbhorn.

Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great, invincible army,
Twelve men, all equipped, having each his rest and his matchlock,
Eighteen shillings a month, together with diet and pillage.
And, like Caesar, I know the name of each of my soldiers!"

This he said with a smile, that danced in his eyes, as the sunbeams
Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish again in a moment.
Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the Captain continued:
"Look! you can see from this window my brazen howitzer planted
High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks to the purpose,
Steady, straightforward, and strong, with irresistible logic.
Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen.

Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the Indians;
Let them come if they like, and the sooner they try it the better,—
Let them come if they like, be it sagamore, sachem, or pow-wow,
Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Toka-mahamons!"

Long at the window he stood, and wistfully gazed on the landscape,
Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapory breath of the east-wind,
Forest and meadow and hill, and the steel-blue rim of the ocean,
Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadows of a waning day.
Over his countenance flitted a shadow like those on the landscape,
Gloom intermingled with light; and his voice was argued with emotion,
Tenderness, pity, regret, as after a paean he proceeded:
"Yonder there, on the hill by the sea, lies buried Rose Standish;
"Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius Caesar! Better be first, he said, in a little Iberian village, Than he second in Rome, and I think he was right when he said it. Twice he was married before he was twenty, and many times after; Battles five hundred he fought, and a thousand cities he conquered; He, too, fought in Flanders, as he himself has recorded; Finally he was stabbed by his friend, the orator Brutus! Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion in Flanders, When the rear-guard of his army retreated, the front giving way too, And the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely together There was no room for their swords? Why, he seized a shield from a soldier, Put himself straight at the head of his troops, and commanded the captains, Calling on each by his name, to order forward the ensigns; Then to widen the ranks, and give more room for their weapons; So he won the day, the battle of something-other. That's what I always say; if you wish a thing to be well done, You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"

All was silent again; the Captain continued his reading. Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the scribbling Writing epistles important to go next day by the May Flower, Filled with the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla; Every sentence began or closed with the name of Priscilla, Till the treacherous pen, to which he confided the secret, Strove to betray it by singing and shouting the name of Priscilla! Finally closing his book, with a bang of the ponderous cover, Sudden and loud as the sound of a soldier grounding his musket, Thus to the young man spake Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth: "When you have finished your work, I have something important to tell you. Be not however in haste: I can wait; I shall not be impatient!"

Straightway Alden replied, as he folded the last of his letters, Pushing his papers aside, and giving respectful attention: "Speak; for whenever you speak, I am always ready to listen, Always ready to hear whatever pertains to Miles Standish." Thereupon answered the Captain, embarrassed, and calling his phrases: "T is not good for a man to be alone, say the Scriptures. This I have said before, and again and again I repeat it; Every hour in the day, I think it, and feel it, and say it. Since Rose Standish died, my life has been drear and weary. Sick at heart have I been, beyond the healing of friendship.

Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden Priscilla.

She is alone in the world; her father and mother and brother Died in the winter together; I saw her going and coming. Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed of the dying, Patient, courageous, and strong, and said to myself, that if ever There were angels on earth, as there are angels in the sky, Two have I seen and known; and the angel whose name is Priscilla Holds in my desolate life the place which the other abandoned. Long have I cherished the thought, but never have dared to reveal it, Being a coward in this, though valiant enough for the most part. Go to the famed Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth, Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but of actions, Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart of a soldier. Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my meaning; I am a maker of war, and not a maker of their weapons; You, who are bred of a scholar, can say it in elegant language, Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and wranglings of lovers, Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of a maiden."

When he had spoken, John Alden, the fair-haired, taciturn stripling, All aghast as his words, surprised, embarrassed, bewildered,

Trying to mask his dismay by treating the subject with lightness,

Trying to smile, and yet feeling his heart stand still in his bosom,

Just as a timepiece stops in a house that is stricken by lightning,

Thus made answer and spake, or rather stammered than answered: "Such a message as that, I am sure I should manage and bear it; If you could have it well done,—I am only repeating your maxim— You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"

But with the air of a man whom nothing can turn from his purpose, Gravely shaking his head, made answer the Captain of Plymouth: "Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gainsay it; But we must use it discreetly, and not waste powder for nothing.

Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases. I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to surrender, But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not. I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon. But of the thundering "No!" point-blank from the mouth of a woman, That I confess I am afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it! So you must grant my request, for you are an elegant scholar, Having the graces of speech, and skill in the currency of phrases. Taking the hand of his friend, who still was reluctant and doubtful, Holding it long in his own, and pressing it kindly, he added:
\[\text{THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.}\]

"Though I have spoken thus lightly, yet deep is the feeling that prompts me; Surely you cannot refuse what I ask in the name of our friendship!"

Then made answer John Alden: "The name of friendship is sacred; What you demand in that name, I have not the power to deny you!"

So the strong will prevailed, subduing and moulding the gentler,
Friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went on his errand.

III.

THE LOVER'S ERRAND.

So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on his errand,
Out of the street of the village, and into the paths of the forest,
Into the tranquil woods, where bluebirds and robins were building
Towns in the populous trees, with hanging gardens of veritude,
Peaceful, aerial cities of joy and affection and freedom.

All around him was calm, but within him confusion and conflict,
Love contending with friendship, and self with each generos impulse,
To and fro in his breast his thoughts were heaving and dashing,
As in a foundering ship, with every roll of the vessel,
Washes the bitter sea, the remorseful surge of the soul.

"Must I relinquish it all," he cried with a wild lamentation,—
"Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the illusion?"
Was it for this I have loved, and waited, and worshipped in silence?
Was it for this I have followed the flying feet and the shadow
Over the wintry sea, to the desolate shores of New England?
Truly the heart is deceitful, and out of its depths of corruption
Rise, like an exhalation, the misty phantoms of passion;
Angels of light they seem, but are only delusions of Satan.
All is clear to me now; I feel it, I see it distinctly! This is the land of the Lord; it is laid upon me in anger.
For I have followed too much the heart's desires and devices,
Worshipping Astaroth blindly, and impious idols of Baal.
This is the cross I must bear; the sin and the swift retribution."

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;
Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over pebbles and shallow,
Gathering still, as he went, the May-flowers blooming around him,
Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness,
Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in their shumbr
"Puritan flowers," he said, "and the type of Puritan maidens,
Most est and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla!
So I will take them to her; to Priscilla the May-flower of Plymouth,
Most est and simple and sweet, as a parting gift will I take them;
Breathing their silent farewells, as they fade and wither and perish,
Soon to be thrown away as is the heart of the giver."

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;
Came to an open space, and saw the disk of the ocean,
Sailless, sombre and cold with the comfortless breath of the east-wind;
Saw the new-built house, and people at work in a meadow;
Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of Priscilla
Singing the hundreth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem,
Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the Psalmist,
Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting many.
Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the maiden
Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snow-drift
Piled at her knee, her white hands feeling the ravenous spindle,
While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in its motion.
Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of Ainsworth,
Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together,
Rough-heven, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a churchyard,
Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses.
Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old Puritan anthem,
She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,
Making the humble house and the modest apparel of home-span
Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of her being!
Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and cold and relentless,
Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight and wo of his errand;
All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes that had vanished,
All his life henceforth a dreary and tenantless mansion,
Haunted by vain regrets, and pallid, sorrowful faces.
Still he said to himself, and almost fiercely he said it,
"Let not him that putteth his hand to the plough look backwards;
Though the ploughshare cut through the flowers of life to its fountains,
Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and the hearts of the living,
It is the will of the Lord; and his mercy endur-ed forever!"

So he entered the house: and the hum of the wheel and the singing
Suddenly ceased; for Priscilla, aroused by his step on the threshold,
Rose as he entered, and gave him her hand, in signal of welcome,
Saying, "I knew it was you, when I heard your step in the passage.
For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and spinning."

Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of him had been mingled
Thus in the sacred psalm, that came from the heart of the maiden,
Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers for an answer,
Finding no words for his thought, he remembered that day in the winter, after the first great snow, when he broke a path from the village, Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that covered the doorway, stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the house, and Priscilla laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat by the fireside, grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her in the snow-storm. Had he but spoken then! perhaps not in vain had he spoken; now was it too late; the golden moment had vanished! So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers for an answer.

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the beautiful Spring-time, talked of their friends at home, and the May Flower that sailed on the morrow. "I have been thinking all day," said gently the Puritan maiden, "dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedge rows of England,—they are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden. Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the linnet, seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbors going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together, and, at the end of the street, the village church, with the ivy climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet gravestones in the churchyard. Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion; still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in Old England. You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it; I almost wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and wretched."

Thereupon answered the youth: "Indeed I do not condemn you; Stouter less than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter. Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on; so I have come to you now, with an offer and a creed of marriage, made by a good man and true, Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth!"

Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer of letters.—Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful phrases, but came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a school-boy; even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more bluntly. Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the Puritan maiden looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder, feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and rendered her speechless; till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous silence: "If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me, why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me? If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning!"

Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter: Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was busy,—had no time for such things;—such things! the words rang harshly. Fell on the ear of Priscilla; and swift as a flash she made answer: "Has no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married? Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding? That is the way with you men; you don't understand us, you cannot. When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and that one, choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another, then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden avowal, and are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that a woman does not respond at once to a love that she never returns. Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been climbing. This is not right nor just: for surely a woman's affection is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking. When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it. Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed that he loved me, even this captain of yours—who knows?—at last might have won me, Old and rough as he is; but now it never can happen."

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of Priscilla, urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, expanding; spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in Flanders, how with the people of God he had chosen to suffer affliction, how, in return for his zeal, they had made him Captain of Plymouth; he was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancaster, England, who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of Thurston de Standish; heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely defrauded, still bore the family arms, and had for his crest a cock argent, combed and waddled gules, and all the rest of the blazon. He was a man of honor, of noble and generous manner. Though he was rough, he was kindly; she knew how during the winter he had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as woman's; somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and headstrong, stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable always, not to be laughed at and scorned, because he was little of stature; for he was great of heart, magnificent, courtly, courageous; any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman in England, might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles Standish!

But as he warmed and gloried, in his simple and eloquent language.
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of
Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes over-
running with laughter,
Said, in a tremendous voice, "Why don't you
speak for yourself, John?"

IV.

John Alden.

Into the open air John Alden, perplexed and be-
wildered,
Rushed like a man insane, and wandered alone
by the seashore;
Paced up and down the sands, and bared his head
to the east-wind,
Cooling his heated brow, and the fire and fever
within him.
Slowly as out of the heavens, with apocalyptic
splendors,
Sank the City of God, in the vision of John the
Hostile,
So, within his cloudy walls of chrysolite, jasper, and
sapphire,
Sank the broad red sun, and over its turrets up-
lifted
Glimmered the golden reed of the angel who
measured the city.

"Welcome, O wind of the East!" he exclaimed
in his wild exultation.
"Welcome, O wind of the East, from the caves of
the misty Atlantic!
Blowing o'er fields of dulse, and measureless
meadows of sea-grass,
Blowing o'er rocky wastes, and the grottos and
gardens of ocean!
Lay thy cold, moist hand on my burning fore-
head, and wrap me
Close in thy garments of mist, to allay the fever
within me!"

Like an awakened conscience, the sea was
meaning and tossing,
Beating remorseful and loud the mutable sands of
the seashore.
Fierce in his soul was the struggle and tumult of
passions contending;
Love triumphant and crowned, and friendship
wounded and bleeding.
Passionate cries of desire, and importunate plead-
ings of duty!
"Is it my fault," he said, "that the maiden has
chosen between us?
Is it my fault that he failed,—my fault that I am
the victor?"

Then within him there thundered a voice, like the
voice of the Prophet:
"It hath displeased the Lord! It is the tempta-
tion of Satan!"

Then, uplifting his head, he looked at the sea,
and beheld there
Dimly the oratory form of the Mayflower rid-
ing at anchor,
Rocked on the rising tide, and ready to sail on
the morrow,
Heard the voices of men through the mist, the
battle of corage
Thrown on the deck, the shouts of the mate, and
the sailors' "Ay, ay, Sir!"

Clear and distinct, but not loud, in the dripping
air of twilight.
Still for a moment he stood, and listened, and
stared at the vessel,
Then went hurriedly on, as one who, seeing a
phantom.
 Stops, then quickens his pace, and follows the
beckoning shadow.
"Yes, it is plain to me now," he murmured; "the
hand of the Lord is
Leading me out of the land of darkness, the bond-
age of error.
Through the sea, that shall lift the walls of its
waters around me,
Hiding me, cutting me off, from the cruel thoughts
that pursue me;
Back will I go o'er the ocean, this dreary land
will abandon,
Her whom I may not love, and whom my heart has
offended.
Better to be in my grave in the green old church-
yard in England,
Close by my mother's side, and among the dust of
my kindred;
Better be dead and forgotten, than living in
shame and dishonor!
Sacred and safe and unseen, in the dark of the
narrow chamber
With me my secret shall lie, like a buried jewel
that glimmers
Bright on the hand that is dust in the chambers
of silence and darkness,—
Yes, as the marriage ring of the great espousal
hereafter!"

Thus as he spake, he turned, in the strength of
his strong resolution,
Leaving behind him the shore, and hurried along
in the twilight,
Through the congregial gloom of the forest silent
and sombre,
Till he beheld the lights in the seven houses of
Plymouth,
Shining like seven stars in the dust and mist of
the evening.
Soon he entered his door, and found the redoubt-
able Captain
Sitting alone, and absorbed in the martial pages of
Cæsar,
Fighting some great campaign in Hainault or
Brabant or Flanders.
"Long have you been on your errand," he said
with a cherful demeanor,
Even as one who is waiting an answer, and fears
not the issue.
"Not far off is the house, although the woods are
between us;
But you have lingered so long, that while you
were going and coming
I have fought ten battles and sacked and demol-
ished a city.
Come, sit down, and in order relate to me all that
has happened."

Then John Alden spake, and related the won-
drous adventure,
From beginning to end, minutely, just as it hap-
pened;
How he had seen Priscilla, and how he had spoke
in his courtship,
Only smoothing a little, and softening down her
refusal.
But when he came at length to the words Priscilla
had spoken,
Words so tender and cruel: "Why don't you
speak for yourself, John?"
Up leaped the Captain of Plymouth, and stamped
on the floor, till his armor
Clanged on the wall, where it hung, with a sound
of sinister omen.
All his pent-up wrath burst forth in a sudden explosion.
E'en as a hand-grenade, that scatters destruction around it.
Wildly he shouted, and loud: "John Alden!
You have betrayed me!
Me, Miles Standish, your friend! have supplant-
ed, defrauded, betrayed me!
One of my ancestors ran his sword through the heart of Wat Tyler!
Who shall prevent me from running my own
through the heart of a traitor?
Yours is the greater treason, for yours is a treason
to friendship!
You, who lived under my roof, whom I cherished
and loved as a brother;
You, who have fed at my board, and drank at my
cup, to whose keeping
I have intrusted my honor, my thoughts the most
You too, Brutus! ah woe to the name of friend-
ship hereafter!
Brutus was Caesar's friend, and you were mine, but
honor, my friend;
Let there be nothing between us save war, and
implacable hatred!"

So spake the Captain of Plymouth, and strode
about in the chamber,
Chafing and choking with rage; like cords were
the veins on his temples.
But in the midst of his anger a man appeared at
the doorway,
Bringing in uttermost haste a message of urgent
importance,
Rumors of danger and war and hostile incursions of Indians!
Straightway the Captain paused, and, without
further question or parley,
Took from the nail on the wall his sword with its
scabbard of iron,
Buckled the belt round his waist, and, frowning
fiercely, departed.
Alden was left alone. He heard the clank of the
scabbard
Growing fainter and fainter, and dying away in the
distance.
Then he arose from his seat, and looked forth
into the darkness,
Felt the cool air blow on his cheek, that was hot
with the insult,
Lifted his eyes to the heavens, and, folding his
hands as in childhood,
Prayed in the silence of night to the Father who
sooth in secret.

Meanwhile the choleric Captain strode wrathful-
away to the council,
Found it already assembled, impatiently waiting
his coming:
Men in the middle of life, austere and grave in deportment,
Only one of them old, the hill that was nearest
to heaven,
Covered with snow, but erect, the excellent Elder
of Plymouth.
God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat
for this planting,
Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a
nation;
So say the chronicles old, and such is the faith of the
people!
Near them was standing an Indian, in attitude
stern and defiant,
Naked down to the waist, and grim and ferocious
in aspect;
While on the table before them was lying un-
openèd a Bible,
Ponderous, bound in leather, brass-studded,
printed in Holland,
And beside it outstretched the skin of a rattle-
snake glittered,
Filled, like a quiver, with arrows; a signal and
challenge of warfare,
Brought by the Indian, and speaking with arrowy
tongues of defiance.
This Miles Standish beheld, as he entered, and
heard them debating
What were an answer befitting the hostile mes-
age and menace.
Talking of this and of that, contriving, suggest-
ing, objecting;
One voice only for peace, and that the voice of
the Elder,
Judging it wise and well that some at least were
converted,
Rather than any were slain, for this was but
Christian behavior!
Then out spake Miles Standish, the stalwart Cap-
tain of Plymouth,
Muttering deep in his throat, for his voice was
husky with anger,
"What! do you mean to make war with milk
and the water of roses?
Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer
planted
There on the roof of the church, or is it to shoot
red devils?
Truly the only tongue that is understood by a
savage
Must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the
mouth of the cannon!
Thereupon answered and said the excellent Elder
of Plymouth,
Somewhat amazed and alarmed at this irreverent
language:
"Not so thought Saint Paul, nor yet the other
Apostles;
Not from the cannon's mouth were the tongues of
fire they spake with!"
But unheeded fell this mild rebuke on the Cap-
tain,
Who had advanced to the table, and thus contin-
ued discoursing:
"Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it
pertained
War is a terrible trade; but in the cause that is
righteous,
Sweet is the smell of powder; and thus I answer
the challenge!"
Then from the rattlesnake's skin, with a sud-
den, contemptuous gesture,
Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with pow-
der and bullets
Pull to the very jaws, and handed it back to the
savage,
Saying, in thundering tones: "Here, take it! this
is your answer!"
Silently out of the room then glided the glist-
ening savage,
Bearing the serpent's skin, and seeming himself
like a serpent,
Winding his sinuous way in the dark to the
depths of the forest.

V.

THE SAILING OF THE MAY FLOWER.

Just in the gray of the dawn, as the mists up-
rose from the meadows,
There was a stir and a sound in the slumbering
village of Plymouth;
Clanging and clicking of arms, and the order im-
perative, "Forward!"
Given in the lips as a suppressed, a tramp of feet, and
then silence.
Figures ten, in the mist, marched slowly out of
the village.
Standing the stalwart it was, with eight of his
valorous army,
Led by their Indian guide, by Hobomok, friend
of the white men,
Northward marching to quell the sudden revolt of
the savage.
Giants they seemed in the mist, or the mighty
men of King David;
Giants in heart they were, who believed in God
and the Bible,—
Ay, who believed in the smiting of Midianites and
Philistines of Philemon,
Over them glamed far off the crimson banners of
morning;
Under them loud on the sands, the serried bill-
ows, advancing,
Fred along the line, and in regular order re-
treated.

Many a mile had they marched, when at length
the village of Plymouth
Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on its
manifold labors.
Sweet was the air and soft; and slowly the smoke
from the chimney's
Rose over roofs of thatch, and pointed steadily
eastward;
Men came forth from the doors, and paused and
talked of the weather,
Said that the wind had changed, and was blowing
fair for the May Flower;
Talked of their Captain's departure, and all the
dangers that menaced,
He being gone, the town, and what should be
done in his absence.
Merrily sang the birds, and the tender voices of
women
Consecrated with hymns the common cares of the
household.
Out of the sea rose the sun, and the billows re-
joiced at his coming;
Beautiful were his feet on the purple tops of the
mountains;
Beautiful on the sails of the May Flower riding at
anchor,
Battered and blackened and worn by all the
storms of the winter.
Loosely against her masts was hanging and flapp-
ing her canvas,
Rent by so many gales, and patched by the hands
of the sailors.
Suddenly from her side, as the sun rose over the
ocean,
Darted a puff of smoke, and floated seaward; anon
rang
Loud over field and forest the cannon's roar, and
the echoes
Heard and repeated the sound, the signal-gun of
departure!
Ah! but with louder echoes replied the hearts of
the people!
Mekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read
of his Bible,
Mekly the prayer was begun, but ended in fer-
vent entreaty!
Then from their houses in haste came forth the
Pilgrims of Plymouth,
Men and women and children, all hurrying down
to the sea-shore,
Eager with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the
May Flower,
Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving them
here in the desert.

Foremost among them was Alden. All night
he had lain without slumber,
Turning and tossing about in the heat and unrest
of his fever.
He had beheld Miles Standish, who came back
late from the council,
Stalking into the room, and heard him mutter
and murmur,
Sometimes seemed in a prayer, and sometimes it
sounded like swearing.
Once he had come to the bed, and stood there a
moment in silence;
Then he had turned away, and said: "I will not
awake him;"
Let him sleep on, it is best; for what is the use
of more talking!"
Then he extinguished the light, and threw him-
self down on his pallet,
Dressed as he was, and ready to start at the break
of the morning,—
Covered himself with the cloak he had worn in
his campaigns in Flanders,—
Slept as a soldier sleeps in his bivouac, ready for
action.
But with the dawn he arose; in the twilight
Alden beheld him
Put on his corselet of steel, and all the rest of
his armor,
Buckle about his waist his trusty blade of
Damascus,
Take from the corner his musket, and so stride
out of the chamber.
Often the heart of the youth had burned and
yearned to embrace him,
Often his lips had essayed to speak, imploring
for pardon;
All the old friendship came back, with its tender
and grateful emotions;
But his pride overmastered the nobler nature
within him,—
Pride, and the sense of his wrong, and the burn-
ing fire of the insult.
So he beheld his friend departing in anger, but
spake not.
Saw him go forth to danger, perhaps to death,
and he spake not!
Then he arose from his bed, and heard what the
people were saying,
Joined in the talk at the door, with Stephen and
Richard and Gilbert,
Joined in the morning prayer, and in the reading
of Scripture,
And, with the others, in haste went hurrying
down to the sea-shore,
Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to
their feet as a doorstep
Into a world unknown,—the corner-stone of a
nation!

There with his boat was the Master, already a
little impatient.
Lest he should lose the tide, or the wind might
shift to the caseward,
Square-built, hearty, and strong, with an odor of
ocean about him,
Speaking with this one and that, and cramping
letters and parcels
Into his pockets capacious, and messages mingled
together
Into his narrow brain, till at last he was wholly
bewildered,
Nearer the boat stood Alden, with one foot placed
on the gunwale,
One still firm on the rock, and talking at times
with the sailors,
Seated erect on the thwarts, all ready and eager
for starting.
He too was eager to go, and thus put an end to
his anguish,
Thinking to fly from despair, that swifter than
keel is or canvas,
Thinking to drown in the sea the ghost that
would rise and pursue him.
But as he gazed on the crowd, he beheld the form
of Priscilla,
Standing dejected among them, unconscious of
all that was passing.
Fixed were her eyes upon his, as if she divined his intention.

Fixed with a look so sad, so reproachful, imploring, and patient.

That with a sudden revulsion his heart recoiled from its purpose,

As from the verge of a crag, where one step more is destruction.

Strange is the heart of man, with its quick, mysterious instincts!

Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are moments,

Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the wall adamantine!

"Here I remain," he exclaimed, as he looked at the heavens above him,

Thanking the Lord whose breath had scattered the mist and the madness,

Wherein, blind and lost, to death he was staggering headlong.

"Yonder snow-white cloud, that floats in the ether above me,

Seems like a hand that is pointing and beckoning for protection.

There is another hand, that is not so spectral and ghost-like,

Holding me, drawing me back, and clapping mine ear.

Float, O hand of cloud, and vanish away in the ether!

Roll thyself up like a fist, to threaten and daunt me; I need not

Either your warning or menace, or any omen of evil!

There is no land so sacred, no air so pure and so wholesome,

As is the air she breathes, and the soil that is pressed by her footsteps.

Here for her sake will I stay, and like an invisible presence

Hover around her forever, protecting, supporting her weakness;

Yes! as my foot was the first that stepped on this rock at the landing,

So, with the blessing of God, shall it be the last at the leaving!"

Meanwhile the Master alert, but with dignified air and important,

Scanning with watchful eye the tide and the wind and the weather,

Walked about on the sands, and the people crowded around him

Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful remembrance.

Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a tiller,

Into the boat he sprang, and in haste shoved off to his vessel,

Glad in his heart to get rid of all this worry and flurry,

Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness and sorrow,

Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel!

Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pilgrims.

O strong hearts and true! not one went back in the May Flower!

No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this ploughing!

Soon were heard on board the shouts and songs of the sailors

Heaving the windlass round, and hoisting the ponderous anchor.

Then the yards were braced, and all sails set to the west-wind,

Blowing steady and strong; and the May Flower sailed from the harbor,

Rounded the point of the Garnet, and leaving far to the southward

Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the First Encounter,

Took the wind on her quarter, and stood for the open Atlantic,

Borne on the send of the sea, and the swelling hearts of the Pilgrims.

Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,

Much endeared to them all, as something living and human:

Then, as if filled with the spirit, and wrapt in a vision prophetic,

Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of Plymouth

Said, "Let us pray!" and they prayed, and thanked the Lord and took courage.

Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rocks, and above them

Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death, and their kindred

Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that they uttered.

Sun-illuminated white, on the eastern verge of the ocean

Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard:

Buried beneath it lay forever all hope of escaping.

Lo! as they turned to depart, they saw the form of an Indian,

Watching them from the hill; but while they spake with each other,

Pointing with outstretched hands, and saying, "Look!" he had vanished.

So they returned to their homes; but Alden lingered a little,

Musing alone on the shore, and watching the wash of the billows

Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle and flash of the sunshine,

Like the spirit of God, moving visibly over the waters.

VI.

PRISCILLA.

Tucs for a while he stood, and mused by the shore of the ocean,

Thinking of many things, and most of all of Priscilla;

And as I thought had the power to draw to itself, like the loadstone,

Whatever it touches, by subtle laws of its nature,

Lo! as he turned to depart, Priscilla was standing beside him.

"Are you so much offended, you will not speak to me," said he.

"Am I so much to blame, that yesterday, when you were pleading

Warmly the cause of another, my heart, impulsive and wayward,

Pleased your own, and spoke out, forgetful perhaps of decorum?

Certainly you can forgive me for speaking so frankly, for saying

What I ought not to have said, yet now I can no more say it;

For there are moments in life, when the heart is so full of emotion,

That if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths like a pebble

Drops some careles word, it overflows, and its secret

Split on the ground like water, can never be gathered together.
Yesterday I was shocked, when I heard you speak of Miles Standish, thinking he never had seen her more fair, more divine in her beauty. He who before might have pleaded so glibly the cause of another.

Stood there embarrassed and silent, and seeking in vain for an answer. So the maiden went on, and little divined or imagined what was at work in his heart, that made him so awkward and speechless. "Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions of friendship. It is no secret I tell you, nor am I ashamed to declare it. I have liked to be with you, to see you, to speak with you always. So I was hurt at your words, and a little averted to hear you urge me to marry your friend, though he were the Captain Miles Standish, for I must tell you the truth: much more to me is your friendship. Than all the love he could give, were he twice the hero you think him. Then she extended her hand, and Alden, who eagerly grasped it, felt all the wounds in his heart, that were aching and bleeding so sorely. Healed by the touch of that hand, and he said, with a voice full of feeling: "Yes, we must ever be friends; and of all who offer you friendship, let me be ever the first, the truest, the nearest and dearest!"

Casting a farewell look at the glimmering sail of the May Flower, Distant, but still in sight, and sinking below the horizon, Homeward together they walked, with a strange, indefinite feeling, That all the rest had departed and left them alone in the desert. But, as they went through the fields the blessing and smile of the sunshine, Lighter grew their hearts, and Priscilla said very archly: "Now that our terrible Captain has gone in pursuit of the Indians, Where he is happier far than he would be commanding a household, You may speak boldly, and tell me of all that happened between you, When you returned last night, and said how ungrateful you found me!"

Thereupon answered John Alden, and told her the whole of the story,— Told her his own despair, and the direful wrath of Miles Standish. Whereat the maiden smiled, and said between laughing and earnest, "He is a little chimney, and heated hot in moment!" But as he gently rebuked her, and told her how he had suffered,— How he had even determined to sail that day in the May Flower, And had remained for her sake, on hearing the dangers that threatened,— All her manner was changed, and she said with a faltering accent, "Truly I thank you for this: how good you have been to me always!"

Thus, as a pilgrim devout, who toward Jerusalem journeys, Taking three steps in advance, and one reluctantly backward,
Urged by importunate zeal, and withheld by pangs of contrition; 
Slowly but steadily onward, receding yet ever advancing;
Journeyed this Puritan youth to the Holy Land of his longings, 
Urged by the fervor of love, and withheld by remorseful misgivings.

VII.
THE MARCH OF MILES STANDISH.

Meanwhile the stalwart Miles Standish was marching steadily northward, 
Winding through forest and swamp, and along the trend of the sea-shore, 
All day long, with hardly a halt, the fire of his anger 
Burning and crackling within, and the sulphurous odor of powder 
Seeming more sweet to his nostrils than all the scents of the forest.
Silent and moody he went, and much he revolved in his discourse;
He who was used to success, and to easy victories always, 
Thus to be flouted, rejected, and laughed to scorn by a maiden, 
Thus to be mocked and betrayed by the friend whom most he had trusted!
Ah! 't was too much to be borne, and he fretted and chafed in his armor!

"'I alone am to blame," he muttered, "for mine was the folly. 
What has a rough old soldier, grown grim and gray in the harness, 
Used to the camp and its ways, to do with the wooing of maidens? 
'T was but a dream,—let it pass,—let it vanish like so many others! 
What I thought was a flower, is only a weed, and is worthless; 
Out of my heart will I pluck it, and throw it away, and henceforward 
Be but a fighter of battles, a lover and wooer of dangers!" 
Thus he revolted in his mind his sorry defeat and discomfort,
While he was marching by day or lying at night in the forest.
Looking up at the trees, and the constellations beyond them.

After a three days' march he came to an Indian encampment
Pitched on the edge of a meadow, between the sea and the forest; 
Women at work by the tents, and the warriors, horrid with war-paint, 
Seated about a fire, and smoking and talking together; 
Who, when they saw from afar the sudden approach of the white men, 
Saw the flash of the sun on breastplate and sabre and musket, 
Straightway leaped to their feet, and two, from among them advancing, 
Came to parley with Standish, and offer him furs as a present; 
Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts there was hatred.
Braves of the tribe were these, and brothers gigantic in stature.
Huge as Goliath of Gath, or the terrible Og, king of Bashan;
One was Pecksnoot named, and the other was called Wattawamat.

Round their necks were suspended their knives in scabbards of wampum, 
Two-edged, trenchant knives, with points as sharp as a needle. 
Other arms had they none, for they were cunning and crafty.
"Welcome, English!" they said,—these words they had learned from the traders 
Touching at times on the coast, to barter and chaffer for peltries.
Then in their native tongue they began to parley with Standish, 
Through his guide and interpreter, Hobomok, friend to the white man, 
Begging for blankets and knives, but mostly for muskets and powder,
Kept by the white man, they said, concealed, with the plague, in his cellars,
Ready to be let loose, and destroy his brother the red man!
But when Standish refused, and said he would give them the Bible, 
Suddenly changing their tone, they began to boast and to bluster.
Then Wattawamat advanced 'with a stripe in front of the other, 
And with a lofty demeanor, thus vauntingly spoke to the Captain:
"Now Wattawamat can see, by the fiery eyes of the Captain, 
Angry is he in his heart; but the heart of the brave Wattawamat Is not afraid at the sight. He was not born of a woman, 
But on a mountain, at night, from an oak-tree riven by lightning,
Forth he sprang at a bound, with all his weapons about him,
Shooting, 'Who is there here to fight with the brave Wattawamat'?"
Then he unheathed his knife, and, whetting the blade on his left hand, 
Held it aloft and displayed a woman's face on the handle.
Saying, with bitter expression and look of sinister meaning:
"I have another at home, with the face of a man on the handle: 
By and by they shall marry; and there will be plenty of children!"

Then stood Pecksnoot forth, self-vaunting, insulting Miles Standish: 
While with his fingers he patted the knife that hung at his bosom, 
Drawing it half from its sheath, and plunging it back, as he muttered, 
"By and by it shall see; it shall eat; ah, ha! but shall speak not!
This is the mighty Captain the white men have sent to destroy us! 
He is a little man; let him go and work with the women!"

Meanwhile Standish had noted the faces and figures of Indians,
Peeping and creeping about from bush to tree in the forest.
Feigning to look for game, with arrows set on their bow-strings, 
Drawing back him still closer and closer the net of their ambush.
But undaunted he stood, and dissembled and treated them smoothly;
So the old chronicles say, that were writ in the days of the fathers.
But when he heard their defiance, the boast, the taunt, and the insult,
All the hot blood of his race, of Sir Hugh and of Thurston de Standish,
Boiled and beat in his heart, and swelled in the veins of his temples.

Headlong he leaped on the boaster, and, snatch- ing his knife from its scabbard,

Plunged it into his heart, and, reeling backward, the savage

Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiendlike fierce- ness upon it.

Straight there arose from the forest the awful sound of the war-whoop,

And, like a flurry of snow on the whistling wind of December,

Swift and sudden and keen came a flight of feathory arrows.

Then came a cloud of smoke, and out of the cloud came the lightning,

Out of the lightning thunder; and death unseen ran before it.

Frightened the savages fled for shelter in swamp and in thicket.

Hotly pursued and beset; but their sachem, the brave Wattawamat,

Fled not; he was dead. Unswerving and swift had a bullet

Passed through his brain, and he fell with both hands clutches the greenward.

Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the land of his fathers.

There on the flowers of the meadow the war-riors lay, and above them,

Silent, with folded arms, stood Hobomok, friend of the white man.

Smiling at length he exclaimed to the stalwart Captain of Plymouth:

"Pecksuot bragged very loud, of his courage, his strength, and his stature,—

Mocked the great Captain, and called him a little man; but I see now

Big enough have you been to lay him speechless before you!"

Thus the first battle was fought and won by the stalwart Miles Standish.

When the tidings thereof were brought to the village of Plymouth,

And as a trophy of war the head of the brave Wattawamat

Scowled from the roof of the fort, which at once was a church and a fortress,

All who beheld it rejoiced, and praised the Lord, and took courage.

Only Priscilla averted her face from this spectre of terror,

Thanking God in her heart that she had not mar- ried Miles Standish;

Shrinking, fearing almost, lest, coming home from his battles, He should lay claim to her hand, as the prize and reward of his valor.

VIII

THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

Month after month passed away, and in Autumn the ships of the merchants

Came with kindred and friends, with cattle and corn for the Pilgrims.

All in the village was peace; the men were intent on their labors,

Busy with hewing and building, with garden-plot and with meershead,

Busy with breaking the glebe, and mowing the grass in the meadows,

Searching the sea for its fish, and hunting the deer in the forest.

Busy with breaking the glebe, and mowing the grass in the meadows.
All in the village was peace; but at times the rumor of warfare
Filled the air with alarm, and the apprehension of danger,
Bravely the statesman Standish was scouring the land with his forces,
Waxing valiant in fight and defeating the alien armies,
Till his name had become a sound of fear to the nations.

Anger was still in his heart, but at times the remorse and contrition
Which in all noble natures succeed the passionate outbreak,
Came like a rising tide, that encounters the rush of a river,
Staying its current awhile, but making it bitter and breakish.

Meanwhile Alden at home had built him a new habitation,
Solid, substantial, of timber rough-hewn from the trees of the forest.
Wooden-barred was the door, and the roof was covered with rushes;
Latticed the windows were, and the window-panes were of paper,
Oiled to admit the light, while wind and rain were excluded.

There too he dug a well, and around it planted an orchard:
Still may be seen to this day some trace of the well and the orchard.
Close to the house was the stall, where, safe and secure from annoyance,
Raghorn, the snow-white bull, that had fallen to Alden's allotment;
In the division of cattle, might ruminate in the night-time
Over the pastures he cropped, made fragrant by sweet pennyroyal.

Oft when his labor was finished, with eager feet would the dreamer
Follow the pathway that ran through the woods to the house of Priscilla,
Led by illusions romantic and subtle deceptions of fancy,
Pleasure disguised as duty, and love in the semblance of friendship.

Ever of her he thought, when he fashioned the walls of his dwelling;
Ever of her he thought, when he delved in the soil of his garden;
Ever of her he thought, when he read in his Bible on Sunday
Praise of the virtuous woman, as she is described in the Proverbs,—
How the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her always,
How all the days of her life she will do him good, and not evil,
How she seeketh the wool and the flax and worketh with gladness,
How she layeth her hand to the spindle and withholdeth the distaff,
How she is not afraid of the snow for herself or her household,
Knowing her household are clothed with the scarlet cloth of her weaving!

So as she sat at her wheel one afternoon in the Autumn,
Alden, who opposite sat, and was watching her dexterous fingers,
As if the thread she was spinning were that of his life and his fortune.

After a pause in their talk, thus spake to the sound of the spindle,
"Truly, Priscilla," he said, "when I see you spinning and spinning,
Never idle a moment, but thrive and thoughtful of others,
Suddenly you are transformed, are visibly changed in a moment;
You are no longer Priscilla, but Bertha the Beautiful Spinner."—

Here the light foot on the treadle grew swifter and swifter; the spindle,
Uttered an angry snarl, and the thread snapped short in her fingers;
While the impetuous speaker, not heeding the mischief, continued:—
"You are the beautiful Bertha, the spinner, the queen of Helvetia,
She whose story I read at a stall in the streets of Southampton,
Who, as she rode on her palfrey, o'er valley and meadow and mountain,
Ever was spinning her thread from a distaff fixed to her saddle.
She was so thrifty and good, that her name passed into a proverb,
So shall it with yours own, when the spinning-wheel shall no longer
Hum in the house of the farmer, and fill its chambers with music.
Then shall the mothers, reproving, relate how it was in their childhood.
Praising the good old times, and the days of Priscilla the spinner!"

Straight uprose from her wheel the beautiful Puritan maiden,
Pleased with the praise of her thrift from him whose praise was the sweetest,
Drew from the reel on the table a snowy skein of her spinning,
Thus making answer, meanwhile, to the flaxen rug phrases of Alden:
"Come, you must not be idle; if I am a pattern for housewives,
Show yourself equally worthy of being the model of husbands.
Hold this skein on your hands, while I wind it, ready for knitting;
Then who knows but hereafter, when fashions have changed and the manners,
Fathers may talk to their sons of the good old times of John Alden!"

Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on his hands he thrust;
He sitting awkwardly there, with his arm extended before him,
She standing graceful, erect, and winding the thread from his fingers,
Sometimes adding a little his clumsy manner of holding,
Sometimes touching his hands, as she disentangled expressly,
Twist or knot in the yarn, unaswared—for how could she help it?"—

Sending electrical thrills through every nerve in his body.

Le! in the midst of this scene, a breathless messenger entered,
Bringing in hurry and heat the terrible news from the village.
Yes; Miles Standish was dead!—an Indian had brought them the tidings,—
Slain by a poisoned arrow, shot down in the front of the battle,
Into an ambush beguiled, cut off with the whole
Of his forces.
All the town would be burned, and all the people be murdered!
Such were the tidings of evil that burst on the hearts of the hearers.
Silent and statue-like stood Priscilla, her face looking backward
Still at the face of the speaker, her arms uplifted in horror;
THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

IX.

THE WEDDING-DAY.

FORTH from the gauze of clouds, from the tent of purple and scarlet,
Issued the sun, the great High-Priest, in his garments resplendent.
Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light, on his forehead,
Round the hem of his robe the golden bells and pomegranates.
Blessing the world he came, and the bars of vapor beneath him
Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea at his feet was a laver!

This was the wedding morn of Priscilla the Puritan maiden.
Friends were assembled together; the Elder and Magistrate also
Grace the scene with their presence, and stood like the Law and the Gospel,
One with the sanction of earth and one with the blessing of heaven.
Simple and brief was the wedding, as that of Ruth and of Boaz.
Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the words of betrothal,
Taking each other for husband and wife in the Magistrate's presence,
After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom of Holland.
Fervently then, and devoutly, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
Prayed for the earth and the homes that were founded that day in affection,
Speaking of life and of death, and implored Divine benedictions.

Lo! when the service was ended, a form appeared on the threshold,
Clad in armor of steel, a sombre and sorrowful figure!
Why does the bridegroom start and stare at the strange apparition?

Why does the bride turn pale, and hide her face on his shoulder?
Is it a phantom of air,—a bodiless, spectral illusion?
Is it a ghost from the grave, that has come to forbid the betrothal?
Long had it stood there unseen, a guest uninvited, unwelcomed;
Over its clouded eyes there had passed at times an expression
Softening the gloom and revealing the warm heart hidden beneath them,
As when across the sky the driving rack of the rain-cloud
Grows for a moment thin, and betrays the sun by its brightness.
Once it had lifted its hand, and moved its lips, but was silent,
As if an iron would have mastered the fleeting intention.
But when were ended the troth and the prayer and the last benediction,
Into the room it strode, and the people beheld with amazement
Bodily there in his armor Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth!
Grasping the bridegroom's hand, he said with emotion, "Forgive me!
I have been angry and hurt,—too long have I cherished the feeling;
I have been cruel and hard, but now, thank God! it is ended.
Mine is the same hot blood that leaped in the veins of Hugh Standish,
Sensitive, swift to rejoin, but as swift in atoning for error.
Never so much as now was Miles Standish the friend of John Alden."
Thereupon answered the bridegroom: "Let all be forgotten between us,—
All save the dear, old friendship, and that shall grow older and dearer!"
Then the Captain advanced, and, bowing, saluted Priscilla,
Gravely, and after the manner of old-fashioned gentility in England,
Something of camp and of court, of town and of country, commingled,
Wishing her joy of her wedding, and loudly lauding her husband.
Then he said with a smile: "I should have remembered the adage,—
If you would be well served, you must serve yours' self; and moreover,
No man can gather cherries in Kent at the season of Christmas!"

Great was the people's amazement, and greater yet their rejoicing.
Thus to behold once more the sunburnt face of their Captain,
Whom they had mourned as dead; and they gathered and crowded about him,
Eager to see him and hear him, forgetful of bride and of bridegroom.
Questioning, answering, laughing, and each interrupting the other,
Till the good Captain declared, being quite overpowered and bewildered,
He had rather by far break into an Indian encampment,
Than come again to a wedding to which he had not been invited.

Meanwhile the bridegroom went forth and stood with the bride at the doorway,
Breathing the perfumed air of that warm and beautiful morning.
Touched with autumnal tints, but lonely and sad in the sunshine,
Jay extended before them the land of toil and privation;  
There were the graves of the dead, and the barren waste of the sea-shore,  
There the familiar fields, the groves of pine, and the meadows;  
But to their eyes transfigured, it seemed as the Garden of Eden,  
Filled with the presence of God, whose voice was the sound of the ocean.

Soon was their vision disturbed by the noise and stir of departure,  
Friends coming forth from the house, and impatient of longer delaying,  
Each with his plan for the day, and the work that was left uncompleted.  
Then from a stall near at hand, amid exclamations of wonder,  
Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so proud of Priscilla,  
Brought out his snow-white bull, obeying the hand of its master,  
Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in its nodal,  
Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed for a saddle.  
She should not walk, he said, through the dust and heat of the noonday;  
Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod along like a peasant.  
Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured by the others,  
Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in the hand of her husband,  
Gayly, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted her passing steed.

"Nothing is wanting now," he said with a smile,  
"but the distaff;  
Then you would be in truth my queen, my beautiful Bertha!"

Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new habitation,  
Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together,  
Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford in the forest,  
Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of love through its bosom,  
Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the azure abysses.  
Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his splendours,  
Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above them suspended,  
Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine and the fir-tree,  
Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley of Eshcol.  
Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages,  
Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca and Isaac.  
Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,  
Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers;  
So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal procession.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

COME I GRU VAN CANTANDO LOR LAM.  
Pacendo în ser di so lunga righ.

PROMETHIUS,  
OR THE POET’S FORETHOUGHT.

Of Prometheus, how undaunted  
On Olympus’ shining bastions  
His audacious foot he planted,  
Myths are told and songs are chanted,  
Full of promptings and suggestions.

Beautiful is the tradition  
Of that flight through heavenly portals,  
The old classic superstition  
Of the theft and the transmission  
Of the fire of the Immortals!

First the deed of noble daring,  
Born of heavenward aspiration,  
Then the fire with mortals sharing,  
Then the vulture,—the despairing  
Cry of pain on crags Caucasian.

All is but a symbol painted  
Of the Poet, Prophet, Seer;  
Only those are crowned and sainted  
Who with grief have been acquainted,  
Making nations nobler, freer.

In their feverish exaltations,  
In their triumph and their yearning,  
In their passionate pulsations,  
In their words among the nations,  
The Prometheus fire is burning.

Shall it, then, be unavailing,  
All this toil for human culture?  
Through the clouded-rack, dark and trailing  
Must they see above them sailing  
O'er life's barren crags the vulture?

Such a fate as this was Dante's;  
By defeat and exile maddened;  
Thus were Milton and Cervantes,  
Nature's priests and Corylantes,  
By affliction touched and saddened.

But the glories so transcendent  
That around their memories cluster,  
And, on all their steps attendant,  
Make their darkened lives resplendent  
With such gleams of inward lustre!

All the melodies mysterious,  
Through the dreary darkness chanted;  
Thoughts in attitudes imperious,  
Voices soft, and deep, and serious,  
Words that whispered, songs that haunted!

All the soul in rapt suspension,  
All the quivering, palpitating  
Chords of life in utmost tension,  
With the fervor of invention,  
With the rapture of creating!
Ah, Prometheus! heaven-scaling!
In such-hours of exultation
Even the faintest heart, unquailing,
Might behold the vulture sailing
Round the cloudy crags Caucidian!

Though to all there is not given
Strength for such sublime endeavor,
Thus to scale the walls of heaven,
And to leave with fiery leaven
All the hearts of men forever:
Yet all bard, whose hearts unblighted
Honor and believe the pressage,
Toil aloft their torches lighted,
Luminating through the realms benighted,
As they onward bear the message!

THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are round by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,
That makes another's virtues less;
The revel of the ruddy wine,
And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things;
The strife for triumph more than truth;
The hardening of the heart, that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will;

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fire renown
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear
Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached! and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

In Mather's Magnalia Christi,
Of the old colonial time,
May be found in prose the legend
That is here set down in rhyme.

A ship sailed from New Haven,
And the keen and frosty airs,
That filled her sails at parting,
Were heavy with good men's prayers.

"O Lord! if it be thy pleasure"—
Thus prayed the old divine—
"To bury our friends in the ocean,
Take them, for they are thine!"

But Master Lamberton muttered,
And under his breath said he,
"This ship is so crank and waltz
I fear our grave she will be!"

And the ships that came from England,
When the winter months were gone,
Brought no tidings of this vessel
Nor of Master Lamberton.

This put the people to praying
That the Lord would let them bear
What in his greater wisdom
He had done with friends so dear.

And at last their prayers were answered:—
It was in the month of June,
An hour before the sunsets
Of a windy afternoon,

When, steadily steering landward,
A ship was seen below,
And they knew it was Lamberton, Master,
Who sailed so long ago.

On she came, with a cloud of canvas,
Right against the wind that blew,
Until the eye could distinguish
The faces of the crew.

Then fell her straining topmasts,
Hanging tangled in the shrouds,
And her sails were loosened and lifted,
And blown away like clouds.

And the masts, with all their rigging,
Fell slowly, one by one,
And the hulk dilated and vanished,
As a sea-mist in the sun!

And the people who saw this marvel
Each said unto his friend,
That this was the mould of their vessel,
And thus her tragic end.

And the pastor of the village
Gave thanks to God in prayer,
That, to quiet their troubled spirits,
He had sent this Ship of Air.
THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

A mist was driving down the British Channel,
A mist was driving down the British Channel,
The day was just begun,
The day was just begun,
And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,
And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,
Streamed the red autumn sun.
Streamed the red autumn sun.
It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,
It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,
And the white sails of ships;
And the white sails of ships;
And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon
And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon
Haunted it with feverish lips.
Haunted it with feverish lips.
Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hithe, and Dover
Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hithe, and Dover
Were all alert that day,
Were all alert that day,
To see the French war-steamer speeding over,
To see the French war-steamer speeding over,
When the fog cleared away.
When the fog cleared away.
Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,
Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,
Their cannon, through the night,
Their cannon, through the night,
Holding their breath, had watched, in grim defiance,
Holding their breath, had watched, in grim defiance,
The sea-coast opposite.
The sea-coast opposite.
And now they roared at drum-beat from their stations
And now they roared at drum-beat from their stations
On every citadel;
On every citadel;
Each answering each, with morning salutations,
Each answering each, with morning salutations,
That all was well.
That all was well.

And down the coast, all taking up the burden,
And down the coast, all taking up the burden,
Replied the distant forts.
Replied the distant forts.
As if to summon from his sleep the Warden
As if to summon from his sleep the Warden
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,
Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,
No drum-beat from the wall,
No drum-beat from the wall,
No morning gun from the black fort's embrasure,
No morning gun from the black fort's embrasure,
Awaken with its call!
Awaken with its call!

No more, surveying with an eye impartial
No more, surveying with an eye impartial
The long line of the coast,
The long line of the coast,
Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field Marshal
Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field Marshal
Be seen upon his post!
Be seen upon his post!

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,
For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,
In sombre harness mailed,
In sombre harness mailed,
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,
The rampart wall had scaled.
The rampart wall had scaled.
He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,
He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,
The dark and silent room,
The dark and silent room,
And as he entered, darker grew, and deeper,
And as he entered, darker grew, and deeper,
The silence and the gloom.
The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,
He did not pause to parley or dissemble,
But smote the Warden's hear:
But smote the Warden's hear:
Ah! what a blow! that made all England tremble
Ah! what a blow! that made all England tremble
And groan from shore to shore.
And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited,
Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited,
The sun rose bright o'er head:
The sun rose bright o'er head:
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated
That a great man was dead.
That a great man was dead.

We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,
We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,
Along the passages they come and go,
Along the passages they come and go,
Impalpable impressions on the air,
Impalpable impressions on the air,
A sense of something moving to and fro.
A sense of something moving to and fro.
There are more guests at table, than the hosts
There are more guests at table, than the hosts
Invited; the illuminated hall
Invited; the illuminated hall
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,
As silent as the pictures on the wall.
As silent as the pictures on the wall.
The stranger at my fireside cannot see
The stranger at my fireside cannot see
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear;
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear;
He but perceives what is; while unto me
He but perceives what is; while unto me
All that has been is visible and clear.
All that has been is visible and clear.

We have no title-deeds to house or lands;
We have no title-deeds to house or lands;
Owners and occupants of earlier dates
Owners and occupants of earlier dates
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands,
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands,
And hold in mortmain still their old estates.
And hold in mortmain still their old estates.

The spirit-world around this world of sense
The spirit-world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air.
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise
Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires;
By opposite attractions and desires;
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
And the more noble instinct that aspires.
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

These perturbations, this perpetual jar
These perturbations, this perpetual jar
Of earthly wants and aspirations high,
Of earthly wants and aspirations high,
Come from the influence of an unseen star,
Come from the influence of an unseen star,
An undiscovered planet in our sky.
An undiscovered planet in our sky.

And as the moon from some dark gate of cloud
And as the moon from some dark gate of cloud
Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light
Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light
Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd
Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd
Into the realm of mystery and night,—
Into the realm of mystery and night,—

So from the world of spirits there descends
So from the world of spirits there descends
A bridge of light, connecting it with this,
A bridge of light, connecting it with this,
O' er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends,
O' er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends,
Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss.
Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss.

—

IN THE CHURCHYARD AT CAMBRIDGE.

In the village churchyard she lies,
In the village churchyard she lies,
Dust is in her beautiful eyes,
Dust is in her beautiful eyes,
No more she breathes, nor feels, nor stirs;
No more she breathes, nor feels, nor stirs;
At her feet and at her head
At her feet and at her head
Lies a slave to attend her dead,
Lies a slave to attend her dead,
But their dust is white as hers.
But their dust is white as hers.

Was she a lady of high degree,
Was she a lady of high degree,
So much in love with the vanity
So much in love with the vanity
And foolish pomp of this world of ours?
And foolish pomp of this world of ours?
Or was it Christian charity,
Or was it Christian charity,
And lowliness and humility,
And lowliness and humility,
The richest and rarest of all dowers?
The richest and rarest of all dowers?

Who shall tell us? No one speaks;
Who shall tell us? No one speaks;
No color shrinks into those cheeks,
No color shrinks into those cheeks,
Either of anger or of pride,
Either of anger or of pride,
At the rude question we have asked;
At the rude question we have asked;
Nor will the mystery be unmasked
Nor will the mystery be unmasked
By those who are sleeping at her side.
By those who are sleeping at her side.

Hereafter?—And do you think to look
Hereafter?—And do you think to look
On the terrible pages of that Book
On the terrible pages of that Book
To find her failings, faults, and errors?
To find her failings, faults, and errors?
Ah, you will then have other cares,
Ah, you will then have other cares,
In your own shortcomings and despair,
In your own shortcomings and despair,
In your own secret sins and errors!
In your own secret sins and errors!
THE EMPEROR'S BIRD'S-NEST.—DAYLIGHT AND MOONLIGHT.

THE EMPEROR'S BIRD'S-NEST.

Once the Emperor Charles of Spain,
With his warthy, grave commanders,
I forget in what campaign,
Long besieged, in mud and rain,
Some old frontier town of Flanders.

Up and down the dreary camp,
In great boots of Spanish leather,
Striding with a measured tramp,
These Hidalgos, dull and damps,
Cursed the Frenchmen, cursed the weather.

Thus as to and fro they went,
Over upland and through hollow,
Giving their impatience vent,
Perched upon the Emperor's tent,
In her nest, they spied a swallow.

Yes, it was a swallow's nest,
Built of clay and hair of horses,
Mane, or tail, or dragon's crest,
Found on hedge-rows cast and west,
After skirmish of the forces.

Then an old Hidalgo said,
As he twirled his gray mustachio,
"Sure this swallow's nest
Thinks the Emperor's tent a shed,
And the Emperor but a Macho!"

Hearing his imperial name
Coupled with those words of malice,
Half in anger, half in shame,
Forth the great campaigner came
Slowly from his canvas palace.

"Let no hand the bird molest,"
Said he solemnly, "nor hurt her!"
"Adding then, by way of jest
"Colonelina is my guest,
"I tis the wife of some deserter!"

Swift as bowstring speeds a shaft,
Through the camp was spread the rumor,
And the soldiers, as they quaffed
Flemish beer at dinner, laughed
At the Emperor's pleasant humor.

So unharmed and unafraid
Sat the swallow still and brooded,
Till the constant cannonade
Through the walls a breach had made
And the siege was thus concluded.

Then the army, elsewhere bent,
Struck its tents as if disbanding,
Only not the Emperor's tent,
For he ordered, ere he went,
Very curtly, "I leave it standing!"

So it stood there all alone,
Loosely flapping, torn and tattered,
Till the brood was fleged and flown,
Singing o'er those walls of stone
Which the cannon-shot had shattered.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,
Alike their features and their robes of white;
But one was crowned with amaranth, as with
flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way,
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed,
"Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
The place where thy beloved are at rest!"

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending, at my door began to knock,
And my soul sank within me, as in wails
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognized the nameless agony,
The terror and the tremor and the pain,
That oft before had filled or haunted me,
And now returned with threefold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice;
And, knowing whatsoever he sent was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile, that filled the house with light,
"Tis a smile is not Death, but Life," he said;
And ere I answered, passing out of sight,
On his celestial embassy he sped.

"T was at thy door, 0 friend! and not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Passing, descended, and with voice divine,
Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin;
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God! If he but wave his hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Le he looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are his;
Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against his messengers to shut this door?

THE TWO ANGELS.

Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,
Passed o'er our village as the morning broke;
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

DAYLIGHT AND MOONLIGHT.

In broad daylight, and at noon,
Yesterday I saw the moon
Sailing high, but faint and white,
As a school-boy's paper kite.

A broad daylight, yesterday,
I read a Poet's mystic lay;
And it seemed to me at most
As a phantom, or a ghost.

But at length the feverish day
Like a passion died away,
And the night, serene and still,
Fell on village, vale, and hill.
Then the moon, in all her pride,
Like a spirit glorified,
Filled and overflowed the night
With revelations of her light.

And the Poet's song again
Passed like music through my brain;
Night interpreted to me
All its grace and mystery.

THE JEWISH CEMETERY AT NEWPORT.

How strange it seems! These Hebrews in their graves.
Close by the street of this fair seaport town,
Silent beside the never-silent waves,
At rest in all this moving up and down!

The trees are white with dust, that o'er their sleep
Wave their broad curtains in the south-wind's breath,
While underneath these leafy tents they keep
The long, mysterious Exodus of Death.

And these sepulchral stones, so old and brown,
That pave with level flags their burial place,
Seem like the tablets of the Law, thrown down
And broken by Moses at the mountain's base.

The very names recorded here are strange,
Of foreign accent, and of different climes;
Alvare and Rivera interchange
With Abraham and Jacob of old times.

"Blessed be God! for he created Death!"
The mourner said, "And Death is rest and peace;"
Then added, in the certainty of faith,
"And giveth Life that nevermore shall cease."

Closed are the portals of their Synagogue,
No Psalms of David now the silence break,
No Rabbi reads the ancient Decalogue
In the grand dialect the Prophets spake.

Gone are the living, but the dead remain,
And not neglected; for a hand unseen,
Scattering its bounty, like a summer rain,
Still keep their graves and their remembrance green.

How came they here? What burst of Christian hate,
What persecution, merciless and blind,
Drove o'er the seas—that desert desolate—
These Ishmaels and Hagar's of mankind?

They lived in narrow streets and lanes obscure,
Ghetto and Judæostrass, in mire and mire;
Taught in the school of patience to endure
The life of anguish and the death of fire.

All their lives long, with the unleavened bread
And bitter herbs of exile and its fears,
The wasting famine of the heart they fed,
And slaked its thirst with marah of their tears.

Anathema maranatha! was the cry
That rang from town to town, from street to street;
At every gate the accursed Mordecai
Was mocked and jeered, and spurned by Christian feet.

Pride and humiliation land in hand
Walked with them through the world where'er they went;
Trampled and beaten were they as the sand,
And yet unshaken as the continent.

For in the background figures vague and vast
Of patriarchs and of prophets rose sublime,
And all the great traditions of the Past
They saw reflected in the coming time.

And thus forever with reverted look
The mystic volume of the world they read,
Spelling it backward, like a Hebrew book,
Till life became a Legend of the Dead.

But ah! what once has been shall be no more!
The groaning earth in travail and in pain
Brings forth its races, but does not restore,
And the dead nations never rise again.

OLIVER BASSELIN.

In the Valley of the Vire
Still is seen an ancient mill,
With its gables quaint and queer,
And beneath the window-sill,
On the stone,
These words alone:
"Oliver Basselin lived here."

Far above it, on the steep,
Ruined stands the old Château;
Nothing but the donjon-keep
Left for shelter or for show.
Its vacant eyes
Stare at the skies;
Stare at the valley green and deep.

Once a convent, old and brown,
Looked, but ah! it looks no more,
From the neighboring hillside down
On the rushing and the roar
Of the stream
Whose sunny gleam
Cheers the little Norman town.

In that darksome mill of stone,
To the water's dash and din,
Careless, humble, and unknown,
Sang the poet Basselin
Songs that fill
That ancient mill
With a splendor of its own.

Never feeling of unrest
Broke the pleasant dream he dreamed;
Only made to be his nest,
All the lovely valley seemed;
No desire
Of soaring higher
Stirred or fluttered in his breast.

True, his songs were not divine;
Were not songs of that high art,
Which, as winds do in the pine,
Find an answer in each heart;
But the mirth
Of this green earth
Laughed and revelled in his line.

From the alehouse and the inn,
Opening on the narrow street,
Came the loud, convivial din,
Singing and applause of feet,
The laughing lays
That in those days
Sang the poet Basselin.
VICTOR GALBRAITH.—MY LOST YOUTH.

In the castle, cased in steel,
Knights, who fought at Agincourt,
Watched and waited, spur on heel;
But the poet sang for sport
Songs that rang
Another clang,
Songs that lowlier hearts could feel.

In the convent, clad in gray,
Sat the monks in lonely cells,
Paced the cloisters, knelt to pray,
And the poet heard their bells;
But his rhymes
Found other chimes,
Nearer to the earth than they.

Gone are all the barons bold,
Gone are all the knights and squires,
Gone the abbot stern and cold,
And the brotherhood of friars;
Not a name
Remains to fame,
From those mouldering days of old!

But the poet’s memory here
Of the landscape makes a part;
Like the river, swift and clear,
Flows his song through many a heart;
Haunting still
That ancient mill,
In the Valley of the Vire.

VICTOR GALBRAITH.

Under the walls of Monterey
At daybreak the bugles began to play,
Victor Galbraith!

In the mist of the morning damp and gray,
These were the words they seemed to say:
"Come forth to thy death,
Victor Galbraith!"

Forth he came, with a martial tread;
Firm was his step, on his head;
Victor Galbraith,
He who so well the bugle played,
Could not mistake the words it said:
"Come forth to thy death,
Victor Galbraith!"

He looked at the earth, he looked at the sky,
He looked at the files of musketry,
Victor Galbraith!
And he said, with a steady voice and eye,
"Take good aim; I am ready to die!"
Thus challenges death
Victor Galbraith.

Twelve fiery tongues flashed straight and red,
Six leaden balls on their errand sped;
Victor Galbraith
Falls to the ground, but he is not dead;
His name was not stamped on those balls of lead,
And they only seath
Victor Galbraith.

Three balls are in his breast and brain,
But he rises out of the dust again,
Victor Galbraith!
The water he drinks has a bloody stain;
"O kill me, and put me out of my pain!"
In his agony prayeth
Victor Galbraith.

Forth dart once more those tongues of flame,
And the bugler has died a death of shame,
Victor Galbraith!

His soul has gone back to whence it came,
And no one answers to the name,
When the Sergeant saith,
"Victor Galbraith!"

Under the walls of Monterey
By night a bugle is heard to play,
Victor Galbraith!
Through the mist of the valley damp and gray
The sentinel’s the sound, and say,
"That is the wrath
Of Victor Galbraith!"

MY LOST YOUTH.

Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town;
And my youth comes back to me,
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:
"A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.
And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still:
"A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still:
"A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar
The drum-beat repeated o’er and o’er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.
And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still:
"A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered over the tide!
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o’erlooking the tranquil bay,
Where they in battle died.
And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill:
"A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering’s Woods,
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighborhoods.
And the verse of that sweet old song,
It flutters and murmurs still;
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the school-boy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.
And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still;
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak;
There are dreams that cannot die;
And thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the check,
And a mist before the eye.
And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'er-shadow each well-known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song;
Are sighing and whispering still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were;
I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

First before my vision pass;
Laughing, as their gentle hands
Closely clasp the twisted strands.
At their shadow on the grass.

Then a booth of mountebanks,
With its smell of tan and planks,
A girl poised high in air
On a cord, in spangled dress,
With a faded loveliness,
And a weary look of care.

Then a homestead among farms,
And a woman with bare arms
Drawing water from a well;
As the bucket mounts apace,
With it mounts her own fair face,
As at some magician's spell.

Then an old man in a tower,
Ringing loud the noontide hour,
While the rope coils round and round
Like a serpent at his feet,
And again, in swift retreat,
Nearly lifts him from the ground.

Then within a prison-yard,
Faces fixed, and stern, and hard,
Laughter and indecent mirth;
Ah! it is the gallows-tree!
Breath of Christian charity,
Blow, and sweep it from the earth!

Then a school-boy, with his kite
Gleaming in a sky of light,
And an eager, upward look;
Steeds pursued through lane and field;
Fowlers with their snares concealed;
And an angler by a brook.

Ships rejoicing in the breeze,
Wrecks that float o'er unknown seas,
Anchors dragged through faithless sand;
Sea-fog drifting overhead,
And, with beseeching line and lead,
Sailors feeling for the land.

All these scenes do I behold,
These, and many a untold
In that building long and low;
While the wheel goes round and round,
With a drowsy, dreamy sound,
And the spinners backward go.

THE GORINCAN MILL-STONE.
Leafless are the trees; their purple branches
Spread themselves abroad, like reefs of coral,
Rising silent
In the Red Sea of the winter sunset.

From the hundred chimneys of the village,
Like the A freight in the Arabian story,
Smoky columns
Tower aloft into the air of amber.

At the window winks the flickering fire-light;
Here and there the lamps of evening glimmer,
Social watch-fires
Answering one another through the darkness.

On the hearth the lighted logs are glowing,
And like Ariel in the cloven pine tree
For its freedom
Groans and sighs the air imprisoned in them.
By the fireside there are old men seated,  
Seeing ruined cities in the ashes,  
Asking sadly  
Of the Past what it can never restore them.

By the fireside there are youthful dreamers,  
Building castles fair, with stately stairways,  
Asking blindly  
Of the Future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside tragedies are acted  
In whose scenes appear two actors only,  
Wife and husband,  
And above them God the sole spectator.

By the fireside there are peace and comfort,  
Wives and children, with fair, thoughtful faces,  
Waiting, watching  
For a well-known footsteps in the passage.

Each man's chimney is his Golden Milestone;  
Is the central point, from which he measures  
Every distance  
Through the gateways of the world around him.

In his farthest wanderings still he sees it;  
Hears the talking flame, the answering night-wind,  
As he heard them  
When he sat with those who were, but are not.

Happy he whom neither wealth nor fashion,  
Nor the march of the encroaching city,  
Drives an exile  
From the hearth of his ancestral homestead.

We may build more splendid habitations,  
Fill our rooms with paintings, and with sculptures,  
But we cannot  
Buy with gold the old associations!

CATAWBA WINE.

This song of mine  
Is a Song of the Vine,  
To be sung by the glowing embers  
Of wayside inns,  
When the rain begins  
To darken the drear Novembers.

It is not a song  
Of the Scuppernong,  
From warm Carolinian valleys,  
Nor the Isabel  
And the Muscadel  
That bask in our garden alleys.

Nor the red Mustang,  
Whose clusters hang  
O'er the waves of the Colorado,  
And the fiery flood  
Of whose purple blood  
Has a dash of Spanish bravado.

For richest and best  
Is the wine of the West,  
That grows by the Beautiful River;  
Whose sweet perfume  
Fills all the room  
With a benison on the giver.

And as hollow trees  
Are the haunts of bees,  
Forever going and coming;  
So this crystal hive  
Is all alive  
With a swarming and buzzing and humming.

Very good in its way  
Is the Verzenay,  
Or the Sillery soft and creamy;  
But Catawba wine  
Has a taste more divine,  
More delicate, delicious, and dreamy.

There grows no vine  
By the haunted Rhine,  
By Danube or Guadalquivir,  
Not on island or cape,  
That bears such a grape  
As grows by the Beautiful River.

Drugged is their juice  
For foreign use,  
When shipped o'er the rolling Atlantic,  
To rack our brains  
With the fever pains,  
That have driven the Old World frantic.

To the sewers and sinks  
With all such drinks,  
And after them tumble the mixer;  
For a poison malign  
Is such Borgia wine,  
Or at best but a Devil's Elixir.

While pure as a spring  
Is the wine I sing,  
And to praise it, one needs but name it;  
For Catawba wine  
Has need of no sign,  
No tavern-bush to proclaim it.

And this Song of the Vine,  
This greeting of mine,  
The winds and the birds shall deliver  
To the Queen of the West,  
In her garlands dressed,  
On the banks of the Beautiful River.

SANTA FILOMENA.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,  
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,  
Our hearts, in glad surprise,  
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls  
Into our inmost being rolls,  
And lifts us unawares  
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds  
Thus help us in our daily needs,  
And by their overflow  
Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read  
Of the great army of the dead,  
The trenches cold and damp,  
The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,  
In dreary hospitals of pain,  
The cheerless corridors,  
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery  
A lady with a lamp I see  
Pass through the glimmering gloom,  
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,  
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss  
Her shadow, as it falls  
Upon the darkening walls.
As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Herafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.

THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE.

A LEAF FROM KING ALFRED'S OROSIUS.

OTHERS, the old sea-captain,
Who dwelt in Helgoland,
To King Alfred, the Lover of Truth,
Brought a snow-white walrus-tooth,
Which he held in his brown right hand.

His figure was tall and stately,
Like a boy's his eye appeared;
His hair was yellow as hay,
But threads of a silvery gray
Gleamed in his tawny beard.

Hearty and hale was Others,
His cheek had the color of oak;
With a kind of laugh in his speech,
Like the sea-tide on a beach,
As unto the King he spoke.

And Alfred, King of the Saxons,
Had a book upon his knees,
And wrote down the wondrous tale
Of him who was first to sail
Into the Arctic seas.

"So far I live to the northward,
No man lives north of me;
To the east are wild mountain-chains,
And beyond them meres and plains;
To the westward all is sea.

"So far I live to the northward,
From the harbor of Skerings-hale,
If you only sailed by day,
With a fair wind all the way,
More than a month you would sail.

"I own six hundred reindeer,
With sheep and swine beside;
I have tribute from the Pinnas,
Whalebone and reindeer-skins,
And ropes of walrus-hide.

"I ploughed the land with horses,
But my heart was ill at ease,
For the old seafaring men
Came to me now and they
With their saga of two seas;—

"Of Iceland and of Greenland,
And the stormy Hebrides,
And the undiscovered deep;—
O I could not eat nor sleep
For thinking of those seas.

"To the northward stretched the desert,
How far I fain would know;
So at last I lied forth,
And three days sailed due north,
As far as the whale-ships go.

"To the west of me was the ocean,
To the right the desolate shore,
But I did not slacken sail
For the walrus or the whale,
Till after three days more.

"The days grew longer and longer,
Till they became as one,
And northward through the haze
I saw the sullen blaze
Of the red midnight sun.

"And then uprose before me,
Upon the water's edge,
The huge and haggard shape
Of that unknown North Cape,
Whose form is like a weige.

"The sea was rough and stormy,
The tempest howled and wailed,
And the sea-fog, like a ghost,
Haunted that dreary coast,
But onward still I sailed.

"Four days I steered to eastward,
Four days without a night:
Ronald in a fiery ring
Went the great sun, O King,
With red and lirid light.

Here Alfred, King of the Saxons,
Ceased writing for a while;
And raised his eyes from his book,
With a strange and puzzled look,
And an incredulous smile.

But Others, the old sea-captain,
He neither paused nor stirred,
Till the King listened and then
Once more took up his pen,
And wrote down every word.

"And now the land," said Others,
"Bent southward suddenly,
And I followed the curving shore
And ever southward bore
Into a nameless sea.

"And there we hunted the walrus,
The narwhale, and the seal;
Ha! 't was a noble game!
And like the lightning's flame
Flew our harpoons of steel.

"There were six of us all together,
Norseman of Helgoland;
In two days and no more
We killed of them three score,
And dragged them to the strand!"

Here Alfred the Truth-Teller,
Suddenly closed his book,
And lifted his blue eyes,
With doubt and strange surprise
Depicted in their look.

And Others the old sea-captain,
Stared at him wild and weird,
Then smiled, till his shining teeth
Gleamed white from underneath
His tawny, quivering beard.
And to the King of the Saxons,
In witness of tho truth,
Raising his noble head,
He stretched his brown hand, and said,
"Behold this walrus-tooth !"

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DAYBREAK:

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mistes, make room for me."
It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."
And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."
The wind was come, and the noise was gone("O biri, awake and sing.")

And o'er the farms, "O Chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry-tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

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THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF
AGASSIZ.

MAY 28, 1857.

It was fifty year ago
In the pleasant month of May,
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,
A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: "Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untried;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvellous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,
And will not let him go,
Though at times his heart beats wild
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud;

Though at times he hears in his dreams
The Banz des Vaches of old,
And the rush of mountain streams
From glaciers clear and cold;

And the mother at home says, "Hark!
For his voice I listen and yearn;
It is growing late and dark,
And my boy does not return!"

---

CHILDREN.

COME to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sun-
shine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow
But in mine is the wind of Autumn
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

---

SANDALPHON.

HAVE you read in the Talmud of old,
In the Legends the Rabinns have told
Of the limitless realms of the air,
Have you read it,—the marvellous story
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How, erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits,
With his feet on the ladder of light,
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn, and expire
With the song's irresistible stress;
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp-strings are broken asunder
By music they throb to express,
THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.—THE CUMBERLAND.

But serene in the cumbrous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song.
With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless.
Sandalphon stands listening breathless
To sounds that ascend from below;—

From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore
In the fervor and passion of prayer;
From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

FLIGHT THE SECOND.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have sealed the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulders in dust away!

ENCELADUS.

UNDER Mount Etna he lies,
It is slumber, it is not death;
For he struggles at times to arise,
And above him the lurid skies
Are hot with his fiery breath.

The crags are piled on his breast,
The earth is heaped on his head;
But the groans of his wild unrest,
Though smothered and half suppressed,
Are heard, and he is not dead.

And the nations far away
Are watching with eager eyes;
They talk together and say,
'To-morrow, perhaps to-day,
Enceladus will arise!'

And the old gods, the austere
Oppressors in their strength,
Stand anguish and white with fear
At the ominous sounds they hear,
And tremble, and mutter, 'At length!'

Ah me! for the land that is sown
With the harvest of despair!
Where the burning cinders, blown
From the lips of the overthrown
Enceladus, fill the air.

Where ashes are heaped in drifts
Over vineyard and field and town,
Whenever he starts and lifts
His head through the blackened rifts
Of the crags that keep him down.

See, see! the red light shines!
'Tis the glare of his awful eyes!
And the storm-wind shouts through the pines
Of Alps and of Apennines,
"Enceladus, arise!"

THE CUMBERLAND.

At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,
On board of the Cumberland, sloop-of-war;
And at times from the fortress across the bay
SNOW-FLAKES.—A DAY OF SUNSHINE.—WEARINESS.

The alarum of drums swept past, Of a bugle blast From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the south uprose A little feather of snow-white smoke, And we knew that the iron ship of our foes Was steadily steering its course To try the force Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs, Silent and sullen, the floating fort; Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns, And leaps the terrible death, With fiery breath, From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight Defence back in a full broadside! As hail rebounds from a roof of slate, Rebounds our heavier hail From each iron scale Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag!" the rebel cries, In his arrogant old plantation strain.

"Never!" our gallant Morris replies; "It is better to sink than to yield!" And the whole air pealed With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black, She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp! Down went the Cumberland all a wreck, With a sudden shudder of death, And the cannon's breath For her dying gape.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay, Still floated our flag at the mainmast head. Lord, how beautiful was Thy day! Every waft of the air Was a whisper of prayer, Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down in the seas! Hope are at peace in the troubled stream; Ho! brave land! with hearts like these, Thy flag, that is rent in twain, Shall be one again, And without a scream!

SNOW-FLAKES.

Out of the bosom of the Air, Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken, Over the woodlands brown and bare, Over the harvest-fields forsaken, Silent, and soft, and slow Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take Suddenly shape in some divine expression, Even as the troubled heart doth make In the white countenance confession, The troubled sky reveals The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air, Slowly in silent syllables recorded; This is the secret of despair, Long in its cloudy bosom hearded, Now whispered and revealed To wood and field.

A DAY OF SUNSHINE.

O Gift of God! O perfect day: Whereon shall no man work, but play; Whereon it is enough for me, Not to be doing, but to be!

Through every fibre of my brain, Through every nerve, through every vein, I feel the electric thrill, the touch Of life, that seems almost too much.

I hear the wind among the trees Playing celestial symphonies; I see the branches downward bent, Like keys of some great instrument.

And over me unrolls on high The splendid scenery of the sky, Where through a sapphire sea the sun Sails like a golden galley,

Towards yonder cloud-land in the West, Towards yonder Islands of the Blest, Whose sleep sierra far uplifts Its craggy summits while with drifts. Blow, winds! and waft through all the rooms The snow-flakes of the cherry-blooms! Blow, winds! and bend within my reach The fiery blossoms of the peach!

O Life and Love! O happy throng Of thoughts, whose only speech is song!

O heart of man! canst thou not be Blistic as the air is, and as free?

SOMETHING LEFT UNDONE.

Labor with what zeal we will, Something still remains undone, Something unaccomplished still Waits the rising of the sun.

By the bedside, on the stair, At the threshold, near the gates, With its menace or its prayer, Like a mendicant it waits;

Waits, and will not go away: Waits, and will not be gainsaid; By the cares of yesterday Each to-day is heavier made;

Till at length the burden seems Greater than our strength can bear, Heavy as the weight of dreams, Pressing on us everywhere.

And we stand from day to day Like the dwarfs of times gone by, Who, as Northern legends say, On their shoulders held the sky.

WEARINESS.

O little feet! that such long years Must wander on through hopes and fears, Must ache and bleed beneath your load; I, nearer to the wayside inn Where soil shall cease and rest begin, Am weary, thinking of your road!
O little hands! that, weak or strong,  
Have still to serve or rule so long,  
Have still so long to give or ask;  
I, who so much with book and pen  
Have toiled among my fellow-men,  
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts! that throb and beat  
With such impatient, feverish heat,  
Such limitless and strong desires;

FATA MORGANA.
O sweet illusions of Song,  
That tempt me everywhere,  
In the lonely fields, and the strong  
Of the crowded thoroughfare!

I approach, and ye vanish away,  
I grasp you, and ye are gone;  
But over by night and by day,  
The melody soundeth on.

As the weary traveller sees  
In desert or prairie vast,  
Blue lakes, overhung with trees,  
That a pleasant shadow cast;

Fair towns with turrets high,  
And shining roofs of gold,  
That vanish as he draws nigh,  
Like mists together rolled,—

So I wander and wander along,  
And forever before me gleams  
The shining city of song,  
In the beautiful land of dreams.

But when I would enter the gate  
Of that golden atmosphere,  
it is gone, and I wander and wait  
For the vision to reappear.

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.
Each heart has its haunted chamber,  
Where the silent moonlight falls!  
On the floor are mysterious footsteps,  
There are whispers along the walls!

And mine at times is haunted  
By phantoms of the Past,  
As motionless as shadows  
By the silent moonlight cast.

A form sits by the window,  
That is not seen by day,  
For as soon as the dawn approaches  
It vanishes away.

It sits there in the moonlight,  
Itself as pale and still,  
And points with its airy finger  
Across the window-sill.

Without, before the window,  
There stands a gloomy pine,  
Whose boughs wave upward and downward  
As wave these thoughts of mine.

FLIGHT THE THIRD.
Ming so long has glowed and burned,  
With passions into ashes turned  
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls! as pure and white  
And crystalline as rays of light  
Direct from heaven, their source divine;  
Reflected through the mist of years,  
How red my setting sun appears,  
How lurid looks this soul of mine!

THE MEETING.
After so long an absence  
At last we meet again:  
Does the meeting give us pleasure,  
Or does it give us pain?

The tree of Life has been shaken,  
And few of us linger now,  
Like the Prophet's two or three berries  
In the top of the uppermost bough.

We cordially greet each other  
In the old, familiar tone;  
And we think, though we do not say it,  
How old and gray he has grown!

We speak of a Merry Christmas  
And many a Happy New Year;  
But each in his heart is thinking  
Of those that are not here,

We speak of friends and their fortunes,  
And of what they did and said,  
Till the dead alone seem living,  
And the living alone seem dead.

And at last we hardly distinguish  
Between the ghosts and the guests;  
And a mist and shadow of sadness  
Steals over our merriest jests.

VOX POPULI.
When Mazârân, the Magician,  
Journeyed westward through Cathay,  
Nothing heard he but the praises  
Of Badoura on his way.
But the lessen ing rumor ended
When he came to Khaledan,
There the folk were talking only
Of Prince Camaralzaman.

So it happens with the poets:
Every province hath its own;
Camaralzaman is famous
Where Badoura is unknown.

THE CASTLE-BUILDER.

A gentle boy, with soft and silken locks,
A dreamy boy, with brown and tender eyes,
A castle-builder, with his wooden blocks,
And towers that touch imaginary skies.

A fearless rider on his father's knee,
An eager listener unto stories told
At the Round Table of the nursery.
Of heroes and adventures manifold.

There will be other towers for thee to build;
There will be other steeds for thee to ride;
There will be other legends, and all filled
With greater marvels and more glorified.

Build on, and make thy castles high and fair,
Rising and reaching upward to the skies;
Listen to voices in the upper air,
Nor lose thy simple faith in mysteries.

CHANGED.

From the outskirts of the town,
Where of old the mile-stone stood,
I behold the shadowy crown
Of the dark and haunted wood.

Is it changed, or am I changed?
Aha! the oaks are fresh and green,
But the friends with whom I ranged
Through their thickets are estranged
By the years that intervene.

Bright as ever flows the sea,
Bright as ever shines the sun,
But alas! they seem to me
Not the sun that used to be,
Not the tides that used to run.

THE CHALLENGE.

I have a vague remembrance
Of a story, that is told
In some ancient Spanish legend
Or chronicle of old.

It was when brave King Sanchez
Was before Zamora slain,
And his great besieging army
Lay encamped upon the plain.

Don Diego de Ordóñez
Sallied forth in front of all,
And shouted loud his challenge
To the warders on the wall.

All the people of Zamora,
Both the born and the unborn,
As traitors did he challenge
With taunting words of scorn.

The living, in their houses,
And in their graves, the dead!
And the waters of their rivers,
And their wine, and oil, and bread!

There is a greater army,
That besets us round with strife,
A starving, numberless army,
At all the gates of life.

The poverty-stricken millions
Who challenge our wine and bread,
And impeach us all as traitors,
Both the living and the dead.

And whenever I sit at the banquet,
Where the feast and song are high,
Amid the mirth and the music
I can hear that fearful cry.

And hollow and haggard faces
Look into the lighted hall,
And wasted hands are extended
To catch the crumbs that fall.

For within there is light and plenty,
And odors fill the air;
But without there is cold and darkness,
And hunger and despair.

And there in the camp of famine,
In wind and cold and rain,
Christ, the great Lord of the army,
Lies dead upon the plain!

THE BROOK AND THE WAVE.

The booklet came from the mountain,
As sang the bard of old,
Running with feet of silver
Over the sands of gold!

Far away in the briny wave
There rolled a turbulent wave
Now singing along the sea-beach,
Now howling along the cave.

And the booklet has found the billow
Though they flowed so far apart,
And has filled with its freshness and sweetness
That turbulent, bitter heart!

FROM THE SPANISH CANCIONEROS.

1.

Eyes so triystful, eyes so tristful,
Heart so full of care and tumber,
I was lapped in rest and slumber.
Ye have made me wakeful, wistful!

If this life of labor endless
Who shall comfort my distresses?
Querulous my, solit and friendless
In its sorrow shines carcasses.
Ye have made me, ye have made me
Querulous of you, that care not.
Eyes so tristful, yet I dare not
Say to what ye have betrayed me.
AFTERMATH.  

2.  

Some day, some day,  
O troubled breast,  
Shalt thou find rest.  

If Love in thee  
To grief give birth,  
Six feet of earth  
Can more than he;  
There calm and free  
And unoppressed  
Shalt thou find rest.  

The unmourned  
In life at last,  
When life is passed,  
Shall all be gained;  
No more pained,  
No more distressed,  
Shalt thou find rest.  

-  

3.  

Come, O Death, so silent flying  
That unheard thy coming be,  
Lest the sweet delight of dying  
Bring life back again to me.  

For thy sure approach perceiving  
In my constancy and pain  
I new life should win again,  
Thinking that I am not living.  
So to me, unconsolingly,  
All unknown thy coming be,  
Lest the sweet delight of dying  
Bring life back again to me.  

Unto him who finds thee hateful,  
Death, thou art inhuman pain;  
But to me, who dying gains,  
Life is but a task ungrateful.  
Come, then, with my wish complying,  
All unheard thy coming be,  
Lest the sweet delight of dying  
Bring life back again to me.  

4.  

Glove of black in white hand bare,  
And about her forehead pale  
Wound a thin, transparent veil,  
That doth not conceal her hair;  
Sovereign attitude and air,  
Check and neck alike displayed,  
With coquettish charms arrayed,  
Laughing eyes and fugitive;—  
This is killing men that live,  
'T is not mourning for the dead.  

AFTERMATH.  

When the Summer fields are mown,  
When the birds are fledged and flown,  
And the dry leaves strew the path;  
-  

With the falling of the snow,  
With the cawing of the crow,  
Once again the fields we mow  
And gather in the aftermath.  

Not the sweet, new grass with flowers  
Is this harvesting of ours;  
Not the upland and clover bloom;  
But the rowen mixed with weeds,  
Tangled tufts from marsh and meads,  
Where the poppy drops its seeds,  
In the silence and the gloom.

EPMETHEUS,  
OR THE POET'S AFTERTHOUGHT.  

Have I dreamed? or was it real,  
What I saw as in a vision,  
When to marches hymeneal  
In the land of the ideal  
Moved my thought o'er Fields Elysian?  

What! are these the guests whose glances  
Seemed like sunshine gleaming round me?  
These the wild, bewildering fancies,  
That with diryrambic dances  
As with magic circles bound me?  

Ah! how cold are their caresses!  
Fallid cheeks, and languid bosoms!  
Spectral gleam their snow-white dresses,  
And from loose, dishevelled tresses  
Fall the hyacinthine blossoms!  

O my songs! whose winsome measures  
Filled my heart with secret rapture!  
Children of my golden pleasures!  
Must even your delights and pleasures  
Fade and perish with the capture?  

Fair they seemed, those songs sonorous,  
When they came to me unbidden;  
Voices single, and in choruses,  
Like the wild birds singing o'er us  
In the dark of branches hidden.  

Disenchantment! Disillusion!  
Must each noble aspiration  
Come at last to this conclusion,  
Jarring discord, wild confusion,  
Lassitude, renunciation?  

Not with steeper fall nor faster.  
From the sun's serene dominions,  
Not through brighter realms nor vaster,  
In swift ruin and disaster,  
Icarus fell with shattered pinions!  

Sweet Pandora! dear Pandora!  
Why did mighty Jove create thee  
Coy as Thetis, fair as Flora,  
Beautiful as young Aurora,  
If to win thee is to hate thee?  

No, not hate thee! for this feeling  
Of unrest and long resistance  
Is but passionate appealing,  
A prophetic whisper stealing  
O'er the chords of our existence.  

Him whom thou dost once enamor,  
Thou, beloved, never leavest;  
In life's discord, strife, and clamor,  
Still he feels thy spell of glamour;  
Him of Hope thou ne'er bereavest.  

Weary hearts by thee are lifted,  
Struggling souls by thee are strengthened,  
Clouds of fear asunder rifted,  
Truth from falsehood cleansed and rifted;  
Lives, like days in summer, lengthened!  

Therefore art thou ever dearer,  
O, my Sibyl, my deceiver!  
For thou makest each mystery clearer,  
And the unattained seems nearer,  
When thou fillest my heart with fever!  

Muse of all the Gifts and Graces!  
Though the fields around us wither,  
There are ampler realms and spaces,  
Where no foot has left its traces:  
Let us turn and wander thither!
TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

PRELUDE.

THE WAYSIDE INN.

One Autumn night, in Sudbury town,
Across the meadows bare and brown,
The windows of the wayside inn
Gleamed red with fire-light through the leaves
Of woodbine, hanging from the caves.
Their crimson curtains rent and thin

As ancient is this hostelry
As any in the land may be,
Built in the old Colonial day,
When men lived in a grander way,
With ampler hospitality
A kind of old Hogobblein Hall,
Now somewhat fallen to decay,
With weather stains upon the wall,
And starstairs worn, and crazy doors,
And creaking and uneven floors,
And chimneys huge, and tiled and tall.

A region of repose it seems
A place of slumber and of dreams,
Beneath the wooled bills
For there no noisy railway speeds,
Its torch-race scattering smoke and gleeds;
But soon and night, the pacing teams
Stop under the great oaks, that throw
Tangles of light and shade below.
On roofs and doors and window-sills.
Across the road the barns display
Their lines of stalls, their mows of hay,
Through the wide doors the breezes blow,
The wattled cooks strut to and fro,
And, half effaced by rain and shine,
The Red Horse prances on the sign.

Round this old-fashioned, quaint abode
Deep silence reigned, save when a gust
Went rushing down the county road,
And skeletons of leaves, and dust,
A moment quickened by its breath,
Shredded and danced their dance of death,
And through the ancient oaks o'erhead
Mysterious voices moaned and fled.

But from the parlor of the inn
A pleasant murmur smote the ear.
Like water rushing through a weir;
Oft interrupted by the din
Of laughter and of loud applause,
And, in each intervening pause,
The music of a violin.
The fire-light, shedding over all
The splendor of its ruddy glow,
Filled the whole parlor large and low;
It gleaned on wainscot and on wall,
It touched with more than wonted grace
Fair Princess Mary's pictured face;
It bronzed the rafters overhead,
On the old spinet's ivory keys
It played inaudible melodies,
It crowned the sombre clock with flame,
The hands, the hour, the maker's name
And painted with a livelier red
The Landlord's coat-of-arms again;
And, flashing on the window-pane,
Emblazoned with fire-light and shade
The jovial rhymes, that still remain,
Writ near a century ago,
By the great Major Molineaux,
Whom Hawthorne has immortal made.

Before the blazing fire of wood
Freet the rapt musician stood;
And ever and anon he bent
His head upon his instrument,
And seemed to listen till he caught
Confessions of its secret thought,—
The joy, the triumph, the lament,
The exultation and the pain;
Then, by the magic of his art,
He soothed the throbblings of its heart,
And lulled it into peace again.

Around the fireside at their ease
There sat a group of friends, entranced
With the delicious melodies:
Who from the far-off noisy town
Had come to the wayside inn, to rest
Beneath its old oak-trees.
The fire-light on their faces glanced,
Their shadows on the wainscot danced,
And, though of different lands and speech,
Each had his tale to tell, and each
Was anxious to be pleased and please.
And while the sweet musician plays,
Let me in outline sketch them all,
Perchance untruthfully as the blaze
With its uncertain touch portrays
Their shadowy semblance on the wall.

But first the Landlord will I trace;
Grave in his aspect and attire;
A man of ancient pedigree,
A Justice of the Peace was he,
Known in all Sudbury as "The Squire."
Proud was he of his name and race,
Of old Sir William and Sir Hugh,
And in the parlor, full in view,
His coat-of-arms, well framed and glazed,
Upon the wall in colors blazed;
He heard the gales upon his shield,
A chevron argent in the field,
With three wolves' heads, and for the crest
A Wyvern part-per-pale addressed
Upon a helmet barred; below
The scroll reads, "By the name of Howe."
And over this, no longer bright,
Though glimmering with a latent light,
Was hung the sword his grandson bore
In the rebellious days of yore:
Down there at Concord in the fight.

A youth was there, of quiet ways,
A student of old books and days,
To whom all tongues and lands were known
And yet a lover of his own;
With many a social virtue graced,
And yet a friend of solitude;
A man of such a genial mood
The heart of all things he embraced,
And yet of such fastidious taste
He never found the best too good.
Books were his passion and delight,
And in his upper room at home
Stood many a rare and sumptuous tome
In vellum bound, with gold bespangle,
Great volumes garnished in white,
Recalling Florence, Pisa, Rome.
He loved the twilight that surrounds
The border-land of old romance;
Where glitter hauberk, helm, and lance,
And banner waves, and trumpet sounds,
And ladies ride with hawk on wrist,
And mighty warriors sweep along,
Magnified by the purple mist,
The dusk of centuries and of song.
The chronicles of Charlemagne,
Of Merlin and the King of Arthure,
Mingled together in his brain
With tales of Ficres and Blanchefleur,
Sir Farambras, Sir Eglamour,
Sir Launcelot, Sir Morgandour,
Sir Guy, Sir Bevis, Sir Gawain.

A young Sicilian, too, was there;
In sight of Etna born and bred,
Some breath of its volcanic air
Was glowing in his heart and brain,
And, being rebellious to his liege,
After Palermo's fatal siege,
Across the western seas he fled,
In good King Bomba's happy reign.

His face was like a summer night,
All flooded with a dusky light;
His hands were small; his teeth shone white
As sea-shells when they smiled or spake;
His sinews supple and strong as oak;
Clean shaven was he as a priest,
Who at the mass on Sunday sings,
Save that upon his upper lip
His beard, a good palm's length at least,
Level and pointed at the tip,
Shot sideways, like a swallow's wings.
The poets read he o'er and o'er,
And most of all the Immortal Four
Of Italy; and next to those,
The story-telling bard of prose,
Who wrote the joyous Tucan tales
Of the Decameron, that make
Fiesole's green hills and vales
Remembered for Boccaccio's sake.
Much too of music was his thought;
The melodies and measures fraught
With sunshine and the open air,
Of Vineyards and the singing sea
Of his beloved Sicily;
And much it pleased him to peruse
The songs of the Sicilian muse,—
Bucolic songs by Meli sung
In the familiar peasant tongue,
That made men say, "Behold! once more
The pitying gods to earth restore
Theocratus of Syracuse!"

A Spanish Jew from Alicant
With grave and grave was there;
Vender of silks and fabrics rare,
And attar of rose from the Levant.
Like an old Patriarch he appeared,
Abraham or Isaac, or at least
Some later Prophet or High-Priest;
With lustrous eyes, and olive skin,
And, wildly tossed from cheeks and chin,
The tumbling cataract of his beard.
His garments bore a spicy scent
Of cinnamon and sandal bient,
Like the soft aromatic gales
That meet the mariner, who sails
Through the Moluccas, and the seas
That wash the shores of Celebes,
All stories that recorded are
By Pierre Alphonse he knew by heart,
And it was rumored he could say
The Parables from St. Phanside's hand it came
Had written his unrivalled name,—
"Antonius Stradivarius."

And when he played, the atmosphere
Was filled with magic, and the ear
Cought echoes of that Harp of Gold,
Whose music had so weird a sound,
The hunted stag forgot to bound,
The leaping rivulet backward rolled,
The birds came down from bush and tree,
The LANDLORD'S TALE.

Paul Revere's Ride.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Harried a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said "Good night!" and with muffled oar
SILENTLY rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The master of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with steady tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And started the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre bough, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-clothes, wrapped in the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he posted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But fingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the glided weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown,
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.
So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear.
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

INTERLUDE.

The Landlord ended thus his tale,
Then rising took down from its nail
The sword that hung there, dim with dust,
And cleaving to its sheath with rust,
And said, "This sword was in the fight."
The Poet seized it, and exclaimed,
"It is the sword of a good knight,
Though homespun was his coat-of-mail;
What matter if it be not named
Joyeuse, Colado, Durindale,
Excalibar, or Roundlight,
Or other name the books record?
Your ancestor, who bore this sword
As Colonel of the Volunteers,
Mounted upon his old gray mare,
Seen here and there and everywhere,
To me a grander shape appears
Than old Sir William, or what not,
Climbing about in foreign lands
With iron gauntlets on his hands,
And on his head an iron pot!"

All laughed; the Landlord's face grew red
As his escutcheon on the wall;
He could not comprehend at all
The drift of what the Poet said;
For those who had been longest dead
Were always greatest in his eyes;
And he was speechless with surprise
To see Sir William's plumed head
Brought to a level with the rest,
And made the subject of a jest.
And this perceiving, to appease
The Landlord's wrath, the others' fears,
The Student said, with careless ease,
"The ladies and the cavaliers,
The arms, the loves, the courtesies,
The deeds of high emprise, I sing!
Thus Ariosto says, in words
That have the stately stride and ring
Of armed knights and clashing swords.
Now listen to the tale I bring;
I, Phidias, not to me belong
The flowing draperies of his song,
The words that rouse, the voice that charms.
The landlord's tale was one of arms,
Only a talisman is known.
Blessing the human and divine,
A tale of the Decameron, told
In Palmieri's garden old,
By Pialetta, laurel-crowned,
While her companions lay around,
And heard the intermingled sound
Of airs that on their errands sped,
And with birds-gossipping overhead,
And lips of leaves, and fountain's fall,
And her own voice more sweet than all,
Telling the tale, which, wanting these,
Perchance may lose its power to please."

THE STUDENT'S TALE.

The Falcon of Ser Federigo.

One summer morning, when the sun was hot,
Weary with labor in his garden-plot,
On a rude bench beneath his cottage eaves
Ser Federigo sat among the leaves
Of a huge vine, that, with its arms outspread,
Hung in delicious clusters overhead.
Blew him, through the lovely valley, flowed
The river Arno, like a winding road;
And from its banks were lifted high in air
The spires and roofs of Florence called the Fair;
To him a marble tomb, that rose above
His wasted fortunes and his buried love.
For there, in banquet and in tournament,
His wealth had vanished been, his substance spent,
To woo and lose, since ill his wooing sped,
Monna Giovanna, who his rival wed,
Yet ever in his fancy reigned supreme,
The ideal woman of a young man's dream.

Then he withdrew, in poverty and pain,
To this small farm, the last of his domain,
His only comfort and his only care
To prune his vines, and plant the fig and pear;
His only forester and only guest
His Falcon, faithful to him, when the rest,
Whose willing hands had found so light of yore
The brazen knocker of his palace door,
Had now no strength to lift the wooden latch,
That entrance gave beneath a roof of thatch.
Companion of his solitary ways,
Purveyor of his feasts on holidays,
On him this melancholy man bestowed
The love with which his nature overflowed.

And so the empty-handed years went round,
Vacant, though voiceful with prophetic sound,
And so, that summer morn, he sat and mused
With folded, patient hands, as more he dozed,
And dreamily before his half-closed sight
Floated the vision of his lost delight.
Beside him, motionless, the drowsy bird
Dreamed of the chase, and in his slumber heard
The sudden, scythe-like sweep of wings, that dare
The heav'ly plunge thro' edifying gusts of air,
Then, starting broad awake upon his perch,
Tinkled his bells, like mass-bells in a church,
And looking at his master, seemed to say,
"Ser Federigo, shall we hunt to-day?"

Ser Federigo thought not of the chase;
The tender vision of her lovely face,
I would not say she seemed, she sees
In the leaf-shadows of the trellises,

Herself, yet not herself; a lovely child
With flowing tresses, and eyes wide and wild,
Counting unadament the garden walk,
And looking not at him, but at the hawk.
"'Beautiful falcon!' said ha, 'would that I
Might hold thee on my wrist, or see thee fly!'
The voice was hers, and made strange echoes start
Through all the haunted chambers of his heart,
As an eolian harp through gusty doors
Of some old ruin its wild music pours.
"'Who is thy mother, my fair boy?" he said,
His hand laid softly on that shining head.
"Monna Giovanna. Will you let me stay
A little while, and with your falcon play?
We live there, just beyond your garden wall,
In the great house behind the poplars tall."

So he spake on; and Federigo heard
As from afar each softly uttered word,
And drifted onward through the golden gleams
And shadows of the misty sea of dreams.
As mariners becalmed through vapors drift,
And feel the sea beneath them rink and lift,
And hear far off the mournful breakers roar,
And voices calling faintly from the shore!
Then, waking from his pleasant reveries,
He took the little boy upon his knees,
And told him stories of his gallant bird,
Till in their friendship he became a third.

Monna Giovanna, widowed in her prime,
Had come with friends to pass the summer time
In her grand villa, half-way up the hill,
Overlooking Florence, but retired and still;
With iron gates, that opened through long lines
Of sacred ilex and centennial pines,
And terraced gardens, and broad steps of stone,
And sylvan deities, with moss o'ergrown,
And fountain-pools, and pleasure terraces:
And all Val d'Arno stretched beneath its feet.
Here in seclusion, as a widow may
The lovely lady whiled the hours away,
Pacing in sable robes the statued hall,
Herself the statelyest statue among all,
And seeing more and more, with secret joy,
Her husband risen and living in her boy,
Till the lost sense of life returned again
Not as delight, but as relief from pain.
Meanwhile the boy, rejoicing in his strength,
Stormed down the terraces from length to length;
The screaming peacock chased in hot pursuit,
And climbed, the garden terracesiser her foot,
But his chief pastime was to watch the flight
Of a goshawk, soaring into sight,
Beyond the trees that fringed the garden wall,
Then downward slooping at some distant call;
And as he gazed full often wondered he
Who might the master of the falcon be,
Until that happy morning, when he found
Master and falcon in the cottage ground.

And now a shadow and a terror fell
On the great house, as if a passing-bell
Tolled from the tower, and filled each spacious
With secret awe, and preternatural gloom:
The petted boy grew ill, and day by day
Pined with mysterious malady away.
The mother's heart would not be comforted;
Her darling seemed to her already dead,
And often, sitting by the sufferer's side,
"What can I do to comfort thee?" she cried.
At first the silent lips made no reply,
But, moved at length, her heart implored, "Give me," he answered, with imploring tone,
"Ser Federigo's falcon for my own!"
No answer could the astonished mother make;
"How could she ask, even for her darling's sake,
Such favor at a luckless lover's hand?
Well knowing that to ask was to command?"
Well knowing, what all falconers confessed,
In all the land that falcon was the best,
The master's pride and passion and delight,
And the sole pursuivant of this poor knight.
His heart for her child's sake, was furbelow no less
Than give assent, to soothe his restlessness,
So promised, and then promising to keep
Her promise sacred, saw him fall asleep.

The morrow was a bright September morn;
The earth was beautiful as if new-born;
There was that nameless splendor everywhere,
That wild exhilaration in the air,
Which makes the passers in the city street
Congratulate each other as they meet.
Two lovely ladies, clothed in cloak and hood,
Passed through the garden gate into the wood,
Under the lustrous leaves, and through the sheen
Of dewy sunshine showering down between.

The one, closed-hooded, had the attractive grace
Which sorrow sometimes lends a woman's face;
Her dark eyes moistened with the mist that roll
From the gulf-stream of passion in the soul;
The other with her hood thrown back, her hair
Making a golden glory in the air.
Her cheek flushed into a sun-splendid blush,
Her young heart singing louder than the thrush.
So walked, that morn, through mingled light and shade,
Each by the other's presence lovelier made,
Monna Giovanna and her bosom friend,
Intent upon their errand and its end.

They found Ser Federigo at his toll,
Like banished Adam, dwelling in the soil;
And when he looked and those fair women spied,
The garden suddenly was glorified;
His long-lost Eden was restored again,
And the strange river winding through the plain
No longer was the Arno to his eyes,
But the Euphrates watering Paradise!

Monna Giovanna raised her stately head,
And with fair words of salutation said:
"Ser Federigo, we come here as friends,
Hoping in this to make some poor amends
For our past unkindness. He who never
Would even cross the threshold of your door,
I who in happier days such pride maintained,
Refused your banquets, and your gifts disregarded,
This morning come, a self-invited guest,
To put your generous nature to the test,
And breakfast with you under your own vine."
To which he answered: "Poor desert of mine,
Not your unkindness call it, for if aught
Is good in me of feeling or of thought,
From you it comes, and this last grace overweighs
All sorrows, all regrets of other days."

And after further compliment and talk,
Among the dahlias in the garden walk
He led his guests; and led to his carriage turn'd,
And as he entered for a moment yearn'd
For the lost splendors of the days of old,
The ruby glass, the silver and the gold,
And felt how piercing is the sting of pride,
By want embittered and intensified.
He looked about him for some means or way
To keep this unexpected holiday;
Searched every car-papboard, and then searched
Again,
Summoned the maid, who came, but came in vain;
"The Signor did not hunt to-day," she said,
"There was nothing in the house but wine and bread."
Then suddenly the drowsy falcon shook
His little hills, with that sagacious look,
Which said, as plain as language to the ear,
"If anything is wanting, I am here!"
Yes, everything is wanting, gallant bird!
The master seized thee without further word.
Like the own lure, he whirled thee round; ah me!
The pomp and flutter of brave falconry,
The bells, the jesses, the bright scarlet hood,
The flight and the pursuit o'er field and wood,
All these forevemore are ended now;
No longer victor, but the victim thou!

Then on the board a snow-white cloth he spread,
Laid on his wooden dish the loaf of bread,
Brought purple grapes with autumn sunshine hot,
The fragrant peach, the juicy bergamot;
Then in the midst a flask of wine he placed,
And with autumnal flowers the banquet grace.
Ser Federigo, would not these suffice
Without thy falcon stuffed with cloves and spice?

When all was ready, and the courtly dame
With her companion to the cottage came,
Upon Ser Federigo's brain there fell
The wild enchantment of a magic spell!
The room they entered, mean and low and small,
Was changed into a sumptuous banquet-hall,
With fanfares by aerial trumpets blown.
The rustic chair she sat on was a throne;
He ate celestial food, and a divine
Flavor was given to his country wine,
And the great falcon, fragrant with his spice,
A peacock was, or bird of paradise!

When the repast was ended, they arose
And passed again into the garden-close.
Then said the lady, "Far too well I know,
Remembering still the days of long ago,
Though you betray me not, with what surprise
You see me here in this familiar wise.
You have no children, and you cannot guess,
What anguish, what unspeakable distress,
A mother feels, whose child is lying ill,
Nor how her heart anticipates his will.
And yet for this, you see me lay aside
All womanly reserve and check of pride,
And ask the thing most precious in your sight,
Your falcon, your sole comfort and delight.
Which if you find it in your heart to give,
My poor, unhappy hope perseverance may live."

Ser Federigo listens, and replies.
With tears of love and pity in his eyes:
"Alas, dear lady! there can be no task
So sweet to me, as giving when you lack
One little hour ago, if I had known
This wish of yours, it would have been my own.
But thinking in what manner I could best
Do honor to the presence of my guest,
I deemed that nothing worthy could be
Than what most dear and precious was to me,
And so my gallant falcon breathed his last
To furnish forth this morning our repast."

In mute contrition, mingled with dismay,
The gentle lady turned her eyes away,
Grieving that he such sacrifice should make,
And kill his falcon for a woman's sake,
Yet feeling in her heart a woman's pride,
That nothing she could ask for was denied;
Then took her leave, and passed out at the gate,
With footstep slow and soul disconsolate.

Three days went by, and lo! a passing bell
Tolled from the little chapel in the dell;
Ten strokes Ser Federigo heard, and said,
Breathing a prayer, "Alas! her child is dead!"
Three months went by; and lo! a merrier chime
Rang from the chapel bells at Christmas time;
The cottage was deserted, and no more
Ser Federigo sat beside its door,
But now, with servitors to do his will,
In the grand villa, half-way up the hill,
Sat at the Christmas feast, and at his side
Monna Giovanna, his beloved bride,
Never so beautiful, so kind, so fair,
Enthroned once more in the old rustic chair,
High-perched upon the back of which there stood
The image of a falcon carved in wood,
And underneath the inscription, with a date,
"All things come round to him who will but wait."

INTERLUDE.

Soon as the story reached its end,
One, over eager to commend,
Crowned it with injudicious praise;
And then the voice of blame found vent,
And fanned the embers of dissent
Into a somewhat lively blaze.

The Theologian shook his head;
"These old Italian tales," he said,
"From the much-praised Decameron down
Through all the rabble of the rest,
Are either trifling, dull, or lewd;
The gossip of a neighborhood
In some remote provincial town,
A scandalous chronicle at best!
They seem to me a stagnant fen,
Grown rank with rushes and with reeds,
Where a white lily, now and then,
Booms in the midst of noxious weeds
And deadly nightshade on its banks."

To this the Student straight replied,
"For the white lily, many thanks!
One should not say, with too much pride,
Fountain, I will not drink of thee!
Nor were it grateful to forget,
That from these reservoirs and tanks
Even imperial Shakespeare drew
His Moor of Venice, and the Jew,
And Romeo and Juliet,
And many a famous comedy."

Then a long pause; till some one said,
"An angel is flying overhead!"
At these words spake the Spanish Jew,
And murmured with an inward breath:
"God grant, if what you say be true,
It may not be the Angel of Death!"
And then another pause; and then,
Stroking his beard, he said again:
"This brings back to my memory
A story in the Talmud told,
That book of gems, that book of gold,
Of wonders many and manifold,
A tale that often comes to me,
And fills my heart, and haunts my brain,
And never wearies not grows old.

THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE.

THE LEGEND OF RABBI BEN LEVI.

Rabbi Ben Levi, on the Sabbath, read
A volume of the Law, in which it said,
"No man shall look upon my face and live,"
And as he read, he prayed that God would give
His faithful servant grace with mortal eye
To look upon His face and yet not die.

Then fell a sudden shadow on the page,
And, lifting up his eyes, grown dim with age,
He saw the Angel of Death before him stand,
Holding a naked sword in his right hand.
Rabbi Ben Levi was a righteous man,
Yet through his veins a chill of terror ran.
With trembling voice he said, "What wilt thou
here?"

The angel answered, "Lo! the time draws near
When thou must die; yet first, by God's grace,
Whate'er thou askest shall be granted thee."
Replied the Rabbi, "Let these living eyes
First look upon my place in Paradise."

Then said the angel, "Come with me and look;"
Rabbi Ben Levi closed the sacred book,
And rising, and uplifting his gray head,
"Give me thy sword," he to the Angel said,
"lest thou shouldst fall upon me by the way."
The angel smiled and hastened to obey,
Then led him forth to the Celestial Town,
And set him on the wall, whence, gazing down,
Rabbi Ben Levi, with his living eyes,
Might lock upon his place in Paradise.

Then straight into the city of the Lord
The Rabbi leaped with the Death-Angel's sword,
And through the streets there swept a sudden breath
Of something there unknown, which men call death.
Meanwhile the Angel stayed without, and cried,
"Come back!" To which the Rabbi's voice replied,
"No! in the name of God, whom I adore,
I swear that hence I will depart no more!"

Then all the Angels cried, "O Holy One,
See what the son of Levi here hath done!
The kingdom of Heaven he takes by violence,
And in Thy name resists to go hence!"
The Lord replied, "My Angels, be not wroth;
Did e'er the son of Levi break his oath?
Let him remain; for he with mortal eye
Shall look upon my face and yet not die."

Beyond the outer wall the Angel of Death
Heard the great voice, and said, with pouting breath,
"Give back the sword, and let me go my way."
Whereat the Rabbi paused, and answered,
"Nay."

Anguish enough already it has caused
Among the sons of men. And while he paused
He heard the awful mandate of the Lord
Resounding through the air, "Give back the sword!"

The Rabbi bowed his head in silent prayer;
Then said he to the dreadful Angel, "Swear,
No human eye shall look on it again;
But when thou takest away the souls of men,
Thyself unseen, and with an unseen sword,
Thou wilt perform the bidding of the Lord."
The Angel took the sword again, and swore,
And walks on earth unseen for evermore.

INTERLUDE.

He ended: and a kind of spell
Upon the silent listeners fell.
His solemn manner and his words
Had touched the deep, mysterious chords,
That vibrate in each human breast.
Alike, but not alike confessed,
The spiritual world seemed near;
And close above them, all full of fear,
Its awful adumbration passed,
A luminous shadow, vague and vast.
They almost feared to look, lest there
Embodied from the impalpable air,
They might behold the Angel stand,
Holding the sword in his right hand.

At last, but in a voice subduced,
Not to disturb their dreamy mood,
Said the Sicilian: "While you spoke,
Telling your legend marvellous,
Suddenly in my memory woke
The thought of one, now gone from us,—
An old Abate, meek and mild,
My friend and teacher, when a child,
Who sometimes in those days of old
The legend of an Angel told,
Which ran, as I remember, thus."

THE SICILIAN'S TALE.

KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Almonld, Emperor of Allemaine,
Apparelled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, "Deposuit potentes
De sere et exaltavit humiles;"
And slowly lifting up his kingly head
He to a learned clerk beside him said,
"What mean these words?" The clerk made answer meet,
"He has put down the mighty from their seat
And has exalted them of low degree."
Threat King Robert muttered scornfully,
"'Tis well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;
For unto priests and people be it known
There is no power can push me from my throne!"
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night;
The church was empty, and there was no light,
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,
Lighted a little space before some saint.
He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
He groped towards the door, but it was locked;
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?"
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
"Open: it is I, the King! Art thou afraid?"
The startled sexton, muttering, with a snare,
"This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"

Turned the great key and flung the portal wide;
A man rushed by him at a single stride.
Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
But leaped into the blackness of the night,
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urban
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemain,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bareheaded, breathless, and besprenst with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate;
 Rushed through the courtyard, thrusting in his rage
To right and left each seneschal and page,
And lifted up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed;
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,
Until at last he reached the haughty room
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.

There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,
King not of his lands, but of earth and sky;
With the divine compassion of his eyes;
Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou here?"
To which King Robert answered, with a sneer,
"I am the King, and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne!"
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords;
The Angel answered, with unrruffled brow,
"Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester, thou
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape;
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall!"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;
A group of littering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding-door,
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the haughty chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the King!"

Next morning, waking, with the day's first beam,
He said within himself, "It was a dream!"
But the straw rustled as it turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,
Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,
Closer the steeds were champing in their stalls,
And in the corner, a revolving shape,
Swaying and chattering sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;
Under the Angel's governance benign
The happy island, decked with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.

Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.
Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,
With look bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food.
What others left,—he still was unsubbshed.
And when the Angel met him on his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest would say,
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
"Art thou the King?" the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resolute overflow,
And, lifting high his forehead, would fling
The haughty answer back, "I am, I am the King!"

Almost three years were ended; when came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemain,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urban
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The Angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o'er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.

And lo! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind;
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp and blare
Of banded trumpets on Saint Peter's square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Ferret, and fall of apostolic grace.
While with congratulation and prayers
He entertained the Angel unawares,
Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rush'd, and cried aloud,
"I am the King! Look, and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!"
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes
Is an impostor in a king's disguise.
Do you not know me? does no voice within
Answer my cry and say we are akin?"
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;
The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!"
And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace
Was hasted back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of the Angel, with its light,
Before the rest, made the city bright.
And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw,
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train,
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.
And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire;
And when they were alone, the Angel said,
"Art thou the King?" Then, bowing down his head,
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him: "Thou knowest best!"
My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones that pave the way to heaven,
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be shirven!"

The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud and clear,
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
Above the stir and tumult of the street:
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree!"
And through the chant a second melody
Rose like the throbbing of a single string:
"I am an Angel, and thou art the King!"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!
But all apparelled as in days of old,
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;
And when his courtiers came, they found him there
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

INTERLUDE.

And then the blue-eyed Norseman told
A Saga of the days of old.
"There is," said he, "a wondrous book
Of Legends in the old Norse tongue;
Of the dead kings of Norroway,—
Legends that once were told or sung
In many a smoky fireside nook
Of Iceland, in the ancient day,
By wandering Saga-man or Scald;
Heimskringla is the volume called;
And he who looks may find therein
The story that I now begin.

And in each verse the story told
Upon his violin he played,
As an appropriate interlude,
Fragments of old Norwegian tunes
That bound in one the separate runes,
And held the mind in perfect mood,
Entwining and encircling all
The strange and antiquated rhymes
With melodies of olden times;
As over some half-ruined wall,
Disjointed and about to fall,
Fresh woodshines climb and interlace,
And keep the loosened stones in place.

THE MUSICIAN'S TALE.

THE SAGA OF KING OLAF.

I.

THE CHALLENGE OF THOR.

I am the God Thor,
I am the War God,
I am the Thunderer! Here in my Northland,
My fastness and fortress,
Reign I forever!

Here amid icebergs
Rule I the nations;
This is my hammer,
Midniter the mighty;
Giants and sorcerers
Cannot withstand it!

These are the gauntlets
Wherewith I wield it,
And hurl it afar off;
This is my girdle;
Whenever Ibrace it,
Strength is redoubled!

The light thou beholdest
Stream through the heavens,
In flashes of crimson,
Is but my red beard
Blown by the night-wind,
Afligthing the nations!

Jove is my brother;
Mine eyes are the lightning;
The wheels of my chariot
Roll in the thunder,
The blows of my hammer
Ring in the earthquake!

Force rules the world still,
Has ruled it, shall rule it;
Meekness is weakness,
Strength is triumphant,
Over the whole earth
Still it is Thor's-Day!

Thou art a God too,
O Gallean!
And thus single-handed
Unto the combat,
Gauntlet or Gospel,
Here I defy thee!

II.

KING OLAF'S RETURN.

And King Olaf heard the cry,
Saw the red light in the sky,
Laid his hand upon his sword,
As he leaned upon the railing,
And his ships went sailing, sailing
Northward into Drontheim fiord.

There he stood as one who dreamed;
And the red light glanced and gleamed
On the armor that he wore;
And he shouted, as the rifted
Streams of water from his mouth and shifted,
"I accept thy challenge, Thor!"

To avenge his father slain,
And reconquer realm and reign,
Came the youthful Olaf home,
Through the midnight sailing, sailing,
Listening to the wild wind's wailing,
And the dashing of the foam.
TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

To his thoughts the sacred name
Of his mother Astrid came,
And the tale she oft had told
Of her flight by secret passes
Through the mountains and morasses,
To the home of Hakon old.

Then strange memories crowded back
Of Queen Gunhild’s wrath and wrack,
And a hurried flight by sea;
Of grim Vikings, and the rapture
Of the sea-fight, and the capture,
And the life of slavery.

How a stranger watched his face
In the Ethontian market-place,
Scanned his features one by one,
Saying, “We should know each other
I am Sigurd, Astrid’s brother,
Thou art Olaf, Astrid’s son!”

Then as Queen Allogia’s page,
Old in honors, young in age,
Chief of all her men-at-arms;
Till vague whispers, and mysterious,
Reached King Valdemar, the imperious,
Filling him with strange alarms.

Then his cruisings o’er the seas,
Westward to the Hebrides,
And to Solly’s rocky shore;
And the hermit’s cavern dismal,
Christ’s great name and rites baptismal,
In the ocean’s rush and roar.

All these thoughts of love and strife
Glimmered through his lurid life,
As the stars’ intenser light,
Through the red flames of o’er him trailing,
As his ships went sailing, sailing,
Northward in the summer night.

Trained for either camp or court,
Skilful in each manly sport,
Young and beautiful and tall;
Art of warfare, craft of chase,
Swimming, skating, snow-shoe races,
Excellent alike in all.

When at sea, with all his rowers,
He along the boding oars
Outside of his ship could run.
He the Smalson Horn ascended,
And his shining shield suspended
On its summit, like a sun.

On the ship-rails he could stand,
Wield his sword with either hand,
And at once two javelins throw;
At all feasts where ale was strongest
Sat the merry monarch longest,
First to come and last to go.

Norway never yet had seen
One so beautiful of men,
One so royal in attire,
When in arms completely furnished,
Harness gold-inlaid and burnished,
Mantle like a flame of fire.

Thus came Olaf to his own,
When upon the night-wind blown
Passed that cry along the shore;
And he answered, while the rifted
Streamers o’er him shook and shifted,
“I accept thy challenge, Thor!”

III.

THORA OF RIMOLO.

“Thora of Rimol! hide me! hide me!
Danger and shame and death beside me!
For Olaf the King is hunting me down
Through field and forest, through thorp and town!”

Thus cried Jarl Hakon
To Thora, the fairest of women.

“Hakon Jarl! for the love I bear thee
Neither shall shame nor death come near thee!
But the hiding-place wherein thou must lie
Is the cave underneath the swine in the sty.”

Thus to Jarl Hakon
Said Thora, the fairest of women.

So Hakon Jarl and his base thrall Karker
Crouched in the cave, than a dungeon darker,
As Olaf came riding, with men in mail,
Through the forest roads into Orkadale,
Demanding Jarl Hakon
Of Thora, the fairest of women.

“Rich and honored shall be whoever
The head of Hakon Jarl shall disserver!”
Hakon heard him, and Karker the slave,
Through the breathing-holes of the darksome cave;
Alone in her chamber
Wept Thora, the fairest of women.

Said Karker, the crafty, “I will not slay thee!
For all the King’s gold I will never betray thee!”

“Then why dost thou turn so pale, O churl,
And then again black as the earth?” said the Earl.
More pale and more faithful
Was Thora, the fairest of women.

From a dream in the night the thrill started,
saying,

“Round my neck a gold ring King Olaf was laying!”

And Hakon answered, “Beware of the king!
He will lay round thy neck a blood-red ring.”

At the ring on her finger
Gazed Thora, the fairest of women.

At daybreak slept Hakon, with sorrows encumbered,
But screamed, and drew up his feet as he shivered.
The thrill in the darkness plunged with his knife,
And the Earl awakened no more in this life.
But wakeful and weeping
Sat Thora, the fairest of women.

At Nidarholm the priests are all singing,
Two gaily heads on the gibbet are swaying;
One is Jarl Hakon’s, and one is his thrall’s,
And the people are shouting from windows and walls,
While alone in her chamber,
Swoons Thora, the fairest of women.

IV.

QUEEN SIGRID THE HAUGHTY.

Queen Sigrid the Haughty sat proud and aloft
In her chamber, that looked over meadow and croft,
Heart’s dearest,
Why dost thou sorrow so?
The floor with tassels of fir was besprent,
Filling the room with their fragrant scent.
She heard the birds sing, she saw the sun shine,  
The air of summer was sweeter than wine.

Like a sword without scabbard the bright river lay  
Between her own kingdom and Norroway.

But Olaf the King had sued for her hand,  
The sword would be sheathed, the river be spanned.

Her maidens were seated around her knee,  
Working bright figures in tapestry.

And one was singing the ancient rune  
Of Brynhilda's love and the wrath of Gudrun

And through it, and round it, and over it all  
Sounded incessant the waterfall.

The Queen in her hand held a ring of gold,  
From the door of Lade's Temple old.

King Olaf had sent her this wedding gift,  
But her thoughts as arrows were keen and swift.

She had given the ring to her goldsmiths twain,  
Who smiled, as they handed it back again.

And Sigrid the Queen, in her haughty way,  
Said, "Why do you smile, my goldsmiths, say?"

And they answered: "O Queen! if the truth must be told,  
The ring is of copper, and not of gold!"

The lightning flashed o'er her forehead and cheek,  
She only mused, she did not speak:

"If in his gifts he can faithless be,  
There will be no gold in his love to me."

A footstep was heard on the outer stair,  
And in strode King Olaf with royal air.

He kissed the Queen's hand, and he whispered of love,  
And swore to be true as the stars are above.

But she smiled with contempt as she answered:  
"O King, will you swear it, as Odin once swore, on the ring?"

And the King: "O speak not of Odin to me,  
The wife of King Olaf a Christian must be."

Looking straight at the King, with her level brows,  
She said, "I keep true to my faith and my vows."

Then the face of King Olaf was darkened with gloom,  
He rose in his anger and strode through the room.

"Why, then, should I care to have thee?" he said,  
"A faded old woman, a heathenish jade!"

His zeal was stronger than fear or love,  
And he struck the Queen in the face with his glove.

Then forth from the chamber in anger he fled,  
And the wooden stairway shook with his tread.

Queen Sigrid the Haughty said under her breath,  
"This insult, King Olaf, shall be thy death!"

Heart's dearest,  
Why dost thou sorrow so?

V.

THE SKERRY OF SHRIEKS.

Now from all King Olaf's farms  
His men-at-arms
Gathered on the Eve of Easter;  
To his house at Angvalds-ness
Fast they press,
Drinking with the royal feaster.

 Loudly through the wide-flung door  
Came the roar
Of the sea upon the Skerry;  
And its thunder loud and near
Reached the ear,
Mingling with their voices merry.

"Hark!" said Olaf to his Scald,  
Halfred the Bald,
"Listen to that song, and learn it!  
Half my kingdom would I give,
As I live,
If by such songs you would earn it!"

"For all the runes and rhymes  
Of all times,
Best I like the ocean's dirges,  
When the old harper leaves and rocks,
His hoary locks
Flowing and flashing in the surges!"

Halfred answered: "I am called  
The Unappalled!
Nothing hinders me or daunts me.  
Harken to me, then, O King,
While I sing
The great Ocean Song that haunts me."

"I will hear your song sublime  
Some other time,"
Says the drowsy monarch, yawning,
And retires; each laughing guest
Applauds the jest;
Then they sleep till day is dawning.

Pacing up and down the yard,  
King Olaf's guard
Saw the sea-mist slowly creeping  
O'er the sands, and up the hill,
Gathering still
Round the house where they were sleeping.

It was not the fog he saw,  
Nor misty flaw,
That above the landscape brooded;  
It was Eyvind Kalda's crew
Of warlocks blue
With their caps of darkness hooded!

Round and round the house they go,  
Wearing slow
Magic circles to encumber  
And imprison in their ring
Olaf the King,
As he helpless lies in slumber.

Then athwart the vapors dun  
The Easter sun
Streamed with one broad track of splendor!  
In their real forms appeared
The warlocks weird,
Awful as the Witch of Endor.

Blinded by the light that glared,  
They groped and stared
Round about with steps unsteady;  
From his window Olaf gazed,
And, amazed,
"Who are these strange people?" said he.
"Eyvind Kafla and his men!"
Answered then
From the yard a sturdy farmer;
While the men-at-arms apace
Filled the place,
Busily buckling on their armor.

From the gates they sallied forth,
South and north,
Scoured the island coast around them,
Seizing all the warlock band,
Foot and hand
On the Skerry's rocks they bound them.

And at eve the King again
Called his train,
And, with all the candles burning,
Silent sat and heard once more
The sullen roar
Of the ocean tides returning.

Shrikes and cries of wild despair
Filled the air,
Growing fainter as they listened;
Then the bursting surge alone
Sounded on;
Thus the sorcerers were christened!

"Sing, O Scald, your song sublime,
Your ocean-rhyme,
Cried King Olaf: "It will cheer me!"
Said the Scald, with pallid cheeks,
"The Skerry of Shrikes
Sings too loud for you to hear me!"

VI.

THE WRATH OF ODIN.

The guests were loud, the ale was strong,
King Olaf feasted late and long;
The hoary Scalds together sang;
O'erhead the smoky rafters rang.
Dead rides Sir Morton of Fogelsang.

The door swung wide, with creak and din;
A blast of cold night-air came in,
And on the threshold shivering stood
A one-eyed guest, with cloak and hood.
Dead rides Sir Morton of Fogelsang.

The King exclaimed, "O graybeard pale!
Come warm thee with this cup of ale."
The foaming draught the old man quaffed,
The noisy guests looked on and laughed.
Dead rides Sir Morton of Fogelsang.

Then spake the King: "Be not afraid;
Sit here by me."
The guest obeyed,
And, seated at the table, told
Tales of the sea, and Sagas old.
Dead rides Sir Morton of Fogelsang.

And ever, when the tale was o'er,
The King demanded yet one more;
Till Sigurd the Bishop smiling said,
"T is late, O King, and time for bed."
Dead rides Sir Morton of Fogelsang.

The King retired; the stranger guest
Followed and entered with the rest;
The lights were out, the pages gone,
But still the garrulous guest spake on.
Dead rides Sir Morton of Fogelsang.

As one who from a volume reads,
He spake of heroes and their deeds,
Of lands and cities he had seen,
And stormy gulf that tossed between.
Dead rides Sir Morton of Fogelsang.

Then from his lips in music rolled
The Havamal of Odin old,
With sounds mysterious as the roar
Of billows on a distant shore.
Dead rides Sir Morton of Fogelsang.

"Do we not learn from runes and rhymes
Made by the gods in elder times,
And do not still the great Scalds teach
That silence better is than speech?"
Dead rides Sir Morton of Fogelsang.

Smiling at this, the King replied,
"Thy lore is by thy tongue belied;
For never was I so enthralled
Either by Saga-man or Scald."
Dead rides Sir Morton of Fogelsang.

The Bishop said, "Late hours we keep!
Night wanes, O King! 'tis time for sleep!"
Then slept the King, and when he woke
The guest was gone, the morning broke.
Dead rides Sir Morton of Fogelsang.

They found the doors securely barred,
They found the watch-dog in the yard,
There was no footprint in the grass,
And none had seen the stranger pass.
Dead rides Sir Morton of Fogelsang.

King Olaf crossed himself and said:
"I know that Odin the Great is dead;
Sure is the triumph of our Faith,
The one-eyed stranger was his wrath."
Dead rides Sir Morton of Fogelsang.

VII.

IRON-BEARD.

Olaf the King, one summer morn,
Blew a blast on his bugle-horn,
Sending his signal through the land of Drontheim.

And to the Hus-Ting held at Mere
Gathered the farmers far and near,
With their war weapons ready to confront him.

Ploughing under the morning star,
Old Iron-Beard in Yriar
Heard the summons, chuckling with a low laugh.

He wiped the sweat-drops from his brow,
Unharnessed his horses from the plough,
And clattering came on horseback to King Olaf.

He was the churliest of the churls;
Little he cared for king or earl;
Bitter as home-brewed ale were his foaming passions.

Hodulen-gray was the garb he wore,
And by the Hammer of Thor he swore;
He hated the narrow town, and all its fashions.

But he loved the freedom of his farm,
His ale at night, by the fireside warm,
Gudrun his daughter, with her flaxen tresses.

He loved his horses and his herds,
The smell of the earth, and the song of birds,
His well-filled barns, his brook with its water-cresses.

Huge and cumbersome was his frame;
His beard, from which he took his name,
Frosty and fierce, like that of Hymer the Gia

So at the Hus Ting he appeared,
The farmer of Yriar, Iron-Beard,
On horseback, in an attitude defiant.
And to King Olaf he cried aloud, 
Out of the middle of the crowd, 
That tossed about him like a stormy ocean:

"Such sacrifices shalt thou bring; 
To Odin and to Thor, O King, 
As other kings have done in their devotion!"

King Olaf answered: "I command 
This land to be a Christian land; 
Here is my Bishop who the folk baptizes!

"But if you ask me to restore 
Your sacrifices, stained with gore, 
Then will I offer human sacrifices!

"Not slaves and peasants shall they be, 
But men of note and high degree, 
Such men as Orm of Lyra and Kar of Gryting!"

Then to their Temple strode he in, 
And loud behind him heard the din 
Of his men-at-arms and the peasants fiercely fighting.

There in the Temple, carved in wood, 
The image of great Odin stood, 
And other gods, with Thor supreme among them.

King Olaf smote them with the blade 
Of his huge war-axe, gold inlaid, 
And downward shattered to the pavement flung them.

At the same moment rose without, 
From the contending crowd, a shout, 
A mingled sound of triumph and of wailing.

And there upon the trampled plain 
The farmer Iron-Beard lay slain, 
Midway between the assailed and the assailing.
King Olaf from the doorway spoke:
"Choose ye between two things, my folk,
To be baptized or given up to slaughter!"

And seeing their leader stark and dead,
The people with a murmur said,
"O King, baptize us with thy holy water!"

So all the Dronthem land became
A Christian land in name and fame,
In the old gods no more believing and trusting.

And as a blood-atonement, soon
King Olaf wed the fair Gudrun;
And thus in peace ended the Dronthem Hunt!

VIII.

GUIDRUN.

On King Olaf's bridal night
Shines the moon with tender light,
And across the chamber streams
Its tide of dreams.

At the fatal midnight hour,
When all evil things have power,
In the glimmer of the moon
Stands Gudrun.

Close against her heaving breast,
Something in her hand is pressed;
Like an icicle, its sheen
Is cold and keen.

On the caim are fixed her eyes
Where her murdered father lies,
And a voice remote and drear
She seems to hear.

What a bridal night is this!
Cold will be the dagger's kiss;
Laden with the chill of death
Is its breast.

Like the drifting snow she sweeps
To the couch where Olaf sleeps;
Suddenly he wakes and stares
His eyes meet hers.

"What is that?" King Olaf said,
"Gleams so bright above thy head?
Wherefore stankest thou so white
In pale moonlight?"

"'Tis the bridal knot I wear
When at night I bind my hair;
It wove me falling on the floor;
'T is nothing more."

"Forests have ears, and fields have eyes;
Often treachery lurking lies
Underneath the fairest hair!
Gudrun beware!"

Ere the earliest peep of morn
Blew King Olaf's bugle-horn;
And forever sunned ride
Bridegroom and bride!

IX.

THANGBRAND THE PRIEST.

Short of stature, large of limb,
Burley face and russet beard,
All the women stared at him,
When in Iceland he appeared.

"Look!" they said, With nodding head,
"There goes Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest."

All the prayers he knew by rote,
He could preach like Chrysostome,
From the Fathers he could quote,
He had even been at Rome.
A learned clerk,
A man of mark,
Was this Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

He was quarrelsome and loud,
And impatient of control,
Boisterous in the market crowd,
Boisterous at the wassail-bowl,
Everywhere
Would drink and swear,
Swaggering Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

In his house this malcontent
Could the King no longer bear,
So to Iceland he was sent
To convert the heathen there,
And away
One summer day
Sailed this Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

There in Iceland, o'er their books
Pored the people day and night,
But he did not like their looks,
Nor the songs they used to write.
"All this rhyme
Is waste of time!"

Grunbled Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

To the alehouse, where he sat,
Came the Scalids and Saga-men;
Is it to be wondered at,
That they quarrelled now and then,
When o'er his beer
Began to leer
Drunken Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest?

All the folk in Altafjord
Boasted of their island grand;
Saying in a single word,
"Iceland is the finest land
That the sun
Doth shine upon!"

Loud laughed Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

And he answered: "What's the use
Of this bragging up and down,
When three women and one goose
Make a market in your town!"

Every Scalid
Satires scrawled
On poor Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

Something worse they did than that;
And what vexed him most of all
Was a figure in shovel hat,
Drawn in charcoal on the wall;
With words that go
Sprawling below
This is Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest."

Hardly knowing what he did,
Then he smote them might and main,
Theervald Veile and Vetterlid
Lay there in the alehouse slain.
"To-day we are gold,
To-morrow none!"

Muttered Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

Much in fear of axe and rope,
Back to Norway sailed he then.
"O, King Olaf! little hope
Is there of these Iceland men!"
Such as on his Viking cruises
Raud the Strong was wont to ride.
And the sea through all its tide-ways
Swept the reeling vessels sideways,
As the leaves are swept through sluices,
When the flood-gates open wide.

"'Tis the warlock! 't is the demon
Raud!" cried Sigurd to the seamen;
"But the Lord is not affrighted
By the witchcraft of his foes."

To the ship's bow he ascended,
By his choristers attended,
Round him were the tapers lighted,
And the sacred incense rose.

On the bow stood Bishop Sigurd,
In his robes, as one transfigured,
And the Crucifix he planted
High amid the rain and mist.

Then with holy water sprinkled
All the ship; the mass-bells tinkled;
Loud the monks around him chanted,
Loud he read the Evangelist.

As into the Fiord they darted,
On each side the water parted;
Down a path like silver molten
Steadily rowed King Olaf's ships;
Steadily burned all night the tapers,
And the White Christ through the vapors
Gleamed across the Fiord of Salten,
As through John's Apocalypse.—

Till at last they reached Raud's dwelling
On the little Isle of Gelling;
Not a guard was at the doorway,
Not a glimmer of light was seen.

But at anchor, carved and gilded,
Lay the dragon-ship he builid;
'T was the grandest ship in Norway,
With its crest and scales of green.

Up the stairway, softly creeping,
To the lofty tower where Raud was sleeping,
With their lists they burst asunder
Bolt and bar that held the door.

Drunk with sleep and ale they found him,
Dragged him from his bed and bound him,
While he stared with stupid wonder,
At the look and garb they wore.

Then King Olaf said: "O Sea-King!
Little time have we for speaking,
Choose between the good and evil;
Be baptized, or thou shalt die!"

But in scorn the heathen scoffer
Answered: "'I disdain thine offer;
Neither fear I God nor Devil:
Thee and thy Gospel I defy!"

Then between his jaws distended,
When his frantic struggles ended,
Through King Olaf's heart an adder
Touched by fire, they forced to glide.

Sharp his tooth was as an arrow,
As he gnawed through bone and marrow;
But without a groan or shudder
Raud the Strong blaspheming died.

Then baptized they all that region,
Swarthy Lap and fair Norwegian,
Far as swims the salmon, leaping,
Up the streams of Saltcn Fiord.

In their temples Thor and Odin
Lay in dust and ashes trodden,
As King Olaf, onward sweeping,
Preached the Gospel with his sword.

Then he took the carved and gilded
Dragon-ship that Rand had builded,
And the tiller single-handed,
Grasping, steered into the main.

Southward sailed the sea-gulls o'er him,
Southward sailed the ship that bore him,
Till at Dronthem havcn landed
Olaf and his crew again.

XII.

KING OLAF'S CHRISTMAS.

At Dronthem, Olaf the King
Heard the bells of Yule-tide ring,
As he sat in his banquet-hall,
Drinking the nut-brown ale,
With his bearded Berserks hale
And tall.

Three days his Yule-tide feasts
He held with Bishops and Priests,
And his horn filled up to the brim;
But the ale was never too strong,
Nor the Saga-man's tale too long,
For him.

O'er his drinking-horn, the sign
He made of the cross divine,
As he drank, and muttered his prayers;
But the Berserks evermore
Made the sign of the Hammer of Thor
Over theirs.

The gleams of the fire-light dance
Upon helmet and hauberk and lance,
And laugh in the eyes of the King;
And he cries to Halfred the Scalid,
Gray-bearded, wrinkled, and bald,
"Sing!"

"Sing me a song divine,
With a sword in every line,
And this shall be thy reward."
And he loosened the belt at his waist,
And in front of the singer placed
His sword.

"Quern-biter of Hakon the Good,
Wherewith at a stroke he heved
The millstone through and through,
And Foot-breath of Thoralf the Strong,
Were neither so broad nor so long,
Nor so true."

Then the Scalid took his harp and sang,
And lord through the musiltc rang
The sound of that shining word;
And the harp-strings a changor made,
As if they were strung with the blade
Of a sword.

And the Berserks round about
Broke forth in a shout
That made the rafters ring;
They smote with their fists on the board,
And shouted, "Long live the sword,
And the King!

But the King said, "O my son,
I miss the bright word in one
Of thy measures and thy rhymes."

And Halfred the Scalid replied,
"In another 't was multiplied
Three times."
Then King Olaf raised the hilt
Of iron, cross-shaped and gilt,
And said, "Do not refuse;
Count well the gain and the loss,
Thor's hammer or Christ's cross;
Choose!"

And Halfred the Scalid said, "This
In the name of the Lord I kiss,
Who on it was crucified!"
And a shout went round the board,
"In the name of Christ the Lord,
Who died!"

Then over the waste of snows
The noonday sun uprose,
Through the driving mists revealed,
Like the lifting of the Host,
By incense-clouds almost
Concealed.

On the shining wall a vast
And shadowy cross was cast
From the hilt of the lifted sword,
And in foaming cups of ale
The Berserks drank "Was-bael!" To the Lord!"

XIII.

THE BUILDING OF THE LONG SERPENT.

THORBerg SKAFFING, master-builder,
In his ship-yard by the sea,
Whistling, said, "It would bewilder
Any man but Thorberg Skaffing,
Any man but me!"

Near him lay the Dragon stranded,
Built of old by Baust the Strong,
And King Olaf had commanded
He should build another Dragon,
Twice as large and long.

Therefore whistled Thorberg Skaffing,
As he sat with half-closed eyes,
And his head turned sideways, drafting
That new vessel for King Olaf
Twice the Dragon's size.

Round him busily hewed and hammered
Mallet huge and heavy axe;
Workmen laughed and sang and clomored;
Whirred the wheels, that into rigging
Spun the shining flax!

All this tumult heard the master,—
It was music to his ear;
Fancy whispered all the faster,
"Men shall hear of Thorberg Skaffing
For a hundred years!"

Workmen sweating at the forges
Fashioned iron bolt and bar,
Like a warlock's midnight orgies
Smoked and bubbled the black caldron
With the boiling tar.

Did the warlocks mingle in it,
Thorberg Skaffing, any curse?
Could you not be gone a minute
But some mischief must be doing,
Turning bad to worse?
Tales of a wayside inn.

"T was an ill wind that came waiting,
From his homestead words of woe;
To his farm went Thorberg Skafting,
Offering to his workmen,
Build ye thus and so.

After long delays returning
Came the master back by night;
To his ship-yard longing, yearning,
Hurried he, and did not leave it
Till the morning's light.

"Come and see my ship, my darling!"
On the morrow said the King;
"Finished now from keel to earling;
Never yet was seen in Norway
Such a wondrous thing!"

In the ship-yard, idly talking,
At the ship the workmen stared:
Some one all their labor balking,
Down her sides had cut deep gashes,
Not a plank was spared!

"Death be to the evil-doer!"
With an oath King Olaf spoke;
"But heavy rewards to his pursuer!"
And with wrath his face grew redder
Than his scarlet cloak.

Straight the master-builder, smiling,
Answered thus the angry King:
"Cease blaspheming and reviling,
Olaf, it was Thorberg Skafting
Who has done this thing!"

Then he chipped and smoothed the planking,
Till the King, delighted, swore,
With much lauding and much thanking,
"Handsome is now my Dragon
Than she was before!"

Seventy els and four extended
On the grass the vessel's keel;
High above it, gilt and splendid,
Rose the figure-head ferocious
With its crest of steel.

Then they launched her from the tressels,
In the ship-yard by the sea;
She was the grandest of all vessels,
Never ship was built in Norway
Half so fine as she!

The Long Serpent was she christened,
'Mid the roar of cheer on cheer!
They who to the Saga listened
Heard the name of Thorberg Skafting
For a hundred year!

XIV.

The crew of the long serpent.

Safe at anchor in Drøntheim bay
King Olaf's fleet assembled lay,
And, striped with white and blue,
Downward fluttered sail and banner,
As allights the screeaming lamer;
Loudly cheered, in their wild manner,
The Long Serpent's crew.

Her foremost man was Ulf the Red;
Like a wolf's was his shaggy head,
His teeth as large and white;
His beard, of gray and russet blended,
Round as a swallow's nest descended;
As standard-bearer he defended
Olaf's flag in the fight.

Near him Kolbiorn had his place,
Like the King in garb and face;
So gallant and so hale;
Every cabin boy and varlet,
Wondered at his cloak of scarlet;
Like a river, frozen and star-lit,
Gleamed his coat of mail.

By the bulkhead, tall and dark,
Stood Thrand Rame of Thelemark,
A figure gaunt and grand;
On his hairy arm imprinted
Was an anchor, azure-tinted;
Like Thor's hammer, huge and dinted
Was his brawny hand.

Einar Tamberskelver, bare
To the winds his golden hair,
By the mainmast stood;
Graceful was his form, and slender,
And his eyes were deep and tender
As a woman's, in the splendor
Of her maidenhood.

In the fore-hold Bjorn and Bork
Watched the sailors at their work:
"Heavens! how they toil!"
Thirty men they each commanded,
Iron-sined, horned-handled,
Shoulders broad, and chests expanded,
Tugging at the oar.

These, and many more like these,
With King Olaf sailed the seas,
Till the waters vast
Pilled them with a vague devotion,
With the freedom and the motion,
With the roll and roar of ocean
And the sounding blast.

When they landed from the fleet,
How they roared through Drøntheim's street,
Boisterous as the gale!
How they laughed and stamped and pounded,
Till the tavern roof resounded,
And the host looked on astounded
As they drank the ale!

Never saw the wild North Sea
Such a gallant company
Sail its billows blue!
Never, while they cruised and quarrelled,
Old King Gorm, or Blue-Tooth Harald,
Owned a ship so well appraised,
Boasted such a crew!

XV.

A little bird in the air.

A little bird in the air
Is singing of Thyri the fair,
The sister of Swind the Dane;
And the song of the garrulous bird
In the streets of the town is heard,
And repeated again and again.
Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.

To King Burislaf, it is said,
Was the beautiful Thyri wed,
And a sorrowful bride went she;
And after a week and a day,
She has fled away and away,
From his town by the stormy sea.
Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.

They say, that through heat and through cold,
Through weald, they say, and through wold,
By day and by night, they say,
TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

She has fled; and the gossips report
She has come to King Olaf's court,
And the town is all in dismay.
Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.

It is whispered King Olaf has seen,
Has talked with the beautiful queen;
And they wonder how it will end;
For surely, if here she remain,
It is war with King Svend the Dane,
And King Burislaf the Vend!
Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.

O, greatest wonder of all!
It is published in hamlet and hall,
It roars like a flame that is fanned!
The King—yes, Olaf the King—
Has wedded her with his ring,
And Thyri is Queen in the land!
Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.

XVI.
QUEEN THYRI AND THE ANGELICA STALKS.

Northward over Drontheim
Flew the clamorous sea-gulls,
Sang the lark and linnet
From the meadows green;

Weeping in her chamber,
Lonely and unhappy,
Sat the Drottning Thyri,
Sat King Olaf's Queen.

In all the windows
Streamed the pleasant sunshine,
On the roof above her
Softly cooed the dove;

But the sound she heard not,
Nor the sunshine hailed,
For the thoughts of Thyri
Were not thoughts of love.

Then King Olaf entered,
Beautiful as morning,
Like the sun at Easter
Shone his happy face;

In his hand he carried
Angelica uprooted,
With delicious fragrance
Filling all the place.

Like a rainy midnight
Sat the Drottning Thyri,
Even the smile of Olaf
Could not cheer her gloom;

Nor the stalks he gave her
With a gracious gesture,
And with words as pleasant
As their own perfume.

In her hands he placed them,
And her jewelled fingers
Through the green leaves glistened
Like the dews of morn;

But she cast them from her,
Haughty and indignant,
On the floor she threw them
With a look of scorn.

"Richer presents," said she,
"Gave King Harald Gormson
To the Queen, my mother,
Than such worthless weeds;

"When he ravaged Norway
Laying waste the kingdom,
Seizing scatt and treasure
For her royal needs.

"But thou darest not venture
Through the Sound to Vendland,
My domains to rescue
From King Burislaf;

"Lest King Svend of Denmark,
Forked Beard, my brother,
Scatter all thy vessels
As the wind the chaff."

Then up sprang King Olaf,
Like a reindeer bounding,
With an oath he answered
Thus the luckless Queen:

"Never yet did Olaf
Fear King Svend of Denmark;
This right hand shall hale him
By his forked chin!"

Then he left the chamber,
Thundering through the doorway,
Loud his steps resounded
Down the outer stair.

Smarting with the insult,
Through the streets of Drontheim
Strode he red and wrathful,
With his stately air.

All his ships he gathered,
Summoned all his forces,
Making his war levy
In the region round;

Down the coast of Norway,
Like a flock of sea-gulls,
Sailed the fleet of Olaf
Through the Danish Sound.

With his own hand fearless,
Steered he the Long Serpent,
Strained the creaking cordage,
Bent each boom and gaff;

Till in Vendland landing,
The domains of Thyri
He redeemed and rescued
From King Burislaf.

Then said Olaf, laughing,
"Not ten yoke of oxen
Have the power to draw us
Like a woman's hair!"

"Now will I confess it,
Better things are jewels
Than angelica stalks are
For a Queen to wear."

XVII.

KING SVEND OF THE FORKED BEARD.

Loudly the sailors cheered
Svend of the Forked Beard,
As with his fleet he steered
Southward to Vendland;
XXIV.

KING OLAF AND EARL SIGVALD.

On the gray sea-sands
King Olaf stands,
Northward and seaward
He points with his hands.

With eddy and whirl
The sea-tides curl,
Washing the sands
Of Sigvald the Earl.

The mariners shout,
The ships swing about,
The yards are all hoisted,
The sails flutter out.

The war-horns are played,
The anchors are weighed,
Like moths in the distance
The sails flit and fade.

The sea is like lead,
The harbor lies dead,
As a corse on the sea-shore,
Whose spirit has fled!

On that fatal day,
The histories say,
Seventy vessels
Sailed out of the bay.

But soon scattered wide
O'er the billows they ride,
While Sigvald and Olaf
Sail side by side.

Cried the Earl: "Follow me!
I your pilot will be,
For I know all the channels
Where flows the deep sea!"

So into the strait
Where his foes lie in wait,
Gallant King Olaf
Sails to his fate!

Then the sea-fog veils
The ships and their sails;
Queen Sigrid the Haughty,
Thy vengeance prevails!

XIX.

KING OLAF'S WAR-HORNS.

"Strike the sails!" King Olaf said;
"Never shall men of mine take flight;
Never away from battle I fled,
Never away from my foe!"
Let God dispose
Of my life in the fight!"

"Sound the horns!" said Olaf the King;
And suddenly through the drifting brume
The blare of the horns began to ring,
Like the terrible trumpet shock
Of Regnarock,
On the day of Doom!

Louder and louder the war-horns sang
Over the level floor of the flood;
All the sails came down with a clang,
And there in the mist overhead
The sun hung red
As a drop of blood.
Drifting down on the Danish fleet
Three together the ships were lashed,
So that neither should turn and retreat;
In the midst, but in front of the rest
The burnished crest
Of the Serpent flashed.

King Olaf stood on the quarter-deck,
With bow of ash and arrows of oak,
His gilded shield was without a fleck,
His helmet inlaid with gold,
And in many a fold
Hung his crimson cloak.

On the forecastle Off the Red
Watched the lashing of the ships;
"If the Serpent lie so far ahead,
We shall have hard work of it here,
Said he with a sneer
On his bearded lips.

King Olaf laid an arrow on string,
"Have I a coward on board?" said he.
"Shoot it another way, O King!"
Sullenly answered Ulf,
"The old sea-wolf:
"You have need of me!"

In front came Svend, the King of the Danes,
Swimming down with his fifty rowers;
To the right, the Swedish king with his thanes;
And on board of the Iron Beard
Earl Eric steered
To the left with his ears.

"These soft Danes and Swedes," said the King,
"At home with their wives had better stay,
Than come within reach of my Serpent's sting:
But where Eric the Norseman leads
Heroic deeds
Will be done to-day!"

Then as together the vessels crashed,
Eric severed the cables of hide,
With which King Olaf's ships were lashed,
And left them to drive and drift
With the currents swift
Of the outwaid tide.

Louder the war-horns growl and snarl,
Sharper the dragons bite and sting!
Eric the son of Hakon Jarl
A death-drink salt as the sea
Pledges to thee,
Olaf the King!

XX.
EINAR TAMBERSKELVER.

It was Einar Tamberskelver
Stood beside the mast;
From his yow-bow, tipped with silver,
Flew the arrows fast;
Aimed at Eric unavailing,
As he sat concealed,
Half behind the quarter-railing,
Half behind his shield.

First an arrow struck the tiller,
Just above his head;
"Sing, O Eyvind Skadiaspler!"
Then Earl Eric said,
"Sing the song of Hakon dying,
Singing his funeral wail!"
And another arrow flying
Grazed his coat of mail.

Turning to a Lapland yeoman,
As the arrow passed
Said Earl Eric, "Shoot that Bowman
Standing by the mast."

Sooner than the word was spoken
Flew the yeoman's shaft;
Einar's bow in turn was broken,
Einar only laughed.

"What was that?" said Olaf, standing
On the quarter-deck.
"Something heard I like the stranding
Of a shattered wreck."
Einar then, the arrow taking
From the loosened string,
Answered, "That was Norway breaking
From thy hand, O King!"

"Thou art but a poor diviner,"
Straightway Olaf said;
"Take my bow, and swifter, Einar,
Let thy shafts be sped."
Of his bows the fairest choosing,
Reached he from above;
Einar saw the blood-drops oozing
Through his iron glove.

But the bow was thin and narrow;
At the first assay,
O'er its head he drew the arrow,
Flung the bow away;
Said, with hot and angry temper
Finishing in his cheek,
"Olaf! for so great a Kamper
Are thy bows too weak?"

Then, with smile of joy defiant
On his heartless lip,
Scaled he, light and self-reliant,
Eric's dragon-ship.
Loose his golden locks were flowing,
Bright his armor gleamed;
Like Saint Michael overthrowing
Lucifer he seemed.

XXI.
KING OLAF'S DEATH-DRINK.

All day has the battle raged,
All day have the ships engaged,
But not yet is assuaged
The vengeance of Eric the Earl.

The decks with blood are red,
The arrows of death are spied,
The ships are filled with the dead,
And the spears the champions hurl.

They drift as wrecks on the tide,
The grappling-irons are plied,
The boarders climb up the side,
The shouts are feeble and few.

Ah! never shall Norway again
See her sailors come back o'er the main;
They all lie wounded or slain,
Or asleep in the billows hine!

On the deck stands Olaf the King,
Around him whistle and sing,
The spears that the foemen fling,
And the stones they hurl with their hands.

In the midst of the stones and the spears,
Kolbiorn, the marshall, appears,
His shield in the air he uprears,
By the side of King Olaf he stands.

Over the slippery wreck
Of the Long Serpent's deck
Sweeps Eric with hardly a check,
His lips with anger are pale;
He hews with his axe at the mast,
Till it falls, with the sails overcast,
Like a snow-covered pine in the vast
Dim forests of Orkadale.

Seeking King Olaf then,
He rushes aft with his men,
As a hunter into the den
Of the bear, when he stands at bay.

"Remember Jarl Hakon!" he cries;
When lo! on his wondering eyes,
Two kingly figures arise,
Two Olafs in warlike array!

Then Kolbiorn speaks in the ear
Of King Olaf a word of cheer,
In a whisper that none may hear,
With a smile on his temulous lip;

Two shields raised high in the air,
Two flashes of golden hair,
Two scarlet meteors' glare,
And both have leaped from the ship.

Earl Eric's men in the boats
Seize Kolbiorn's shield as it floats,
And cry, from their hairy throats,
"See! it is Olaf the King!"

While far on the opposite side
Floats another shield on the tide,
Like a jewel set in the wide
Sea-current's eddying ring.

There is told a wonderful-tale,
How the King stripped off his mail,
Like leaves of the brown sea-kale,
As he swam beneath the main;

But the young grew old and gray,
And never, by night or by day,
In his kingdom of Norrowy
Was King Olaf seen again!

XXII.

THE NUN OF NIDAROS.

In the convent of Drontheim,
Alone in her chamber
Knelt Astrid the Abbess,
At midnight, adoring,
Beseeching, entreating
The Virgin and Mother.

She heard in the silence
The voice of one speaking,
Without in the darkness,
In gusts of the night-wind
Now louder, now nearer,
Now lost in the distance.

The voice of a stranger
It seemed as she listened,
Of some one who answered,
Beseeching, imploring,
A cry from afar off
She could not distinguish,
The voice of Saint John,
The beloved disciple,
Who wandered and waited
The Master's appearance.
Alone in the darkness,
Unsheltered and friendless.

"It is accepted
The angry defiance,
The challenge of battle!
It is accepted,
But not with the weapons
Of war that thou wouldest.

"Cross against corset,
Love against hatred,
Peace-cry for war-cry!
Patience is powerful;
He that o'ercometh
Hath power o'er the nations!

"As torrents in summer,
Half dried in their channels,
Suddenly rise, though the
Sky is still cloudless,
For rain has been falling
Far off at their fountains;

"So hearts that are fainting
Grow full to overflowing,
And they that behold it
Marvel, and know not
That God at their fountains
Far off has been raining!

"Stronger than steel
Is the sword of the Spirit;
Swifter than arrows
The light of the truth is,
Greater than anger
Is love, and subdueth!

"Thou art a phantom,
A shape of the sea-mist,
A shape of the brumal
Rain, and the darkness
Fearful and formless;
Day dawns and thou art not!

"The dawn is not distant,
Nor is the night starless;
Love is eternal!
God is still, and,
His faith shall not fail us;
Christ is eternal!"

INTERLUDE

A STRAIN of music closed the tale,
A low, monotonous, funeral wail,
That with its cadence, wild and sweet,
Made the long Saga more complete.

"Thank God," the Theologian said,
"The reign of violence is dead,
Or dying surely from the world;
While love triumphant reigns instead,
And in a brighter sky o'erhead
His blessed banners are unfurled,
And most of all thank God for this:
The war and waste of clashing creeds
Now end in words, and not in deeds,
And no one suffers loss, or bleeds,
For thoughts that men call heresies.

"I stand without here in the porch,
I hear the bell's melodious din,
I hear the organ peal within,
I hear the prayer, with words that search
Like sparks from an inverted torch,
I hear the sermon upon sin,
With threatenings of the last account.
And all, translated in the air,
Reach me but as our dear Lord's Prayer,
And as the Sermon on the Mount.

"Must it be Calvin, and not Christ?
Must it be Athanasian creeds
Or holy water, books, and beads?
Must struggling souls remain content
With councils and decrees of Trent?
And can it be enough for these
The Christian Church the year embalms
With evergreens and boughs of palms,
And fills the air with litanies?

"I know that yonder Pharisee
Thanks God that he is not like me;
In my humiliation dressed,
I only stand and beat my breast,
And pray for human charity.

"Not to one church alone, but seven,
The voice prophetic spake from heaven;
And unto each the promise came,
Diversified, but still the same;
For him that overcometh are
The new name written on the stone,
The vail removed, the crown, the throne,
And I will give him the Morning Star!

"Ah! to how many Faith has been
No evidence of things unseen,
But a dim shadow, that recasts
The creed of the Phantasiasts,
For whom no Man of Sorrows died,
For whom the Tragedy Divine
Was but a symbol and a sign,
And Christ a phantom crucified!

"For others a diviner creed
Is living in the life they lead,
The passing of their beautiful feet
Blesses the pavement of the street,
And all their looks and words repeat
Old Fuller's saying, wise and sweet,
Not as a vulture, but a dove,
The Holy Ghost came from above.

"And this brings back to me a tale
So sad the hearer will may quail,
And question if such things can be;
Yet in the chronicles of Spain
Down the dark pages runs this stain,
And naught can wash them white again,
So fearful is the tragedy."

THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE.

TORQUEMADA.

In the heroic days when Ferdinand
And Isabella ruled the Spanish land,
And Torquemada, with his subtle brain,
Ruled them, as Grand Inquisitor of Spain,
In a great castle near Valladolid,
Mosted and high and by far woodsland hid,
There dwelt, as from the chronicles we learn,
An old Hidalgo proud and taciturn,
Whose name has perished, with his towers of stone,
And all his actions save this one alone;
This one, so terrible, perhaps 'twere best
If it, too, were forgotten with the rest;
Unless, perchance, our eyes can see therein
The martyrdom triumphant o'er the sin;
A double picture, with its gloom and glow, 
The splendor overhead, the death below. 

This sombre man counted each day as lost 
On which his feet no sacred threshold crossed; 
And when he chanced the passing Host to meet, 
He knee and prayed devoutly in the street; 
Oft he confessed; and with each mutinous thought, 
As with wild beasts at Ephesus, he fought. 
In deep contrition scourged himself in Lent, 
Walked in procession, with his head down bent, 
At play of Corpus Christi oft was seen, 
And on Palm Sunday bore his bough of green. 
His sole diversion was to hunt the boar, 
Through tangled thickets of the forest hoar, 
Or with his jingling mules to hurry down 
To some grand bull-fight in the neighboring town, 
Or in the crowd with lighted taper stand, 
When Jews were burned, or banished from the land. 

Then stirred within him a tumultuous joy 
The demon whose delight is to destroy 
Shook him, and shouted with a trumpet tone, 
Kill! Kill! and let the Lord find out his own!"

And now, in that old castle in the wood, 
His daughters, in the dawn of womanhood, 
Returning from their convent school, had made 
Resplendent with their bloom the forest shade, 
Resounding them of their dead mother's face, 
When first she came into that gloomy place,— 
A memory in his heart as dim and sweet 
As moonlight in a solitary street, 
Where the same rays, that lift the sea, are thrown 
Lovely but powerless upon walls of stone. 
These two fair daughters of a mother dead 
Were all the dream he had left him as it fled. 
A joy at first, and then a growing care, 
As if a voice within him cried, "Beware!" 
A vague presentiment of impending doom, 
Like ghostly footsteps in a vacant room, 
Haunted him day and night; a formless fear 
That death to some one of his house was near, 
With dark suspicions of a hidden crime, 
Made life itself a death before its time. 
Jealous, suspicious, with no sense of shame, 
A spy upon his daughters he became; 
With velvet slippers, noiseless on the floors, 
He glided softly through half-open doors; 
Now in the room, and now upon the stair, 
He stood beside them ere they were aware; 
He listened in the passage when they talked, 
He watched them from the casement when they walked, 
He saw the gypsy haunt the river's side, 
He saw the monk among the cork-trees glide; 
And, tortured by the mystery and the doubt 
Of some dark secret, past his finding out, 
Baffled he paused; then reassured again 
Pursued the flying phantom of his brain. 
He watched them even when they knelt in church; 
And then, descending lower in the church, 
Questioned the servants, and with eager eyes 
Listened incredulous to their replies; 
The gypsy? none had seen her in the wood! 
The monk? a mendicant in search of food! 

At length the awful revelation came, 
Crushing at once his pride of birth and name, 
The hopes his yearning bosom forward cast, 
As the ancestral glories of the past; 
All fell together, crumbling in despair, 
A torrent rent from battlement to base. 
His daughters talking in the dead of night 
In their own chamber, and without a light, 
Loudly she wept, he overheard, 
And learned the dreadful secret, word by word; 
And hurring from his castle, with a cry 
He raised his hands to the un pitying sky, 
Repeating one dread word, till bush and tree 
Caught it, and shuddering answered, "Heresy!"

Wrapped in his cloak, his hat drawn o'er his face, 
Now hurrying forward, now with lingering pace, 
He walked all night the aisles of his park, 
With one unseen companion in the dark, 
The Demon who within him lay in wait, 
And by his presence turned his love to hate, 
Forever muttering in an under tone, 
"'Kill! kill! and let the Lord find out his own!" 

Upon the morrow, after early Mass, 
While yet the dew was glistening on the grass, 
He walked in the woods, with all the birds 
The old Hidalgo, uttering fearful words, 
Walked homeward with the Priest, and in his room 
Summoned his trembling daughters to their doom. 
When questioned, with brief answers they replied, 
Nor when accused evaded or denied; 
Expostulations, passionate appeals, 
All that the human heart most fears or feels, 
In vain the Priest with earnest voice solicited, 
In vain the father threatened, wept, and prayed; 
Until at last he said, with haughty mien, 
"The Holy Office, then, must intervene!" 
And now the Grand Inquisitor of Spain, 
With all the fifty horsemen of his train, 
His awful name resounding, like the blast 
Of funeral trumpets, as he onward passed, 
Came to Valladolid, and there began 
To hear the rich Jews with fire and fan. 
To him the Hidalgo went, and at the gate 
Demanded audience on affairs of state, 
And in a secret chamber stood before 
A venerable graybeard of fourscore, 
Dressed in the hood and habit of a friar; 
Out of his eyes flashed a consuming fire, 
And in his hand the mystic horn he held, 
Which poison and all noxious charms dispelled. 
He heard in silence the Hidalgo's tale, 
Then answered in a voice that made him quail: 
"Son of the Church! when Abraham of old 
To sacrifice his only son was told, 
He did not pause to parley nor protest, 
But hastened to obey the Lord's behest; 
In him it was accounted righteousness; 
The Holy Church expects of thee no less!" 

A sacred frenzy seized the father's brain, 
And Mercy from that hour implored in vain. 
Ah! that ill o'er believe the words of God, 
His daughters he accused, and the same day 
They both were cast into the dungeon's gloom, 
That dismal antechamber of the tomb, 
Arraigned, condemned, and sentenced to the flame, 
The secret torture and the public shame. 

Then to the Grand Inquisitor once more 
The Hidalgo went, more eager than before, 
And said, "When Abraham offered up his son 
He offered him as a victim to the altar; 
Wood to the wood which Hebrews might well be done. 
By his example taught, let me too bring 
Wood from the forest for my offering!" 
And the deep voice, without a pause, replied: 
"Son of the Church! by faith now justified, 
Complete thy sacrifice, even as thou wilt; 
The Church absolves thy conscience from all guilt!" 

Then this most wretched father went his way 
Into the woods, that round his castle lay, 
Where once his daughters in their childhood played 
With their young mother in the sun and shade. 
Now all was wild; as he had fallen, he observed, 
Made a perpetual moaning in the air, 
And screaming from their eyries overhead 
The raven sailed athwart the sky of lead.
With his own hands he lopped the boughs and bound
Fagota, that crackled with foreboding sound,
And on his mules, caparisoned and gay
With bells and tassels, sent them on their way.

Then with his mind on one dark purpose bent,
Again to the Inquisitor he went,
And said: "Behold, the fagots I have brought,
And now, let my atonement be as naught,
Grant me one more request, one last desire,—
With my own hand to light the funeral fire!"

And Torquemada answered from his seat,
"Son of the Church! Thine offering is complete;
Her servants through all ages shall not cease
'To magnify thy deed. Depart in peace!"

Upon the market-place, bulktid of stone
The scaffold rose, whereon Death claimed his own.
At the four corners, in stern attitude,
Four statues of the Hebrew Prophets stood,
Gazing with calm indifference in their eyes
Upon this place of human sacrifice,
Round which was gathering fast the eager crowd,
With clamor of voices dissolant and loud,
And every rood and winch till was alive
With restless gazers, swarming like a hive.

The church bells tolled, the chant of monks drew near,
Loud trumpets stammered forth their notes of fear,
A line of torches smoked along the street,
There was a stir, a rush, a tramp of feet,
And, with its banners floating in the air,
Slowly the long procession crossed the square,
And, to the statues of the Prophets bound,
The victims stood, with fagots piled around.
Then all the air a blast of trumpets shook,
And louder rang the mauls with bell and book,
And the Hidalgo, lofty, stern, and proud,
Lifted his torch, and, bursting through the crowd,
Lighted in haste the fagots, and then Red,
Lest those imporing eyes should strike him dead!

O pitiless skies! why did your clouds retain
For peasants' fields their floods of hoarded rain?
O pitiless earth! why open no abyss
To bury in its chasm a crime like this?

That night, a mingled column of fire and smoke
From the dark thickets of the forest broke,
And, glaring o'er the landscape leagues away,
Made all the fields and streets as day,
Wrapped in a sheet of flame the castle blazed,
And as the villagers in terror gazed,
They saw the figure of that cruel knight
Lean from a window in the turret's height,
His ghastly face illumined with the glare,
His hands upraised above his head in prayer,
Till the floor sank beneath him, and he fell
Down the black hollow of that burning well.

Three centuries and more above his bones
Have piled the oblivious years like funeral stones;
His name has perished with him, and no trace
Remains on earth of his afflicted one.
But Torquemada's name, with clouds o'ercast,
Looms in the distant landscape of the Past,
Like a burnt tower upon a blackened heaven,
Lit by the fires of burning woods beneath!

The Jew was thoughtful and distressed;
Upon his memory thronged and pressed
The persecution of his race,
Their wrongs, and sufferings and disgrace;
His head was sunk upon his breast,
And from his eyes alternate came
Flashes of wrath and tears of shame.

The student first the silence broke,
As one who long has lain in wait,
With purpose to retaliate,
And thus he dealt the avenging stroke.

"In such a company as this,
A tale so tragic seems an empty,
That by its terrible control
O'ermasters and draws down the soul
Into a fathomless abyss.
The Italian Tales that you disdain,
Some merry Night of Straparole,
Or Machiavelli's Belphagor,
Would cheer us and delight us more,
Give greater pleasure and less pain
Than your grim tragedies of Spain!"

And here the Poet raised his hand,
With such treaty and command,
It stopped discussion at its birth,
And said: "The story I shall tell
Has meaning in it, if not mirth;
Listen, and hear what once befell
The merry birds of Killingworth!"

THE POET'S TALE.

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH.

It was the season, when through all the land
The merle and mavis build, and building sing
Those lovely lyrics, written by His hand,
Whom Saxon Cadmon calls the Blitheheart
King;
When on the boughs the purple buds expand,
The banners of the vanguard of the Spring,
And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap,
And wave their fluttering signals from the steep.

The robin and the bluebird, piping loud
Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glees;
The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be;
And hungry crows assembled in a crowd,
Clamored their piteous prayer incessantly,
Knowing who bears the ravens cry, and said:
"Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread!"

Across the Sound the birds of passage sailed,
Speaking some unknown language strange and sweet
Of tropic isle remote, and passing bailed
The village with the cheers of all their fleet;
Or quarrelling together, laughed and railed
Like foreign sailors, landed in the street
Of seaport town, and with outlandish noise
Of oaths and gibberish frightening girls and boys.

Thus came the joendl Spring in Killingworth,
In fabulous days, some hundred years ago;
And thrifty farmers, as they tilled the earth,
Heard with alarm the cawing of the crow,
Thronged with the universal mirth,
Cassandra-like, prognosticating woe;
They shook their heads, and doomed with dreadful words
To swift destruction the whole race of birds.

And a town-meeting was convened straightway
To set a price upon the guilty heads
Of these marauders, who, in lieu of pay,
Leived black-mail upon the garden beds

INTERLUDE.

Thus closed the tale of guilt and gloom,
That cast upon each listener's face
Its shadow, and for some brief space
Unbroken silence filled the room.
And cornfields, and beheld without dismay
The awful scarecrow, with his fluttering shreds;
The skeleton that waited at their feet,
Whereby their sinful pleasure was increased.
Then from his house, a temple painted white,
With fluted columns, and a roof of red,
The Squire came forth, august and splendid sight!
"Slowly descending, with majestic tread,
Three flights of steps, nor looking left nor right,
Down the long street he walked, as one who
"A town that beasts inhabitants like me
Can have no lack of good society!"

The Parson, too, appeared, a man austere,
The instinct, of whose nature was to kill;
The wrath of God he preached from year to year,
And read, with fervor, Edwards on the Will;
His favorite pastime was to slay the deer
In Summer on some Adirondac hill;
Even old, mealy wasps he would flay,
He lopped the wayside lilies with his cane.

From the Academy, whose belfry crowned
The hill of Science with its vase of brass,
Came the Preceptor, gazing Lilly round;
Now at the clouds, and now at the green grass,
And all absorbed in reveries profound
Of fair Almira in the upper class,
Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,
As pure as water, and as good as bread.

And next the Deacon issued from his door,
In his voluminous neck-cloth, white as snow;
A suit of habiliments he wore round;
His form was ponderous, and his step was slow;
There never was so wise a man before;
He seemed the incarnate "Well I told you so!"

And to perpetuate his great renown
There was a street named after him in town.

These came together in the new town-hall,
With sunshiny farmers from the region round.
The Squire presided, dignified and tall,
His air impressive and his reasoning sound;
Ill faced it with the birds, both great and small;
Harry found in all that crowd they found,
But enemies enough, who every one
Charged them with all the crimes beneath the sun.

When they had ended, from his place apart
Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong,
And, trembling like a steed before the start,
Looked round bewildered on the expectant throng:
Then thought of fair Almira, and took heart
To speak out what was in him, clear and strong,
Alike regardless of their smile or frown,
And quite determined not to be laughed down.

"Plato, anticipating the Reviewers,
From his Republic banished without pity
The Poets; in this little town of yours,
You put to death, by means of a Committee,
The ballad-singers and the Troubadours,
The street-musicians of the heavenly city,
The birds, who make sweet music for us all
In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

"The thrush that carols at the dawn of day
From the green steeples of the piny wood;
The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,
Jaunting like a foreginner at his food;
The bindlest, baldest, barefoot, toadstool toad;
Flocking with melody the neighborhood;
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song.

"You slay them all! and wherefore? for the gain
Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,
Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,
Scratched up at random by indolent feet,
Sear'd for worm or weevil after rain!
Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet
As are the songs these unwelcome guests
Sing at their feast with comforted breasts.

"Do you never think what wondrous beings these?
Do you never think who made them, and who
Taught the dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught?
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
Are half-way homes on the road to heaven!

"Think, every morning when the sun peeps through
The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their melodious madrigals of love!
And when you think of this, remember too
"T is always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

"Think of your woods and orchards without birds!
Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams
As in an idiot's brain remembered words
Hang empty 'mido the cobwebs of his dreams!
Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds
Make up for the lost music, when your teams
Drag home the stilly harvest, and no more
The feathered gleaners follow to your door?

"What! would you rather see the incessant stir
Of insects in the windlasses of the hay,
And hear the locust and the grasshopper
Their melancholy,ardy-gardie play?
Is this more pleasant to you than the whir
Of meadow-lark, and her sweet roundelay,
Or twitter of little field-fares, as you take
Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake?

"You call them thieves and pillagers; but know,
They are the winged wardens of your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,
And from your harvests keep a hundred harms;
Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
 Renders good service as your man-at-arms,
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

"How can I teach your children gentleness,
And mercy to the weak, and reverence
For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,
Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,
Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less
The selfsame light, although averted hence,
When by your laws, your actions, and your
Speech, you contradict the very things I teach?"

With this he closed; and through the audience went
A murmur like the rustle of dead leaves;
The farmers laughed and nodded, and some bent
Their yellow heads together like their sheaves;
Men have no faith in fine-spin sentiment.
Who put their trust in bullocks and in beeches.
The birds were doomed! and, as the record shows,
A bounty offered for the heads of crows.

There was another audience out of reach:
Who had no voice nor vote in making laws,
But in the papers read his little speech,
And crowned his modest temple, with applause;
They made him conscious, each one more than each.  
He still was victor, vanquished in their cause.  
Sweetest of all the applause he won from thee,  
O fair Almira at the Academy!  

And so the dreadful massacre began;  
O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland crests,  
The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.  
Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on their breasts,  
Or wounded crept away from sight of man,  
While the young died of famine in their nests;  
A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,  
The very St. Bartholomew of Birds!  

The Summer came, and all the birds were dead;  
The days were like hot coals; the very ground  
Was burned to ashes; in the orchards fed  
Myriads of caterpillars, and around  
The cultivated fields and garden beds  
Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found  
No foe to check their march, till they had made  
The land a desert without leaf or shade.  
Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town,  
Because, like Herod, it hath ruthlessly  
Slaughtered the Innocents. From the trees spun down  
The canker-worms upon the passers by,  
Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl, and gown,  
Who shook them off with just a little cry;  
They were the terror of each favorite walk,  
The endless theme of all the village talk.  

The farmers grew impatient, but a few,  
Confessed their error, and would not complain,  
For after all, the best thing one can do  
When it is raining, is to let it rain.  
Then they repealed the law, although they knew  
It would not call the devil to life again;  
As schoolboys, finding their mistake too late,  
Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slate.  
That year in Killingworth the Autumn came  
Without the light of his majestic look,  
The wonder of the falling tongues of flame,  
The illuminated pages of his Doom's-Day book.  
A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their shame,  
And drowned themselves despairing in the brook,  
While the wild wind went moaning everywhere,  
Lamenting the dead children of the air!  

But the next Spring a stranger sight was seen,  
A sight that never yet had bared its face,  
As great a wonder as it would have been  
If some dumb animal had found a tongue!  
A wagon, overarched with evergreen,  
Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,  
All full of singing birds, came down the street,  
Filling the air with music wild and sweet.  

From all the country round these birds were brought,  
By order of the town, with anxious quest,  
And, loosened from their wicker prisons, sought  
In woods and fields the places they loved best,  
Singing loud canticles, which many thought  
Were satires to the authorities addressed,  
While others, listening in green lanes, averted  
Such lovely music never had been heard!  

But blither still and louder carolled they  
Upon the morrow, for they seemed to know  
It was the fair Almira's wedding-day,  
And everywhere, around, above, below,  
When the Preceptor bore his bride away.  
Their songs burst forth in joyous overflow,  
And a new heaven bent over a new earth  
Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth.  

FINALE.  
The hour was late; the fire burned low,  
The Landlord's eyes were closed in sleep,  
And near the story's end a deep  
Sonorous sound at times was heard,  
As when the distant bagpipes blow.  
At this all laughed; the Landlord stirred,  
As one awaking from a swond,  
And, gazing anxiously around,  
Protested that he had not slept,  
But only shut his eyes, and kept  
His ears attentive to each word.  
Then all arose, and said "Good Night."  
Alone remained the drowsy Squire  
To rake the embers of the fire,  
And quench the waning parlor light;  
While, from the windows, here and there,  
The scattered lamps a moment gleamed,  
And the illumined hostel seemed  
The constellation of the Bear,  
Downward, athwart the misty air,  
Sinking and settling toward the sun.  
Far off the village clock struck one.  

PART SECOND.  
PRELUDE.  
A cold, uninterrupted rain,  
That washed each southern window-pane,  
And made a river of the road;  
A sea of mist that overflowed  
The house, the barn, the gilded vane,  
And drowned the upland and the plain,  
Through which the oak-trees, broad and high,  
Like phantom ships went drifting by;  
And, hidden behind a watery screen,  
The sun unseen, or only seen  
As a faint paller in the sky;—  
Thus cold and colorless and gray,  
The morn of that autumnal day,  
As if reluctant to begin,  
Dawned on the silent Sudbury Inn,  
And all the guests that in it lay.  

Full late they slept. They did not hear  
The challenge of Sir Chanticleer,  
Who on the empty threshing-floor,  
Disdainful of the rain outside,  
Was strutting with a martial stride,  
As if upon his thigh he wore  
The famous broadsword of the Squire,  
And said, "Behold me, and admire!"  

Only the Poet seemed to hear,  
In drowse or dream, more near and near  
Across the border-land of sleep  
The blowing of a blithesome bug,  
That laughed the dismal day to scorn;  
A splash of hoofs and rush of wheels  
Through sand and sere like strandling keels,  
As from the road with sudden stop  
The Mail drove up the little steep,
And stopped beside the tavern door;  
A moment stopped, and then again  
With crack of whip and bark of dog  
Plunged forward through the sea of fog,  
And all was silent as before,—  
All silent save the dripping rain.

Then one by one the guests came down,  
And greeted with a smile the Squire,  
Who sat before the pacing fire,  
Reading the paper fresh from town.  
First, the Sicilian, like a bird,  
Before his form appeared, was heard  
Whistling and singing down the stair;  
Then came the Student, with a look  
As placid as a meadow-brook;  
The Theologian, still perplexed  
With thoughts of this world and the next;  
The Poet then, as one who seems  
Walking in visions and in dreams;  
Then the Musician, like a fair  
Hypocrite from whose golden hair  
The radiance of the morning streams;  
And last the aromatic Jew  
Of Alciant, who, as he threw  
The door wide open, on the air  
Breathed round about him a perfume  
Of damask roses in full bloom,  
Making a garden of the room.

The breakfast ended, each pursued  
The promptings of his various mood;  
Beside the fire in silence smoked  
The taciturn, impassive Jew,  
Lost in a pleasant reverie;  
While, by his gravity provoked,  
His portrait the Sicilian drew,  
And wrote beneath it "Retire;  
At the Red Horse in Sudbury."

By far the busiest of them all,  
The Theologian in the hall  
Was feeding robins in a cage,—  
Two corpulent and lazy birds,  
Vagrants and pilferers at best,  
If one might trust the hostler's words,  
Chief instrument of their arrest;  
Two poets of the Golden Age,  
Heirs of a boundless heritage  
Of fields and orchards, east and west,  
And like the line of long summer days,  
Though outlawed now and dispossessed!—  
Such was the Theologian's phrase.

Meanwhile the Student held discourse  
With the Musician, on the source  
Of all the legendary lore  
Among the nations, scattered wide  
Like silt and seaweed by the force  
And fluctuation of the tide;  
The tale repeated o'er and o'er,  
With change of place and change of name,  
Disguised, transformed, and yet the same  
We've heard a hundred times before.

The Poet at the window mused,  
And saw, as in a dream confused,  
The countenance of the Sun, discrowned,  
And haggard with a pale despair  
And saw the cloud-rock trail and drift  
Before it, and the trees uplift  
Their leafless branches, and the air  
Filled with the arrows of the rain,  
And heard amid the mist below,  
Like voices of distress and pain,  
That haunt the thoughts of men insane,  
The fateful eawings of the crow.

Then down the road, with mud bespren  
And drenched with rain from head to hoof,  
The rain-drops dripping from his mane  
And tail as from a pent-house roof,  
A jaded horse, his head down bent,  
Passed slowly, limping as he went.

The young Sicilian, who had grown  
Impatient longer to abide  
A prisoner, greatly mortified  
To see completely overthrown  
His plans for angling in the brook,  
And leaping o'er the bridge of stone,  
To watch the speckled trout glide by,  
And float through the inverted sky,  
Still round and round the baited hook—  
Now paced the room with rapid stride,  
And, pausing at the Poet's side,  
Looked forth, and saw the wretched steed,  
And said: "Alas for human greed,  
That with cold hand and story eye  
Thus turns an old friend out to die,  
Or beg his food from gate to gate!  
This brings a tale into my mind,  
Which, if you are not disinclined  
To listen, I will now relate."

All gave assent: all wished to hear,  
Not without many a jest and jeer,  
The story of a spavined steed;  
And even the Student with the rest  
Put in his pleasant little jest  
Out of Malherbe, that Pegasus  
Is but a horse that with all speed  
 Bears poets to the hospital;  
While the Sicilian, self-possessed,  
After a moment's interval  
Began his simple story thus.

THE SICILIAN'S TALE.

THE BELL OF ATRI.

At Atri in Abruzzo, a small town  
Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,  
One of those little places that have run  
Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,  
And then sat down to rest, as if to say,  
"I climb no farther upward, come what may."—  
The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,  
So many monarchs since have borne the name,  
Had placed a bell hanging in the market-place  
Beneath a roof, projecting some small space,  
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.  
Then rode he through the streets with all his kin,  
And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long,  
Made proclamation, that whenever wrong  
Was done to any man, he should but ring  
The great bell in the square, and be, the King,  
Would cause the Syntic to decide thereon.  
Such was the proclamation of King John.

How swift the happy days in Atri sped  
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said.  
Suffice it that, as all things must decay,  
The hempen rope at length was worn away,  
Unravelled at the end, and, strand by strand,  
Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,  
Till one, who noticed this in passing by,  
Mended the rope with braids of briony,  
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine  
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt  
A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt,  
Who loved to hunt the wild-herb in the woods,  
Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods,  
Who loved his hounds and horses, and all sports  
And prodigalities of camps and courts;—  
Loved, or had loved them; for at last, grown old,  
His only passion was the love of gold.
TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

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He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,
Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds,
Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all,
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,
And day by day sat brooding in his chair,
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said: "What is the use or need
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,
Eating his head off in my stables here,
When rents are low and provender is dear?
Let him go feed upon the public ways;
I want him only for the holidays." So the old steed was turned into the heat
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street;
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn, Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry elime
It is the custom in the summer time,
With bolted doors and window-shutters closed,
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed;
When suddenly upon their senses fell
The loud alarum of the accussing bell!
The Syndic started from his deep repose,
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose
And plunged him with a reluctant pace
Went panting forth into the market-place,
Where the great bell upon its cross-beam swung
Reticulating with persistent tone,
In half-articulate jargon, the old song:
"Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong!"

But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,
No shape of human form of woman born,
But a poor steed dejected and forlorn,
Who with uplifted head and eager eye
Was laggng at the vines of the broony
"Domneddie!" cried the Syndic straight;
"This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state!
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd
Had rolled together like a summer cloud,
And told the story of the wretched beast
In fire-and-twenty different ways at least,
With much gesticulation and appeal
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.
The Knight was called and questioned; in reply
Did not confess the fact, did not deny;
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,
And set a laugh the Syndic and the rest,
Maintaining, in an angry undertone,
That he should do what pleased him with his own.

And thereupon the Syndic gravely read
The proclamation of the King; then said:
"Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way;
Paine is the fragrance of heroic deeds,
Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds!
These are familiar proverbs; but I fear
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.
What fair renown, what honor, what repute
Can come to you from starving this poor brute?
He who serves well and speaks not, merits more
Than they who clamor loudest at the door.
Therefore the law decrees that as this steed
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed
To comfort his old age, and to provide
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside.

The Knight withdrew abashed; the people all
Let home the steed in triumph to his stall.
The King heard and approved, and laughed in glee,
And cried aloud: "Right well it pleaseth me!
Church-bells at best but ring us to the door;
But go not in to mass; my bell doth more:
It cometh into court and pleads the cause
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws;
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

INTERLUDE.

"Yes, well your story pleads the cause
Of those dumb months that have no speech,
Only a cry from each to each
In its own kind, with its own laws;
Something that is beyond the reach
Of human power to learn or teach,—
An inarticulate moan of pain,
Like the immeasurable main
Breaking upon an unknown beach."

Thus spake the Poet with a sigh;
Then added, with impassioned cry,
As one who feels the words he speaks,
The color flushing in his cheeks,
The fervor burning in his eye:
"Among the nobles in the land,
Though he may count himself the least,
That man I honor and revere
Who without favor, without fear,
In the great city dares to stand
The friend of every friendless beast,
And tames with his unflinching hand
The brutes that wear our form and face,
The were-wolves of the human race!"
Then paused, and waited with a frown,
Like some old champion of romance,
Who, having thrown his gauntlet down,
Expectant leans upon his lance;
But neither Knight nor Synud is found
To raise the gauntlet from the ground,
And try with him the battle's chance.

"Wake from your dreams, O Edrehi!
Or dreaming speak to us, and make
A feast of being half awake,
And tell us what your dreams may be,
Out of the lazy atmosphere
Of cloud-land deign to reappear
Among us in this Wayside Inn;
Tell us what visions and what scenes
Illuminate the dark ravines
In which you grope your way. Begin!"

Thus the Sicilian spake. The Jew
Made no reply, but only smiled,
As men unto a wayward child,
Not knowing what to answer, do.
As from a cavern's mouth, o'ergrown
With moss and intertwined vines,
A streamlet leaps into the light
And murmurs over root and stone
In a melodious undertone;
Or as amid the noontide day
Of sembres and wind-haunted pines,
There runs a sound as of the sea;
So from his bearded lips there came
A melody without a name,
A song, a tale, a history,
Or whatsoever it may be,
Writ and recorded in these lines.

THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE.

KAMBALU.

Into the city of Kambalu,
By the road that leadeth to Ishpanah,
At the head of his dusty caravan,
Laden with treasure from realms afar,
Baldacca and Keshat and Kandahar,
Rode the great captain Alau.

The Khan from his palace-window gazed,
And saw in the thronging street beneath,
In the light of the setting sun, that blazed
Through the clouds of dust by the caravans raised,
The flash of harness and jewelled sheath,
And the shining seymitars of the guard,
And the weary camels that bared their teeth,
As they passed and passed through the gates unbarred
Into the shade of the palace-yard.

Thus into the city of Kambalu
Rode the great captain Alau;
And he stood before the Khan, and said:
"The enemies of my lord are dead;
All the Kalifs of all the West
Bow and obey thy least hoist;
The plains are dark with the mulberry-trees,
The weavers are busy in Samarcan,
The miners are sifting the golden sand,
The divers plunging for pearls in the seas,
And peace and plenty are in the land.

"Baldacca's Kalif, and he alone,
Rose in revolt against thy throne;
His treasures are at thy palace-door,
With the swords and the shawls and the jewels he wore;
His body is dust o'er the desert blown.

"A mile outside of Baldacca's gate
I left my forces to lie in wait,
Concealed by forests and hillocks of sand,
And forward dashed with a handful of men,
To lure the old tiger from his den
Into the ambush I had planned;
Ere we reached the town the alarm was spread,
For we heard the sound of gongs from within;
And with clash of cymbals and warlike din
The gates swung wide; and we turned and fled;
And the garrison sallied forth and pursued,
With the gray old Kalif at their head,
And above them the banner of Mohammed:
So we snared them all, and the town was subdued.

"As in at the gate we rode, behold,
A tower that is called the Tower of Gold!
For there the Kalif had hidden his wealth,
Heap'd and hoarded and piled on high,
Like sacks of wheat in a granary;
And thither the miser crept by stealth
To feel of the gold that gave him health,
And to gaze and gloat with his hungry eye
On jewels that gleamed like a glow-worm's spark,
Or the eyes of a panther in the dark.

"I said to the Kalif: 'Thou art old,
Though hast no need of so much gold.
This should not have heaped and hidden it here,
Till the breath of battle was hot and near,
But have sown through the land these useless hoards
To spring into shining blades of swords,
And keep thine honor sweet and clear.
These grains of gold are not grains of wheat;
These bars of silver thou canst not eat;
These jewels and pearls and precious stones
Cannot cure the aches in thy bones,
Nor keep the feet of Death one hour
From climbing the stairways of thy tower!'"

"Then into his dungeon I locked the drone,
And let him to feed there all alone
In the honey-cells of his golden hive:
Never a prayer, nor a cry, nor a groan
Was heard from those massive walls of stone,
Nor again was the Kalif seen alive.

"When at last we unlocked the door,
We found him dead upon the floor;
The rings had dropped from his withered hands,
His teeth were like bones in the desert sands:
Still clutching his treasure he had died;
And as he lay there, he appeared
A statue of gold with a silver beard,
His arms outstretched as if crucified."

This is the story, strange and true,
That the great captain Alau
Told to his brother the Tartar Khan,
When he rode that day into Kambalu
By the road that leadeth to Ispahan.

INTERLUDE.

"I thought before your tale began,"
The Student murmured, "we should have
Some legend written by Judah Rov
In his Gemara of Babylon;
Or something from the Gulistan,—
The tale of the Cazey of Hamadan,
Or of that King of Khorassan
Who saw in dreams the eyes of one
That had a hundred years been dead
Still moving restless in his head,
Undimmed, and gleaming with the lust
Of power, though all the rest was dust.

"But lo! your glittering caravan
On the road that leadeth to Ispahan
Hath led us farther to the East
Into the regions of Cathay.

"The tale of your Kalif and his gold,
Pleasant has been the tale you told,
And full of color; that at least
No one will question or gainsay.
And yet on such a dismal day
We need a merrier tale to clear
The dark and heavy atmosphere.
So listen, Lordlings, while I tell,
Without a preface, what befell
A simple cobbler, in the year—
No matter; it was long ago;
And that is all we need to know."

THE STUDENT'S TALE.

THE COBBLER OF HAGENAU.

I trust that somewhere and somehow
You all have heard of Hagenau,
A quiet, quaint, and ancient town
Among the green Alsatian hills.
A place of valleys, streams, and mills,
Where Barbarossa's castle, brown
With rust of centuries, still looks down
On the broad, drowsy land below,—
On shadowy forests filled with game,
And the blue river windsling slow
Through meadows, where the hedges grow
That give this little town its name.

It happened in the good old times,
While yet the Master-singers filled
The noisy workshop and the guild
With various melodies and rhymes,
That here in Hagenau there dwelt
A cobbler,—one who loved debate,
And, arguing from a postulate,
Would say what others only felt;
A man of forecast and of thrift,
And of a shrewd and careful mind
In this world's business, but inclined
Somewhat to let the next world drift.

Hans Sachs with vast delight he read,
And then the story of the house, the church, the town, and the country, of the dfferent sights and sounds, the spirits and the natures, that were not a part of the main story of the book.

And then the story of the house, the church, the town, and the country, of the dfferent sights and sounds, the spirits and the natures, that were not a part of the main story of the book.

And then the story of the house, the church, the town, and the country, of the dfferent sights and sounds, the spirits and the natures, that were not a part of the main story of the book.
Meanwhile the Priest, aggrieved and pained,
Waited and wondered that no word
Of mass or requiem he heard,
As by the Holy Church ordained:
Then to the Magistrate complained,
That as this woman had been dead
A week or more, and no mass said,
it was rank heresy, or at least
Contempt of Church; thus said the Priest;
And straight the cobbler was arraigned.

He came, confiding in his cause,
But rather doubtful of the laws.
The Justice from his elbow-chair
Gave him a look that seemed to say:
"Thou standest before a Magistrate,
Therefore do not prevaricate!"
Then asked him in a business way,
Kindly but cold:—"Is thy wife dead?"
The cobbler meekly bowed his head;
"She is," came struggling from his throat
Scarcely audibly. The Justice wrote
The words down in a book, and then
Continued, as if he raised his pen:
"She is; and hath a mass been said
For the salvation of her soul?"
Come, speak the truth! confess the whole!"
The cobbler without pause replied:
"Of mass or prayer there was no need;
But at the moment when she died
Her soul was with the glorified!"
And from his pocket with all speed
He drew the priestly title-deed,
And prayed the Justice he would read.

The Justice read, amused, amazed;
And as he read his mirth increased;
At times his shaggy brows he raised,
Now wondering at the cobbler gazed,
Now archly at the angry Priest.
"From all excesses, sins, and crimes
Thou last committed in past times
These I absolve! And furthermore,
Purified from all earthly taints,
To the communion of the Saints
And to the sacraments restore!
All stains of weakness, and all trace
Of shame and censure I efface;
Remit the pains thou shouldst endure,
And make thee innocent and pure,
So that in dying, unto the
Gates of heaven shall open be!
Though long thou livest, yet this grace
Until the moment of thy death
Unchangeable continueth!"

Then said he to the Priest:—"I find
This document duly signed
Brother John Tetzel, his own hand.
At all tribunals in the land
In evidence it may be used;
Therefore acquitted is the accused."
Then to the cobbler turned:—"My friend,
Pray tell me, didst thou ever read
Reynard the Fox?"—"O yes, indeed!"—
"I thought so. Don't forget the end."

INTERLUDE.
"What was the end? I am ashamed
Not to remember Reynard's fate;
I have not read the book of late;
Was he not hanged?" the Poet said.
The Student gravely shook his head,
And answered:—"You exaggerate.
There was a tournament proclaimed,
And Reynard fought with Isgrimm,
The Wolf, and having vanquished him,
Rose to high honor in the State,
And Keeper of the Seals was named!"

At this the gay Sicilian laughed:
"Eight fire with fire, and craft with craft;
Successful cunning seems to be
The moral of your tale," said he.
"Mine had a better, and the Jew's
Had none at all, that I could see;
His aim was only to amuse."

Meanwhile from out its ebon case
His violin the Minstrel drew,
And having tuned its strings anew,
Now held it close in his embrace,
And poised in his outstretched hand
The bow, like a magician's wand,
He paused, and said, with beaming face:
"Last night my story was too long;
To-day I give you but a song,
An old tradition of the North;
But first, to put you in the mood,
I will a little while prelude,
And from this instrument draw forth
Something by way of overture."

He played; at first the tones were pure
And tender as a summer night.
The full moon climbing to her height,
The sob and ripple of the sea,
The flapping of an idle sail;
And then by sudden and sharp degrees
The multiplied, wild harmonies
Freshened and burst into a gale;
A tempest howling through the dark,
A crash as of some shipwrecked bark,
A loud and melancholy wail.

Such was the prelude to the tale
Told by the Minstrel; and at times
He paused amidst its varying rhymes,
And at each pause again broke in
The music of his violin,
With tones of sweetness or of fear,
Movements of trouble or of calm,
Creating their own atmosphere;
As sitting in a church we hear
Between the verses of the psalm
The organ playing soft and clear,
Or thundering on the startled ear.

THE MUSICIAN'S TALE.

THE BALLAD OF CARMILIAN.

I.

At Stralsund, by the Baltic Sea,
Within the sandy bar,
At sunset of a summer's day,
Ready for sea, at anchor lay
The good ship Valdemar.

The sunbeams danced upon the waves,
And played along her side;
And through the cabin windows streamed
In ripples of golden light, that seemed
The ripple of the tide.

There sat the captain with his friends,
Old skippers brown and hale,
Who smoked and grumbled o'er their grog,
And talked of icebergs and of fog,
Of calm and storm and gale.

And one was spinning a sailor's yarn
About Enkboerman,
The King of the sea;
A spright
Invisible to mortal sight,
Who o'er the rigging ran.

"What was the end? I am ashamed
Not to remember Reynard's fate;
I have not read the book of late;
Was he not hanged?" the Poet said.
The Student gravely shook his head,
Sometimes he hammered in the hold,
Sometimes upon the mast,
Sometimes abeam, sometimes abaft,
Or at the bows he sang and laughed,
And made all right and fast.

He helped the sailors at their work,
And toiled with jovial din;
He helped them hoist and reef the sails,
He helped them stow the casks and bales,
And heave the anchor in.

But woe unto the lazy louts,
The idlers of the crew:
Them to torment was his delight,
And worry them by day and night,
And pinch them black and blue.

And woe to him whose mortal eyes
Klaboterman beheld.
It is a certain sign of death!—
The cabin-boy here held his breath,
He felt his blood run cold.

THE jolly skipper paused awhile,
And then again began;
"There is a Spectre Ship," quoth he,
"A ship of the Dead that sails the sea,
And is called the Carmilhan.

"A ghostly ship, with a ghostly crew,
In tempest she appears;
And before the gale, or against the gale,
She sails without a rag of sail,
Without a helmsman steer.

"She banots the Atlantic north and south,
But mostly the mid-sea,
Where three great rocks rise bleak and bare
Like furnace-chimneys in the air,
And are called the Chinnneys Three.

"And ill betide the luckless ship
That meets the Carmilhan;
Over her decks the seas will leap,
She must go down into the deep,
And perish mouse and man."

The captain of the Valdemar
Laughed loud with merry heart.
"I should like to see this ship," said he;
"I should like to find these Chinnneys Three,
That are marked down in the chart.

"I have sailed right over the spot," he said,
"With a good stiff breeze behind,
When the sea was blue, and the sky was clear,—
You can follow my course by these pinholes here,—
And never a rock could find."

And then he swore a dreadful oath,
He swore by the Kingdoms Three,
That, should he meet the Carmilhan,
He would run her down, although he ran
Right into Eternity!

All this, while passing to and fro,
The cabin-boy had heard;
He lingered at the door to hear,
And drank in all with greedy ear,
And pondered every word.

He was a simple country lad,
But of a roving mind.
"O, it must be like heaven," thought he,
"Those far-off foreign lands to see,
And fortune seek and find!"
Suns rise and set, and rise, and yet
There is no land in sight;
The liquid planets overhead
Burn brighter now the moon is dead,
And longer stays the night.

IV.

And now along the horizon's edge
Mountains of cloud arose.
Black as with forests underneath,
Above their sharp and jagged teeth
Were white as drifted snows.

Unseen behind them sank the sun,
But flushed each snowy peak
A little while with rosy light
That faded slowly from the sight:
As blushes from the cheek.

Black grew the sky,—all black, all black;
The clouds were everywhere;
There was a feeling of suspense
In nature, a mysterious sense
Of terror in the air.

And all on board the Valdemar
Was still as still could be;
Save when the dismal ship-bell tolled,
As ever and anon she rolled,
And lurched into the sea.

The captain up and down the deck
Went striding to and fro;
Now watched the compass at the wheel,
Now lifted up his hand to feel
Which way the wind might blow.

And now he looked up at the sails,
And now upon the deep;
In every fibre of his frame
He felt the storm before it came,
He had no thought of sleep.

Eight bells! and suddenly abaft,
With a great rush of rain,
Making the ocean white with spume,
In darkness like the day of doom,
On came the hurricane.

The lightning flashed from cloud to cloud,
And rent the sky in two;
A jagged flame, a single jet
Of white fire, like a bayonet,
That pierced the eyeballs through.

Then all around was dark again,
And blacker than before;
But in that single flash of light
He had beheld a fearful sight,
And thought of the oath he swore.

For right ahead lay the Ship of the Dead,
The ghostly Carmilhan!
Her masts were stripped, her yards were bare,
And on her bowsprit, poised in air,
Sat the Klaboterman.

Her crew of ghosts was all on deck
Or clambering up the strand;
The boatswain's whistle, the captain's hail,
Were like the piping of the gale,
And thunder in the clouds.

And close behind the Carmilhan
There rose up from the sea,
As from a foundered ship of stone,
Three bare and splintered masts alone:
They were the Chimneys Three.

And onward dashed the Valdemar
And leaped into the dark;
A denser mist, a colder blast,
A little shudder, and she had passed
Right through the Phantom Bark.

She left in twain the shadowy hulk,
But left it unaware;
As when, cackling to her next,
The sea-gull severs with her breast
The unrising air.

Again the lightning flashed; again
They saw the Carmilhan,
Whole as before in hull and spar;
But now on board of the Valdemar
Stood the Klaboterman.

And they all knew their doom was sealed;
They knew that death was near;
Some prayed who never prayed before,
And some they wept, and some they swore,
And some were mute with fear.

Then suddenly there came a shock,
And louder than wind or sea
A cry burst from the crew on deck,
As she dashed and crashed, a hopeless wreck,
Upon the Chimneys Three.

The storm and night were passed, the light
To streak the east began;
The cabin-boy, picked up at sea,
Survived the wreck, and only he,
To tell of the Carmilhan.

INTERLUDE.

When the long murmur of applause
That greeted the Musician's lay
Had slowly buzzed itself away,
And the long talk of Spectre Ships
That followed died upon their lips
And came unto a natural pause,
"These tales you tell are one and all
Of the Old World," the Poet said,
"Flowers gathered from a crumbling wall,
Dead leaves that rustle as they fall;
Let me present you in their stead
Something of our New England earth,
A tale which, though of no great worth,
Has still this merit, that it yields
A certain freshness of the fields,
A sweetness as of home-made bread."

The Student answered: "Be discreet;
For if the flour be fresh and sound,
And if the bread be light and sweet,
Who careth in what mill 't was grounded,
Or of what oven felt the heat,
Unless, as old Cervantes said,
You are looking after better bread
Than any that is made of wheat?
You know that people nowadays
To what is old give little praise;
All must be new in prose and verse:
They want hot bread, or something worse,
Fresh every morning, and half baked;
The wholesome bread of yesterday,
Too stale for them, is thrown away,
Nor is their thirst with water slaked.
As oft we see the sky in May
Threaten to rain, and yet not rain,
The Poet's face, before so gay,
Was clouded with a look of pain,
But suddenly brightened up again;
And without further let or stay
He told his tale of yesterday.
Pandean pipes, on which all winds that blew
Made mournful music the whole winter through.
Within, unwonted splendors met the eye,
Panels, and floors of oak, and tapestry;
Carved chimney-pieces, where on brazen dogs
Revelled and roared the Christmas fires of logs;
Doors opening into darkness unawares,
Mysteries passages, and flights of stairs;
And on the walls, in heavy gilted frames,
The ancestral Wentworths with Old-Scripture names.

Such was the mansion where the great man dwelt —
A widower and childless; and he felt
The loneliness, the uncongenial gloom,
That like a presence haunted every room;
For though not given to weakness, he could feel
The pain of wounds, that ache because they heal.

The years came and the years went,—seven in all,
And passed in cloud and sunshine o'er the Hall;
The dawns their splendor through its chambers shed,
The sunsets flashed its western windows red;
The snow was on its roofs, the wind, the rain;
Its woodlands were in leaf and bare again;
Moons waned and waxed, the lilacs bloomed and died,
In the thread river ebbled and flowed the tide,
Ships went to sea, and ships came home from sea,
And the slow years sailed by and ceased to be.

And all these years had Martha Hilton served
In the Great House, not wholly unobserved:
By day, by night, the silver crescent grew,
Though hidden by clouds, her light still shining through;
A maid of all work, whether coarse or fine,
A servant who made service seem divine!
Through her each room was fair to look upon;
The mirrors glistened, and the brasses shone,
The very knocker on the outer door,
If she but passed, was brighter than before.

And now the ceaseless turning of the mill
Of Time, that never for an hour stands still,
Ground out the Governor's sixtieth birthday,
And powdered his brown hair with silver-gray.
The robin, the forerunner of the spring,
The bluebird with his jocund carolling,
The restless swallows building in the caves,
The golden Gnats, which are the grass's leaves,
The lilacs tossing in the winds of May,
All welcomed this majestic holiday!
He gave a splendid banquet, served on plate,
Such as became the Governor of the State,
Who represented England and the King,
And was magnificient in everything.
He had invited all his friends and peers,
The Peppers, the Langdons, and the Lears,
The Sparhawks, the Penllows, and the rest;
For why repeat the name of every guest?
But I must mention one, in bands and gown,
The rector there, the Reverend Arthur Brown
Of the Established Church; with smiling face
He sat beside the Governor and said grace;
And then the feast went on, as others do,
But ended as none other I 'er knew.

When they had drunk the King, with many a cheer,
The Governor whispered in a servant's ear,
Who disappeared, and presently there stood
Within the room, in perfect womanhood,
A maiden, modest and yet self-possessed,
Youthful and beautiful and simply dressed.
Can this be Martha Hilton? It must be!
Yes, Martha Hilton, and no other she!
Dowered with the beauty of her twenty years,
How ladylike, how queenlike she appears;
The pale, thin crescent of the days gone by
Is Dian now in all her majesty?
Yet scarce a guest perceived that she was there,
Until the Governor, rising from his chair,
Played slightly with his ruffles, then looked down,
And said unto the Reverend Arthur Brown,
"This is my birthday: it shall likewise be
My wedding-day; and you shall marry me!"

The listening guests were greatly mystified,
None more so than the rector, who replied:
"Marry you? Yes, that were a pleasant task,
Your Excellency; but to whom? I ask."
The Governor answered: "To this lady here!
And beckoned Martha Hilton to draw near.
She came and stood, all blushes, at his side.
The rector paused. The impatient Governor cried:
"This is the lady: do you hesitate?
Then I command you as chief magistrate."
The rector read the service loud and clear:
"Dearly beloved, we are gathered here,"
And so on to the end. At his command
On the fourth finger of her fair left hand
The Governor placed the ring; and that was all:
Martha was Lady Wentworth of the Hall!

INTERLUDE.

Well pleased the audience heard the tale.
The Theologian said: "Indeed,
To praise you there is little need;
One almost hears the farmer's fail
Thresh out your wheat, nor does there fail
A certain freshness, as you said,
And sweetness as of home-made bread.
But not less sweet and not less fresh
Are many legends that I know,
Writ by the monks of long-ago,
Who loved to mortify the flesh,
So that the soul might purer grow,
And rise to a diviner state;
And one of these — perhaps of all
Most beautiful — I now recall,
And with permission will narrate;
Hoping thereby to make amends
For that grim tragedy of mine,
As strong and black as Spanish wine,
I told last night, and wish almost
It had remained untold, my friends;
For Torquemada's awful guest
Came to me in the dream I dreamed,
And in the darkness glared and glamed
Like a great lighthouse on the coast."

The Student laughing said: "Far more
Like to some dismal fire of bale
Flaring portentous on a hill;
Or torches lighted on a shore
By wreckers in a midnight gale.
No matter: be it as you will,
Only go forward with your tale."

THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE.

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

"HADST thou stayed, I must have fled!"
That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the Monk in deep contention
For his sins of indecency,
Prayed for greater self-denial
In temptation and in trial;

It was noonday by the dial,
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendor brightened.
All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone;
And he saw the Blessed Vision
Of our Lord, with light Elysian
Like a vesture wrapped about him,
Like a garment round him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the Monk his Master see;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,
Hail and lane and blind he healed,
When he walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
Kneelt the Monk in rapture lost.
Lord, he thought, in heaven that reigns,
Who am I, that thus thou deignest
To reveal thyself to me?
Who am I, that from the centre
Of thy glory thou shouldst enter
This poor cell, my guest to be?

Then amid his exaltation,
Loud the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling.
Rang through court and corridor
With persistent iteration
He had never heard before.
It was now the appointed hour
When alike in shine or shower,
Winter's cold or summer's heat,
To the convent portals came
All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood;
And their almsman was he
Who upon his bended knee,
Rapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the Vision and the Splendor.

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration:
Should he go, or should he stay?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate,
Till the Vision passed away?
Should he slight his radiant guest,
Slight this visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate?
Would the Vision there remain?
Would the Vision come again?
Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audible and clear
As if to the outward ear:
"Do thy duty: that is best;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest!"

Straightway to his feet he started,
And with longing look intent
On the Blessed Vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,
With that terror in the eye
That is only seen in those
Who amid their wants and woes

Heart the sound of doors that close,  
And of feet that pass them by;  
Grown familiar with disfavor.  
Grown familiar with the savor  
Of the bread by which men die!  
But to-day, they knew not why,  
Like the gate of Paradise  
Seemed the convent gate to rise,  
Like a sacred divine  
Seemed to them the bread and wine.  
In his heart the Monk was praying,  
Thinking of the homeless poor,  
What they suffer and endure;  
What we see not, what we say;  
And the inward voice was saying:  
"Whate’er thing thou dost  
To the least of mine and lowest,  
That thou dost unto me!"

Unto me! but had the Vision  
Come to him in beggar’s clothing,  
Come a mendicant imploring,  
Would be then have knelt adoring,  
Or have listened with derision,  
And have turned away with loathing?

Thus his conscience put the question,  
Full of troublesome suggestion,  
As at length, with hurried pace,  
Towards his cell he turned his face,  
And beheld the convent bright  
With a supernatural feast,  
Like a luminous cloud expanding  
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling  
At the threshold of his door,  
For the Vision still was standing  
As he left it there before,  
When the convent bell appaling,  
From its belfry calling, calling,  
Summoned him to feel the poor.  
Through the long hour intervening  
It had waited his return,  
And he felt his bosom burn,  
Comprehending all the meaning,  
When the Blessed Vision said,  
"If hast thou stayed, I must have fled!"

INTERLUDE.

All praised the Legend more or less;  
Some liked the moral, some the verse;  
Some thought it better, and some worse  
Than other legends of the past;  
Until, with ill-concealed distress  
At all their cavilling, at last  
The Theologian gravely said:  
"The Spanish proverb, then, is right;  
Consult your friends on what you do,  
And one will say that it is white,  
And others say that it is red."  
And "Amen!" quoth the Spanish Jew.

"Six stories told! We must have seven,  
A cluster like the Pleiades,  
And lo! it happens, as with these,  
That one is missing from our heaven.  
Where is the Landlord? Bring him here!  
Let the Lost Pleiad reappear!"

Thus the Sicilian cried, and went  
Forthwith to seek his missing star,  
But did not find him in the sky;  
A place that landlords most frequent,  
Nor yet beside the kitchen fire,  
Nor up the stairs, nor in the hall;  
It was in vain to ask or call,  
There were no tidings of the Squire.

So he came back with downcast head,  
Exclaiming: "Well, our bashful host  
Hath surely given up the ghost.  
Another proverb says the dead  
Can tell no tale; and that is true.  
It follows, then, that one of you  
Must tell a story in his stead.  
You must," he to the Student said,  
"Who know so many of the best,  
And tell them better than the rest."

Straight, by these flattering words beguiled,  
The Student, happy as a child  
When he is called a little man,  
Assumed the double task imposed,  
And without more ado enclosed  
His smiling lips, and thus began.

THE STUDENT’S SECOND TALE.

BARON CASTINE OF ST. CASTINE.

Has left his château in the Pyrenees,  
And sailed across the western seas,  
When he went away from his fair demon;  
The birds were building, the woods were green;  
And now the winds of winter blow  
Round the turrets of the old château,  
The birds are silent and unseen.  
The leaves lie dead in the raviné,  
And the Pyrenees are white with snow.

His father, lonely, old, and gray,  
Sits by the fireside day by day,  
Thinking ever one thought of care;  
Through the southern windows, narrow and tall,  
The sun shines into the ancient hall,  
And makes a glory round his hair.  
The house-dog, stretched beneath his chair,  
Groans in his sleep as if in pain,  
Then wakes, and yawns, and sleeps again,  
So silent is it everywhere,  
So silent you can hear the mouse  
Run and rummage along the beams  
Behind the wainscot of the wall;  
And the old man rouses from his dreams,  
And wanders restless through the house,  
As if he heard strange voices call.

His footsteps echo along the floor  
Of a distant passage, and pause awhile;  
He is standing by an open door  
Looking long, with a sad, sweet smile,  
Into the room of his absent son.  
There is the bed on which he lay,  
There are the pictures bright and gay,  
Horses and hounds and sun-lit seas  
There are his powder-flask and gun,  
And his hunting-knives in shape of a fan;  
The chair by the window where he sat,  
With the clouded tiger-skin for a mat,  
Looking out on the Pyrenees;  
Looking out on Mount Marboré;  
And the Seven Valleys of Lavedan.  
Ah me! he turns away and sighs;  
There is a mist before his eyes.

At night, whatever the weather be,  
Wind or rain or starry heaven,  
Just as the clock is striking seven.  
Those who look from the windows see  
The village Curate, with lantern and mail,  
Come through the gateway from the park;  
And cross the court-yard damp and dark,—  
A ring of light in a ring of shade.

And now at the old man’s side he stands,  
His voice is cheery, his heart expands,
He gossips pleasantly, by the blaze
Of the fire of fagots, about old days,
And Cardinal Mazarin and the Fronde,
And the Cardinal's nieces fair and fond,
And what they did, and what they said,
When they heard his Eminence was dead.

And after a pause the old man says,
His mind still coming back again
To the one sad thought that haunts his brain,
"'Are there any tidings from over sea?
Ah, why has that wild boy gone from me?"
And the Curate answers, looking down,
Harmless as a lamb.

"Young blood! young blood! It must so be!"
And draws from the pocket of his gown
A handkerchief like an old dam, and
Wipes his spectacles, and they play
Their little game of lanzenquet.

In silence for an hour or so,
Till the clock at nine strikes loud and clear
From the village lying asleep below;
And across the courtyard, into the dark
Of the winding pathway in the park,
Curate and lantern disappear,
And darkness reigns in the old château.

The ship has come back from over sea,
She has been signalled from below,
And into the harbor of Bordeaux
She sails with her gallant company.

The brave young Baron of St. Castine;
He hath tarried behind, I ween,
In the beautiful land of Acadie!

And the father paces to and fro
Through the chambers of the old château,
Waiting, waiting to hear the hum
Of wheels on the road that runs below,
Of servants hurrying here and there,
The voice in the courtyard, the step on the stair,
Waiting for some one who doth not come! But letters there are, which the old man reads
To the Curate, when he comes at night;
Word by word, as an acolyte
Repeats his prayers, and tells his beads;
Letters full of the rolling sea,
Of a young man's joy to be abroad, in the world, alone and free;
Full of adventures and wonderful scenes
Of hunting the deer through forests vast
In the royal grant of Pierre du Gast;
Of nights in the tents of the Tarraînes;
Of Madocawando the Indian chief,
And his daughters, as glorious as queens,
And beautiful beyond belief;
And so soft the tones of their native tongue,
The words are not spoken, they are sung!

And the Curate listens, and smiling says:
"Ah yes, dear friend! in our young days
We should have liked to hunt the deer
All day amid those forest scenes,
And to sleep in the tents of the Tarraînes;
But now it is better sitting here
Within four walls, and without the fear
Of losing our hearts to Indian queens;
For man is fire and woman is tow,
And the Somebody comes and begins to blow."

Then a gleam of distrust and vague surmise
Shines in the father's gentle eyes,
As fire-light on a window-pane
Glimmers and vanishes again;
But naught he answers; he only sighs,
And for a moment bow's his head;
Then, as their custom is, they play
Their little game of lanzenquet,
And another day is with the dead.

Another day, and many a day
And many a week and month depart,
When a fatal letter wings its way
Across the sea, like a bird of prey,
And strikes and tears the old man's heart.
Left to the young Baron of St. Castine,
Swift as the wind is, and as wild,
Has married a dusky Tarraîne,
Has married Madocawando's child!

The letter drops from the father's hand;
The sinews of his heart are wrung,
He utters no cry, he breathes no prayer,
No maladiction falls from his tongue;
But his stately figure, erect and grand,
Bends and sinks like a column of sand
In the whirlwind of his great despair.
Dying, yes, dying! His latest breath
Of parley at the door of death
Is a blessing on his wayward son.
Lower and lower on his breast
Sinks his gray head; he is at rest;
No longer he waits for any one.

For many a year the old château
Lies tenantless and desolate;
Rank grasses in the courtyard grow,
About its gables crawl the crow;
Only the porter at the gate
Is left to guard it, and to wait
The coming of the rightful heir;
No other life or sound is there;
Not more the Curate comes at night,
No more is seen the unsteady light,
Threaded the alleys of the park;
The windows of the hall are dark,
The chambers are dreary, cold, and bare!

At length, at last, when the winter is past,
And birds are building, and woods are green,
With flying skirts is the Curate seen
Sailing along the woodland way,
Huming gayly, "No day is so long
But it comes at last to vesper-song."
He stops at the porter's lodge to say
That at last the Baron of St. Castine
Is coming home with his Indian queen,
Is coming without a week's delay;
And all the house must be swept and clean,
And all things set in good array!
And the solemn porter shakes his head;
And the answer he makes is: "Lack-a-day!
We will see, as the blind man said!"

Alert since first the day began,
The cock upon the village church
Locks northward from his airy perch,
As if beyond the ken of man
To see the ships come sailing on,
And pass the Isle of Oléron,
And pass the Tower of Cordunna.

In the church below is cold in clay
The heart that would have leaped for joy—
O tender heart of truth and trust!—
To see the coming of that day;
In the church below the lips are dust; Dust are the hands, and dust the feet,
That would have been so swift to meet
The coming of that wayward boy.

At night the front of the old château
Is a blaze of light above and below;
There's a sound of wheels and hoofis in the street,
A cracking of whips, and scampers of feet,
Belts are ringing, and horns are blown,
And the Baron hath come again to his own.
The Curate is waiting in the hall,
Most eager and alive of all.
To welcome the Baron and Baronesse; But his mind is full of vague distress,
TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN. 219

For he hath read in Jesuit books
Of those children of the wilderness,
And now, good, simple man! he looks
To see a painted savage stride
Into the room, with shoulders bare,
And eagle feathers in her hair,
And around her a robe of panther's hide.

Instead, he beholds with secret shame
A form of beauty undefined,
A loveliness without a name,
Not of degree, but more of kind;
Nor bold nor shy, nor short nor tall,
But a new mingling of them all.
Yes, beautiful beyond belief,
Transfigured and transmuted, he sees
The lady of the Pyrenees,
The daughter of the Indian chief.
Beneath the shadow of her hair
The gold-bronze color of the skin
Seems lighted by a fire within,
As when a burst of sunlight shines
Beneath a sombre grove of pines,—
A dusky splendor in the air.
The two small hands, that now are pressed
In his, seem made to be caressed,
They lie so warm, and soft, and still,
Like birds half hidden in a nest,
Trustful, and innocent of ill.
And ah! he cannot believe his ears
When her melodious voice he hears
Speaking his native Gascon tongue;
The words she utters seem to be
Part of some poem of Gondoulin,
They are not spoken, they are sung!
And the Baron smiles, and says, "You see,
I told you but the simple truth;
Ah, you may trust the eyes of youth!"

Down in the village day by day
The people gossip in their way,
And stare to see the Baronesse pass
On Sunday morning to early Mass;
And when she kneel'd down to pray,
They wonder, and whisper together, and say,
"Surely this is no heathen lass!"
And in course of time they learn to bless
The Baron and the Baronesse.

And in course of time the Curate learns
A secret so dreadful, that by day turns
He is ice and fire, he freezes and burns.
The Baron at confession hath said,
That though this woman be his wife,
He hath wept her as the Indians wept;
He hath bought her for a gem and a knife!
And the Curate replies: "O profligate, O Prodigal Son! return once more
To the open arms and the open door
Of the Church, or ever it be too late."
Thank God, thy father did not live
To see what he could not forgive;
On thee, so reckless and perverse,
He left his blessings, not his curse.
But the nearer the dawn the darker the night,
And by going wrong all things come right;
Things have been mended that were worse,
And the worse, the nearer they are to mend.
For the sake of the living and the dead,
Thou shalt be wed as Christians wed,
And all things comes to a happy end."

O sun, that followest the night,
In thy blue sky, serene and pure,
And pourest thine impartial light
Alike on mountain and on moor,
PART THIRD.

PRELUDE.

The evening came; the golden vine
A moment in the sunset glanced,
Then darkened, and then gleamed again
As from the east the moon advanced
And touched it with a softer light;
While underneath, with flowing mane,
Upon the red Horse pranced.

But brighter than the afternoon
That followed the dark day of rain,
And brighter than the golden vine
That glistened in the rising moon,
Within the ruddy fire-light gleamed;
And every separate window-pane,
Backed by the outer darkness, showed
A mirror, where the flamelets gleamed
And flickered to and fro, and seemed
A bonfire lighted in the road.

Amid the hospitable glow,
Like an old actor on the stage,
With the uncertain voice of age,
The singing chimney chanted low
The homely songs of long ago.

The voice that Ossian heard of yore,
When midnight winds were in his hall;
A ghostly and appealin call,
A sound of days that are no more!
And dark as Ossian sat the Jew,
And listened to the sound, and knew
The passing of the airy hosts,
The gray and misty cloud of ghosts
In their interminable flight;
And listening muttered in his beard,
With accent indistinct and weird.

"Who are ye, children of the Night?"

Beholding his mysterious face,
"Tell me," the gay Sicilian said,
"What was it that in breaking bread
At supper, you bent down your head
And, musing, paused a little space,
As one who says a silent grace?"

"The Jew replied, with solemn air,
I said the Manichean's prayer.
It was his faith,—perhaps is mine,
That life in all its forms is one,
And that its secret conduits run
Unseen, but in unbroken line,
From the great fountain-head divine
Through man and beast, through grain and grass.
How'er we struggle, strive, and cry,
From death there can be no escape,
And no escape from life, alas!
Because we cannot die, but pass
From one into another shape;
It is but into life we die.

"Therefore the Manichean said
This simple prayer on breaking bread,
Lest he with hasty hand or knife
Might wound the incarcerated life,
The soul in things to which we call dead;
I did not reap thee, did not bind thee,
I did not thresh thee, did not grind thee,
Nor did I in the oven bake thee!
It was not I, it was another
Did these things unto thee, O brother;
I only have thee, hold thee, break thee!"

"That birds have souls I can concede,"
The poet cried, with glowing cheeks;
"The flocks that from their beds of rest
Uprising north or southward fly,
And flying write upon the sky
The biforked letter of the Greeks,
As hath been said by Ruccelai;
All birds that sing or chirp or cry,
Even those migratory bands,
The minor poets of the air,
The plover, peep, and sanderling,
That hardly can be said to sing,
But skite along the haughty sands,—
All these have souls akin to ours;
So hath the lovely race of flowers:
Thus much I grant, but nothing more,
The rusty hinges of a door
Are not alive because they creak;
This chimney, with its dreary roar,
These rattling windows, do not speak!"
"To me they speak," the Jew replied;
"And in the sounds that sink and soar,
I hear the voices of a tide
That breaks upon an unknown shore!"

Here the Sicilian interfered:
"That was your dream, then, as you dozed
A moment since, with eyes half-closed,
And murmured something in your beard."
The Jew smiled, and answered,
"Nay; Not that, but something very near;
Like, and yet not the same, may seem
The vision of my waking dream;
Before it wholly dies away,
Listen to me, and you shall hear."

THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE.

AZRAEL.

KING SOLOMON, before his palace gate
At evening, on the pavement tessellate
Was walking with a stranger from the East,
Arrayed in rich attire as for a feast,
The mighty Runjest-Sing, a learned man,
And Rajah of the realms of Hindostan.
And as they walked the guest became aware
Of a white figure in the twilight air,
Gazing intent, as one who with surprise
His form and features seemed to recognize;
And in a whisper to the king he said:
"Tell me, was it you that, pausing by the dead,
Is watching me, as if he sought to trace
In the dim light the features of my face?"

The king looked, and replied: "I know him well;
It is the Angel men call Azrael,
'Tis the Death Angel; what hast thou to fear?"
And the guest answered: "Lest he should come near
And speak to me, and take away my breath!
Save me from Azrael, save me from death!
O king, that hast dominion o'er the wind,
Bid it arise and bear me hence to Ind."

The king gazed upward at the cloudless sky,
Whispered a word, and raised his hand on high,
And lo! the signet-ring of chrysoprase
On his uplifted finger seemed to blaze
With hidden fire, and rushing from the west
There came a mighty wind, and seized the guest
And lifted him from earth, and on they passed,
His shining garments streaming in the blast,
A silver banner o'er the walls upreared,
A purple cloud, that gleamed and disappeared.
Then said the Angel, smiling: "If this man
Be Azrael, Runjest-Sing of Hindostan,
Thou hast done well in listening to his prayer;
I was upon my way to seek him there."
"It is the Angel men call Azrael,
'Tis the Death Angel."

INTERLUDE.

"O Edrei, forbear to-night,
Your ghostly legends of affright,
And let the Talmud rest in peace;
Spare us your dismal tales of death
That almost take away one's breath;
So doing, may your tribe increase."

Thus the Sicilian said; then went
And on the spinet's rattling keys
Played Marianina, like a breeze
From Naples and the Southern seas,
That brings us the delicious scent
Of citron and of orange trees,
And memories of soft days of ease
At Capri and Amalfi spent.

"Not so," the eager poet said;
"At least, not so before I tell
The story of my Azrael,
An angel mortal as ourselves,
Which in an ancient tome I found
Upon a convent's dusty shelves,
Chained with an iron chain, and bound
In parchment, and with clasps of brass,
Lost from its prison, some dark day,
It might be stolen or steal away,
While the good friars were singing mass.

"It is a tale of Charlemagne,
When like a thunder-cloud, that lowers
And sweeps from mountain-crest to coast,
With lightning flaming through its showers,
He swept across the Lombard plain,
Beleaguering with his warlike train
Pavia, the country's pride and boast,
The City of the Hundred Towers."
Thus heralded the tale began,
And thus in sober measure ran.

THE POET'S TALE.

CHARLEMAGNE.

Olger the Dane and Desiderio,
King of the Lombards, on a lofty tower
Stood gazing northward o'er the rolling plains,
League after league of harvests, to the foot
Of the snow-crested Alps, and saw approach
A mighty army, thronging all the roads
That led into the city. And the King
Sailed into Olger, who had passed his youth
As hostage at the court of France, and knew
The Emperor’s form and face: "Is Charlemagne
Among that host?" And Olger answered:
"No."

And still the innumerable multitude
Flowed steadily, and increased, until the King
Dined in amazement: "Surely Charlemagne
Is coming in the midst of all these knights!"
And Olger answered slowly: "‘No; not yet; he
Will not come so soon.’ Then much disturbed
King Damicio asked: ‘What shall we do,
If he approach with a still greater army?’
And Olger answered: ‘When he shall appear,
You will behold what manner of man he is;
But what will then befall us I know not.’

Then came the guard that never knew repose,
The Paladins of France; and at the sight
The Lombard King o’ercome with terror cried
‘This must be Charlemagne!’ And as before
Did Olger answer: ‘No; not yet, not yet.’

And then appeared in panoply complete
The Bishops and the Abbeys and the Priests
Of the imperial chapel, and the Counts;
And Desiderio could no more endure
The light of day, nor yet encounter death,
But sobbed aloud and said: ‘Let us go down
And hide us in the bosom of the earth,
Far from the sight and anger of a foe.
So terrible as this!’ And Olger said:
‘When you behold the harvests in the fields
Shining with fear, the Po and the Ticino
Lashing the city walls with iron waves,
Then may you know that Charlemagne is come.’
And even as he spoke, in the northwest,
Lo! there涌现 a black and threatening cloud,
Out of whose bosom flashed the light of arms
Upon the people pent up in the city;
A light more terrible than any darkness;
And Charlemagne appeared;— a Man of Iron!

His helmet was of iron, and his gloves
Of iron, and his breastplate and his greaves
And tassets were of iron, and his shield.
In his left hand he held an iron spear,
In his right hand his sword invincible.
The horse he rode on had the strength of iron,
And color of iron. All who went before him,
Beside him and behind him, his whole host,
Were armed with iron, and their hearts within them
Were stronger than the armor that they wore.
The fields and all the roads were filled with iron,
And points of iron glistened in the sun
And shield a terror through the city streets.
This at a single glance Olger the Dane
Saw from the tower, and turning to the King,
Exclaimed in haste: ‘Behold! this is the man
You looked for with such eagerness,’ and then
Fell as one dead at Desiderio’s feet.

The poet answered: ‘No, not thus
The legend it; it sprang at first
Out of the hunger and the thirst
In all men for the marvellous,
And thus it filled and satisfied
The imagination of mankind,
And this tale is go to the mind
Was truer than historic fact.
Fancy enlarged and multiplied
The terrors of the awful name
Of Charlemagne, till he became
Armipotent in every act,
And, clothed in mystery, appeared
Not what men saw, but what they feared.”

The Theologian said: ‘Percance your chronicler in writing this
Had in his mind the Anabasis,
Where Xenophon describes the advance
Of Artaxerxes to the fight;
At first the low gray cloud of dust,
And then a blackness o’er the fields
As of a passing thunder-gust,
Then flash of brazen armor bright,
And ranks of men, and spears up-thrust,
Bowmen and troops with wicker shields,
And cavalry equipped in white,
And chariots ranged in front of these
With scythes upon their axle-trees.”

To this the Student answered: ‘Well, I
Also have a tale to tell
Of Charlemagne; a tale that throws
A softer light, more tinged with rose,
Than your grim apparition cast
Upon the darkness of the past.
Listen, and hear in English rhyme
What the good Monk of Lausermes
Gives as the gossip of his time,
In medieval Latin prose.”

THE STUDENT’S TALE.
EMMA AND EGINIARD.

When Alcuin taught the sons of Charlemagne,
In the free schools of Aix, how kings should reign,
And with them taught the children of the poor
How subjects should be patient and endure,
He taught them the lips of some, as best befitted
With honey from the hives of Holy Writ.
Others intoxicated with the wine
Of ancient history, sweet but less divine;
Some with the wholesome fruits of grammar fed;
Others with mysteries of the stars overhead,
That hang suspended in the vaulted sky.
Like lamps in some fair palace vast and high.
In sooth it was a pleasant sight to see
That Saxon monk, with hood and rosary,
With inkhorn at his breast and pen and book,
And mingled love and reverence in his look,
Or hear the cloister and the court repeat
The measured footfalls of his sandaled feet,
Or watch him with the pupils of his school,
Gentle of speech, but absolute of rule.
Among them, always earliest in his place,
Was Eginhard, a youth of Frankish race.
Whose face was bright with flashes that forerun
The splendor of a head that shone within.
To him all things were possible, and seemed
Not what he had accomplished, but had dreamed,
And what were tasks to others were his play,
The pastime of an idle holiday.

Smaragdo, Abbot of St. Michael's, said,
With many a shrug and shaking of the head,
Surely some demon must possess the lad,
Who showed more wit than ever schoolboy had,
And learned his Trivium thus without the rod;
But Alcuin said it was the grace of God.

Thus he grew up, in Logic point-device,
Perfect in Grammar, and in Rhetoric nice;
Science of Numbers, Geometric art,
And lore of Stars, and Music knew by heart;
A Minnesinger, long before the time
Of those who sung their love in Subway rhymes.

The Emperor, when he heard this good report
Of Eginhard much buzzed about the court,
Said to himself, "This stripling seems to be
Purposely sent into the world for me;
He shall become my scribe, and shall be schooled
In all the arts whereby the world is ruled."
Thus did the gentle Eginhard ascend
To favor in the court of Charlemagne;
Became the sovereign’s favorite, his right hand,
So that his fame was great in all the land,
And all men loved him for his modest grace
And comeliness of figure and of face.
An inmate of the palace, yet recluse,
A man of books, yet sacred from abuse
Among the armed knights with spur on heel,
The tramp of horses and the clang of steel;
And as the Emperor promised he was schooled
In all the arts by which the world is ruled.
But the one art supreme, whose law is fate,
The Emperor never dreamed of till too late.

Home from her convent to the palace came
The lovely Princess Emma, whose sweet name,
Whispered by seneschal or sung by bard,
Had often touched the soul of Eginhard.
He saw her from his window, as in state
She came, by knights attended through the gate;
He saw her at the banquet of that day,
Fresh as the morn, and beautiful as May;
He saw her in the garden, as she strayed
Among the flowers of summer with her maid,
And said to him, "O Eginhard, disclose
The meaning and the mystery of the rose;
And trembling he made answer: "In good sooth,
Its mystery is love, its meaning youth!"

How can I tell the signals and the signs
By which one heart another heart divines?
How can I tell the musing of the steeds,
By which it keeps the secret it betrays?
O mystery of love! O strange romance!
Among the Peers and Paladins of France,
Shining in steel, and gleaming spear and steeds,
Noble by birth, yet nobler by great deeds,
The Princess Emma had no words nor looks
But for this clerk, this man of thought and books.

The summer passed, the autumn came;
The stalks Of lilies blackened in the garden walks;
The leaves fell, russet-golden and blood-red,
Love-lettered thought the poet fancy-led,
Or love descending in a shower of gold
Into the lap of Danae of old;
For poets cherish many a strange conceit,
And love transmutes all nature by its heat.

No more the garden lessons, nor the dark
And hurried meetings in the twilight park;
But now the studios lamp, and the delights
Of firesides in the silent winter nights,
And watching from his window hour by hour
The light that burned in Princess Emma’s tower.

At length one night, while musing by the fire,
O’er come as last by his insane desire—
For what will reckless love not do and dare?
He crossed the court, and climbed the winding stair,
With some sealed message in the Emperor’s name;
But when he to the lady’s presence came
He knelt down at her feet until she laid
Her hand upon him, like a naked blade,
And whispered in his ear; "Ars and Knight,
To my heart’s level, O my heart’s delight."

And there he lingered till the crowing cock,
The Alctryon of the farmyard and the flock,
Sang his airs with only voice and clear,
To tell the sleeping world that dawn was near.
And then they parted; but at parting, lo!—
They saw the palace courtyard white with snow,
And, placid as a man, the moon on high
Gazing from cloudy cloisters of the sky.
"Ah!" he said, "how hide the fatal line
Of footprints leading from thy door to mine,
And none returning!" Ah, he little knew
What woman’s wit, when put to proof, can do!

That night the Emperor, sleepless with the cares
And troubles that attend on state affairs,
Had risen before the dawn, and gazing gazed
Into the silent night, as one amazed
To see the calm that reigned o’er all supreme,
When his own reign was but a troubled dream.
The moon lit up the gables capped with snow,
And the white roofs, and half the court below,
And he beheld a form, that seemed to cower
Beneath a burden, come from Emma’s tower,—
A woman, who upon her shoulders bore
Clerk Eginhard to his own private study,
And then returned in haste, but still essayed
To tread the footprints she herself had made;
And as she passed across the lighted space,
The Emperor saw his daughter Emma’s face!

He started not; he did not speak or moan,
But seemed as one who hath been turned to stone;
And stood there like a statue, nor awake
Out of his trance of pain, till morning broke,
Till the stars faded, and the moon went down,
And o’er the towers and steeples of the town
Came the gray daylight; then the squire, who look
The empire of the world with sovereign look,
Suffusing with a soft and golden glow
All the dead landscape in its shroud of snow,
Touching with flame the tapering chapel spires,
Windows and roofs, and smoke of household fires,
And kindling park and palace as he came;
The stork’s nest on the chimney seemed in flame.
And thus he stood till Eginhard appeared.
Demure and modest with his comely beard
And flowing flaxen tresses, come to ask
As was his wont, the day’s appointed task.

The Emperor looked upon him with a smile,
And gently said: "My young, wait a while;
This hour my council meets upon some great
And very urgent business of the state."
Come back within the hour. On thy return
The work appointed for thee shalt thou learn."

While all lamented and made moan,
With many a sympathetic word
As if the loss had been their own,
Deeming the tones they might have heard
Sweeter than they had heard before.

The missing man, the really Super!
He had not entered, but he stood
With both arms full of seasoned wood,
To feed the much-devouring fire.
That like a lion in a cage
Lashed its long tail and roared with rage.

The missing man! Ah, yes, they said,
Missing, but whither had he fled?
Where had he hidden himself away?
No farther than the barn or shed;
He had not hidden himself, nor fled;
How should he pass the rainy day
But in his barn with hens and hay,
Or mending harness, cart, or sled?
Now, having come, he needs must stay
And tell his tale as well as they.

The Landlord answered only: "These
Are logs from the dead apple-trees
Of the old orchard planted here
By the first Howe of Sudbury.
Nor oak nor maple has so clear
A flame, or burns so quietly,
Or leaves an ash so clean and white;"
Thinking by this to put aside
The impending tale that terrified;
When suddenly, to his delight,
The Theologian interposed,
Saying that when that door was closed,
And they had stopped that draft of cold,
Unpleasant night air, he proposed
To tell a tale world-wide apart
From that the Student had just told;
World-wide apart, and yet akin,
As showing that the human heart
Beats on forever as of old,
As well beneath the snow-white fold
Of Quaker rectchfif, as within
Sandal or silk or cloth of gold,
And without preface would begin.

And then the clanging clock struck eight,
Deliberate, with sonorous chime
Slow measuring out the march of time,
Like some grave Consul of old Rome
In Jupiter's temple driving home
The nails that mark the year and date.
Thus interrupted in his rhyme,
The Theologian needs must wait;
But quoted Horace, where he sings
The dire Necessity of things,
That drives into the roofs sublime
Of new-built houses of the great
The adamantine nails of Fate.

When ceased the little carillon
To herald from its wooden tower
The important transit of the hour,
The Theologian hastened on,
Content to be allowed at last
To sing his Idyl of the Past.

THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE.

ELIZABETH

I

"Ah, how short are the days! How soon the night overtakes us!
In the old country the twilight is longer; but here in the forest
Suddenly comes the dark, with hardly a pause in its coming.
Hardly a moment between the two lights, the day and the lamplight;
Yet how grand is the winter! How spotless the snow is, and perfect!

Thus spake Elizabeth Hadlon at nightfall to Hannah the housemaid,
As in the farm-house kitchen, that served for kitchen and parlor,
By the window she sat with her work, and looked on a landscape
White as the great white sheet that Peter saw in his vision,
By the four corners let down and descending out of the heavens.
Covered with snow were the forests of pine, and the fields and the meadows.
Nothing was dark but the sky, and the distant Delaware flowing
Down from its native hills, a peaceful and bountiful river.

Then with a smile on her lips made answer Hannah the housemaid:
"Beautiful Winter! yea, the winter is beautiful, surely,
If one could only walk like a fly with one's feet on the ceiling.
But the great Delaware River is not like the Thames, as we saw it.
Out of our upper windows in Rotherhithe Street in the Borough,
Crowded with masts and sails of vessels coming and going;
Here there is nothing but pines, with patches of snow on their branches.
There is snow in the air, and see! it is falling already;
All the roads will be blocked, and I pity Joseph to-morrow,
Breaking his way through the drifts, with his sleigh and oxen; and then too,
How in all the world shall we get to Meeting on First-Day?"

But Elizabeth checked her, and answered, mildly reproving:
"Surely the Lord will provide; for unto the snow he saith,
Be thou on the earth, the good Lord saith; he it is.
Giveth snow like wool, like ashes scatters the hoar-frost.
So she folded her work and laid it away in her basket.

Meanwhile Hannah the housemaid had closed and fastened the shutters,
Spread the cloth, and lighted the lamp on the table, and placed there
Plates and cups from the dresser, the brown rye loaf, and the butter
Fresh from the dairy, and then, protecting her hand with a holder,
 Took from the crane in the chimney the steaming and simmering kettle,
Poised it aloft in the air, and filled up the earthen pot,
Made in Delft, and adorned with quaint and wonderful figures.

Then Elizabeth said, "Lo! Joseph is long on his errand. I have sent him away with a hamper of food and clothing
For the poor in the village. A good lad and cheerful is Joseph:
In the right place is his heart, and his hand is ready and willing."

Thus in praise of her servant she spake, and Hannah the housemaid
Laughed with her eyes, as she listened, but governed her tongue, and was silent.
While her mistress went on: "The house is far from the village;
We should lonely here, were it not for Friends that in passing
Sometimes tarry o'ermight, and make us glad by their coming."

Thereupon answered Hannah the housemaid, the thrifty, the frugal:
"Yea, they come and they tarry, as if thy house were a tavern;
Open to all his doors, and they come and go like the pigeons
In and out of the holes of the pigeon-house over the hayloft.
Cooing and smoothing their feathers and basking themselves in the sunshine."

But in meekness of spirit, and calmly, Elizabeth answered:
"All I have is the Lord's, not mine to give or withhold it;
I but distribute his gifts to the poor, and to those of his people
Who in journeyings often surrender their lives to his service.
His, not mine, are the gifts, and only so far can I make them
Mine, as in giving I add my heart to whatever is given.
Therefore my excellent father first built this house in the clearing:
Though he came not himself, I came; for the Lord was my guidance,
Leading me here for this service. We must not grudge, then, to others
Ever the cup of cold water, or crumbs that fall from our table."

Thus rebuked, for a season was silent the penitent housemaid;
And Elizabeth said in tones even sweeter and softer:
"Dost thou remember, Hannah, the great May-meeting in London,
When I was still a child, how we sat in the silent assembly,
Waiting upon the Lord in patient and passive submission?
No one spake, till at length a young man, a stranger, John Eastaugh,
Moved by the Spirit, rose, as if he were John the Apostle,
Speaking such words of power that they bowed our hearts, as a strong wind
Bends the grass of the fields, or grain that is ripe for the sickle.
Thoughts of him to-day have been oft borne inward upon me,
Wherefore I do not know; but strong is the feeling within me
That once more I shall see a face I have never forgotten."

II.

Even as she spake they heard the musical jangle of sleigh-bells,
First far off, with a dreamy sound and faint in the distance,
Then growing nearer and louder, and turning into the farmyard,
Till it stopped at the door, with sudden creaking of runners.
Then there were voices heard as of two men talking together,
And to herself, as she listened, upbraiding said Hannah the housemaid,  

"It is Joseph come back, and I wonder what stranger is with him?"

Down from its nail she took and lighted the great tin lantern  
Pierced with holes, and round, and roofed like the  
top of a lighthouse,  
And went forth to receive the coming guest at the doorway,  
Casting into the dark a network of glimmer and shadow  
Over the falling snow, the yellow sleigh, and the horses,  
And the forms of men, snow-covered, looming gigantic.  
Then giving Joseph the lantern, she entered the house with the stranger.  
Youthful he was and tall, and his cheeks aglow  
with the night air;  
And as he entered, Elizabeth rose, and, going to meet him  
As if an unseen power had announced and preceded his presence,  
And he had come as one whose coming had long been expected,  
Quietly gave him her hand, and said, "Thou art welcome, John Estaugh."  
And the stranger replied, with staid and quiet behavior,  
"Dost thou remember me still, Elizabeth? After so many  
Years have passed, it seemeth a wonderful thing  
that I find thee.  
Surely the hand of the Lord conducted me here  
to thy threshold.  
For as I journeyed along, and pondered alone and in silence  
On his ways, that are past finding out, I saw in  
Seemingly weary with travel, a wayfarer, who by the wayside  
Paused and waited. Forthwith I remembered  
Queen Candace's eunuch,  
How on the way that goes down from Jerusalem unto Gaza,  
Reading Essias the Prophet, he journeyed, and spake unto Philip,  
Praying him to come up and sit in his chariot with him.  
So I greeted the man, and he mounted the saddle beside me,  
And as we talked on the way he told me of thee  
and thy household.  
How, being led by the light of the Spirit, that never deceiveth,  
Full of zeal for the work of the Lord, thou hast  
come to this country,  
And I remembered thy name, and thy father and mother in England,  
And on my journey have stopped to see thee,  
Elizabeth Haddon,  
Wishing to strengthen thy hand in the labors of love thou art doing."

And Elizabeth answered with confident voice, and serenely  
Looking into his face with her innocent eyes as she answered,  
"Surely the hand of the Lord is in it; his Spirit hath led thee  
Out of the darkness and storm to the light and peace of my fireside."

Then, with stamping of feet, the door was opened, and Joseph  
Entered, bearing the lantern, and, carefully blowing  
the light out,  
Hung it up on its nail, and all sat down to their supper;  
For underneath that roof was no distinction of persons,  
But one family only, one heart, one hearth, and  
one household.

When the supper was ended they drew their chairs to the fireplace,  
Spacious, open-hearted, profuse of flame and of firewood,  
Lord of forests unfelled, and not a gleaner of fagots;  
Spreading its arms to embrace with inexhaustible bounty  
All who fled from the cold, exulting, laughing at winter.  
Only Hannah the housemaid was busy in clearing  
the table,  
Coming and going, and bustling about in closest  
and chamber.

Then Elizabeth told her story again to John Estaugh,  
Going far back to the past, to the early days of her childhood;  
How she had waited and watched, in all her  
doubts and besetments  
Comforted with the extending and holy, sweet inflowings  
Of the spirit of love, till the voice imperative sounded,  
And she obeyed the voice, and cast in her lot with  
her people.  
Here in the desert land, and God would provide for the issue.

Meanwhile Joseph sat with folded hands, and  
demurely  
Listened, or seemed to listen, and in the silence  
the snow mist  
Nothing was heard for a while but the step of  
Hannah the housemaid  
Walking the floor overhead, and setting the chambers in order.  
And Elizabeth said, with a smile of compassion,  
"The maiden  
Hath a light heart in her breast, but her feet are  
heavy and awkward."  
Inwardly Joseph laughed, but governed his  
tongue, and was silent.

Then were the hour of sleep, death's counter-feel, nightly rehearsal  
Of the great Silent Assembly, the Meeting of  
shadows, where no man  
Spakeeth, but all are still, and the peace and rest  
are unbroken!  
Silently over that house the blessing of slumber descended.  
But when the morning dawned, and the sun uprose in his splendor,  
Breaking his way through clouds that encumbered his path in the heavens,  
Joseph was seen with his sled and oxen breaking a pathway  
Through the drifts of snow; the horses already were harnessed,  
And John Estaugh was standing and taking leave at the threshold,  
Saying that he should return at the Meeting in May, while above them  
Hannah the housemaid, the homely, was looking out of the attic,  
Laughing aloud at Joseph, then suddenly closing  
and the window.  
As the bird in a cuckoo-clock peeps out of its  
window,  
Then disappears again, and closes the shutter behind it.
III.

Now was the winter gone, and the snow; and Robin the Redbreast,
Boasted on bush and tree it was he, it was he and no other
That had covered with leaves the Babes in the Wood, and blithely
All the birds sang with him, and little cared for his boasting.
Or for his Babes in the Wood, or the Cruel Uncle,
and only
Sang for the mates they had chosen, and cared for the nests they were building.
With them, but more sedately and meekly, Elizabeth Haillon
Sang in her inmost heart, but her lips were silent and songless.
Thus came the lovely spring with a rush of blossoms and music,
Flooding the earth with flowers, and the air with melodies vernal.

Then it came to pass, one pleasant morning,
that slowly
Up the road there came a cavalcade, as of pilgrims,
Men and women, wending their way to the Quarterly Meeting
In the neighboring town; and with them came
riding John Estaugh.

At Elizabeth's door they stopped to rest, and alighting
Tasted the currant wine, and the bread of rye,
and the honey
Brought from the hives, that stood by the sunny wall of the garden;
Then remounted their horses, refreshed, and continued their journey.
And Elizabeth with them, and Joseph, and Hannah the housemaid.
But, as they started, Elizabeth lingered a little, and leaning
Over her horse's neck, in a whisper said to John Estaugh:
"Tarry awhile behind, for I have something to tell thee,
Not to be spoken lightly, nor in the presence of others;
Them it concerneth not, only thee and me it concerneth."
And they rode slowly along through the woods,
conversing together.
It was a pleasure to breathe the fragrant air of the forest;
It was a pleasure to live on that bright and happy
May morning!

Then Elizabeth said, though still with a certain reluctance,
As if impelled to reveal a secret she fain would have guarded:
"I will no longer conceal what is laid upon me to
tell thee;
I have received from the Lord a charge to love thee, John Estaugh."

And John Estaugh made answer, surprised by
the words she had spoken,
"Pleasant to me are thy converse, thy ways, thy meekness of spirit;
Pleasant thy frankness of speech, and thy soul's immaculate whiteness,
Love without dissimulation, a holy and inward adorning.
But I have yet no light to lead me, no voice to direct me.
When the Lord's work is done, and the toll and labor completed,
He hath appointed to me, I will gather into the stillness
Of my own heart awhile, and listen and wait for
his guidance."

Then Elizabeth said, not troubled nor wounded in spirit,
"So is it with John Estaugh. We will not speak of it further.
It hath been laid upon me to tell thee this, for to-morrow
Thou art going away, across the sea, and I know not
When I shall see thee more; but if the Lord hath decreed it,
Thou wilt return again to seek me here and to find me.
And they rode onward in silence, and entered the town with the others.

IV.

Suns that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shone and a distant voice in the darkness;
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another.
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence.

Now went on as of old the quiet life of the homestead.
Patient and unrepining Elizabeth labored, in all things
Mindful not of herself, but bearing the burdens of others,
Always thoughtful and kind and untroubled; and Hannah the housemaid
Diligent early and late, and rosy with washing and scouring.
Still as of old disparaged the eminent merits of Joseph,
And was at times reproved for her light and frothy behavior,
For her shy looks, and her careless words, and her evil surmisings,
Being pressed down somewhat, like a cart with sheaves overladen,
As she would sometimes say to Joseph, quoting the Scriptures.

Meanwhile John Estaugh departed across the sea, and departing
Carried hid in his heart a secret sacred and precious,
Filling its chambers with fragrance, and seeming to him in its sweetness
Mary's ointment of spikenard, that filled all the house with its odor,
O lost days of delight, that are wasted in doubting and waiting!
O lost hours and days in which we might have been happy!
But the light shone at last, and guided his waver- ing footsteps,
And at last came the voice, imperative, questionless, certain.

Then John Estaugh came back o'er the sea for the gift that was offered,
Better than houses and lands, the gift of a woman's affection.
And on the First-Day that followed, he rose in the Silent Assembly,
Holding in his strong hand a hand that trembled a little,
Promising to be kind and true and faithful in all things.
Such were the marriage-rites of John and Elizabeth Estaugh."
And not otherwise Joseph, the honest, the diligent servant, 
Sped in his bashful wooing with homely Hannah the housemaid; 
For when he asked her the question, she answered, 
"Nay;" and then added: 
"But thee may make believe, and see what will come of it, Joseph."

INTERLUDE.

"A PLEASANT and a winsome tale," 
The Student said, "though somewhat pale 
And quiet in its coloring, 
As if it caught its tone and air 
From the gray suits that Quakers wear; 
Yet worthy of some German bard, 
Hebel, or Voss, or Eberhard, 
Who love of humble themes to sing, 
In humble verse; but no more true 
Than was the tale I told to you."

The Theologian made reply, 
And with some warmth, "That I deny; 
'Tis no invention of my own, 
But something well and widely known 
To readers of a riper age, 
Written by the skillful hand that wrote 
The Indian tale of Hobomok, 
And Philothea's classic page. 
I found it like a waf afloat, 
Or pulse uprooted from its rock, 
On the swift tides that ebb and flow 
In daily papers, and at flood 
Bear freighted vessels to and fro, 
But later, when the ebb is low, 
Leave a long waste of sand and mud."

"It matters little," quoth the Jew; 
"The cloak of truth is lined with lies, 
Sayeth some proverb old and wise; 
And Love is master of all arts, 
And puts it into human hearts 
The strangest things to say and do.

And here the controversy closed
Abruptly, ere 't was well begun; 
For the Skelton interposed, 
With "Lordlings, listen, every one 
That listen may, unto a tale 
That's merrier than the nightingale; 
A tale that cannot boast, forsooth, 
A single rag or shred of truth; 
That does not leave the mind in doubt
As to the wit or without; 
A naked falsehood and absurd 
As mortal ever told or heard, 
Therefore I tell it; or, maybe, 
Simply because it pleases me."

THE SICILIAN'S TALE.

THE MONK OF CASAL-MAGGIORE.

Once on a time, some centuries ago, 
In the hot sunshine two Franciscan friars Wended their weary way with footsteps slow 
Back to their convent, whose white walls and spires 
Gleamed on the hillside like a patch of snow; 
Covered with dust they were, and torn by briars, 
And bore like sampfer-miles upon their backs 
The badge of poverty, their beggar's sacks.

The first was Brother Anthony, a spare 
And silent man, with pallid cheeks and thin, 
Much given to vigils, penance, fasting, prayer, 
Solemn and gray, and worn with discipline, 
As if his body but white ashes were, 
Heaped on the living coals that glowed within;

A simple monk, like many of his day, 
Whose instinct was to listen and obey.

A different man was Brother Timothy, 
Of larger mould and of a coarser paste; 
A rubicund and stalwart monk was he, 
Broad in the shoulders, broader in the waist, 
Who often filled the dull refectory 
With noise by which the convent was disgraced, 
But to the mass-book gave but little heed, 
By reason he had never learned to read.

Now, as they passed the oaks of a wood, 
They saw, with mingled pleasure and surprise, 
Fast tethered to a tree an ass, that stood 
Lazy winking his large, limpid eyes. 
The farmer Gilbert of that neighborhood 
His owner was, who, looking for supplies 
Of fagots, deeper in the wood had strayed, 
Leaving his beast to ponder in the shade.

As soon as Brother Timothy espied 
The patient animal, he said: "Good-luck! 
Thus for our needs doth Providence provide; 
We'll lay our wallets on the creature's back." 
This being done, he leisurely untied 
From head and neck the halter of the jack, 
And put it round his own, and to the tree 
Stood tethered fast as if the ass were he.

And, bursting forth into a merry laugh, 
He cried to Brother Anthony: "Away! 
And drive the ass before you with your staff; 
And when you reach the convent you may say 
You left me at a farm, half tired and half ill 
With a fever, for a night and day, 
And that the farmer lent this ass to bear 
Our wallets, that are heavy with good fare."

Now Brother Anthony, who knew the pranks 
Of Brother Timothy, would not persuade 
Or reason with him on his quirks and cranks, 
But, being obedient, silently obeyed; 
And, smiting with his staff the ass's flanks, 
Drove him before him over hill and glade, 
Safe with his provend to the convent gate, 
Leaving poor Brother Timothy to his fate.

Then Gilbert, laden with fagots for his fire, 
Fell into hands of the ass, and stood aghast 
To see the ponderous body of the friar 
Standing where he had left his donkey last. 
Trembling he stood, and dared not venture nigher. 
But stared, and gaped, and crossed himself full fast; 
For, being credulous and of little wit, 
He thought it was some demon from the pit.

While speechless and bewildered thus he gazed, 
And dropped his load of fagots on the ground, 
Quoth Brother Timothy: "He be not amazed 
That which you left a donkey should be found 
A poor Franciscan friar, half-starved and cazed, 
Standing demure and with a halter bound; 
But set me free, and hear the piteous story 
Of Brother Timothy of Casal-Maggiore.

"I am a sinful man, although you see 
I wear the consecrated cowl and cap, 
You never owned an ass, but you owned me, 
Changed and transformed from my own natural 
All for the deadly sin of gluttony, 
From which I could not otherwise escape, 
Than by this penance, dieting on grass, 
And being worked and beaten as an ass.

"Think of the ignominy I endured; 
Think of the miserable life I led, 
The toil and blows to which I was inured, 
My wretched lodging in a windy shed,
My scanty fare so grudgingly procured,
The dam and misty straw that formed my bed! But, having done this penance for my sins,
My life as man and monk again begins.

The simple Gilbert, hearing words like these,
Was conscience-stricken, and fell down aspace
Before the friar upon his bended knees,
And with a suppliant voice implored his grace;
And the good monk, now very much at case,
Granted him pardon with a smiling face,
Not could refuse to be that night his guest;
It being late, and he in need of rest.

Upon a hillside, where the olive thrives,
With figures painted on its whitewashed walls,
The cottage stood; and near the humming hives
Made murmurs as of far-off water-falls;
A place where those who love seclusion lives
 Might live content, and, free from noise and brawls,
 Like Claudian's Old Man of Verona here
 Measure by fruits the slow-revolving year.

And, coming to this cottage of content,
They found his children, and the luxur wench
His wife, Dame Cicely, and his father, bent
With years and labor, seated at a bench,
Repeiving over some obscure event
In the old wars of Milanese and French;
All welcomed the Franciscan, with a sense
Of sacred awe and humble reverence.

When Gilbert told them what had come to pass,
How bayon question, cavi, or surmise,
Good Brother Timothy had been their ass,
You should have seen the wonder in their eyes;
You should have heard them say, " Alas! alas!"
Have heard their lamentations and their sighs.
For all believed the story, and began
To see a saint in this afflicted man.

Forthwith there was prepared a grand repast,
To satisfy the craving of the friar
After so rigid and prolonged a fast;
The bustling housewife stirred the kitchen fire;
Then her two favorite pullets and her last
Went to put to death, at her express desire,
And served up with a salad in a bowl,
And flasks of wine country to crown the whole.

It would not be believed should I repeat
How hungry Brother Timothy appeared;
It was a pleasure but to see him eat.
His white teeth flashing through his ruseet beard,
His face aglow and flushed with wine and meat,
His rognish eyes that rolled and laughed and beared!
Lord! how he drank the blood-red country wine
As if the village vintage were divine!

And all the while he talked without surace,
And told his merry tales with a twiial glee
That never flagged, but rather did increase,
And lauged aloud as if insane were he,
And wagged his red beard, matted like a fleece,
And cast such glances at Dame Cicely
That Gilbert now grew angry with his guest,
And thus in words his rising wrath expressed.

"Good father," said he, "easily we see
How useful in some persons, and how right,
Mortification of the flesh may be.
The indulgence you have given it to night,
After long penance, clearly proves to me
Your strength against temptation is but slight,
And shows the dreadful peril you are in
Of a relapse into your deadly sin.

"To-morrow morning, with the rising sun,
Go back unto your convent, nor refrain
From fasting and from scourging, for you run
Great danger to become an ass again.
Since monkish flesh and asinine are one;
Therefore be wise, nor longer here remain,
Unless you wish the scourge should be applied
By other hands, that will not spare your hide."

When this the monk had heard, his color fled
And then returned like lightning in the air,
Till he was all one blush from foot to head,
And even the bald spot in his recessed hair
Turned from its usual pallor to bright red!
The old man was asleep upon his chair.
Then all retired, and sunk into the deep
And helpless immensity of sleep.

They slept until the dawn of day drew near,
Till the cock should have crowed, but did not crow,
For they had lain the shining chantelleer
And eaten him for supper, as you know.
The monk was up betimes and of good cheer,
And, having breakfasted, made haste to go,
As if he heard the distant matin bell,
And had but little time to say farewell.

Fresh was the morning as the breath of kine;
Odors of herbs commingled with the sweet
Balsamico exhalations of the pine;
A haze was in the air presaging heat;
Uprose the sun above the Apennine,
And all the misty valleys at its feet
Were full of the delirious song of birds,
Voices of men, and bells, and low of herds.

All this to Brother Timothy was naught;
He did not care for scenery, nor here
His busy fancy found the thing it sought;
But when he saw the convent walls appear,
And smoke from kitchen chimneys upward caught,
And whirled aloft into the atmosphere,
He quickened his slow footsteps, like a beast
That scents the stable a league off at least.

And as he entered through the convent gate
He saw there in the cart the ass, who stood
Twirling his ears about, and seemed to wait,
Just as he found him waiting in the wood;
And told the Prior that, to alleviate
The daily labors of the brotherhood,
The owner, being a man of means and thrift,
Bestowed him on the convent as a gift.

And thereupon the Prior for many days
Revolved this serious matter in his mind,
And turned it over many different ways,
Hoping that some safe issue he might find;
But stood in fear of what the world would say,
If he accepted presents of this kind,
Employing beasts of burden for the packs
That lazy monks should carry on their backs.

Then, to avoid all scandal of the sort,
And stop the mouth of cavil, he decreed
That he would cut the tedious matter short,
And sell the ass with all convenient speed,
Thus saving the expense of his support,
And hoarding something for a time of need.
So he despatched him to the neighboring Fair,
And freed himself from cumber and from care.

It happened now by chance, as some might say,
Others perhaps would call it destiny,
Gilbert was at the Fair, and heard a bray,
And nearer came, and saw that it was he,
And whispered in his ear: "Ah, jolly day! Good father, the rebellious flesh, I see, Has changed you back into an ass again, And all my admonitions were in vain."

The ass, who felt this breathing in his ear,
And turned round to look, but shook his head
As if he were not pleased these words to hear,
And contradicted all that had been said,
And this made Gilbert cry in voice more clear,
"I know you well; your hair is russet-red;
Do not deny it; for you are the same
Franciscan friar, and Timothy by name."

The ass, though now the secret had come out,
Was obstinate, and shook his head again;
Until a crowd was gathered round about
To hear this dialogue between the twain;
And raised their voices in a noisy shout
When Gilbert tried to make the matter plain,
And flouted him and mocked him all day long
With laughter and with jibes and scraps of song.

"If this be Brother Timothy," they cried,
"Buy him, and feed him on the tenderest grass;
Thou canst not do too much for one so tried
As to be twice transformed into an ass."
So simple Gilbert bought him, and untied
His halter, and o'er mountain and morass,
He led him homeward, talking as he went
Of good behavior and a mind content.

The children saw them coming, and advanced,
Shouting with joy, and hung about his neck,—
Not Gilbert's, but the ass's,—round him danced,
And wore green garlands wherewithal to deck
His sacred person; for again it chanced
Their childish feelings, without rein or check,
Could not discriminate in any way
A donkey from a friar of Orders Gray.

"O Brother Timothy," the children said,
"You have come back to us just as before;
We were afraid, and thought that you were dead,
And we should never see you any more.
And then they kissed the white star on his head,
That like a birth-mark or a badge he wore,
And patted him upon the neck and face,
And said a thousand things with childish grace.

"Henceforward and forever he was known
As Brother Timothy, and led alway
A life of luxury, till he had grown
Ungrateful, being stuffed with corn and hay,
And very vicious. Then in angry tone,
Rousing himself, poor Gilbert said one day,
"When simple kindness is misunderstood
A little flagellation may do good."

His many vices need not here be told;
Among them was a habit that he had
Of flinging up his heels at young and old,
Breaking his halter, running off like mad
O'er pasture-lands and meadow, wood and wold,
And other misdemeanors quite as bad;
But worst of all was breaking from his shed
At night, and ravaging the cabbage-bed.

So Brother Timothy went back once more
To his old life of labor and distress:
Was beaten worse than he had been before.

And now, instead of comfort and caress,
Came labors manifold and trials sore;
And as his toils increased his food grew less
Until at last the great consoler, Death,
Ended his many sufferings with his breath.

Great was the lamentation when he died;
And mainly that he died impenitent;
Dame Cicely bewailed, the children cried.
The old man still remembered the event
In the French war, and Gilbert magnified
His many virtues, as he came and went.
And said: "Heaven pardon Brother Timothy
And keep us from the sin of gluttony."

INTERLUDE.

"SIGNISI LUGI," said the Jew,
When the Sicilian's tale was told,
"The werewolf is a legend old,
But the were-ass is something new,
And yet for one I think it true.
The days of wonder have not ceased;
If there are beasts in forms of men,
As sure it happens now and then,
Why may not man become a beast,
In way of punishment at least?

"But this I will not now discuss;
I leave the theme, that we may thus
Remain within the realm of song.
The story that I told before,
Though not acceptable to all,
At least you did not find too long;
I beg you, let me try again,
With something in a different vein,
Before you bid the curtain fall,
Meanwhile keep watch upon the door,
Nor let the Landlord leave his chair,
Lest he should vanish into air,
And thus elude our search once more."

Thus saying, from his lips he blew
A little cloud of perfumed breath,
And then, as if it were a cleft
To lead his footsteps safely through,
Began his tale as followeth.

THE SPANISH JEW'S SECOND TALE.

SCANDERBEG.

The battle is fought and won
By King Ladislaus the Hon,
In fire of hell and death's frost,
On the day of Pentecost.
And in route before his path
From the field of battle red
Flee all that are not dead
Of the army of Amurath.

In the darkness of the night
Iskander, the pride and boast
Of that mighty Othman host;
With his routed Turks, takes flight
From the battle fought and lost
On the day of Pentecost;
Leaving behind him dead
The army of Amurath,
The vanguard as it led,
The rearguard as it fled,
Mown down in the bloody swath
Of the battle's aftermath.

But he cared not for Hospodars,
Nor for Baron or Voivode,
As on through the night he rode
And gazed at the fateful stars,
That were shining overhead;
But smote his steed with his staff,
And smiled to himself, and said:
"This is the time to laugh."
In the middle of the night,
In a half of the hurrying flight,
There came a Scribe of the King
Wearing his signet ring,
And said in a voice severe;
"This is the first dark blot,
On thy name, George Castriot!
Alas! why
And the army of Amurath slain,
And left on the battle plain?"

And Iskander answered and said:
"They lie on the bloody sod
By the hoofs of horses trod;
But this was the decree
Of the watchers overhead;
For the war belongeth to God,
And in battle who are we,
Who are we, that shall withstand
The wind of his lifted hand?"

Then he bade them bind with chains
This man of books and brains;
And the Scribe said: "What mischief
Have I done, that, without need,
Thou dost to me this thing?"
And Iskander answering
Said unto him: "Not one
Misdemeanor to me hast thou done;
But for fear thou shouldst run
And hide thyself from me,
Have I done this unto thee.

"Now write me a writing, O Scribe,
And a blessing be on thy tribe!
A writing sealed with thy ring,
To King Amurath's Pasha
In the city of Croia;
The city moated and walled,
That he render the same
In the name of my master, the King;
What is writ in his name
Can never be recalled."

And the Scribe bowed low in dread,
And unto Iskander said:
"Allah is great and just,
But we are as ashes and dust;
How shall I do this thing,
When I know that my guilty head
Will be forfeit to the King?"

Then swift as a shooting star
The curved and shining blade
Of Iskander's scimitar
From its sheath, with jewels bright,
Shut, as he thundered: "Write!"
And the trembling Scribe obeyed,
And wrote in the fitful glare
Of the bivouac fire apart,
With the chill of the midnight air
On his forehead white and bare,
And the chill of death in his heart.

Then again Iskander cried:
"Now follow whither I ride,
For here thou must not stay.
Thou shalt be as my dearest friend,
And honors without end
Shall surround thee on every side,
And attend thee night and day."
But the sullen Scribe replied:
"Our pathways herculean,
Mine leadeth not thy way."

And even as he spoke
Fell a sudden scimitar-stroke,
When no one else was near;
And the Scribe sank to the ground,
As a stone, pushed from the brink
Of a black pool, might sink
With a sob, and disappear;

And no one saw the deed;
And in the stillness around
No sound was heard but the sound
Of the hoofs of Iskander's steed,
As forward he sprang with a bound.

Then onward he rode and afar,
With scarce three hundred men,
Through river and forest and fen,
O'er the mountains of Argentar;
And his heart was merry within,
When he crossed the river Drin,
And saw in the gleam of the morn
The White Castle Ak-Hissar,
The city Croia called,
The city moated and walled,
The city where he was born,—
And above it the morning star.

Then his trumpeters in the van
On their silver bugles blew,
And in crowds about him ran
Albanian and Turkoman,
That the sound together drew.
And he feasted with his friends,
And what they were born with wine,
He said: "O friends of mine,
Behold what fortune sends,
And what the fates design!
King Amurath commands
That my father's wide domain,
This city and all its lands,
Shall be given to me again."

Then to the Castle White
He rode in regal state,
And entered in at the gate
In all his arms bedight,
And gave to the Pasha
Who ruled in Croia
The writing of the King,
Sealed with his signet ring.
And the Pasha bowed his head,
And after a silence said:
"Allah is just and great!
I yield to the will divine,
The city and lands are thine;
Who shall contend with fate?"

Anon from the castle walls
The crescent banner falls,
And the crowd beholds instead,
Like a portent in the sky,
Iskander's banner fly.
The Black Eagle with double head;
And a shout ascends on high,
For men's souls are tied to the Turks,
And their wicked ways and works,
That have made of Ak-Hissar
A city of the plague;
And a loud, exultant cry
That echoes wide and far
Is: "Long live Scanderbeg!"

It was thus Iskander came
Once more unto his own;
And the tidings, like the flame
Of a conflagration blown
But the winds of summer, ran,
Till the land was in a blaze,
And the cities far and near,
Sayeth Ben Joshua Ben Meir,
In his Book of the Words of the Days,
"Were taken as a man
Would take the tip of his ear."

INTERLUDE.
"Now that is after my own heart,"
The Poet cried: "One understands
Your swarthy hero Scanderbeg,
Gauntlet on hand and boot on leg,
And skilled in every warlike art,
Riding through his Albanian lands,
And following the auspicious star
That shone for him o'er Ak-Hissar.

The Thedogian added here
His word of praise not less sincere,
Although he ended with a jibe;
"The hero of romance and song
Was born," he said, "to right the wrong;
And I approve; but all the same
That bit of treason with the Scribe
Adds nothing to your hero's fame."

The Student praised the good old times,
And liked the cantor of the rhymes,
That had a hoof beat in their sound;
But longed some further word to hear
Of the old chronicler Ben Meir,
And where his volume might be found.
The tall Musician walked the room
With folded arms and gleaming eyes,
As if he saw the Vikings rise,
Gigantic shadows in the gloom;
And much he talked of their empire,
And meteors seen in Northern skies,
And Heimdall's horn, and day of doom.

But the Sicilian laughed again:
"Again, The lad of laughter, the lad of glee,
The time to laugh," he said,
For the whole story he well knew
Was an invention of the Jew.

Spun from the cobwebs in his brain,
And of the same bright scarlet thread
As was the Tale of Kambalu.

Only the Landlord spake no word;
'Twas doubtful whether he had heard
The tale at all, so full of care
Was he of his impending fate,
That, like the sword of Damocles,
Above his head hung blank and bare,
Suspened by a single hair,
So that he could not sit at ease,
But sighed and looked disconsolate,
And shifted restless in his chair,
Revolving how he might evade
The blow of the descending blade.

The Student came to his relief
By saying in his easy way
To the Musician: "'Tis Calm your grief,
My fair Apollo of the North,
Baldor the Beautiful and so forth;
Although your magic lyre or lute
With broken strings is lying mute,
Still you can tell some doleful tale
Of shipwreck in a midnight gale,
Or something of the kind to suit
The mood that we are in to-night
For what is marvellous and strange;
So give your nimble fancy range,
And we will follow in its flight."

But the Musician shook his head;
"No tale I tell to-night," he said,
"While my poor instrument lies there.
Even as a child with vacant stare
Lies in its little coffin dead."

Yet, being urged, he said at last:
"There comes to me out of the Past
A voice, whose tones are sweet and wild,
Singing a song almost divine,
And with a tear in every line;
An ancient ballad, that my muse
Sang to me when I was a child,
In accents tender as the verse;
And sometimes wept, and sometimes smiled
While singing it, to see arise
The look of wonder in my eyes,
And feel my heart with terror beat.
This simple ballad I retain
Clearly imprinted on my brain,
And as a tale will now repeat.

**THE MUSICIAN'S TALE.**

**THE MOTHER'S GHOST.**

Svend Dyring he rideth adown the glade;
_I myself was young_
There he hath wooed him so winsome a maid;
Fair words gladden so many a heart.

Together were they for seven years,
And together children six were theirs.

Then came Death abroad through the land,
And blighted the beautiful lily-wand.

Svend Dyring he rideth adown the glade,
And again hath he wooed him another maid.
He hath wooed him a maid and brought home a bride,
But she was bitter and full of pride.
When she came driving into the yard,
There stood the six children weeping so hard.

There stood the small children with sorrowful heart;
From before her feet they thrust them apart.

She gave them neither ale nor bread;
"Ye shall suffer hunger and hate," she said.

She took from them their quilts of blue,
And said: "Ye shall lie on the straw we stew."

She took from them the great waxlight;
"Now ye shall lie in the dark at night."

In the evening late they cried with cold;
The mother heard it under the mould.

The woman heard it the earth below:
"To my little children I must go."

She stoodeth before the Lord of all:
"And may I go to my children small?"

She prayed him so long, and would not cease,
Until he bade her depart in peace.

"At cock-brow thou shalt return again;
Longer thou shalt not there remain!"

She girded up her sorrowful bones,
And rifted the walls and the marble stones.
As through the village she flitted by,
The watch-dogs howled about to the sky.

When she came to the castle gate,
There stood her eldest daughter in wait.

"Why standest thou here, dear daughter mine?
How fares it with brothers and sistres thine?"

"Never art thou mother of mine,
For my mother was both fair and fine.
"My mother was white, with checks of red,
But thou art pale, and like to the dead."
"How should I be fair and fine?
I have been dead; pale cheeks are mine.
"How should I bo white and red,
So long, so long have I been dead?"

When she came in at the chamber door,
There stood the small children weeping sore.
One she braid'd, another she brush'd,
The third she lift't, the fourth she hush'd.

The fifth she took on her lap and press'd,
As if she would suckle it at her breast.

Then to her eldest daughter she said,
"Do thou bid Svend Dyrring come hither to mee."

Into the chamber when he came,
She spake to him in anger and shame.

"I left behind me both ale and bread;
My children hunger and are not fed.

"I left behind me quilts of blue;
My children lie on the straw ye strew.

"I left behind me the great wax light;
My children lie in the dark at night.

"If I come again unto your hall,
As cruel a fate shall you befall!

"Now crows the cock with feathers red;
Back to the earth must all the dead.

"Now crows the cock with feathers swart;
The gates of heaven fly wide apart.

"Now crows the cock with feathers white;
I can abide no longer to-night."

Whenever they heard the watch-dogs wail,
They gave the children bread and ale.
Whenever they heard the watch-dogs bay,
They feared lest the dead were on their way.
Whenever they heard the watch-dogs bark;
I myself was young!
They feared the dead out there in the dark. 
Fair words gladden so many a heart.

INTERLUDE.
Touched by the pathos of these rhymes, 
The Theologian said: "All praise be to the ballads of old times 
And to the bards of simple ways, 
Who walked with Nature hand in hand, 
Whose country was their Holy Land, 
Whose singing robes were homespun brown, 
From looms of their own native town, 
Which they were not ashamed to wear, 
And not of silk or sendal gay, 
Nor decked with baseful array 
Of cockle-shells from Otrre-Mer."

To whom the Student answered: "Yes; 
All praise and honor! I confess 
That bread and ale, home-baked, home-brewed, 
Are wholesome and nutritious food, 
But not enough for all our needs; 
Poets—the best of them—are birds 
Of passage; where their instinct leads 
They range abroad for thoughts and words, 
And from all climes bring home the seeds 
That germinate in flowers or weeds. 
They are not fowls in barnyards born 
To cackle o'er a grain of corn; 
And, if you shut the horizon down 
To the small limits of their town, 
What do you but degrade your bard 
Till he be at last become as one 
Who thinks the all-encircling sun 
Rises and sets in his back yard?"

The Theologian said again: 
"It may be so; yet I maintain 
That what is native still is best, 
And little care I for the rest. 
"It is a long story; time would fail 
To tell it, and the hour is late; 
We will not waste it in debate, 
But listen to our Landlord's tale."

And thus the sword of Damocles 
Descending not by slow degrees, 
But suddenly, on the Landlord fell, 
Who blushing, and with much demur 
And many vain apologies, 
Plucking up heart, began to tell 
The Rhyme of one Sir Christopher.

THE LANDLORD'S TALE.
THE RHYME OF SIR CHRISTOPHER.
It was Sir Christopher Gardiner, 
Knight of the Holy Sepulchre, 
From Merry England over the sea, 
Who stepped upon this continent 
As if his august presence lent 
A glory to the colony.

You should have seen him in the street 
Of the little Boston of Winthrop's time, 
His rapiers dangling at his feet, 
Doublet and hose and boots complete, 
Prince Rupert hat with ostrich plume, 
Gloves that exhaled a faint perfume, 
Luxuriant curls and air sublime, 
And superior manners now obsolete!
He had a way of saying things 
That made one think of courts and kings, 
And lords and ladies of high degree; 
So that not having been at court 
Seemed something very little short 
Of treason or lose-majesty, 
Such an accomplished knight was he.

His dwelling was just beyond the town, 
At what he called his country-seat; 
For, careless of Fortune's smile or frown, 
And weary grown of the world and its ways, 
He wished to pass the rest of his days 
In a private life and a calm retreat.

But a double life was the life he led, 
And, while professing to be in search 
Of a godly course, and willing, he said, 
Nay, anxious to join the Puritan church, 
He made of all this but small account, 
And passed his idle hours instead 
With roving after Morton of Merry Mount, 
That pettifogger from Farnival's Inn, 
Lord of misrule and riot and sin, 
Who looked on the wine when it was red.

This country-seat was little more 
Than a cabin of logs; but in front of the door 
A modest flower-bed thickly sown 
With sweet alyssum and columbine 
Made those who saw it at once divine 
The touch of some other hand than his own. 
And first it was whispered, and then it was known: 
That he in secret was harboring there
TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

A little lady with golden hair,
Whom he called his cousin, but whom he had wed
In the Italian manner, as was said,
And great was the scandal everywhere.

But worse than this was the vague surmise,
That none could vouch for it or aver,
That the Knight of the Holy Sepulchre
Was only a Papist in disguise;
And the more to imblitter their bitter lives,
And the more to trouble the public mind,
Came letters from England, from two other wives,
Whom he had carelessly left behind;
Both of them letters of such a kind
As made the governor hold his breath;
The one imploring him straight to send
The husband home, that he might amend;
The other asking his instant death,
As the only way to make an end.

The wary governor deemed it right,
When all this wickedness was revealed,
To send his warrant signed and sealed,
And take the body of the knight.
Armed with this mighty instrument
The marshal, mounting his gallant steed,
Rode forth from town at the top of his speed,
And followed by all his bailiffs bold,
As if on high achievement bent,
To storm some castle or stronghold,
Challenge the warders on the wall,
And seize in his ancestral hall
A robber-baron grim and old.

But when through all the dust and heat
He came to Sir Christopher's country-seat,
No knight he found, no warder there,
But the little lady with golden hair,
Who was gathering in the bright sunshine
The sweet alyssum and columbine;
While gallant Sir Christopher, all so gay,
Being forewarned, through the postern gate
Of his castle wall had tripped away,
And was keeping a little holiday
In the forests, that bounded his estate.

Then as a trusty squire and true
The marshal searched the castle through,
Not crediting what the lady said;
Searchèd from cellar to garret in vain,
And, finding no knight, came out again
And arrested the golden damsel instead,
And bore her in triumph into the town,
While from her eyes the tears rolled down
On the sweet alyssum and columbine,
That she held in her fingers white and fine.

The governor's heart was moved to see
So fair a creature caught within
The snares of Satan and of sin,
And read her a little homily
On the folly and wickedness of the lives
Of women, half cousins and half wives;
But, seeing that naught his words availed,
He sent her away in a ship that sailed
For Merry England over the sea.

Meanwhile Sir Christopher wandered away
Through pathless woods for a month and a day,
Shooting pigeons, and sleeping at night
With the noble savage, who took delight
In his feathered hat and his velvet vest,
His gun and his rapier and the rest,
But as soon as the noble savage heard
That a bounty was offered for this gay bird,
He wanted to slay him out of hand,
And they ring in his beautiful scalp for a show,
Like the glossy head of a kite or crow,
Until he was made to understand

They wanted the bird alive, not dead;
Then he followed him whithersoever he fled,
Through forest and field, and hunted him down,
And brought him prisoner into the town.

Alas! it was a rueful sight,
To see this melancholy knight
In such a dismal and hapless case;
His hat deformed by stain and dent,
His plumeage broken, his doublet rent,
His beard and flowing locks forlorn,
Mattoi, dishvelled, and unshorn.
His boots with dust and mire besprênt;
But dignified in his disgrace,
And wearing an unblushing face.
And thus before the magistrate
He stood to hear the doom of fate.
In vain he strove with wonted ease
To modify and extenuate
His evil deeds in church and state,
For gone was now his power to please;
And his pompous words had no more weight
Than feathers flying in the breeze.

With swavity equal to his own
The governor lent a patient ear
To the speech evasive and highflown,
In which he endeavored to make clear
That colonial laws were too severe
When applied to a gallant cavalier,
A gentleman born, and so well known,
And accustomed to move in a higher sphere.

All this the Puritan governor heard,
And dictated in answer never a word;
But in summary manner shipped away,
In a vessel that sailed from Salem bay,
This splendid and famous cavalier,
With his Rupert hat and his poppy
To Merry England over the sea,
As being unmeet to inhabit here.

Thus ended the Rhyme of Sir Christopher,
Knight of the Holy Sepulchre,
The first who furnished this barbarous land
With apples of Sodom and ropes of sand.

FINALE.

These are the tales those merry guests
Told to each other, well or ill;
Like summer birds that lift their crests
Above the borders of their nests
And twitter, and again are still.

These are the tales, or new or old,
In idle moments idly told;
Flowers of the field with petals thin,
Lilies that neither toil nor spin,
And tufts of wayside weeds and gorse
Hung in the parlor of the inn
Beneath the sign of the Red Horse.
And still reluctant to retire,
The friends sat talking by the fire
And watched the smouldering embers burn,
To ashes, and flash up again
Into a momentary glow,
Lingerings like them when forced to go,
And going when they would remain;
For on the morrow they must turn
Their faces homeward, and the pain
Of parting to dwell with the unrest
A tender nerve in every breast.

But sleep at last the victory won;
They must in his beauteous scalp for a show,
And drowsily good night they said,
And went still gossiping to bed,

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And left the parlor wrapped in gloom.  
The only live thing in the room  
Was the old clock, that in its pace  
Kept time with the revolving spheres  
And constellations in their flight,  
And struck with its uplifted mace  
The dark, unconscious hours of night,  
To senseless and unlistening ears.

Uprose the sun; and every guest,  
Uprisen, was soon equipped and dressed  
For journeying home and city-ward;  
The old stage-coach was at the door,  
With horses harnessed long before  
The sunshine reached the withered sward  
Beneath the oaks, whose branches hoar  
Murmured: "Farewell forevermore."

"Farewell!" the portly landlord cried;  
"Farewell!" the parting guests replied,  
But little thought that nevermore  
Their feet would pass that threshold o'er;  
That nevermore together there  
Would they assemble, free from care,  
To hear the oaks' mysterious roar,  
And breathe the wholesome country air.

Where are they now? What lands and skies  
Paint pictures in their friendly eyes?  
What hope deludes, what promise cheers,  
What pleasant voices fill their ears?  
Two are beyond the salt sea waves,  
And three already in their graves.  
Perchance the living still may look  
Into the pages of this book,  
And see the days of long ago  
Floating and fleeting to and fro,  
As in the well-remembered brook  
They saw the inverted landscape gleam,  
And their own faces like a dream  
Look up upon them from below.

FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

Beautiful lily, dwelling by still rivers,  
Or solitary mere.  
Or where the sluggish meadow-brook delivers  
Its waters to the weir!  
Thou laughest at the mill, the whir and worry  
Of spindle and of loom,  
And the great wheel that toils amid the hurry  
And rushing of the flume.

Thou wast in the purple, born to joy and pleasance,  
Thou dost not toil nor spin,  
But makest glad and radiant with thy presence  
The meadow and the lin.  
The wind blows, and uplifts thy drooping banner,  
And round thee throng and run  
The rushes, the green yeomen of thy manor,  
The outlaws of the sun.
PALINGENESIS.

The burnished dragon-fly is thine attendant,
And tilts against the field,
And down the listed sunbeam rides resplendent
With steel-blue mail and shield.

Thou art the Iris, fair among the fairest,
Who, armed with golden rod
And winged with the celestial azure, bearest
The message of some God.

Thou art the Muse, who far from crowded cities
Hauntest the sylvan streams,
Playing on pipes of reed the artless ditties
That come to us as dreams.

O flower-de-luce, bloom on, and let the river
Linger to kiss thy feet!
O flower of song, bloom on, and make forever
The world more fair and sweet.

PALINGENESIS.

I lay upon the headland-height, and listened
To the incessant sobbing of the sea
In caverns under me,
And watched the waves, that tossed and fled and glistened.

Until the rolling meadows of amethyst
Melted away in mist.

Then suddenly, as one from sleep, I started;
For round about me all the sunny capes
Seemed peopled with the shapes
Of those whom I had known in days departed
Apparelled in the loveliness which gleams
On faces seen in dreams.

A moment only, and the light, I glory
Faded away, and the disconsolate shore
Stood lonely as before;
And the wild roses of the promontory
Around me shuddered in the wind, and shed
Their petals of pale red.

There was an old belief that in the embers
Of all things their primordial form exists,
And cunning alchemists
Could re-create the rose with all its members
From its own ashes, but without the bloom,
Without the lost perfume.

Ah me! what wonder-working, occult science
Can from the ashes in our hearts once more
The rose of youth restore?
What craft of alchemy can bid defiance
To time and change, and for a single hour
Renew this phantom-flower?

"O, give me back," I cried, "the vanished splendors,
The breath of morn, and the exultant strife,
When the swift stream of life
Bounds o'er its rocky channel, and surrenders
The pond, with all its lilies, for the leap
Into the unknown deep!"

And the sea answered, with a lamentation,
Like some old prophet wailing, and it said,
"Alas! thy youth is dead!
It breathes no more, its heart has no pulsation;
In the dark places with the dead of old
It lies forever cold!"

Then said I, "From its consecrated cerements
I will not drag this sacred dust again,
Only to give me pain;
But, still remembering all the lost endearments
Go on my way, like one who looks before,
And turns to weep no more."

Into what land of harvests, what plantations
Bright with autumnal foliage and the glow
Of sunsets burning low,
Beneath what midnight skies, whose constellation
Light up the spacious avenues between
This world and the unseen!

Amid what friendly greetings and caresses,
What households, though not alien, yet not mine,
Whose bowers of rest divine:
To what temptations in lone wildnesses,
What famine of the heart, what pain and loss,
The bearing of what cross!

I do not know; nor will I vainly question
Those pages of the mystic book which hold
The story still untold,
But without rash conjecture or suggestion
Turn its last leaves in reverence and good heed,
Until "The End" I read.

THE BRIDGE OF CLOUD.

BURN, O evening hearth, and waken
Pleasant visions, as of old!
Though the house by winds be shaken,
Safe I keep this room of gold!

Ah, no longer wizard Fancy
Builds her castles in the air,
Luring me by necromancy
Up the never-ending stair!

But, instead, she builds me bridges
Over many a dark ravine,
Where beneath the gusty ridges
Cataracts dash and roar unseen.

And I cross them, little heeding
Blast of wind or torrent's roar,
As I follow the receding
Footsteps that have gone before.

Naught avails the imploring gesture,
Naught avails the cry of pain!
When I touch the flying venture,
'T is the gray robe of the rain.

Baffled I return, and, leaning
O'er the parapets of cloud,
Watch the mist that intervening
Wraps the valley in its shroud.

And the sounds of life ascending
Faintly, vaguely, meet the ear,
Murmor of bells and voices blending
With the rush of waters near.

Well I know what there lies hidden,
Every tower and town and farm,
And again the land forbidden
Reassumes its vanished charm.

Well I know the secret places,
And the nests in hedge and tree;
At what doors are friendly faces,
In what hearts are thoughts of me.

Through the mist and darkness sinking,
Blown by wind and beaten by shower,
Down I fling the thought I'm thinking,
Down I toss this Alpine flower.
Hawthorne. — The wind over the chimney.

May 23, 1864.

How beautiful it was, that one bright day
In the long week of rain!
Though all its splendor could not chase away
The omnipresent pain.
The lovely town was white with apple-blooms,
And the great elms o'erhead
Dark shadows wove on their aerial looms
Shot through with golden thread.
Across the meadows, by the gray old manse,
The historic river flowed:
I was as one who wanders in a trance,
Unconscious of his road.
The faces of familiar friends seemed strange;
Their voices I could hear,
And yet the words they uttered seemed to change
Their meaning to my ear.
For the one face I looked for was not there,
The one low voice was mute;
Only an unseen undertone filled the air,
And baffled my pursuit.
Now I look back, and meadow, manse, and stream
Dimly my thought defines;
I only see—a dream within a dream—
The hill-top hearsed with pines.
I only hear above his place of rest
Their tender undertone,
The infinite longings of a troubled breast,
The voice so like his own.
There in seclusion and remote from men
The wizard hand lies cold,
Which at its topmost speed let fall the pen,
And left the tale half told.
Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost eloq regain?
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain!

Christmas bells.
I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!
And thought how, as the day had come
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!
Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!
Then from each black, accursed mouth
The canton thundered in the South,
And with the sound
The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!
It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearth-stones of a continent,
And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!
And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"
Then pealed the bells more loud and deep;
"God is not dead: nor doth he sleep!
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

The wind over the chimney.
See, the fire is sinking low,
Dusky red the embers glow,
While above them still I cower,
While a moment more I linger
Though the clock, with lifted finger,
Points beyond the midnight hour.
Sings the blackened log a tune
Learned in some forgotten June
From a school-boy at his play,
When they both were young together,
Heart of youth and summer weather
Making all their holiday.
And the night-wind rising, hark!
How above there in the dark,
In the midnight and the snow,
Ever wilder, fiercer, grander,
Like the trumpets of Iskander,
All the noisy chimneys blow!
Every quivering tongue of flame
Seems to mutter some great name,
Seems to say to me, "Aspire!"
But the night-wind answers, "Hallow
Are the visions that you follow,
Into darkness sinks your fire!"
Then the flicker of the blaze
Gleams on volumes of old days,
Written by masters of the art,
Loud through whose majestic pages
Rolls the melody of ages,
Throb the harp-strings of the heart.
And again the tongues of flame
Start exulting and exclaim:
"These are prophets, bards, and seers;
In the horoscope of nations,
Like descendant constellations,
They control the coming years."
But the night-wind cries: "Despair!
Those who walk with feet of air
Leave no long-enduring marks;
At God's forges incandescent
Mighty hammers beat incessant,
These are but the flying sparks.
"Dust are all the hands that wrought;
Books are sepulchres of thought;
The dead laurels of the dead
Bustle for a moment only,
Like the withered leaves in lonely
Churchyards at some passing tread."
Suddenly the flame sinks down;
Sink the rumors of renown.
THE BELLS OF LYNN.

HEARD AT NAHANT.

O CURFEW of the setting sun! O Bells of Lynn!
O requiem of the dying day! O Bells of Lynn!

From the dark belfries of yon cloud-cathedral
wailed,
Your sounds at first seem to float, O Bells of
Lynn!

Borne on the evening wind across the crimson
twilight,
O'er land and sea they rise and fall, O Bells of
Lynn!

The fisherman in his boat, far out beyond the
headland,
Listens, and leisurely rows ashore, O Bells of
Lynn!

Over the shining sands the wandering cattle
homeward
Follow each other at your call, O Bells of Lynn!

The distant lighthouse hears, and with his
flaming signal,
Answers you, passing the watchword on, O Bells
of Lynn!

And down the darkening coast run the tumultuous
surges,
And clap their hands, and shout to you, O Bells
of Lynn!

Till from the shuddering sea, with your wild
incantations,
Ye summon up the spectral moon, O Bells of
Lynn!

And startled at the sight, like the weird woman
of Endor,
Ye cry aloud, and then are still, O Bells of Lynn!

KILLED AT THE FORD.

He is dead, the beautiful youth,
The heart of honor," the tongue of truth,
He, the life and light of us all,
Whose voice was blithe as a bugle-call,
Whom all eyes followed with one consent,
The cheer of whose laugh, and whose pleasant
word,
Hushed all murmurs of discontent.

Only last night, as we rode along,
Down the dark of the mountain gap,
To visit the picket-guard at the ford,
Little dreaming of any mishap,
He was humming the words of some old song:
"Two red roses he had on his cap,
And another he bore at the point of his sword."

Sudden and swift a whistling ball
Came out of a wood, and the voice was still;
Something I heard in the darkness fell,
And for a moment my blood grew chill;
I spake in a whisper, as he who speaks
In a room where some one is lying dead;
But he made no answer to what I said.

We lifted him up to his saddle again,
And through the mire and the mist and the rain
Carried him back to the silent camp,
And laid him as if asleep on his bed;
And I saw by the light of the surgeon's lamp
Two white roses upon his checks,
And one, just over his heart, blood-red!

And I saw in a vision how far and fleet
That fatal bullet went speeding forth,
Till it reached a town in the distant North,
Till it reached a house in a sunny street,
Till it reached a heart that ceased to beat
Without a murmur, without a cry;
And a bell was tolled, in that far-off town,
For one who had passed from cross to crown,
And the neighbors wondered that she should die.

GIOTTO'S TOWER.

How many lives, made beautiful and sweet
By self-devotion and by self-restraint,
Whose pleasure is to run without complaint
On unknown errands of the Paraclete,
Wanting the reverence of unshodden feet,
Fall of the nimbus which the artists paint
Around the shining forehead of the saint,
And are in their completeness incomplete!

In the old Tuscan town stands Giotto's tower,
The lily of Florence blossoming in stone,—
A vision, a delight, and a desire,—
The builder's perfect and centennial flower,
That in the night of ages bloomed alone,
But wanting still the glory of the spire.

TO-MORROW.

'Tis late at night, and in the realm of sleep
My little lambs are folded like the flocks;
From room to room I hear the wakeful clocks
Challenge the passing hour, like guards that keep
Their solitary watch on tower and steep;
Far off I hear the crowing of the cocks,
And through the opening door that time unlocks
Feel the fresh breathing of To-morrow creep,
To-morrow! the mysterious, unknown guest,
Who cries to me: "Remember Barmecide,
And tremble to be happy with the rest."
And I make answer: "I am satisfied:
I dare not ask; I know not what is best;
God hath already said what shall betide."

DIVINA COMMEDIA.

I.

Oft have I seen at some cathedral door
A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er;
Far off the noises of the world retreat;
The loud vociferations of the street
Become an undistinguishable roar.
So, as I enter here from day to day,
And leave my burden at this minster gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait.

II.

How strange the sculptures that adorn these towers!
This crowd of statues, in whose folded sleeves
Birds build their nests; while canopied with leaves
Parvis and portal bloom like trellised bowers,
And the vast minster seems a cross of flowers!
But hounds and dragons on the gargoyley eaves
Watch the dead Christ between the living thieves,
And, underneath, the traitor Judas bowers!
Ah! from what agonies of heart and brain,
What exultations trampling on despair,
What tenderness, what tears, what hate of wrong,
What passionate outcry of a soul in pain,
Uprose this poem of the earth and air,
This mediæval miracle of song!

III.

I ENTER, and I see thee in the gloom
Of the long aisles, O poet saturnine!
And strive to make my steps keep pace with thine.
The air is filled with some unknown perfume;
The congregation of the dead make room
For thee to pass; the votive tapers shine;
Like rooks that haunt Ravenna's groves of pine
The hovering echoes fly from tomb to tomb.
From the confessinals I hear arise
Rehearsals of forgotten tragedies,
And lamentations from the crypts below;
And then a voice celestial, that begins
With the pathetic words, "Although your sins
As scarlet be," and ends with "as the snow."

IV.

With snow-white veil and garments as of flame,
She stands before thee, who so long ago
Filled thy young heart with passion and the woe
From which thy song and all its splendors came;
And while with stern rebuke she speaks thy name,
The ice about thy heart melts as the snow
On mountain heights, and in swift overflown
Comes gushing from thy lips in obses of shame.
Mayst thou make fullest confession; and a gleam,
As if the dawn on some dark forest cast,
Seems on thy lifted forehead to increase;
The, and Euno! — the remembered dream
And the forgotten sorrow — bring at last
At perfect pardon which is perfect peace.

V.

Gaze mine eyes, and all the windows blaze
With forms of saints and holy men who died,
Here martymred and hereafter glorified;
And the great Rose upon its leaves displays
Christ's Triumph, and the angelic roundelay,
With splendor upon splendor multiplied;
And Beatrice again at Dante's side

No more rebukes, but smiles her words of praise.
And then the organ sounds, and unseen choirs
Sing the old Latin hymns of peace and love,
And benedictions of the Holy Ghost;
And the melodious bells among the spires
O'er all the house-tops and through heaven above
Proclaim the elevation of the Host!

VI.

O STAR of morning and of liberty!
O bringer of the light, whose splendor shines
Above the darkness of the Apennines,
Forerunner of the day that is to be!
The voices of the city and the sea,
The voices of the mountains and the pines,
Repeat thy song, till the familiar lines
Are footpaths for the thought of Italy!
Thy fame is blown abroad from all the heights,
Through all the nations, and a sound is heard,
Of a mighty wind, and men devout,
Strangers of Rome, and the new proselytes,
In their own language hear thy wondrous word,
And many are amazed and many doubt.

NOËL.

ENVOYÉ À M. AGASSIZ, LA VEILLE DE NOËL 1864,
AVEC UN PANIER DE VINS DIVERS.

L'Académie en respect,
Nonobstant l'incorrection
A la faveur du sujet.
Tur-lure,
N'y fera point de rature;
Noël! ture-lure-lure.

QUI BAROZAL.

Quand les astres de Noël
Brillaient, palpitait au ciel
Six gaillardes, et chacun ivre,
Chantaient gaîment dans le givre,
"Bons amis,
Allons done chez Agassiz!"

Ces illustres Pêlerins
D'Outre-Mer adroits et fins,
Se donnant des airs de prêtre,
A l'envi se vantaient d'être
"Bons amis,
De Jean Rudolphe Agassiz!"

Gîl-de-Perdrix, grand farceur,
Sans reproche et sans pudeur,
Dans son patois de Bourgogne,
Bredouillait comme un ivrogne,
"Bons amis,
J'ai dansé chez Agassiz!"

Verzenay le Champenois,
Bon Français, point New-Yorkois,
Mais des environs d'Avize,
Predonne à mainte reprise,
"Bons amis,
J'ai chanté chez Agassiz!"

A côté marchait un vieux
Hidalgo, mais non mousieux;
Dans le temps de Charlemagne
Put son père Grand d'Espagne!
"Bons amis,
J'ai diné chez Agassiz!"
JUDAS MACCABEUS.

ACT I.

The Citadel of Antiochus at Jerusalem.

SCENE I.—Antiochus; Jason.

Antiochus. O Antioch, my Antioch, my city! Queen of the East! my solace, my delight! The dowry of my sister Cleopatra. When she was wed to Ptolemyn, and Swon back and made more wonderful by me! I love thee, and I long to be once more Among the players and the dancing women Within thy gates, and bathe in the Oronetes, Thy river and mine. O Jason, my High-Priest, For I have made thee so, and thou art mine, Hast thou seen Antioch the Beautiful? Jason. Never, my Lord.

Ant. Then hast thou never seen The wonder of the world. This city of David Compared with Antioch is but a village, And its inhabitants compared with Greeks Are mannerless boors.

Jason. They are barbarians, And mannerless. Ant. They must be civilized. They must be made to have more gods than one; And goddesses besides.

Jason. They shall have more.

Ant. They must have hippocromes, and games, and baths, Stage-plays and festivals, and most of all The Dionysia.

Jason. They shall have them all.

Ant. By Hercules! but I should like to see These Hebrews crowned with ivy, and arrayed In skins of fawns, with drums and flutes and thyrell, Revel and riot through the solemn streets Of their old towns. Ha, ha! It makes me merry Only to think of it!—Thou dost not laugh.

Jason. Yea, I laugh inwardly.

Ant. The new Greek heaven Works slowly in this Israelish dough; Have I not sacked the Temple, and on the altar Set up the statue of Olympian Zeus To Hellenize it?

Jason. Thou hast done all this.

Ant. As thou wast Joshua once and now art Jason, And from a Hebrew hast become a Greek,

So shall this Hebrew nation be translated, Their very names and their names be changed, And all be Hellenized.

Jason. It shall be done.

Ant. Their manners and their laws and way of living Shall all be Greek. They shall unlearn their language, And learn the lovely speech of Antioch. Where hast thou been to-day? Thou comest late.

Jason. Playing at discus with the other priests In the gymnasium.

Ant. Hast thou done well. There's nothing better for you lazy priests Than discus-playing with the common people. Now tell me, Jason, what these Hebrews call me When they converse together at their games.

Jason. Antiochus Epiphanes, my Lord; Antiochus the Illustrious.

Ant. O, not that: That is the public cry; I mean the name They give me when they talk among themselves, And think that no one listens; what is that?

Jason. Antiochus Epiphanes, my Lord!

Antiochus the Mad! Ay, that is it. And who hath said it? Who has set in motion That sorry jest?

Jason. The Seven Sons insane Of a weird woman, like themselves insane.

Ant. I like their courage, but it shall not save them. They shall be made to eat the flesh of swine, Or they shall die. Where are they?

Jason. In the dungeons Beneath this tower.

Ant. There let them stay and starve, Till I am ready to make Greeks of them, After my fashion.

Jason. They shall stay and starve.—My Lord, the ambassadors of Samaria Await thy pleasure.

Ant. Why not my displeasure? Ambassadors are tedious. They are men Who work for their own ends, and not for mine; There is no furtherance in them. Let them go To Apollonius, my governor There in Samaria, and not trouble me. What do they want?

Jason. Only the royal sanction To give a name unto a nameless temple
Upon Mount Gerizim.
JASON. Then bid them enter.
This pleases me, and furthers my design.
The occasion is auspicious. Bid them enter.

SCENE II.—ANTIOCHUS; JASON; the SAMARITAN AMBASSADORS.

JASON. Approach. Come forward; stand not at the door.
Wagging your long beards, but demean yourselves.
As doth become Ambassadors. What seek ye?
An Ambassador. An audience from the King.
JASON. Speak, and be brief.
Waste not the time in useless rhetoric.
Words are not things.
Ambassador (reading). "To King Antiochus,
The God, Eppiphanes; a Memorial
From the Sidonians, who live at Sichem."
JASON. Sidonians?
Ambassador. Ay, my Lord.
JASON. Go on, go on!
And do not tire thyself and me with bowing!
Ambassador (reading). "We are a colony of
Medes and Persians."
JASON. No, ye are Jews from one of the Ten
Tribes;
Whether Sidonians or Samaritans
Or Jews of Jewry, matters not to me;
Ye are all Israelites, ye are all Jews.
When the Jews prosper, ye claim kindred with
them;
When the Jews suffer, ye are Medes and Persians:
I know that in the days of Alexander
Ye claimed exemption from the annual tribute
In the Sabbath Year, because, ye said,
Your fields had not been planted in that year.
Ambassador (reading). "Our fathers, upon
certain frequent plagues,
And following an ancient superstition,
Were long accustomed to observe that day
Which by the Israelites is called the Sabbath,
And in a temple on Mount Gerizim
Without a name, they offered sacrifice.
Now we, who are Sidonians, beseech thee,
Who art our benefactor and our savior,
Not to confound us with these wicked Jews,
But to give royal order and injunction
To Apollonias in Samaria,
Thy governor, and likewise to Nicanor,
Thy procurator, no more to molest us;
And let our nameless temple now be named
The Temple of Jupiter Hellenius."
JASON. This shall be done. Full well it pleaseth
me.
Ye are not Jews, or are no longer Jews,
But Greeks; if not by birth, yet Greeks by cus
tom.
Your nameless temple shall receive the name
Of Jupiter Hellenius. Ye may go!

SCENE III.—ANTIOCHUS; JASON.
JASON. My task is easier than I dreamed.
These people
Meet me half-way. Jason, didst thou take note
How these Samaritans of Sichem said
They were not Jews? that they were Medes and
Persians,
They were Sidonians, anything but Jews?
'Tis of good augury. The rest will follow
Till the whole land is Hellenized.
JASON. My Lord,
These are Samaritans. The tribe of Judah
Is of a different temper, and the task
Will be more difficult.
JASON. I know the stubborn nature of the Jew.
Yesterday, Eleazar, an old man,
Being fourscore years and ten, chose rather
death
By torture than to eat the flesh of swine.
JASON. The life is in the blood, and the whole
nation
Shall bleed to death, or it shall change its faith!
JASON. Hundreds have fled already to the
mountains
Of Ephraim, where Judas Maccabaeus
Hath raised the standard of revolt against thee.
JASON. I will burn down their city, and will
make it
Waste as a wilderness. Its thoroughfares
Shall be but furrows in a field of ashes.
It shall be sowb with salt as Sodom is!
This hundred and fifty-third Olympiad
Shall have a broad and blood-red seal upon it,
Stamped with the awful letters of my name,
Antiochus the God, Eppiphanes!—
Where are those Seven Sons?
JASON. My Lord, they wait
Thy royal pleasure. They shall wait no longer!

ACT II.
The Dungeons in the Citadel.

SCENE I.—THE MOTHER of the Seven Sons
alone, in evening.

The Mother. Be strong, my heart! Break not
till they are dead,
All, all my Seven Sons; then burst asunder,
And let this tortured and tormented soul
Leap and rush out like water through the shards
Of earthen vessels brok'n at a well.
O my dear children, mine in life and death,
I know not how ye came into my womb;
I neither gave you breath, nor gave you life,
And neither was it I that formed the members
Of every one of you. But the Creator,
Who made the world, and made the heavens
above us,
Who formed the generation of mankind,
And found out the beginning of all things,
He gave you breath and life, and will again
Of his own mercy, as ye now regard
Not your own selves, but his eternal law.
I do not murmur, nay, I thank thee, God,
That I and mine have not been deemed unworthy
To suffer for thy sake, and for thy law,
And for the many sins of Israel.
Hark! I can hear within the sound of scourgences!
I feel them more than ye do, O my sons!
But cannot come to you. I, who was wont
To wake at night at the least cry ye made,
To whom ye ran at every slightest hurt,—
I cannot take you now into my lap
And sooth your pain, but God will take you all
Into his pitying arms, and comfort you,
And give you rest.

A Voice (within). What wouldst thou ask of
us?
Ready are we to die, but we will never
Transgress the law and customs of our fathers.

The Mother. It is the voice of my first-born!
O brave
And noble boy! Thou hast the privilege
Of dying first, as thou wast born the first.

The same Voice (within). God looketh on us,
And hath comfort in us;
As Moses in his song of old declared,
He in his servants shall be comforted.
The Mother. I knew thou wouldst not fail!—
He speaks no more,
He is beyond all pain!
_Ant. (within)._ If thou eat not
Thou shalt be tortured throughout all the mem-
bers
Of thy whole body. Wilt thou eat then?
_Second Voice (within)._ No.
_The Mother._ It is Adaijah's voice. I tremble
for him,
I know his nature, devious as the wind,
And swift to change, gentle and yielding always.
Behold, O my son!
_The same Voice (within)._ Thou, like a fury,
Takest us from this present life, but God,
Who rules the world, shall raise us up again
Into life everlasting.
_The Mother._ God, I thank thee
That thou hast breathed into that timid heart
Courage to die for thee. O my Adaijah,
Witness of God! if thou for whom I feared
Callest thus encounter death, I need not fear;
The others will not shrink.
_Third Voice (within)._ Behold these hands
Hold out to thee, O King Antiochus,
Not to implore thy favours, but to show
That I despise them. He who gave them to me
Will give them back again.
_The Mother._ O Avilan,
It is thy voice. For the last time I hear it;
For the last time on earth, but not the last;
To death it bids defiance and to torture.
It sounds to me as from another world,
And makes the petty miseries of this
Scene unto me as naught, and less than naught.
Farewell, my Avilan: nay, I should say
Welcome, my Avilan; for I am dead
Before thee. I am waiting for the others.
While they take the finger!
_Fourth Voice (within)._ It is good, O King,
Being put to death by men, to look for hope
From God, to be raised up again by him.
Bat thou—no resurrection shalt thou have
To life hereafter.
_The Mother._ Four! already four!
Three are still living; nay, they all are living,
Half here, half there. Make haste, Antiochus,
To reunite us; for the sword that cleaves
These miserable bodis makes a door
Through which our souls, impatient of release,
Rush to each other's arms.
_Fifth Voice (within)._ Thou hast the power;
Thou shalt be with us. Above thine
And thou shalt see the power of God, and how
He will torment thee and thy seed.
_The Mother._ O hasten;
Why dost thou pause? Thou who hast slain
already
So many Hebrew women, and hast hung
Their murdered infants round their necks, slay
me,
For I too am a woman, and these boys
Are mine. Make haste to slay us all,
And hang my lifeless babes about my neck.
_Sixth Voice (within)._ Think not, Antiochus,
that takest in hand
To strive against the God of Israel,
Thou shalt escape unpunished, for his wrath
Shall overtake thee and thy bloody house.
_The Mother._ One more, my Siron, and then
all is ended.
Having put all to bed, then in my turn
I will lie down and sleep as sound as they.
My Siron, my youngest, best beloved!
And the bright golden locks, that I so fast
Have entwined about these fingers, even now
Are foul with blood and dust, like a lamb's fleece,
Slain in the shamblies.—Not a sound I hear.
This silence is more terrible to me
Than any sound, than any cry of pain,
That might escape the lips of one who dies.

Doth his heart fail him? Doth he fall away
In the last hour from God? O Siron, Siron,
Art thou afraid? I do not hear thy voice,
Die as thy brothers died. Thou must not live!

_SCENE II._—_The Mother; Antiochus; Siron._

_The Mother._ Are they all dead?
_Ant._ Of all they Seven Sons
One only lives. Behold them where they lie;
How dost thou like this picture?
_The Mother._ God in heaven!
Can a man do such deeds, and yet not die
By the recoil of his own wickedness?
Ye murdered, bleeding, mutilated bodies
That were my children once, and still are mine,
I cannot watch over you as Bishaph watched
In sackcloth o'er the seven sons of Saul,
Till water drop upon you out of heaven
And wash this blood away? I cannot mourn
As she, the daughter of Abiah mourned the dead,
From the beginning of the barley-harvest
Until the autumn rains, and suffered not
The birds of air to rest on them by day,
And the wild beasts by night.
For ye have died.
A better death, a death so full of life
That I sought rather to rejoice than mourn.—
Wherefore art thou not dead, O Siron? Wherefore art thou the only living thing
Amongst thy brothers dead? Art thou afraid?
_Ant._ O woman, I have spared him for thy
sake.
For he is fair to look upon and comely;
And I have sworn to him by all the gods
That I would crown his life with joy and honor.
Heap treasures on him, luxuries, delights,
Make him my friend and keeper of my secrets,
If he would turn from your Mosaic Law
And be as we are: but he will not listen.
_The Mother._ My noble Siron!
_Ant._ Therefore I beseech thee,
Who art his mother, thou wouldst speak with
him
And wouldst persuade him. I am sick of blood.
_The Mother._ Yea, I will speak with him and
will persuade him
O Siron, my son! have pity on me,
On me that bare thee, and that gave thee suck,
And fed and nourished thee, and brought thee
up
With the dear trouble of a mother's care
Unto thy age. Look on the heavens above thee,
And on the earth and all that is therein;
Consider that God made them out of things
That were not; and that likewise in this manner
Mankind was made. Then fear not this tormentor;
But, being worthy of thy brethren, take
Thy death as they did, that I may receive thee
Again in mercy with them.
_Ant._ I am mocked,
Yea, I am laughed to scorn.
_Siron._ Whom wait ye for?
Never will I obey the King's commandment,
But the commandment of the ancient Law,
That was by Moses given unto our fathers.
And thou, O godless man, that of all others
Art the most wicked, be not lifted up,
Nor puffed up with uncertain hopes, uplifting
Thy head; for all the servants of the Lord,
For thou hast not escaped the righteous judgment
Of the Almighty God, who seeth all things!
_Ant._ He is no God of mine; I fear him not.
_Siron._ My brother, brothers, who have suffered a
brief pain,
Are dead; but thou, Antiochus, shalt suffer
The punishment of pride. I offer up
My body and my life, beheading God
That he would specially be merciful
Unto our nation, and that thou by plagues
Mysterious and by tempests mayest confess
That he alone is God.

Judas. Ye both shall perish
By tempests worse than any that your God,
Here or hereafter, hath in store for me.
The Mother. My son, I am proud of thee! Ant.
Be silent!
Go to thy bed of torture in thy chamber,
Where lie so many sleepers, heartless mother!
Thy footsteps will not wake them, nor thy voice,
Nor wilt thou hear, amid thy troubled dreams,
Thy children crying for thee in the night!
The Mother. O Death, that stretchest thy
white hands to me,
I fear them not—but press to them thy lips,
That are as white as thine; for I am Death.
Nay, am thy Mother of Death, seeing these sons
All lying lifeless.—Kiss me, Sirion.

ACT III.
The Battle-field of Beth-horon.

SCENE I.—JUDAS MACCABEUS in armor before his tent.

Judas. The trumpets sound; the echoes of the
mountains
Answer them, as the Sabbath morning breaks
Over Beth-horon and its battle-field,
Where the great captain of the hosts of God,
A slave brought up in the brick-fields of Egypt,
Overcame the Amorites. There was no day
Like that, before or after it, nor shall be,
The sun stood still; the hammer of the hail
Beat on their harness; and the captains set
Their weary feet upon the necks of kings,
As I will upon thine, Antiochus,
Thou man of blood!—Behold the rising sun
Strikes on the golden letters of my banner,
Be Elkan Yehovah! Who is like
To thee, O Lord, among the gods?—Alas!
I am not Joshua, I cannot say,
"Sun, stand thou still on Gibeon, and thou Moon,
In Ajalon!" Nor am I one who wastes
The fateful time in useless lamentation;
But one who bears his life upon his hand
To lose it or to save it, as may best
Serve the designs of Him who giveth life.

SCENE II.—JUDAS MACCABEUS; JEWISH FUGI-
TIVES.

Judas. Who and what are ye, that with fur-
tive steps
Steal in among our tents?
Fugitives. O Maccabeus,
Outcasts are we, and fugitives as thou art,
Jews of Jerusalem, that have escaped treasures,
From the polluted city, and from death.
Judas. None can escape from death. Say
that ye come
To die for Israel, and ye are welcome.
What tidings bring ye?
Fugitives. Tidings of despair.
The Temple is laid waste; the precious vessels,
Censers of gold, vials and veils and crowns,
And golden ornaments, and hidden treasures,
Have all been taken from it, and the Gentiles
With revelling and with riot fill its courts,
And daily with harlots in the holy places.
Judas. All this I knew before.
Fugitives. Upon the altar
Are things profane, things by the law forbidden;
Nor can we keep our Sabbaths or our Feasts,
But on the festivals of Dionysus

must walk in their processions, bearing ivy
To crown a drunken god.
Judas. This too I know.
But tell me of the Jews. How fare the Jews?
Fugitives. The coming of this mischief hath
been sore
And grievous to the people. All the land
Is full of lamentation and of mourning.
The Princes and the Elders weep and wail;
The young men and the maidens are made feeble;
The beauty of the women hath been changed.
Judas. And are there none to die for Israel?
"Thy is not enough to mourn. Breastplate and har-
ness Are better things than sackcloth. Let the women
Lament for Israel; the men should die.
Fugitives. Both men and women die; old men
and young;
Old Eleazar died: and Mâhâla
With all her Seven Sons.
Judas. Antiochus,
At every step thou takest there is left
A bloody footprint in the street, by which
The avenging wrath of God will track thee out!
It is enough. Go to the soldier's tents:
Those of you who are men, put on such armor
As ye may find; those of you who are women,
Buckle that armor on; and for a watch-word
Whisper, or cry aloud, "The Help of God!"

SCENE III.—JUDAS MACCABEUS; NICANOR.

Nicanor. Hail, Judas Maccabæus!
Judas. Hail!—Who art thou
That comest hither in this mysterious guise
Into our camp unheralded?

Nicanor. A herald
Sent from Nicanor.
Judas. Heralds come not thus.
Arméd with thy shirt of mail from head to heel,
Thou glidest like a serpent silently
Into my presence. Wherefore dost thou turn
Thy face from me? A herald speaks his errand
With forehead unabashed. Thou art a spy
Sent by Nicanor.
Nicanor. No disguise avails!
Behold my face; I am Nicanor's self.
Judas. Thou art indeed Nicanor. I salute
Thee.
What brings thee hither to this hostile camp
Thus unattended?

Nicanor. Confidence in thee.
Thou hast the noble virtues of thy race,
Without the failings that attend those virtues.
Thou canst be strong, and yet not tyrannous,
Caust righteous be and not intolerant.
Let there be peace between us.
Judas. What is peace?
Is it to bow in silence to our victors?
Is it to see our cities sacked and pillaged,
Our people slain, or sold as slaves, or fleecing
At night-time by the blaze of burning towns;
Jerusalem laid waste; the Holy Temple
Polluted with strange gods? Are these things
peace?

Nicanor. These are the dire necessities that wait
On war, whose loud and bloody engine
I seek to stay. Let there be peace between
Antiochus and thee.
Judas. Antiochus?
What is Antiochus, that he should prate
Of peace to me, who am a fugitive and outcast?
To-day he shall be lifted up: to-morrow
Shall not be found, because he is returned
Unto his dust; his thought has come to nothing.
There is no peace between us, nor can be,
Until this banner floats upon the walls
Of our Jerusalem.

Nicanor. Between that city
And thee there lies a waving wall of tents,
JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

Judas. The Lord is with us!

Judas. Hark! I hear the trumpets

Sound from Beth-horon; from the battle-field

Of Joshua, where he smote the Amorites,

Smote the Five Kings of Eglon and of Jarmuth,

Of Hebron, Lacchish, and Jerusalem,

As we to-day will smite Nicanor's hosts

And leave a memory of great deeds behind us.

Captains and Soldiers. The help of God!

Judas. Be Elohim Yehovah!

Lord, thou didst send thine Angel in the time

Of Esckias, King of Israel,

And in the armies of Sennacherib

Didst slay a hundred fourscore and five thousand.

Wherefore, O Lord of heaven, now also send

Before us a good angel for a fear,

And through the might of thy right arm let these

Be stricken with terror that have come this day.

Against thy holy people to blaspheme!

ACT IV.

The outer Courts of the Temple at Jerusalem.

SCENE I.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS; CAPTAINS; JEWS.

Judas. Behold, our enemies are discomfited.

Jerusalem is fallen; and our banners

Float from her battlements, and o'er her gates

Nicanor's severed head, a sign of terror,

Blackens in wind and sun.

Captains. O Maccabæus,
The citadel of Antiochus, wherein
The Mother with her Seven Sons was murdered,
Is still intact.

Judas. Wait.

Captains. Its hateful aspect
Insults us with the bitter memories
Of other days.

Judas. Wait; it shall disappear
And vanish as a cloud. First let us cleanse
The Sanctuary, See, it is become
Waste like a wilderness. Its golden gates
Wrenched from their hinges and consumed by fire;
Shrubs growing in its courts as in a forest;
Upon its altars hideous and strange idols;
And strewn about its pavement at my feet
Its Sacred Books, half burned and painted o'er
With images of heathen gods.

Jews. Woe! woe!
Our beauty and our glory are laid waste!
The Gentiles have profaned our holy places!

(Lamentation and alarm of trumpets.)

Judas. This sound of trumpets, and this
Lamentation, the heart-cry of a people toward the heavens,
Stir me to wrath and vengeance. Go, my captains;
I hold you back no longer. Batter down the citadel of Antiochus, while here
We sweep away his altars and his gods.

SCENE II.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS; JASON; JEWS.

Jews. Lurking among the ruins of the Temple,
Deep in its inner courts, we found this man,
Clad as High-Priest.

Judas. I ask not who thou art.
I know thy face, writ over with deceit
As are these tattered volumes of the Law
With heathen images. A priest of God
Wast thou in other days, but thou art now.
A priest of Satan. Traitor, thou art Jason.
JUDAS MACCABEUS. 245

Jason. I am thy prisoner, Judas Maccabæus, and it would ill become me to conceal My name or office.

Judas. Over yonder gate
There hangs the head of one who was a Greek.
What should prevent me now, thou man of sin,
From hanging at its side the head of one
Who born a Jew hath made himself a Greek?

Judas. Justice. Thou art stained
With every crime 'gainst which the Decalogue
Thunders with all its thunder.

Judas. When hast thou
At any time, to any man or woman,
Or even to any little child, shown mercy?

Judas. I have but done what King Antiochus Commanded me.

Judas. True, thou hast been the weapon
With which he struck; but hast been such a
weapon, So flexible, so fitted to his hand,
It tempted him to strike. So thou hast urged
him To double wickedness, thine own and his.

Judas. Where is this King? Is he in Antioch
Among his women still, and from his windows
Throwing down gold by handfuls, for the rab-
ble
To scramble for?

Judas. Nay, he is gone from there,
Gone with an army into the far East.

Judas. And whercfore gone?

Judas. I know not. For the space
Of forty days almost were horsemen seen
Running in air, in cloth of gold, and arm'd
With lances, like a band of soldiery;
It was a sign of triumph.

Judas. Or of death.

Judas. Wherefore art thou not with him?

Judas. I was left
For service in the Temple.

Judas. To pollute it,
And to corrupt the Jews; for there are men
Whose presence is corruption; to be with them
Degrades us and deforms the things we do.

Judas. I never made a boast, as some men
do,
Of my superior virtue, nor denied
The weakness of my nature, that hath made me
Subservient to the will of other men.

Judas. Upon this day, the five-and-twentieth
day
Of the month Caslan, was the Temple here
Profaned by strangers,—by Antiochus
And thees, his instrument. Upon this day
Shall it be cleansed. Thou, who didst lend thy-
self
Unto this profanation, cannot but be
A witness of these solemn services.
There can be nothing clean where thou art pres-
ent.
The people put to death Callisthenes,
Who burned the Temple gates; and if they find
thee
Will smite thee dead. I will spare thy life
To punish thee the longer. Thou shalt wander
Among strange nations. Thou, that hast cast
out
So many from their native land, shalt perish
In a strange land. Thou, that hast left so many
Unburi'd, shalt have none to mourn for thee,
Nor any solemn funerals at all,
Nor sepulchre with thy fathers.—Get thee hence!

(Music. Procession of Priests and people, with either, harps, and cymbals. JUDAS MACCA-
BEUS puts himself at their head, and they go into the inner courts.)

Scene III.—Jason, alone.

Jason. Through the Gate Beautiful I see
With branches and green boughs and leaves of
palm,
And pass into the inner courts. Alas!
I should be with them, should be one of them,
But in an hour of weakness,
That cometh unto all, I fell away
From the old faith, and did not clutch the new,
Only an outward semblance of belief;
For the new faith I cannot make mine own,
Nor being born to it. It hath no root
Within me. I am neither Jew nor Greek,
But stand between them both, a renegade
To each in turn; having no longer faith
In gods or men. Then what mysterious charm,
What fascination is it chains my feet,
And keeps me gazing like a curious child
Into the holy places, where the priests
Have raised their altar?—Striking stones to-
gether
They take fire out of them, and light the lamps
In the great candlestick. They spread the veils,
And set the leaves of showbread on the table.
The incense burns; the well-remembered odor
Comes wafted unto me, and takes me back
To other days. I see myself among them
As I was then; and the old superstition
Creeps over me again! — A childish fancy! —
And hark! they sing with citherns and with
cymbals,
And all the people fall upon their faces,
Praying and worshipping:—I will away
Into the East, to meet Antiochus
Upon his homeward journey, crowned with
triumph.

Alas! to-day I would give everything
To see a friend's face, or to hear a voice
That had the slightest tone of comfort in it!

ACT V.

The Mountains of Ecbatanæ.

Scene I.—Antiochus; Philip; Attendants.

Ant. Here let us rest awhile. Where are we, my dear Philip?
What place is this?

Philip. Ecbatanæ, my lord;
And yonder mountain range is the Orontes.

Ant. The Orontes is my river at Antioch.
Why did I leave it? Why have I been tempted
By coverings of gold and shields and breastplates.

Ant. To plunder Elymais, and be driven
From out its gates, as by a fiery blast
Out of a furnace?

Philip. These are fortune's changes.

Ant. What a defeat it was! The Persian horsemen
Came like a mighty wind, the wind Khamaseen,
And inclined us away, and shattered us
As if we were dead leaves, or desert sand.

Philip. Be comforted, my lord; for thou hast
lost
But what thou hadst not.

Ant. I, who made the Jews
Skip like the grasshoppers, am made myself
To skip among these stones.

Philip. Be not discouraged.

Ant. Thy realm of Syria remains to thee;
That is not lost nor marred.

Ant. O, where are now
The splendors of my court, my baths and ban-
quets?
Where are my players and my dancing women? Where are my sweet musicians with their pipes, That made me merry in the olden time? I am a laughing stock to man and brute. The very camels, with their ugly faces, Mock me and laugh at me. 

"Philip. Alas! my Lord, It is not so. If thou wouldst sleep awhile, All would be well."

Ant. Sleep from mine eyes is gone, And my heart falleth me for very care. Dost thou remember, Philip, the old fable Told us when we were boys, in which the bear Going for honey overturns the hive, And is stung blind by bees? I am that beast, Stung by the Persian swarm of Elymais. 

"Philip. When thou art come again to Antioch These thoughts will be as covered and forgotten, As are the tracks of Pharaoh's chariot-wheels In the Egyptian sands."

Ant. Ah! when I come Again to Antioch! When will that be? Alas! alas!

**Scene II.—Antiochus; Philip; A Messenger.**

**Messenger.** May the King live forever! 

**Ant.** Who art thou, and whence comest thou? 

**Messenger.** My Lord, I am a messenger from Antioch, Sent here by Lysias. 

**Ant.** A strange foreboding Of something evil overshadows me. I am no reader of the Jewish Scriptures; I know not Hebrew; but my High-Priest Jason, As I remember, told me of a Prophet Who saw a little cloud rise from the sea Like a man's hand, and soon the heaven was black With clouds and rain. Here, Philip, read; I cannot; I see that cloud. It makes the letters dim Before mine eyes.

"Philip (reading)." To King Antiochus, The God, Epiphanes.

"Ant.** O mockery Even Lysias laughs at me!—Go on, go on! 

"Philip (reading)." We pray thee hasten thy return. The realm Is falling from thee. Since thou hast gone from us The victories of Judas Maccabæus Form all our annals. First he overthrew Thy forces at Beth-horon, and passed on, And took Jerusalem, the Holy City. And then Emmans fell; and then Bethsura; Ephron and all the towns of Galad, And Maccabæus marched to Carmion."

"Ant. Enough, enough! Go call my chariotmen; We will drive forward, forward, without ceasing, Until we come to Antioch. My captains, My Lysias, Gorgias, Seron, and Nicanor, Are laces in battle, and this dreadful Jew Will rob me of my kingdom and my crown. My elephants shall trample him to dust; I will wipe out his nation, and will make Jerusalem a common burying-place, And every home within its walls a tomb!"

(Threw up his hands, and sinks into the arms of attendants, who lay him upon a bank.)

"Philip. Antiochus! Antiochus! Alas, The King is ill! What is it, O my Lord? 

"Ant. Nothing. A sudden and sharp spasm of pain, As if the lightning struck me, or the knife Of an assassin smote me to the heart."

"Tis passed, even as it came. Let us set forward."

"Philip. See that the chariots be in readiness; We will depart forthwith."

"Ant. A moment more. I cannot stand. I am become at once Weak as an infant. Ye will have to lead me. Jove, or Jehovah, or whatever name Thou wouldst be named,—it is alike to me,— If I knew how to pray, I would entreat To live a little longer."

"Philip. O my Lord Thou shalt not die; we will not let thee die! 

"Ant. How canst thou help it, Philip? O the pain!"

"Stab after stab. Thou hast no shield against This unseen weapon. God of Israel, Since all the other gods abandon me, Help me. I will release the Holy City, Garnish with goodly gifts the Holy Temple, Thy people, whom I judged to be unworthy To be so much, as buried, shall be equal Unto the citizens of Antioch. I will become a Jew, and will declare Through all the world that is inhabited The power of God!"

"Philip. He faints. It is like death. Bring here the royal litter. We will bear him Into the camp, while yet he lives."

"Ant. O Philip, Into what tribulation am I come! 

"Alas! I now remember all the evil That I have done the Jews; and for this cause These troubles are upon me, and behold I perish through great grief in a strange land. 

"Philip. Antiochus! my King!"

"Ant. Nay, King no longer. Take thou my royal robes, my signet-ring, My crown and sceptre, and deliver them Unto my son, Antiochus Eupator; And unto the good Jews, my citizens, In all my towns, say that their dying monarch Wished them joy, prosperity, and health. I who, puffed up with pride and arrogance, Thought all the kingdoms of the earth mine own, If I would but outstretch my hand and take them, Meet face to face a greater potentate, 

"King Death—Epiphanes—the Illustrious! [Dies.
A HANDBOUL OF TRANSLATIONS.

THE FUGITIVE.

Tartar Song from the Prose Version of Chodzko.

I.

"He is gone to the desert land!
I can see the shining mane
Of his horse on the distant plain,
As he rides with his Kossak band!

"Come back, rebellious one!
Let thy proud heart relent;
Come back to my tall, white tent,
Come back, my only son!

"Thy hand in freedom shall
Cast thy hawks, when morning breaks,
On the swans of the Seven Lakes,
On the lakes of Karajal.

"I will give thee leave to stray
And pasture thy hunting steeds
In the long grass and the reeds
Of the meadows of Karaday.

"I will give thee my coat of mail,
Of softest leather made,
With choicest steel inlaid;
Will not all this prevail?"

II.

"This hand no longer shall
Cast my hawks, when morning breaks,
On the swans of the Seven Lakes,
On the lakes of Karajal.

"I will no longer stray
And pasture my hunting steeds
In the long grass and the reeds
Of the meadows of Karaday.

"Though thou give me thy coat of mail,
Of softest leather made,
With choicest steel inlaid,
All this cannot prevail.

"What right hast thou, O Khan,
To me, who am mine own,
Who am slave to God alone,
And not to any man?

"God will appoint the day
When I again shall be
By the blue, shallow sea,
Where the steel-bright sturgeons play.

"God, who dost care for me,
In the barren wilderness,
On unknown hills, no less
Will my companion be.

"When I wander lonely and lost
In the wind; when I watch at night
Like a hungry wolf, and am white
And covered with hoar-frost;

"Yea, wheresoever I be,
In the yellow desert sands,
In mountains or unknown lands,
Allah will care for me!"

III.

Then Sobra, the old, old man,—
Three hundred and sixty years
Had he lived in this land of tears,
Bowed down and said, "O Khan!"

"If you bid me, I will speak
There's no sap in dry grass,
No marrow in dry bones! Alas,
The mind of old men is weak!

"I am old, I am very old:
I have seen the primeval man,
I have seen the great Gengis Khan,
Arrayed in his robes of gold.

"What I say to you is the truth;
And I say to you, O Khan,
Pursue not the star-white man,
Pursue not the beautiful youth.

"Him the Almighty made,
And brought him forth of the light,
At the verge and end of the night,
When men on the mountain prayed.

"He was born at the break of day,
When abroad the angels walk;
He hath listened to their talk,
And he kneweth what they say.

"Gifted with Allah's grace,
Like the moon of Ramazan
When it shines in the skies, O Khan,
Is the light of his beautiful face.

"When first on earth he trod,
The first words that he said
Were these, as he stood and prayed,
There is no God but God!

"And he shall be king of men,
For Allah hath heard his prayer,
And the Archangel in the air,
Gabriel, hath said, Amen!"

THE SIEGE OF KAZAN.

Tartar Song, from the Prose Version of Chodzko.

BLACK are the moors before Kazan,
And their stagnant waters smell of blood:
I said in my heart, with horse and man,
I will swim across this shallow flood.

Under the feet of Argamack,
Like new moons were the shoes he bare,
Silken trappings hung on his back,
In a talisman on his neck, a prayer.

My warriors, thought I, are following me;
But when I looked behind, alas!
Not one of all the band could I see,
All had sunk in the black morass!
Where are our shallow fords? and where
The power o' Kazan with its fourfold gates?
From the prison windows our maidens fair
Talk of us still through the iron gates.

We cannot hear them; for horse and man
Lie buried deep in the dark abyss!
Ah! the black day hath come down on Kazan!
Ah! was ever a grief like this?

THE BOY AND THE BROOK.

Armenian Popular Song, from the Prose Version of Alishan.

DOWN from yon distant mountain height
The brooklet flows thro' ght the village street;
A boy comes forth to wash his hands,
Washing, yes washing, there he stands,
In the water cool and sweet.

Brook, from what mountain dost thou come,
O my brooklet cool and sweet!
I come from yon mountain high and cold,
Where lieth the new snow on the old,
And melts in the summer heat.

Brook, to what river dost thou go?
O my brooklet cool and sweet!
I go to the river there below
Where in bunches the violets grow,
And sun and shadow meet.

Brook, to what garden dost thou go?
O my brooklet cool and sweet!
I go to the garden in the vale
Where all night long the nightingale
Her love-song doth repeat.

Brook, to what fountain dost thou go?
O my brooklet cool and sweet!
I go to the fountain at whose brink
The maid that loves thee comes to drink,
And whenever she looks therein,
I rise to meet her, and kiss her chin,
And my joy is then complete.

TO THE STORK.

Armenian Popular Song, from the Prose Version of Alishan.

WELCOME, O Stork! that dost wing
Thy flight from the far-away!
Thou hast brought us the signs of Spring
Thou hast made our sad hearts gay.

Descend, O Stork! descend
Upon our roof to rest;
In our ash-tree, O my friend,
My daring, make thy nest.

To thee, O Stork, I complain,
O Stor; to thee I impart
The thousand sorrows, the pain
And aching of my heart.

When thou away didst go,
Away from this tree of ours,
The withering wind did blow,
And dried up all the flowers.

Dark grew the brilliant sky,
Cloudy and dark and drear;
They were breaking the snow on high,
And winter was drawing near.

From Varaca's rocky wall,
From the rock of Varaca unrolled,
The snow came and covered all,
And the green meadow was cold.

O Stork, our garden with snow
Was hidden away and lost,
And the rose-trees that in it grew
Were withered by snow and frost.

CONSOLATION.

To M. Duperrier, Gentleman of Aix in Provence, on the Death of his Daughter.

FROM MALHERBE.

WILL then, Duperrier, thy sorrow be eternal?
And shall the sad discourse
Whispered within thy heart, by tenderness paternal,
Only augment its force?

Thy daughter's mournful fate, into the tomb descending,
By death's frequent ways,
Has it become to thee a labyrinth never ending,
Where thy lost reason strays?

I know the charms that made her youth a benefaction:
Nor should I be content,
As a censorious friend, to solace thine affliction
By her disparagement.

But she was of the world, which fairest things exposes
To fates the most forlorn;
A rose, she too hath lived as long as live the roses,
The space of one brief morn.

*     *     *     *     *

Death has his rigorous laws, unparalleled, unfeeling;
All prayers to him are vain;
Cruel, he stops his cars, and, deaf to our appealing,
He leaves us to complain.

The poor man in his hut, with only thatch for cover,
Unto these laws must bend;
The sentinel that guards the barriers of the Louvre
Cannot our kings defend.

To murmur against death, in petulant defiance,
Is never for the best;
To will what God doth will, that is the only science
That gives us any rest.

TO CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

FROM MALHERBE.

THOU mighty Prince of Church and State,
Richelieu! until the hour of death,
Whatever road man chooses, Fate
Still holds him subject to her breath.
Span of all silks, our days and nights
Have sorrows woven with delights;
And of this intermingled shade
Our various destiny appears,
Even as one sees the course of years
Of summers and of winters made.

248 THE BOY AND THE BROOK.—TO CARDINAL RICHELIEU.
Sometimes the soft, deceitful hours
Let us enjoy the halcyon wave;
Sometimes impending peril lowers
Beyond the seaman's skill to save.
The Wisdom, infinitely wise,
That gives to human destinies
Their foreordained necessity,
Has made no law more fixed below,
Than the alternate ebb and flow
Of Fortune and Adversity.

THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.
FROM JEAN HEBOUL, THE BAKER OF NISMES.

An angel with a radiant face,
Above a cradle bent to look,
Seemed his own image there to trace,
As in the waters of a brook.

"Dear child! who me resemblest so,"
It whispered, "come, O come with me!
Happy together let us go,
The earth unworthy is of thee!

"Here none to perfect bliss attain;
The soul in pleasure suffering lies;
Joy hath an undertone of pain,
And even the happiest hours their sighs.

"Fear doth at every portal knock;
Never a day serene and pure
From the overshadowing tempest's shock
Hath made the morrow's dawn secure.

"What, then, shall sorrows and shall fears
Come to disturb so pure a brow?
And with the bitterness of tears
These eyes of azure troubled grow?

"Ah no! into the fields of space,
Away shall thon escape with me;
And Providence will grant the grace
Of all the days that were to be.

"Let no one in thy dwelling cower,
In sombre vestments draped and veiled,
But let them welcome thy last hour,
As thy first moments once they hailed.

"Without a cloud be there each hour;
There let the grave no shadow cast;
When one is pure as thou art now,
The fairest day is still the last."

And waving wide his wings of white,
The angel, at these words, had sped
Towards the eternal realms of light!—
Poor mother! see, thy son is dead!

TO ITALY.
FROM FILICAJA.

ITALY! Italy! thou who 'rt doomed to wear
The fatal gift of beauty, and possess
The dower most of infinite wretchedness
Written upon thy forehead by despair;
Ah! would that thou wert stronger, or less fair,
That they might fear thee more, or love thee less,
Who in the splendor of thy loveliness
Seem wasting, yet to mortal combat dare!
Then from the Alps I should not see descending
Such torrents of armed men, nor Gallic horde
Drinking the wave of Po, distained with gore,
Nor should I see thee girded with a sword
Not thine, and with the stranger's arm contending,
Victor or vanquished, slave forevermore.

WANDERER'S NIGHT-SONGS.
FROM GOETHE.

I.
Thou that from the heavens art,
Every pain and sorrow stilllest,
And the doubly wretched heart
Doublty with refreshment fillest,
I am weary with contending!
Why this rapture and unrest?
Peace descending
Come, ah, come into my breast!

II.
O'er all the hill-tops
Is quiet now,
In all the tree-tops
Hearest thou
Hardly a breath;
The birds are asleep in the trees:
Wait; soon like these:
Thou too shalt rest.

REMORSE.
FROM AUGUST VON FLATEN.

How I started up in the night, in the night,
Drawn on without rest or reprieve!
The streets, with their watchmen, were lost to my sight,
As I wandered so light
In the night, in the night,
Through the gate with the arch medieval.
The mill-brook rushed from the rocky height,
I leaned o'er the bridge in my yearning;
Deep under me watched I the waves in their flight,
As they glided so light
In the night, in the night,
Yet backward not one was returning.
O'er head were revolution, so countless and bright,
The stars in melodious existence;
And with them the moon, more serenely bright:
They sparkled so light
In the night, in the night,
Through the magical, measureless distance.
And upward I gazed in the night, in the night,
And again on the waves in their fleeting;
Ah woe! thou hast wasted thy days in delight,
Now silence thou light,
In the night, in the night,
The remorse in thy heart that is beating.

SANTA TERESA'S BOOK-MARK.
FROM THE SPANISH OF SANTA TERESA.

Let nothing disturb thee,
Nothing affright thee;
All things are passing;
God never changeth;
Patient endurance
Attaineth to all things;
Who God possesseth
Is nothing is wanting;
Alone God sufficeth.
THE MASQUE OF PANDORA.

I.

THE WORKSHOP OF HEPHAESTUS.

HEPHAESTUS, standing before the statue of Pandora.

Nor fashioned out of Gold, like Hera’s throne, Nor forged of iron like the thunderbolts Of Zeus omnipotent, or other works Wrought by my hands at Lemnos or Olympus, But moulded in soft clay, that unresisting Yields itself to the touch, this lovely form Before me stands perfect in every part. Not Aphrodite’s self appeared more fair, When first upwafted by caressing winds She came to high Olympus, and the gods Paid hommage to her beauty. Thus her hair Was cinctured; thus her floating drapery Was like a cloud about her, and her face Was radiant with the sunshine and the sea.

THE VOICE OF ZEUS.

Is thy work done, Hephaestus?

HEPHAESTUS. It is finished!

THE VOICE.

Not finished till I breath the breath of life Into her nostrils, and she moves and speaks.

HEPHAESTUS.

Will she become immortal like ourselves?

THE VOICE.

The form that thou hast fashioned out of clay Is of the earth and mortal; but the spirit, The life, the exhalation of my breath, Is of diviner essence and immortal. The gods shall shower on her their benefactions, She shall possess all gifts: the gift of song, The gift of eloquence, the gift of beauty, The fascination and the nameless charm That shall lead all men captive.

HEPHAESTUS.

Wherefore? wherefore?

A wind shakes the house.

I hear the rushing of a mighty wind Through all the halls and chambers of my house! Her parted lips inhale it, and her bosom Heaves with the inspiration. As a reed Beside a river in the rippling current Bends to and fro, she bows or lifts her head. She gazes round about as if amazed; She is alive; she breathes, but yet she speaks not!

Pandora descends from the pedastal.

CHORUS OF THE GRACES.

AGLAIA.

In the workshop of Hephaestus What is this I see? Have the Gods to four increased us Who were only three? Beautiful in form and feature, Lovely as the day, Can there be so fair a creature Formed of common clay?

II.

OLYMPUS.

HERMES, putting on his sandals.

Much must he toil who serves the Immortal Gods, And I, who am their herald, most of all. No rest have I, no repose; I soothe Unclasp the winged sandals from my feet, Than I again must clasp them, and depart Upon some foolish errand. But to-day The errand is not foolish. Never yet With greater joy did I obey the summons That sends me earthward. I will fly so swiftly That my caduceus in the whistling air Shall make a sound like the Pandean pipes, Cheating the shepherds; for to-day I go, Commissioned by high-thundering Zeus, to lead A maiden to Prometheus, in his tower, And by my cunning arguments persuade him To marry her. What mischief lies concealed In this design I know not; but I know Who thinks of marrying hath already taken One step upon the road to penitence. Such embassies delight me. Forth I launch On the sustaining air, nor fear to fall Like Icarus; nor swerve aside like him Who drove amiss Hyperion’s fiery steeds. I sink, I fly! The yielding element Folds itself round about me like an arm, And holds me as a mother holds her child.

III.

TOWER OF PROMETHEUS ON MOUNT CAUCASUS.

PRESENT.

I hear the trumpet of Alectryon Proclaim the dawn. The stars begin to fade, And all the heavens are full of prophecies And evil auguries. Blood-red last night
I saw great Kronos rise; the crescent moon
Sank through the mist, as if it were the setting
His parricidal hand had flung far down
The western steeps. O ye immortal Gods,
What evil are ye plotting and contriving?

HERMES and PANDORA at the threshold.

PANDORA.
I cannot cross the threshold. An unseen
And ley hand repels me. These blank walls
Oppress me with their weight!

PROMETHEUS.
Powerful ye are,
But not omnipotent. Ye cannot fight
Against Necessity. The Fates control you,
As they do us, and so far we are equals!

PANDORA.
Motionless, passionless, companionless,
He sits there muttering in his beard. His voice
Is like a river flowing underground!

HERMES.
Prometheus, hail!

PROMETHEUS.
Who calls me?

HERMES.
It is I.

PROMETHEUS.
By thy winged cap
And winged heels I know thee. Thou art
Hermes,
Captain of thieves! Hast thou again been stealing
The beifers of Admetus in the sweet
Meadows of asphodel? or Hera’s girdle?
Or the earth-shaking trident of Poseidon?

HERMES.
And thou, Prometheus: say, hast thou again
Been stealing fire from Helios’ chariot-wheels
To light thy furnaces?

PROMETHEUS.
Why comest thou hither
So early in the dawn?

HERMES.
The Immortal Gods
Know naught of late or early. Zeus himself
The omnipotent hath sent me.

PROMETHEUS.
For what purpose?

HERMES.
To bring this maiden to thee.

PROMETHEUS.
I mistrust
The Gods and all their gifts. If they have sent
her
It is for no good purpose.

HERMES.
What disaster
Could she bring on thy house, who is a woman?

PROMETHEUS.
The Gods are not my friends, nor am I theirs.
Whatever comes from them, though in a shape
As beautiful as this, is evil only.
Who art thou?

PANDORA.
One who, though to thee unknown,
Yet knowest thee.

PROMETHEUS.
How shouldst thou know me, woman?

PANDORA.
Who knowest not Prometheus the humane?

PROMETHEUS.
Prometheus the unfortunate; to whom
Both Gods and men have shown themselves ungrateful.
When every spark was quenched on every hearth
Throughout the earth, I brought to man the fire
And all its ministrations. My reward
Hath been the rock and vulture.

HERMES.
At last relent and pardon.

PROMETHEUS.
They relent not;
They pardon not; they are implacable,
Revengeful, unforgiving!

HERMES.
As a pledge
Of reconciliation they have sent to thee
This divine being, to be thy companion,
And bring into thy melancholy house
The sunshine and the fragrance of her youth.

PROMETHEUS.
I need them not. I have within myself
All that my heart desires; the ideal beauty
Which the creative faculty of mind
Fashions and follows in a thousand shapes
More lovely than the real. My own thoughts
Are my companions; my designs and labors
And aspirations are my only friends.

HERMES.
Decide not rashly, The decision made
Can never be recalled. The Gods implore not,
Plead not, solicit not; they only offer
Choice and occasion, which once being passed
Return no more. Dost thou accept the gift?

PROMETHEUS.
No gift of theirs, in whatsoever shape
It comes to me, with whatsoever charm
To fascinate my sense, will I receive.
Leave me.

PANDORA.
Let us go hence. I will not stay.

HERMES.
We leave thee to thy vacant dreams, and all
The silence and the solitude of thought,
The endless bitterness of unbelief,
The loneliness of existence without love.
CHORUS OF THE FATES.

CLOTHO.

How the Titan, the defiant,
The self-centred, self-reliant,
Wrapped in visions and illusions,
Robt himself of life's best gifts!
Till by all the storm-winds shaken,
By the blast of fate o'ertaken,
Hopeless, helpless, and forsaken,
In the mist of his confusions
To the reeds of doom he drifts!

LACECTRA.

Sorely tired and sorely tempted,
From no agonies exempted,
In the penance of his trial,
And the discipline of pain;
Often by illusions cheated,
Often baffled and defeated
In the tasks to be completed,
He, by toil and self-denial,
To the highest shall attain.

ATROPOS.

Tempt no more the noble schemer;
Bear unto some idle dreamer
This new toy and fascination,
This new dalliance and delight!
To the garden where reposes
Epimetheus crowned with roses,
To the door that never closes
Upon pleasure and temptation,
Bringing this vision of the night!

IV.

THE AIR.

HERMES, returning to Olympus.

As lonely as the tower that he inhabits,
As firm and cold as are the crags about him,
Prometheus stands.
The thunderbolts of Zeus
Alone can move him; but the tender heart
Of Epimetheus, burning at white heat,
Hammers and flames like all his brother's forges!
Now as an arrow from Hyperion's bow,
My errand done, I fly, I float, I soar
Into the air returning to Olympus.
O joy of motion! O delight to cleave
The infinite realms of space, the liquid ether,
Through the warm sunshine and the cooling e'ou.
Myself as I ght as sunbeam or as cloud!
With one touch of my sw. ft and winged feet,
I spurn the solid earth, and leave it looking
As rocks the bough from which a bird takes wing.

V.

THE HOUSE OF EPIMETHEUS.

EPIMETHEUS.

Beautiful apparition! go not hence!
Surely thou art a Goddess, for thy voice
Is a celestial melody, and thy form
Self-poised as if it floated on the air!

PANDORA.

No Goddess am I, nor of heavenly birth,
But a mere woman fashioned out of clay
And mortal as the rest.

EPIMETHEUS.

Thy face is fair;
There is a wonder in thine azure eyes
That fascinates me. Thy whole presence seems
A soft desire, a breathing thought of love.
Say, would thy star like Merope's grow dim
If thou shouldst wed beneath thee?

PANDORA.

Ask me not;
I cannot answer thee. I only know
The Gods have sent me hither.

EPIMETHEUS.

And thus believing am most fortunate.
It was not Hermes led thee here, but Eros,
And swifter than his arrows were thine eyes
In wounding me. There was no moment's space
Between my seeing thee and loving thee.
O, what a tell-tale face thou hast! Again
I see the wonder in thy tender eyes.

PANDORA.

They do but answer to the love in thine,
Yet secretly I wonder thou shouldst love me,
Thou knowest me not.

EPIMETHEUS.

They not only seem,
But truly are. This dwelling and its master
Belong to thee.

PANDORA.

Here let me stay forever!
There is a spell upon me.

EPIMETHEUS.

Thou thyself
Art the enchantress, and I feel thy power
Envelop me, and wrap my soul and sense
In an Elysian dream.

PANDORA.

O, let me stay,
How beautiful are all things round about me,
Multiplied by the mirrors on the walls!
What treasures hast thou here! Yon oaken chest,
Carved with figures and embossed with gold,
Is wonderful to look upon! What choice
And precious things dost thou keep hidden in it?

EPIMETHEUS.

I know not. 'Tis a mystery.

PANDORA.

Hast thou never
Lifted the lid?

EPIMETHEUS.

The oracle forbids.
Safely concealed there from all mortal eyes
Forever sleeps the secret of the Gods.
Seek not to know what they have hidden from thee,
Till they themselves reveal it.
PANDORA.  
As thou wilt.

EPIMETHEUS.  
Let us go forth from this mysterious place.
The garden walks are pleasant at this hour;  
The nightingales among the sheltering boughs  
Of populous and many-nested trees  
Shall teach me how to woo thee, and shall tell me  
By what resistless charms or incantations  
They won their mates.

PANDORA.  
Thou dost not need a teacher.  
They go out.

CHORUS OF THE EUMENIDES.  
What the Immortals  
Confide to thy keeping,  
Tell unto no man;  
Waking or sleeping,  
Closed be thy portals  
To friend as to foe man.  
Silence conceals it;  
The word that is spoken  
Betraya and reveals it;  
By breath or by token  
The charm may be broken.  
With shafts of their splendors  
The Gods unforgiving  
Pursue the offenders,  
The dead and the living!  
Fortune forsakes them,  
Nor earth shall abide them,  
Nor Tartarus shall hide them;  
Swift wrath overtakes them!

With useless endeavor,  
Forever, forever,  
Is Sisyphus rolling  
His stone up the mountain!  
Immersed in the fountain,  
Tantalus tastes not  
The water that wastes not!  
Through ages increasing  
The pangs that affright him,  
With motion unceasing  
The wheel of Ixion  
 Shall torture its victim!

VI.

IN THE GARDEN.

EPIMETHEUS.  
Yon snow-white cloud that sails sublime in ether  
Is but the sovereign Zeus, who like a swan  
Flies to fair-ankled Leda!

PANDORA.  
Or perchance  
Ixion's cloud, the shadowy shape of Hera,  
That bore the Centaurs.

EPIMETHEUS.  
The divine and human.

CHORUS OF BIRDS.  
Gently swaying to and fro,  
Rocked by all the winds that blow,  
Bright with sunshine from above  
Dark with shadow from below,  
Beak to beak and breast to breast  
In the cradle of their nest,  
Lie the fledglings of our love.

ECHO.  
Love! love!

EPIMETHEUS.  
Hark! listen! Hear how sweetly overhead  
The feathered flute-players pipe their songs of love,  
And echo answers, love and only love.

CHORUS OF BIRDS.  
Every flutter of the wing,  
Every note of song we sing,  
Every murmur, every tone,  
is of love and love alone.

ECHO.  
Love alone!

EPIMETHEUS.  
Who would not love, if loving she might be  
Changed like Callisto to a star in heaven?

PANDORA.  
Ah, who would love, if loving she might be  
Like Semele consumed and burnt to ashes?

EPIMETHEUS.  
Whence knowest thou these stories?

PANDORA.  
Hermes taught me;  
He told me all the history of the Gods.

CHORUS OF REEDS.  
Evermore a sound shall be  
In the reeds of Arcady,  
Evermore a low lament  
Of unrest and discontent,  
As the story is retold  
Of the nymph so coy and cold,  
Who with frightened feet outran  
The pursuing steps of Pan.

EPIMETHEUS.  
The pipe of Pan out of these reeds is made,  
And when he plays upon it to the shepherds  
They pity him, so mournful is the sound.  
Be thou not coy and cold as Syrinx was.

PANDORA.  
Nor thou as Pan be rude and mannerless.

PROMETHEUS, without.  
Ho! Epimetheus!

EPIMETHEUS.  
'T is my brother's voice;  
A sound unwelcome and inopportune.  
As was the braizing of Silenus' ass,  
Heard in Cybele's garden.

PANDORA.  
Let me go.  
I would not be found here.  I would not see him.  
She escapes among the trees.

CHORUS OF DRYADES.  
Haste and hide thee,  
Ere too late,  
In these thickets intricate;  
Lest Prometheus  
See and chide thee,  
Lest some hurt  
Or harm betide thee,  
Haste and hide thee!
THE MASQUE OF PANDORA.

PROMETHEUS, entering.
Who was it fled from here? I saw a shape Flitting among the trees.

EPIMETHEUS.
It was Pandora.

PROMETHEUS. 
O Epimetheus! Is it then in vain That I have warned thee? Let me now implore, Thou harborest in thy house a dangerous guest.

EPIMETHEUS.
Whom the Gods love they honor with such guests.

PROMETHEUS. 
Whom the Gods would destroy they first make mad.

EPIMETHEUS. 
Shall I refuse the gifts they send to me?

PROMETHEUS. 
Reject all gifts that come from higher powers.

EPIMETHEUS. 
Such gifts as this are not to be rejected.

PROMETHEUS. 
Make not thyself the slave of any woman.

EPIMETHEUS. 
Make not thyself the judge of any man.

PROMETHEUS. 
I judge thee not; for thou art more than man; Thou art descended from Titanie race, And hast a Titan's strength, and faculties That make thee godlike; and thou sittest here Like Hercules spinning Omphale's flax, And beaten with her sandals.

EPIMETHEUS. 
O my brother! Thou drivest me to madness with thy taunts.

PROMETHEUS. 
And me thou drivest to madness with thy follies. Come with me to my tower on Caucasus: See there my forges in the roaring caverns Beneficent to man, and taste the joy That springs from labor. Read with me the stars. And learn the virtues that lie hidden in plants, And all things that are useful.

EPIMETHEUS. 
O my brother! I am not as thou art. Thou dost inherit Our father's strength, and I our mother's weakness: The softness of the Oceanides, The yielding nature that cannot resist.

PROMETHEUS. 
Because thou wilt not.

EPIMETHEUS. 
Nay; because I cannot.

PROMETHEUS. 
These passions born of indolence and ease. Resolve, and thou art free. But breathe the air Of mountains, and their unapproachable summits Will lift thee to the level of themselves.

EPIMETHEUS. 
The roar of forests and of waterfalls, The rushing of a mighty wind, with loud And undistinguishable voices calling, Are in my ear!

PROMETHEUS. 
O, listen and obey.

EPIMETHEUS. 
Thou leadest me as a child. I follow thee.

They go out.

CHORUS OF OREADES.
Centuries old are the mountains; Their foreheads wrinkled and ruffled Helios crowns by day, Pallid Selene by night; From their bosoms upturned The snows are driven and drifted, Like Titans' brows' beard Streaming dishevelled and white.

Thundery and tempest of wind Their trumpets blow in the vastness; Phantoms of mist and rain, Cloud and the shadow of cloud, Pass and repass by the gates Of their inaccessible fastness; Ever unmoved they stand, Solemn, eternal, and proud.

VOICES OF THE WATERS. 
Flooded by rain and snow In their inexhaustible sources, Swollen by affluent streams Hurrying onward and hurled Headlong over the crags, The impetuous water-courses, Rush and roar and plunge Down to the nethermost world.

Say, have the solid rocks Into streams of silver been melted, Flowing over the plains, Spreading to lakes in the fields? Or have the mountains, the giants, The ice-helmed, the forest-belted, Scattered their arms abroad; Flung in the meadows their shields?

VOICES OF THE WINDS. 
High on their turreted cliffs, That bolts of thunder have shattered, Storm-winds master and blow Trumpets of terrible breath; Then from the gateways rush, And before them routed and scattered Sullen the cloud-rack flies, Pale with the pallor of death.

Onward the hurricane rides, And flees for shelter the shepherds; White are the frightened leaves, Harvests with terror are white; Panic seizes the herds, And even the lions and leopards, Prowling no longer for prey, Crouch in their caverns with fright.

VOICES OF THE FOREST. 
Guarding the mountains around Majestic the forests are standing,
THE MASQUE OF PANDORA.

Bright are their crested helmets,
Dark is their armor of leaves;
Fills with the breath of freedom
Each bosom subsiding, expanding,
Now like the ocean sinks,
Now like the ocean upheaves.

Planted firm on the rock,
With forheads stern and defiant,
Loud they shout to the winds,
Loud to the tempest they call;
Naught but Olympian thunder,
That blasted Titan and Giant,
Them can uproot and o'erthrow,
Shaking the earth with their fall.

CHORUS OF ORPHEUS.
These are the Voices Three
Of winds and forests and fountains,
Voices of earth and of air,
Murmur and rushing of streams,
Making together one sound,
The mysterious voice of the mountains,
Waking the sluggard that sleeps,
Waking the dreamer of dreams.

These are the Voices Three,
That speak of endless endeavor,
Speak of endurance and strength,
Triumph and fulness of fame,
Sounding about the world,
An inspiration forever,
Stirring the hearts of men,
Shaping their end and their aim.

VII.

THE HOUSE OF EPIMETHEUS.

PANDORA.

.LEFT to myself I wander as I will,
And as my fancy leads me, through this house,
Nor could I ask a dwelling more complete
Were I indeed the Goddess that he deems me.
No mansion of Olympus, framed to be
The habitation of the Immortal Gods,
Can be more beautiful. And this is mine
And more than this, the love wherewith he
crowns me.

As if impelled by powers invisible
And irresistible, my steps return
Unto this spacious hall. All corridors
And passages lead hither, and all doors
But open into. You mysterious chest
Attracts and fascinates me. Would I knew
What there lies hidden! But the oracle
Forbids. Ah me! The secret then is safe.
So would it be if it were in my keeping.

A crowd of shadowy faces from the mirrors
That line these walls are watching me. I dare not
Lift up the lid. A hundred times the act
Would be repeated, and the secret seen
By twice a hundred incorporeal eyes

She walks to the other side of the hall.
My feet are weary, wandering to and fro,
My eyes with seeing and my heart with waiting.
I will lie here and rest till he returns,
Who is my day, my night, my Helios.

Throws herself upon a couch, and falls asleep.

ZEPHYRUS.

Come from thy caverns dark and deep,
O son of Erebos and Night;
All sense of hearing and of sight
Enfold in the serene delight
And quietude of sleep!

Set all thy silent sentinels
To bar and guard the Ivory Gate,
And keep the evil dreams of fate
And falsehood and infernal hate
Imprisoned in their cells.

But open wide the Gate of Horn,
Whence, beautiful as planets, rise
The dreams of truth, with starry eyes,
And all the wondrous prophecies
And visions of the morn.

CHORUS OF DREAMS FROM THE IVORY GATE.

Ye sentinels of sleep,
It is in vain ye keep
Your drowsy watch before the Ivory Gate:
Though closed the portal seems,
The airy feet of dreams
Ye cannot thus in walls incarcerate.

We phantoms are and dreams
Born by Tartaros streams,
As ministers of the infernal powers;
O son of Erebos
And Night, behold! we thus
Elude your watchful wardens on the towers!
From gloomy Tartaros
The Fates have summoned us
To whisper in her ear, who lies asleep,
A tale to fan the fire
Of her insan desire
To know a secret that the Gods would keep.

This passion, in their ire,
The Gods themselves inspire,
To vex mankind with evils manifold,
So that disease and pain
O'er the whole earth may reign,
And nevermore return the Age of Gold.

PANDORA, sitting.

A voice said in my sleep: "Do not delay:
Do not delay; the golden moments fly!
The oracle hath forbidden; yet not thee
Doth it forbid, but Epimetheus only!"
I am alone. These faces in the mirrors
Are but the shadows and phantoms of myself;
They cannot help nor hinder. No one sees me,
Save the all-seeing Gods, who, knowing good
And knowing evil, have created me.
Such as I am, and filled me with desire
Of knowing good and evil like themselves.

She approaches the chest.
I hesitate no longer. Weal or woe,
Or life or death, the moment shall decide.

She lifts the lid. A dense mist rises from the chest
And fills the room. Pandora falls senseless on the floor.
Storm without.

CHORUS OF DREAMS FROM THE GATE OF HORN.

Yes, the moment shall decide!
It already hath decided;
And the secret once confided
To the keeping of the Titan
Now is flying far and wide,
Whispered, told on every side,
To disquiet and to frighten.

Fever of the heart and brain,
Sorrow, pestilence, and pain,
Moans of anguish, maniac laughter,
All the evils that hereafter
Shall afflict and vex mankind,
All into the air have risen
From the cells chambers of their prison;
Only Hope remains behind.
VIII.

IN THE GARDEN.

EPIMETHEUS.
The storm is past, but it hath left behind it
Ruin and desolation. All the walks
Are strewn with shattered boughs; the birds are
silent;
The flowers, downtrodden by the wind, lie dead;
The swollen rivulet sobs with secret pain;
The melancholy reeds whisper together
As if some dreadful deed had been committed
They dare not name, and all the air is heavy
With an unspoken sorrow! Premonitions,
Foreshadowings of some terrible disaster
Oppress my heart. Ye Gods, avert the omen!

PANDORA, coming from the house.

O Epimetheus, I no longer dare
To lift mine eyes to thine, nor hear thy voice,
Being no longer worthy of thy love.

EPIMETHEUS.
What hast thou done?

PANDORA.
Forgive me not, but kill me.

EPIMETHEUS.
What hast thou done?

PANDORA.
I pray for death, not pardon.

EPIMETHEUS.
What hast thou done?

PANDORA.
I dare not speak of it.

EPIMETHEUS.
Thy pallor and thy silence terrify me!

PANDORA.
I have brought wrath and ruin on thy house!
My heart hath braved the oracle that guarded
The fatal secret from us, and my hand
Lifted the lid of the mysterious chest!

EPIMETHEUS.
Then all is lost! I am indeed undone.

PANDORA.
I pray for punishment, and not for pardon.

EPIMETHEUS.
Mine is the fault, not thine. On me shall fall
The vengeance of the Gods, for I betrayed
Their secret when, in evil hour, I said
It was a secret; when, in evil hour,
I left thee here alone to this temptation.
Why did I leave thee?

PANDORA.
Why didst thou return?

EPIMETHEUS.
On thee and me.
I do not love thee less for what is done,
And cannot be undone. Thy very weakness
Hath brought thee nearer to me, and henceforth
My love will have a sense of pity in it,
Making it less a worship than before.

PANDORA.
Pity me not; pity is degradation.
Love me and kill me.

EPIMETHEUS.
Beautiful Pandora!
Thou art a Goddess still!

PANDORA.
I am a woman;
And the insurgent demon in my nature,
That made me brave the oracle, revolts
At pity and compassion. Let me die;
What else remains for me?

EPIMETHEUS.
Youth, hope, and love:
To build a new life on a ruined life,
To make the future fairer than the past,
And make the past appear a troubled dream.
Even now in passing through the garden walks
Upon the ground I saw a fallen nest
Ruined and full of rain; and over me
Beheld the uncomplaining birds already
Busy in building a new habitation.

PANDORA.
Auspicious omen!

EPIMETHEUS.
May the Eumenides
Put out their torches and behold us not,
And fling away their whips of scorpions
And touch us not.

PANDORA.
Me let them punish.
Only through punishment of our evil deeds,
Only through suffering, are we reconciled
To the immortal Gods and to ourselves.

CHORUS OF THE EUMENIDES.

Never shall souls like these
Escape the Eumenides,
The daughters dark of Acheron and Night!
Unquenched our torches glare,
Our scourges in the air
Send forth prophetic sounds before they smite.

Never by lapse of time
The soul defaced by crime
Into its former self returns again;
For every guilty deed
Holds in itself the seed
Of retribution and undying pain.

Never shall the loss
Restored, till Helios
Hath purified them with his heavenly fires;
Then what was lost is won,
And the new life begun,
Kindled with nobler pasmos and desires.
THE HANGING OF THE CRANE.

I.
The lights are out, and gone are all the guests
That thronging came with merriment and jests
To celebrate the Hanging of the Crane
In the new house,—into the night are gone;
But still the fire upon the hearth burns on,
And I alone remain.

O fortunate, O happy day,
When a new household finds its place
Among the myriad homes of earth,
Like a new star just sprung to birth,
And rolled on its harmonious way
Into the boundless realms of space!
So said the guests in speech and song.
As in the chimney, burning bright
We hung the iron crane to-night,
And merry was the feast and long.

II.
And now I sit and muse on what may be,
And in my vision see, or seem to see,
Through floating vapors interfused with light,
Shapes indeterminate, that gleam and fade,
As shallows passing into deeper shade
Sink and elude the sight.

For two alone, there in the hall
Is spread the table round and small;
Upon the polished silver shine
The evening lamps, but, more divine,
The light of love shines over all;
Of love, that says not mine and thine,
But ours, for ours is thine and mine.
They want no guests, to come between
Their tender glances like a screen,
And tell them tales of land and sea,
And whatsoever may beside
The great, forgotten world outside:
They want no guests; they need must be
Each other's own best company.

III.
The picture fades; as at a village fair
A showman's views, dissolving into air,
Again appear transfigured on the screen,
So in my fancy this; and now once more,
In part transfigured, through the open door
Appears the selfsame scene.

Seated, I see the two again,
But not alone; they entertain
A little angel unaware,
With face as round as is the moon;
A royal guest with flaxen hair,
Who, throned upon his lofty chair,
Drums on the table with his spoon,
Then drops it careless on the floor,
To grasp at things unseen before.

Are these celestial manners? these
The ways that win, the arts that please?
Ah yes; consider well the guest,
And whatsoe'er he does seems best;
He ruleth by the right divine
Of helplessness, so lately born
In purple chambers of the morn,
As sovereign over thee and thine.
He speaketh not; and yet there lies
A conversation in his eyes;
The golden silence of the Greek,
The greatest wisdom of the wise,
Not spoken in language, but in looks
More legible than printed books,
As if he could but would not speak.
And now, O monarch absolute,
Thy power is put to proof; for, lo!
Resistless, fathomless, and slow,
The nurse comes rustling like the sea,
And pushes back thy chair and thee,
And so good night to King Canute.

IV.

As one who walking in a forest sees
A lovely landscape through the parted trees,
Then sees it not, for boughs that intervene;
Or as we see the moon sometimes revealed
Through drifting clouds, and then again concealed,
So I behold the scene.

There are two guests at table now;
The king, deposed and older grown,
No longer occupies the throne.—
The crown is on his sister's brow;
A Princess from the Fairy Isles,
The very pattern girl of girls,
All covered and embroidered in curls,
Rose-tinted from the Isle of Flowers,
And sailing with soft, silken sails
From far-off Dreamland into ours.
Above their bowls with rims of blue
Four azure eyes of deeper hue
Are looking, dreamy with delight;
Limpid as planets that emerge
Above the ocean's rounded verge,
Soft-shining through the summer night.
Steamfast they gaze, yet nothing see
Beyond the horizon of their bowls;
Nor care they for the world that rolls
With all its freight of troubled souls
Into the days that are to be.

V.

Again the tossing boughs shut out the scene,
Again the drifting vapors intervene,
And now I see the table wider grown,
As round a pebble into water thrown
Dilates a ring of light.

I see the table wider grown,
I see it garnished with guests,
As if fair Ariadne's Crown
Out of the sky had fallen down;
Marchens within whose tender breasts
A thousand restless hopes and fears,
Forth reaching to the coming years,
Flutter awhile, then quiet lie,
Like timid birds that fain would fly,
But do not dare to leave their nests;—
And youths, who in their strength dare
Challenge the van and front of fate
Eager as champions to be
In the divine knight-errantry
Of youth, that travels sea and land
Seeking adventures, or pursues,
Through cities, and through solitudes
Frequented by the lyric Muse,
The phantom with the beckoning hand,
That still allure and still eludes.
O sweet illusions of the brain!
O sudden thrills of fire and frost!
The world is bright while ye remain,
And dark and dead when ye are lost!

VI.

The meadow-brook, that seemeth to stand still,
Quickens its current as it nears the mill;

And so the stream of Time that lingers
In level places, and so dull appears,
Runs with a swifter current as it nears
The gloomy mills of Death.

And now, like the magician's scroll,
That in the owner's keeping shrinks
With every wish he speaks or thinks,
Till the last wish consumes the whole,
The table dwindles, and again
I see the two alone remain.
The crown of stars is broken in parts;
Its jewels, brighter than the day,
Have one by one been stolen away
To shine in other homes and hearts.
One is a wanderer now afar
In Ceylon or in Zanzibar,
Or sunny regions of Cathay;
And one is in the boisterous camp
Mid clink of arms and horses' tramp,
And battle's terrible array.
I see the patient mother read,
With aching heart, of wrecks that float
Disabled on those seas remote,
Or of some great heroic deed
On battle-fields, were thousands bleed
To lift one hero into fame.
Anxious she bends her graceful head
Above those chronicles of pain,
And trembles with a secret dread
Lost there among the drowned or slain
She finds the one beloved name.

VII.

After a day of cloud and wind and rain
Sometimes the setting sun breaks out again,
And, touching all the darksome woods with
Light,
Smiles on the fields, until they laugh and sing,
Then like a ruby from the horizon's ring
Drops down into the night.

What see I now? The night is fair,
The storm of grief, the clouds of care,
Their wind, the rain, have passed away;
The lamps are lit, the fires burn bright,
The house is full of life and light;
It is the Golden Wedding day.
The guests come thronging in once more,
Quick footsteps sound along the floor,
The troop ing children crowd the stair,
And in and out and everywhere
Flashes along the corridor
The sunshine of their golden hair.

On the round table in the hall
Another Ariadne's Crown
Out of the sky hath fallen down;
More than one Monarch of the Moon
Is drumming with his silver spoon;
The light of love shines over all.

O fortunate, O happy day!
The people sing, the people say,
The ancient bridegroom and the bride,
Smiling contented and serene
Upon the blithe, bewildering scene,
Beheld, well-pleased, on every side
Their forces and features multiplied,
As the reflection of a light
Between two burnished mirrors gleams,
Or lamps upon a bridge at night
Stretch on and on before the night,
Till the long vista endless scenes.
MORITURI SALUTAMUS.

POEM

FOR THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CLASS
OF 1835 IN BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

Tempora labuntur, tacitique sensus annis,
Et fugiant freno non remorante dies.

Ovid, Fastorum Lib. vi.

"O Cæsar, we who are about to die
Salute you!" was the gladiators' cry
In the arena, standing face to face
With death and with the Roman populace.

O ye familiar scenes,—ye groves of pine,
That once were mine and are no longer mine,—
Thou river, widening through the meadows green
To the vast sea, so near and yet unseen,—
Ye halls, in whose seclusion and repose
Phantoms of fame, like exhalations, rose
And vanished,—we who are about to die
Salute you, earth and sky; that is your sky,
And the Imperial Sun that scatters down
His sovereign splendors upon grove and town.

Ye do not answer us! ye do not hear!
We are forgotten; and in your auster
And calm indifference, ye little care
Whether we come or go, or whence or where.
What passing generations fill these halls,
With passing voices echo from these walls,
Ye heed not; we are only as the blast,
A moment heard, and then forever past.

Not so the teachers who in earlier days
Led our bewildered feet through learning's maze;
They answer us—alas! what have I said?
What greetings come there from the voiceless dead?
What salutation, welcome, or reply?
What pressure from the hands that lifeless lie?
They are no longer here; they all are gone
Into the land of shadows,—all save one.

Honor and reverence, and the good repute
That follows faithful service as its fruit,
Be unto him, whom living we salute.

The great Italian poet, when he made
His dreadful journey to the realms of shade,
Met there the old instructor of his youth,
And cried in tones of pity and of rath:
"O, never from the memory of my heart
Your dear, paternal image shall depart,
Who while on earth, ere yet by death surprised,
Taught me how mortals are immortalized;
How grateful am I for that patient care
All my life long my language shall declare."

To-day we make the poet's words our own,
And utter them in plaintive undertone;
Nor to the living only be they said,
But to the other living called the dead,
Whose dear, paternal images appear
Not wrapped in gloom, but robed in sunshine here;
Whose simple lives, complete and without flaw,
Were part and parcel of great Nature's law;
Who said not to their Lord, as if afraid,
"Here is thy talent in a napkin laid."
But labored in their sphere, as men who live
In the doing that work alone can give.
Peace be to them; eternal peace and rest,
And the fulfillment of the great behest;
"Ye have been faithful over a few things,
Over ten cities shall ye reign as kings."

And ye who fill the places we once filled,
And follow in the furrows that we tilled,
Young men, whose generous hearts are beating high,
We who are old, and are about to die,
Salute you; hail you; take your hands in ours,
And crown you with our welcome as with flowers!

How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!
Book of Beginnings, Story without End,
Each maid a heroe, and each maid a friend!
Aladdin's Lamp, and Fortunatus' Purse,
That holds the treasures of the universe;
All possibilities are in its hands,
No danger daunts it, and no foe withstands;
In its sublime audacity of faith,
"Be thou removed!" it to the mountain saith,
And with ambitious feet, secure and proud,
Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud!

As ancient Priam at the Scæan gate
Sat on the walls of Troy in regal state
With the old men, too old and weak to fight,
Chirping like grasshoppers in their delight
To see the embattled hosts, with spear and shield,
Of Trojans and Achaians in the field;
So from the snowy summits of our years
We see you in the plain, as each appears,
And question of you; asking, "Who is he
That towers above the others? Which may be
Atrides, Menæthus, Odysseus,
Ajax the great, or bold Ídomeneus?"

Let him not boast who puts his armor on
As he who puts it off, the battle done,
Steady yourselves; and most of all note well
Wherein kind Nature meant you to excel.
Not every blossom ripens into fruit;
Minerva, the inventress of the flute,
Plung it aside, when she her face surveyed.
Distorted in a fountain as she played;
The unlucky Maray's found it, and his fate
Was one to make the bravest hesitate.

Write on your doors the saying wise and old,
"Be bold! be bold!" and everywhere—"Be bold;
Be not too bold!" Yet better the excess
Than the defect; better the more than less;
Better like Hector in the field to die,
Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly.

And now, my classmates; ye remaining few
That number not the half of those we knew,
Ye, against whose familiar names not yet
The fatal asterisk of death is set,
Ye I salute! The horoscope of Time
Strikes the half-century with a solemn chime,
And summons us together once again,
The joy of meeting not unmixed with pain.

Where are the others? Voices from the deep
Caverns of darkness answer me: "They sleep!"

And ye who fill the places we once filled,
And follow in the furrows that we tilled,
Young men, whose generous hearts are beating high,
We who are old, and are about to die,
Salute you; hail you; take your hands in ours,
And crown you with our welcome as with flowers!
Ah me! the fifty years since last we met
Seem to me fifty folios bound and set
By Time, the great transcriber, on his shelves,
Wherein are written the histories of ourselves.
What tragedies, what comedies, are there!
What joy and grief, what rapture and despair!
What chronicles of triumph did he tell,
Of struggle, and temptation, and retreat!
What records of regrets, and doubts, and fears!
What pages blotted, blistered by our tears!
What lovely landscapes on the margin shine,
What sweet, angelic faces, what divine
And holy images of love and trust,
Undimmed by age, unsoiled by damp or dust!

Whose shall dare to open and explore
These volumes, closed and clasped forevermore?
Not mine. With reverential feet I pass,
I hear a voice that cries, "Alas! alas!
Whatever hath been written shall remain,
Nor be erased nor written o'er again;
The unwritten only still belongs to thee:
Take heed, and ponder well what that shall be."

As children frightened by a thunder-cloud
Are untaught if some one reads aloud
A tale of wonder, with enchantment fraught,
Or wild adventure, that diverts their thought,
Let me endeavor with a tale to chase
The gathering shadows of the time and place,
And banish what too deeply feels
Wholly to say, or wholly to conceal.

In medieval Rome, I know not where,
There stood an image with its arm in air,
And on its lifted finger, shining clear,
A golden ring with the device, "Strike here!"
Greatly the people wondered, though none guessed
The meaning that these words but half expressed,
Until a learned clerk, who at noonday
With downcast eyes was passing on his way,
Passed and observed the spot, and marked it well,
Whereon the shadow of the finger fell;
And, coming back at midnight, delved, and found
A secret stairway leading under ground.
Down this he passed into a spacious hall,
Lit by a flaming jewel on the wall;
And opposite in threatening attitude
With bow and shaft a brazen statue stood.
Upon its forehead, like a coronet,
Were these mysterious words of menace set:
"The which I am; my fate is
None can escape, not even you luminous flame!"

Midway the hall was a fair table placed,
With cloth of gold, and golden cups encharged
With rubies, and the plates and knives were gold,
And golden the bread and damasc manifold.
Around it, silent, motionless, and sad,
Were seated gallant knights in armor clad,
And ladies beautiful with plumes and zone,
But they were stone, their hearts within were stone;
And the vast hall was filled in every part
With silent crowds, stony in face and heart.

Long at the scene, bewildered and amazed
The trembling clerk in speechless wonder gazed;
Then from the table, by his greed made bold,
He seized a goblet and a knife of gold,
And presently from their seats the guests up-sprung;
The vaulted ceiling with loud clamos rang,
The archer sped his arrow, at their call,
Shattering the lambent jewel on the wall,
And all was dark around and overhead;—
Stark on the floor the luckless clerk lay dead!

The writer of this legend then records
Its ghostly application in these words:
"In imagery is the Advenary old,
Whose beckoning finger points to realms of gold;
Our lusts and passions are the downward stair
That leads the soul from a diviner air;
The archer, Death; the flaming jewel, Life;
Terrestrial goods, the goblet and the knife;
The knights and ladies, all whose flesh and bone
By avarice have been hardened into stone;
The clerk, the scholar whom the love of pelf
Tempits from his books and from his nudder self.

The scholar and the world! The endless strife,
The discord in the harmonies of life!
The heave of learning, the sequestered books,
And all the sweet serenity of books;
The market-place, the eager love of gain,
Whose aim is vanity, and whose end is pain!
But why, you ask me, should this tale be told
To men grown old, or who are growing old?
It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.
Cato, the learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
Wrote his grand Edipus, and Simonides
Bore off the prize of verse from his compaes
When each had numbered more than fourscore years.
And Theophrastus, at fourscore and ten,
Had but begun his Characters of Men.
Chancer, at Woodstock with the nightingales,
At sixty wrote the Canterbury Tales;
Goethe at Weimar, writing to the last,
Completed Faust when eighty years were past.
These are indeed exceptions; but they show
How far the gulf-stream of our youth may flow
Into the arctic regions of our lives,
Where little else than life itself survives.
As the barometer foretells the storm
While still the skies are clear, the weather warm,
So something in us, as old age draws near,
Betrays the pressure of the atmosphere.
CHARLES SUMNER.—CADENABIA.

The nimble mercury, ere we are aware,
Descends the elastic ladder of the air;
The tell-tale blood in artery and vein
Sinks from its higher levels in the brain;
Whatever poet, orator, or sage
May say of it, old age is still old age.
It is the waning, not the crescent moon,
The dusk of evening, not the blaze of noon:
It is not strength, but weakness; not desire,
But its suavice; not the fierce heat of fire,
The burning and consuming element,
But that of ashes and embers spent,
In which some living sparks we still discern,
Enough to warm, but not enough to burn.

What then? Shall we sit idly down and say
The night hath come; it is no longer day?
The night hath not yet come; we are not quite
Cut off from labor by the falling light;
Something remains for us to do or dare;
Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear;
Not Cephalus Colonaeus, or Greek Odys,
Or tales of pilgrims that one morning rode
Out of the gateway of the Tabard Inn,
But other something, would we but begin;
For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.
FLIGHT THE FOURTH.

CHARLES SUMNER.

GARLANDS upon his grave,
And flowers upon his hearse,
And to the tender heart and brave
The tribute of this verse.

His was the troubled life,
The conflict and the pain,
The grief, the bitterness of strife,
The honor without stain.
Like Winkelried, he took
Into his manly breast
The sheaf of hostile spears, and broke
A path for the oppressed.
Then from the fatal field
Upon a nation's heart
Borne like a warrior on his shield!—
So should the brave depart.

Death takes us by surprise,
And stays our hurrying feet;
The great design unfinished lies,
Our lives are incomplete.
But in the dark unknown
Perfect their circles seem,
Even as a bridge's arch of stone
Is rounded in the stream.

Alike are life and death,
When life in death survives,
And the uninterrupted breath
Inspires a thousand lives
Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still travelling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

TRAVELS BY THE FIRESIDE.
The ceaseless rain is falling fast,
And yonder gilded vane,
Immovable for three days past,
Points to the misty main.
It drives me in upon myself
And to the fireside gleams,

To pleasant books that crowd my shelf,
And still more pleasant dreams.

I read whatever hands have sung
Of lands beyond the sea,
And the bright days when I was young
Come thronging back to me.

In fancy I can hear again
The Alpine torrent's roar,
The mule-bells on the hills of Spain,
The sea at Elsinore.

I see the convent's gleaming wall
Rise from its groves of pine,
And towers of old cathedrals tall,
And castles by the Rhine.

I journey on by park and spire,
Beneath centennial trees,
Through fields with poppies all on fire,
And gleams of distant seas.

I fear no more the dust and heat,
No more I feel fatigue,
While journeying with another's feet
O'er many a lengthening league.

Let others traverse sea and land,
And toil through various climes,
I turn the world round with my hand
Reading these poets' rhymes.

From them I learn whatever lies
Beneath each changing zone,
And see, when looking with their eyes,
Better than with mine own.

CADENABIA.
LAKE OF COMO.

No sound of wheels or hoof-beat breaks
The silence of the summer day,
As by the loveliest of all lakes
I while the idle hours away.

I pace the leafy colonnade
Where level branches of the plane
Above me weave a roof of shade
Impervious to the sun and rain.

At times a sudden rush of air
Flutters the lazy leaves o'er head,
And gleams of sunshine lose and flare
Like torches down the path I tread.
MONTE CASSINO.—AMALFI.

By Somariva's garden gate
I make the marble stairs my seat,
And hear the water, as I wait, 
Lapping the steps beneath my feet.

The undulation sinks and swells
Along the stony pampas,
And far away the floating bells
Tinkle upon the fisher's nets.

Silent and slow, by tower and town
The frightened barges come and go,
Their pendant shadows gliding down
By town and tower submerged below.

The hills sweep upward from the shore,
With villas scattered one by one
Upon their wooded spurs, and lower
Bellaggio blazing in the sun.

And dimly seen, a tangle mass
Of walls and woods, of light and shade,
Standis beckoning up the Stelvio Pass
Varenna with its white cascades.

I ask myself, Is this a dream? 
Will it all vanish into air? 
Is there a land of such supreme
And perfect beauty anywhere?

Sweet vision! Do not fade away;
Linger until my heart shall take
Into itself the summer day,
And all the beauty of the lake.

Linger until upon my brain
Is stamped an image of the scene,
Then fade into the air again,
And be as if thou hadst not been.

MONTE CASSINO.
TERRA DI LAVORO.

BEAUTIFUL valley! through whose verdant meads
Unhurried the Gargliano glides along;—
The Lieis, nurse of rushes and of reeds,
The river rapturc of classic song.

The Land of Labor and the Land of Rest,
Where medieval towns are white on all
The hillsides, and where every mountain's crest
Is an Etrurian or a Roman wall.

There is Alagna, where Pope Boniface
Was dragged with contumely from his throne;
Sciam Colonna, was that day's disgrace
The Pontiff's only, or in part thine own?

There is Cepranio, where a renegade
Was each Apanian, as great Dante saith,
When Manfred by his men-at-arms betrayed
Sparred on to Benevento and to death.

There is Aquinum, the old Volscian town,
Where Juvenal was born, whose lurid light
Still hovers o'er his birthplace like the crown
Of splendor seen o'er cities in the night.

Doubled the splendor is, that in its streets
The Angelic Doctor as a school-boy played,
And dreamed perhaps the dreams, that he repeats
In ponderous folios for scholastics made.

And there, uplifted, like a passing cloud
That pauses on a mountain summit high,
Monte Cassino's convent rears its proud
And venerable walls against the sky.

Well I remember how on foot I climbed
The stony pathway leading to its gate;

Above, the convent bells for vespers chimed,
Below, the darkening town grew desolate.

Well I remember the low arid and dark,
The courtyard with its well, the terrace wide,
From which far down the valley, like a park
Veiled in the evening mists, was dim descried.

The day was dying, and with feeble hands
Creased the mountain tops; the vale between
Darkened; the river in the meadow-lands
Sheathed itself as a sword, and was not seen.

The silence of the place was like a sleep,
So full of rest it seemed; each passing tread
Was a reverberation from the deep
Recesses of the ages that are dead.

For, more than thirteen centuries ago,
Benedict fleeing from the gates of Rome,
A youth disgusted with its vice and woe,
Sought in these mountain solitudes a home.

He founded here his Convent and his Rule
Of prayer and work, and counted work as prayer;
The pen became a clarion, and his school
Flamed like a beacon in the midnight air.

What though Boccaccio, in his reckless way,
Mocking the lazy brotherhood, deplores
The illuminated manuscripts, that lay
Torn and neglected on the dusty floors?
Boccaccio was a novelist, a child
Of fancy and of fiction at the best!
This the urbane librarian said, and smiled
Incredulous, as at some idle jest.

Upon such themes as these, with one young friar
I sat conversing late into the night,
Till in its cavernous chimney the wood-fire
Had burnt its heart out like an anchorite.

And then translated, in my convent cell,
Myself yet not myself, in dreams I lay;
And, as a monk who hears the matin bell,
Started from sleep; already it was day.

From the high window I beheld the scene
On which Saint Benedict so oft had gazed,—
The mountains and the valley in the sheen
Of the bright sun,—and stood as one amazed.

Gray mists were rolling, rising, vanishing;
The woodlands glistened with their jewelled crowns;
Far off the mellow bells began to ring
For matins in the half-awakened towns.

The conflict of the Present and the Past,
The ideal and the actual in our life,
As on a field of battle held me fast,
While this world and the next world were at strife.

For, as the valley from its sleep awoke,
I saw the iron horses of the steam
Toss to the morning air their plumes of smoke,
And woke, as one awaketh from a dream.

AMALFI.

SWEET the memory is to me
Of a land beyond the sea,
Where the waves and mountains meet,
Where, amid her mulberry-trees
Sits Amalfi in the heat,
Bathing ever her white feet
In the tideless summer seas.
THE SERMON OF ST. FRANCIS.—BELISARIUS.

In the middle of the town, From its fountains in the hills, Tumbling through the narrow gorge, The Canuto rushes down, Turns the great wheels of the mills, Lifts the hammer of the forge. "It is a stairway, not a street, That ascends the deep ravine, Where the torrent leaps between Rocky walls that almost meet. Tumbling up from stairs to stair, Peasant girls their burdens bear; Sunburnt daughters of the soil, Stately figures tall and straight, What inexcorable fate! Dooms them to this life of toil? Lord of vineyards and of lands, Far above the convent stands, On its terraced walk aloof Leans a monk with folded hands, Placid, satisfied, serene, Looking down upon the scene Over wall and red-tiled roof; Wondering unto what good end All this toil and traffic tend, And why all men cannot be Free from care and free from pain, And the sourdile love of gain And as indolent as be. Where are now the frightened barks From the marts of east and west? Where the knights in iron sarks Journeying to the Holy Land, Glove of steel upon the hand, Cross of crimson on the breast? Where the pomp of camp and court? Where the pilgrims with their prayers? Where the merchants with their wares, And their gallant brigantines Sailing safely into port Chased by corsair Algerines? Vanished like a fleet of cloud, Like a passing trumpet-blare, Are those splendors of the past, And the commerce and the crowd! Fathoms deep beneath the seas Lay the ancientwarehouses and quays, Swallowed by the engulfing waves; Silent streets and vacant halls, Ruined roofs and towers and walls; Hidden from all mortal eyes Deep the sunken city lies: Even cities have their graves! This is an enchanted land! Round the headlands far away Sweeps the blue Salernian bay With its sable of white sand: Further still and furthermore On the dim discovered coast放假 with its ruins lies, And its roses all in bloom Seem to tinge the fatal skies Of that lonely land of doom. On his terrace, high in air, Nothing deth the good monk care For such worldly themes as these. From the garden just below Little puffs of perfume blow, And a sound is in his ear, Of the murmur of the bees In the shining chestnut-trees; Nothing else he heeds or hears. All the landscape seems to swoon In the happy afternoon; Slowly o'er his senses creep

The encroaching waves of sleep, And he sinks as sunk the town, Ursisting, fathoms down, Into caverns cool and deep! Walled about with drifts of snow, Hearing the fierce north-wind blow, Seeing all the landscape white, And the river caséd in ice, Comes this memory of delight, Comes this vision unto me Of a long-lost Paradise In the land beyond the sea.

THE SERMON OF ST. FRANCIS.

Up soared the lark into the air, A shaft of song, a winged prayer, As if a soul, released from pain, Were flying back to heaven again. St. Francis heard; it was to him An emblem of the benediction, The upward motion of the fire, The light, the heat, the heart's desire.

Around Assisi's convent gate The birds, God's poor who cannot wait, From moor and mere and darksome wood Came flocking for their dole of food. "O brother birds," St. Francis said, "Ye come to me and ask for bread, But not with bread alone to-day Shall ye be fed and sent away. "Ye shall be fed, ye happy birds, With manna of celestial words; Not mine, though mine they seem to be, Not mine, though they be spoken through me. "O, doubly are ye bound to praise The great Creator in your lays; He giveth you your plumes of down, Your crimson hoods, your cloaks of brown. "He giveth you your wings to fly And breathe a purer air on high, And careth for you everywhere, Who for yourselves so little care!" With flutter of swift wings and songs Together rose the feathered throngs, And singing scattered far apart; Deep peace was in St. Francis heart. He knew not if the brotherhood His homily had understood; He only knew that to one ear The meaning of his words was clear.

BELISARIUS.

I am poor and old and blind; The sun burns me, and the wind Blows through the city gate And covers me with dust From the wheels of the august Justinian the Great. It was for him I chased The Persians o'er wild and waste,
SONG RIVER.—THREE FRIENDS OF MINE.

As General of the East;
Night after night I lay
In their camps of yesterday;
Their forage was my feast.

For him, with sails of red,
And torches at mast-head,
Piloting the great fleet,
I swept the Afric coasts
And scattered the Vandal hosts,
Like dust in a windy street.

For him I won again
The Ausonian realm and reign;
Rome and Partheneope;
And all the land was mine
From the summits of Apennine
To the shores of either sea.

For him, in my feeble age,
I dared the battle's rage,
To save Byzantium's state,
When the tents of Zabergan,
Like snow-drifts overran
The road to the Golden Gate.

And for this, for this, behold!
Infirm and blind and old,
With gray, uncovered head,
Beneath the very arch
Of my triumphal march,
I stand and beg my bread!

Methinks I still can hear,
Sounding distinct and near,
The Vandal monarch's cry,
As, captive and disgraced,
With majestic step he paced,—
"All, all is Vanity!"

Ah! vainest of all things
Is the gratitude of kings;
The plaudits of the crowd
Are but the clatter of feet
At midnight in the street,
Hollow and restless and loud.

But the bitterest disgrace
Is to see forever the face
Of the Monk of Ephesus!
The unconquerable will
This, too, can bear;—I still
Am Belisarius!

A BOOK OF SONNETS.

THREE FRIENDS OF MINE.

I.

When I remember them, those friends of mine,
Who are no longer here, the noble three,
Who half my life were more than friends to me,
And whose discourse was like a generous wine,
I most of all remember the divine
Something, that shone in them, and made us see
The archetypal man, and what might be
The amplitude of Nature's first design.
In vain I stretch my hands to clasp their hands;
I cannot find them. Nothing now is left
But a majestic memory. They meanwhile
Wander together in Elysian lands,
Perchance remembering me, who am bereft
Of their dear presence, and, remembering, smile.

SONG RIVER.

Nowhere such a devious stream,
Save in fancy or in dream,
Winding slow through bush and brake
Links together lake and lake.

Walled with woods or sandy shelf,
Ever doubling on itself
Flows the stream, so still and slow
That it hardly seems to flow.

Never errant knight of old,
Lost in woodland or on wold,
Such a winding path pursued
Through the sylvan solitude.

Never school-boy in his quest
After hazel-nut or nest,
Wandered loitering thus about.

In the mirror of its tide
Tangled thickets on each side
Hang inverted, and between
Floating cloud or sky serene.

Swift or swallow on the wing
Seems the only living thing,
Or the loon, that flings and flies
Down to those reflected skies.

Silent stream! thy Indian name
Unfamiliar is to fame;
For thou bidest here alone,
Well content to be unknown.

But thy tranquil waters teach
Wisdom deep as human speech,
Moving without haste or noise
In unbroken equipoise.

Though thou turnest no busy mill,
And art ever calm and still,
Even thy silence seems to say
To the traveller on his way:
"Traveller, hurrying from the beat
Of the city, stay thy feet!
Rest awhile, nor longer waste
Life with inconsiderate haste!"

"Be not like a stream that brawls
Loud with shallow waterfalls,
But in quiet self-control
Link together soul and soul."

II.

In Attica thy birthplace should have been,
Or the Ionian Isles, or where the seas
Encircle in their arms the Cyclades,
So wholly Greek wast thou in thy serene
And childlike joy of life, O Philbene!
Around thee would have swarmed the Attic bees;
Homer had been thy friend, or Socrates,
And Plato welcomed thee to his demesne.
For these and legions breathed historic breath;
Thou wast Poseidon in the purple sea,
And in the sunset Jason's fleece of gold!
O, what hast thou to do with cruel Death,
Who wast so full of life, or Death with thee,
That thou shouldst die before thou hadst grown old!
III.

I STAND again on the familiar shore,
And hear the wave of the distracted sea
Piteously calling and lamenting thee,
And waiting restless at thy cottage door.

The rocks, the sea-weed on the ocean floor,
The willows in the meadow, and the free
Wild winds of the Atlantic welcome me;
Then why shouldst thou be dead, and come no more?

Ah, why shouldst thou be dead, when common men
Are busy with their trivial affairs,
Having and holding? Why, when thou badst read
Nature’s mysterious manuscript, and then
Wast ready to reveal the truth it bears,
Why art thou silent? Why shouldst thou be dead?

IV.

RIVER, that steal’st with such silent pace
Around the City of the Dead, where lies
A friend who bore thy name, and whom these eyes
Shall see no more in his accustomed place,
Linger and fold him in thy soft embrace
And say good night, for now the western skies
Are red with sunset, and gray mists arise
Like lamps that gather on a dead man’s face.

Good night! good night! as we so oft have said
Beneath this roof at midnight, in the days
That are no more, and shall no more return.
Thou hast but taken thy lamp and gone to bed;
I stay a little longer, as one stays
To cover up the embers that still burn.

V.

The doors are all wide open; at the gate
The blossomed lilacs counterfeits a blaze,
And seem to warm the air; a dreamy haze
Hangs o’er the Brighton meadows like a fate,
And on their margin, with sea-tides clate,
The flooded Charles, as in the happier days,
Writes the last letter of his name, and stays
His restless steps, as if compelled to wait.

I also wait! but they will come no more,
Those friends of mine, whose presence satisfied
The thirst and hunger of my heart. Ah me!
They have forgotten the path-way to my door!
Something is gone from nature since they died,
And summer is not summer, nor can be.

CHAUCER.

An old man in a lodge within a park;
The chamber walls depicted all around
With portraits of huntsman, hawk, and hound,
And the hurt deer. He listeneth to the lark,
Whose song comes with the sunshine through the dark
Of painted glass in leaden lattice bound;
He listeneth and laugheth at the sound,
Then writeth in a book like any clerk.
He is the poet of the clown, who wrote
The Canterbury Tales: and his old age
Made beautiful with song; and as I read
I hear the crowing cock, I hear the note
Of lark and linnet, and from every page
Rise odors of ploughed field or flowery mead.

SHAKESPEARE.

A VISION as of crowded city streets,
With human life in endless overflow;
Thunder of thronings; trumpets that blow
To battle; clamor, in obscure retreats,
Of sailors landed from their anchored fleets;
Tolling of bells in turrets, and below
Voices of children, and bright flowers that throw
O’er garden-walls their intermingled sweets!
This vision comes to me when I unfold
The volume of the Poet paramount,
Whom all the Muses loved, not one alone;—
Into his hands they put the lyre of gold,
And, crowned with sacred laurel at their fount,
Placed him as Musagetes on their throne.

MILTON.

I PACE the sounding sea beach and behold
How the voluminous billows roll and run,
Upheaving and subsiding, while the sun
Shines through their sheeted emerald far unrolled,
And the ninth wave, slow gathering fold by fold
All its loose-flowing garments into one.
Plungest upon the shore, and floods the dun
Pale reach of sands, and changes them to gold.
So in majestic cadence rise and fall
The mighty undulations of thy song,
O sightless bard, England’s Meconides
And ever and anon, high over all
Uplifted, a ninth wave superb and strong,
Floods all the soul with its melodious seas.

KEATS.

The young Endymion sleeps Endymion’s sleep;
The shepherd-boy whose tale was left half told!
The solemn grove uplifts its shield of gold
To the red rising moon, and loud and deep
The nightingale is singing from the steep;
It is midsummer, but the air is cold;
Can it be death? alas, beside the fold
A shepherd’s pipe lies stuffed up near his sheep.
Lo! in the moonlight gleams a marble white,
On which I read: “Here lieth one whose name
Was writ in water.” And was this the meed
Of his sweet singing? Rather let me write:
“The smoking flax before it burst to flame
Was quenched by death, and broken in the bruised reed.”

THE GALAXY.

TORRENT of light and river of the air,
Along whose bed the glimmering stars are seen
Like gold and silver sands in some ravine
Where mountain streams have left their channels bare;

The Spaniard sees in thee the pathway, where
His patron saint descended in the sheen
Of his celestial armor, on serene
And quiet nights, when all the heavens were fair,
Not this I see, nor yet the ancient fable
Of Phaeton’s wild course, that scorchea the skies
THE SOUND OF THE SEA.

The sea awoke at midnight from its sleep, And round the pebbly beaches far and wide I heard the first wave of the rising tide Rush onward with uninterrupted sweep; A voice out of the silence of the deep, A sound mysteriously multiplied As of a cataract from the mountain's side, Or roar of winds upon a wooded steep. So comes to us at times, from the unknown And inaccessible solitude of being, The rushing of the sea-tides of the soul, And inspirations, that we deem our own, Are some divine foreshadowings and foreseeings Of things beyond our reason or control.

A SUMMER DAY BY THE SEA.

The sun is set; and in his latest beams You little cloud of ashen gray and gold, Slowly upon the amber air unrolled, The falling mantele of the Prophet seems. From the dim headlands many a lighthouse gleams, The street-lamps of the ocean; and behold, O'head the banners of the night unfold; The day hath passed into the land of dreams. O summer day beside the joyous sea! O summer day so wonderful and white, So full of gladness and so full of pain! Forever and forever shalt thou be To some the graveszone of a dead delight, To some the landmark of a new domain.

THE TIDES.

I saw the long line of the vacant shore, The sea-weed and the shells upon the sand, And the brown locks left bare on every hand, As if the ebbing tide would flow no more. Then heard I, more distinctly than before, The ocean breathe and its great breast expand, And hurrying came on the defencless land The insurgent waters with tumultuous roar. All thought and feeling and desire, I said, Love, laughter, and the exultant joy of song Have ebbed from me forever! Suddenly o'er They swept again from their deep ocean bed, And in a tumult of delight, and strong As youth, and beautiful as youth, upbore me.

A SHADOW.

I said unto myself, if I were dead, What would befell these children? What would be Their fate, who now are looking up to me For help and furtherance? Their lives, I said, Would be a volume wherein I have read But the first chapters, and no longer see To read the rest of their dear history, So full of beauty and so full of dread. Be comforted; the world is very old, And generations pass, as they have passed, A troop of shadows moving with the sun; Thousands of times has the old tale been told; The world belongs to those who come the last, They will find hope and strength as we have done.

A NAMELESS GRAVE.

"A soldier of the Union mustered out," Is the inscription on an unknown grave At Newport News, beside the salt-sea wave, Nameless and dateless: sentinel or scout Shot down in skirmish, or disastrous rout Of battle, when the loud artillery drave Its iron wedges through the ranks of brave And doomed battalions, storming the redoubt. Thou unknown hero sleeping by the sea In thy forgotten grave! with secret shame I feel my pulses beat, my forehead burn; When I remember thou hast given for me All that thou hadst, thy life, thy very name, And I can give thee nothing in return.

SLEEP.

Lull me to sleep, ye winds, whose fitful sound Seems from some faint Arolla, harping caught; Seal up the hundred wakeful eyes of thought As Hermes with his lyre in sleep profound The hundred wakeful eyes of Argus bound; For I am weary, and am overwrought With too much toil, with too much care distraught, And with the iron crown of anguish crowned. Lay thy soft hand upon my brow and cheek, O peaceful sleep! until from pain released I breathe again uninterrupted breath! Ah, with what subtle meaning did the Greek Call thee the lesser mystery of the feast Whereof the greater mystery is death?

THE OLD BRIDGE AT FLORENCE.

Taddeo Gaddi built me. I am old, Five centuries old. I plant my foot of stone Upon the Arno, as St. Michael's feet Was planted on the dragon. Fold by fold Beneath me as it struggles, I behold Its glistening scales. Twice hath it overthrown My kindred and companions. Me alone It moveth not, but is by me controlled. I can remember when the Medici Were driven from Florence; longer still ago The final wars of Ghibelline and Guelph. Florence adorns me with her jewelry, And when I think that Michael Angelo Hath leaned on me, I glory in myself.

IL PONTE VECCHIO DI FIRENZE.

Gaddì mi feci; il Ponte Vecchio sono; Cinquecent' anni gia sull'Arno pianto Il piede, come il suo Michele Sante; Piantà sul draco. Mentre ch'io ragiono Lo vedo torcere con flebito suono Le rilevute scaglie. Ha questi affronto Due volte i mici maggior. Me solo intanto Neppure muove, ed io son l'abbandono. Io mi rammento quando fur cacciati I Medici; pur quando Ghibellino E Guelfo fecero pace mi rammento. Fiorenza i suoi giojelli m'ha prestati; E quando penso ch'Agnolo il divino Su me possa, inaspettir mi sento.
KÉRAMOS.

Turn, turn, my wheel! Turn round and round
Without a pause, without a sound:
So spins the flying world away!
This clay, well mixed with marl and sand,
Follows the motion of my hand:
For some must follow, and some command,
Though all are made of clay!

Thus sang the Potter at his task
Beneath the blossoming hawthorn-tree,
While o'er his features, like a mask,
The quitted sunshine and leaf-shade
Moved, as the boughs above him swayed,
And clothed him, till he seemed to be
A figure woven in tapestry,
So sumptuously was he arrayed
In that magnificent attire
Of sable tissue flaked with fire.
Like a magician he appeared,
A conjurer without book or beard;
And while his plied his magic art —
For it was magical to me —
I stood in silence and apart,
And wondered more and more to see
That shapeless, lifeless mass of clay
Rise up to meet the master's hand,
And now contract and now expand,
And even his slightest touch obey;
While ever in a thoughtful mood
He sang his ditty, and at times
Whistled a tune between the rhymes,
As a melodious interlude.

Turn, turn, my wheel! All things must change
To something new, to something strange;
Nothing that is can pause or stay;
The moon will wax, the moon will wane,
The mist and cloud will turn to rain,
The rain to mist and cloud again,
To-morrow be to-day.

Thus still the Potter sang, and still,
By some unconscious act of will,
The melody and even the words
Were intermingled with my thought,
As bits of colored thread are caught
And woven into nests of birds.
And thus to regions far remote,
Beyond the ocean's vast expanse,
This wizard in the motley coat
Transported me on wings of song,
And by the northern shores of France
Bore me with restless speed along.

What land is this that seems to be
A mingling of the land and sea?
This land of sluices, dikes, and dunes?
This water-net, that tessellates
The landscape? This unending maze
Of gardens, through whose latticed gates
The imprisoned pinks and tulips gaze;
Where in long summer afternoons
The sunshine, softened by the haze,
Comes streaming down as through a screen;
Where over fields and pastures green
The painted ships float high in air,
And over all and everywhere
The sails of wind and sloop and shore.
Like wings of sea-gulls on the shore?
What land is this? Yon pretty town
Is Delft, with all its wares displayed;

The pride, the market-place, the crown
And centre of the Potter's trade.
See! every house and room is bright
With glimmers of reflected light
From plates that on the dresser shine:
Flagons to foam with Flemish beer,
Or sparkle with the Rhenish wine,
And pilgrim flasks with flowers-de-lis,
And ships upon a rolling sea,
And tankards pewter topped, and queer
With comic mask and musketeer!
Each hospitable chimney smiles
A welcome from its painted tiles;
The parlor walls, the chamber doors,
The stairways and the corridors,
The borders of the garden walks,
Are beautiful with fadeless flowers,
That never drop in winds or showers,
And never wither on their stalks.

Turn, turn, my wheel! All life is brief;
What now is bad will soon be leaf,
What now is leaf will soon decay;
The wind blows east, the wind blows west;
The blue eggs in the robin's nest
Will soon have wings and beak and breast,
And flutter and fly away.

Now southward through the air I glide,
The song my only pursuivant,
And see across the landscape wide
The blue Charente, upon whose tide
The belfries and the spires of Saintes
Ripple and rock from side to side,
As, when an earthquake rends its walls,
A crumbling city reeds and falls.

Who is it in the suburbs here,
This Potter, working with such cheer,
In this mean house, this mean attire,
His manly features bronzed with fire,
Whose figulines and rustic wares
Scarce find him bread from day to day?
This madman, as the people say,
Who breaks his tables and his chairs
To feed his furnace fires, nor cares
Who goes unfed if they are fed,
Nor who may live if they are dead?
This alchemist with hollow cheeks
And sunken, searching eyes, who seeks,
By mingled earths and ores combined
With potency of fire, to find
Some new enamel, hard and bright,
His dream, his passion, his delight?

O Palissy! within thy breast
Burned the hot fever of unrest;
Thine was the prophet's vision, thine
The exultation, the divine
Insanity of noble minds,
That never falters nor abates,
But labors and endures and waits,
Till all that it foresees it finds,
Or what it cannot find creates!

Turn, turn, my wheel! This earthen jar
A touch can make, a touch can mar;
And shall it to the Potter say,
What makest thou? Thou hast no hand?
As men who think to understand
A world by their Creator planned,
Who wiser is than they.

KÉRAMOS.
Still guided by the dreamy song,
As in a trance I float along
Above the Pyrenean chain,
Above the fields and farms of Spain,
Along the bright Majorcan isle,
That lends its softened name to art,—
A spot, a dot upon the chart,
Whose little towns, red-roofed with tile,
Are rubies-lusted with the light
Of blazing furnaces by night,
And crowned by day with wreaths of smoke.
Then eastward, wafted in my flight
On my enchantor's magic cloak,
I sail across the Tyrrhene Sea
Into the land of Italy,
And o'er the windy Appennines,
Mantled and musical with pines.

The palaces, the princely halls,
The doors of houses and the walls
Of churches and of belfry towers,
Cloister and castle, street and mart,
Are garlanded and gay with flowers
That blossom in the fields of art.
Here Gubbio's workshops gleam and glow
With brilliant, iridescent dyes,
The brightness of the snow,
The cobalt blue of summer skies;
And vase and scutcheon, cup and plate,
In perfect finish emulate
Faenza, Florence, Pesaro.

Forth from Urbino's gate there came
A youth with the angelic name
Of Raphael, in form and face
Himself angelic, and divine
In airs of color and design,
From him Francesco Xanto caught
Something of his transcendent grace,
And into fictile fabrics wrought
Suggestions of the master's thought.
Nor less Maestro Giorgio shines
With madre-perl and golden lines
Of arabesques, and interweaves
His birds and fruits and flowers and leaves
About some landscape, shaded brown,
With olive tints on rock and town.

Behold this cup within whose bowl,
Upon a ground of deep blue
With yellow-lusted stars o'er-laid,
Colors of every tint and hue
Mingled in one harmonious whole!
With large blue eyes and steadfast gaze,
Her petticoat and braid,
Necklace and ear-rings all ablaze
With golden lustre o'er the glaze,
A woman's portrait; on the scroll,
Cana, the Beautiful! A name
Forgotten save for such brief fame
As this memorial can bestow,—
A gift some lover long ago
Gave with his heart to this fair dame.

A nobler title to renown
Is thine, O pleasant Tuscan town,
Seated beside the Arno's stream;
For Lucca della Robbia there
Created forms so wondrous fair,
They made thy sovereignty supreme.
These choristers with lips of stone,
Whose music is not heard, but seen,
Still chant, as from their organ-screen,
Their Maker's praise; nor these alone,
But the more fragile forms of clay,
Hardly less beautiful than they,
These angels that adorn
The walls of hospitals, and tell
The story of good deeds so well
That poverty seems less forlorn,
And life more like a holiday.

Here in this old neglected church,
That long eludes the traveller's search,
Lies the dead bishop on his tomb;
Earth upon earth he slumbering lies,
Life-like and death-like in the gloom;
Garlands of fruit and flowers in bloom
And foliage deck his resting-place;
A shadow in the sightless eyes,
A flower on the pendant face
Made perfect by the furnace heat;
All earthly passions and desires
Burnt out by purgatorial fires;
Seeming to say, "Our years are fleet,
And to the weary death is sweet."

But the most wonderful of all
The ornaments on tomb or wall
That grace the fair Ansonian shores
Are those the faithful earth restores,
Near some Apulian town concealed,
In vineyard or in harvest field,—
Vases and urns and bas-reliefs,
Memorials of forgotten griefs,
Or records of heroic deeds
Of demigods and mighty chiefs:
Figures that almost move and speak,
And the blazing whitewash and weeds,
Still in their attitudes attest
The presence of the graceful Greek,—
Achilles in his armor dressed,
Alcides with the Cretan bull,
And Aphrodite with her boy,
Or lovely Helena of Troy,
Still living and still beautiful.

Turn, turn, my wheel! 'tis nature's plan
The child should grow into the man,
The man grow wrinkled, old, and gray;
In youth the heart exults and sings,
The pulses leap, the feet have wings;
In age the cricket chirps, and brings
The harvest home of day.

And now the winds that southward blow,
And cool the hot Sicilian isle,
Bear me away. I see below
The long line of the Libyan Nile,
Flooding and feeding the parched lands
With annual eb and overflow,
A fallen palm whose branches lie
Beneath the Abyssinian sky,
Whose roots are in Egyptian sands.
On either bank huge water-wheels,
Belted with jars and dripping weeds,
Send forth their melodious means,
As if, in their gray mantles hid,
Dead anchorites of the Thibaid
Knelt on the shore and told their beads,
Beating their breasts with loud appeals
And penitential tears and groans.

This city, walled and thickly set
With glittering mosque and minaret,
Is Cairo, in whose gay bazaars
The dreaming traveller first inhales
The perfume of Arabian gales,
And sees the fabulous earthen jars,
Huge as were those wherein the maid
Morgiana found the Forty Thieves,
Concealed in midnight ambuscade;
And seeing, more than half believes
The fascinating tales that run
Throughout all the Thousand Nights and One,
Told by the fair Scheherazade.

More strange and wonderful than these
Are the Egyptian deities:
Ammon, and Emoto, and the grand
Osiris, holding in his hand
The lotus; Isis, crowned and veiled;
The sacred Ibis, and the Sphinx;
Bracelets with blue enameled links;
The Scarabae in emerald mailed,
Or spreading wide his funeral wings;
Lamps that perchance their night-watch kept
O'er Cleopatra while she slept,—
All plundered from the tombs of kings.

Turn, turn, my wheel! The human race,
Of every tongue, of every place,
Caucasian, Coptic, or Malay,
All that inhabit this great earth,
Whatever be their rank or worth,
Are kindred and allied by birth,
And made of the same clay.

O'er desert sands, o'er gulf and bay,
O'er Gangetic and o'er Himalay,
Bird-like I fly, and flying sing,
To flowery kingdoms of Cathay,
And bird-like poise on balanced wing
Above the town of King-te-hching,
A burning town, or seeming so,—
Three thousand furnaces that glow
Incessantly, and fill the air
With smoke uprising, gyre on gyre,
And painted on these lovely jars;
Again the skylark sings, again
The stork, the heron, and the crane
Float through the azure overhead,
The counterfeit and counterpart
Of Nature reproduced in Art.

Art is the child of Nature; yes,
Her darling child, in whom we trace
The features of the mother's face,
Her aspect and her attitude,
All her majestic loveliness
Chastened and softened and subdued
Into a more attractive grace,
And with a human sense imbued.
He is the greatest artist, then,
Whether of pencil or of pen,
Who follows Nature. Never man,
As artist or as artisan,
Pursuing his own fantasies,
Can touch the human heart, or please,
Or satisfy our nobler needs,
As he who sets his willing feet
In Nature's footsteps, light and fleet,
And follows fearless where she leads.

Thus muse I on that morn in May,
Wrapped in my visions like the Seer,
Whose eyes behold not what is near,
But only what is far away,
When, suddenly sounding peal on peal,
The church-bell from the neighboring town
Proclaimed the welcome hour of noon,
The Potter heard, and stopped his wheel,
His apron on the grass threw down,
Whistled his quiet little tune,
Not overloaded nor overlong;
And ended thus his simple song:

Stop, stop, my wheel! Too soon, too soon
The noon will be the afternoon,
Too soon to-day be yesterday;
Behind us in our path we cast
The broken potsherds of the past,
And all are ground to dust at last,
And trodden into clay!
BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

FLIGHT THE FIFTH.

THE HERONS OF ELMWOOD.

Warm and still is the summer night,
As hers by the river's brink I wander;
White overhead are the stars, and white
The glimmering lamps on the hillside yonder.

Silent are all the sounds of day;
Nothing I hear but the chirp of crickets,
And the cry of the herons winging their way
O'er the poet's house in the Elmwood thickets.

Call to him, herons, as slowly you pass
To your roosts in the haunts of the exiled thrushes,
Sing him the song of the green morras;
And the tides that water the reeds and rushes.

Sing him the mystical Song of the Hern,
And the secret that baffles our utmost seeking;
For only a sound of lament we discern,
And cannot interpret the words you are speaking.

Sing of the air and the wild delight
Of wings that uplift and winds that uphold you,
The joy of freedom, the rapture of flight
Through the drift of the floating mists that infold you;

Of the landscape lying so far below,
With its towns and rivers and desert places;
And the splendor of light above, and the glow
Of the limitless, blue, ethereal spaces.

Ask him if songs of the Troubadours,
Or of Minnesingers in old black-letter,
Sound in his ears more sweet than yours,
And if yours are not sweeter and wilder and better:

Sing to him, say to him, here at his gate,
Where the boughs of the stately elms are meeting,
Some one hath lingered to meditate,
And send him unseen this friendly greeting;

That many another hath done the same,
Though not by a sound was the silence broken;
The surest pledge of a deathless name
Is the silent homage of thoughts unspoken.

A DUTCH PICTURE.

Simon Danz has come home again,
From cruising about with his buccaneers;
He has singed the beard of the King of Spain,
And carried away the Dean of Jaen
And sold him in Algiers.

In his house by the Maese, with its roof of tiles,
And weathercocks flying aloft in air,
There are silver tankards of antique styles,
Plunder of convent and castle, and piles
Of carpets rich and rare.

In his tulip-garden there by the town,
Overlooking the sluggish stream,
With his Moorish cap and dressing-gown,
The old sea-captain, hale and brown,
Walks in a waking dream.

A smile in his gray mustachio lurks
Whenever he thinks of the King of Spain;
And the listed tulips look like Turks,
And the silent gardener as he works
Is changed to the Dean of Jaen.

The windmills on the outermost verge of the landscape.
To him are towers on the Spanish coast,
With whiskered sentinels at their post,
Though this is the river Maece.

But when the winter rains begin,
He sits and smokes by the blazing brands,
And old seafaring men come in,
Goat-bearded, gray, and with double chin,
And rings upon their hands.

They sit there in the shadow and shine
Of the flickering fire of the winter night;
Figures in color and design
Like those by Rembrandt of the Rhine,
Half darkness and half light.

And they talk of ventures lost or won,
And their talk is ever and ever the same,
While they drink the red wine of Tarragon,
From the cellars of some Spanish Don,
Or convent set on flame.

Restless at times with heavy strides
He paces his parlor to and fro;
He is like a ship that at anchor rides,
And swings with the rising and falling tides,
And tugs at her anchor-tow.

Voices mysterious far and near,
Sound of the wind and sound of the sea,
Are calling and whispering in his ear,
"Simon Danz! Why stayest thou here?"
"Come forth and follow me!"

So he thinks he shall take to the sea again
For one more cruise with his buccaneers,
To singe the beard of the King of Spain,
And capture another Dean of Jaen
And sell him in Algiers.

CASTLES IN SPAIN.

How much of my young heart, O Spain,
Went out to thee in days of yore?
What dreams romantic filled my brain,
And summoned back to life again
The Paladin of Charlemagne,
The Cid Campeador!

And shapes more shadowy than these,
In the dim twilight half revealed;
Phoenician galleys on the seas,
The Roman camps like hives of bees,
The Goth uplifting from his knees
Pelayo on his shield.

It was these memories perchance,
From annals of remotest eld,
That lent the colors of romance
To every trivial circumstance,
And changed the form and countenance
Of all that I beheld.

Old towns, whose history lies hid
In monarch chronicle or rhyme,
Bargos, the birthplace of the Cid,
Zamora and Valladolid,
Toledo, built and walled amid
The wars of Wamba's time;

The long, straight line of the highway,
The distant town that seems so near,
The peasants in the fields, that stay
Their toil to cross themselves and pray,
When from the belfry at midday
The Angelus they hear;

White crosses in the mountain pass,
Mules gay with tassels, the loud din

Of muleteers, the tethered ass
That crops the dusty wayside grass,
And cavaliers with spurs of brass
Alighting at the inn;

White hamlets hidden in fields of wheat,
White cities slumbering by the sea,
White sunshine flooding square and street,
Dark mountain ranges, at whose feet
The river-beds are dry with heat,—
All was a dream to me.

Yet something sombre and severe
O'er the enchanted landscape reigned;
A terror in the atmosphere
As if King Philip listened near,
Or Torquemada, the austere,
His ghostly sway maintained.

The softer Andalusian skies
Dispelled the sadness and the gloom;
There Cadiz by the seaside lies,
And Seville's orange-orchards rise,
Making the land a paradise
Of beauty and of bloom.

There Cordova is hidden among
The palm, the olive, and the vine;
Gem of the South, by poets sung,
And in whose Mosque Almanzor hung
As lamps the bells that once had rung
At Compostella's shrines.

But over all the rest supreme,
The star of stars, the cynosure,
The artist's and the poet's theme,
The young man's vision, the old man's dream,—
Granada by its winding stream,
The city of the Moor!

And there the Alhambra still recalls
Aladdin's palace of delight:
Allah il Allah! through its halls
Whispers the fountain as it falls,
The Darro darts beneath its walls,
The hills with snow are white.

Ah yes, the hills are white with snow,
And cold with blasts that bite and freeze;
But in the happy vale below
The orange and pomegranate grow,
And wafts of air toss to and fro
The blossoming almond-trees.

The Vega cleft by the Xenil,
The fascination and allure
Of the sweet landscape chains the will;
The traveller lingers on the hill,
His parted lips are breathing still
The last sigh of the Moor.

How like a ruin overgrown
With flowers that hide the rents of time,
Stands now the Past that I have known,
Castles in Spain, not built of stone
But of white summer clouds, and blown
Into this little mist of rhyme!

VITTORIA COLONNA.

VITTORIA COLONNA, on the death of her husband, the Marchese di Pesce, retired to her castle at Inarime (Inarime), and there wrote the Ode upon his death, which gained her the title of Divine.

ONCE more, once more, Inarime,
I see thy purple hills!—once more
I hear the billows of the bay
Wash the white pebbles on thy shore.
High o'er the sea-surge and the sands,
Like a great galleon wrecked and cast
Ashore by storms, thy castle stands,
A mouldering landmark of the Past.

Upon its terrace-walk I see
A phantom gliding to and fro;
It is Colonna,—it is she
Who lived and loved so long ago.

Pescara's beautiful young wife,
The type of perfect womanhood,
Whose life was love, the life of life,
That time and change and death withstood.

For death, that breaks the marriage band
In others, only closer pressed
The wedding-ring upon her hand
And closer locked and barred her breast.

She knew the life-long martyrdom,
The weariness, the endless pain
Of waiting for some one to come
Who nevermore would come again.

The shadows of the chestnut-trees,
The odor of the orange blossoms,
The song of birds, and, more than these,
The silence of deserted rooms;

The respiration of the sea,
The soft caresses of the air,
All things in nature seemed to be
But ministers of her despair;

Till the o'erburdened heart, so long
Imprisoned in itself, found vent
And voice in one impassioned song
Of inconsolable lament.

Then as the sun, though hidden from sight,
Transmutes to gold the leaden mist,
Her life was interfused with light,
From realms that, though unseen, exist.

Inarimé! Inarimé!
Thy castle on the crags above
In dust shall crumble and decay,
But not the memory of her love.

THE REVENGE OF RAIN-IN-THE-FACE.

Is that desolate land and lone,
Where the Big Horn and Yellowstone
Roar down their mountain path,
By their fires the Sioux Chiefs
Muttered their woes and griefs
And the menace of their wrath.

"Revenge!" cried Rain-in-the-Face,
"Revenge upon all the race
Of the White Chief with yellow hair!"
And the mountains dark and high
From their crags re-echoed the cry
Of his anger and despair.

In the meadow, spreading wide
By woodland and riverside
The Indian village stood;
All was silent as a dream,
Save the rushing of the stream
And the blue-jay in the wood.

In his war paint and his beads,
Like a bison among the reeds,
In ambush the Spirit Bull
Lay with three thousand braves
Crouched in the clefts and caves,
Savage, unmerciful!

Into the fatal snare
The White Chief with yellow hair
And his three hundred men
Dashed headlong, sword in hand;
But of that gallant band
Not one returned again.

The sudden darkness of death
Overwhelmed them like the breath
And smoke of a furnace fire:
By the river's bank and between
The rocks of the ravine,
They lay in their bloody attire.

But the foemen fled in the night,
And Rain-in-the-Face, in his flight,
Uplifted high in air
As a ghostly trophy, bore
The brave heart, that beat no more,
Of the White Chief with yellow hair.

Whose was the right and the wrong?
Sing it, O funeral song,
With a voice that is full of tears,
And say that our broken faith
Wrought all this ruin and seethe,
In the Year of a Hundred Years.

TO THE RIVER YVETTE.

O LOVELY river of Yvette!
O darling river! like a bride,
Some simple, bashful, fair Lisette,
Thou goest to wed the Orge's tide.

Maincourt, and lordly Dampierre,
See and salute thee on thy way,
And, with a blessing and a prayer,
Ring the sweet bells of St. Forget.

The valley of Chevreuse in vain
Would hold thee in its fond embrace;
Thou glidest from its arms again
And hurrissent on with swifter pace.

Thou wilt not stay; with restless feet
Pursuing still thine onward flight,
Thou goest as one in haste to meet
Her sole desire, her heart's delight.

O lovely river of Yvette!
O darling stream! on balanced wings
The wood-birds sang the chansonette
That here a wandering poet sings.

THE EMPEROR'S GLOVE.

COMBIEN faudroit-il de peaux d'Espagne pour faire
un gant de cette grandeur? A play upon the words
gant, a glove, and Gant, the French for Ghent.

On St. Bavon's tower, commanding
Half of Flanders, his domain,
Charles the Emperor once was standing,
While beneath him on the landing
Stood Duke Alva and his train.

Like a print in books of fables,
Or a model made for show,
With its pointed rods and gables,
Dormer windows, scrolls and labels,
Lay the city far below.

Through its squares and streets and alleys
Poured the populace of Ghent;
As a routed army rallies,
Or as rivers run through valleys,
Hurrying to their homes they went.
A BALLAD OF THE FRENCH FLEET.—THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG.

October, 1746.

Mr. Thomas Prince laquitur.

A fleet with flags arrayed
Sailed from the port of Brest,
And the Admiral's ship displayed
The signal: "Steer southwest!"
For this Admiral D'Anville
Had sworn by cross and crown
To ravage with fire and steel
Our helpless Boston Town.

There were rumors in the street,
In the houses there was fear
Of the coming of the fleet,
And the danger hovering near.
And while from mouth to mouth
Spread the tidings of dismay,
I stood in the Old South,
Saying humbly: "Let us pray!"

"O Lord! we would not advise;
But if in thy Providence
A tempest should arise
To drive the French Fleet hence,
And scatter it far and wide,
Or sink it in the sea,
We should be satisfied,
And thine the glory be."

This was the prayer I made,
For my soul was all on flame,
And even as I prayed
The answering tempest came;
It came with a mighty power,
Shaking the windows and walls,
And tolling the bell in the tower,
As it tells at funerals.

The lightning suddenly
Unsheathed its flaming sword,
And I cried: "Stand still, and see
The salvation of the Lord!"
The heavens were black with cloud,
The sea was white with hail,
And ever more fierce and loud
Blew the October gale.

The fleet it overtook,
And the broad sails in the van
Like the tents of Cushan shook;
Or the curtains of Midian.
Down on the reeling decks
Crashed the overwhelming seas;
Ah, never were there wrecks
So pitiful as these!

Like a potter's vessel broke
The great ships of the line;
They were carried away as a smoke,
Or sank like lead in the brine.
O Lord! before thy path
They vanished and ceased to be,

When thou didst walk in wrath
With thine horses through the sea!

THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG.

MOUNTED on Kyrat strong and fleet,
His chestnut steed with four white feet,
Rooshan Beg, called Kurroglou,
Son of the road and bandit chief,
Seeking refuge and relief,
Up the mountain pathway flew.

Such was Kyrat's wondrous speed,
Never yet could any steed
Reach the dust-cloud in his course.
More than maiden, more than wife,
More than gold and next to life
Rooshan the Robber loved his horse.

In the land that lies beyond
Erzeroum and Trebizond;
Garden-girl his fortress stood;
Plundered khan, or caravan.
Journeying north from Koordistan,
Gave him wealth and wine and food.

Seven hundred and fourscore
Men at arms his lively wore,
Did his bidding night and day.
Now, through regions all unknown,
He was wandering lost, alone,
Seeking without guide his way.

Suddenly the pathway ends,
Sheer the precipice descends,
Loud the torrent roars unseen;
Thirty feet from side to side
Yawns the chasm; on air must ride
He who crosses this ravine.

Following close in his pursuit,
At the precipice's foot,
Reyhan the Arab of Orfah
Halted with his hundred men,
Shouting upward from the glen,
"La Ilah illa Allâh!"

Gently Rooshan Beg caressed
Kyrat's forehead, neck, and breast;
Kissed him upon both his eyes;
Sang to him in his wild way,
As upon the topmost spray
Sings a bird before it flies.

"O my Kyrat, O my steed,
Round and slender as a reed,
Carry me this peril through!
Satin houssings shall be thine,
Shoes of gold, O Kyrat mine,
O thou soul of Kurroglou!"

"Soft thy skin as silken skin,
Soft as woman's hair thy mane,
Tender are thine eyes and true;
All thy hoofs like ivory shine,
Polished bright: O life of mine,
Leap, and rescue Kurroglou!"

Kyrat, then, the strong and fleet,
Drew together his four white feet,
Paused a moment on the verge,
Measured with his eye the space,
And into the air's embrace
Leaped as leaps the ocean surge.

As the ocean surge o'er sand
Bears a swimmer safe to land,
Kyrat safe his rider bore;
Rattling down the deep abyss.
Fragments of the precipice
Rolled like pebbles on a shore.
Roushan's tasselled cap of red
Trembled not upon his head,
Careless sat he and upright;
Neither hand nor bridle shook,
Nor his head be turned to look,
As he galloped out of sight.
Flash of harness in the air,
Seen a moment like the glare
Of a sword drawn from its sheath;
Thus the phantom horseman passed,
And the shadow that he cast
Leaped the cataract underneath.

Reyhan the Arab held his breath
While this vision of life and death
Passed above him. "Allahu!"
Cried he. "In all Koordistan
Lives there not so brave a man
As this Robber Kurroglou!"

HAROUN AL RASCHID.

One day, Haroun Al Raschid read
A book wherein the poet said:—
"Where are the kings, and where the rest
Of those who once the world possessed?
"They're gone with all their pomp and show,
They're gone the way that thou shalt go.
"O thou who choosest for thy share
The world, and what the world calls fair,
"Take all that it can give or lend,
But know that death is at the end!"

Haroun Al Raschid bowed his head:
Tears fell upon the page he read.

KING TRISANKU.

Viswamitra the Magician,
By his spells and incantations,
Up to Indra's realms elysian
Raised Trisanku, king of nations.

Indra and the gods offended
Hurl'd him downward, and descending
In the air he hung suspended,
With these equal powers contending.

Thus by aspirations lifted,
By misgivings downward driven,
Human hearts are tossed and drifted
Midway between earth and heaven.

A WRAITH IN THE MIST.

Sir, I should build me a fortification, if I came to live
here." — BOWEN'S Johnson.

On the green little isle of Inchkenneth,
Who is it that walks by the shore,
So gay with his Highland blue bonnet,
So brave with his targe and claymore?

His form is the form of a giant,
But his face wears an aspect of pain;
Can this be the Laird of Inchkenneth?
Can this be Sir Allan McLean?

Ah, no! It is only the Rambler,
The Idler, who lives in Belt Court,
And who says, were he Laird of Inchkenneth,
He would walk himself round with a fort.

THE THREE KINGS.

Three Kings came riding from far away,
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltasar;
Three Wise Men out of the East were they,
And they travelled by night and they slept by day,
For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.

The star was so beautiful, large, and clear,
That all the other stars of the sky
Became a white mist in the atmosphere,
And by this they knew that the coming was near
Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.

Three caskets they bore on their saddle-bows,
Three caskets of gold with golden keys;
Their robes were of crimson silk with rows
Of bells and pomegranates and furvelows,
Their turbans like blossoming almond-trees.

And so the Three Kings rode into the West,
Through the dusk of night, over hill and dell,
And sometimes they nodded with beard on breast,
And sometimes talked, as they paused to rest,
With the people they met at some wayside well.

"Of the child that is born," said Baltasar,
"Good people, I pray you tell us the news;
For we in the East have seen his star,
And have ridden fast, and have ridden far,
To find and worship the King of the Jews."

And the people answered, "You ask in vain;
We know of no king but Herod the Great!"
They thought the Wise Men were men insane,
As they spurred their horses across the plain,
Like riders in haste, and who cannot wait.

And when they came to Jerusalem,
Herod the Great, who had heard this thing,
Sent for the Wise Men and questioned them;
And said, "Go down unto Bethlehem,
And bring me tidings of this new king."

So they rode away; and the star stood still,
The only one in the gray of morn;
Yes, it stopped, it stood still of its own free will,
Right over Bethlehem on the hill,
The city of David where Christ was born.

And the Three Kings rode through the gate and the guard,
Through the silent street, till their horses turned
And neigh'd as they entered the great inn-yard;
But the windows were closed, and the doors were barred,
And only a light in the stable burned.

And cradled there in the scented hay,
In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,
The little child in the manger lay,
The child, that would be king one day
Of a kingdom not human, but divine.

His mother, Mary of Nazareth,
Sat watching beside his place of rest,
Watching the even flow of his breath,
For the joy of life and the terror of death
Were mingled together in her breast.

They laid their offerings at his feet:
The gold was their tribute to a King,
The frankincense, with its odor sweet,
Was for the Priest, the Paraclete,
The myrrh for the body's burying.

And the mother wondered and bowed her head, 
And sat as still as a statue of stone; 
Her heart was troubled, yet comforted.
Remembering what the Angel had said 
Of an endless reign and of David's throne.

Then the Kings rode out of the city gate, 
With a clatter of hoofs in proud array; 
But they went not back to Herod the Great, 
For they knew his malice and feared his hate, 
And returned to their homes by another way.

SONG.
STAY, stay at home, my heart, and rest; 
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where 
Are full of trouble and full of care; 
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,
They wander east, they wander west,
And are buffled and beaten and blown about 
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt; 
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest; 
The bird is safest in its nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly, 
A hawk is hovering in the sky; 
To stay at home is best.

THE WHITE CZAR.
The White Czar is Peter the Great. Batyushka, Father 
and Gosudar, Sovereign, are titles the Russian people 
are fond of giving to the Czar in their popular songs.

Dost thou see on the rampart's height 
That wreath of mist, in the light, 
Of the midnight moon? Oh, hie! 
It is not a wreath of mist; 
It is the Czar, the White Czar, 
Batyushka! Gosudar!

He has heard, among the dead, 
The artillery roll o'erhead; 
The drums and the tramp of feet

Of his soldierly in the street; 
He is awake! the White Czar, 
Batyushka! Gosudar!

He has heard in the grave the cries 
Of his people: "Awake! arise!" 
He has rent the gold brocade 
Whereof his shroud was made; 
He is risen! the White Czar, 
Batyushka! Gosudar!

From the Volga and the Don 
He has led his armies on, 
Over river and morass, 
Over desert and mountain pass; 
The Czar, the Orthodox Czar, 
Batyushka! Gosudar!

He looks from the mountain-chain 
Toward the seas, that cleave in twain 
The continents; his hand 
Points southward o'er the land 
Of Roumili! O Czar, 
Batyushka! Gosudar!

And the words break from his lips:
"I am the builder of ships, 
And my ships shall sail these seas 
To the Pillars of Hercules! 
I say it; the White Czar, 
Batyushka! Gosudar!"

"The Bosphorus shall be free; 
It shall make room for me; 
And the gates of its water-streets 
Be unbarred before my fleets. 
I say it; the White Czar, 
Batyushka! Gosudar!"

"And the Christian shall no more 
Be crushed, as heretofore, 
Beneath thine iron rule, 
O Sultan of Istanbul! 
I swear it! I the Czar, 
Batyushka! Gosudar!"

DELIA.
Sweet as the tender fragrance that survives, 
When martyred flowers breathe out their little lives, 
Sweet as a song that once consol'd our pain, 
But never will be sung to us again, 
Is thy remembrance. Now the hour of rest 
Hath come to thee. Sleep, darling; it is best.

A BOOK OF SONNETS. — PART II.
NATURE.

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er, 
Leads by the hand her little child to bed, 
Half willing, half reluctant to be led, 
And leave his broken playthings on the floor, 
Still gazing at them through the open door, 
Nor wholly reassured and comforted 
By promises of others in their stead, 
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more; 
So Nature deals with us, and takes away 
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand 
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go 
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay;

Being too full of sleep to understand 
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

IN THE CHURCHYARD AT TARRYTOWN.

Here lies the gentle humorist, who died 
In the bright Indian Summer of his fame! 
A simple stone, with but a date and name, 
Marks his secluded resting-place beside 
The river that he loved and glorified. 
Here in the autumn of his days he came, 
But the dry leaves of life were all at frame 
With tints that brightened and were multiplied.
How sweet a life was his; how sweet a death!
Living, to wing with mirth the weary hours,
Dying, to leave a memory like the breath
Of summers full of sunshine and of showers,
A grief and gladness in the atmosphere.

ELIOT'S OAK.

Thou ancient oak! whose myriad leaves are loud
With sounds of unintelligible speech,
Sounds as of surges on a shingly beach,
Or multitudinous murmurs of a crowd;
With some mysterious gift of tongues endowed,
Thou speakest a different dialect to each;
To me a language that no man can teach,
Of a lost race, long vanished like a cloud.
For underneath thy shade, in days remote,
Seated like Abraham at eventide
Beneath the oaks of Mamre, the unknown
Apostle of the Indians, Eliot, wrote
His Bible in a language that hath died
And is forgotten, save by thee alone.

THE HARVEST MOON.

It is the Harvest Moon! On gilded vanes
And roofs of villages, on woodland crests
And their aerial neighborhoods of nests
Deserted, on the curtained window-panes
Of rooms where children sleep, on country lanes
And harvest-fields, its mystic splendor rests!
Gone are the birds that were our summer guests,
With the last sheaves return the laboring waifs!
All things are symbols; the external shows
Of Nature have their image in the mind.

As flowers and fruits and falling of the leaves;
The song-birds leave us at the summer's close,
Only the empty nests are left behind,
And piping of the quail among the sheaves.

THE DESCENT OF THE MUSES.

Nine sisters, beautiful in form and face,
Came from their convent on the shining heights
Of Pierus, the mountain of delights,
To dwell among the people at its base.
Then seemed the world to change. All time and space,
Splendor of cloudless days and starry nights,
And men and manners, and all sounds and sights,
Had a new meaning, a diviner grace.
 Proud were these sisters, but were not too proud
To teach in schools of little country towns
Science and song, and all the arts that please;
So that while housewives span, and farmers ploughed,
Their comely daughters, clad in homespun gowns,
Learned the sweet songs of the Pierides.

VENICE.

White swan of cities, slumbering in thy nest
So wonderfully built among the reeds
Of the lagoon, that fences thee and feeds,
As sayeth thy old historian and thy guest!
White water-lily, cradled and caressed
By ocean streams, and from the silt and weeds
Lifting thy golden filaments and seeds,
Thy sun-illumined spires, thy crown and crest!
White phantom city, whose untrodden streets
Are rivers, and whose pavement are the shifting
Shadows of palaces and strips of sky;
I wait to see thee vanish like the fleets
Seen in mirage, or towers of cloud uplifting
In air their unsubstantial masonry.

THE POETS.

O ye dead Poets, who are living still
Immortal in your verse, though life be fled,
And ye, O living Poets, who are dead
Though ye are living, if neglect can kill,
Tell me if in the darkest hours of ill,
With drops of anguish falling fast and red
Fringed the sharp crown of thorns upon your head,
Ye were not glad your errand to fulfil?
Yes: for the gift and ministry of Song
Have something in them so divinely sweet,
It can assuage the bitterness of wrong;
Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and panduits of the throng,
But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat.

PARKER CLEAVELAND.

WRITTEN ON REVISING BRUNSWICK IN THE SUMMER OF 1855.

Among the many lives that I have known,
None I remember more serene and sweet,
More rounded in itself and more complete,
Than his, who lies beneath this funeral stone.
These pines, that murmur in low monotone,
These walks frequented by scholastic feet,
Were all his worlds; but in this calm retreat
For him the Teacher's chair became a throne.
With fond affection memory loves to dwell
On the old days, when his example made
A pastime of the toil of tongue and pen;
And now, amid the groves he loved so well
That naught could lure him from their grateful shade,
He sleeps, but wakes elsewhere, for God hath said, Amen!

TO THE RIVER RHONE.

Thou Royal River, born of sun and shower,
In chambers purple with the Alpine glow,
Wrapped in the spotless ermine of the snow
And rocked by tempests! — at the appointed hour
Forth, like a steel-clad horseman from a tower,
With clang and clink of harness dost thou go
To meet thy vassal torrents, that below
Rush to receive thee and obey thy power.
And now thou movest in triumphal march,
A king among the rivers! On thy way
A hundred towns await and welcome thee;
Bridges uplift for thee the stately arch,
Vineyards encircle thee with garlands gay,
And fleets attend thy progress to the sea!

THE THREE SILENCES OF MOLINOS.

TO JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Three Silences there are: the first of speech,
The second of desire, the third of thought;
This is the lore a Spanish monk, distraught
With dreams and visions, was the first to teach.
These Silences, commingling each with each,
Made up the perfect Silence, that he sought
And prayed for, and wherein at times he caught
Mysterious sounds from realms beyond our reach.
O thou, whose daily life anticipates
The life to come, and in whose thought and word
The spiritual world preponderates,
Hermit of Amesbury! thou too hast heard
Voices and melodies from beyond the gates,
And speakest only when thy soul is stirred!

THE TWO RIVERS.

I.

Slowly the hour-hand of the clock moves round;
So slowly that no human eye hath power
to see it move! Slowly in shine or shower
The painted ship above it, homeward bound,
Sails, but seems motionless, as if aground;
Yet both arrive at last; and in his tower
The slumberous watchman wakes and strikes the hour,
A mellow, measured, melancholy sound.
Midnight! the outpost of advancing day!
The frontier town and citadel of night!
The watershed of Time, from which the streams
Of Yesterday and To-morrow take their way;
One to the land of promise and of light,
One to the land of darkness and of dreams!

II.

O River of Yesterday, with current swift
Through chasms descending, and soon lost to sight,
I do not care to follow in thy flight
The faded leaves that on thy bosom drift!
O River of To-morrow, I uplift
Mine eyes, and thee I follow, as the night
Wanes into morning, and the dawning light
Broadens, and all the shadows fade and shift!
I follow, follow, where thy waters run
Through unrequited, unfamiliar fields,
Fragrant with flowers and musical with song;
Still follow, follow; sure to meet the sun
And confident, that what the future yields
Will be the right, unless myself be wrong.

III.

Yet not in vain, O River of Yesterday,
Through chasms of darkness to the deep descending,
I heard thee sobbing in the rain, and blending
Thy voice with other voices far away.
I called to thee, and yet thou wouldst not stay,
But turbulent, and with thyself contending,
And torrent-like thy force on pebbles spending,
Thou wouldst not listen to a poet's lay.
Thoughts, like a loud and sudden rush of wings,
Regrets and recollections of things past,
With hints and prophecies of things to be,
And inspirations, which, could they be things,
And stay with us, and we could hold them fast,
Were our good angels,—these I owe to thee.

IV.

And thou, O River of To-morrow, flowing
Between thy narrow damantine walls,
But beautiful, and white with waterfalls,
And wreaths of mist, like hands the pathway showing;
I hear the trumpets of the morning blowing,
I hear thy mighty voice, that calls and calls,
And see, as Ossian saw in Merven's halls,
Mysterious phantoms, coming, beckoning, going!
It is the mystery of the unknown
That fascinates us; we are children still,
Wayward and wistful; with one hand we cling
To the familiar things we call our own,
And with the other, resolute of will,
Gropes in the dark for what the day will bring.

BOSTON.

ST. BOROLUH'S TOWN! Hither across the plains
And fens of Lincolnshire, in garb austere,
There came a Saxon monk, and founded here
A Priory, pillaged by marauding Danes,
So that thereof no vestige now remains;
Only a name, that, spoken loud and clear,
And echoed in another hemisphere,
Survives the sculptured walls and painted panes.

PARKER CLEAVELAND.—BOSTON.
ST. JOHNS, CAMBRIDGE.

I stand beneath the tree, whose branches shade
Thy western window, Chapel of St. John!
And hear its leaves repeat their benison
On him, whose hand thy stones memorial laid;
Then I remember one of whom was said
In the world's darkest hour, "Behold thy son!"
And see him living still, and wandering on
And waiting for the advent long delayed.
Not only tongues of the apostles teach
Lessons of love and light, but these expanding
And sheltering boughs with all their leaves implore,
And say in language clear as human speech,
"The peace of God, that passeth understanding, Be and abide with you for evermore!"

MOODS.

Out that a Song would sing itself to me
Out of the heart of Nature, or the heart
Of man, the child of Nature, not of Art,
Fresh as the morning, salt as the salt sea,
With just enough of bitterness to be
A medicine to this soggish mood, and start
The life-blood in my veins, and so impart
Healing and help in this dull lethargy!
Alas! not always doth the breath of song
Breathe on us. It is like the wind that bloweth
At its own will, not ours, nor tarries long;
We hear the sound thereof, but no man knoweth
From whence it comes, so sudden and swift and strong,
Nor whither in its wayward course it goeth.

WOODSTOCK PARK.

Here in a little rustic hermitage
Alfred the Saxon King, Alfred the Great,
Postponed the cares of king-craft to translate
The Consolations of the Roman sage.
Here Geoffrey Chaucer in his ripe old age
Wrote the unrivalled Tales, which soon or late
The venturous hand that strives to imitate
Vanquished must fall on the unfinished page.
Two kings were they, who ruled by right divine;
And both supreme, one in the realm of Truth,
One in the realm of Fiction and of Song.
What prince hereditary of their line,
Uprising in the strength and flush of youth,
Their glory shall inherit and prolong?

THE FOUR PRINCESSES AT WILNA.

A PHOTOGRAPH.

Sweet faces, that from pictured casements lean
As from a castle window, looking down
On some gay pageant passing through a town,
Yourselves the fairest figures in the scene;
With what a gentle grace, with what serene
Unconsciousness ye wear the triple crown
Of youth and beauty and the fair renown
Of a great name, that ne'er hath tarnished been!
From your soft eyes, so innocent and sweet,
Four spirits, sweet and innocent as they,
Gaze on the world below, the sky above;
Hark! there is some one singing in the street;
"Faith, Hope, and Love! these three," he seems to say;
"These three; and greatest of the three is Love."

HOLIDAYS.

The holiest of all holidays are those
Kept by ourselves in silence and apart;
The secret anniversaries of the heart,
When the full river of feeling overflows;
The happy days unclouded to their close;
The sudden joys that out of darkness start
As flames from ashes; swift desires that dart
Like swallows singing down each wind that blows!
White as the gleam of a receding sail,
White as a cloud that floats and fades in air,
White as the whitest lily on a stream,
These tender memories are; -- a Fairy Tale
Of some enchanted land we know not where,
But lovely as a landscape in a dream.

WAPENTAKE.

TO ALFRED TENNYSON.

Poet! I come to touch thy lance with mine;
Not as a knight, who on the listed field
Of tourney touched his adversary's shield
In token of defiance, but in sign
Of homage to the mastery, which is thine,
In English song; nor will I keep concealed,
And voiceless as a rivulet frosted-sealed,
My admiration for thy verse divine.
Not of the howling dervishes of song,
Who craze the brain with their delirious dance,
Art thou, O sweet historian of the heart!
Therefore to thee the laurel-leaves belong,
To thee our love and our allegiance,
For thy allegiance to the poet's art.

THE BROKEN OAR.

Once upon Iceland's solitary strand
A poet wandered with his book and pen,
Seeking some final word, some sweet Amen,
Wherewith to close the volume in his hand.
The billows rolled and plunged upon the sand,
The circling sea-gulls swept beyond his ken,
And from the parting cloud-rack now and then
Flashed the red sunset over sea and land.
Then by the billows at his feet was tossed
A broken oar; and carved thereon he read,
"Oft was I weary, when I toiled at thee;"
And like a man, who findeth what was lost,
He wrote the words, then lifted up his head,
And flung his useless pen into the sea.
Neither care of my flock nor hope of liberty was there,  
Though from my wattled folds there went forth many  
a victim,  
And the unctuous cheese was pressed for the city un-  
grateful,  
Never did my right hand return home heavy with  
money.

TITYRUS.
I have wondered why sad thou invokedst the gods,  
Amaryllis,  
And for whom thou didst suffer the apples to hang  
on the branches!  
Tityrus hence was absent! Thee, Tityrus, even the  
pine-trees,  
Thee, the very fountains, the very copse were call-  
ing.

TITYRUS.
What could I do? No power had I to escape from  
my bondage,  
Nor had I power elsewhere to recognize gods so pro-  
pitious,  
Here I beheld that youth, to whom each year, Meli-  
brous,  
During twice six days ascends the smoke of our  
altars.  
Here first gave be response to me soliciting favor:  
"Feed as before your heifers, ye boys, and yoke up  
your bullocks."

MELIBŒUS.
Fortunate old man! So then thy fields will be left  
thee,  
And large enough for thee, though naked stone and  
the marish  
All thy pasture-lands with the dreggy rush may  
encircle,  
No unaccustomed food thy gravid ewes shall en-  
danger,  
Nor of the neighboring flock the dire contagion in-  
flect them.  
Fortunate old man! Here among familiar rivers,  
And these sacred fountains, shalt thou take the shad-  
owy coolness.  
On this side, a hedge along the neighboring cross-  
road,  
Where Hyblæan bees ever feed on the flower of the  
willow,  
Often with gentle susurrus to fall asleep shall per-  
suade thee.  
Yonder, beneath the high rock, the pruner shall sing  
to the breezes,  
Nor meanwhile shall thy heart's delight, the hoarse  
wood-pigeons,  
Nor the turtle-dove cease to mourn from aerial elm-  
trees.

TITYRUS.
Therefore the agile stags shall sooner feed in the  
other,  
And the billows leave the fishes bare on the sea-  
shore.  
Sooner, the border-lands of both overpassed, shall  
the exiled  
Parthian drink of the Saone, or the German drink  
of the Tigris,  
Than the face of him shall glide away from my  
bosom!
MELIBOEUS.

But we hence shall go, a part to the thirsty Africa,
Part to Scythia come, and the rapid Cretan Oxes,
And to the Britons from all the universe utterly
sundered.
Ah, shall I ever, a long time hence, the bounds of
my country
And the roof of my lowly cottage covered with
greensward
Seeing, with wonder behold, — my kingdoms, a
handful of wheat-ears!
Shall an impious soldier possess these lands newly
cultured,
And these fields of corn a barbarian? Lo, whither
discord
Us wretched people hath brought! for whom our
fields we have planted!
Craft, Meliboeus, thy pear-trees, now, put in order
thy vineyards.
Go, my goats, go hence, my flocks so happy afore-
time.
Never again henceforth outstretched in my verdur-
ous cavern
Shall I behold you afar from the bushy precipice
hanging;
Songs no more shall I sing; not with me, ye goats,
as your shepherd,
Shall ye browse on the bitter willow or blooming
laburnum.

TITYRUS.

Nevertheless, this night together with me canst thou
rest thee
Here on the verdant leaves; for us there are mel-
lowing apples,
Chestnuts soft to the touch; and clouted cream in
abundance;
And the high roads now of the villages smoke in the
distance,
And from the lofty mountains are falling larger the
shadows.

OVID IN EXILE.

AT TOMIS, IN BESSARABIA, NEAR THE MOUTHS OF
THE DANUBE.

TRISTIA, Book III., Elegy X.

SHOULD any one there in Rome remember Ovid the
exile,
And, without me, my name still in the city sur-
vive;
Tell him that under stars which never set in the
ocean
I am existing still, here in a barbarous land.
Fierce Sarmatians encompass me round, and the
Bessi and Getæ;
Names how unworthy to be sung by a genius
like mine!
Yet when the air is warm, intervening Ister de-
fends us:
He, as he flows, repels inroads of war with his
waves.
But when the dismal winter reveals its hideous as-
pect,
When all the earth becomes white with a marble-
like frost;
And when Boreas is loosed, and the snow hurled
under Arcturus,
Then these nations, in sooth, shudder and shiver
with cold.

Deep lies the snow, and neither the sun nor the
rain can dissolve it;
Boreas hardens it still, makes it forever remain.
Hence, ere the first has melted away, another suc-
cceeds it,
And two years it is wont, in many places, to lie.
And so great is the power of the North-wind
awakened, it levels
Lofty towers with the ground, roofs uplifted
beams off.
Wrapped in skins, and with trousers sewed, they
contend with the weather,
And their faces alone of the whole body are seen.
Often their tresses, when shaken, with pendent
icles tinkle,
And their whitened beards shine with the gather-
ing frost.
Wines consolidate stand, preserving the form of the
vessels;
No more draughts of wine, — pieces presented
they drink.
Why should I tell you how all the rivers are frozen
and solid,
And from out of the lake frangible water is dug?
Ister,—no narrower stream than the river that
bears the papyrus,—
Which through its many mouths mingles its
waves with the deep;
Ister, with hardening winds, congeals its cerulean
waters,
Under a roof of ice winding its way to the sea.
There where ships have sailed, men go on foot; and
the billows,
Soldi made by the frost, hoof-beats of horses in-
dent.
Over unwonted bridges, with water gliding beneath
them,
The Sarmatian steers drag their barbarian carts.
Searcely shall I be believed; yet when naught is
gained by a falsehood,
Absolute credence then should to a witness be
given.
I have beheld the vast Black Sea of ice all com-
pacted,
And a slippery crust pressing its motionless tides.
'Tis not enough to have seen, I have trodden this
indurate ocean;
Dry shod passed my foot over its uppermost
wave.
If thou hadst had of old such a sea as this is, Lean-
der!
Then thy death had not been charged as a crime
to the Strait.
Nor can the curved dolphins uplift themselves from
the water;
All their struggles to rise merciless winter pre-
vents;
And though Boreas sound with roar of wings in
cominotion,
In the blockaded gulf never a wave will there be;
And the ships will stand hemmed in by the frost,
as in marble,
Nor will the oar have power through the stiff
waters to cleave.
Fast bound in the ice have I seen the fishes adhering,  
Yet notwithstanding this some of them still were alive.

Hence, if the savage strength of omnipotent Boreas freezes  
Whether the salt-sea wave, whether the refluent stream,—

Straightway—the Ister made level by arid blasts of the North-wind,  
Comes the barbaric foe borne on his swift-footed steed;

Foe, that powerful made by his steed and his far-flying arrows,  
All the neighboring land void of inhabitants makes.

Some take flight, and none being left to defend  
Their possessious, unprotected, their goods pilage and plunder become;

Cattle and creaking carts, the little wealth of the country,  
And what riches beside indigent peasants possess.

Some as captives are driven along, their hands bound behind them,  
Looking backward in vain toward their Lares and lands.

Others, transfixed with barbéd arrows, in agony perish,  
For the swift arrow-heads all have in poison been dipped.

What they cannot carry or lead away they demolish,  
And the hostile flames burn up the innocent cots.

Even when there is peace, the fear of war is impending;  
None, with the ploughshare pressed, furrows the soil any more.

Either this region sees, or fears a foe that it sees not,  
And the sluggish land slumbers in utter neglect.

No sweet grape lies hidden here in the shade of its vine-leaves,  
No fermenting must fills and overflows the deep vats.

Apples the region denies; nor would Acontius have found here  
Aught upon which to write words for his mistress to read.

Naked and barren plains without leaves or trees we behold here,—  
Places, alas! unto which no happy man would repair.

Since then this mighty orb lies open so wide upon all sides,  
Has this region been found only my prison to be?

TRISTIA, Book III., Elegy XII.

Now the boys and the laughing girls the violet gather,  
Which the fields bring forth, nobody sowing the seed.

Now the meadows are blooming with flowers of various colors,  
And with untaught throats carol the garrulous birds.

Now the swallow, to shun the crime of her merciless mother,  
Under the rafters builds cradles and dear little homes;

And the blade that lay hid, covered up in the furrows of Ceres,  
Now from the tepid ground raises its delicate head.

Where there is ever a vine, the bud shoots forth from the tendrils,  
But from the Getic shore distant afar is the vine!

Where there is ever a tree, on the tree the branches are swelling,  
But from the Getic land distant afar is the tree!

Now it is holiday there in Rome, and to games in due order  
Give place the windy wars of the vociferous bar.

Now they are riding the horses; with light arms now they are playing,  
Now with the ball, and now round rolls the swift-flying hoop:

Now, when the young athlete with flowing oil is anointed,  
He in the Virgin's Fount bathes, overwearied, his limbs.

Thrives the stage; and applause, with voices at variance, thunders,  
And the Theatres three for the three Forums resound.

Four times happy is he, and times without number is happy,  
Who the city of Rome, uninterdicted, enjoys.

But all I see is the snow in the vernal sunshine dissolving,  
And the waters no more delved from the indurate lake.

Nor is the sea now frozen, nor as before o'er the Ister  
Comes the Sarmatian boor driving his stridulous cart.

Hitherward, nevertheless, some keels already are steering,  
And on this Pontic shore alien vessels will be.

Eagerly shall I run to the sailor, and, having saluted,  
Who he may be, I shall ask; wherefore and whence he hath come.

Strange indeed will it be, if he come not from regions adjacent,  
And incautious unless ploughing the neighboring sea.

Rarely a mariner over the deep from Italy passes,  
Rarely he comes to these shores, wholly of harbors devoid.

Whether he kneweth Greek, or whether in Latin he speaketh,
Surely on this account he the more welcome will be.

Also perchance from the mouth of the Strait and the waters Propontic,
Unto the steady South-wind, some one is spreading his sails.

Whosoever he is, the news he can faithfully tell me,
Which may become a part and an approach to the truth.

He, I pray, may be able to tell me the triumphs of Caesar,
Which he has heard of, and vows paid to the Latian Jove;

And that thy sorrowful head, Germania, thou, the rebellious,
Under the feet, at last, of the Great Captain hast laid.

Whoso shall tell me these things, that not to have seen will afflict me,
Forthwith unto my house welcomed as guest shall he be.

Woe is me! Is the house of Ovid in Scythian lands now?
And doth punishment now give me its place for a home?

Grant, ye gods, that Caesar make this not my house
And my homestead,
But decree it to be only the inn of my pain.

ON THE TERRACE OF THE AIGALADES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MÉRY.

From this high portal, where upsprings
The rose to touch our hands in play,
We at a glance behold three things,—
The Sea, the Town, and the Highway.

And the Sea says: My shipwrecks fear;
I drown my best friends in the deep;
And those who braved my tempests here
Among my sea-weeds lie asleep!

The Town says: I am filled and fraught
With tumult and with smoke and care;
My days with toil are overwrought,
And in my nights I gape for air.

The Highway says: My wheel-tracks guide
To the pale climates of the North;
Where my last milestone stands aside
The people to their death gone forth.

Here, in the shade, this life of ours,
Full of delicious air, glides by
Amid a multitude of flowers
As countless as the stars on high;

These red-tiled roofs, this fruitful soil,
Bathed with an azure all divine,
Where springs the tree that gives us oil,
The grape that giveth us the wine;

Beneath these mountains stripped of trees,
Whose tops with flowers are covered o'er,
Where spring-time of the Hesperides
 Begins, but endeth nevermore;

Under these leafy vaults and walls,
That unto gentle sleep persuade;
This rainbow of the waterfalls,
Of mingled mist and sunshine made;

Upon these shores, where all invites,
We live our languid life apart;
This air is that of life's delights,
The festival of sense and heart;

This limpid space of time prolong,
Forget to-morrow in to-day,
And leave unto the passing throng
The Sea, the Town, and the Highway.

TO MY BROOKLET.

FROM THE FRENCH OF DUCIS.

Thou brooklet, all unknown to song,
Hid in the covert of the wood!
Ah, yes, like thee I fear the throng,
Like thee I love the solitude.

O brooklet, let my sorrows past
Lie all forgotten in their graves,
Till in my thoughts remain at last
Only thy peace, thy flowers, thy waves.

The lily by thy margin waits—
The nightingale, the marguerite;
In shadow here he meditates
His nest, his love, his music sweet.

Near thee the self-collected soul
Knows sought of error or of crime;
Thy waters, murmuring as they roll,
Transform his musings into rhyme.

Ah, when, on bright autumnal eyes,
Pursuing still thy course, shall I
List the soft shudder of the leaves,
And hear the lapwing's plaintive cry?

BARRÉGES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LEFRANC DE POMPIGNAN.

I leave you, ye cold mountain chains,
Dwelling of warriors stark and frore!
You, may these eyes behold no more,
Save on the horizon of our plains.

Vanish, ye frightful, gloomy views!
Ye rocks that mount up to the clouds!
Of skies, unwrapped in misty shrouds,
Impracticable avenues!

Ye torrents, that with might and main
Break pathways through the rocky walls!
With your terrific waterfalls
Fatigue no more my weary brain!

Aris, ye landscapes full of charms,
Aris, ye pictures of delight!
Ye brooks, that water in your flight
The flowers and harvests of our farms!

You I perceive, ye meadows green,
Where the terrome the lowland fills,
Not far from that long chain of hills,
With intermingled vales between.

Yon wreath of smoke, that mounts so high,
Methinks from my own heart must come;
With speed, to that beloved home,
Fly, ye too lazy coursers, fly!

And hear me thither, where the soul
In quiet may itself possess,
Where all things soothe the mind's distress,
Where all things teach me and console.
FORSKEN.
FROM THE GERMAN.

Something the heart must have to cherish,
Must love and joy and sorrow learn,
Something with passion clasp, or perish,
And in itself to ashes burn.

So to this child my heart is clinging,
And its frank eyes, with look intense,
Me from a world of sin are bringing
Back to a world of innocence.

Disdain must thou endure forever;
Strong may thy heart in danger be!
Thou shalt not fail! but ah, be never
False as thy father was to me.

Never will I forsake thee, faithless,
And thou thy mother ne'er forsake,

Until her lips are white and breathless,
Until in death her eyes shall break.

---

ALLAH.
FROM THE GERMAN OF MAHLMANN.

Allah gives light in darkness,
Allah gives rest in pain,
Cheeks that are white with weeping
Allah paints red again.

The flowers and the blossoms wither,
Years vanish with flying feet;
But my heart will live on forever,
That here in sadness beat.

Gladly to Allah's dwelling
Yonder would I take flight;
There will the darkness vanish,
There will my eyes have sight.

---

SEVEN SONNETS
AND A CANZONE, FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

[The following translations are from the poems of Michael Angelo as revised by his nephew Michael Angelo the Younger, and were made before the publication of the original text by Guasti.]

I.

THE ARTIST.

Nothing the greatest artist can conceive
That every marble block doth not confine
Within itself; and only its design
The hand that follows intellect can achieve.
The ill I flee, the good that I believe,
In thee, fair lady, lofty and divine,
Thus hidden lie; and so that death be mine
Art, of desired success, doth me bereave.

Love is not guilty, then, nor thy fair face,
Nor fortune, cruelty, nor great disdain,
Of my disgrace, nor chance nor destiny;
If in thy heart both death and love find place
At the same time, and if my humble brain,
Burning, can nothing draw but death from thee.

II.

FIRE.

Not without fire can any workman mould
The iron to his preconceived design,
Nor can the artist without fire refine
And purify from all its dross the gold;
Nor can revive the phænix, we are told,
Except by fire. Hence if such death be mine
I hope to rise again with the divine,
Whom death augments, and time cannot make old.

Oh, sweet, sweet death! O fortunate fire that burns
Within me still to renovate my days,
Though I am almost numbered with the dead!
If by its nature unto heaven returns
This element, me, kindled in its blaze,
Will it bear upward when my life is fled.

III.

YOUTH AND AGE.

Oh give me back the days when loose and free
To my blind passion were the curb and rein,
Oh give me back the angelic face again,
With which all virtue buried seems to be!
Oh give my panting footsteps back to me,
That are in age so slow and fraught with pain,
And fire and moisture in the heart and brain,
If thou wouldst have me burn and weep for thee!

If it be true thou livest alone, Amor,
On the sweet-bitter tears of human hearts,
In an old man thou canst not wake desire;
Soul's that have almost reached the other shore
Of a divergent love should feel the darts,
And be as'tinder to a holier fire.

IV.

OLD AGE.

The course of my long life hath reached at last,
In fragile bark o'er a tempestuous sea,
The common harbor, where must rendered be
Account of all the actions of the past.
The impassioned phantasy, that, vague and vast,
Made art an idol and a king to me,
Was an illusion, and but vaunting
Were the desires that lured me and harassed.
The dreams of love, that were so sweet of yore,
What are they now, when two deaths may be mine,
One sure, and one forecasting its alarms?
Painting and sculpture satisfy no more
The soul now turning to the Love Divine,
That oped, to embrace us, on the cross its arms.
V.

TO VITTORIA COLONNA.

LADY, how can it chance — yet this we see
In long experience — that will longer last
A living image carved from quarries vast
Than its own maker, who dies presently?
Cause yieldeth to effect if this so be,
And even Nature is by Art surpassed;
This know I, who to Art have given the past,
But see that Time is breaking faith with me.
Perhaps on both of us long life can I
Either in color or in stone bestow,
By now portraying each in look and mien;
So that a thousand years after we die,
How fair thou wast, and I how full of woe,
And wherefore I so loved thee, may be seen.

VI.

TO VITTORIA COLONNA.

When the prime mover of my many sighs
Heaven took through death from out her earthly place,
Nature, that never made so fair a face,
Remained ashamed, and tears were in all eyes.
O fate, unheeding my impassioned cries!
O hopes fallacious! O thou spirit of grace,
Where art thou now? Earth holds in its embrace
Thy lovely limbs, thy holy thoughts the skies.
Vainly did cruel death attempt to stay
The rumor of thy virtuous renown,
That Lethe's waters could not wash away!
A thousand leaves, since he hath stricken thee down,
Speak of thee, nor to thee could Heaven convey,
Except through death, a refuge and a crown.

VII.

DANTE.

What should be said of him cannot be said;
By too great splendor is his name attended;
To blame is easier those who him offended,
Than reach the faintest glory round him shed.
This man descended to the doomed and dead
For our instruction; then to God ascended;
Heaven opened wide to him its portals splen-
did,
Who from his country's, closed against him, fled.
Ungrateful land! To its own prejudice
Nurse of his fortunes; and this showeth well
That the most perfect most of grief shall see.
Among a thousand proofs let one suffice,
That as his exile hath no parallel,
Ne'er walked the earth a greater man than he.

VIII.

CANZONE.

Ah me! ah me! when thinking of the years,
The vanished years, alas, I do not find
Among them all one day that was my own!
Fallacious hopes, desires of the unknown,
Lamenting, loving, burning, and in tears,
(For human passions all have stirred my mind),
Have held me, now I feel and know, confined
Both from the true and good still far away.
I perish day by day;
The sunshine falls, the shadows grow more dreary.
And I am near to fall, infirm and weary.
ULTIMA THULE.

DEDICATION.

TO G. W. G.

With favoring winds, o'er sunlit seas,
We sailed for the Hesperides,
The land where golden apples grow;
But that, ah! that was long ago.

How far, since then, the ocean streams
Have swept us from that land of dreams,
That land of fiction and of truth,
The lost Atlantis of our youth!

Whither, ah, whither? Are not these
The tempest-haunted Hebrides,
Where sea-gulls scream, and breakers roar,
And wreck and sea-weed line the shore?

Ultima Thule! Utmost Isle!
Here in thy harbors for a while
We lower our sails; a while we rest
From the unwending, endless quest.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Dead he lay among his books!
The peace of God was in his looks.

As the statues in the gloom
Watch o'er Maximilian's tomb,

So those volumes from their shelves
Watched him, silent as themselves.

Ah! his hand will nevermore
Turn their storied pages o'er;

Nevermore his lips repeat
Songs of theirs, however sweet.

Let the lifeless body rest!
He is gone, who was its guest;

Gone, as travellers haste to leave
An inn, nor tarry until eve.

Traveller! in what realms afar,
In what planet, in what star,
In what vast, aerial space,
Shines the light upon thy face?

In what gardens of delight
Rest thy weary feet to-night?

Poet! thon, whose latest verse
Was a garland on thy hearse;

Thon hast sung, with organ tone,
In Delkainio's life, thine own;

On the ruins of the Past
Bloom the perfect flower at last.

Friend! but yesterday the bells
Rang for thee their loud farewells;

And to-day they toll for thee,
Lying dead beyond the sea;

Lying dead among thy books,
The peace of God in all thy looks.

1 In the Hofkirche at Innsbruck.

THE CHAMBER OVER THE GATE.

Is it so far from thee
Thou canst no longer see,
In the Chamber over the Gate,
That old man desolate,
Weeping and wailing sore
For his son, who is no more?
O Absalom, my son!

Is it so long ago
That cry of human woe
From the walled city came,
Calling on his dear name,
That it has died away
In the distance of to-day?
O Absalom, my son!

There is no far or near,
There is neither there nor here,
There is neither soon nor late,
In that Chamber over the Gate,
Nor any long ago
To that cry of human woe,
O Absalom, my son!

From the ages that are past
The voice sounds like a blast,
Over seas that wreck and drown,
Over tumult of traffic and town;
And from ages yet to be
Come the echoes back to me,
O Absalom, my son!

Somewhere at every hour
The watchman on the tower
Looks forth, and sees the fleet
Approach of the hurrying feet
Of messengers, that bear
The tidings of despair.
O Absalom, my son!

He goes forth from the door,
Who shall return no more.
With him our joy departs;
The light goes out in our hearts;
In the Chamber over the Gate
We sit disconsolate.
O Absalom, my son!

That 't is a common grief
Bringeth but slight relief;
Ours is the bitterest loss,
Ours is the heaviest cross;
And forever the cry will be,
"Would God I had died for thee,
O Absalom, my son!"

FROM MY ARM-CHAIR.

TO THE CHILDREN OF CAMBRIDGE,

Who presented to me, on my Seventy-second Birthday,
February 27, 1879, this Chair made from the Wood of
the Village Blacksmith's Chestnut-Tree.

Am I a king, that I should call my own
This splendid ebon throne?
Or by what reason, or what right divine,
Can I proclaim it mine?

Only, perhaps, by right divine of song
It may to me belong;
Only because the spreading chestnut-tree
Of old was sung by me.
Well I remember it in all its prime,
When in the summer-time
The affluent foliage of its branches made
A cavern of cool shade.

There, by the blacksmith's forge, beside the street,
Its blossoms white and sweet
Enticed the bees, until it seemed alive,
And murmured like a hive.

And when the winds of autumn, with a shout,
Tossed its great arms about,
The shining chestnuts, bursting from the sheath,
Dropped to the ground beneath.

And now some fragments of its branches bare,
Shaped as a stately chair,
Have by my hearthstone found a home at last,
And whisper of the past.

The Danish king could not in all his pride
Repel the ocean tide,
But, seated in this chair, I can in rhyme
Roll back the tide of Time.

I see again, as one in vision sees,
The blossoms and the bees,
And hear the children's voices shout and call,
And the brown chestnuts fall.

I see the smithy with its fires aglow,
I hear the bellows blow,
And the shrill hammers on the anvil beat
The iron white with heat!

And thus, dear children, have ye made for me
This day a jubilee,
And to my more than three-score years and ten
Brought back my youth again.

The heart hath its own memory, like the mind,
And in it are enshrined
The precious keepsakes, into which is wrought
The giver's loving thought.

Only your love and your remembrance could
Give life to this dead wood,
And make these branches, leafless now so long,
Blossom again in song.

JUGURTHA.

How cold are thy baths, Apollo!
Cried the African monarch, the splendid,
As down to his death in the hollow
Dark dungeons of Rome he descended,
Uncrowned, unthroned, unattended;
How cold are thy baths, Apollo!

How cold are thy baths, Apollo!
Cried the Poet, unknown, unbefriended,
As the vision, that lured him to follow,
With the mist and the darkness blended,
And the dream of his life was ended;
How cold are thy baths, Apollo!

THE IRON PEN,

Made from a fetter of Bonnivard, the Prisoner of Ceylon; the handle of wood from the Frigate Constitution, and bound with a circlet of gold, inset with three precious stones from Siberia, Ceylon, and Maine.

I THOUGHT this Pen would arise
From the casket where it lies —
Of itself would arise and write
My thanks and my surprise.

When you gave it me under the pines,
I dreamed these gems from the mines
Of Siberia, Ceylon, and Maine
Would glimmer as thoughts in the lines;

That this iron link from the chain
Of Bonnivard might retain
Some verse of the Poet who sang
Of the prisoner and his pain;

That this wood from the frigate's mast
Might write me a rhyme at last,
As it used to write on the sky
The song of the sea and the blast.

But motionless as I wait,
Like a Bishop lying in state
Lies the Pen, with its mitre of gold,
And its jewels inviolate.
Then must I speak, and say
That the light of that summer day
In the garden under the pines
Shall not fade and pass away.

I shall see you standing there,
Caressed by the fragrant air,
With the shadow on your face,
And the sunshine on your hair.

I shall hear the sweet low tone
Of a voice before unknown,
Saying, "This is from me to you—
From me, and to you alone."

And in words not idle and vain
I shall answer and thank you again
For the gift, and the grace of the gift,
O beautiful Helen of Maine!

And forever this gift will be
As a blessing from you to me,
As a drop of the dew of your youth
On the leaves of an aged tree.

ROBERT BURNS.

I see amid the fields of Ayr
A ploughman, who, in foul and fair,
Sings at his task
So clear, we know not if it is
The laverock's song we hear, or his,
Nor care to ask.

For him the ploughing of those fields
A more ethereal harvest yields
Than sheaves of grain;
Songs flush with purple bloom the rye,
The plowman's call, the curlew's cry,
Sing in his brain.

Touched by his hand, the wayside weed
Becomes a flower; the lowest weed
Beside the stream.
Is clothed with beauty; gorse and grass
And heather, where his footsteps pass,
The brighter seem.

He sings of love, whose flame illumines
The darkness of lone cottage rooms;
He feels the force,
The treacherous undertow and stress
Of wayward passions, and no less
The keen remorse.

At moments, wrestling with his fate,
His voice is harsh, but not with hate;
The brushwood, hung
Above the tavern door, lets fall
Its bitter leaf, its drop of gall
Upon his tongue.

But still the music of his song
Rises o'er all clare and strong;
Its master-chords
Are Manhood, Freedom, Brotherhood,
Its discords but an interlude
Between the words.

And then to die so young and leave
Unfinished what he might achieve!
Yet better sure
Is this, than wandering up and down
An old man in a country town,
Infirm and poor.

For now he haunts his native land
As an immortal youth; his hand
Guides every plough;
He sits beside each hingle-nook,
His voice is in each rushing brook,
Each rustling bough.

His presence haunts this room to-night,
A form of mingled mist and light
From that far coast.
Welcome beneath this roof of mine!
Welcome! this vacant chair is thine,
Dear guest and ghost!

HELEN OF TYRE.

What phantom is this that appears
Through the purple mists of the years,
Itself but a mist like these?
A woman of cloud and of fire;
It is she; it is Helen of Tyre.
The town in the midst of the seas.

O Tyre! in thy crowded streets
The phantom appears and retreats,
And the Israelites that sell
Thy lilies and lions of brass,
Look up as they see her pass,
And murmur "Jezebel!"

Then another phantom is seen
At her side, in a gray gabardine,
With heard that floats to his waist;
It is Simon Magus, the Seer;
He speaks, and she pauses to hear
The words he utters in haste.

He says: "From this evil fame,
From this life of sorrow and shame,
I will lift thee and make thee mine;
Thou hast been Queen Candace,
And Helen of Troy, and shalt be
The Intelligence Divine!"

Oh, sweet as the breath of morn,
To the fallen and forlorn
Are whispered words of praise;
For the famished heart believes
The falsehood that tempts and deceives,
And the promise that betrays.

So she follows from land to land
The wizard's beckoning hand,
As a leaf is blown by the gust,
OLD ST. DAVID'S AT RADGOR.

What an image of peace and rest
Is this little church among its graves!
All is so quiet; the troubled breast,
The wounded spirit, the heart oppressed,
Here may find the repose it craves.

See, how the ivy climbs and expands
Over this humble hermitage,
And seems to caress with its little hands
The rough, gray stones, as a child that stands
Caresing the wrinkled cheeks of age!

You cross the threshold; and dim and small
Is the space that serves for the Shepherd's Fold;
The narrow aisle, the bare, white wall,
The pews, and the pulpit quaint and tall,
Whisper and say: "Alas! we are old."

Herbert's chapel at Bemerton
Hardly more spacious is than this;
But Poet and Pastor, bent in one,
Clothed with a splendor, as of the sun,
That lowly and holy edifice.

It is not the wall of stone without
That makes the building small or great,
But the soul's light shining round about,
And the faith that overcometh doubt,
And the love that stronger is than hate.

Were I a pilgrim in search of peace,
Were I a pastor of Holy Church,
More than a Bishop's diocese
Should I prize this place of rest, and release
From farther longing and farther search.

Here would I stay, and let the world
With its distant thunder roar and roll;
Storms do not rend the sail that is furl'd;
Nor like a dead leaf, tossed and whirled
In an eddy of wind, is the anchored soul.

THE SIFTING OF PETER.

In St. Luke's Gospel we are told
How Peter in the days of old
Was sifted;
And now, though ages intervene,
Sin is the same, while time and scene
Are shifted.
Satan desires us, great and small,
As wheat to sift us, and we all
Are tempted;
Not one, however rich or great,
Is by his station or estate
Exempted.
No house so safely guarded is
But he, by some device of his,
Can enter;
No heart hath armor so complete
But he can pierce with arrows fleet
Its centre.

For all at last the cock will crow,
Who hear the warning voice, but go
Unheeding,
Till thrice and more they have denied
The Man of Sorrows, crucified
And bleeding.
One look of that pale suffering face
Will make us feel the deep disgrace
Of weakness;
We shall be sifted till the strength
Of self-conceit be changed at length
To meekness.
Wounds of the soul, though healed, will ache;
The reddening scars remain, and make
Confession;
Lost innocence returns no more;
We are not what we were before
Transgression.

FOLK SONGS.
THE TIDE RISES, THE TIDE FALLS.

The tide rises, the tide falls,
The twilight darkens, the curlew calls;
Along the sea-sands damp and brown
The traveller hastens toward the town,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles on roofs and walls,
But the sea in the darkness calls and calls;
The little waves, with their soft, white hands,
Erase the footprints in the sands,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks; the steeds in their stalls
Stamp and neigh, as the hostler calls;
The day returns, but nevermore
Returns the traveller to the shore,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

MAIDEN AND WEATHERCOCK.

MAIDEN.

O Weathercock on the village spire,
With your golden feathers all on fire,
Tell me, what can you see from your perch
Above there over the tower of the church?

WEATHERCOCK.

I can see the roofs and the streets below,
And the people moving to and fro,
And beyond, without either roof or street,
The great salt sea, and the fisherman's fleet.

I can see a ship come sailing in
Beyond the headlands and harbor of Lynn,
And a young man standing on the deck,
With a silken kerchief round his neck.

Now he is pressing it to his lips,
And now he is kissing his finger-tips,
And now he is lifting and waving his hand,
And blowing the kisses toward the land.

MAIDEN.

Ah, that is the ship from over the sea,
That is bringing my lover back to me,
Bringing my lover so fond and true,
Who does not change with the wind like you.

WEATHERCOCK.

If I change with all the winds that blow,
It is only because they made me so,
And people would think it wondrous strange,
If I, a Weathercock, should not change.

O pretty Maiden, so fine and fair,
With your dreamy eyes and your golden hair,
When you and your lover meet to-day
You will thank me for looking some other way.

THE WINDMILL.

Behold! a giant am I!
Alight here in my tower,
With my granite jaws I devour
The maize, and the wheat, and the rye,
And grind them into flour.

I look down over the farms;
In the fields of grain I see
The harvest that is to be,
And I fling to the air my arms,
For I know it is all for me.

I hear the sound of flails
Far off, from the threshing-floors
In barns, with their open doors,
And the wind, the wind in my sails,
Louder and louder roars.
MY CATHEDRAL. — THE POET AND HIS SONGS.

I stand here in my place,
With my foot on the rock below,
And whichever way it may blow
I meet it face to face,
As a brave man meets his foe.
And while we wrestle and strive
My master, the miller, stands
And feeds me with his hands;

For he knows who makes him thrive,
Who makes him lord of lands.

SONNETS.

MY CATHEDRAL.
LIKE two cathedral towers these stately pines
Uplift their fretted summits tipped with cones;
The arch beneath them is not built with stones,
Not Art but Nature traced these lovely lines,
And carved this graceful arabesque of vines;
No organ but the wind here sighs and moans,
No sepulchre conceals a martyr's bones,
No marble bishop on his tomb reclines.
Enter! the pavement, carpeted with leaves,
Gives back a softened echo to thy tread!
Listen! the choir is singing; all the birds,
In leafy galleries beneath the caves,
Are singing! listen, ere the sound be fled,
And learn there may be worship without words.

THE BURIAL OF THE POET.
RICHARD HENRY DANA.

In the old churchyard of his native town,
And in the ancestral tomb beside the wall,
We laid him in the sleep that comes to all,
And left him to his rest and his renown.

The snow was falling, as if Heaven dropped down
White flowers of Paradise to strew his pall;
The dead around him seemed to wake, and call
His name, as worthy of so white a crown.
And now the moon is shining on the scene,
And the broad sheet of snow is written o'er
With shadows cruciform of leafless trees,
As once the winding-sheet of Saladin
With chapters of the Koran; but, ah! more
Mysterious and triumphant signs are these.

NIGHT.

Into the darkness and the hush of night
Slowly the landscape sinks, and fades away,
And with it fade the phantoms of the day,
The ghosts of men and things, that haunt the light.
The crowd, the clamor, the pursuit, the flight,
The unprofitable splendor and display,
The agitations, and the cares that prey
Upon our hearts, all vanish out of sight.
The better life begins; the world no more
Molests us; all its records we erase
From the dull commonplace book of our lives,
That like a palimpsest is written o'er
With trivial incidents of time and place,
And lo! the ideal, hidden beneath, revives.

L'ENVOL.

THE POET AND HIS SONGS.

As the birds come in the Spring,
We know not from where;
As the stars come at evening
From depths of the air;
As the rain comes from the cloud,
And the brook from the ground;
As suddenly, low or loud,
Out of silence a sound;
As the grape comes to the vine,
The fruit to the tree;
As the wind comes to the pine,
And the tide to the sea;
As come the white sails of ships
O'er the ocean's verge;

As comes the smile to the lips,
The foam to the surge;
So come to the Poet his songs,
All hitherward blown
From the misty realm, that belongs
To the vast Unknown.
His, and not his, are the lays
He sings; and their fame
Is his, and not his; and the praise
And the pride of a name.
For voices pursue him by day,
And haunt him by night,
And he listens, and needs must obey,
When the Angel says: "Write!"
IN THE HARBOR:

ULTIMA THULE.—PART II.

BECALMED.

BECALMED upon the sea of Thought,
Still unattained the land it sought,
My mind, with loosely-hanging sails,
Lies waiting the auspicious gales.

On either side, behind, before,
The ocean stretches like a floor,—
A level floor of amethyst,
Crowned by a golden dome of mist.

Blow, breath of inspiration, blow!
Shake and uplift this golden glow!
And fill the canvas of the mind
With wafts of thy celestial wind.

Blow, breath of song! until I feel
The straining sail, the lifting keel,
The life of the awakening sea,
Its motion and its mystery!

HERMES TRISMEGISTUS.

As Selenus narrates, Hermes describes the principles
that rank as wholes in two myriads of books; or, as we
are informed by Manetho, he perfectly unfolded these
principles in three myriads—six thousand five hundred
and twenty-five volumes. . . . Our ancestors dedicated the inventions of their
wisdom to this deity, inscribing all their own writings
with the name of Hermes.—LAMBICUS.

Still through Egypt’s desert places
Flows the lordly Nile,
From its banks the great stone faces
Gaze with patient smile.
Stil the pyramids imperious
Pierce the cloudless skies,
And the Sphinx stares with mysterious,
Solemn, stony eyes.

But where are the old Egyptian
Demi-gods and kings?
Nothing left but an inscription
Graven on stones and rings.
Where are Helios and Hephaestus,
Gods of eldest old?

Where is Hermes Trismegistus,
Who their secrets held?

Where are now the many hundred
Thousand books he wrote?
By the Theomaturgists plundered,
Lost in lands remote;
In oblivion sunk forever,
As when o’er the land
Blows a storm-wind, in the river
Sinks the scattered sand.

Something unsubstantial, ghostly,
Seems this Theurgist,
In deep meditation mostly
Wrapped, as in a mist.
Vague, phantasmal, and unreal
To our thought he seems,
Walking in a world ideal,
In a land of dreams.

Was he one, or many, merging
Name and fame in one,
Like a stream, to which, converging,
Many streamlets run?
Till, with gathered power proceeding,
Ampler sweep it takes,
Downward the sweet waters leading
From unnumbered lakes.

By the Nile I see him wandering,
Pausing now and then,
On the mystic union pondering
Between gods and men;
Half believing, wholly feeling,
With supreme delight,
How the gods, themselves concealing,
Lift men to their height.

Or in Thebes, the hundred-gated,
In the thoroughfare
Breathing, as if consecrated,
A diviner air;
And amid discordant noises,
In the jostling throng,
Hearing far, celestial voices
Of Olympian song.

Who shall call his dreams fallacious?
Who has searched or sought
All the unexplored and spacious
Universe of thought?
Who, in his own skill confiding,
Shall with rule and line
Mark the borders—land dividing
Human and divine?

Trismegistus! three times greatest!
How thy name sublime
Has descended to this latest
Progeny of Time!
Happy they whose written pages
Perish with their lives,
If among the crumbling ages
Still their name survives!

Thine, O priest of Egypt, lately
Found I in the vast,
Weed-encumbered, sombre, stately,
Grave-yard of the Past;
And a presence moved before me
On that gloomy shore,
As a waft of wind, that o’er me
Breathed, and was no more.

THE POET’S CALENDAR.

JANUARY.

I.

Janus the first; oldest of potentates;
Forward I look, and backward, and below
I count, as god of avenues and gates,
The years that through my portals come and go.

II.

I block the roads, and drift the fields with snow;
I chase the wild-fowl from the frozen fen;
My frosts congeal the rivers in their flow;
My fires light up the hearths and hearts of men
FEBRUARY.
I am lustration; and the sea is mine!
I wash the sands and headlands with my tide;
My brow is crowned with branches of the pine;
Before my chariot-wheels the fishes glide.
By me all things unclean are purified,
By me the souls of men washed white again;
E'en the unlovely tombs of those who died
Without a dirge, I cleanse from every stain.

MARCH.
I Martius am! Once first, and now the third!
To lead the Year was my appointed place;
A mortal dispossessed me by a word,
And set there Janus with the double face.
Hence I make war on all the human race;
I shake the cities with my hurricanes;
I flood the rivers and their banks efface,
And drown the farms and hamlets with my rains.

APRIL.
I open wide the portals of the Spring
To welcome the procession of the flowers,
With their gay banners, and the birds that sing
Their song of songs from their aerial towers.
I soften with my sunshine and my showers
The heart of earth; with thoughts of love I glide
Into the hearts of men; and with the Hours
Upon the Bull with wreathed horns I ride.

MAY.
Hark! The sea-faring wild-fowl loud proclaim
My coming, and the swarming of the bees.
These are my heralds, and behold! my name
Is written in blossoms on the hawthorn-trees.
I tell the mariner when to sail the seas;
I waft o'er all the land from far away
The breath and bloom of the Hesperides,
My birthplace. I am Mala. I am May.

JUNE.
Mine is the Month of Roses; yes, and mine
The Month of Marriages! All pleasant sights
And scents, the fragrance of the blossoming vine,
The foliage of the valleys and the heights.

JULY.
My emblem is the Lion, and I breathe
The breath of Libyan deserts o'er the land;
Mine are the longest days, the loveliest nights;
The mower's seythe makes music to my ear;
I am the mother of all dear delights;
I am the fairest daughter of the year.

AUGUST.
The Emperor Octavian, called the August,
I being his favorite, bestowed his name
Upon me, and I hold it still in trust,
In memory of him and of his fame.
I am the Virgin, and my vestal flame
Burns less intensely than the Lion's rage;
Sheaves are my only garlands, and I claim
The golden Harvests as my heritage.

SEPTEMBER.
I bear the Scales, where hang in equipoise
The night and day; and when unto my lips
I put my trumpet, with its stress and noise
Fly the white clouds like tattered sails of ships;
The tree-tops lash the air with sounding whips;
Southward the clamorous sea-fowl wing their flight;
The hedges are all red with haws and hips,
The Hunter's Moon reigns empress of the night.

OCTOBER.
My ornaments are fruits; my garments leaves,
Woven like cloth of gold, and crimson dyed;
I do not boast the harvesting of sheaves,
O'er orchards and o'er vineyards I preside.
Though on the frigid Scorpion I ride,
The dreamy air is full, and overflows
With tender memories of the summer-tide,
And mingled voices of the doves and crows.

**NOVEMBER.**

The Centaur, Sagittarius, am I,
Born of Ixion’s and the cloud’s embrace;
With sounding hoofs across the earth I fly,
A steel Thessalian with a human face.

Sharp winds the arrows are with which I chase
The leaves, half dead already with affright;
I shroud myself in gloom; and to the race
Of mortals bring nor comfort nor delight.

**DECEMBER.**

Riding upon the Goat, with snow-white hair,
I come, the last of all. This crown of mine
Is of the holly; in my hand I bear
The thyrsus, tipped with fragrant cones of pine
I celebrate the birth of the Divine,
And the return of the Saturnian reign; —

My songs are carols sung at every shrine,
Proclaiming “Peace on earth, good will to men.”

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**MAD RIVER.**

**IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.**

**TRAVELLER.**

Why dost thou wildly rush and roar,
Mad River, O Mad River?
Wilt thou not pause and cease to pour
Thy hurrying, headlong waters o’er
This rocky shelf forever?

What secret trouble stirs thy breast?
Why all this fret and hurry?
Dost thou not know that what is best
In this too restless world is rest
From over-work and worry?

**THE RIVER.**

What wonderst thou in these mountains seek,
O stranger from the city?
Is it perhaps some foolish freak

Of thine, to put the words I speak
Into a plaintive ditty?

**TRAVELLER.**

Yes; I would learn of thee thy song,
With all its flowing numbers,
And in a voice as fresh and strong
As thine is, sing it all day long,
And hear it in my slumbers.

**THE RIVER.**

A brooklet nameless and unknown
Was I at first, resembling
A little child, that all alone
Comes venturing down the stairs of stone,
Irresolute and trembling.

Later, by wayward fancies led,
For the wide world I panted;
Out of the forest dark and dread
Across the open fields I fled,
Like one pursued and haunted.

I tossed my arms, I sang aloud,
My voice exultant blending
With thunder from the passing cloud,
The wind, the forest bent and bowed,
The rush of rain descending.

I heard the distant ocean call,
Lamenting and entreating;
Drawn onward, o’er this rocky wall
I plunged, and the loud waterfall
Made answer to the greeting.

And now, beset with many ills,
A toilsome life I follow;
Compelled to carry from the hills
These logs to the impatient mills
Below there in the hollow.

Yet something ever cheers and charms
The rudeness of my labors;
Daily I water with these arms
The cattle of a hundred farms,
And have the birds for neighbors.

Men call me Mad, and well they may,
When, full of rage and trouble,
I burst my banks of sand and clay,
And sweep their wooden bridge away,
Like withered reeds or stubble.
Now go and write thy little rhyme,  
As of thine own creating. 
Thou seest the day is past its prime;  
I can no longer waste my time;  
The mills are tired of waiting.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN. 

IN MEMORY OF J. T. F.

UNTIL we meet again! That is the meaning  
Of the familiar words, that men repeat  
At parting in the street.
Ah yes, till then! but when death intervening  
Rends us asunder, with what ceaseless pain  
We wait for the Again.
The friends who leave us do not feel the sorrow  
Of parting, as we feel it, who must stay  
Lamenting day by day;
And knowing, when we wake upon the morrow,  
We shall not find in its accustomed place  
The one beloved face.

It were a double grief, if the departed, 
Being released from earth, should still retain  
A sense of earthly pain;  
It were a double grief, if the true-hearted, 
Who loved us here, should on the farther shore  
Remember us no more.

Believing, in the midst of our afflictions,  
That death is a beginning, not an end,  
We cry to them, and send  
Farewells, that better might be called predictions,  
Being fore-shadowings of the future, throned  
Into the vast Unknown.

Faith overleaps the confines of our reason,  
And if by faith, as in old times was said,  
Women received their dead  
Raised up to life, then only for a season  
Our partings are, nor shall we wait in vain  
Until we meet again!

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE.

[ A FRAGMENT. ]

I.

WHAT is this I read in history,  
Full of marvel, full of mystery,  
Difficult to understand?  
Is it fiction, is it truth?  
Children in the flower of youth,  
Heart in heart, and hand in hand,  
Ignorant of what helps or harms,  
Without armor, without arms,  
Journeying to the Holy Land!

Who shall answer or divine?  
Never since the world was made 
Such a wonderful crusade  
Started forth for Palestine.  
Never while the world shall last  
Will it reproduce the past;  
Never will it see again  
Such an army, such a band,  
Over mountain, over main,  
Journeying to the Holy Land.

Like a shower of blossoms blown  
From the parent trees they were;  
Like a flock of birds that fly  
Through the unfrequented sky,  
Holding nothing as their own,  
Passed they into lands unknown;  
Passed to suffer and to die.

O the simple, child-like trust!  
O the faith that could believe  
What the harnessed, iron-mailed  
Knights of Christendom had failed,  
By their prowess, to achieve;  
They, the children, could and must!

Little thought the Hermit, preaching  
Holy Wars to knight and baron,  
That the words dropped in his teaching,  
His entreaty, his beseeching,  
Would by children's hands be cleansed,  
And the staff on which he leaned  
Blossom like the rod of Aaron.

As a summer wind upheaves  
The innumerable leaves  
In the bosom of a wood—  
Not separate, but massed  
All together by the blast,—  
So for evil or for good  
His resistless breath upheaved  
All at once the many-leaved,  
Many-thoughted multitude.

In the tumult of the air  
Rock the boughs with all the nests  
Cradled on their tossing crests;  
By the fervor of his prayer  
Troubled hearts were everywhere  
Rocked and tossed in human breasts.

For a century, at least,  
His prophetic voice had ceased;  
But the air was heated still  
By his lard words and will,  
As from fires in far-off woods,  
In the autumn of the year,  
An unwonted fever broods  
In the sultry atmosphere.

II.

In Cologne the bells were ringing,  
In Cologne the nuns were singing  
Hymns and canticles divine;  
Loud the monks sang in their stalls,  
And the thronging streets were loud  
With the voices of the crowd;  
Underneath the ci^ walls  
Silent flowed the Rhine.

From the gates, that summer day,  
Clad in robes of hadden gray,  
With the red cross on the breast,  
Azure-eyed and golden-haired,  
Forth the young crusaders fared;  
While above the band devoted  
Consolated banners floated,  
Fluttered many a flag and streamer,  
And the cross o'er all the rest!  
Singing lowly, meekly, slowly,  
"Give us, give us back the holy  
Sepulchre of the Redeemer!"  
On the vast procession pressed,  
Youths and maidens . . .

III.

Ah! what master hand shall paint  
How they journeyed on their way,  
How the days grew long and dreary,  
How their little feet grew weary,  
How their little hearts grew faint!  
Ever swifter day by day  
Drew the homeward river; ever
More and more its whitening current
Broke and scattered into spray,
Till the calmly-flowing river
Changed into a mountain torrent,
Rushing from its glacier green
Down through chasm and black ravine.
Like a phoenix in its nest,
Burned the red sun in the West,
Sinking in an ashen cloud;
In the East, above the crest
Of the sea-like mountain chain,
Like a phoenix from its shroud,
Came the red sun back again.

Now around them, white with snow,
Closed the mountain peaks. Below,
Headlong from the precipice
Down into the dark abyss,
Plunged the cataract, white with foam;
And it said, or seemed to say:
"Oh return, white yet ye may,
Foolish children, to your home,
There the Holy City is!"

But the dauntless leader said:
"Faint not, though your bleeding feet
O'er these slippery paths of sled
Move but painfully and slowly;
Other feet than yours have bled;
Other tears than yours been shed.
Courage! lose not heart or hope;
On the mountain's southern slope
Lies Jerusalem the Holy!"

As a white rose in its pride,
By the wind in summer-sole
Tossed and loosened from the branch,
Showers its petals o'er the ground,
From the distant mountain's side,
Scattering all its snows around,
With mysterious, muffled sound,
Loosened, fell the avalanche.
Voices, echoes far and near,
Roar of winds and waters blending,
Mists uprising, clouds impending,
Filled them with a sense of fear,
Formless, nameless, never ending.

THE CITY AND THE SEA.

The panting City cried to the Sea,
"I am faint with heat,—O breathe on me!"
And the Sea said, "Lo, I breathe! but my breath
To some will be life, to others death!"

As to Prometheus, bringing ease
In pain, come the Oceanides,
So to the City, hot with the flame
Of the pitiless sun, the east wind came.
It came from the heaving breast of the deep,
Silent as dreams are, and sudden as sleep.

Life-giving, death-giving, which will it be;
O breath of the merciful, merciless Sea?

SUNDOWN.

The summer sun is sinking low;
Only the trees-top rolden and glow:
Only the weathercock on the spire
Of the neighboring church is a flame of fire;
All is in shadow below.

O beautiful, awful summer day,
What hast thou given, what taken away?
Life and death, and love and hate,
Homes made happy or desolate.
Hearts made sad or gay?

On the road of life one mile-stone more!
In the book of life one leaf turned o'er!
Like a red seal is the setting sun
On the good and the evil men have done,—
Naught can to-day restore—
July 24, 1879.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

"E VENNI DAL MARTIRIO A QUESTA PACE."

These words the poet heard in Paradise,
Uttered by one who, bravely dying here,
In the true faith was living in that sphere
Where the celestial cross of sacrifice
Spread its protecting arms athwart the skies;
And set thereon, like jewels crystal clear,
The souls magnanimous, that knew not fear,
Flashed their effulgence on his dazzled eyes.
Ah me! how dark the discipline of pain,
Were not the suffering followed by the sense
Of infinite rest and infinite release!
This is our consolation; and again
A great soul cries to us in our suspense,
"I came from martyrdom unto this peace!"

DECORATION DAY.

Sleep, comrades, sleep and rest
On this Field of the Grounded Arms,
Where fees no more molest,
Nor sentry's shot alarms!

Ye have slept on the ground before,
And started to your feet
At the cannon's sudden roar,
Or the drum's redoubling beat.

But in this camp of Death
No sound your slumber breaks;
Here is no fevered breath,
No wound that bleeds and aches.

All is repose and peace,
Untrampled lies the sod;
The shouts of battle cease,
It is the Truce of God!

Rest, comrades, rest and sleep!
The thoughts of men shall be
As sentinels to keep
Your rest from danger free.

Your silent tents of green
We deck with fragrant flowers;
Yours has the suffering been,
The memory shall be ours.
February 3, 1882.

CHIMES.

Sweet chimes! that in the loneliness of night
Salute the passing hour, and in the dark
And silent chambers of the household mark
The movements of the myriad orbs of light!
Through my closed eyelids, by the inner sight,
I see the constellations in the arc
FOUR BY THE CLOCK—TO THE AVON.

Of their great circles moving on, and hark!
I almost hear them singing in their flight.
Better than sleep it is to lie awake
O'er-canopied by the vast starry dome
Of the immeasurable sky; to feel
The slumbering world sink under us, and make
Hardly an eddy,—a mere rush of foam
On the great sea beneath a sinking keel.

August 25, 1579.

FOUR BY THE CLOCK.

Four by the clock! and yet not day;
But the great world rolls and wheels away,
With its cities on land, and its ships at sea,
Into the dawn that is to be!

Only the lamp in the anchored bark
Sends its glimmer across the dark,
And the heavy breathing of the sea
Is the only sound that comes to me.

September 8, 1880,
Four o'clock in the morning.

THE FOUR LAKES OF MADISON.

Four limpid lakes,—four Naiades
Or sylvan deities are these,

In flowing robes of azure dressed;
Four lovely handmaids, that uphold
Their shining mirrors, rimmed with gold,
To the fair city in the West.

By day the coursers of the sun
Drink of these waters as they run
Their swift diurnal round on high;
By night the constellations glow
Far down the hollow deeps below,
And glimmer in another sky.

Fair lakes, serene and full of light.
Fair town, arrayed in robes of white,
How visionary ye appear!
All like a floating landscape seem
In cloud-land or the land of dreams,
Bathed in a golden atmosphere!

December 20, 1878.

TO THE AVON.

Flow on, sweet river! like his verse
Who lies beneath this sculptured hearse;
Nor wait beside the churchyard wall
For him who cannot hear thy call.

Thy playmate once; I see him now
A boy with sunshine on his brow,
And hear in Stratford's quiet street
The patter of his little feet.

I see him by thy shallow edge
Wading knee-deep amid the sedge;
And lost in thought, as if thy stream
Were the swift river of a dream.

He wanders whitherward it flows;
And fain would follow where it goes,
To the wide world, that shall ere long
Be filled with his melodious song.

Mysterious chambers of the air.

Now hidden in cloud, and now revealed,
As if this phantom, full of pain,
Were by the crumbling walls concealed,
And at the windows seen again.

Until at last, serene and proud
In all the splendor of her light,
She walks the terraces of cloud,
Supreme as Empress of the Night.

I look, but recognize no more
Objects familiar to my view;
The very pathway to my door
Is an enchanted avenue.

All things are changed. One mass of shade,
The elm-trees drop their curtains down;
By palace, park, and colonnade
I walk as in a foreign town.

The very ground beneath my feet
Is clothed with a diviner air;
White marble paves the silent street
And glimmers in the empty square.

Illusion! Underneath there lies
The common life of every day;
Only the spirit glorifies
With its own tints the sober gray.

In vain we look, in vain uplift
Our eyes to heaven, if we are blind;

We see but what we have the gift
Of seeing; what we bring we find.
ELEGIAIC VERSE—THE BELLS OF SAN BLAS.

Flow on, fair stream! That dream is o'er;
He stands upon another shore;
A vaster river near him flows,
And still he follows where it goes.

ELEGIAIC VERSE.

I.
Peradventure of old, some bard in Ionian Islands,
Walking alone by the sea, hearing the wash of the waves,
Learned the secret from them of the beautiful verse elegiac,
Breathing into his song motion and sound of the sea.
For as the wave of the sea, upheaving in long undulations,
Plunges loud on the sands, pauses, and turns, and retreats,
So the Hexameter, rising and singing, with cadence sonorous,
Falls; and in fluent rhythm back the Penta meter flows.

II.
Not in his youth alone, but in age, may the heart of the poet
Bloom into song, as the gorse blossoms in autumn and spring.

III.
Not in tenderness wanting, yet rough are the rhymes of our poet;
Though it be Jacob's voice, Esau's, alas! are the hands.

IV.
Let us be grateful to writers for what is left in the inkstand;
When to leave off is an art only attained by the few.

V.
How can the Three be One? you ask me; I answer by asking,
Hail and snow and rain, are they not three and yet one?

VI.
By the mirage uplifted the land floats vague in the ether,
Ships and the shadows of ships hang in the motionless air;
So by the art of the poet our common life is uplifted,
So, transfigured, the world floats in a luminous haze.

VII.
Like a French poem is Life; being only perfect in structure,
When with the masculine rhymes mingled the feminine are.

VIII.
Down from the mountain descends the brooklet,
 rejoicing in freedom;
Little it dreams of the mill hid in the valley below;
Glad with the joy of existence, the child goes singing and laughing;
Little dreaming what toils lie in the future concealed.

IX.
As the ink from our pen, so flow our thoughts and our feelings
When we begin to write, however sluggish before.

X.
Like the Kingdom of Heaven, the Fountain of Youth is within us;
If we seek it elsewhere, old shall we grow in the search.

XI.
If you would hit the mark, you must aim a little above it;
Every arrow that flies feels the attraction of earth.

XII.
Wisely the Hebrews admit no Present tense in their language;
While we are speaking the word, it is already the Past.

XIII.
In the twilight of age all things seem strange and phantasmal,
As between daylight and dark ghostlike the landscape appears.

XIV.
Great is the art of beginning, but greater the art is of ending;
Many a poem is marred by a superfluous verse.

A FRAGMENT.

Awake! arise! the hour is late!
Angels are knocking at thy door!
They are in haste and cannot wait,
And once departed come no more.

Awake! arise! the athlete's arm
Loses its strength by too much rest;
The fallow land, the intilled farm
Produces only weeds at best.

THE BELLS OF SAN BLAS.

What say the Bells of San Blas
To the ships that southward pass
From the harbor of Mazatlan?
To them it is nothing more
Than the sound of surf on the shore,
Nothing more to master or man.

But to me, a dreamer of dreams,
To whom what is and what seems
Are often one and the same,—

* The last poem written by Mr. Longfellow.

1 Compare Schiller.
Im Hexameter steigt des Springquells flüsse Säule:
Im Pentameter dranf fällt sie melodisch herab.
See also Coleridge's translation.
The bells of San Blas to me
Have a strange, wild melody,
And are something more than a name.

For bells are the voice of the church;
They have tones that touch and search
The hearts of young and old;
One sound to all, yet each
Lends a meaning to their speech,
And the meaning is manifold.

They are the voice of the Past,
Of an age that is fading fast,
Of a power austere and grand;
When the flag of Spain unfurled
Its folds o'er this western world,
And the Priest was lord of the land.

The chapel that once looked down
On the little seaport town
Has crumbled into the dust;
And on oaken benns below
The bells swing to and fro,
And are green with mould and rust.

"Is, then, the old faith dead,"
They say, "and in its stead
Is some new faith proclaimed,
That we are forced to remain
Naked to sun and rain,
Unsheltered and ashamed?"

"Once in our tower aloof
We rang over wall and roof
Our warnings and our complaints;
And round about us there
The white doves filled the air,
Like the white souls of the saints.

"The saints! Ah, have they grown
Forgetful of their own?
Are they asleep, or dead,
That open to the sky
Their ruined Missions lie,
No longer tenanted?"

"Oh, bring us back once more
The vanished days of yore.
When the world with faith was filled;
Bring back the fervid zeal,
The hearts of fire and steel,
The hands that believe and build.

"Then from our tower again
We will send over land and main
Our voices of command,
Like exiled kings who return
To their thrones, and the people learn
That the Priest is lord of the land!"

O Bells of San Blas, in vain
Ye call back the Past again!
The Past is deaf to your prayer:
Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into light;
It is daybreak everywhere.

March 15, 1832.

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TRANSLATIONS.

PRELUDE.

As treasures that men seek,
Deep-buried in sea-sands,
Vanish if they but speak,
And elude their eager hands,

So ye escape and slip,
O songs, and fade away,
When the word is on my lip
To interpret what ye say.

Were it not better, then,
To let the treasures rest
Hid from the eyes of men,
Locked in their iron chest?

I have but marked the place,
But half the secret told,
That, following this slight trace,
Others may find the gold.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Will ever the dear days come back again,
Those days of June, when lilacs were in bloom,
And bluebirds sang their somets in the gloom
Of leaves that roofed them in from sun or rain?
I know not; but a presence will remain
Forever and forever in this room.

Formless, diffused in air, like a perfume,—
A phantom of the heart, and not the brain.

Delicious days! when every spoken word
Was like a foot-fall nearer and more near,
And a mysterious knocking at the gate

Of the heart's secret places, and we heard
In the sweet tumult of delight and fear
A voice that whispered, "Open, I cannot wait!"

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THE WINE OF JURANÇON.

LITTLE sweet wine of Jurançon,
You are dear to my memory still!
With mine host and his merry song,
Under the rose-tree I drank my fill.

Twenty years after, passing that way,
Under the trellis I found again
Mine host, still sitting there au frais,
And singing still the same refrain.

The Jurançon, so fresh and bold,
Treats me as one it used to know;
Souvenirs of the days of old
Already from the bottle flow.

With glass in hand our glances met;
We pledge, we drink. How sour it is!
Never Argentueil piquette
Was to my palate sour as this!

And yet the vintage was good, in sooth;
The self-same juice, the self-same cask!
It was you, O gayety of my youth;
That failed in the autumnal flask!
AT LA CHAUDEAU.—MEMORIES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF XAVIER MARMIER.

At La Chaudeau,—'tis long since then:
I was young,—my years between;
All things smiled on the happy boy;
Dreams of love and songs of joy,
Azure of heaven and wave below,
At La Chaudeau.

To La Chaudeau I come back old:
My head is gray, my blood is cold;
Seeking along the meadow ooze,
Seeking beside the river Seymoune,
The days of my spring-time of long ago
At La Chaudeau.

At La Chaudeau nor heart nor brain
Ever grows old with grief and pain;
A sweet remembrance keeps off age:
A tender friendship doth still assuage
The burden of sorrow that one may know
At La Chaudeau.

At La Chaudeau, had fate decreed
To limit the wandering life I lead,
Peradventure I still, forsooth,
Should have preserved my fresh green youth,
Under the shadows the hill-tops throw
At La Chaudeau.

At La Chaudeau, live on, my friends,
Happy to be where God intends;
And sometimes, by the evening fire,
Think of him whose sole desire
Is again to sit in the old chateau
At La Chaudeau.

*A QUIET LIFE.*

FROM THE FRENCH.

Let him who will, by force or fraud innate,
Of courtly grandeur gain the slippery height;
I, leaving not the home of my delight,
Far from the world and noise will meditate.
Then, without pomp or perils of the great,
I shall behold the day succeed the night;
Behold the alternate seasons take their flight,
And in serene repose old age await.
And so, whenever Death shall come to close
The happy moments that my days compose,
I, full of years, shall die, obscure, alone!
How wretched is the man, with honors crowned,
Who, having not the one thing needful found,
Dies, known to all, but to himself unknown.

September 11, 1879.

PERSONAL POEMS.

LOSS AND GAIN.

When I compare
What I have lost with what I have gained,
What I have missed with what attained,
Little room do I find for pride.

I am aware
How many days have been idly spent;
How like an arrow the good intent
Has fallen short or been turned aside.

But who shall dare
To measure loss and gain in this wise?
Defeat may be victory in disguise;
The lowest ebb is the turn of the tide.

AUTUMN WITHIN.

It is autumn; not without,
But within me is the cold.
Youth and spring are all about;
It is that have grown old.

Birds are darting through the air,
Singing, building without rest;
Life is stirring everywhere,
Save within my lonely breast.

There is silence: the dead leaves
Fall and rustle and are still;
Beats no sail upon the sheaves,
Comes no murmur from the mill.

April 9, 1874.

VICTOR AND VANQUISHED.

As one who long hath fled with panting breath
Before his foe, bleeding and near to fall,
I turn and set my back against the wall,
And look thee in the face, triumphant Death,
I call for aid, and no one answereth;
I am alone with thee, who conquerest all;
Yet me thy threatening form doth not appall,
For thou art but a phantom and a wraith.
Wounded and weak, sword broken at the hilt,
With armor shattered, and without a shield,
I stand unmove; do with me what thou wilt;
I can resist no more, but will not yield.
This is no tournament where cowards tilt;
The vanquished here is victor of the field.

April 4, 1876.

MEMORIES.

Oft I remember those whom I have known
In other days, to whom my heart was led
As by a magnet, and who are not dead,
But absent, and their memories overgrown
With other thoughts and troubles of my own,
As gravers with grasses are, and at their head
The stone with moss and lichens so o'erspread,
Nothing is legible but the name alone.
And is it so with them? After long years,
Do they remember me in the same way,
And is the memory pleasant as to me?
I fear to ask; yet wherefore are my fears?
Pleasures, like flowers, may wither and decay,
And yet the root perennial may be.

September 23, 1881.
MY BOOKS.

SADLY as some old medieval knight
Gazed at the arms he could no longer wield,
The sword two-handed and the shining shield
Suspected in the hall, and full in sight,
While secret longings for the lost delight
Of tourney or adventure in the field
Came over him, and tears but half concealed

Trembled and fell upon his beard of white,
So I behold these books upon their shelf,
My ornaments and arms of other days;
Not wholly useless, though no longer used,
For they remind me of my other self,
Younger and stronger, and the pleasant ways
In which I walked, now clouded and confused.

December 27, 1831.

L'ENVOI.

POSSIBILITIES.

WHERE are the Poets, unto whom belong
The Olympian heights; whose singing shafts
are sent
Straight to the mark, and not from bows half bent,
But with the utmost tension of the thong?
Where are the stately argosies of song,
Whose rushing keels made music as they went
Sailing in search of some new continent,
With all sail set, and steady winds and strong?
Perhaps there lives some dreamy boy, untaught
In schools, some graduate of the field or street,
Who shall become a master of the art.
An admiral sailing the high seas of thought,
Fearless and first, and steering with his fleet
For lands not yet laid down in any chart.

January 17, 1832.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Michel, pii che mortal, Angel divino.

Asiro.

Similamente operando, all' artista
Ch'a l'abit del' arte e map che trema.

DANTE, Par. xiii. st. 77.

DEDICATION.

Nothing that is shall perish utterly,
But perish only to revive again
In other forms, as clouds restore in rain
The exhalations of the land and sea.

Men build their houses from the masonry,
Of ruined tombs; the passions and the pain
Of hearts, that long have ceased to beat, remain
To throb in hearts that are, or are to be.

So from old chronicles, where sleep in dust
Names that once filled the world with trumpet tones,
I build this verse; and flowers of song have thrust
Their roots among the loose disjointed stones,
Which to this end I fashion as I must.

Quickened are they that touch the Prophet's bones.

PART FIRST.

I.

PROLOGUE AT ISCHIA.

The Castle Terrace. Vittoria Colonna and Julia Gonzaga.

Vittoria.

Will you then leave me, Julia, and so soon,
To pace alone this terrace like a ghost?

Julia.

To-morrow, dearest:

Vittoria.

Do not say to-morrow.
A whole month of to-morrows were too soon.
You must not go. You are a part of me.

The old castle
Needs not your presence. No one waits for you.
Stay one day longer with me. They who go
Feel not the pain of parting; it is they
Who stay behind that suffer. I was thinking
But yesterday how like and how unlike
Have been, and are, our destinies. Your husband,
The good Vespasian, an old man, who seemed
A father to you rather than a husband,
Died in your arms; but mine, in all the flower
And promise of his youth, was taken from me
As by a rushing wind. The breath of battle
Breathed on him, and I saw his face no more,
Save as in dreams it haunts me. As our love
Was for these men, so is our sorrow for them.
Yours a child's sorrow, smiling through its tears;
But mine the grief of an impassioned woman,
Who drank her life up in one draught of love.

Julia.

Behold this locket. This is the white hair
Of my Vespasian. This is the flower-of-love,
This amaranth, and beneath it the device
Non mortuam. Thus my heart remains
True to his memory: and the ancient castle,
Where we have lived together, where he died,
Is dear to me as Ischia is to you.

Vittoria.

I did not mean to chide you.

Julia.

Let your heart
Find, if it can, some poor apology.
For one who is too young, and feels too keenly
The joy of life, to give up all her days
To sorrow for the dead. While I am true
To the remembrance of the man I loved
And mourn for still, I do not make a show
Of all the grief I feel, nor live secluded
And, like Veronica da Gambara,
Drape my whole house in mourning, and drive
forth
In coach of sable drawn by sable horses,
As if I were a corpse. Ah, one to-day
Is worth for me a thousand yesterdays.

Vittoria.

Dear Julia! Friendship has its jealousies
As well as love. Who waits for you at Fondi?

Julia.

A friend of mine and yours; a friend and friar.
You have at Naples your Fra Bernardino;
And I at Fondi have my Fra Bastiano,
The famous artist, who has come from Rome
To paint my portrait. That is not a sin.

Vittoria.

Are there no brighter dreams,
No higher aspirations, than the wish
To please and to be pleased?

Julia.

For you there are:
I am no saint; I feel the world we live in
Comes before that which is to be hereafter,
And must be dealt with first.

Vittoria.

But in what way?

Julia.

Let the soft wind that wafts to us the odor
Of orange blossoms, let the laughing sea
And the bright sunshine bathing all the world,
Answer the question.

Vittoria.

And for whom is meant
This portrait that you speak of?

Vittoria.

Only a vanity.

Julia.
He paints yours.

Vittoria.

Do not call up to me those days departed
When I was young, and all was bright about me,
And the vicissitudes of life were things
But to be read of in old histories,
Though as pertaining unto me or mine
Impossible. Ah, then I dreamed your dreams,
And, now, grown older, I look back and see
They were illusions.

Julia.

Yet without illusions
What would our lives become, what we ourselves?
Dreams or illusions, call them what you will,
They lift us from the commonplace of life
To better things.

Julia.

The Cardinal Ippolito.

Vittoria.

For my friend

The Cardinal Ippolito.

Vittoria.

Yes, for Ippolito the Magnificent.
'T is always flattering to a woman's pride
To be admired by one whom all admire.

Vittoria.

Ah, Julia, she that makes herself a dove
Is eaten by the hawk. Be on your guard.
He is a Cardinal; and his adoration
Should be elsewhere directed.

Julia.

You forget
The horror of that night, when Barbarossa,
The Moorish corsair, landed on our coast
To seize me for the Sultan Soliman;
How in the dead of night, when all were sleeping,
He scaled the castle wall; how I escaped,
And in my night-dress, mounting a swift steed,
Fled to the mountains, and took refuge there
Among the brigands. Then of all my friends
The Cardinal Ippolito was first
To come with his retainers to my rescue.
Could I refuse the only boon he asked
At such a time, my portrait?

VITTORIA.
I have heard
Strange stories of the splendors of his palace,
And how, appareled like a Spanish Prince,
He rides through Rome with a long retinue
Of Ethiopians and Numidians
And Turks and Tartars, in fantastic dresses,
Making a gallant show. Is this the way
A Cardinal should live?

JULIA.
He is so young;
Hardly of age, or little more than that;
Beautiful, generous, fond of arts and letters,
A poet, a musician, and a scholar;
Master of many languages, and a player
On many instruments. In Rome, his palace
Is the asylum of all men distinguished
In art or science, and all Florentines
Escaping from the tyranny of his cousin,
Duke Alessandro.

VITTORIA.
I have seen his portrait,
Painted by Titian. You have painted it
In brighter colors.

JULIA.
And my Cardinal,
At Itri, in the courtyard of his palace,
Keeps a tame lion!

VITTORIA.
And so counterfeit;
St. Mark, the Evangelist!

JULIA.
Ah, your tame lion
Is Michael Angelo.

VITTORIA.
You speak a name
That always thrills me with a noble sound,
As of a trumpet! Michael Angelo!
A lion all men fear and none can tame;
A man that all men honor, and the model
That all should follow; one who works and prays,
For work is prayer, and consecrates his life
To the sublime ideal of his art,
Till art and life are one; a man who holds
Such place in all men's thoughts, that when they speak
Of great things done, or to be done, his name
Is ever on their lips.

JULIA.
You too can paint
The portrait of your hero, and in colors
Brighter than Titian's; I might warn you also
Against the dangers that beset your path;
But I forbear.

VITTORIA.
If I were made of marble,
Of Fior di Persico or Pavonazzo,
He might admire me; being but flesh and blood,
I am no more to him than other women;
That is, am nothing.

JULIA.
Does he ride through Rome
Upon his little mule, as he was wont.
With his slouched hat, and boots of Cordovan,
As when I saw him last?

VITTORIA.
Pray do not jest.
I cannot couple with his noble name
A trivial word! Look, how the setting sun
Lights up Castel-d'Amare and Sorrento,
And changes Capri to a purple cloud!
And there Vesuvius with its plume of smoke, 
And the great city stretched upon the shore 
As in a dream!

JULIA.
Parthenope the Siren!

VITTORIA.
And you long line of lights, those sunlit windows 
Blaze like the torches carried in procession 
To do her honor! It is beautiful!

JULIA.
I have no heart to feel the beauty of it! 
My feet are weary, pacing up and down 
These level flags, and wearier still my thoughts 
Treading the broken pavement of the Past. 
It is too sad. I will go in and rest, 
And make me ready for to-morrow's journey.

VITTORIA.
I will go with you; for I would not lose 
One hour of your dear presence. 
"It is enough 
Only to be in the same room with you. 
I need not speak to you, nor hear you speak; 
If I but see you, I am satisfied."

II.
MONOLOGUE.
MICHAEL ANGELO's Studio. He is at work on the 
cartoon of the Last Judgment.

MICHAEL ANGELO.
Why did the Pope and his ten Cardinals 
Come here to lay this heavy task upon me? 
Were not the paintings on the Sistine ceiling 
Enough for them? They saw the Hebrew leader 
Waiting, and clutching his tempestuous beard, 
But heeded not the bonest of Julius 
Shook in their sepulchre. I heard the sound; 
They only heard the sound of their own voices.

Are there no other artists here in Rome 
To do this work, that they must needs seek me? 
Fra Bastian, my Fra Bastian, might have done it; 
But he is lost to art. The Papal Seals, 
Like leaden weights upon a dead man's eyes, 
Press down his lids; and so the burden falls 
On Michael Angelo, Chief Architect 
And Painter of the Apostolic Palace. 
That is the title they cajole me with. 
To make me do this work and leave my own; 
But having once begun, I turn not back. 
Blow, ye bright angels, on your golden trumpets 
To the four corners of the earth, and wake 
The dead to judgment! Ye recording angels, 
Open your books and read! Ye dead, awake! 
Rise from your graves, drowsy and drugged with death, 
As men who suddenly awoke from sleep 
Look round amazed, and know not where they are!

In happy hours, when the imagination 
Wakes like a wind at midnight, and the soul 
Trembles in all its leaves, it is a joy 
To be uplifted on its wings, and listen 
To the prophetic voices in the air 
That call us onward. Then the work we do 
Is a delight, and the obedient hand 
Never grows weary. But how different is it 
In the disconsolate, discouraged hours, 
When all the wisdom of the world appears 
As trivial as the gossip of a nurse 
In a sick-room, and all our work seems useless. 

What is it guides my hand, what thoughts possess me, 
That I have drawn her face among the angels, 

Where she will be hereafter? O sweet dreams, 
That through the vacant chambers of my heart 
Walk in the silence, as familiar phantoms! 
Frequent an ancient house, what will ye with me? 
'Tis said that Emperors write their names in green 
When under age, but when of age in purple. 
So Love, the greatest Emperor of them all, 
Writes his in green at first, but afterwards 
In the imperial purple of our blood. 
First love or last love,—which of these two passions 
Is more omnipotent? Which is more fair, 
The star of morning or the evening star? 
The sunrise or the sunset of the heart? 
The hour when we look forth to the unknown, 
And the advancing day consumes the shadows, 
Or that when all the landscape of our lives 
Lies stretched behind us, and familiar places 
Gleam in the distance, and sweet memories 
Rise like a tender haze, and magnify 
The objects we behold, that soon must vanish?

What matters it to me, whose countenance 
Is like the Laocon's, full of pain; whose forehead 
Is a ploughed harvest-field, where three-score years 
Have sown in sorrow and have reaped in anguish; 
To me, the artisan, to whom all women 
Have been as if they were not, or at most 
A sudden rush of pigeons in the air, 
A flutter of wings, a sound, and then a silence? 
I am too old for love; I am too old 
To flatter and delude myself with visions 
Of never-ending friendship with fair women, 
Imaginations, fantasies, illusions, 
In which the things that cannot be take shape, 
And seem to be, and for the moment are. 

[Convent bells ring.]

Distant and near and low and loud the bells, 
Dominican, Benedictine, and Franciscan, 
Jangle and wrangle in their airy towers, 
Discordant as the brotherhoods themselves 
In their dim cloisters. The descending sun 
Seems to caress the city that he loves, 
And crowns it with the aureole of a saint. 
I will go forth and breathe the air a while.

III.
SAN SILVESTRO.
A Chapel in the Church of San Silvestro on Monte 
Cavallo.

VITTORIA COLONNA, CLAUDIO TOLOMMELI, and 
others.

VITTORIA.
Here let us rest awhile, until the crowd 
Has left the church. I have already sent 
For Michael Angelo to join us here.

MESSER CLAUDIO.
After Fra Bernardino's wise discourse 
On the Pauline Epistles, certainly 
Some words of Michael Angelo on Art 
Were not amiss, to bring us back to earth.

MICHAEL ANGELO, at the door.
How like a Saint or Goddess she appears; 
Diana or Madonnna, which I know not! 
In attitude and aspect formed to be 
At once the artist's worship and despair.

VITTORIA.
Welcome, Maestro. We were waiting for you.

MICHAEL ANGELO.
I met your messenger upon the way, 
And hastened hither.
VITTORIA.

It is kind of you To come to us, who linger here like gossips Wasting the afternoon in idle talk. These are all friends of mine and friends of yours.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

If friends of yours, then are they friends of mine. Pardon me, gentleman. But when I entered I saw but the Marchesa.

VITTORIA.

Take this seat Between me and Ser Claudio Tolomeo, Who still maintains that our Italian tongue Should be called Tuscan. But for that offence We will not quarrel with him.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Eccellenza —

VITTORIA.

Ser Claudio has banished Eccellenza And all such titles from the Tuscan tongue.

Messer Claudio.

'T is the abuse of them and not the use I deprecate.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The use or the abuse, It matters not. Let them all go together, As empty phrases and frivolities, And common as gold-lace upon the collar Of an obsequious lackey.

VITTORIA.

That may be, But something of politeness would go with them; We should lose something of the stately manners Of the old school.

Messer Claudio.

Undoubtedly.

VITTORIA.

But that Is not what occupies my thoughts at present, Nor why I sent for you, Messer Michele. It was to counsel me. His Holiness Has granted me permission, long desired, To build a convent in this neighborhood, Where the old tower is standing, from whose top Nero looked down upon the burning city.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

It is an inspiration!

VITTORIA.

I am doubtful How I shall build; how large to make the convent, And which way fronting.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, to build, to build! That is the noblest art of all the arts. Painting and sculpture are but images, Are merely shadows cast by outward things On stone or canvas, having in themselves No separate existence. Architecture, Existing in itself, and not in seeming A something it is not, surpasses them As substance shadow. Long, long years ago, Standing one morning near the Baths of Titus, I saw the statue of Laocoon Rise from its grave of centuries, like a ghost Whithering in pain; and as it tore away The knotted serpents from its limbs, I heard,

Or seemed to hear, the cry of agony From its white, parted lips. And still I marvel At the three Rhodian artists, by whose hands This miracle was wrought. Yet he beholds Far nobler works who looks upon the ruins Of temples in the Forum here in Rome. If God should give me power in my old age To build for Him a temple half as grand As those were in their glory, I should count My age more excellent than youth itself, And all that I have hitherto accomplished As only vanity.

VITTORIA.

I understand you. Art is the gift of God, and must be used Unto His glory. That in art is highest Which aims at this. When St. Hilarion blessed The horses of Italicus, they won The race at Gaza, for his benediction Or'powered all magic; and the people shouted That Christ had conquered Marnas. So that art Which bears the consecration and the seal Of holiness upon it will prevail Over all others. Those few words of yours Inspire me with new confidence to build. What think you? The old walls might serve, perhaps, Some purpose still. The tower can hold the bells.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

If strong enough.

VITTORIA.

If not, it can be strengthened.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I see no bar nor drawback to this building, And on our homeward way, if it shall please you, We may together view the sight.

VITTORIA.

I thank you. I did not venture to request so much.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Let us now go to the old walls you spake of, Vossignoria.

VITTORIA.

What, again, Maestro?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Pardon me, Messer Claudio, if once more I use the ancient courtesies of speech. I am too old to change.

IV.

CARDINAL IPPOLITO.

A richly furnished apartment in the Palace of Car
dinal Ippolito. Night.

JACOPO NARDI, an old man, alone.

NARDI.

I am bewildered. These Numidian slaves, In strange attire; these endless antechambers; This lighted hall, with all its golden splendors, Pictures, and statues! Can this be the dwelling Of a disciple of that lowly Man Who had not where to lay his head? These statues Are not of saints; nor is this a Madonna. This lovely face, that with such tender eyes Looks down upon me from the painted canvas. My heart begins to fail me. What can he Who lives in boundless luxury at Rome Care for the imperilled liberties of Florence,
Hcr people, her Republic? Ah, the rich
Feel not the pangs of banishment. All doors
Are open to them, and all hands extended,
The poor alone are outcasts; they who risked
All they possessed for liberty, and lost;
And wander through the world without a friend,
Sick, comfortless, distressed, unknown, uncared
for.

Enter Cardinal. IPPOLITO, in Spanish cloak and
douched hat.

IPPOLITO.
I pray you pardon me that I have kept you
Waiting so long alone.

NARDI.
I wait to see
The Cardinal.

IPPOLITO.
I am the Cardinal;
And you?

NARDI.
Jacopo Nardi.

IPPOLITO.
You are welcome.
I was expecting you. Philippo Strozzi
Had told me of your coming.

NARDI.
'T was his son
That brought me to your door.

IPPOLITO.
Pray, you be seated.
You seem astonished at the garb I wear,
But at my time of life, and with my habits,
The petticoats of a Cardinal would be —
Troublesome; I could neither ride nor walk,
Nor do a thousand things, if I were dressed
Like an old dowager. It were putting wine
Young as the young Astyanax into goblets
As old as Prian.

NARDI.
Oh, your Eminence
Knows best what you should wear.

IPPOLITO.
Dear Messer Nardi,
You are no stranger to me. I have read
Your excellent translation of the books
Of Titus Livius, the historian
Of Rome, and model of all historians
That shall come after him. It does you honor;
But greater honor still the love you bear
To Florence, our dear country, and whose annals
I hope your hand will write, in happier days
Than we now see.

NARDI.
Your Eminence will pardon
The lateness of the hour.

IPPOLITO.
The hours I count not
As a sun-dial; but am like a clock,
That tells the time as well by night as day.
So, no excuse. I know what brings you here.
You come to speak of Florence.

NARDI.
And her woes.

IPPOLITO.
The Duke, my cousin, the black Alessandro,
Whose mother was a Moorish slave, that fed
The sheep upon Lorenzo's farm, still lives
And reigns.

NARDI.
Alas, that such a scourge
Should fall on such a city!

IPPOLITO.
When he dies,
The Wild Boar in the gardens of Lorenzo,
The beast obscene, should be the monument
Of this bad man.

NARDI.
He walks the streets at night
With revelers, insulting honest men.
No house is sacred from his lusts. The convents
Are turned by him to brothels, and the honor
Of women and all ancient pious customs
Are quite forgotten now. The offices
Of the Priori and Gonfalonieri
Have been abolished. All the magistrates
Are now his creatures. Liberty is dead.
The very memory of all honest living
Is wiped away, and even our Tuscan tongue
Corrupted to a Lombard dialect.

IPPOLITO.
And worst of all his insipid hand has broken
The Martinella, — our great battle bell,
That, sounding through three centuries, has led
The Florentines to victory, — lest its voice
Should waken in their souls some memory
Of far-off times of glory.

NARDI.
What a change
Ten little years have made! We all remember
Those better days, when Niccolo Cappeni,
The Gonfaloniere, from the windows
Of the Old Palace, with the blast of trumpets,
Proclaimed to the inhabitants that Christ
Was chosen King of Florence; and already
Christ is dethroned, and slain, and in his stead
Reigns Lucifer! Alas, alas, for Florence!

IPPOLITO.
Lilies with lilies, said Savanorola;
Florence and France! But I say Florence only,
Or only with the Emperor's hand to help us
In sweeping out the rubbish.

NARDI.
Little hope
Of help is there from him. He has betrothed
His daughter Margaret to this shameless Duke.
What hope have we from such an Emperor?

IPPOLITO.
Baccio Valori and Philippo Strozzi,
Once the Duke's friends and intimates, are with us,
And Cardinals Salvati and Ridolfi.
We shall soon see, then, as Valori says,
Whether the Duke can best spare honest men,
Or honest men the Duke.

NARDI.
We have determined
To send ambassadors to Spain, and lay
Our griefs before the Emperor, though I fear
More than I hope.

IPPOLITO.
The Emperor is busy
With this new war against the Algerines,
And has no time to listen to complaints
From our ambassadors; nor will I trust them,
But go myself. All is in readiness
For my departure, and to-morrow morning
I shall go down to Itri, where I meet
Dante da Castiglione and some others,
Republicans and fugitives from Florence,
And then take ship at Gaeta, and go
To join the Emperor in his new crusade
Against the Turk. I shall have time enough
And opportunity to plead our cause.

_IPPOLITO._
Good-night!

_Michael._

Enter _Fra Sebastiano_; _Turkish attendants._

_Fra Sebastiano._
Fra Bastiano, how your portly presence
Contrasts with that of the spare Florentine
Who has just left me!

_Fra Sebastiano._
As we passed each other,
I saw that he was weeping.

_Fra Sebastiano._
Poor old man!

_Fra Sebastiano._
Who is he?

_Fra Sebastiano._
Jacopo Nardi. A brave soul;
One of the Four Orsini, and the best
And noblest of them all; but he has made me
Sad with his sadness. As I look on you
My heart grows lighter. I behold a man
Who lives in an ideal world, apart
From all the rude collisions of our life,
In a calm atmosphere.

_Fra Sebastiano._
Your Eminence
Is surely jesting. If you knew the life
Of artists as I know it, you might think
Far otherwise.

_Fra Sebastiano._
But wherefore should I jest?
The world of art is an ideal world,
The world I love, and that I fain would live in;
So speak to me of artists and of art,
Of all the painters, sculptors and musicians
That now illustrate Rome.

_Fra Sebastiano._
Of the musicians,
I know but Goudimel, the brave maestro
And chapel-master of his Holiness,
Who trains the Papal choir.

_Fra Sebastiano._
In church this morning,
I listened to a mass of Goudimel,
Divinely chanted. In the Incarnatus,
In lieu of Latin words, the tenor sang
With infinite tenderness, in plain Italian,
A Neapolitan love-song.

_Fra Sebastiano._
Was it a wanton song?

_Fra Sebastiano._
Not a divine one.
I am not over-scrupulous, as you know,
In word or deed, yet such a song as that,
Sung by the tenor of the Papal choir,
And in a Papal mass, seemed out of place;
There's something wrong in it.

_Fra Sebastiano._
There's something wrong
In everything. We cannot make the world
Go right. 'T is not my business to reform
The Papal choir.

_Fra Sebastiano._
Not mine, thank Heaven!
Then tell me of the artists.

_Fra Sebastiano._
Naming one
I name them all; for there is only one:
His name is Messer Michael Angelo.
All arts and artists of the present day
Centre in him.

_Fra Sebastiano._
And you have had
The honor, nay, the glory, of portraying
Julia Gonzaga! Do you count as nothing
A privilege like that? See there the portrait
Rebuking you with its divine expression.
Are you not penitent? He whose skilful hand
Painted that lovely picture has not right
To vilipend the art of portrait-painting.
But what of Michael Angelo?

_Fra Sebastiano._
But lately
Strolling together down the crowded Corso,
We stopped, well pleased, to see your Eminence
Pass on an Arab steed, a noble creature,
Which Michael Angelo, who is a lover
Of all things beautiful, especially
When they are Arab horses, much admired,
And could not praise enough.

_Fra Sebastiano._
To an attendant.
Hassan, to-morrow
When I am gone, but not till I am gone,
Be careful about that,— take Barbarossa
To Messer Michael Angelo, the sculptor,
Who lives there at Macello dei Corvi,
Near to the Capitol; and take besides
Some ten mule-loads of provender, and say
Your master sends them to him as a present.

_Fra Sebastiano._
A princely gift. Though Michael Angelo
Refuses presents from his Holiness,
Yours he will not refuse.
You think him like Thymectes, who received the wooden horse into the walls of Troy. That book of Virgil have I translated in Italian. And shall, some day, when we have leisure for it, be pleased to read you. When I speak of Troy I am reminded of another town and of a lovelier Helen, our dear Countess Julia Gonzaga. You remember, surely, the adventure with the corsair Barbarossa, and all that followed? A most strange adventure; a tale as marvellous and full of wonder as any in Boccaccio or Sacchetti; almost incredible! To-morrow with the sword. Hassan, come hither; bring me the Turkish scimitar that hangs beneath the picture yonder. Now unsheathe it. "I is a Damascus blade; you see the inscription in Arabic: *La Allah ilia Allah,* — there is no God but God.

FRA SEBASTIANO. A most strange adventure; a tale as marvellous and full of wonder as any in Boccaccio or Sacchetti; almost incredible! To-morrow with the sword. Hassan, come hither; bring me the Turkish scimitar that hangs beneath the picture yonder. Now unsheathe it. "I is a Damascus blade; you see the inscription in Arabic: *La Allah ilia Allah,* — there is no God but God.

IPPOLITO. I am not a Spaniard, to say that it is yours and not to mean it. I have at Itri a whole armory full of such weapons. When you paint the portrait of Barbarossa, it will be of use. You have not been rewarded as you should be for painting the Gonzaga. Throw this bauble into the scale, and make the balance equal. Till then suspend it in your studio; you artists like such trifles.

FRA SEBASTIANO. I will keep it in memory of the donor. Many thanks.

IPPOLITO. Fra Bastian, I am growing tired of Rome, the old dead city, with the old dead people; priests everywhere, like shadows on a wall, and morning, noon, and night the ceaseless sound of convent bells. I must be gone from here; though Ovid somewhere says that Rome is worthy to be the dwelling-place of all the Gods,
I must be gone from here. To-morrow morning
I start for Irri, and go thence by sea.
To join the Emperor, who is making war
Upon the Algerines; perhaps to sink
Some Turkish galleys, and bring back in chains
The famous corsair. Then would I avenge
The beautiful Gonzaga.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

* * *

An achievement
Worthy of Charlemagne, or of Orlando.
Berni and Ariosto both shall add
A canto to their poems, and describe you
As Furioso and Immacorato.
Now I must say good-night.

IPPOLITO.

You must not go;
First you shall sup with me. My seneschal,
Giovanni Andrea dal Borgo a San Sepolcro,—
I like to give the whole sonorous name,
It sounds so like a verse of the Æneid,—
Has brought me eels fresh from the Lake of Fondi,
And Lucine oysters cradled in their shells:
These, with red Fondi wine, the Caccabun
That Horace speaks of, under a hundred keys,
Kept safe, until the heir of Posthumus
Shall stain the pavement with it, make a feast
Fit for Lucullus, or Fra Bastian even;
So we will go to supper, and be merry.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Beware! Remember that Bobbs's eels
And Vernage wine once killed a Pope of Rome!

IPPOLITO.

'Twas a French Pope; and then so long ago;
Who knows?—perhaps the story is not true.

V

BORGO DELLE VERGINE AT NAPLES.
Room in the Palace of JULIA GONZAGA. Night.
JULIA GONZAGA, GIOVANNI VALDESSO.

JULIA.

Do not go yet.

VALDESSO.

The night is far advanced;
I fear to stay too late, and weary you
With these discussions.

JULIA.

I have much to say.
I speak to you, Valdesso, with that frankness
Which is the greatest privilege of friendship,
Speak as I hardly would to my confessor,
Such is my confidence in you.

VALDESSO.

Dear Countess,
If loyalty to friendship be a claim
Upon your confidence, then I may claim it.

JULIA.

Then sit again, and listen unto things
That nearer are to me than life itself.

VALDESSO.

In all things I am happy to obey you,
And happiest then when you command me most.

JULIA.

Laying aside all useless rhetoric,
That is superfluous between us two
I come at once unto the point, and say,
You know my outward life, my rank and fortune;

Countess of Fondi. Duchess of Trajetto,
A widow rich and flattered, for whose hand
In marriage princes ask, and ask it only
To be rejected. All the world can offer
Lies at my feet. If I remind you of it,
It is not in the way of idle bestial,
But only to the better understanding
Of what comes after.

VALDESSO.

God hath given you also
Beauty and intellect; and the signal grace
To lead a spotless life amid temptations,
That others yield to.

JULIA.

But the inward life,
That you know not; 'tis known but to myself,
And is to me a mystery and pain.
A soul disquieted, and ill at ease,
A mind perplexed with doubts and apprehensions,
A heart dissatisfied with all around me,
And with myself, so that sometimes I weep,
Discouraged and disgusted with the world.

VALDESSO.

Where'er we cross a river at a ford,
If we would pass in safety, we must keep
Our eyes fixed steadfast on the shore beyond,
For if we cast them on the flowing stream,
The heads swim with it; so if we would cross
The running flood of things here in the world,
Our souls must not look down, but fix their sight
On the firm land beyond.

JULIA.

I comprehend you.
You think I am too worldly that my head
Swims with the giddying whirl of life about me.
Is that your meaning?

VALDESSO.

Yes; your meditations
Are more of this world and its vanities
Than of the world to come.

JULIA.

Between the two

VALDESSO.

Yet have I seen you listen
Encaptured when Fra Bernardino preached
Of faith and hope and charity.

JULIA.

I listen,
But only as to music without meaning.
It moves me for the moment, and I think
How beautiful it is to be a saint,
As dear Vittoria is; but I am weak
And wayward, and I soon fall back again
To my old ways, so very easily.
There are too many week-days for one Sunday.

VALDESSO.

Then take the Sunday with you through the week,
And sweeten it with all the other days.

JULIA.

In part I do so; for to put a stop
To idle tongues, what men might say of me
If I lived all alone here in my palace,
And not from a vocation that I feel
For the monastic life, I now am living
With Sister Caterina at the convent
Of Santa Chiara, and I come here only
On certain days, for my affairs, or visits
Of ceremony, or to be with friends,
For I confess, to live among my friends
Is Paradise to me; my Purgatory
Is living among people I dislike.
And so I pass my life in these two worlds,
This palace and the convent.

**VALDESSO.**
It was then
The fear of man, and not the love of God,
That led you to this step. Why will you not
Give all your heart to God?

**JULIA.**
If God commands it,
Wherefore hath He not made me capable
Of doing for Him what I wish to do
As easily as I could offer Him
This jewel from my hand, this gown I wear,
Or aught else that is mine?

**VALDESSO.**
The hindrance lies
In that original sin, by which all fell.

**JULIA.**
Ah me, I cannot bring my troubled mind
To wish well to that Adam, our first parent,
Who by his sin lost Paradise for us,
And brought such ills upon us.

**VALDESSO.**
We ourselves,
When we commit a sin, lose Paradise,
As much as he did. Let us think of this,
And how we may regain it.

**JULIA.**
Teach me, then,
To harmonize the discord of my life,
And stop the painful jangle of these wires.

**VALDESSO.**
That is a task impossible, until
You tune your heart-strings to a higher key
Than earthly melodies.

**JULIA.**
How shall I do it?
Point out to me the way of this perfection,
And I will follow you; for you have made
My soul enamored with it, and I cannot
Rest satisfied until I find it out.
But lead me privately, so that the world
Hear not my steps; I would not give occasion
For talk among the people.

**VALDESSO.**
Now at last
I understand you fully. Then, what need
Is there for us to beat about the bush?
I know what you desire of me.

**JULIA.**
What rudeness!
If you already know it, why not tell me?

**VALDESSO.**
Because I rather wait for you to ask it
With your own lips.

**JULIA.**
Do me the kindness, then,
To speak without reserve; and with all frankness,
If you divine the truth, will I confess it.

**VALDESSO.**
I am content.

**JULIA.**
Then speak.

**VALDESSO.**
You would be free
From the vexatious thoughts that come and go
Through your imagination, and would have me
Point out some royal road and lady-like
Which you may walk in, and not wound your feet;
You would attain to the divine perfection,
And yet not turn your back upon the world;
You would possess humility within,
But not reveal it in your outward actions;
You would have patience, but without the rude
Occasions that require its exercise;
You would despise the world, but in such fashion
The world should not despise you in return;
Would clothe the soul with all the Christian graces,
Yet not despoil the body of its gauds;
Would feed the soul with spiritual food,
Yet not deprive the body of its feasts;
Would seem angelic in the sight of God,
Yet not too saint-like in the eyes of men;
In short, would lead a holy Christian life
In such a way that even your nearest friend
Would not detect therein one circumstance
To show a change from what it was before.
Have I divined your secret?

**JULIA.**
You have drawn
The portrait of my inner self as truly
As the most skilful painter ever painted
A human face.

**VALDESSO.**
This warrants me in saying
You think you can win heaven by compromise,
And not by verdict.

**JULIA.**
You have often told me
That a bad compromise was better even
Than a good verdict.

**VALDESSO.**
Yes, in suits at law;
Not in religious With the human soul
There is no compromise. By faith alone
Can man be justified.

**JULIA.**
Hush, dear Valdesso;
That is a heresy. Do not, I pray you,
Proclaim it from the house-top, but preserve it
As something precious, hidden in your heart,
As I, who half believe and tremble at it.

**VALDESSO.**
I must proclaim the truth.

**JULIA.**
Enthusiast!
Why must you? You imperil both yourself
And friends by your imprudence. Pray, be patient.
You have occasion now to show that virtue
Which you lay stress upon. Let us return
To our lost pathway. Show me by what steps
I shall walk in it. [Convent bells are heard.

**VALDESSO.**
Hark! the convent bells
Are ringing; it is midnight; I must leave you.
And yet I linger. Pardon me, dear Countess,  
Since you to-night have made me your confessor,  
If I so far may venture, I will warn you  
Upon one point.

JULIA.  
What is it? Speak, I pray you,  
For I have no concealments in my conduct;  
All is as open as the light of day.  
What is it you would warn me of?

VALDESSO.  
Your friendship  
With Cardinal Ippolito.

JULIA.  
What is there  
To cause suspicion or alarm in that,  
More than in friendships that I entertain  
With you and others? I ne'er sat with him  
Alone at night, as I am sitting now  
With you, Valdesso.

VALDESSO.  
Pardon me; the portrait  
That Fra Bastiano painted was for him.  
Is that quite prudent?

JULIA.  
That is the same question  
Vittoria put to me, when I last saw her.  
I make you the same answer. That was not  
A pledge of love, but of pure gratitude.  
Recall the adventure of that dreadful night  
When Barbarossa with two thousand Moors  
Landed upon the coast, and in the darkness  
Attacked my castle. Then without delay  
The Cardinal came hurrying down from Rome  
To rescue and protect me. Was it wrong  
That in an hour like that I did hot weigh  
Too nicely this or that, but granted him  
A boon that pleased him, and that flattered me?

VALDESSO.  
Only beware lest, in disguise of friendship,  
Another corsair, worse than Barbarossa,  
Steal in and seize the castle, not by storm  
But strategy. And now I take my leave.

JULIA.  
Farewell; but ere you go look forth and see  
How night hath hushed the clamor and the stir  
Of the tumultuous streets. The cloudless moon  
Roofs the whole city as with tiles of silver;  
The dim, mysterious sea in silence sleeps;  
And straight into the air Vesuvius lifts  
His plume of smoke. How beautiful it is!

[Voices in the street.]

GIOVAN ANDREA.  
Poisoned at Itri.

ANOTHER VOICE.  
Poisoned? Who is poisoned?

GIOVAN ANDREA.  
The Cardinal Ippolito, my master.  
Call it malaria. It was very sudden.

[JULIA swoons.]

VI.  
VITTORIA COLONNA.  
A room in the Torre Argentina.  
VITTORIA COLONNA and JULIA GONZAGA.

VITTORIA.  
Come to my arms and to my heart once more;  
My soul goes out to meet you and embrace you,  
For we are of the sisterhood of sorrow.  
I know what you have suffered.

JULIA.  
Let me forget it.

VITTORIA.  
I will say no more.  
Let me look at you. What a joy it is  
To see your face, to hear your voice again!  
You bring with you a breath as of the morn,  
A memory of the far-off happy days  
When we were young. When did you come from Fondi?

JULIA.  
I have not been at Fondi since —

VITTORIA.  
You need not speak the word; I understand you.

JULIA.  
I came from Naples by the lovely valley,  
The Terra di Lavoro.

VITTORIA.  
And you find me  
But just returned from a long journey northward.  
I have been staying with that noble woman  
Renée of France, the Duchess of Ferrara.

JULIA.  
Oh, tell me of the Duchess. I have heard  
Flaminio speak her praises with such warmth  
That I am eager to hear more of her  
And of her brilliant court.

VITTORIA.  
You shall hear all.  
But first sit down and listen patiently  
While I confess myself.

JULIA.  
What deadly sin  
Have you committed?

VITTORIA.  
Not a sin; a folly.  
I chid you once at Ischia, when you told me  
That brave Fra Bastian was to paint your portrait.

JULIA.  
Well I remember it.

VITTORIA.  
Then chide me now,  
For I confess to something still more strange.  
Old as I am, I have at last consented  
To the entreaties and the supplications  
Of Michael Angelo —

JULIA.  
To marry him?

VITTORIA.  
I pray you, do not jest with me! You know,  
Or you should know, that never such a thought  
Entered my breast. I am already married.  
The Marquis of Pesara is my husband,  
And death has not divorced us.

JULIA.  
Have I offended you?

VITTORIA.  
Pardon me.
VITTORIA.

No, but have hurt me.
Unto my buried lord I give myself,
Unto my friend the shadow of myself,
My portrait. It is not from vanity,
But for the love I bear him.

JULIA.

I rejoice
To hear these words. Oh, this will be a portrait
Worthy of both of you! [A knock.

VITTORIA.

Hark! he is coming.

JULIA.

And shall I go or stay?

VITTORIA.

By all means, stay;
The drawing will be better for your presence;
You will enliven me.

JULIA.

I shall not speak:
The presence of great men doth take from me
All power of speech. I only gaze at them
In silent wonder, as if they were gods,
Or the inhabitants of some other planet.

Enter MICHAEL ANGELO.

VITTORIA.

Come in.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I fear my visit is ill-timed;
I interrupt you.

VITTORIA.

No; this is a friend
Of yours as well as mine,—the Lady Julia,
The Duchess of Trastevere.

MICHAEL ANGELO to JULIA.

I salute you.
'Tis long since I have seen your face, my lady;
Pardon me if I say that having seen it,
One never can forget it.

JULIA.

You are kind
To keep me in your memory.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

It is
The privilege of age to speak with frankness.
You will not be offended when I say
That never was your beauty more divine.

JULIA.

When Michael Angelo condescends to flatter
Or praise me, I am proud, and not offended.

VITTORIA.

Now this is gallantry enough for one;
Show me a little.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, my gracious lady,
You know I have not words to speak your praise.
I think of you in silence. You conceal
Your manifold perfections from all eyes,
And make yourself more saint-like day by day.
And day by day men worship you the more.
But now your hour of martyrdom has come.
You know why I am here.

VITTORIA.

Ah yes, I know it;
And meet my fate with fortitude. You find me
Surrounded by the labors of your hands:
The Woman of Samaria at the Well,
The Mater Dolorosa, and the Christ
Upon the Cross, beneath which you have written
Those memorable words of Alighieri,
"Men have forgotten how much blood it costs."

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And now I come to add one labor more,
If you will call that labor which is pleasure,
And only pleasure.

VITTORIA.

How shall I be seated?

MICHAEL ANGELO, opening his portfolio.

Just as you are. The light falls well upon you

VITTORIA.

I am ashamed to steal the time from you
That should be given to the Sistine Chapel.
How does that work go on?

MICHAEL ANGELO, drawing.

But tardily.
Old men work slowly. Brain and hand alike
Are dull and torpid. To die young is best,
And not to be remembered as old men
Trotting about in their decrepitude.

VITTORIA.

My dear Maestro! have you, then, forgotten
The story of Sophocles in his old age?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

What story is it?

VITTORIA.

When his sons accused him,
Before the Areopagus, of dotage,
For all defence, he read there to his Judges
The Tragedy of Oedipus Coloneus,—
The work of his old age.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

'Tis an illusion,
A fabulous story, that will lead old men
Into a thousand follies and conceits.

VITTORIA.

So you may show to cavaliers your painting
Of the Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Now you and Lady Julia shall resume
The conversation that I interrupted.

VITTORIA.

It was of no great import; nothing more
Nor less than my late visit to Ferrara,
And what I saw there in the ducal palace.
Will it not interrupt you?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Not the least.

VITTORIA.

Well, first, then, of Duke Ercole: a man
Cold in his manners, and reserved and silent,
And yet magnificent in all his ways;
Not hospitable unto new ideas,
But from state policy, and certain reasons
Concerning the investiture of the duchy,
A partisan of Rome, and consequently
Intolerant of all the new opinions.
JULIA.

I should not like the Duke. These silent men,
Who only look and listen, are like wells
That have no water in them, deep and empty.
How could the daughter of a king of France
Wed such a duke?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The men that women marry,
And why they marry them, will always be
A marvel and a mystery to the world.

VITTORIA.

And then the Duchess,—how shall I describe her,
Or tell the merits of that happy nature,
Which pleases most when least it thinks of pleasing?

Not beautiful, perhaps, in form and feature,
Yet with an inward beauty, that shines through
Each look and attitude and word and gesture;
A kindly grace of manner and behavior,
A something in her presence and her ways
That makes her beautiful beyond the reach
Of mere external beauty; and in heart
So noble and devoted to the truth,
And so in sympathy with all who strive
After the higher life.

JULIA.

She draws me to her
As much as her Duke Ercole repels me.

VITTORIA.

Then the devout and honorable women
That grace her court, and make it good to be there;
Francesca Bucyronia, the true-hearted,
Lavinia della Rovere and the Orsini,
The Magdalena and the Cherubina,
And Anne de Parthenai, who sings so sweetly;
All lovely women, full of noble thoughts
And aspirations after noble things.

JULIA.

Boccaccio would have envied you such dames.

VITTORIA.

No; his Fiammettas and his Philomenas
Are fitter company for Ser Giovanni;
I fear he hardly would have comprehended
The women that I speak of.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Yet be wrote
The story of Griselda. That is something
To set down in his favor.

VITTORIA.

With these ladies
Was a young girl, Olympia Morata,
Daughter of Fulvio, the learned scholar,
Famous in all the universities:
A marvellous child, who at the spinning-wheel,
And in the daily round of household cares,
Hath learned both Greek and Latin; and is now
A favorite of the Duchess and companion
Of Princess Anne. This beautiful young Sappho
Sometimes recited to us Grecian odes
That she had written, with a voice whose sadness
Thrilled and o’ermastered me, and made me look
Into the future time, and ask myself
What destiny will be hers.

JULIA.

A sad one, surely.

Frost kills the flowers that blossom out of season;
And these precocious intellects pretend
A life of sorrow or an early death.

VITTORIA.

About the court were many learned men;
Chilian Sinapius from beyond the Alps,
And Cello Carbone, and Manzoli,
The Duke’s physician; and a pale young man,
Charles d’Espeville of Geneva, whom the Duchess
Both much delight to talk with and to read,
For he hath written a book of Institutes.
The Duchess greatly praises, though some call it
The Koran of the heretics.

JULIA.

And what poets
Were there to sing you madrigals, and praise
Olympia’s eyes and Cherubina’s tresses?

VITTORIA.

No; for great Ariosto is no more.
The voice that filled those halls with melody
Has long been hushed in death.

JULIA.

You should have made
A pilgrimage unto the poet’s tomb,
And laid a wreath upon it, for the words
He spake of you.

VITTORIA.

And of yourself no less,
And of our master, Michael Angelo.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Of me?

VITTORIA.

Have you forgotten that he calls you
Michael, less man than angel, and divine?
You are ungrateful.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

A mere play on words.
That adjective he wanted for a rhyme,
To match with Gian Bellino and Urbino.

VITTORIA.

Bernardo Tasso is no longer there,
Nor the gay troubadour of Gascony,
Clement Marot, surnamed by flatterers
The Prince of Poets and the Poet of Princes,
Who, being looked upon with much disfavor
By the Duke Ercole, has fled to Venice.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

There let him stay with Pietro Aretino,
The Scourge of Princes, also called Divine.
The title is so common in our mouths,
That even the Pifferari of Abruzzi,
Who play their bag-pipes in the streets of Rome
At the Epiphany, will bear it soon,
And will deserve it better than some poets.

VITTORIA.

What bee hath stung you?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

One that makes no honey;
One that comes buzzing in through every win-

And stabs men with his sting. A bitter thought
Passed through my mind, but it is gone again;
I spake too hastily.

JULIA.

I pray you, show me
What you have done.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Not yet; it is not finished.
PART SECOND.
I. MONOLOGUE.
A room in Michael Angelo's house.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Fled to Viterbo, the old Papal city
Where once an Emperor, humbled in his pride,
Held the Pope's remnant, As he seizes
Alighted from his mule! A fugitive
From Cardinal Caffari's hate, who hurst
His thunders at the house of the Colonna,
With endless bitterness: — Among the nuns
In Santa Caterina's convent hidden.
Herself in soul a nun! And now she chides me
For my too frequent letters, that disturb
Her meditations, and that hinder me
And keep me from my work; now graciously
She thanks me for the crucifix I sent her,
And says that she will keep it: with one hand
Inflicts a wound, and with the other heals it.

"Profoundly I believed that God would grant you
A supernatural faith to paint this Christ;
I wished for that which I now see fulfilled
So marvellously, exceeding all my wishes.
Nor more could be desired, or even so much.
And greatly I rejoice that you have made
The angel on the right so beautiful;
For the Archangel Michael will place you,
You, Michael Angelo, on that new day,
Upon the Lord's right hand! And waiting that,
How can I better serve you than to pray
To this sweet Christ for you, and beseech you
To hold me altogether yours in all things."

"Well, I will write less often, or no more,
But wait her coming. No one born in Rome
Can live elsewhere, but he must pine for Rome,
And must return to it. I, who am born
And bred a Tuscan and a Florentine,
Feel the attraction, and I linger here
As if I were a pebble in the pavement
Trodden by priestly feet. This I endure,
Because I breathe in Rome an atmosphere
Heavy with odors of the laurel leaves
That crowned great heroes of the sword and pen,
In aged past. I feel my self exalted,
As walk the streets in which a Virgil walked,
Or Trajan rode in triumph; but far more,
And most of all, because the great Colonna
Breathes the same air I breathe, and is to me
An inspiration. Now that she is gone,
Rome is no longer Rome till she return.
This feeling overmasters me. I know not
If it be love, this strong desire to be
Ever in her presence; but I know
That I, who was the friend of solitude,
And ever was best pleased when most alone,
Now weary grow of my own company.
For the first time old age seems lonely to me.
[Opening the Dicesti Commedia.

I turn for consolation to the leaves
Of the great master of our Tuscan tongue,
Whose words, like colored garnet-shirts in lava,
Were worn the heat in which they were engendered.
A mendicant, he ate the bitter bread
Of others, but repaid their meagre gifts
With immortality. — In courts of princes
He was a by-word, and in streets of towns
Was mocked by children, like the Hebrew prophet,
Himself a prophet. I too know the cry,
Go up, thou bold head! from a generation
That, wanting reverence, wanteth the best food
The soul can feed on. There's not room enough
For age and youth upon this little planet.
Age must give way. There was not room enough
Even for this great poet. In his song
I hear reverberate the gates of Florence,
Closing upon him, never more to open;
But mingled with the sound are melodies
Celestial from the gates of paradise.
He came, and he is gone. The people knew not
What manner of man was passing by their doors,
Until he passed no more: but in his vision
He saw the terrors of lamentation.
Of souls condemned or pardoned, and hath left
Behind him this sublime Apocalypse.
I strive in vain to draw here on the margin
The face of Beatrice. It is not hers,
But the Colonna's. Each hath his ideal,
The image of some woman excellent,"
That is his guide. No Grecian art, nor Roman,
Hath yet revealed such loveliness as hers.

II.

VITERBO.

VITTORIA COLONNA AT THE CONVENT WINDOW.

VITTORIA.

Parting with friends is temporary death,
As all death is. We see no more their faces,
Nor hear their voices, save in memory;
But messages of love give us assurance
That we are not forgotten. Who shall say
That from the world of spirits comes no greeting,
No message of remembrance? It may be
The thoughts that visit us, we know not whence,
Sudden as Inspiration, are the whispers
Of disembodied spirits, speaking to us
As friends, who wait outside a prison wall,
Through the barred windows speak to those within.

As quiet as the lake that lies beneath me,
As quiet as the tranquil sky above me,
As quiet as a heart that beats no more,
This convent seems. Above, below, all peace!
Silence and solitude, the poet's best friends,
Are with me here, and the tumultuous world
Makes no more noise than the remotest planet.
O gentle spirit, unto the third circle
Of heaven among the blessed souls ascended,
Who, living in the faith and dying for it,
Have gone to their reward, I do not sigh
For thee as being dead, but for myself
That I am still alive. Turn those dear eyes,
Once so benignant to me, upon mine,
That open to their tears such uncontrolled
And such continual issue. Still awhile
Have patience; I will come to thee at last.
A few more goings in and out these doors,
A few more chimings of these convent bells,
A few more prayers, a few more sighs and tears,
And the long agony of this life will end,
And I shall be with thee. If I am wanting
To thy well-being, as thou art to mine,
Have patience; I will come to thee at last.
Ye minds that loiter in these cloister gardens,
Or wander far above the city walls,
Bear unto him this message, that I ever
Or speak or think of him, or weep for him.

By unseen hands uplifted in the light
Of sunset, vender solitary cloud
Floats, with its white apparel blown abroad,
And wafted up to heaven. It fades away,
And melts into the air. Ah, would that I
Could thus be wafted unto thee, Francesco,
A cloud of white, an incorporeal spirit!
Michael Angelo and Benvenuto Cellini.

Michael Angelo, Benvenuto Cellini is gay attire.

Benvenuto.
A good day and good year to the divine Maestro Michael Angelo, the sculptor!

Michael Angelo.
Welcome, my Benvenuto.

Benvenuto.
That is what My father said, the first time he beheld This handsome face. But say farewell, not welcome.
I come to take my leave. I start for Florence As fast as horse can carry me. I long To set once more upon its level flags These feet, made sore by your vile Roman pavements. Come with me; you are wanted there in Florence. The Sacristy is not finished.

Michael Angelo.

Speak not of it! How damp and cold it was! How my bones ached And my head reeled, when I was working there! I am too old. I will stay here in Rome, Where all is old and crumbling, like myself, To hopeless rain. All roads lead to Rome.

Benvenuto.
And all lead out of it.

Michael Angelo.
There is a charm, A certain something in the atmosphere, That all men feel, and no man can describe.

Benvenuto.
Malaria?

Michael Angelo.
Yes, malaria of the mind, Out of this tomb of the majestic Past; The fever to accomplish some great work That will not let us sleep. I must go on Until I die.

Benvenuto.
Do you ne'er think of Florence?

Michael Angelo.
Yes; whenever I think of anything beside my work, I think of Florence. I remember, too, The bitter days I passed among the quarries Of Seravezza and Pietrasanta; Road-building in the marshes; stupid people, And cold and rain incessant, and mad gusts Of mountain wind, like howling dervishes, That spun and whirled the eddying snow about them As if it were a garment; aye, vexations And troubles of all kinds, that ended only In loss of time and money.

Benvenuto.
True, Maestro; But that was not in Florence. You should leave Such work to others. Sweeter memories Cluster about you, in the pleasant city Upon the Arno.

Michael Angelo.
In my waking dreams I see the marvellous dome of Brunelleschi, Ghiberti's gates of bronze, and Giotto's tower; And Ghirlandajo's lovely Benec glides With folded hands amid my troubled thoughts, A splendid vision! Time rides with the old At a great pace. As travellers on swift steeds See the near landscape fly and flow behind them, While the remoter fields and dim horizons Go with them, and seem wheeling round to meet them, So in old age things near us slip away, And distant things go with us. Pleasantly Come back to me the days when, as a youth, I walked with Ghirlandajo in the gardens Of Medici, and saw the antique statues, The forms august of gods and godlike men, And the great world of art revealed itself To my young eyes. Then all that man hath done Seemed possible to me. Alas! how little Of all I dreamed of has my hand achieved!

Benvenuto.
Nay, let the Night and Morning, let Lorenzo And Julian in the Sacristy at Florence, Prophets and Sibyls in the Sistine Chapel, And the Last Judgment answer. Is it finished?
MICHAEL ANGELO.
The work is nighly done. But this Last Judgment
Has been the cause of more vexation to me
Than it will be of honor. Say Biagio,
Master of ceremonies at the Papal court,
A man punctilious and over nice,
Calls it improper; says that those nude forms,
Showing their nakedness in such shameless fashion,
Are better suited to a common bagnio,
Or wayside wine-shop, than a Papal Chapel.
To punish him I painted him as Minos,
And leave him there as master of ceremonies
In the Infernal Regions. What would you
Have done to such a man?

BENVENUTO.
I would have killed him.
When any one insults me, if I can
I kill him, kill him.

MICHAEL ANGELO.
Oh, you gentlemen,
Who dress in silks and velvets, and wear swords,
Are ready with your weapons, and have all
A taste for homicide.

BENVENUTO.
I learned that lesson
Under Pope Clement at the siege of Rome,
Some twenty years ago. As I was standing
Upon the ramparts of the Campo Santo
With Alessandro Beni, I beheld
A sea of fog, that covered all the plain,
And hid from us the foe; when suddenly,
A misty figure, like an apparition,
Rose up above the fog, as if on horseback.
At this I aimed my arquebus, and fired.
The figure vanished; and there rose a cry
Out of the darkness, long and fierce and loud,
With imprecations in all languages.
It was the Constable of France, the Bourbon,
That I had slain.

MICHAEL ANGELO.
Rome should be grateful to you.

BENVENUTO.
But has not been; you shall hear presently.
During the siege I served as bombardier,
There in St. Angelo. His Holiness,
One day, was walking with his Cardinals
On the round bastion, while I stood above
Among my falconets. All thought and feeling,

All skill in art and all desire of fame,
Were swallowed up in the delightful music
Of that artillery. I saw far off,
Within the enemy's trenches on the Prati,
A Spanish cavalier in scarlet cloak;
And firing at him with due aim and range,
I cut the gay Hidalgo in two pieces.
The eyes are dry that wept for him in Spain.
His Holiness, delighted beyond measure
With such display of gunnery, and amazed
To see the man in scarlet cut in two,
Gave me his benediction, and absolved me
From all the homicide I had committed
In service of the Apostolic Church,
Or should commit thereafter. From that day
I have not held in very high esteem
The life of man.

MICHAEL ANGELO.
And who absolved Pope Clement?
Now let us speak of art.

BENVENUTO.
Of what you will.
MICHAEL ANGELO.

Well, he is not great,
But still I like him greatly. Benvenuto,
Have faith in nothing but in industry.
Be at it late and early; persevere,
And work right on through censure and applause,
Or else abandon Art.

BENVENUTO.

No man works harder
Than I do. I am not a moment idle,

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And what have you to show me?

BENVENUTO.

This gold ring,
Made for his Holiness, — my latest work,
And I am proud of it. A single diamond,  
Presented by the Emperor to the Pope.
Targhetta of Venice set and tinted it;  
I have reset it, and retinted it
Divinely, as you see. The jewellers  
Say I’ve surpassed Targhetta.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

A pretty jewel.

BENVENUTO.

That is not the expression.
Pretty is not a very pretty word
To be applied to such a precious stone,
Given by an Emperor to a Pope, and set
By Benvenuto!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Messer Benvenuto,
I lose all patience with you; for the gifts
That God hath given you are of such a kind,
They should be put to far more noble uses
Than setting diamonds for the Pope of Rome.
You can do greater things.

BENVENUTO.

The God who made me
Knows why he made me what I am,—a goldsmith,
A mere artificer.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Oh no; an artist,
Richly endowed by nature, but who wraps
His talent in a napkin, and consumes
His life in vanities.

BENVENUTO.

Michael Angelo  
May say what Benvenuto would not bear
From any other man. He speaks the truth.
I know my life is wasted and consumed
In vanities; but I have better hours
And higher aspirations than you think.
Once, when a prisoner at St. Angelo,
Fasting and praying in the midnight darkness,
In a celestial vision I beheld
A crucifix in the sun, of the same substance
As is the sun itself. And since that hour
There is a splendor round about my head,
That may be seen at sunrise and at sunset
Above my shadow on the grass. And now
I know that I am in the grace of God,
And none henceforth can harm me.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

None but one, —
None but yourself, who are your greatest foe.

He that respects himself is safe from others;
He wears a coat of mail that none can pierce.

BENVENUTO.

I always wear one.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

O incorrigible!
At least, forget not the celestial vision.
Man must have something higher than himself
To think of.

BENVENUTO.

That I know full well. Now listen.
I have been sent for into France, where grow
The Lilies that illumine heaven and earth,
And carry in mine equipage the model
Of a most marvellous golden salt-cellar
For the king’s table; and here in my brain
A statue of Mars Armipotent for the fountain
Of Fontainebleau, colossal, wonderful.
I go a goldsmith, to return a sculptor.
And so farewell, great Master. Think of me
As one who, in the midst of all his follies,
Had also his ambition, and aspired
To better things.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Do not forget the vision.

[Sitting down again to the Divina Commedia.]

Now in what circle of his poem sacred
Would the great Florentine have placed this man?
Whether in Phlegception, the river of blood,
Or in the fiery belt of Purgatory,
I know not, but most surely not with those
Who walk in leden cleeks. Though he is one
Whose passions, like a potent alkaliest,
Dissolve his better nature, he is not
That despicable thing, a hypocrite;
He doth not cloak his vices, nor deny them.
Come back, my thoughts, from him to Paradise.

IV.

FRA SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO.

MICHAEL ANGELO; Fra Sebastiano del Piombo.

MICHAEL ANGELO, not turning round.

Who is it?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Wait, for I am out of breath  
In climbing your steep stairs.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, my Bastiano,
If you went up and down as many stairs
As I do still, and climbed as many ladders,
It would be better for you. Pray sit down.
Your idle and luxurious way of living
Will one day take your breath away entirely,
And you will never find it.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Well, what then?
That would be better, in my apprehension,
Than falling from a scaffold.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

That was nothing.
It did not kill me; only lamed me slightly
I am quite well again.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

But why, dear Master,
Why do you live so high up in your house,
When you could live below and have a garden,
As I do?
MICHAEL ANGELO.

From this window I can look
On many gardens; o'er the city roofs
See the Campagna and the Alban hills;
And all are mine.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Can you sit down in them,
On summer afternoons, and play the lute,
Or sing, or sleep the time away?'

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I never
Sleep in the day-time; scarcely sleep at night.
I have not time. Did you meet Benvenuto
As you came up the stair?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

He ran against me
On the first landing, going at full speed;
Dressed like the Spanish cavalier, at play.
With his long rapier and his short red cloak.
Why hurry through the world at such a pace?
Life will not be too long;

MICHAEL ANGELO.

It is its nature,—
A restless spirit, that consumes itself
With useless agitations. He o'ercepts
The goal he aims at. Patience is a plant
That grows not in all gardens. You are made
Of quite another clay.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

And thank God for it.
And now, being somewhat rested, I will tell you
Why I have elibuted these formidable stairs.
I have a friend, Francesco Berni, here,
A very charming poet and companion,
Who greatly honors you and all your doings,
And you must sup with us.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Not I, indeed.
I know too well what artists' suppers are.
You must excuse me.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

I will not excuse you.
You need repose from your incessant work;
Some recreation, some bright hours of pleasure.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

To me, what you and other men call pleasure
Is only pain. 'Work is my recreation,
The play of faculty; a delight like that
Which a bird feels in flying, or a fish
In darting through the water,— nothing more.
I cannot go. The Sibyl's leaves of life
Grow precious now, when only few remain.
I cannot go.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Berni, perhaps, will read
A canto of the Orlando Innamorato.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

That is another reason for not going.
If aught is tedious and intolerable,
It is a poet reading his own verses.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Berni thinks somewhat better of your verses
Than you of his. He says that you speak things,
And other poets words. 'So, pray you, come.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

If it were now the Improvisatore,
Luigia Pulei, whom I used to hear
With Benvenuto, in the streets of Florence,
I might be tempted. I was younger then,
And singing in the open air was pleasant.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

There is a Frenchman here, named Rabelais,
Once a Franciscan friar, and now a doctor,
And secretary to the embassy;
A learned man, who speaks all languages,
And wittiest of men, who wrote a book
Of the Adventures of Gargantua,
So full of strange conceits one roars with laughter
At every page; a jovial boon-companion
And lover of much wine. He too is coming.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Then you will not want me, who am not witty,
And have no sense of mirth, and love not wine.
I should be like a dead man at your banquet.
Why should I seek this Frenchman, Rabelais?
And wherefore go to hear Francesco Berni,
When I have Dante Alighieri here,
The greatest of all poets?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

And the dullest;
And only to be read in episodes.
His day is past. Petrarca is our poet.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Petrarca is for women and for lovers,
And for those soft Abati, who delight
To wander down long garden walks in summer,
Tinkling their little sonnets all day long,
As lap-dogs do their bells.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

I love Petrarca.

How sweetly of his absent love he sings,
When journeying in the forest of Ardennes!
"I seem to hear her, hearing the boughs and breezes
And leaves and birds lamenting, and the waters
Murmuring like the verdant herbage."

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Enough. It is all seeming, and no being.
If you would know how a man speaks in earnest,
Read here this passage, where St. Peter thunders
In Paradise against degenerate Popes
And the corruptions of the church, till all
The heaven about him blushes like a sunset.
I beg you to take note of what he says
About the Papal seals, for that concerns
Your office and yourself.

FRA SEBASTIANO, reading.

Is this the passage?
"Nor I be made the figure of a seal
To privileges venal and mendacious:
Whereat I often redden and blush with fire!"—
That is not poetry.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

What is it, then?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Vituperation; gall that might have spirited
From Aretino's pen.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Name not that man!
A profligate, whom your Francesco Berni
Describes as having one foot in the brothel
And the other in the hospital; who lives
MICHAEL ANGELO

By flattering or maligning, as best serves
His purpose at the time. He writes to me
With easy arrogance of my Last Judgment
In such familiar tone that one would say
The great event already had occurred,
And he was present, and from observation
Informed me how the picture should be painted.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

What unassuming, unobtrusive men
These critics are! Now, to have Aretino
Aiming his shafts at you brings back to mind
The Gascon archers in the square of Milan,
Shooting their arrows at Duke Sforza's statue,
By Leonardo, and the foolish rabble
Of envious Florentines, that at your David
Threw stones at night. But Aretino praised you.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

His praises were ironical. He knows
How to use words as weapons to wound
While seeming to defend. But look, Bastiano,
See how the setting sun lights up that picture!

FRA SEBASTIANO.

My portrait of Vittoria Colonna.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

It makes her look as she will look hereafter,
When she becomes a saint!

FRA SEBASTIANO.

A noble woman!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, these old hands can fashion fairer shapes
In marble, and can paint diviner pictures,
Since I have known her.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

And you like this picture;
And yet it is in oils, which you detest.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

When that barbarian Jan Van Eyck discovered
The use of oil in painting, he degraded
His art into a handicraft, and made it
Sign-painting, merely, for a country inn
Or wayside wine-shop. 'T is an art for women,
Or for such leisurely and idle people
As you, Fra Bastiano. Nature paints not
In oils, but frescoes the great dome of heaven
With sunsets, and the lovely forms of clouds
And flying vapors.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

And how soon they fade!
Behold you line of roofs and belltires painted
Upon the golden background of the sky,
Like a Byzantine picture, or a portrait
Of Cimabue. See how hard the outline,
Sharp-cut and clear, not rounded into shadow.
Yet that is nature.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

She is always right.
The picture that approaches sculpture nearest
Is the best picture.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Leonardo thinks
The open air too bright. We ought to paint
As if the sun were shining through a mist.
'T is easier done in oil than in distemper.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Do not revive again the old dispute;
I have an excellent memory for forgetting,
But I still feel the hurt. Wounds are not healed
By the unbending of the bow that made them.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

So say Petrarca and the ancient proverb.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

But that is best. Now I am angry with you,
Not that you paint in oils, but that, grown fat
And indolent, you do not paint at all.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Why should I paint? Why should I toil and
sweat,
Who now am rich enough to live at ease,
And take my pleasure?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

When Pope Leo died,
He who had been so lavish of the wealth
His predecessors left him, who received
A basket of gold-pieces every morning,
Which every night was empty, left behind
Hardly enough to pay his funeral.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

I care for banquets, not for funerals,
As did his Holiness. I have forbidden
All tapers at my burial, and procession
Of priests, and friars and monks; and have pro-
vided
The cost thereof to be given to the poor!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

You have done wisely, but of that I speak not.
Ghiberti left behind him wealth and children;
But who to-day would know that he had lived,
If he had never made those gates of bronze
In the old Baptistry,—those gates of bronze,
Worthy to be the gates of Paradise.
His wealth is scattered to the winds; his children
Are long since dead; but those celestial gates
Survive, and keep his name and memory green.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

But why should I fatigue myself? I think
That all things is it possible to paint
Have been already painted; and if not,
Why, there are painters in the world at present
Who can accomplish more in two short months
Than I could in two years: so it is well
That some one is contented to do nothing,
And leave the field to others.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

O blasphemer!
Not without reason do the people call you
Sebastian del Piombo, for the lead
Of all the Papal bulls is heavy upon you,
And wraps you like a shroud.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Misericordia! Sharp is the vinegar of sweet wine, and sharp
The words you speak, because the heart within you
Is sweet unto the core.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How changed you are
From the Sebastiano I once knew,
When poor, laborious, emulous to excel,
You strove in rivalry with Badassare
And Raphael Sanzio.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Raphael is dead;
He is but dust and ashes in his grave,
While I am living and enjoying life,
And so am victor. One live Pope is worth A dozen dead ones.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Raphael is not dead; He doth but sleep; for how can he be dead Who lives immortal in the hearts of men? He only drank the precious wine of youth, The outbreak of the grapes, before the vintage Was trodden to bitterness by the feet of men. The gods have given him sleep. We never were Nor could be, unless, although our followers, Who are distorted shadows of ourselves, Have striven to make us so; but each one worked Unconsciously upon the other's thoughts, both giving and receiving. He perchance Caught strength from me, and I some greater sweetness And tenderness from his more gentle nature. I have but words of admiration For his great genius, and the world is fairer That he lived in it.

* FRA SEBASTIANO.

So come with me.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

No, no; I am best pleased When I'm not asked to banquets. I have reached A time of life when daily walks are shortened, And even the houses of our dearest friends, That used to be so near, seem far away.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Then we must sup without you. We shall laugh At those who toil for fame, and make their lives A tedious martyrdom, that they may live A little longer in the mouths of men! And so, good-night.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Good-night, my Fra Bastiano. [Returning to his work. How will men speak of me when I am gone, When all this colorless, sad life is ended, And I am dust? They will remember only The wrinkled forehead, the marred countenance, The rudeness of my speech, and my rough manners, And never dream that underneath them all There was a woman's heart of tenderness. They will not know the secret of my life, Locked up in silence, or but vaguely hinted In uncease rhymes, that may perchance survive Some little space in memories of men! Each one performs his life-work, and then leaves it; Those that come after him will estimate His influence on the age in which he lived.

V.

MICHAEL ANGELO AND TITIAN: PALAZZO BELVEDERE.

TITIAN'S studio. A painting of Donatello with a curtain before it. TITIAN, MICHAEL ANGELO, and GIORGIO VASARI.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

So you have left at last your still lagoons, Your City of Silence floating in the sea, * And come to us in Rome.

TITIAN.

I come to learn, But I have come too late. I should have seen Rome in my youth, when all my mind was open To new impressions. Our Vasari here Leads me about, a blind man, groping darkly Among the marvels of the past. I touch them, But do not see them.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

There are things in Rome That one might walk bare-footed here from Venice But to see once, and then to die content.

TITIAN.

I must confess that these majestic ruins Oppress me with their gloom. I feel as one Who in the twilight stumbles among tombs, And cannot read the inscriptions carved upon them.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I felt so once; but I have grown familiar With desolation, and it has become No more a pain to me, but a delight.

TITIAN.

I could not live here. I must have the sea, And the sea-mist, with sunshine interwoven Like cloth of gold; must have beneath my windows The laughter of the waves, and at my door Their pattering footsteps, or I am not happy.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Then tell me of your city in the sea, Paved with red basalt of the Pianu hills. Tell me of art in Venice. Three great names, Giorgione, Titian, and the Tintoretto, Illustrate your Venetian school, and send A challenge to the world. The first is dead, But Tintoretto lives.

TITIAN.

And paints with fire, Sudden and splendid, as the lightning paints The cloudy vault of heaven.

GIORGIO.

Does he still keep Above his door the arrogant inscription That once was painted there,—"The color of Titian, With the design of Michael Angelo"?

TITIAN.

Indeed, I know not. 'Twas a foolish boast, And does no harm to any but himself. Perhaps he has grown wiser.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

When you two Are gone, who is there that remains behind To seize the penit falling from your fingers?

GIORGIO.

Oh there are many hands upraised already To clutch at such a prize, which hardly wait For death to lose your grasp,—a hundred of them: Schiavone, Bonifazio, Campagnola, Moretto and Moroni; who can count them, Or measure their ambition?

TITIAN.

When we are gone, The generation that comes after us Will have far other thoughts than ours. Our ruins Will serve to build their palaces or tombs. They will possess the world that we think ours, And fashion it far otherwise.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I hear Your son Orazio and your nephew Marco Mentioned with honor.
TITIAN.

Men die and are forgotten. The great world Goes on the same. Among the myriads Of men that live, or have lived, or shall live, What is a single life, or thine or mine, That we should think all nature would stand still If we were gone. We must make room for others.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And now, Maestro, pray unveil your picture Of Danae, of which I hear such praise.

TITIAN. Drawing back the curtain.

What think you?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

That Acrisius did well Tolock such beauty in a brazen tower, And hide it from all eyes.

TITIAN.

The model truly Was beautiful.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And more, that you were present, And saw the shower Jove from high Olympus Descend in all splendor.

TITIAN.

From your lips Such words are full of sweetness.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

You have caught These golden hues from your Venetian sunsets.

TITIAN.

Possibly.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Or from sunshine through a shower On the lagoons, or the broad Adriatic. Nature reveals herself in all our arts. The pavements and the palaces of cities Hint at the nature of the neighboring hills. Red lavas from the Euganean quarries OfPutna pave your streets; your palaces Are the white stones of Istria, and gleam Reflected in your waters and your pictures. And thus the works of every artist show Something of his surroundings and his habits. The utmost that can be reached by color Is here accomplished. Warmth and light and softness Mingle together. Never yet was flesh Painted by hand of artist, dead or living, With such divine perfection.

TITIAN.

I am grateful For so much praise from you, who are a master;

While mostly those who praise and those who blame Know nothing of the matter, so that mainly Their censure sounds like praise, their praise like censure.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Wonderful! wonderful! The charm of color Fascinates me the more that in myself The gift is wanting. I am not a painter.

GIORGIO.

Messer Michele, all the arts are yours, Not one alone; and therefore I may venture To put a question to you.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Well, speak on.

GIORGIO.

Two nephews of the Cardinal Farnese Have made me umpire in dispute between them Which is the greater of the sister arts, Painting or sculpture. Solve for me the doubt.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Sculpture and painting have a common goal, And whoever would attain to it, Whichever path he take, will find that goal Equally hard to reach.'

GIORGIO.

No doubt, no doubt;

But you evade the question.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

When I stand In presence of this picture, I concede That painting has attained its uttermost; But in the presence of my sculptured figures I feel that my conception soars beyond All limit I have reached.

GIORGIO.

You still evade me.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Giorgio Vasari, I have often said That I account that painting as the best Which most resembles sculpture. Here before us We have the proof. Behold these rounded limbs! How from the canvas they detach themselves, Till they deceive the eye, and one would say, It is a statue with a screen behind it!

TITIAN.

Signori, pardon me; but all such questions Seem to me idle.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Idle as the wind. And now, Maestro, I will say once more How admirable I esteem your work, And leave you, without further interruption.

TITIAN.

Your friendly visit hath much honored me.

GIORGIO.

Farewell.

MICHAEL ANGELO TO GIORGIO. going out.

If the Venetian painters knew But half as much of drawing as of color, They would indeed work miracles in art, And the world see what it hath never seen.
VI.
PALAZZO CESARINI.
VITTORIA COLonna, seated in an arm-chair; JULIA GONZAGA, standing near her.

JULIA.
It grieves me that I find you still so weak
And suffering.

VITTORIA.
No, not suffering; only dying.
Death is the chillness that precedes the dawn;
We shudder for a moment, then awake
In the broad sunshine of the other life.
I am a shadow, merely, and these hands,
These cheeks, these eyes, these tresses that my husband
Once thought so beautiful, and I was proud of
Because he thought them so, are faded quite,—
All beauty gone from them.

JULIA.
Ah, no, not that.
Paler you are, but not less beautiful.

VITTORIA.
Hand me the mirror. I would fain behold
What change comes o'er our features when we die.
Thank you. And now sit down beside me here.
How glad I am that you have come to-day,
Above all other days, and at the hour
When most I need you!

JULIA.
Do you ever need me?

VITTORIA.
Always, and most of all to-day and now.
Do you remember, Julia, when we walked,
One afternoon, upon the castle terrace
At Ischia, on the day before you left me?

JULIA.
Well I remember; but it seems to me
Something unreal, that has never been,—
Something that I have read of in a book,
Or heard of some one else.

VITTORIA.
Ten years and more
Have passed since then; and many things have happened.
In those ten years, and many friends have died:
Marco Flaminio, whom we all admired
And loved as our Catullus; dear Valdesso,
The noble champion of free thought and speech;
And Cardinal Ippolito, your friend.

JULIA.
Oh, do not speak of him! His sudden death
O'ercomes me now, as it o'erreame me then.

Let me forget it; for my memory
Serves me too often as an unkind friend,
And I remember things I would forget,
While I forget the things I would remember.

VITTORIA.
Forgive me; I will speak of him no more.
The good Fra Bernardino has departed.
Has fled from Italy, and crossed the Alps,
Fearing Caraffa's wrath, because he taught
That He who made us all without our help
Could also save us without aid of ours.
Borne of France, the Duchess of Ferrara,
That Lily of the Loire, is bowed by winds
That blow from Rome; Olympia Morata
Banished from court because of this new doctrine.
Therefore be cautious. Keep your secret thought
Locked in your breast.

JULIA.
I will be very prudent.
But speak no more, I pray; it wearies you.

VITTORIA.
Yes, I am very weary. Read to me.

Most willingly. What shall I read?

VITTORIA.
Petrarca's
Triumph of Death. The book lies on the table;
Beside the casket there. Read where you find
The leaf turned down. 'Twas there I left off reading.

JULIA, reads.
"Not as a flame that by some force is spent,
But one that of itself consumeth quite,
Departed hence in peace the soul content,
In fashion of a soft and lucent light
Whose nutriment by slow gradation goes,
Keeping until the end its lustre bright.
Not pale, but whiter than the sheet of snows
That without wind on some fair hill-top lies,
Her weary body seemed to find repose.
Like a sweet slumber in her lovely eyes,
When now the spirit was no longer there,
Was what is dying called by the unwise.
E'en Death itself in her fair face seemed fair."—

Is it of Laura that he here is speaking?—
She doth not answer, yet is not asleep;
Her eyes are full of light and fixed on something
Above her in the air. I can see nought
Except the painted angels on the ceiling.
Vittoria! speak! What is it? Answer me!—
She only smiles, and stretches out her hands.

[The mirror falls and breaks.

[Diæ.

Not disobedient to the heavenly vision!
Pescara! my Pescara!
JULIA. 
Holy Virgin!
Her body sinks together, — she is dead!
[Kneels, and hides her face in Vittoria's lap. 
Enter MICHAEL ANGELO. 

JULIA. 
Hush! make no noise. 

MICHAEL ANGELO. 
How is she?

JULIA. 
Never better.

MICHAEL ANGELO. 
Then she is dead!

JULIA. 
Alas! yes, she is dead! 
Even death itself in her fair face seems fair. 

MICHAEL ANGELO. 
*How wonderful! The light upon her face 
Shines from the windows of another world. 
Saints only have such faces. Holy Angels! 
Bear her like sainted Catherine to her rest! 
[Kisses Vittoria's hand.

PART THIRD. 

I. 

MONOLOGUE: MARCELLO DE CORVI. 

A room in MICHAEL ANGELO's house. MICHAEL ANGELO, standing before a model of St. Peter's. 

MICHAEL ANGELO. 
Better than then I cannot, Brunelleschi, 
And less than then I will not! If the thought 
Could, like a windlass, lift the ponderous stones, 
And swing them to their places: if a breath 
Could blow this rounded dome into the air, 
As if it were a bubble, and these statues 
Spring at a signal to their sacred stations, 
As sentinels mount guard upon a wall, 
Then were my task completed. Now, alas! 
Naught am I but a Saint Sebastian, holding 
Upon his hand the model of a church, 
As German artists paint him; and what years, 
What weary years, must drag themselves along, 
Ere this be turned to stone! What hindrances 
Must block the way; what idle interferences 
Of Cardinals and Canons of St. Peter's, 
Who nothing know of art beyond the color 
Of cloaks and stockings, nor of any building 
Save that of their own fortunes! And what then? 
I must then the short-coming of my means 
Piece out by stepping forward, as the Spartan 
Was told to add a step to his short sword. 
[A pause. 

And is Fra Bastian dead? Is all that light 
Gone out, that sunshine darkened; all that music 
And merriment, that used to make our lives 
Less melancholy, swallowed up in silence 
Like madrigals sung in the street at night 
By passing revellers? It is strange indeed 
That he should die before me. 'Tis against 
The laws of nature that the young should die, 
And the old live; unless it be that some 
Have long been dead who think themselves alive, 
Because not buried. Well, what matters it, 
Since now that greater light, that was my sun, 
Is set, and all is darkness, ai, ai, darkness! 
Death's lightnings strike to right and left of me, 
And, like a ruined wall, the world around me 
Crumbles away, and I am left alone. 

I have no friends, and want none. My own thoughts 
Are now my sole companions,—thoughts of her, 
That like a benediction from the skies 
Come to me in my solitude and soothe me. 
When men are old, the incessant thought of Death 
Follows them like their shadow; sits with them 
At every meal; sleeps with them when they sleep; 
And when they wake already is awake, 
And standing by their bedside. Then, what folly 
It is in us to make an enemy 
Of this inopportune follower, not a friend! 
To me a friend, and not an enemy, 
Has he become since all my friends are dead.

II. 

VIGNA DI PAPA GIULIO. 

POPE JULIUS III. seated by the Fountain of Acqua Vergine, surrounded by Cardinals. 

JULIUS. 
Tell me, why is it ye are discontent, 
You, Cardinals Salvati and Marcello, 
With Michael Angelo? What has he done, 
Or left undone, that ye are set against him? 
When one Pope dies, another is soon made; 
And I can make a dozen Cardinals, 
But cannot make one Michael Angelo. 

CARDINAL SALVIATI. 
Your Holiness, we are not set against him; 
We but deplore his incapacity. 
He is too old.

JULIUS. 
You, Cardinal Salvati, 
Are an old man. Are you incapable? 
'T is the old ox that draws the straightest furrow. 

CARDINAL MARCELLO. 
Your Holiness remembers he was charged 
With the repairs upon St. Mary's bridge; 
Made cofferlands, and heaped up load on load 
Of timber and travertine; and yet for years 
The bridge remained unfinished, till we gave it 
To Baccio Bigio. 

JULIUS. 
Always Baccio Bigio! 
Is there no other architect on earth? 
Was it not he that sometime had in charge 
The harbor of Ancona? 

CARDINAL MARCELLO. 
Aye, the same. 

JULIUS. 
Then let me tell you that your Baccio Bigio 
Did greater damage in a single day 
To that fair harbor than the sea had done 
Or would do in ten years. And him you think 
To put in place of Michael Angelo, 
In building the Basilica of St. Peter! 
The ass that thinks himself a stag discovers 
His error when he comes to leap the ditch. 

CARDINAL MARCELLO. 
He does not build; he but demolishes 
The labors of Bramante and San Gallo. 

JULIUS. 
Only to build more grandly. 

CARDINAL MARCELLO. 
But time passes: 
Year after year goes by, and yet the work
Is not completed. Michael Angelo
Is a great sculptor, but no architect.
His plans are faulty.

JULIUS.
I have seen his model,
And have approved it. But here comes the artist.
Beware of him. He may make Persians of you,
To carry burdens on your backs forever.

The same: Michael Angelo.

JULIUS.
Come forward, dear Maestro! In these gardens
All ceremonies of our court are banished.
Sit down beside me here.

Michael Angelo, sitting down.

How graciously
Your Holiness commiserates old age
And its infirmities!

JULIUS.
Say its privileges.
Art I respect. The building of this palace
And laying out these pleasant garden walks
Are my delight, and if I have not asked
Your aid in this, it is that I forbear
To lay new burdens on you at an age
When you need rest. Here I escape from Rome
To be at peace. The tumult of the city
Scarce reaches here.

Michael Angelo.

How beautiful it is,
And quiet almost as a hermitage!

JULIUS.
We live as hermits here; and from these heights
O'erlook all Rome and see the yellow Tiber
Cleaving in twain the city, like a sword,
As far below there as St. Mary's bridge.
What think you of that bridge?

Michael Angelo.

I would advise
Your Holiness not to cross it, or not often;
It is not safe.

JULIUS.
It was repaired of late.

Michael Angelo.

Some morning you will look for it in vain;
It will be gone. The current of the river
Is undermining it.

JULIUS.
But you repaired it.

Michael Angelo.

I strengthened all its piers, and paved its road
With travertine. He who came after me
Removed the stone, and sold it, and filled in
The space with gravel.

JULIUS.
Cardinal Salvati
And Cardinal Marcello, do you listen?
This is your famous Nanni Baccio Bigio.

Michael Angelo, aside.

There is some mystery here. These Cardinals
Stand lowering at me with unfriendly eyes.

JULIUS.
Now let us come to what-concerns us more
Than bridge or gardens. Some complaints are made
Concerning the Three Chapels in St. Peter's;
Certain supposed defects or imperfections,
You doubtless can explain.

Michael Angelo.

This is no longer
The golden age of art. Men have become
Iconoclasts and critics. They delight not
In what an artist does, but set themselves
To censure what they do not comprehend.
You will not see them bearing a Madonna
Of Cimabue to the church in triumph,
But tearing down the statue of a Pope
To cast it into cannon. Who are they
That bring complaints against me?

JULIUS.
Deputies
Of the commissioners; and they complain
Of insufficient light in the Three Chapels.

Michael Angelo.

Your Holiness, the insufficient light
Is somewhere else, and not in the Three Chapels.
Who are the deputies that make complaint?

JULIUS.
The Cardinals Salvati and Marcello,
Here present.

Michael Angelo, rising.

With permission, Monsignori,
What is it ye complain of?

Cardinal Marcello.

We regret
You have departed from Bramante's plan,
And from San Gallo's.

Michael Angelo.

Since the ancient time
No greater architect has lived on earth
Than Lazzari Bramante. His design,
Without confusion, simple, clear, well-lighted,
Merits all praise, and to depart from it
Would be departing from the truth. San Gallo,
Building about with columns, took all light
Out of this plan; left in the choir dark corners
For infinite ribaldries, and lurking places
For rogues and robbers; so that when the church
Was shut at night, not five and twenty men
Could find their way out. It was San Gallo, then,
That left the church in darkness, and not I.

Cardinal Marcello.

Excuse me; but in each of the Three Chapels
Is but a single window.

Michael Angelo.

Perhaps you do not know that in the vaulting
Above there are to go three other windows.

Cardinal Salvati.

How should we know? You never told us of it.

Michael Angelo.

I neither am obliged, nor will I be,
To tell your Eminence or any other
What I intend or ought to do. Your office
Is to provide the means, and see that thieves
Do not lay hands upon them. The designs
Must all be left to me.

Cardinal Marcello.

Sir architect,
You do forget yourself, to speak thus rudely
In presence of his Holiness, and to us
Who are his cardinals.
MICHAEL ANGELO, putting on his hat.

I do not forget
I am descended from the Counts Canossa,
Linked with the Imperial line, and with Matilda,
Who gave the Church Saint Peter's Patrimony.
I, too, am proud to give unto the Church
The labor of these hands, and what of life
Remains to me. My father Buonarroti
Was Podesta of Chiusi and Caprese.
I am not used to have men speak to me
As if I were a mason, hired to build
A garden wall, and paid on Saturday
So much an hour.

CARDINAL SALVIATI, aside.

No wonder that Pope Clement
Never sat down in presence of this man
Lest he should do the same: and always bade him
Put on his hat, lest he unasked should do it!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

If any one could die of grief and shame,
I should. This labor was imposed upon me;
I did not seek it; and if I assumed,
'T was not for love of fame or love of gain,
But for the love of God. Perhaps old age
Deceived me, or self-interest, or ambition;
I may be doing harm instead of good.
Therefore, I pray your Holiness, release me;
Take off from me the burden of this work;
Let me go back to Florence.

JULIUS.

While I am living.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Doth your Holiness
Remember what the Holy Scriptures say
Of the inevitable time, when those
Who look out of the windows shall be darkened,
And the almond-tree shall flourish?

JULIUS.

That is in Ecclesiastes.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And the grasshopper
Shall be a burden, and desire shall fail,
Because man goeth unto his long home.
Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher; all
Is vanity.

JULIUS.

Ah, were to do a thing
As easy as to dream of doing it,
We should not want for artists. But the men
Who carry out in act their great designs
Are few in number; ay, they may be counted
Upon the fingers of this hand. Your place
Is at St. Peter's.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I have had my dream,
And cannot carry out my great conception,
And put it into act.

JULIUS.

Then who can do it?
You would but leave it to some Baccio Bigio
To mangle and deface.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Rather than that,
I will still bear the burden on my shoulders
A little longer. If your Holiness
Will keep the world in order, and will leave
The building of the church to me, the work
Will go on better for it. Holy Father,
If all the labors that I have endured,
And shall endure, advantage not my soul,
I am but losing time.

JULIUS, laying his hands on MICHAEL ANGELO'S shoulders.

You will be gained
Both for your soul and body.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Not events
Exasperate me, but the purest conclusions
I draw from these events; the sure decline
Of art, and all the meaning of that word;
All that embellishes and sweetens life,
And lifts it from the level of low cares
Into the purer atmosphere of beauty;
The faith in the Ideal; the inspiration
That made the canons of the church of Seville
Say, "Let us build, so that all men thereafter
Will say that we were madmen." Holy Father,
I beg permission to retire from here.

JULIUS.

Go; and my benediction be upon you.

[Michael Angelo goes out.]

My Cardinals, this Michael Angelo
Must not be dealt with as a common mason.
He comes of noble blood, and for his crest
Bears two bull's horns; and he has given us proof
That he can toss with them. From this day forth
Unto the end of time, let no man utter
The name of Baccio Bigio in my presence.
All great achievements are the natural fruits
Of a great character. As trees bear not
Their fruits of the same size and quality,
But each one in its kind with equal ease,
So are great deeds as natural to great men
As mean things are to small ones. By his work
We know the master. Let us not perplex him.

III.

BINDO ALTOVITI.

A street in Rome. BINDO ALTOVITI, standing at
the door of his house. MICHAEL ANGELO, passing.

BINDO.

Good-morning, Messer Michael Angelo!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Good-morning, Messer Bindo Altovitii!

BINDO.

What brings you forth so early?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The same reason
That keeps you standing sentinel at your door,—
The air of this delicious summer morning.
What news have you from Florence?

BINDO.

Nothing new;
The same old tale of violence and wrong.
Since the disastrous day at Monte Murlo,
When in procession, through San Gallo's gate;
Berefeated, clothed in rags, on sorry steeds,
Philippe Strozzi and the good Valori
Were led as prisoners down the streets of Florence,
Amid the shouts of an ungrateful people,
Hope is no more, and liberty no more.
Duke Cosimo, the tyrant, reigns supreme.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Florence is dead; her houses are but tombs;
Silence and solitude are in her streets.
MICHAEL ANGELO.

BINDO.
Ah yes; and often I repeat the words
You wrote upon your statue of the Night,
There in the Sacristy of San Lorenzo:
"Grateful to me is sleep; to be of stone
More grateful, while the wrong and shame endure;
To see not, feel not, is a benediction;
Therefore awake me not; oh, speak in whispers."

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, Messer Bindo, the calamities,
The fallen fortunes, and the desolation
Of Florence are to me a tragedy
Deeper than words, and darker than despair.
I, who have worshipped freedom from my cradle,
Have loved her with the passion of a lover,
And clothed her with all lovely attributes
That the imagination can conceive,
Or the heart conjure up, now see her dead,
And trodden in the dust beneath the feet
Of an adventurer! It is a grief
Too great for me to bear in my old age.

BINDO.
I say no news from Florence: I am wrong,
For Benvenuto writes that he is coming
To be my guest in Rome.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Those are good tidings.
He hath been many years away from us.

BINDO.
Pray you, come in.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I have not time to stay,
And yet I will. I see from here your house
Is filled with works of art. That bust in bronze
Is of yourself. Tell me, who is the master
That works in such an admirable way,
And with such power and feeling?

BINDO.
Benvenuto.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah? Benvenuto? 'Tis a masterpiece!
It pleases me as much, and even more,
Than the antiques about it; and yet they
Are of the best ones, too, but you have placed it
By far too high. The light comes from below,
And injures the expression. Were these windows
Above and not beneath it, then indeed
It would maintain its own among these works
Of the old masters, noble as they are.
I will go in and study it more closely.
I always prophesied that Benvenuto,
With all his follies and fantastic ways,
Would show his genius in some work of art.
That would amaze the world, and be a challenge
Unto all other artists of his time. [They go in.]

IV.

IN THE COLISEUM.

MICHAEL ANGELO and TOMASO DE' CAVALIERI.

CAVALIERI.
What have you here alone, Messer Michele?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I come to learn.

CAVALIERI.

You are already master,
And teach all other men.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Nay, I know nothing:
Not even my own ignorance, as some
Philosopher hath said. I am a schoolboy
Who hath not learned his lesson, and who stands
Ashamed and silent in the awful presence
Of the great master of antiquity
Who built these walls cyclopean.

CAVALIERI.

Gaudentius
His name was, I remember. His reward
Was to be thrown alive to the wild beasts
Here where we are now standing.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Silence, I beseech you.

CAVALIERI.

Tradition says that fifteen thousand men
Wore toiling for ten years incessantly
Upon this amphitheatre.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Behold
How wonderful it is! The queen of flowers,
The marble rose of Rome! Its petals torn
By wind and rain of thrice five hundred years;
Its mossy sheath half rent away, and sold
To ornament our palaces and churches,
Or to be trodden under feet of man
Upon the Tiber's bank; yet what remains
Still opening its fair bosom to the sun,
And to the constellations that at night
Hang poised above it like a swarm of bees.

CAVALIERI.

The rose of Rome, but not of Paradise;
Not the white rose our Tuscan poet saw,
With saints for petals. When this rose was perfect
Its hundred thousand petals were not saints,
But senators in their Thessalian caps,
And all the rearing populace of Rome;
And even an Empress and the Vestal Virgins,
Who came to see the gladiators die,
Could not give sweetness to a rose like this.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I spake not of its uses, but its beauty.

CAVALIERI.

The sand beneath our feet is saturate
With blood of martyrs; and these ruffled stones
Are awful witnesses against a people
Whose pleasure was the pain of dying men.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Tomaso Cavalieri, on my word,
You should have been a preacher, not a painter!
Think you that I approve such cruelties,
Because I marvel at the architects
Who built these walls, and curved these noble arches?
Oh, I am put to shame, when I consider
How mean our work is, when compared with theirs!
Look at these walls about us and above us!
They have been shaken by earthquakes, have been made
A fortress, and been battered by long sieges;
The iron clamps, that held the stones together,
MICHAEL ANGELO.

Have been wrenched from them; but they stand erect,
And firm, as if they had been hewn and hollowed
Out of the solid rock, and were a part
Of the foundations of the world itself.

CAVALIER.

Your work, I say again, is nobler work,
In so far as its end and aim are nobler;
And this is but a ruin, like the rest.
Its vaulted passages are made the caverns
Of robbers, and are haunted by the ghosts
Of murdered men.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

A thousand wild flowers bloom
From every chink, and the birds build their nests
Among the ruined arches, and suggest
New thoughts of beauty to the architect.
Now let us climb the broken stairs that lead
Into the corridors' above, and study
The marvel and the mystery of that art
In which I am a pupil, not a master.
All things must have an end; the world itself
Must have an end, as in a dream I saw it.
There came a great hand out of heaven, and touched
The earth, and stopped it in its course. The seas
Leaped, a vast cataract, into the abyss;
The forests and the fields slid off, and floated
Like wooded islands in the air. The dead
Were hurled forth from their sepulchres; the living
Were mingled with them, and themselves were
dead,—
All being dead; and the fair, shining cities
Dropped out like jewels from a broken crown.
Naught but the core of the great globe remained,
A skeleton of stone. And over it
The wreck of matter drifted like a cloud,
And then recoiled upon itself, and fell
Back on the empty world, that with the weight
Reeled, staggered, righted, and then headlong
Plunged
Into the darkness, as a ship, when struck
By a great sea, throws off the waves at first
On either side, then settles and goes down
Into the dark abyss, with her dead crew.

CAVALIER.

But the earth does not move.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Who knows? who knows?
There are great truths that pitch their shining tents
Outside our walls, and though but dimly seen
In the gray dawn, they will be manifest
When the light widens into perfect day.
A certain man. Copernicus by name,
Sometime professor here in Rome, has whispered
It is the earth, and not the sun, that moves.
What I beheld was only in a dream,
Yet dreams sometimes anticipate events,
Being unsubstantial images of things
As yet unseen.

V.

BENVENUTO AGAIN: MACELLO DE' CORVI.

MICHAEL ANGELO, BENVENUTO, CELINI.

BENVENUTO.

I am but just arrived, and am now lodging
With Bindo Altoviti. I have been
To kiss the feet of our most Holy Father,
And now am come in haste to kiss the hands
Of my miraculous Master.

BENVENUTO.

Grown very old.

BENVENUTO.

You know that precious stones
Never grow old.

BENVENUTO.

Half sunk beneath the horizon,
And yet not gone. Twelve years are a long while.
Tell me of France.

BENVENUTO.

It were too long a tale
To tell you all. Suffice in brief to say
The King received me well, and loved me well;
Gave me the annual pension that before me
Our Leonardo had, nor more nor less,
And for my residence the Tour de Nesle,
Upon the river-side.

BENVENUTO.

A princely lodging.

BENVENUTO.

What in return I did now matters not,
For there are other things, of greater moment,
I wish to speak of. First of all, the letter
You wrote me, not long since, about my bust
Of Bindo Altoviti, here in Rome. You said,
"My Benvenuto, I for many years
Have known you as the greatest of all goldsmiths,
And now I know you as no less a sculptor."  Ah,
generous Master! How shall I e'er thank you
For such kind language?

BENVENUTO.

By believing it.
I saw the bust at Messer Bindo's house,
And thought it worthy of the ancient masters,
And said so. That is all.

BENVENUTO.

It is too much;
And I should stand abashed here in your presence,
Had I done nothing worthier of your praise
Than Bindo's bust.

BENVENUTO.

What have you done that's better?

BENVENUTO.

When I left Rome for Paris, you remember
I promised you that if I went a goldsmith
I would return a sculptor. I have kept
The promise I then made.

BENVENUTO.

Dear Benvenuto
I recognized the latent genius in you,
But feared your vices.

BENVENUTO.

I have turned them all
To virtues. My impatient, wayward nature,
That made me quick in quarrel, now has served me
Where meekness could not, and where patience could not, As you shall hear now. I have cast in bronze A statue of Perseus, holding thus aloft In his left hand the head of the Medusa, And in his right the sword that severed it; His right foot planted on the lifeless corse; His face superb and pitiful, with eyes Down-looking on the victim of his vengeance.

MICHAEL ANGELO. I see it as it should be.

BENVENUTO. As it will be When it is placed upon the Ducal Square, Half-way between your David and the Judith Of Donatello.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Rival of them both!

BENVENUTO. But ah, what infinite trouble have I had With Bandinello, and that stupid beast, The major-domo of Duke Cosimo. Francesco Ricci, and their wretched agent Gorini, who came crawling round about me Like a black spider, with his whining voice That sounded like the buzz of a mosquito! Oh, I have wept in utter desperation, And wished a thousand times I had not left My Tour de Nesle, nor ever returned to Florence, Or thought of Perseus. What malignant falsehoods They told the Grand Duke, to impede my work, And make me despair!

MICHAEL ANGELO. The nimble lie Is like the second-hand upon a clock: We see it fly; while the hour-hand of truth Seems to stand still, and yet it moves unseen, And wins at last, for the clock will not strike Till it has reached the goal.

BENVENUTO. My obstinacy Stood me in stead, and helped me to o’ercome The hindrances that envy and ill-will Put in my way.

MICHAEL ANGELO. When anything is done, People see not the patient doing of it, Nor think how great would be the loss to man If it had not been done. As in a building Stone rests on stone, and wanting the foundation All would be wanting, so in human life Each action rests on the forgone event That made it possible, but is forgotten And buried in the earth.

BENVENUTO. Even Bandinello, Who never yet spake well of anything, Speaks well of this; and yet he told the Duke That, though I cast small figures well enough, I never could cast this.

MICHAEL ANGELO. But you have done it, And proved Ser Bandinello a false prophet. That is the wisest way.

BENVENUTO. And ah, that casting! What a wild scene it was, as late at night, A night of wind and rain, we heaped the furnace With pine of Serriort, till the flames Caught in the rafters over us, and threatened To send the burning roof upon our heads; And from the garden side the wind and rain Poured in upon us, and half quenched our fires. I was beside myself with desperation. A shudder came upon me, then a fever; I thought that I was dying, and was forced To leave the work-shop, and to throw myself Upon my bed, as one who has no hope. And as I lay there, a deformed old man Appeared before me, and with dismal voice, Like one who doth exhort a criminal Led forth to death, exclaimed, “Poor Benvenuto, Thy work is spoiled! There is no remedy!” Then, with a cry so loud it might have reached The heaven of fire, I bounded to my feet, And rushed back to my workmen. They all stood Bewildered and despousing; and I looked Into the furnace, and beheld the mass Half molten only, and in my despair I felt the fire with oak, whose terrible heat Soon made the sluggish metal shine and sparkle. Then followed a bright flash, and an explosion, As if a thunderbolt had fallen among us. The covering of the furnace had been rent Asunder, and the bronze was flowing over; So that I straightway opened all the sluices To fill the mould. The metal ran like lava, Sluggish and heavy; and I sent my workmen To rainsack the whole house, and bring together My pewter plates and pans, two hundred of them, And cast them one by one into the furnace To liquify the mass, and in a moment The mould was filled! I fell upon my knees And thanked the Lord; and then we ate and drank And went to bed, all hearty and contented. It was two hours before the break of day. My fever was quite gone.

MICHAEL ANGELO. A strange adventure, That could have happened to no man alive But you, my Benvenuto.

BENVENUTO. As my workmen said To major-domo Ricci afterward, When he inquired of them: "It was not a man, But an express devil."

MICHAEL ANGELO. And the statue?

BENVENUTO. Perfect in every part, save the right foot Of Perseus, as I had foretold the Duke. There was just bronze enough to fill the mould; Not a drop over, not a drop too little. I looked upon it as a miracle Wrought by the hand of God.

MICHAEL ANGELO. And now I see How you have turned your vices into virtues.

BENVENUTO. But wherefore do I praise of this? I came To speak of other things. Duke Cosimo Through me invites you to return to Florence, And offers you great honors, even to make you One of the Forty-Eight, his Senators.

MICHAEL ANGELO. His Senators! That is enough. Since Florence Was changed by Clement Seventh from a Republic Into a Dukedom, I no longer wish
To be a Florentine. That dream is ended.
The Grand Duke Cosimo now reigns supreme;
All liberty is dead. Ah, woe is me!
I hoped to see my country rise to heights
Of happiness and freedom yet unreached
By other nations, but the climbing wave
Pauses, lets go its hold, and slides again
Back to the common level, with a hoarse
Death-rattle in its throat. I am too old
To hope for better days. I will stay here
And die in Rome. The very weeds, that grow
Among the broken fragments of her ruins,
Are sweeter to me than the garden flowers
Of other cities; and the desolate ring
Of the Campagna round about her walls
Fairer than all the villas that encircle
The towns of Tuscany.

**BENVENUTO.**
But your old friends!

**MICHAEL ANGELO.**
All dead by violence. Baccio Valori
Has been beheaded; Guicciardini poisoned;
Philippo Strozzi strangled in his prison.
Is Florence then a place for honest men
To flourish in? What is there to prevent
My sharing the same fate?

**BENVENUTO.**
Why, this: if all
Your friends are dead, so are your enemies.

**MICHAEL ANGELO.**
Is Aretino dead?

**BENVENUTO.**
He lives in Venice,
And not in Florence.

**MICHAEL ANGELO.**
'Tis the same to me.
This wretched mountebank, whom flatterers
Call the Divine, as if to make the word
Unpleasant in the mouths of those who speak it
And in the ears of those who hear it, sends me
A letter written for the public eye,
And with such subtle and infernal malice,-
I wonder at his wickedness. 'Tis he
Is the express great devil, and not you.
Some years ago he told me how to paint
The scenes of the Last Judgment.

**BENVENUTO.**
I remember.

**MICHAEL ANGELO.**
Well, now he writes to me that, as a Christian,
He is ashamed of the unbounded freedom
With which I represent it.

**BENVENUTO.**
Hypocrite!

**MICHAEL ANGELO.**
He says I show mankind that I am wanting
In piety and religion, in proportion
As I profess perfection in my art.
Profess perfection? Why, 'tis only men
Like Bugiardini who are satisfied
With what they do. I never am content,
But always see the labors of bygone hand
Fall short of my conception.

**BENVENUTO.**
The malice of this creature. He would taint you
With heresy, and in a time like this!
'Tis infamous!

**MICHAEL ANGELO.**
I represent the angels
Without their heavenly glory, and the saints
Without a trace of earthly modesty.

**BENVENUTO.**
Incredible audacity!

**MICHAEL ANGELO.**
The heathen
Veiled their Diana with some drapery,
And when they represented Venus naked
They made her by her modest attitude.
Appear half clothed. But I, who am a Christian,
Do so subordinate belief to art.
That I have made the very violation
Of modesty in martyrs and virgins.
A spectacle at which all men would gaze
With half-averted eyes even in a brothel.

**BENVENUTO.**
He is at home there, and he ought to know
What men avert their eyes from in such places;
From the Last Judgment chiefly, I imagine.

**MICHAEL ANGELO.**
But divine Providence will never leave
The boldness of my marvellous work unpunished;
And the more marvellous it is, the more
'Tis sure to prove the ruin of my fame!
And finally, if in this composition
I had pursued the instructions that he gave me
Concerning heaven and hell and paradise,
In that same letter, known to all the world,
Nature would not be forced, as she is now,
To feel ashamed that she invested me
With such great talent; that I stand myself
A very idol in the world of art.
He taints me also with the Mausoleum
Of Julius, still unfinished, for the reason
That men persuaded the insane old man
It was of evil augury to build
His tomb while he was living; and he speaks
Of heaps of gold this Pope bequeathed to me,
And calls it robbery — that is what he says.
What prompted such a letter?

**BENVENUTO.**
Vanity.
He is a clever writer, and he likes
To draw his pen, and flourish it in the face,
Of every honest man, as swordsmen do
Their rapiers on occasion, but to show
How skilfully they do it. Had you followed
The advice he gave, or even thanked him for it,
You would have seen another style of fence.
'Tis but his wounded vanity, and the wish
To see his name in print. So give it not
A moment's thought; it soon will be forgotten.

**MICHAEL ANGELO.**
I will not think of it, but let it pass
For a rude speech thrown at me in the street,
As boys throw stones at Dante.

**BENVENUTO.**
And what answer
Shall I take back to Grand Duke Cosimo?
He does not ask your labor or your service;
Only your presence in the city of Florence,
With such advice upon his work in hand
As he may ask, and you may choose to give.

**MICHAEL ANGELO.**
You have my answer. Nothing he can offer
Shall tempt me to leave Rome. My work is here,
And only here, the building of St. Peter's. What other things I liherto have done. Have fallen from me, are no longer mine; I have passed on beyond them, and have left them As milestones on the way. What lies before me, That is still mine, and while it is unfinished No one shall draw me from it, or persuade me, By promises of ease, or wealth, or honor, Till I behold the finished dome upright. Complete, as now I see it in my thought.

BENVENUTO. And will you paint no more? MICHAEL ANGELO. No more. BENVENUTO. 'Tis well. Sculpture is more divine, and more like Nature, That fashions all her works in high relief, And that is sculpture. This vast ball, the Earth, Was moulded out of clay, and baked in fire; Men, women, and all animals that breathe Are statues, and not paintings. Even the plants, The flowers, the fruits, the grasses, were first sculptured, And colored later. Painting is a lie, A shadow merely.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Truly, as you say, Sculpture is more than painting. It is greater To raise the dead to life than to create Phantoms that seem to live. The most majestic Of the three sister arts is that which builds; The eldest of them all, to whom the others Are but the hand-maids and the servitors, Being but imitation, not creation. Henceforth I dedicate myself to her.

BENVENUTO. And no more from the marble hew those forms That fill us all with wonder? MICHAEL ANGELO. Many statues Will there be room for in my work. Their station Already is assigned them in my mind. But things move slowly. There are hindrances, Want of material, want of means, delays And interruptions, endless interference Of Cardinal Commissioners, and disputes And jealousies of artists, that annoy me. But I will persevere until the work Is wholly finished, or till I sink down Surprised by death, that unexpected guest, Who waits for no man's leisure, but steps in, Unasked and unannounced, to put a stop To all our occupations and designs. And then perhaps I may go back to Florence; This is my answer to Duke Cosimo.

VI.

UBRINO'S FORTUNE. MICHAEL ANGELO's Studio. MICHAEL ANGELO and UBRINO. MICHAEL ANGELO, pausing in his work. Urbino, thou and I are both old men. My strength begins to fail me.

UBRINO. Eccellenza, That is impossible. Do I not see you Attack the marble blocks with the same fury As twenty years ago?

MICHAEL ANGELO. 'Tis an old habit. I must have learned it early from my nurse At Setignano, the stone-mason's wife; For the first sounds I heard were of the chisel Chipping away the stone.

UBRINO. At every stroke You strike fire with your chisel.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Ay, because The marble is too hard.

UBRINO. It is a block That Topolino sent you from Carrara. He is a judge of marble.

MICHAEL ANGELO. I remember.

With it he sent me something of his making, — A Mercury, with long body and short legs, As if by any possibility A messenger of the gods could have short legs. It was no more like Mercury than you are, But rather like those little plaster figures That peddlers hawk about the villages As images of saints. But luckily For Topolino, there are many people Who see no difference between what is best And what is only good, or not even good; So that poor artists stand in their esteem On the same level with the best, or higher.

UBRINO. How Eccellenza laughed!

MICHAEL ANGELO. Poor Topolino! All men are not born artists, nor will labor E'er make them artists.

UBRINO. No, no more Than Emperors, or Popes, or Cardinals. One must be chosen for it. I have been Your color-grinder six and twenty years, And am not yet an artist.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Some have eyes That see not; but in every block of marble I see a statue, — see it as distinctly As if it stood before me shaped and perfect In attitude and action. I have only To bow away the stone walls that imprison The lovely apparition, and reveal it To other eyes as mine already see it. But I grow old and weak. What wilt thou do When I am dead, Urbino?

UBRINO. Eccellenza, I must then serve another master.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Never! Bitter is servitude at best. Already So many years hast thou been serving me; But rather as a friend than as a servant. We have grown old together. Dost thou think So meanly of this Michael Angelo As to imagine he would let thee serve, When he is free from service? Take this purse, Two thousand crowns in gold.

UBRINO. Two thousand crowns!
The valley of Clitumnus, with its farms
And snow-white oxen, grazing in the shade
Of the tall poplars on the river’s brink.

O Nature, gentle mother, tender nurse!
I, who have never loved thee as I ought,
But wasted all my years immured in cities,
And breathed the stifling atmosphere of streets,
Now come to thee for refuge. Here is peace.

Yonder I see the little hermitages
Dotting the mountain side with points of light,
And here St. Julian’s convent, like a nest
Of curlews, clinging to some Windy cliff.

Beyond the broad, illimitable plain
Down sinks the sun, red as Apollo’s quoit,
That, by the envious Zephyr blown aside,
Struck Hyacinthus dead, and stained the earth
With his young blood, that blossomed into flowers.
And now, instead of these fair delites,
Dread demons haunt the earth; hermits inhabit
The leafy homes of sylvan Hamadryads;
And jovial friars, round and rubicund,
Replace the old Silesus with his ass.

MICHAEL ANGELO.
Not a word more. Go now to bed, old man.
Thou hast served Michael Angelo. Remember,
Henceforward thou shalt serve no other master.

VII.
THE OAKS OF MONTE LUCA.
MICHAEL ANGELO, alone in the woods.

MICHAEL ANGELO.
How still it is among these ancient oaks!
Surges and undulations of the air
Uplift the leafy boughs, and let them fall
With scarce a sound. Such sylvan quietudes
Become old age. These huge centennial oaks,
That may have heard in infancy the trumpets
Of Barbarossa’s cavalry, deride
Man’s brief existence, that with all his strength
He cannot stretch beyond the hundredth year.

This little acorn, turbaned like the Turk,
Which with my foot I spurn, may be an oak
Hereafter, feeding with its bitter mast
The fierce wild boar, and tossing in its arms
The cradled nests of birds, when all the men
That now inhabit this vast universe
They and their children, and their children’s chil-
dren,
Shall be but dust and mould, and nothing more.

Through openings in the trees I see below me
Here underneath these venerable oaks,
Wrinkled and brown and guarled like them with age,
A brother of the monastery sits,
Lost in his meditations. What may be
The questions that perplex, the hopes that cheer
him?

Good-evening, holy father.

MONK.
God be with you.

MICHAEL ANGELO.
Pardon a stranger if he interrupt
Your meditations.

MONK.
It was but a dream, —
The old, old dream, that never will come true;
The dream that all my life I have been dreaming,
And yet is still a dream.

MICHAEL ANGELO.
All men have dreams.
I have had mine; but none of them came true;
They were but vanity. Sometimes I think
The happiness of man lies in pursuing,
Not in possessing; for the things possessed
Lose half their value. Tell me of your dream.
MICHAEL ANGELO.

The yearning of my heart, my sole desire, That like the sheaf of Joseph stands upright, While all the others bend and bow to it; The passion that torments me, and that breathes New meaning into the dead forms of prayer, Is that with mortal eyes I may behold The Eternal City.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Rome?

MONK.

There is but one; The rest are merely names. I think of it As the Celestial City, paved with gold. And sentinelled with angels.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Would it were. I have just fled from it. It is beleaguered By Spanish troops, led by the Duke of Alva.

MONK.

But still for me 't is the Celestial City, And I would see it once before I die.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Each one must bear his cross.

MONK.

Were it a cross That had been laid upon me, I could bear it, Or fall with it. It is a crucifix; I am nailed hand and foot, and I am dying!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

What would you see in Rome?

MONK.

His Holiness.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Him that was once the Cardinal Caraffa? You would but see a man of fourscore years, With sunken eyes, burning like carbuncles, Who sits at table with his friends for hours, Cursing the Spaniards as a race of Jews And miscreant Moors. And with what soldiery Think you he now defends the Eternal City?

MONK.

With legions of bright angels.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

So he calls them; And yet in fact these bright angelic legions Are only German Lutherans.

MONK.

Crossing himself! Heaven protect us!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

What further would you see?

MONK.

The Cardinals, Going in their gilt coaches to High Mass.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Men do not go to Paradise in coaches.

MONK.

The catacombs, the convents, and the churches; The ceremonies of the Holy Week In all their pomp, or, at the Epiphany, The Feast of the Santissima Bambino At Ara Coeli. But I shall not see them.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

These pompous ceremonies of the Church Are but an empty show to him who knows The actors in them. Stay here in your convent, For he who goes to Rome may see too much. What would you further?

MONK.

I would see the painting Of the Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The smoke of incense and of altar candles Has blackened it already.

MONK.

Woe is me! Then I would hear Allegri's Miserere, Sung by the Papal choir.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

A dismal dirge! I am an old, old man, and I have lived In Rome for thirty years and more, and know The jarring of the wheels of that great world, Its jealousies, its discords, and its strife. Therefore I say to you, remain content. Here in your convent, here among your woods, Where only there is peace. Go not to Rome. There was of old a monk of Wittenberg Who went to Rome; you may have heard of him. His name was Luther; and you know what followed. [The convent bell rings.

MONK.

Rising.

It is the convent bell; it rings for vespers. Let us go in; we both will pray for peace.

VIII.

THE DEAD CHRIST.

MICHAEL ANGELO's studio. MICHAEL ANGELO, with a light working upon the Dead Christ. Midnight.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

O Death, why is it I cannot portray Thy form and features? Do I stand too near thee? Or dost thou hold my hand, and draw me back As being thy disciple, not thy master? Let him who knows not what old age is like Have patience till it comes, and he will know. I once had skill to fashion Life and Death And Sleep, which is the counterfeit of Death; And I remember what Giovanni Strozzi Wrote underneath my statue of the Night In San Lorenzo, ah, so long ago!

Grateful to me is sleep! More grateful now Than it was then; for all my friends are dead; And she is dead, the noblest of them all I saw her face, when the great sculptor Death, Whom men should call Divine, had at a blow Stricken her into marble; and I kissed Her cold white hand. What was it he held me back From kissing her fair forehead, and those lips, Those dead, dumb lips? Grateful to me is sleep!

Enter Giorgio Vasari.

GIORGIO.

Good-evening, or good-morning, for I know not Which of the two it is.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How came you in?
MICHAEL ANGELO.

Why, by the door, as all men do.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Must have forgotten to bolt it.

GIORGIO.

Am I a spirit, or so like a spirit,
That I could slip through bolted door or window?
As I was passing down the street, I saw
A glimmer of light, and heard the well-known chink
Of chisel upon marble. So I entered,
To see what keeps you from your bed so late.

MICHAEL ANGELO, coming forward with the lamp.

You have been revelling with your boon companions,
Giorgio Vasari, and you come to me
At an untimely hour.

GIORGIO.

The Pope hath sent me.
His Holiness desires to see again
The drawing you once showed him of the dome
Of the Basilica.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

We will look for it.

GIORGIO.

What is the marble group that glimmers there
Behind you?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Nothing, and yet everything,—
As one may take it. It is my own tomb,
That I am building.

GIORGIO.

Do not hide it from me.
By our long friendship and the love I bear you,
Refuse me not!

MICHAEL ANGELO, letting fall the lamp.

Life hath become to me
An empty theatre,—its lights extinguished,
The music silent, and the actors gone;
And I alone sit musing on the scenes
That once have been. I am so old that Death
Oft plucks me by the cloak, to come with him;
And some day, like this lamp, shall I fall down,
And my last spark of life will be extinguished.
Ah me! ah me! what darkness of despair!
So near to death, and yet so far from God!

This poem of Manrique is a great favorite in Spain. No less than four poetic Glosses, or running commentaries, upon it have been published, to one of which, however, possesses great poetic merit. That of the Carthusian monk, Rodrigo de Valdepenas, is the best. It is known as the Gloría del Cortejo. There is also a prose Commentary by Luis de Aranda.

The following stanzas of the poem were found in the author's pocket, after his death on the field of battle.

"O World! so few the years we live,
Wond'r if the life which thou dost give
Worthy life indeed!
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our hapless hour is when at last
The soul is freed.

"Our days are covered o'er with grief,
And sorrows neither few nor brief
Veil all in gloom;
Left desolate of real good,
Within this cheerless solitude
No pleasures bloom.

"Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,
And ends in bitter doubt and fears,
Or dark despair;
Midway so many folls appear,
That he who lingers longest here
Knows most of care.

"Thy goods are bought with many a groan,
By the hot sweat of toil alone,
And weary limbs.
Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,
But with a lingering step and slow
Its form departs."

Page 25. King Christian.

Nils Juel was a celebrated Danish Admiral, and Peder Wessel, a Vice-Admiral, who for his great prowess received the popular title of Tordenskiold, or Thundershield. In childhood he was a tailor's apprentice, and rose to his high rank before the age of twenty-eight, when he was killed in a duel.

Page 29. The Skeleton in Armor.

This Ballad was suggested to me while riding on the sea-shore at Newport. A year or two previous a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armor; and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, generally known hitherto as the Old Windmill, though now claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors. Professor Rafn, in the Mémoires de la Société Royale des Antiquaires du Nord, for 1838-1839, says:

"There is no mistaking in this instance the style in which the more ancient stone edifices of the North were constructed.—the style which belongs to the Roman or Ante-Gothic architecture, and which, especially after the time of Charlemagne, spread itself from Italy over the whole of the West and North of Europe, where it continued to predominate until the close of the twelfth century.—that style which some authors have, from one of its most striking characteristics, called the round arch style, the same which in England is denominated Saxon and sometimes Norman architecture.

"On the ancient structure in Newport there are no ornaments remaining, which might possibly have served to guide us in assigning the probable date of its erection. That no vestige whatever is found of the pointed arch, nor any approximation to it, is indicative of an earlier rather than of a later period. From such characteristics as remain, however, we can scarcely form any other inference than one, in which I am persuaded that all who are familiar with Old-Northern architecture will concur, that this building was erected at a period decidedly not later than the twelfth century. This remark applies, of course, to the original building only, and not to the alterations that it subsequently received; for there are several such alterations in the upper part of the building which cannot be mistaken, and which were most likely occasioned by its being adapted in modern times to various uses for example, as the substructure of a windmill, and latterly as a hay magazine. To the same times may be referred the windows, the fireplace, and the spirens made above the columns. That this building could not have been erected for a windmill, is what an architect will easily discern."

I will not enter into a discussion of the point. It is sufficiently well established for the purpose of a ballad; though do doubtless many a clenger of Newport, who has passed his days within sight of the Round Tower, will be ready to explain, with Sancho: "God bless me! did I not warn you to have a care of what you were doing, for that it was nothing but a windmill; and nobody could mistake it, but one who had the like in his head."

Page 31. Skoal!

In Scandinavia, this is the customary salutation when drinking a health. I have slightly changed the orthography of the word, in order to preserve the correct pronunciation.

Page 32. The Luck of Edenhall.

The tradition upon which this ballad is founded, and the "shards of the Luck of Edenhall," still exist in England. The goblet is in the possession of Sir Christopher Musgrave, Bart., of Eden Hall, Cumberland; and is not so entirely shattered as the ballad leaves it.

Page 32. The Elected Knight.

This strange and somewhat mystical ballad is from Nyerup and Rahbek's Daniske Viser of the Middle Ages. It seems to refer to the first preaching of Christianity in the North, and to the institution of Knight-Errantry. The three maidens I suppose to be Faith, Hope, and Charity. The irregularities of the original have been carefully preserved in the translation.
There is something patriarchal still lingering about rural life in Sweden, which renders it a fit theme for song. Almost primeval simplicity reigns there above all else—almost primeval solitude and stillness. You pass out from the gate of the city, and, as if by magic, the scene changes to a wild, woodland landscape. Around you are forests of fir. Overhead hang the long, fan-like branches, trailing with moss, and heavy with red and blue cones. Under foot is a carpet of yellow leaves; and the air is warm and balmy. On a wooden bridge you cross a little silver river that flows through a pleasant and sunny land of farms. Wooden fences divide the adjoining fields. Across the road are gates, which are opened by troops of children. The peasants take off their hats as you pass; you sneeze, and they cry, "God bless you!" The houses in the villages and smaller towns are all built of hewn timber, and for the most part painted red. The floors of the taverns are strewn with the fragrant tips of fir boughs. In many villages there are no taverns, and the peasants take turns in receiving travellers. The thrifty housewife shows you into the best chamber, the walls of which are hung round with rude pictures from conversation—eggshells and brandy glasses; and she brings you silver spoons,—an heirloom,—to dip the curled milk from the pan. You have eaten cakes baked some months before, or bread with anise-seed and coriander in it, or perhaps a little pine bark.

Meanwhile the sturdy husband has brought his horses from the plough, and harnessed them to your carriage. Solitary travellers come and go in uncountable one-horse chaises. Most of them have pigeons in the basket, and hares, and hogs, and rooks, and partridges, and hares, and hogs, and rooks, which you have seen in the streets of Stockholm. The road is well-trampled, and every footstep makes a noise. The horses are very muscular, and the drivers are very bloodthirsty. They break their pipes, and throw away their cigars, and talk about politics. They are very rough, and very unpolite. They are very dirty, and very unclean.

Perhaps, too, are the village churches, standing by the roadside, each in its own little Garden of Gethsemane. In the parish register great events are doubtless recorded. Some old king was once murdered in the church; and a little sexton, with a rusty key, shows you the baptismal font, or the coflin. In the churchyard are a few flowers, and much green grass; and daily the shadow of the church spire, with its long, tapering finger, points the tomb, representing a dial-plate of human life, on which the hours and minutes are the graves of men. The stones are flat, and large, and low, and perhaps sunken, like the roofs of old houses. Some are armarial bearings; on others only the initials of the poor tenants, with a date, as on the roofs of Dutch cottages. They all sleep with their heads to the westward. Each held a lighted taper in his hand when he died; and then the Dead Man was placed his little heart-treasures, and a piece of money for his last journey. Babes that came lifeless into the world were carried in the arms of grandfathers to the only cradle they ever slept in; and in the shroud of the dead mother were laid the little garments of the child that lived and died in her bosom. And over this scene the village pastor looks from his window in the stillness of midnight, and says in his heart, "How quietly they rest, all the departed!"

Near the churchyard gate stands a poor-box, fastened to a post by iron bands, and secured by a padlock, or a sloping wooden plank. In the town rests a wretched Mary in old church paintings. She is dressed in a red bodice and kirtle with loose linen sleeves. There is a gilded belt around her waist; and around her neck strings of golden beads, and a beaded chain around her neck. She bears in her hand a crook, or swell-root to keep off the rain. If it be Sunday, the peasants sit on the church steps and on their psalm-books. Others are coming down the road with their beloved pastor, who talks to them of holy things from beneath his broad-brimmed hat. He speaks of fields and harvests, and of the parable of the sower, that went forth to sow. He leads them to the Good Shepherd, and to the peaceful pastures of the spirit-world. He is there to intercede, and, like Meichizdekh, both priest and king, though he has no other throne than the church pulpit. The women carry psalm-books in their hands, wrapped in silk handkerchiefs, and listen, devoutly, to his words. But the young men, like Gallio, care for none of these things. They are busy counting the plats in the kirtles of the peasant-girls, their number being the measure of the wearer's wealth. It may end in a wedding.

I will endeavor to describe a village wedding in Sweden. It shall be in summer-time, that there may be flowers, and in a southern province, that the bride may be fair. The early song of the lark and of chanticleer is mingling in the clear morning air, and the sun, the heavenly bridegroom, brings with him golden locks, in the cast, just as our earthly bride brings her yellow locks in the south.

Meanwhile the bridegroom has a bunch of flowers upon his sleeve, a box of tobacco in his hand, and a monstrous nosegay in the breast of his black jacket, comes forth from his chamber; and then to horse and away, towards the village where the bride already sits and waits.

Foremost rides the spokesman, followed by some rustics, hurrahing around their victuals. They come to the bridegroom between his two groomsmen, and then forty or fifty friends and wedding guests, half of them perhaps with pistols and guns in their hands. A kind of baggage-wagon brings up the rear, laden with food and drink for these merry pilgrims. At the entrance of every village stands a triumphal arch, adorned with flowers and ribbons and evergreens; and as they pass through the arch, the procession stops. And straight from every pocket flies a black jack, filled with punch or brandy. It is passed from hand to hand, and the provisions are brought from the wagon, and after eating and drinking and hurrahing, the procession moves forward again, and at length draws near the house of the bride. Four heralds ride forward to announce that a knight and his attendants are in the neighboring forest, and pray for hospitality. "How many are you?" asks the bride's father. "At least three hundred," is the answer; and to this the host replies, "Yes; were you seven times as many, you should all be welcome: and in token thereof receive this cup." Whereupon each herald receives a can of ale; and soon after the whole jovial company comes storming into the farmer's yard. There they sit down in his cell. Mary stands in the centre, amidst a grand salute and flourish of music.

In the hall sits the bride, with a crown upon her head, and a targe in her hand, like Mary in old church paintings. She is dressed in a red bodice and kirtle with loose linen sleeves. There is a gilded belt around her waist; and around her neck strings of golden beads, and a beaded chain around her neck. She bears in her hand a crook, or swell-root to keep off the rain. It's a Sunday, the peasants sit on the church steps and on their psalm-books. Others are coming down the road with their beloved pastor, who talks to them of holy things from beneath his broad-brimmed hat. He speaks of fields and harvests, and of the parable of the sower, that went forth to sow. He leads them to the Good Shepherd, and to the peaceful pastures of the spirit-world. He is there to intercede, and, like Meichizdekh, both priest and king, though he has no other throne than the church pulpit. The women carry psalm-books in their hands, wrapped in silk handkerchiefs, and listen, devoutly, to his words. But the young men, like Gallio, care for none of these things. They are busy counting the plats in the kirtles of the peasant-girls, their number being the measure of the wearer's wealth. It may end in a wedding.

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rich; rich in health, rich in hope, rich in thy first, young, fervent love. The blessing of Heaven be upon thee! So thinks the parish priest, as the bridal couple, the bride and bridgroom, saying, in deep, solemn tones,—

"I give thee in marriage this damsel, to be thy wedded wife in all honor, and to share the half of thy lands and the estate; and every third penny which you two may possess, or may inherit, and all the rights which Upland's laws provide, and the holy King Erik gave.

The dinner is now served, and the bride sits between the bridgroom and the priest. The spokesman delivers an oration after the ancient custom of his fathers. He intercalates it with quotations from the Bible; and invites the Saviour to be present at this marriage feast, as he was at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee. The table is not sparingly set forth. Each makes a long arm, and the feast goes cheerily on. Punch and brandy pass round between the courses, and here and there a pipe is smoked while waiting for the next dish. They sit long at table; but, as all things must have an end, so must a Swedish dinner. Then the dance begins. It is led off by the bride and the groom, who perform a solemn minuet together. Not till after midnight comes the last dance. The girls form a ring around the bride, to keep her from the hands of the married women. The maidens break through the magic circle, and seize their new sister. After long struggling they succeed; and the crown is taken from her head and the jewels from her neck, and her bodice is unlace, and her kirtle taken off; and like a vestal virgin clad all in white she goes, but it is to her marriage chamber, not to her grave; and the wedding guests follow her with lighted candles in their hands. And this is a very pretty sight.

Nor must I forget the suddenly changing seasons of the Northern clime. There is no long and lingering spring, unfolding leaf and blossom one by one; no long and lingering autumn, pompoms with many-colored leaves and the glow of Indian summers. But winter and summer are wonderful, and pass into each other. The quail has hardly ceased piping in the corn, when winter from the fowls of trailing clouds scows broadcast over the land snow, icicles, and rattling hail. The days wave space. Ercolos the sun hardly rises above the horizon, or does not rise at all. The moon and the stars shine through the day. Only then they are pale and wan, and in the southern sky a red, fiery glow, as of sunset, burns along the horizon, and then goes out. And pleasantly under the silver moon, and under the silent, solemn stars, ring the reel-shoes of the skaters on the frozen sea, and voices, and the sound of bells.

And now the Northern Lights begin to burn, faintly at first, like sunbeams playing in the waters of the blue sea. Then a soft crimson glow tinges the heavens. There is a blush on the cheek of night. The colors come and go, and change from crimson to gold, from gold to crimson. The snow is stained with new snow; two-fold from the zenith, east and west, flames a fiery word; and a broad band passes athwart the heavens like a summer sunset. Soft purple clouds come sailing over the sky, and through their vapors folds the winking stars shine white as silver. With such pomp as this is Merry Christmas ushered in, though only a single star heralded the first Christmas. And in memory of that day the Swedish peasants dance on straw; and the peasant-girls throw straws at the timbered roof of the hall, and for every one that sticks in a crack shall a groomsmen come to their wedding. Merry Christmas to you! For pious souls there shall be church songs and sermons, but for Swedish peasants, brandy and nut-brown ale in wooden bowls; and the great Yule-cake crowned with a cheese, and garnished with apples, and upholding a three-armed candlestick over the Christmas feast. They may tell tales, too, of Jöns Luntzbracka, and Lunkensus, and the great Ridder Finke of Pingedaga.*

And now the glad, leafy midsummer, full of blossoms and the song of nightingales, is come! Saint John has taken the flowers and festival of heathen Balder; and in every village there is a May-pole fifty feet high, with wreaths and roses and ribbons streaming in the wind, and a noisy weathercock on top, to tell the village whence the wind cometh and whither it goeth. The sun does not set till ten o'clock at night; and the children are at play in the streets an hour later. The windows and doors are all open, and you may sit and read till midnight without a candle. O, how beautiful is the summer night, which is not night, but a sunless yet unclouded day, descending upon earth with dews and shadows and refreshing coolness! How beautiful the long, mild twilight, which like a silver clasp unites to-day with yesterday! How beautiful the silent hour, when Morning and Evening thus sit together, hand in hand, beneath the starless sky of midnight! From the church-tower in the public square the bell tolls the hour, with a soft, musical chime; and the watchman, whose watch-tower is the belfry, blows a blast in his horn for each stroke of the hammer, and four times, to the four corners of the heavens, in a sonorous voice he chants,—

"Hö! watchman, hö! Twelve is the clock! God keep our town From fire and brand And hostile hand! Twelve is the clock!"

From his swallow's nest in the belfry he can see the sun all night long; and farther north the priest stands at his door in the warm midnight, and lights his pipe with a common burning-glass.


In Swedish, Ljungdydhögtiden, the Leaf-buts'-high-tide.

Page 38. *Högborg.*

The peasant-painter of Sweden. He is known chiefly by his altar-pieces in the village churches.

Page 33. *Wallin.*

A distinguished pulpit-orator and poet. He is particularly remarkable for the beauty and sublimity of his poems.

Page 45. *As Lope says.*

"La cólera de un Español sentado no se templa, sino se representan en dos horas hasta el final juicio desde el Génesis."

*Lope de Vega.*

Page 46. *Abrenuncio Satanas!*

"Digo, Señora, respondió Sancho, lo que tengo dicho, que de los azotes abrenuncio. Abrenuncio, habéis dicho, Sancho, que no doy, dijo el Duque."—Don Quijote, Part II., ch. 35.


The allusion here is to a Spanish Epigram.

"Siempre Pray Carrillo está consolando a los que el cielo se ha perdonado a quien en tu celda enterraba para no verte jamás!"

*Bild de Fieber, Florosa, No. 611.

* Titles of Swedish popular tales.
This is from an Italian popular song.

"Padre Francesco,
Padre Francesco!
Cosa volette del Padre Francesco? —
"V' é una bella ragazza
Che si volo confessar!"
Fate l'entrare, fate l'entrare!
Che la voglio confessare."
Kopisch, Vokalhistorische Forschungen aus alien Mundarten Italiens und seiner Inseln, p. 194.

Page 49. Ave! enjuza calceum clare.
From a monkish hymn of the twelfth century, in Sir Alexander Croke's Essay on the Origin, Progress, and Decline of Rhyming Latin Verse, P. 199.

Page 50. The gold of the Buznó.
Buznó is the name given by the Gypsies to all who are not of their race.

Page 51. Count of the Calés.
The Gypsies call themselves Calés. See Borrow's valuable and extremely interesting work, The Zincali; or an Account of the Gypsies in Spain. London, 1841.

Page 52. Asks if his money-bags would rise.
"¿ Y volviéndome á un lado, ví á un Avariento, que estaba preguntando á otro (que por haber sido embalsamado, y estar lxs sus tripas no hablaba, porque no habian llegado si habian de resucitar aquel dia todos los enterrados), si resucitarian unos bolsones suyos? " — El Sueño de las Calaveras.

Page 52. And amen! said my Cid the Campeador.
A line from the ancient Poema del Cid.

"Amen, dixo Mio Cid el Campeador." Line 3044.

Page 52. The river of his thoughts.
This expression is from Dante;

"Si che chiaro
Per essa scend' della mente il fiume."

Byron has likewise used the expression; though I do not recollect in which of his poems.

Page 52. Mari Frana.
A common Spanish proverb, used to turn aside a question one does not wish to answer;

"Porque casó Mari Frana
quatro legnas de Salamanca."

Page 52. Ay, soft, emerald eyes.
The Spaniards, with good reason, consider this color of the eye as beautiful, and celebrate it in song; as, for example, in the well-known Villancico:

"Ay ojuelos verdes,
y los mis ojuelos,
y hagen les ojos
que de mi te acuerdes!
Tengo confianza
de mis verdes ojos."
Bohl de Faber, Floresta, No. 553.

Dante speaks of Beatrice's eyes as emeralds.
Purgatorio, xxxi. 186. Lami says, in his Annotazioni, "Erano i suoi occhi di' un turchino ver- dicedio, simile a quel del mare."

Page 52. The Avenging Child.
See the ancient Ballads of El Infante Venjador, and Calayons.

Page 53. All are sleeping.
From the Spanish. Bohl de Faber, Floresta, No. 232.

Page 56. Good night.
From the Spanish; as are likewise the songs immediately following, and that which commences the first scene of Act III.

Page 60. The evil eye.
"In the Gitano language, casting the evil eye is called Querelar nasuta, which simply means making sick, and which, according to the common superstition, is accomplished by casting an evil look at people, especially children, who, from the tenderness of their constitution, are supposed to be more easily frightened than those of a more mature age. After receiving the evil glance, they fall sick, and die in a few hours.
"The Spaniards have very little to say respecting the evil eye, though the belief in it is very prevalent, especially in Andalusia, amongst the lower orders. A stag's horn is considered a good safeguard, and instantly snaps asunder. Such horns may be purchased in some of the silver-smiths' shops at Seville." — Borrow's Zincali, Vol. I. ch. ix.

Page 60. On the top of a mountain I stand.
This and the following scraps of song are from Borrow's Zincali; or an Account of the Gypsies in Spain.
The Gypsy words in the same scene may be thus interpreted:
John-Dorados, pieces of gold.
Pigeon, a simpleton.
In your morocco, stripped.
Doves, sheets.
Moon, a shirt.
Chirletin, a thief.
Muregalleros, those who steal at midnight.
Hostilleros, footpads.
Hermit, highway-robber.
Planets, candles.
Commandments, the fingers.
Saint Martin asleep, to rob a person asleep.
Lameleras, eyes.
Goldin, police-officer.
Papagayo, a spy.
Vineyards and Dancing John, to take flight.

Page 62. If thou art sleeping, maiden.
From the Spanish; as is likewise the song of the Contrabandista on page 62.

Page 65. All the Foresters of Flanders.
The title of Foresters was given to the early governors of Flanders, appointed by the kings of France. Lyderick du Bucq, in the days of Clo- taire the Second, was the first of them; and Beaufont Bras-de-Fer, who stole away the fair Judith, daughter of Charles the Bald, from the French court, and instantly married her in Bruges, was the last. After him the title of Forester was changed to that of Count. Philippe d'Alsesie, Guy de Dampierre, and Louis de Crey, coming later in the order of time, were therefore rather Counts than Foresters. Philippe went twice to the Holy Land as a Crusader, and died of the plague at St. Jean-d'Acre, shortly after the capture of the city by the Christians. Guy de Dampierre died in the prison of Conimpugne. Louis de Crey was son and successor of Robert de Béthune, who strangled his wife, Yolande de Bour-
gogne, with the bridle of his horse, for having poisoned, at the age of eleven years, Charles, his son by his first wife, Blanche d'Anjou.

Page 65. Stately dames, like queens attended.

When Philippe-le-Bel, king of France, visited Flanders with his queen, she was so astonished at the magnificence of the dames of Bruges, that she exclaimed: "Jo and among, when it passed me to see so great a forest of fine women!" to which the court of Flandre qui se trouvent dans nos prisons sont tous des princes, car leurs femmes sont habillées comme des princesses, et des reines."

When the burgomasters of Ghent, Bruges, and Ypres went to Paris to pay homage to King John, in 1351, they were received with great pomp and distinction; but, being invited to a festival, they observed that their seats at the table were not furnished with cushions; whereupon, to make known their displeasure at this want of regard to their dignity, they folded their richly embroidered cloaks and seated themselves upon them. On rising from table, they left their cloaks behind them, and, being informed of their apparent forgetfulness, Simon van Ertrycke, burgomaster of Bruges, replied, "We Flemings are not in the habit of carrying away our cushions after dinner."

Page 65. Knights who bore the Fleece of Gold.

Philippe de Bourgogne, surnamed Le Bon, espoused Isabella of Portugal on the 10th of January, 1430; and on the same day inspired the famous order of the Fleece of Gold.

Page 65. I beheld the gentle Mary.

Marie de Valois, Duchess of Burgundy, was left by the death of her father, Charles-le-Téméraire, at the age of twenty, the richest heiress of Europe. She came to Bruges, as Countess of Flanders, in 1477, and on her famous visit the same year was married by proxy to the Archduke Maximilian. According to the custom of the time, the Duke of Bavaria, Maximilian's substitute, slept with the princess. They were both in complete dress, separated by a naked sword, and attended by four armed guards. Marie was adored by her subjects for her gentleness and her many other virtues.

Maximilian was son of the Emperor Frederick the Third, and is the same person mentioned afterwards in the poem of Nuernberg as the Kaiser Maximilian, and the hero of Pinzinger's poem of Teuerlank. Having been imprisoned by the revolting citizens of Bruges, a ransom was paid to release him, till he consented to kneel in the public square, and to swear on the Holy Evangelists and the body of Saint Donatus, that he would not take vengeance upon them for their rebellion.

Page 65. The bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold.

This battle, the most memorable in Flemish history, was fought under the walls of Courtray, on the 11th of July, 1302, between a large French and the Flemings, the former commanded by Robert Comte d'Artos, and the latter by Guillaume de Juliers, and Jean, Comte de Namur. The French army was completely routed, with a loss of twenty thousand infantry and seven thousand cavalry; among whom were sixty-three princes, dukes, and counts, seven hundred livers-banneter, and eleven hundred noblemen. The flower of the French nobility perished on that day; to which history has given the name of the Journée des Épées d'Or, from the great number of golden spurs found on the field of battle. Seven hundred and fifteen horses of Bruges, a trophy in the church of Notre Dame de Courtray; and, as the cavaliers of that day wore but a single spur each, these vouched to God for the violent and bloody death of seven hundred of his creatures.

Page 65. Saw the flight of Minnewater.

When the inhabitants of Bruges were digging a canal at Minnewater, to bring the waters of the Lys from Deynze to their city, they were attacked and routed by the citizens of Ghent, whose commerce would have been much injured by the canal. They were led by Jean Lyons, captain of a military company at Ghent, called the Chaperons Blancs. He had great sway over the turbulent populace, who, in those prosperous times of the city, gained an easy livelihood by laboring two or three days in the week, and had the remaining four or five to devote to public affairs. The flight at Minnewater was followed by open rebellion against Louis de Maele, the Count of Flanders and Protector of Bruges. His superb château of Wondelgem was pillaged and burnt; and the insurgents forced the gates of Bruges, and entered in triumph, with Lyons mounted at their head. A few days afterwards he died suddenly, perhaps by poison.

Meanwhile the insurgents received a check at the village of Welede, and two hundred of them perished in the church, which was burned by the Count's orders. One of the chiefs, Jean de Lannoy, took refuge in the belfry. From the summit of the tower he held forth his purse filled with gold, and begged, for deliveries. His enemies eried to him from below to save himself as best he might; and, half suffocated with smoke and flame, he threw himself from the tower and perished at their feet. Peace was soon afterwards established, and the Count restored to faithful Bruges.

Page 65. The Golden Dragon's nest.

The Golden Dragon, taken from the church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, in one of the Crusades, and placed on the belfry of Bruges, was afterwards transported to Ghent by Philip van Artevelde, and still adorns the belfry of that city.

The inscription on the alarm-bell at Ghent is "Myuen naam is Roland; als ik kyp is er brand, en als ik by is er victorie in het land." My name is Roland when I tell there is fire, and when I ring there is victory in the land.

Page 65. That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.

An old popular proverb of the town runs thus: "— "Nürnberg's Hand Gebt durch alle Land." Nuernberg's hand Goes through every land.

Page 65. Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.

Melchior Pinzinger was one of the most celebrated German poets of the sixteenth century. The hero of his Teuerlank was the reigning emperor, Maximilian; and the poem was to the Germans of that day what the Orlando Furioso was to the Italians. Maximilian is mentioned before, in the Belfry of Bruges. See page 77.

Page 66. In the church of Sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust.

The tomb of Saint Sebald, in the church which bears his name, is one of the richest works of art in Nuernberg. It is of bronze, and was cast by Peter Vischer and his sons, who labored upon it thirteen years. It is adorned with nearly one hundred figures, among which those of the Twelve Apostles are conspicuous for size and beauty.
NOTES.

Page 67. 
In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare.

This pix, or tabernacle for the vessels of the sacrament, is by the hand of Adams Kraft. It is an exquisite piece of sculpture in white stone, and rises to the height of sixty-four feet. It stands in the choir whose richly painted windows cover it with varied colors.

Page 67. 
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters.

The Twelve Wise Masters was the title of the original corporation of the Mastersingers. Hans Sachs the elder of Nurnberg, though not one of the original Twelve, was the most renowned of the Mastersingers, as well as the most voluminous. He flourished in the sixteenth century, and left behind him thirty-four folio volumes of manuscript, containing two hundred and eight pages, one thousand and seven hundred comic tales, and between four and five thousand lyric poems.

Page 67. 
As in Adam Puschman's song.

Adam Puschman, in his poem on the death of Hans Sachs, describes him as he appeared in a vision:—

"An old man, gray and white, and dove-like, who had, in sooth, a great beard, and read in a fair, great book. Beautiful with golden clasps."

Page 68. 
The Occultation of Orion.

Astronomically speaking, this title is incorrect; as I apply to a constellation what can properly be applied to some of its stars only. But my observation is made from the hill of song, and not from that of science; and will, I trust, be found sufficiently accurate for the present purpose.

Page 71. 
Who, unarm'd, on his tacks once caught the bolts of the thunder.

A delegation of warriors from the Delaware tribe having visited the governor of Virginia, during the Revolution, on matters of business, after these had been discussed and settled in council, the governor asked them some questions relative to their country, and, among others, what they knew or had heard of the animal whose became often found at the Saltlicks on the Ohio. Their chief speaker immediately put himself into an attitude of oratory, and with a pomp suited to what he conceived the elevation of his subject, informed me that it was a tradition handed down from their fathers; that at ancient times a herd of these tremendous animals came to the Big-bone licks, and began an universal destruction of the bear, deer, elk, buffaloes, and other animals which had been created for the use of the Indians; that the Great Man above, looking down and seeing this, was so enraged that he seized his lightning, descended on the earth, seated himself on a neighboring mountain, on a rock of which his seat and the print of his feet are still to be seen, and hurled his bolts among them till the whole were slaughtered, except the big bull, who, presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off as they fell; but missing one at length, it wounded him in the side; whereon, springing round, he bounded over the Ohio, over the Wabash, the Illinois, and finally over the great lakes, where he is living at this day."—Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, Query VI.

Page 73. 
Walter von der Vogelweid.

Walter von der Vogelweid, or Bird-Meadow, was one of the principal Minnesingers of the thirteenth century. He triumphed over Heinrich von Offen- dingen in that poetic contest at Wartburg Castle, known in literary history as the War of Wartburg.

Page 74. 
Like imperial Charlemagne.

Charlemagne may be called by pre-eminence the monarch of nations. According to the German tradition, in seasons of great abundance, his spirit crosses the Rhine on a golden bridge at Bingen, and blesses the cornfields and the vineyards of his domains. During his lifetime, he did not disdain, says Montesquieu, "to sell the eggs from the farmyards of his domains, and the superfluous vegetables of his gardens; while he distributed among his people the wealth of the Lombards and the immense treasures of the Huns."

Page 103. 
Behold, at last.

Each tall and tapering mast Is swung into its place.

I wish to anticipate a criticism on this passage, by stating, that sometimes, though not usually, vessels are launched fully spurred and rigged. I have avoided myself in the exception as better suited to my purposes than the general rule; but the reader will see that it is neither a blunder nor a poetic license. On this subject a friend in Portland, Maine, writes me thus:—In this State, and also, I am told, in New York, ships are sometimes rigged upon the stocks in order to save time, or to make a show. There was a fine, large ship launched last summer at Ellisville, full spurred and rigged. Sixty years ago a ship was launched here, with her rigging, spars, sails, and cargo aboard. She sailed the next day, and — was never heard of again! I hope this will not be the fate of your poem!"

Page 105. 
Sir Humphrey Gilbert.

"When the wind abated and the vessels were near anxious, the Admiral was seen constantly sitting in the stern, with a book in his hand. On the 4th of September he was seen for the last time and was heard by the people of the Hind to say, 'We are as near heaven by sea as by land.' In the following night, the lights of the ship suddenly disappeared. The people in the other vessels kept a good lookout for him during the remainder of the voyage. On the 22d of September they arrived, through much tempest and peril, at Falmouth. But nothing more was seen or heard of Sir Humphrey."—Belknap's American Biography, I. 205.

Page 111. 
The Blind Girl of Castil-Cuillè.

Jasmin, the author of this beautiful poem, is to the French what Burns is to the South of Scotland,—the representative of the heart of the people,—one of those happy bards who are born with their mouths full of birds (la bouche pleine d'oiseaux). —He has written his own biography in a poetic form, and the simple narrative of his poverty, his struggles, and his triumphs is very touching. He still lives at Agen, on the Garonne; and long may he live there to delight his native land with native songs!

The following description of his person and way of life is taken from the graphic pages of "Bearn and the Pyrenees," by Louisa Stuart Costello, whose charming pen has done so much to illustrate the French provinces and their literature.

"At the entrance of the promenade, Du Gra- vier, is a row of small houses,—some cafés, other shops, the indication of which is a painted cloth placed across the way, with the owner's name in bright gold letters, in the manner of the arcades in the streets, and their announcements. One of the most glaring of these was, we observed, a bright signboard, painted with gold; on which, in large gold letters, appeared the name of Jasmin, Coiffeur." We entered, and were welcomed by a
smiling, dark-eyed woman, who informed us that her husband was busy at that moment dressing a customer's hair, but he was desirous to receive us, and begged we would walk into his parlor at the back of the shop.

"She exhibited to us a laurel crown of gold of delicate workmanship, sent from the city of Clermont, Tombouctoo, to the poet; who would not only make her his surest and most precious treasure, but also give it to the poet on the condition of his translating it to French. Next came a golden cup, with an inscription in his honor, given by the citizens of Auch; a gold watch, chain, and seals, sent by the King, Louis Philippe; an emerald ring presented to him by the lady Duke of Orleans; a pearl pin by the graceful Duchess, who, on the poet's visit to Paris accompanied by his son, received him in the words he puts into the mouth of Henri Quatre:"

"Dames Gasconnes! A mon amours per lesa sone creye; Bens! bens! ey plac dous bely; Aprochons bons!"

A fine service of linen, the offering of the town of Pau, after its citizens had given feves in his honor, and enriched him with carvings, praising and knickknacks and jewels of all descriptions offered to him by lady-ambassadors, and "cat lords; English 'misses' and 'miladys,' and French, and foreigners of all nations, who did or did not understand the language."

"This, though startling, was not conviving; Jasmin, the barber, might only be a fashion, a fumice, a caprice, after all; and it was evident that he knew how to get up a scene well. When we had become nearly tired of looking over these tributes to his genius, the door opened, and the poet himself appeared. His manner was free and unembarrassed, well-bred, and lively; he received our compliments, and, like the one accoustemed to homage; said he was ill, and unfortunately too hoarse to read anything to us, or should have been delighted to do so. He spoke with a broad Gascon accent, and very rapidly and eloquently; ran over the story of his successes; told us that his grandfather had been a beggar, and all his family very poor; that he was now as rich as he wished to be; his son placed in a good position at Nantes; then showed us his son's picture, and spoke of his disposition; to which his brisk little wife added, that, though no fool, he had not his father's genius, to which truth Jasmin assented as a matter of course. I told him I had never seen mention made of him in an English review; which he said had been sent him by Lord Durham, who had paid him a visit; and I then spoke of the Mecia mors as known to me. It was enough to make him forget his hoarseness and every other evil; it would never do for me to imagine that that little song was his best composition; it was merely his first; he must try to read to me a little of 'L'Abbe,'—a few verses of 'Francoonet.' 'You will be charmed,' said he; 'but if I were well, and you would give me the pleasure of your company for some time, if you had a vehicle here,' he added, 'I would take you to Toulouse;'—being a translation of certain notices of himself, which had appeared in a leading English literary journal. He had, he said, been informed of the honor done him by numerous friends, and assured me his fame had been much spread by this means; and he was so delighted on the occasion, that he had resolved to learn English, in order that he might judge of the translations from his works, which, he said, had been told, were well done. I enjoyed his surprise, while I informed him that I knew who was the reviewer and translator; and explained the reason for the verses giving pleasure in an ancient language and the superiority of the English language over modern French, for which he has a great contempt, as unfitted for
lyrical composition. He intrigued of me respectfully, and I had been pleased; and begged me to tell him something of Moore. The delight of himself and his wife was amusing, at having discovered a secret which had puzzled them so long.

"He had a thousand things to tell me; in particular, that he had only the day before received a letter from the Duchess of Orleans, informing him that she had ordered a medal of her late husband to be struck, the first of which would be sent to him; she also announced to him the agreeable news of the king having granted him a pension of a thousand francs. He smiled and wept as he told us all this; and declared, much as he was elated at the possession of a sum which made him a rich man for life, the kindness of the Duchess gratified him even more.

He then made us sit down while he read us two new poems; both charming, and full of grace and unaffected; and one very affecting, being an address to the king, alluding to the death of his son. As he read, his wife stood by, and fearing we did not quite comprehend the great lengths she made a remark to that effect: to which he answered impatiently, 'Nonsense,—don't you see they are in tears?' This was unanswerable; and we were allowed to hear the poem to the end; and I certainly felt more feelingly and energetically delivered.

"We had much conversation, for he was anxious to detain us, and, in the course of it, he told me I had been by some accused of vanity. 'Oh,' he rejoined, 'what would you have? I am a child of nature, and cannot conceal my feelings; the only difference between me and a man of refinement is, that he knows how to conceal his vanity and exaltation of success, which I let everybody see.'—Deurn and the Pyrenees, I. 399, et seq.

Page 114. A Christmas Carol.

The following description of Christmas in Burgundy is from M. Fertigny’s Tour d’Eglise and Numéros de la Bourgogne, published by the Paris edition of Les Noëls Bourguignons de Bernard de la Mouyrie (Guil Barrois), 1842.

"Every year at the approach of Advent, people refresh their memories, clear their throats, and begin pruning; in the long evenings by the fireside, those carols whose invariable and eternal theme is the nativity of the Messiah. They are sung from old closets pamphlets, little collections begrimed with dust and smoke, to which the press, and sometimes the pen, has consigned these songs; and as soon as the first Sunday of Advent soundeth the bells, the people sit down together by the fireside, sometimes at one house, sometimes at another, taking turns in paying for the chestnuts and white wine, but singing with one common voice the grotesque praises of the Little Jesus. There are very few villages even, which, during all the evenings of Advent, do not hear some of these curious carols shouted in their streets, to the nasal drone of bagpipes. In this octave month comes a chorus of voices, as it were, to the singers at the fireside; he brings and adds his dose of joy (spontaneous or mercenary, it matters little which) to the joy which breathes around; he makes the voices vibrate and resound, one voice more is always welcome. There, it is not the purity of the notes which makes the concert, but the quantity,—non quantitates, absoluit; then a final aton at once with the minstrel), when the Saviour was born. The carols being in the manger, and the beautiful Christmas Eve is passed, the rustic piper makes his round among the houses, where every one compliments and thanks him, and, moreover, gives him in small coin the price of the shrill notes with which he has enlivened the evening entertainments.

"More or less until Christmas Eve, all goes on in this way. The children dance through some difference of some gallons of wine or some hundreds of chestnuts. But this famous eve once come, the scale is pitched upon a higher key; the closing evening must be a memorable one. The toilet being of the night falls; then one of supper, addressing divers appetites; and groups, as numerous as possible, are formed to take together this comfortable evening repeat. The singing and suffering of the fire, the hearth, which is arranged and set in order this evening after a particular fashion, and which at a later hour of the night is to become the object of special interest to the children. On the burning hearth seems an enormous log has been placed. This log assuredly does not change its nature, but it changes its name during this evening; it is called the Sache (the Yule-log). Look, you, say they to the children, if you are this evening, Noel! (for with children one must always personify) will rain down sugar-plums in the night. And the children sit demurely, keeping as quiet as their turbulent little nature will permit. The groups of elders are always as orderly as the children, seize this good opportunity to surrender themselves with merry hearts and boisterous voices to the chanted worship of the master of the Yule-log. For this evening, they have kept the most powerful, the most enthusiastic, the most electrifying carols. Noel! Noel! Noel! This magic word resounds on all sides; it seasons every sauce, it is served upon every course. Of the thousands of carols which are heard on this famous eve, ninety-nine in a hundred begin and end with this word; which is, one may say, their Alpha and Omega, their crown and footstool. This last evening, the merry-making is prolonged. Instead of retiring at ten or eleven o’clock, as is generally done on all the preceding evenings, they wait for the stroke of midnight: this word sufficiently proclaims to what ceremony they are going to repair. For ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, the bells have been calling the faithful with a triple-bob-major; and each one, furnished with a little taper streaked with various colors (the Christmas Candle), goes through the crowded streets, where the lanterns are dancing like Will-0’-the-Wisps, at the impatient summons of the multitudinous chimneys. At Midnight, when the bells have ceased, when the church has heard with more or less pity the Mass, emblematic of the coming of the Messiah. Then in tumult and great haste they return homeward, always in numerous groups; they salute the Yule-log, they may borrow to the highest they sit down at table; and amid songs which reverberate louder than ever, make this meal of after-Christmas, so long looked for, so cherished, so joyful, so noisy, and which has been thought fit to call, we hardly know why, Rosemary. The supper eaten at nightfall is no impediment, as you may imagine, to the appetite’s returning; above all, if the going to and from church has made the guests entertain some little shafts of the sharp and biting north-wind Rosemary then goes on merrily, sometimes far into the morning hours; but, nevertheless, gradually throats grow hoarse, and the voice of the Yule-log dies out, and at last the hour arrives when each one, as best he may, regains his domicile and his bed, and puts with himself between the sheets the material for a good sore-throat, or a good indigestion, the Yule-log. A Prose, a Christmas Eve has been taken to place in the slippers, or wooden shoes of the children, the sugar-plums, which shall be for them, on their waking, the welcome fruits of the Christmas log."

In the Glossary, the Sache, or Yule-log, is thus defined:

'This is a huge log, which is placed on the fire
on Christmas Eve, and which in Burgandy is called, on this account, la Sainte de Noëi. Then the father of the family, particularly among the middle classes, sings solemnly Christmas carols with his wife and children, the smallest of whom he sends into the corner to pray that the Yule log may appear some sugar-plums. Meanwhile, little parcel of them are placed under each end of the log, and the children come and pick them up, believing, in good faith, that the great log has borne them."

Page 115. The Song of Hiawatha. This Indian Edë---if I may so call it---is founded on a tradition and information among the North American Indians, of a personage of miraculous birth, who was sent among them to clear their rivers, forests, and fishing-grounds, and to teach them the arts of peace. He was known among different tribes by different names of Michabou, Chiaxlo, Manabozo, Tareynawagon, and Hiawatha. Mr. Schoolcraft gives an account of him in his Algic Researches, Vol. I. p. 154; and in his History, Coddington, and Projects of the Indian Tribes of the United States, Part III. p. 314, may be found the Iroquois form of the tradition, derived from the verbal narrations of an Onondaga chief.

Into this old tradition I have woven other curious Indian legends, drawn chiefly from the various and valuable writings of Mr. Schoolcraft, to whom the literary world is greatly indebted for his indefatigable zeal in rescuing from oblivion so much of the legendary lore of the Indians.

The scene of the poem is among the Ojibways on the southern shore of Lake Superior, in the region between the Pictured Rocks and the Grand Sable.

VOCABULARY.
Adjiydan'mo, the red squirrel.
Ableck, the reindeer.
Akho'sw'n, fever.
Ahmek', the bear.
Ago'nik'un, Ojibway.
Anpan'oke'koo, the thunder.
Apuk'wa, a birch bark.
Baim'aw'wa, the sound of the thunder.
Bena'h, the grapevine.
Be'na, the pleasant.
Big-Sen-Water, Lake Superior.
Bukah'sin, furnace.
Cheeman', a birch canoe.
Chetowaki', the plow.
Child's box, a music-case; friend of Hiawatha; ruler in the Land of Spirits.
Dahim'da, the hoarfrost.
Dahim'da, kwo-ne'she, the dragon-fly.
Ees, shame upon you.
Ewe'yess', tallow.
Ghe'tza, the sun.
Gitche Gu'ne, the Big Sen-Water, Lake Superior.
Gitche Man'ito, the Great Spirit, the Master of Life.
Gashke', the deer.
Hiawatha, the Wise Man, the Teacher; son of the legendary lore of the Indians.
Nokomis, Nokomis.
In'go, a great bonzer and story-teller.
Inin'cwe'g, men, or persons in the Game of the Bear.
Ish'k'ek, a fire maker.
Jee'bi, a ghost, a spirit.
Jos'se'ke'd, a prophet.
Kahibeouk'kwa, the North-Wind.
Kagb, the hedgehog.
Kag, do not.
Kal'ahge'g, the raven.
Kaw, no.
Kaween', no indeed.
Kay-oh-si'k, the sea-gull.
Ke'koo, a fish.
Kew-ka'w, the northeast-wind.
Kew-ko'zha, the pickeret.
Ko'ko'ko'ko'ko', the owl.
Kwuntso', the Game of Stone-plumes.
Kwa's'inda, the Strong Man.
Kwo-ne'she, or Dush-kwo-ne'she, the dragon-fly.
Mahnahb'ee'sean', the moon.
Manb, the town.
Mahng'go-tay'see, true-hearted, brave.
Manoomin'gus, wild rice.
Maw'sa, the woodpecker.
Masken'oo'sha, the pike.
Me'da, a medicine man.
Men'oo'kwa, the blueberry.
Mere'sc'koo', the great Pearl-Feather, a magician, and the Nudle of Weath.
Methish'na'w, a pipe-bearer.
Mintjaka'wun, Hiawatha's mittens.
Minne'ma', Laughing Water; a water-fall on a stream running into the Mississippi, between Port Sniitling and the Falls of St. Anthony.
Minne'ma', Laughing Water; wife of Hiawatha.
Mee'wa'na', a pleasant sound, as of the wind in the trees.
Mishe-Mook's, the Great Bear.
Mische's, a great bear.
Misko'dleed', the Spring-Beauty, the Claytonia Virginica.
Mons'min, Indian corn.
Moon of Leaves, May.
Moon of Strawberries, June.
Moon of the Falling Leaves, September.
Moon of Snow-Shoes, November.
Midje-koo'win, the West-Wind; father of Hiawatha.
Midje-koo'wink'sa, son of Hiawatha on a shore.
Mushkato's, the grouse.
Nah'ma, the sturgeon.
Nah'ma-wo'wak, the sea-cucumber.
Nat'gow Wij'doo, the Sand Dunes of Lake Superior.
No-be-naw'ba'lls, water spirits.
Nemenoch'sha, sweet-scented.
Nepah'win, a sleep.
Noko'mis, a grandmother; mother of Wenonah.
No'na', my father.
Nu'hu'ga, a look! look!
Oh'dun'in, the strawberry.
Ohkah'w', the fresh-water herring.
Omo'ne', the pigeons.
On'go, a bowl.
On'may', awake.
Op'chee, the robin.
Oss'oo, Son of the Evening Star.
Ow'ska', the bluebird.
Ow'nees', wife of Ow'ska'.
Ozawa'kee, a round piece of brass or copper in the Game of the Bowl.
Pah-juk'kee's, the grasshopper.
Pau'guk, death.
Pau-puk'kee'w'm, the handsome Yenadeatse, the Storm Fool.
Pauwa'ting, Stati Sabearte.
Pe'boon, Winter.
Poon'lean, rest of the deer or buffalo died and pounded.
Perheek', the bison.
Pish'ne'kub', the bunt.
Poon'nah, heretofore.
Pu'gasing', Game of the Bowl.
Pu'gaw'ga's, a ear-clap.
Puk-Wij'doo, little wild men of the woods; puggmies.
Shah sa'jek, white Handy.
Shah'wa, the perch.
Se'wun', Spring.
Shak'da, the pelican.
Shahbo'min, the gooseberry.
Shah-shah, long nose.
Shaugoda'yaa, a coward.
Shawgashe's, the cranefowl.
Shawononde's, the South-Wind.
Shaw-shaw, the avocet.
Shesh'shun', ducks; pieces in the Game of the Bowl.
Shin'gab', the deer or probe.
Showin'me'ch', play me.
Shin'shihl'gah, the blue heron.
Soom-ge-tah'a, strong-hearted.
Suk'heb'sa', the spider.
Sugre'ma, the mosquito.
To'tom, family cool-of-a-room.
Ugh, peace.
Ungwwash', the sun-fish.
Unkath'eet', the bed of water.
Wahswa'se', the rabbit; the North.
Wane'bo', a magician, a juggler.
Wane'bo'w, a jump.
Wane'm, the Good-Wind.
Wa'bu'n, the Star of the East, the Morning Star.
Wahun'o'w'kin, a cry of lamentation.
Wah-wah'tay'see, the fire-fly.
Wau'pum, beads of shell.
NOTES.

Waubec'son, a white skin wrapp'r, Wau-wa, the white goose, Waw'beck, a rock, Waw-be-wa'wa, the white goose, Wawonais, the wisp-proof nerv'nt, Waw-muk-kwa'ma, the catarpiller, Wen'loge's, quins, Wen'nity, Issacuntha's mother, daughter of Nomokis, Yemad'a'nu, an elder and quinnner: an Indian dandy.

Page 115. In the Vale of Tawassentha.

This valley, now called Norman's Kill, is in Albany County, New York.

Page 116. On the Mountains of the Prairie.

Mr. Catlin, in his Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians, Vol. II. p. 169, gives an interesting account of the Océan des Présies, and the Red Pipestone Quarry. He says:—

"Here (according to their traditions) happened the mysterious birth of the red pipe, which has blown its fumes of peace and war to the remotest corners of the continent; which has visited every warrior, and passed through its reddened stem the irrepressible oath of war and desolation. And here, also, the young bow, standing, standing on the precipice of the red pipe-stone rock, broke from its wall a piece, and made a huge pipe by turning it in his hand, which he smoked over the camp fire of the North, the South, the East, and the West, and told them that this stone was red, —that it was their flesh,—that they must use it for their pipes of peace,—that it belonged to them all, and that the war-club and scalping-knife must not be raised on its ground. At the last whiff of his pipe his head went into a great cloud, and the whole surface of the rock for several miles was melted and glazed; two great ovens were opened beneath, and two women (guardian spirits of the place) entered them in a blaze of fire; and they are heard there yet (Tso-mec-cos-tee and Tso-mec-cos-ton-dee), answering to the invocations of the high-priests or medicine-men, who consult them when they are visitors to this sacred place."

Page 117. Hark you, Bear! you are a coward.

This anecdote is from Heckewelder. In his account of the Indian Nations, he describes an Indian chief addressing a bear in nearly these words: "I was present," he says, "at the delivery of this curious inventive; when the hunter had dispatched the bear, I asked him how he thought that poor animal could understand what he said to it. "O," said he, in answer, "the bear understood me very well; did you not observe how ashamed he looked while I was approaching him?" —Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, Vol. I. p. 240.

Page 119. Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!

Heckewelder, in a letter published in the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, Vol. IV. p. 260, speaks of this tradition as prevalent among the Mohicans and Delawares. "Their reports," he says, "run thus: that among the Indians that had been formerly in this country, this was the most ferocious; that it was much larger than the largest of the common bears, and remarkably long-bodied; all over (except a spot of hair on its back of a white color) naked. "The history of this animal used to be a subject of conversation among the Indians, especially when in the woods a-hunting. I have thought them to be their children when crying: "Hush! the naked bear will hear you, be upon you, and devour you."

Page 129. Where the Falls of Minnehaha, etc.

"The scenery about Fort Snelling is rich in beauty. The Falls of St. Anthony are familiar to travellers, and to readers of Indian sketches. Between the fort and these falls are the 'Little Falls,' forty feet in height, on a stream that empties into the Mississippi. The Indians called them Mine-hah-hah, or 'laughing waters.'"—Miss. Eastman's Dacotah, or Legends of the Sioux, Intro'd., p. ii.

Page 133. Sand Hills of the Nagos Wudjoo.

A description of the Grand Sable, or great sand-dunes of Lake Superior, is given in Foster and Whitney's Report on the Geology of the Lake Superior Land District, Part II. p. 131.

"The Grand Sable possesses a scenic interest little inferior to that of the Pictured Rocks. The explorer passes abruptly from a coast of consolidated sand to one of loose materials; and although the approach to the cliff is not less exciting in the other they attain a higher altitude. He sees before him a long reach of coast, resembling a vast sand-bank, more than three hundred and fifty feet in height, without a trace of vegetation. Ascending the top, or rambling hill, a few patches of down sand are observed, with occasional clumps of trees, standing out like cases in the desert."

Page 133. Osawagy! Awake, beloved!

The original of this song may be found in Littell's Living Age, Vol. XXVI. p. 45.

Page 134. Or the Red Swan hunting, flying.

The fanciful tradition of the Red Swan may be found in Schoolcraft's Algonquian Researches, Vol. II. p. 9. Three brothers were hunting on a wager to see who would bring home the first game. "They were to shoot no other animal," so the legend says, "but such as each was in the habit of killing. Their set-out different ways: Odjibwa, the youngest, had not gone far before he saw a bear, an animal he was not to kill, by the agreement. He followed him close, and drove an arrow through him, which brought him to the ground. Although contrary to the bet, he imme- diately commenced skinning him, when suddenly something red tinged all the air around him. He rubbed his eyes, thinking he was perhaps de- ceived; but without effort, for the red hue of the down sand are observed, with occasional clumps of trees, standing out like cases in the desert. It first appeared like a human voice, but after following the sound for some distance, he reached the shores of a lake, and soon saw the object he was looking for. At a distance out in the lake sat a most beautiful Red Swan, whose plumage glittered in the sun, and who would now and then make the same noise he had heard. He was within long bow-shot, and pulling the arrow from the bow-string up to his ear, took deliberate aim and shot. The arrow took no effect; and he shot and shot again till his quiver was empty. Still the swan remained, moving round and round, stretching its long neck and dipping its bill into the water, as if heedless of the arrows shot at it. Odjibwa ran home, and got all own his own and his brothers' arrows, and shot them all away. He then stood at the bow, brandishing it. While standing, he remembered his brothers' saying that in their deceased father's medicine-sack were three magic arrows. Off he started, his anxiety to kill the swan overcoming all scruples. At any other time he would have deemed it sacrilege to open his father's medicine-sack; but now he hastily seized the three arrows and ran back, leaving the
other contents of the sack scattered over the lodge. The swan was still there. He shot the first arrow with great precision, and came very near to it. The second came still closer; as he took the third bow he felt it bow, and drawing it up with vigor, saw it pass through the neck of the swan a little above the breast. Still it did not prevent the bird from flying off, which lid, however, at first slowly, flapping its wings and rising gradually into the air, and then flying off towards the sinking of the sun."—pp. 10-12.

Page 136. When I think of my beloved.
The original of this song may be found in Ouedo, p. 59.

Page 136. Sing the mysteries of Mondamin.
The Indians hold the maize, or Indian corn, in great veneration. "They esteem it so important and divine a grain," says Schoolcraft, "that their story-tellers invented various tales, in which this idea is symbolized under the form of a special gift from the Great Spirit. The Ojibowa-Algonquin, who call it Mon-ii, or the spirit's grain or berry, have a pretty story of this kind, in which the stalk in full tassel is represented as descending from the sky, under the guise of a handsome youth, in answer to the prayers of a warrior man at his fast virility, or coming to manhood.

"It is well known that corn-planting and corn-gathering, at least among all the still uncivilized tribes, are left entirely to the females and children, and a few superannuated old men. It is not generally known, perhaps, that this labor is not compulsory, and that it is assumed by the females as a just equivalent, in their view, for the onerous and continuous labors of the other sex, in providing meats, and skins for clothing, by the chase, and in defending their villages against their enemies, and keeping intruders off their territories. A good Indian housewife deems this a part of her prerogative, and prides herself to have a store of corn to exercise her hospitality, or duly honor her husband's hospitality, in the entertainment of the lodge guests."—Ouedo, p. 82.

Page 137. Thus the fields shall be more fruitful.
"A singular proof of this belief, in both sexes, of the mysterious influence of the steps of a woman, on the vegetable and insect creation, is found in an ancient custom, which was related to me, respecting corn-planting. It was the practice of the hunter's wife, when the field of corn had been planted, to choose the first dark or over-clouded evening to perform a secret circuit, sans habillement, around the field. For this purpose she slipped out of the lodge in the evening, unobserved, to some obscure nook, where she completely disguised. Then, taking her matchecotta, or principal garment, in one hand, she dragged it around the field. This was thought to insure a prolific crop, and to prevent the assaults of insects and worms upon the grain. It was supposed this could not creep over the charmed line."—Ouedo, p. 83.

Page 137. With his prisoner-string he bound him.
"These cords," says Mr. Tanner, "are made of the bark of the elm-tree, by boiling and then immersing it in cold water. The leader of a war party commonly carries several fastened about his waist, and if, in the course of the fight any one of his young men becomes a prisoner, it is his duty to bring him immediately to the chief, to be tied, and the latter is responsible for his safe keeping."—Narrative of Captivity and Adventures, p. 412.

Page 138.
Wagenaun, the thief of cornfields.
Palmoaid, who steals the maize-ear.

"If one of the young female huskers finds a red ear of corn, it is typical of a brave admirer, and is regarded as a fitting present to some young warrior. But if the ear be crooked, and tapering to a point, no matter what color, the whole ear has set in a roarr, and wa-ge-naun is the word shouted aloud. It is the symbol of a thief in the cornfield. It is considered as the image of an old man stooping while he enters the lot. Had the chisel of Praxiteles been employed to produce this image, it could not more vividly bring to the minds of the merry group the idea of a pilferer of their favorite mondamin.

"The literal meaning of the term is, a mass, or crooked ear of grain; but the ear of corn so called is a conventional type of a little old man pilfering ears of corn in a cornfield. It is in this manner that a single word or term, in these curious languages, becomes the fruitful parent of many ideas. And we can thus perceive why it is that the word wa-ge-naun is alone competent to excite merriment in the husking yard.

"This term is taken as the basis of the cereal chorus, or corn song, as sung by the Northern Algonquin tribes. It is coupled with the phrase Palmoaid, for the equivocal form of the Indian substantive made from the verb pum-o-sot, to walk. Its literal meaning is, he who walks, or the wanderer; but the ideas conveyed by it are, he who walks by night to pilfer corn. It offers, therefore, a kind of parallelism in expression to the preceding term."—Ouedo, p. 254.

Page 141. Pogasaug, with thirteen pieces.
This Game of the Bowl is the principal game of hazard among the Northern tribes of Indians. Mr. Schoolcraft gives a particular account of it in Ouedo, p. 85. "This game," he says, "is very fascinating to some portions of the Indians. They stake at it their ornaments, weapons, clothing, canoes, horses, everything in fact they possess; and have been known, it is said, to set up their wives and children, and even to forfeit their own liberty. Of such desperate stakes I have seen many examples, many do I think this game itself in common use. It is rather confined to certain persons, who hold the relative rank of gamblers in Indian society,—men who are not noted as hunters or warriors, or steady providers for their families. Among these young men, even the bear the term of Tenadize-song, that is, wanderers about the country, braggadocios, or fops. It can hardly be classed with the popular games of amusement, by which skill and dexterity are acquired. I have generally found the chiefs and bravest men of the tribes, who encourage the young men to play ball, and are sure to be present at the customary sports, to witness, and sanction, and applaud them, speak lightly and disparagingly of this game of hazard. Yet it cannot be denied that some of the chiefs, distinguished in war and the chase at the West, can be referred to as lending their example to its fascinating power.

See also his History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes, Part II. p. 72.

Page 144. To the Pictured Rocks of sandstone.
The reader will find a long description of the Pictured Rocks in Foster and Whitney's Report on the Geology of the Lake Superior Land District, Part II. p. 124. From this I make the following extract:

"The Pictured Rocks may be described, in general terms, as a series of sandstone bluffs extending along the shore of Lake Superior for
about five miles, and rising, in most places, vertically from the water, without any beach at the base, to a height varying from fifty to nearly two hundred feet. Were they simply a line of cliffs, they might not, so far as relates to height or extent, be worthy of a rank among great natural curiosities, although such an assemblage of rocky strata, washed by the waves of the great lake, would not, under any circumstances, be destitute of grandeur. To the voyager, coasting along their base in his frail canoe, they would, at all times, be an object of dread; the recoil of the surf, the rock-bound coast, affording, for miles, no place of refuge,—the lowering sky, the rising wind,—all these would excite his apprehension, and induce him to ply a vigorous oar until the drenched wall was passed. But in the Pictured Rocks there are two features which communicate to the scenery a wonderful and almost unique character. These are, first, the curious manner in which the cliffs have been excavated and worn away by the action of the lake, which, for centuries, has dashed an ocean-like surf against their base; and, second, the equally curious manner in which large portions of the surface have been colored by bands of brilliant hues.

"It is from the latter circumstance that the name, by which these cliffs are known to the American traveller, is derived; while that applied to them by the French voyageurs ("Les Portails") is derived from the former, and by far the most striking peculiarity.

"The term Pictured Rocks has been in use for a great length of time; but when it was first applied, we have been unable to discover. It would seem that the first travellers were more impressed with the novel and striking distribution of colors on the surface than with the astonishing variety of form into which the cliffs themselves have been worn.

"Our voyageurs had many legends to relate of the pranks of the Menou-tojou in these caverns, and, in answer to our inquiries, seemed disposed to fabricate stories, without end, of the achievements of this Indian deity."

Page 150. "Toward the sun his hands were lifted.

In this manner, and with such salutations, was Father Marquette received by the Illinois. See his Voyages et Découvertes, Section V.

Page 167. That of our virtues we can frame
A ladder.

The words of St. Augustine are,—"De vitis nostris scalam nobis facimus, si vitia ipsa calamus."

Sermon III. De Ascensione.


A detailed account of this "apparition of a Ship in the Air" is given by Cotton Mather in his Magnalia Christi, Book I. Ch. VI. It is contained in a letter from the Rev. James Pierpont, Pastor of New Haven. To this account Mather adds these words:

"Reader, there being yet living so many credible gentlemen that were eye-witnesses of this wonderful thing, I venture to publish it for a thing as undoubted as 'tis wonderful."

Page 169. And the Emperor but a Macho.

Macho, in Spanish, signifies a mule. Colondrina is the feminine form of Colondrinio, a swallow, and also a cant name for a deserter.

Page 170. Oliver Basselin.

Oliver Basselin, the "Père joyeux du Vaudeville," flourished in the fifteenth century, and gave to his convivial songs the name of his native valleys, in which he sang them, Vaux-de-Vire. This name was afterwards corrupted into the modern Vaudeville.

Page 171. Victor Galbraith.

This poem is founded on fact. Victor Galbraith was a bugler in a company of volunteer cavalry, and was shot in Mexico for some breach of discipline. It is a common superstition among soldiers that no balls will kill them unless their names are written on them. The old proverb says, "Every bullet has its billet."

Page 171. I remember the sea-fight far away.

This was the engagement between the Enterprise and Boxer, off the harbor of Portland, in which both captains were slain. They were buried side by side, in the cemetery on Mountjoy.

Page 173. Santa Filomena.

"At Pisa the church of San Francisco contains a chapel dedicated lately to Santa Filomena; over the altar is a picture, by Salabatelli, representing the Saint as a beautiful nymph-like figure, floating down from heaven, attended by two angels bearing the lily, palm, and javelin, and beneath, in the foreground, the sick and maimed who are healed by her intercession."—Mrs. Jameson, Sacred and Legendary Art, II. 298.

Page 406. The Children's Crusade.

"The Children's Crusade" was left unfinished by Mr. Longfellow. It is founded upon an event which occurred in the year 1212. An army of twenty thousand children, mostly boys, under the lead of a boy of ten years, named Nicolas, set out from Cologne for the Holy Land. When they reached Genoa only seven thousand remained. There, as the sea did not divide to allow them to march dry-shod to the East, they broke up. Some got as far as Rome; two ship-loads sailed from Pisa, and were not heard of again; the rest struggled back to Germany.
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