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THE
SONG OF THE BELL



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THE
SONG OF THE BELL

AND OTHER TRANSLATIONS

FROM SCHILLER, GOETHE, UHLAND,
AND OTHERS

BY

SIR THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS

EDINBURGH AND LONDON

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TRANSLATIONS FROM SCHILLER

THE SONG OF THE BELL.

“*Vibos hoco; mortuos plango; fulgura frango.*”

*F*IRMLY walled up in the earth
The mould is set of well-burnt clay;
To-day the Bell must have its birth!
Then bustle, lads! To work, away!
Hotly from the brow
The sweat must trickle now,
If the work is to sound the Master's praise.
But the blessing, it comes from above always.

With our grave task were fitly blended
A grave and serious word or two:
If 'tis by goodly talk attended,
Then toil goes light and briskly through.

So let us now contemplate duly
 What's shaped by our weak hands and thews ;
 The man is despicable truly,
 Who ne'er his handiwork reviews.
 'Tis this, that man's especial grace is,
 For this was reason given, that he
 Within his heart and soul retraces
 The things his hand has made to be.

*Logs of pine now have them ready,
 Dry and seasoned well belike,
 That the flames, compact and steady,
 'Gainst the furnace throat may strike.¹
 The copper melts ; now in
 Quickly throw the tin ;
 That the tough bell-metal so
 Duly may combine and flow.*

What in the pit there, darkly glooming,
 Our hands with help of fire shall frame,
 High in the belfry turret booming,
 Our doings loudly shall proclaim.

¹ Bell-metal is melted in a reverberatory furnace, made of clay and brick. The flames pass through the throat of the furnace, and are reflected down upon the surface of the metal.

On many an ear, on many a morrow,
 'Twill vibrate on to distant time,
Will with the heavy-hearted sorrow,
 And with the hymnal chorus chime.
What to earth's sons, to wound or quicken,
 The fitful change of fate may bring,
Upon its rim metallic stricken,
 Shall far a pregnant moral ring.

*See ! white bubbles now rise thickly !
 Good ! the mass is melting fast.
Stir in potash freely, quickly,
 Then 'twill soon be ripe to cast !
 From all scum, too, free,
 Must the mixture be ;
So may its voice, full, clear, and round,
 From the pure metal then resound.*

For when a babe some union blesses,
 It greets him with a festal strain,
As, lulled by slumber's soft caresses,
 His earliest step in life is ta'en.
For him as yet within time's breast
The lots of storm or sunshine rest.

A mother's cares are round him drawn,
From harm to shield his golden dawn.
 Years arrow-swift sweep on amain.
The boy, his girlish playmate spurning,
 With fiery heart is bent to roam ;
Through distant lands he storms, returning
 A stranger to his parents' home.
And now, youth's glorious light arrayed in,
 As if from heaven the vision came,
Before him stands the ripened maiden,
 Her cheeks with modest blush aflame.
Anon, with nameless yearnings hidden
 Deep in his heart, alone he strays :
Tears to his eyes rise up unbidden,
 He shuns his rough companions' gaze.
Blushing he haunts her steps, her glance is
 A joy to him all joys above,
Fair flowers he culls, whate'er he fancies,
 To make sweet posies for his love.
Oh, Hope entrancing, yearning tender,
 Our first love's golden time ! The eye
Sees heaven open bathed in splendour,
 The heart is lapped in ecstasy.

Ah, would young love's delightsome time
Ne'er lost the freshness of its prime !

*How brown the tubes grow, have you noted?
In I dip this wand. If it
Come out, with glaze all over coated,
The time for casting will be fit.
Now, my lads, draw nigh !
Test the mixture ! Try !
If soft with hard is blending well,
'Twill then a good result foretell.*

For where the stern and gentle, where
The firm and mild are mated, there
Rings music clear, and sweet, and strong.
Prove, then, ere you for life are bound,
If heart in heart its mate have found !
Illusion's brief, repentance long.

Through the maiden's tresses stealing
Gleams the bridal chaplet bright,
When the church bells, blithely pealing,
To the wedding feast invite.

Ah ! when life's sweetest rite is ended,
Life's Maytime glories wane and pale ;
In twain the fair illusion's rended
With the girdle, with the veil.
Away passion flies,
Love abides and takes root ;
The flower-bloom dies,
To give place to the fruit.
Out the husband must go
Into life, to contend there,
Must toil and must struggle,
Must plant and must spend there,
Must wrestle and juggle,
Be wary and bold,
If he is to get hold
Of gear and of gold.
Then riches stream in with continuous flow.
Things costly and rare fill his storerooms capacious ;
He adds field to field, his house grows more
spacious.
And paramount there
Is the housewife, the mother ;
Her household she keepeth
Well under command,

Directing, controlling
With motherly hand.
She teaches the girls,
The boys she holds tight,
Her hands never idle
By day or by night ;
Makes by managing skill
Her store greater still ;
With treasures fills presses with lavender spread,
And twines round the swift-whirring spindle the
thread,
And stores in chests polished and spotlessly bright
The shimmering wool, and the linen snow-white ;
Joins what is the comeliest with what is the best,
And is never at rest.—

And from his home's high roof, with gaze
Of rapture the father around surveys
The good things wherewith he is richly blest,
And tells them over with eager zest.
He sees the huge sheds their shadows throwing,
The barns that are filled to overflowing,
The storerooms bending beneath their strain,
The billowy sweep of the ripening grain,

And says in his heart, with a throb of pride,
 " Firm as earth's self, whatever betide,
 Stands my house, in its lordly state,
 Proof against every assault of fate."
 But who with the Powers of Destiny may
 A compact weave, that will last for aye?
 And very swift is Disaster's stride.

*Good! Now the casting may begin,
 Clean and sharp is the fracture there;
 Yet, or ever we run the metal in,
 Send from the heart a fervent prayer!
 Now strike out the tap!
 God shield from mishap!
 Smoking the fiery tide shoots down
 The arching loops,¹ all dusky brown!*

The power of fire is a power of good,
 When tamed by man, and its force subdued,
 And whate'er 'neath his shaping fingers grows
 To this celestial power he owes.

¹ These are the ears or loops on the crown of the bell, technically called "canons," by means of which it is suspended.

Yet dread can this power celestial be,
When she tears herself from all trammels free,
And, tameless daughter of Nature, breaks
Away by the path for herself she makes.
Woe, when she, set loose, o'erbearing
All resistance that she meets,
Hurls her firebrands wildly flaring
Through the people-crowded streets !
For whate'er men's hands create
The forces elemental hate.
From the clouds of heaven
Streams the blessèd rain ;
From the clouds of heaven
For blessing or bane,
Shoots the forkèd levin.

Hark ! What sounds from the watch-tower swell !
'Tis the tocsin's knell !
And see, the sky
Is red as blood !
Not there the flood
Of daylight broke !
Along the street
What tumult and roaring !

Volumes of smoke
Shoot up ! and fleet,
From pillars of flickering fire upsoaring,
The wind-fanned flames through all the length
Of street rush onwards, gathering strength.
Hot as the breath from a furnace flashing
Is the stifling air, beams crackle and blaze,
Pillars are toppling, windows are crashing,
Children whimper and whine, mothers wander a-
craze.

Beasts in their stalls
Are lowing beneath the crumbling walls ;
All is running and rescuing, dread and dismay,
And night is as light as the broad noon-day.
From hand to hand, the line along,
The buckets fly, and, arching high,
Shoot sheets of water in torrents strong.
Anon the blast comes howling by,
It seizes the flames with triumphant roar,
Falls with a crash on the dried-fruit-store,
Through the long range of the granaries spreads,
Grips the dry beams of the stalls and sheds,
And, as if with a fury fierce and frantic
'Twould tear along in headlong flight

The frame of earth, if so it might,
It grow and grows, up, up to a height
Gigantic !

Hopeless now,
Man to the might of the gods must bow ;
Amazed, benumbed, he sees what made
His joy, his pride, in ruin laid.

All round, the ground
Is burnt and bare,
For the raging tempests a rugged lair.
Ghastly and drear
Are the yawning gaps that have windows been,
And the clouds of the welkin peer
Down on the wreck within.

One look upon the grave
Of all was his so late
The father casts behind him, then with brave
Stout heart he grasps his staff, and fronts his fate.
Though the ruthless flames have despoiled him so,
One comfort is left him to sweeten despair,
He counts his beloved ones' heads, and lo !
Not one dear head is awanting there.

*Now 'tis lodged within the ground,
The mould is finely filled! Ah, will
The bell come forth complete and sound,
To recompense our toil and skill?
Has the cast gone right?
Has the mould held tight?
Ah, while we still are hopeful thus,
Mischance perhaps has stricken us!*

To holy earth's dark womb do we
Intrust the work our hands have made;
The sower intrusts the seed, that he
Hopes forth will shoot in leaf and blade,
So heaven ordain, that this may be!
Sadly a seed more precious still
We hide within earth's darkling womb,
And hope that from the grave it will
Into a brighter being bloom.

From the steeple
Booms the bell,
Dull and slow,
The funeral knell.

Sad escort are these tones that mourn
To one on life's last journey borne.
Ah, it is the wife beloved !
Ah, it is the faithful mother,
Whom the Shades' dark prince doth wrest
From a doting husband's breast,
From the group of children, whom *
She bore him in her early bloom,
Whom she has seen with mother's pride
Grow up and flourish by her side !
Ah, rent is that sweet bond of home,
 And never can again be knit !
For in the Shadow-land she dwells,
 Whose love maternal ordered it.
No more her gentle sway is known,
 No more her wakeful care and pains ;
Within those widowed chambers lone
 A stranger, hard and loveless, reigns.

*Till the bell cools down, we now
 From our anxious toil may rest.
Free as happy bird on bough,
 Each may do as likes him best.*

*At set of sun,
His duty done,
The 'prentice hears the vesper toll,
But rest there is none for the master's soul.*

The wanderer, far in the forest wild,
Quickens his pace, as he hears it knell,
To the cottage home, that he loves so well.
The sheep draw homewards bleating,
And the cattle, trooping in,
Broad of forehead, sleek of skin,
Lowing loud, as evening falls,
Fill their old accustomed stalls.
The creaking wain
Staggers in with its load of grain ;
See on the sheaves
The chaplet lie,
Bright with flowers
Of every dye !
And off to the dance the young reapers fly.
Market and street grow hushed and still ;
Round lamp's and hearth-fire's social flame
The houses' inmates gather,
And grating harsh the town-gate shuts.

Earth shrouds her then
In black ; but night
To the citizen
Brings no affright,—
Night, that from their darkling den
Rouses the wicked, their prowls to make ;
For the eye of Law is ever awake.

Holy Order, with every kind
Of blessing fraught, who like doth bind
To like by ties, gall not nor fray,
Who did of towns the foundations lay,
And into them from wood and wild
The savage, that shuns his kind, beguiled ;
Entered the hovels of men, and taught
The virtues by gentle manners wrought,
And wove, of all ties the dearest, pride
In the land where our forefathers died.

Industrious hands, their labours plying,
Work on in friendly league, and so,
Each in his craft with other vying,
Their powers to higher achievement grow.

To guard fair freedom's sacred treasure,
Master and man their force unite,
Each in his station finds his pleasure,
And pays the scorner slight for slight.
Toil is the burgher's crown of merit,
His guerdon some true blessing won ;
Kings from the state which they inherit
Take honour, we from the things we've done.
Oh, blessèd peace,
Oh, Concord sweet,
Hover, oh hover,
With kindly sway,
Over this town of ours, I pray !
Oh, may it never dawn, the day,
When grim War's ruthless crew
Shall riot this calm valley through !
When the heavens, which evening's mellow red
Colours with hues so fair,
Are all aflame with the ghastly glare
Of blazing towns, and the havoc dread
Of villages burning there !

*Now, break me down the walls there !—They
In our work have done their part—*

*That our successful casting may
Rejoice both eye and heart.
Smite, stroke on stroke,
Till the shell is broke !¹
Ere the bell can rise from the pit below,
The mould must into pieces go.*

The master may, when all is ready,
Shatter the mould, for sage is he,
But woe betide, if in fiery eddy
The hot ore is by itself set free.
With thunderous crash, blind-raging, from its
Ruptured cell, it bursts in flame,
And fiery wreck and ruin vomits,
As though from the jaws of hell it came.
Where brute force rules, unchecked by brains,
Form cannot be, mere chaos reigns ;
When the populace breaks from restraint away,
Alas for their weal on that woful day !

Woe, when in cities, smouldering under,
Fire spreads and spreads with silent force,

¹ The outside mould of the bell is called the "shell," or sometimes the "cope."

And the people, tearing their chains asunder,
In self-deliverance seek recourse.
Then, tumult tugging the ropes, the bell
Peals on the ear like some madman's yell,
And what was vowed only to peaceful things
To ravage and rapine the summons rings.
Liberty and Equality ! High
Through street and alley swells the cry !
The peaceful citizen flies to arms,
With gathering crowds street, market, swarms,
And ruffian bands, that erst shunned the day,
Come trooping about, as they scent their prey.
Then women turn to hyenas there,
And make of horrors a scoff, a jest,
And rend with panther-teeth and tear
The heart yet warm from some hated breast,
Nothing is sacred more ; flung loose
Is every tie of restraint and shame ;
The Good gives place to the Bad, and all
The Vices run riot, uncurbed by blame.
To rouse the lion in jungle bedded
Is perilous, fell is the tiger's tooth,
But of all dread things to be chiefly dreaded
Is man, divested of reason and ruth.

Woe to those, who hand light's heaven-sent torch
To the purblind fool ! Its kindly ray
Is no light for him, it can only scorch,
And cities and countries in ashes lay.

*God unto me great joy has given.
Behold ! Like any golden star,
From its shell the metal kernel riven
Shows clean and smooth, not a flaw to mar.
From crown to rim it gleams,
Bright as the bright sun's beams ;
The scutcheons, clear and sharp also,
The skill of the moulder's fingers show.*

Now, comrades all, this way, this way !
Close up your ranks, that so we may
Baptise and consecrate the Bell.
Its name shall be CONCORDIA !
Let her to all our townsmen say,
"In unity and loving concord dwell !"

And this be the vocation still,
The Master framed her to fulfil !

With heaven's blue canopy above her,
High o'er our toils and struggles here,
Shall she, the thunder's neighbour, hover,
And border on the starry sphere ;
A voice she shall be from above,
Even like the shining starry throng,
That, moving, praise their Maker's love,
And lead the circling year along.
To solemn things, and only such,
Let her metallic music chime,
And let her, swiftly swinging, touch,
Each hour, the flying skirts of time !
Let her to fate an utterance lend,
Herself without a heart to feel,
And on life's change and chance attend
With evermore recurring peal.
And, as the clang dies out, that, riding
Far on the breezes, loudly boomed,
So may she teach, nought is abiding,
All things of earth to death are doomed.

Now tackle to the ropes, and prise

The bell up from the pit, that so

*She to the realm of sound may rise,
High up aloft, where the breezes blow !
Pull, pull, lads ! See,
She waves, swings free !
Joy to our town may this portend,
And PEACE the message be, she foremost forth
shall send !*

THE DIVER.

“ **H**O! where is the knight or the squire so bold,
 Will dive through yon whirling eddy?
 Within it I fling this goblet of gold,
 The black maw has gulphed it already.
 He that brings it me back from yon yeasty deep,
 That goblet all for his own may keep.”

Spoke the king, and the goblet down he flung
 From the edge of the cliff, that o'er
 The limitless ocean high-beetling hung,
 To the whirlpool's frenzied roar.
 “Who, again I ask, is so bold, will dare
 To dive through the deeps that are surging there?”

Of the knights and the squires that were standing
 near
 On the silence not one breaks in ;

Down into the raging flood they peer,
 But the goblet none cares to win.
And again the king asks, as no sign they make,
“Is there no one will venture that plunge to take?”

Still all is hushed as before ; but now
 From the band of squires that stood quaking
 broke
A youth, meek of mien, but with fearless brow,
 And he flung down his belt and his cloak ;
And the lords and the ladies round all gaze
On the shapely youth with eager amaze.

And as to the edge of the cliff he goes,
 And looks down into the chasm,
Aloft with a roar the Charybdis throws
 The flood it had sucked down with furious spasm,
And up, as its black breast parts in sunder,
Foams the flood with a din as of distant thunder.

And it boils and it bubbles, it hisses, it booms,
 As when water meets fire, and together they rush ;
The drenching spray to the welkin spumes,
 Torrents endless on torrents crowd on and crush,

And still they pour onwards, and never are spent,
As though ocean on spawning new oceans were
bent.

But at last the mad turmoil grows still, and
between

The snow-white flakes of the weltering swell,
A black wide fathomless chasm is seen,
That looks as it led to the vaults of Hell,
And into that swirling crater vast
The wild waves are swept down fiercely and fast.

Now swift, while the chasm is still gaping there,
Does the youth unto God his soul confide,
And—a shriek of horror rings through the air—
He is swept away in the whirling tide,
And in wondrous wise its jaws close o'er
That swimmer bold : he is seen no more.

A hush came over the watery abyss,
Far down hollow moanings were heard to swell;
Men whispered in fear, and their words were
this :

“ Brave youth ! gallant heart ! farewell, farewell ! ”

And hollower grew the strange moanings they
heard,
And their hearts sank with terror, but no one
stirred.

Thy crown if yonder thou wert to fling,
And said, that crown who shall bring me here,
'Tis his to wear, and to wear as king,
Not me would it tempt, that guerdon dear.
What the howling abysses down there conceal
May the lips of no man that lives reveal.

In yon whirlpool's gripe barks many and tall
Sheer down into fathomless deeps have shot,
But mast and keel, rent and shattered, are all
Which up from that fell grave their way have
wrought.
And clear, like a tempest's rush, and clearer,
They hear the roar driving on nearer and nearer.

And it boils and it bubbles, it hisses, it booms,
As when water meets fire, and together they rush ;
The drenching spray to the welkin spumes,
Torrents endless on torrents crowd on and crush,

And up, as its black breast parts in sunder,
They rush with a din as of distant thunder.

And see ! from that black breast's weltering flow
 Something white as a swan uprears,
And an arm is bared, and a shoulder of snow,
 And stoutly with spirit unflagging it steers.
" 'Tis he ! " and aloft in triumph he swings
In his left hand the goblet which was the king's.

A deep, deep breath and a long drew he,
 And he hailed the glad light of day,
And each to the other cried out in glee,
 " He lives ! it is he ! it has missed its prey !
From the maelstrom's clutch, from the very grave,
He has saved his soul alive ! Oh brave ! "

He comes ; close round him with shouts they
 cling,
 And on knee low bending there
He tenders the goblet to the king,
 And the king, he beckons his daughter fair ;
For the youth she brims it with sparkling wine,
And thus did he to the king propine :

“ Long live the king ! let the man be glad
Who draws his breath in the rosy air !
Down yonder are horrors to make us mad ;
To tempt the kind gods let no man dare,
Nor ever desire to behold what they
In terror and darkness have hidden away.

“ Down, swift as lightning, down it bore me,
When a torrent that burst from its craggy lair
With fury resistless came sweeping o’er me,
And, clutched in its gripe, I went whirling there,
Through the swirl of the currents spun round and
round,
Like a schoolboy’s top, and no footing found.

“ Then I called in that anguish of dread and woe
On God, and a peak He showed to me,
That rose sheer up from the depths below ;
Straight I caught it fast, and from death was free ;
And there, too, the coral spikes among,
The goblet, saved from depths bottomless, hung.

“ Below me a precipice vast and sheer
Hung o’er an abyss of a purply black ;

A hush like eternity's fell on my ear,
But low down the eye could with horror track,
Where the snake, salamander, and dragon fell
Writhed in the jaws of that ghastly hell.

“There they huddled and swarmed, black, loathly,
and grim,
Intertwined in a hideous ball—
The prickly roach, the sea-wolf¹ with him,
And the hammerfish, loathliest, blackest of all,
And threatening and fierce the teeth gleamed
through the dark
Of the ocean-hyæna,—the terrible shark.

“And there hung I; O God, to be
So far from all human aidance thrown,

¹ What the “Klippenfisch” of the original indicates is not very clear. Most probably Schiller had the scansor or wolf-fish in his mind. Yarrell says of it, “It has a catlike head, with most formidable teeth, and neither wants the will nor the power to attack others or defend itself.” “It fights desperately, inflicting severe wounds.” “It swims rapidly, and has acquired the name of sea-wolf from its ferocity.” “It attains the length of six or seven feet or more.” It is well known on the northern shores of Europe.

The one sentient thing 'mid the spawn of the sea,
Alone in that solitude ghastly,—alone !
Far down where no mortal speech can pierce,
In that dismal waste 'mong its monsters fierce.

“ And, O horrible thought ! it is crawling there,
With its hundred suckers around it flung,
It will dart on me¹—so in mad despair
I let go the coral to which I had clung,
When away the wild whirling torrent tore me,
But that torrent I blessed, for aloft it bore me ! ”

In wonder lost for a while stood the king,
Then out spake he : “ The goblet is thine !
And see, for thy guerdon I add this ring,
Begemmed with stones of a priceless shine,
If again thou wilt venture, and tell to me
What thou saw'st in the nethermost gulfs of the
sea ! ”

¹ Schiller gives no name to the “ It,” leaving his reader to picture for himself what the creature may be,—some fabled monster of the Octopus order, probably, as drawn by Victor Hugo, in his ‘ *Travailleurs de la Mer.* ’

Then pity was stirred in his daughter's breast :

“O father !” with fondling tones she prayed,
“Enough, enough of this hideous jest ;

None like him for you ever such venture made.
And if nought can your frenzied longing stay,
Let your knights shame the feat of the squire, if
they may !”

Straight the king caught the goblet up in his hand,

And he hurled it into the whirlpool's roar :

“Bring me back that goblet, here where I stand,
And the best of my knights thou shalt ride be-
fore ;

Ay, this very day shall thy bridals see

With her who so tenderly pleads for thee !”

Then his soul with a rapture divine was flushed,

Courage flashed from his eyes. What could now
dismay ?

There she stood in her beauty—he looked—she
blushed,

Then grew ashy pale, and straight fainted away.
That peerless prize he will win, or drown,
And again to the wild waves he plunges down.

'Tis returning, the maelstrom, its roaring they hear,
A boom as of thunder foretokens its course ;
Down over the cliff many fond eyes peer,
They are coming, they're come, all the billows in
force ;
They roar up to the cliff, they fall back with a roar,
But no billow brings back the youth once more.

THE FIGHT WITH THE DRAGON.

HARK the loud roar ! Why pours the throng
 In eager bands the streets along ?

Is Rhodes in flames, that all is bustle,
 And crowds on crowds push on and jostle ?

Ho ! towering o'er the press I see
 A knight, and mounted gallantly ;
 And after him—ye saints prevailing !
 An uncouth monster they are trailing.

A dragon 'tis, with jaws, dread sight !

Like crocodile's, thrown wide asunder ;
 And the crowd turns, now to the knight,
 Now to the beast, with looks of wonder.

A thousand voices rend the air,
 " Come on, and see the dragon there,
 That ravaged all our flocks—come, view him !
 This is the gallant knight that slew him !

Of all, who erewhile ventured thus
To the encounter perilous,
None e'er returned to tell the story :
Give to the brave knight praise and glory !”
And to the cloister they are gone,
 Where in conclave their noble valours,
The Order of the Baptist John,
 Are gathered—the good Hospitallers.

And now before the Master stands
The youth with meekly folded hands :
In press the throng, with shouts loud pealing
O'er buttress, gallery, and ceiling ;
When up and speaks the noble youth :—
“ Here, as good knight, I've proved my truth ;
The dragon, which the country wasted,
Death from my hand and glaive has tasted.
The traveller now his way may ride,
 Beasts drive afield or far or nearly ;
The pilgrim up the mountain side
 Wend to Our Lady's Chapel cheerly.”

But thus replied with darkling frown
The Prince :—“ Yes, thou hast won renown ;

Valour's the plume in knighthood's bonnet,
And thou, my son, mayst proudly don it.

But say, what duty first should claim
His soul who fights in Jesus' name,
Who wears the Cross's rosy token?"

The crowd fell back, no word was spoken.

But he right firmly answers this,

While blushes speak the thought that moves
him:—

“Obedience the first duty is,

Which of that token worthy proves him.”

“And yet, my son, this duty hast

Thou in thy pride thrown lightly past,

And wrongly to that conflict ridden,

Which we had by our laws forbidden!”

“Sire, when thou shalt know all, decide!”

The youth with tranquil mien replied;

“For, sooth, I meant no contravention

Of the law's spirit and intention.

In no rash humour forth I fared

To meet the horrid snake; but slowly,

With quaint devices well prepared,

I sought to bring the monster lowly.

“ Five of our Order, and its flower,
Had fallen beneath the dragon’s power,
When with wise heed, as still thou wontest,
Thou didst debar us from the contest.
Yet at my heart I felt a fire,
That yearned for strife, a wild desire—
Yea, even in dreams, all hushed around me,
In the hard tug of fight I’ve found me ;
And when the morning’s dawn would come,
 And news of fresh disasters enter,
Smitten with anguish wearisome
 I vowed to rush to the adventure.

“ Then came the thought, ‘ What is the
 crown
Of youth—what gives the man renown?
For what have those brave heroes panted,
Whose deeds are by our minstrels chanted?
What was it threw celestial blaze
Round the blind heathen in old days,
But that to death their prowess hurled
The monsters that laid waste the world?
They met the lion knee to knee,
 And with the Minotaurs contended,

To set their hapless victims free,
And lavishly their blood expended.

“ ‘Is then alone the Paynim horde
Worthy to flesh the Christian’s sword?
Or idols, or false gods? We see, it
Is his high call on earth to free it,
By the bold vigour of his arm,
From every blight and every harm.
But skill must be with daring mated,
And giant force by cunning baited.’

Thus spake I oftentimes, and hied

Where lay the monster couching grimly,—
‘I see, I see a way!’ I cried,
As on my brain a light broke dimly.

“ ‘Then to your Grace I came and said,
‘Fain would I to my home be sped.’
Thou didst consent, and soon, proud heaving,
My bark the salt sea foam was cleaving.
Scarce pressed my foot its native strand,
Till I had by the craftsman’s hand
A dragon-form constructed duly,
In every feature fashioned truly.

On stunted feet it reared the weight
Of its huge bulk, outstretching vastly ;
Its back with many a scaly plait
Of steel was lined, defence full ghastly.

“ Its neck shoots forward many an ell ;
And grimly, as the throat of hell,
Its dreadful jaws gape wide asunder,
Expecting greedily their plunder,
And, lining the black gulf, expose
Sharp-pointed fangs in triple rows.
A trenchant blade its tongue resembles,—
Lightning in its small red eyes trembles ;
Its monstrous length of back behind
Ends snakelike, and, still circling wider,
In many a hideous fold is twined,
Would crush and shatter horse and rider.

“ All this I shape, exact as may,
And clothe it in a dingy grey ;
Half snake, half dragon seemed it, gotten
In fen empoisonèd and rotten ;
And, when the image was complete,
Two dogs I chose me, that were fleet,

Alert, strong-flanked, and sharp of eyne—would
Pull down the wild boar in the greenwood :—
These on the snake I loose ; then call
 Them on, till, with wild passion burning,
They fix him with their teeth, to all
 My orders with submission turning.

“ And where its belly, soft beneath,
Left free an entrance for their teeth,
I gave them aim to spring up to it,
And strike their sharp fangs fiercely through it ;
Whilst I on my brave Arab steed,—
The desert-born of noble breed,—
With spear in hand impatient vaulted,
And stirred his blood, nor ever halted
But forward on the dragon sprung.

 Deep in his flanks I dashed my rowels,
And my good boar-spear firmly flung
 Right home into the monster’s bowels.

“ Although my barb in terror reared,
And foamed and plunged—although afeared
My dogs hung back, I never rested,
Till horse and hound would freely breast it.

Thus daily, hourly, were they trained,
Till thrice the moon had waxed and waned ;
And, when they knew the task before them,
Hither my swift-winged vessels bore them.
Thrice has the morning trimmed her vest
 Since to these shores we came unheeded ;
Scarce might I give my limbs to rest,
 Till I the mighty work had speeded.

“ For my heart burned and rose to hear
Of fresh disaster, wail, and fear—
Of herds destroyed tales scattered widely,
That to the swamp had wandered idly ;
And I no more delay might brook,
But counsel of my heart I took,
My wishes to my knaves recounted,
My trusty coal-black steed remounted,
And on by covert pathways, where
 Was none to mark my course, attended
By my brave hounds—a noble pair—
 To meet the foe full blithely wended.

“ The Oratory, sire, thou know’st—
Some daring master-spirit’s boast—

That caps the Felsberg ; all the island
Lies stretched beneath it, mead and high land :
A sorry place it seems, and mean,
But there a wondrous work is seen,—
Boy Jesu, with his mother holy,
And, near, the Three Kings bending lowly.
Up by thrice thirty steps must climb
 The pilgrim to the beetling summit ;
But viewing there that work sublime,
 Drinks comfort and refreshment from it.

“ Deep in the cliffs, that spot anear,
There is a cavern, dank and drear,
In foul and steaming marshes centred,
By light of sunbeam never entered,—
The monster’s den—where, night and day,
It couched, and grimly eyed its prey :
Thus, like infernal dragon, keeping,
Fast by God’s house, its watch unsleeping.
And when the pilgrim hied him o’er
 The fen, nor dreamt of wiles perfidious,
Out from its lair it sprang, and tore
 Him off to death with routings hideous.

“With early dawn I clomb the rock,
Or e'er I girt me for the shock—
To the boy Saviour knelt, confessing
My numbered sins, and sought his blessing.
Anon, in casque and harness dight,
I wend me downwards to the fight,
With a tough brace of lances furnished,
And mail of proof, all brightly burnished ;
I give my last commands,—bid halt
 My train of faithful squires attending,
Then on my steed up lightly vault,
 My soul to Heaven's sweet grace commending.

“Scarce was I set upon the plain,
When on the start my hounds 'gan strain,
And my brave barb hung back affrighted,
Reared, plunged, and hand and rowel slighted ;
For, gathered in a coil, they spy
Where lay the fearful foe hard by,
And in the glowing sunshine basked him ;
On flew my hounds, and hotly tasked him—
But back recoiled like lightning, when
 It raised its fell jaws wide asunder,

Breathed out its poison o'er the fen,
And shook the woods with roar of thunder.

“Cheered by my voice, soon all aglow
They turn with fury on the foe ;
I grasp my spear, a moment whirl it,
Then at the creature's shoulders hurl it.
Like a frail reed it turns aside
From the dread monster's scaly hide,
And, ere the blow could be repeated,
My steed reared upwards and retreated,
And from the basilisk-like glare,
And breath exhaling plague and fever,
Sprang back in wild dismay, and there,
My doom had nigh been sealed for ever.

“Down from my seat I leapt prepared—
A moment saw my faulchion bared :
Stroke followed stroke, but all fell printless—
Its hide of stony proof was dintless.
Sweeping its furious tail around,
It caught, and flung me to the ground :—
Now were its jaws distended o'er me,
Its horrid teeth all bare before me ;

When, mad with rage, on spring my hounds,
Its paunch with fang remorseless tearing ;
It turns—and through the air resounds
Its howl of pain and wild despairing.

“ And, while 'twas staggered by the smart,
Up from the earth with speed I start,
And forward, where 'twas fenceless lounging,
Strike home, deep in its entrails plunging
My faulchion to the hilt. A tide
Of pitchy gore spurts from its side ;
It sinks, and I beneath its massive
Bulk lay buried, stunned, and passive.
Faint with the shock I swooned away,
And when I woke, to Heaven be glory !
My squires stood round, and near me lay
The dragon dead, all grim and gory.”

He ceased : and now from every breast
The tide of rapture, long repressed,
Broke forth, in acclamations pealing,
That, struck back from the groined ceiling,
Rolled onward to the press without,
Which caught and echoed back the shout.

The knights throng round, preparing loudly
To wreath the hero's temples proudly ;
The grateful crowd about him flit,
 And praise from mouth to mouth is bandied ;
When lo ! the Master sternly knit
 His brows, and silence round commanded.

And said, "Thou'st slain with doughty hand
The scourge, the terror of the land ;
Made thee a god to man and woman,
Yet com'st thou back thy Order's foeman ;
For thy untempered heart has bred
A dragon far more foul and dread,
That in its venom'd folds has bound it—
One that sows bale and discord round it—
That stubborn will which spurns the reins
 Of sage control, and, bent on ruin,
Throws from it order's holy chains,
 And mads the world to its undoing.

"Courage shows e'en the Paynim race,
Obedience is the Christian's grace ;
For where the Lord, our duty's standard,
In likeness of a servant wandered,

On holy ground devoutly bowed,
The fathers of our Order vowed—
Hardest of mortal tasks—to bridle
Their wills rebellious and idle.
Thy spur hath been ambition's mood,
Therefore avoid thee from my presence !
Unworthy he to wear the rood,
Who doth deny its laws obeisance."

Then burst amain, throughout the hall,
An angry roar ;—the brethren all
Entreat for grace, but, bending meekly,
Utters the youth no murmur weakly.
He doffs his stole in silence, and
Kisses the Master's ruthless hand,
And goes. He with affection eyes him—
Recalls him ; and, while back he hies him,
Says thus—"Come to my arms, my son ;
Well hast thou quit thee in disaster :
Receive this cross—the guerdon won
By mind that is its passion's master !"

FRIDOLIN.

A GENTLE page was Fridolin,
 And in God's fear was he
 Intent his lady's grace to win,
 Count Savern's fair ladye.
 Oh! she was kind—so kind and good!
 But even caprice's tyrant mood
 He would have borne, and borne it cheerly,
 For Jesus' sake, who bought him dearly.

From early break of morning till
 The toll of vesper chime,
 He gave her, with good heart and will,
 The service of his prime.
 "Nay, toil not so," the dame would cry;
 Then would the tears start to his eye—
 For zeal alone, he thought, to duty
 Gave all its excellence and beauty.

And therefore did the Countess raise
Him o'er her menials all,
And from her beauteous lips his praise
Unceasingly would fall.
He in her heart the office more
Of son than page or servant bore ;
His comely form each grace united,
And on him oft she'd gaze delighted.

Now, in the huntsman, Robert, this
Woke wrath and hate accursed,
For envy's smouldering fires in his
Black breast he long had nursed.
Urged by the fiend, he sought the Count
As he did from the chase dismount,
And thus, in tones that smoothly flattered,
The seeds of dark suspicion scattered.

“ Oh, my good lord ”—thus he arrayed
His toils—“ how are you blest !
Doubts, spectral phantoms, ne'er invade
Your golden hours of rest,
For you possess a noble dame,
Of virtues rare, and spotless fame.

Vain were it all, that daring wooer
Should with his subtle wiles pursue her.”

Dark gloomed the Count—he was full wroth—
“How now!—what mean ye, knave?
Shall I put faith in woman’s troth,
That shifts as shifts the wave—
What every flatterer’s tongue can sway?
My trust, I ween, hath surer stay—
Here’s none to tempt with artful wooing
Count Savern’s dame to her undoing.”

Quoth Robert—“Right, my master—you’ll
But think it worth your scorn,
That he—O Heavens! presumptuous fool!
A thrall, a minion born—
Should court with smiles and phrases trim
His lady, who has fostered him!”
“What!” cries the Count, with passion choking,
“Lives yet the man of whom thou’st spoken?”

“My Lord not heard what runs the round
Of every mouth! But, true,

You'd have the tale in silence drowned—

Well, I'll be secret too !”

“ Speak, or thou diest the death, base liar !

Who dares to Cunegond aspire ?”

He grasped his faulchion, and half drew it.—

“ Yon whey-faced page—methought ye knew it.

“ It is a shapely youth, I wot ”—

Thus went his glozing tongue,

While through the listener's veins, now hot,

Now cold, the quick blood sprung.

“ Nay, nay, you must have noted, sir,

How he has eyes for none but her ;

And o'er her chair at table seen him

With air of love-sick wooer lean him.

“ And then the verses which he wrote,

Where he avowed his flame !”

“ Avowed ? ”—“ And a return besought,

Dead to all touch of shame !

Your gentle dame, in pity, hath

Been mute, to screen him from your wrath—

Would to the fact you'd still been stranger !

For what have you to dread of danger ?”

Away the Count in frenzy rode
 Into a neighbouring wood,
Where, belching flames that redly glowed,
 An iron foundry stood.
Here his bold serfs with sweltering hands
Piled, day and night, the blazing brands ;
Sparks flew about, and bellows roaring
Sent ores in molten torrents pouring.

The force of fire and water blent
 Gave out a brawling sound,
Wheels, driven by hissing waters, went
 Aye clattering round and round.
By day, by night, the works within,
Rose up a stupefying din
Of clanking hammers, which descended
Till even the stubborn iron bended.

Two of his men he beckons near,
 And thus assigns their task—
“The first whom I shall send you here,
 That of you this shall ask—
‘Are the Count’s orders speeded well?’
Him cast into yon seething hell,

Till flesh and bone to dust are cindered—
So shall my 'hests no more be hindered."

With fiendish glee the inhuman pair
 Receive their lord's behests,
For senseless as the iron were
 Their hearts within their breasts.
And now they heap the furnace fire,
With panting bellows urge it higher,
And, on the restless flashes glaring,
Stand for the sacrifice preparing.

Says Robert now to Fridolin,
 In accents smoothly sleek,
"Up, comrade mine, and get ye in—
 The Count with you would speak!"
The Count, he bids him—"Do not wait,
But hie thee to the foundry straight,
And ask—my men will understand it—
If they have done as I commanded."

"Even so!" replied the page, and would
 Have gone, when suddenly

He paused—"How if my lady should
Have some commands for me?"
He seeks the dame, and, bending low,
Says—"I must to the foundry go,
That stands upon the forest's borders;
But, ere I go, I wait your orders."

Then answered him the dame again
With gentle voice—"Alas!
My son is sick, or I would fain
Have heard the holy mass.
Go thou, my child, and let me not
Be in thy orisons forgot;
And so shall I partake the sentence,
That crowns with pardon thy repentance."

Glad of the welcome task, he lost
No time, but forward sped;
But, as he through the village crossed
With rapid step, o'erhead
He heard the minster's solemn bell
Through the still air serenely swell,
Bidding frail souls, in concord mystic
To share the banquet eucharistic.

“Shun not the call of power divine,
When 'tis before thee set !”

He says, and turns into the shrine.

Here nought is stirring yet ;
For now the harvest toil begun
Keeps all men busy in the sun,
And neither clerk nor choir advances,
To chant the service and responses.

Eftsoons, to fill the sacrist's post,

Young Fridolin did go—

“The time,” he said, “is never lost,
Which we on Heaven bestow.”

Then to the priest he speeds anon,
And girds his stole and cincture on,
Prepares, with holy zeal elated,
The cups and vessels consecrated.

These duties ended, at command

He stept the priest before,
Along the aisle, and in his hand
The sacred missal bore ;
Knelt right, knelt left, before the altar,
Did in no single duty falter,

And when the Sanctus was repeated,
Sounded his bell three times to greet it.

And when the priest, with awe devout,
 Bent low, then reverently
In his uplifted hands held out
 The present deity,
Tink, tinkle, went the sacrist's bell ;
Stirred by its sound, men's bosoms swell,
And to the host all lowly kneeling
Beat on their breasts with contrite feeling.

What else the office asked he wrought,
 He failed not in the least—
His mind these hallowed forms had caught,
 Nor tired he, when the priest,
The mass and service ended thus,
Gave the *Vobiscum Dominus*,
And, God's unbounded grace confessing,
Dismissed the people with a blessing.

He saw each vessel, where 'twas kept,
 In safety placed anew,

The sanctuary next he swept,
Then from the church withdrew ;
And now, serene of soul and gay,
Made for the forge, and on his way,
Because their tale was uncompleted,
Twelve paternosters more repeated.

He gained the reeking forge, and spied
The workmen near it stand—
“Ho, now ! my men, have you,” he cried,
“Fulfilled the Count’s command ?”
They turn, and, with a hideous grin,
Point to the raging gulf within—
“He’s safe enough, and stowed securely ;
The Count will praise his servants surely.”

With hurrying step, and mind at war,
Back to his lord he hies ;
He sees him coming from afar,
And scarce may trust his eyes.
“Unhappy boy, whence comest thou ?”
“Sir, from the iron-foundry.” “How !—
Thou hast been loitering, then ?” “I waited
For prayer and service consecrated.

“For, ere I bent me to your task,
I sought your dame to see—
For this, methought, did duty ask—
If she would aught with me.
She bids me go to mass, and I,
Well pleased with the behest, comply ;
And there for her and your uncumbered
Weal, my beads four times I numbered.”

The Count fell back in deep dismay—
The colour left his cheek—
“And to thy question what said they,
The foundry workmen?—Speak.”
“Darkly they spoke—to the furnace red
They pointed with a grin, and said—
‘He’s safe enough, and stowed securely ;
The Count will praise his servants surely.’”

“And Robert,” cried with mind on rack
The Count, and trembling stood—
“Met ye him not, as ye came back ?
I sent him to the wood.”
“Sir, nor by wood nor meadow green
Have I a trace of Robert seen.”

“Now,” cries the Count—smit with contrition—
“Here may we read Heaven’s own decision.”

Then to his dame, to whom unknown
Was all had passed, he led
Her gentle page, and thus in tone
Of deep emotion, said :
“Be ever gracious to this child :
No angel is more undefiled.
Though we may deal ungently by him,
God and His saints are ever nigh him.”

PEGASUS IN HARNESS.

A POET, says the tale, whose empty scrip
 Told to the world, as palpably as could be,
 That cruel Fortune had him on the hip—
 Alack, that poets at her mercy should be !—
 Was forced to sell the Muses' courser once ;
 And, full of mettle, sleek in coat, and tidy,
 He drove it to a fair, which, for the nonce,
 We may suppose was Smithfield on a Friday.

The Hippogryph, with nostrils wide,
 Flung high his crest, with proud impatience
 snorting ;
 The crowd stood round amazed, and cried—
 “A noble beast i' faith ! What sad misfortune
 His handsome form should be disfigured so
 By these unsightly wings ! They spoil the
 creature !”

“I’ll swear,” quoth Giles, “he’s right good stuff
to go :

And in a stage-coach nothing could be neater.”

“High breeding,” cries Dick Spavin, “blood for
twenty !”

“But then, what signifies it all ?” says Ralph ;

“Balloons for visiting the stars are plenty,

And for a toy he costs too much by half.”

At length a farmer, bolder than the rest,

Takes heart and says, “The wings, ’tis true, ’od
rot ’em,

Are useless quite ; but we can bind or cut ’em,

And then the horse will draw you with the best ;

I’ll give you twenty pounds, and take my chance
on’t.”

The dealer, nothing loath, at once shakes hands
on’t—

“Well, well, friend, ’tis a bargain !” cries,

And Hodge trots briskly homewards with his prize.

The gallant courser is in harness placed,

But scarcely feels the unusual weight behind him,

When, spurning at the trammels that confined
him,

Away, away he scours in maddening haste,
And, with a noble indignation burning,
Curvets and rears, cart, Hodge, and all o'erturning
Close by the brow of an abyss.

“A pretty piece of work,” thought Hodge, “I’ve
made of this !

However, wisdom from the past I’ll borrow,
And scarcely trust him at such jobs again ;
But there’s a coach of mine to run to-morrow,
And I shall make him leader in the wain.
He’ll save my other nags, besides ; they are but
lagers,
For, when age comes, we can’t keep off the
staggers.”

At first all goes quite smoothly—nothing wrong—
The nags trot smartly on—the wingèd steed,
His load scarce felt, before them gaily ambling.
The coach with arrowy swiftness flies along ;
But mark the end, and well the lesson read !
Feeling—the while his eyes were heavenward
rambling—
The unyielding earth beneath him strange and new,
Off from the safe and beaten track he starts,

And, to his nature's stronger impulse true,
Like lightning over moss and moor he darts,
Across ploughed fields, bogs, hedges, ditches,
scrambling.
The whole team into wild confusion cast
Joins in the mad career;—in vain Hodge
strains
His throat, and tugs with fury at the reins—
Till, to its inmates' sore affright, at last
The crazy coach, now jolted all to pieces,
Its course upon a mountain's headlong summit
ceases.

“Was ever such a cross-grained brute, ye saints!”
Quoth Hodge, and scratched his head with
puzzled air—
“It's clear, that this won't do at all events;
We'll see if double work and meagre fare
Can't bring this saucy humour into training.”
The trial's made. Despite of his complaining,
Our courser to an empty rack is bitted,
And, ere three days were past, lost all his cheer,
And wasted to a shadow. “Hurrah! hurrah!
I've hit it!”

Cries Hodge in glee. "Now, quick and bring't me
here,
Yoked in the plough beside my sturdiest steer."
So said, so done. And scurvy jests were broken,
Upon this odd and ill-assorted yoking.

The indignant griffin strives to break away,
And to his native air once more ascend.
In vain! His yokemate plods his onward way,
And Phoebus' haughty steed must to his humour
bend.

When now, by such long contradiction spent,
His fainting limbs refuse their former trust,
And lo! poor Pegasus, with sorrow bent,
Down on his knees and rolling in the dust!
"Curse you!" cries Hodge in fury, and 'gins wield
His merciless lash; "and so it would appear
That you are even too weak to plough a field?
I wish I had the rogue that sold you here!"

Thus speaks the boor, and deals in vengeful wrath
Blow thick on blow, when, lifting up his glance,
He spies a comely youth along the path
With smiling eyes and buoyant step advance.

In his light hand a sounding lyre reclined,
And through the clusters of his saffron hair
A circlet of bright gold was seen entwined.

“Hilloa, my friend! where got you that strange
pair?”

Cries he, approaching the gruff peasant loud:

“The bird and ox yoked in the plough together!
Tell me, I pray thee, how this comes about?”

I’d like to try just for a little, whether
I can’t make something of this horse of thine.
Now mark,—a sight I’ll show you rare and fine!”

The hippogryph is loosed amain,
And on his back the youth vaults with a smile.
Soon as it feels its master’s hand again,
It champs the bit and tugs the rein,
Keen lightnings flashing from its eyes the while.
No more the thing it was, with stately sweep,
A spirit—a god, it scales the steep
Of ether, and on rushing pinions driven,
Up to the sky it shoots with dauntless force,
And, ere the eye can track it on its course,
Fades in the azure heights of heaven.

RITTER TOGGENBURG.

“**K**NIGHT! In my heart you bear the part, a
 brother’s love might gain,
 Oh! do not claim a dearer name! It gives me
 mickle pain.
 My breast is calm, when you are gone, nor throbs
 when you are nigh;
 Your cheek is wet, you weep—and yet I may not
 rede me why.”

He spoke not, but in anguish heard his cruel fate
 decreed;—
 One kiss, one long last look he gave, then vaulted
 on his steed.
 He has sent a call to his vassals all;—they come, a
 gallant band,
 The red cross pressed on each manly breast, to fight
 for the Holy Land.

And soon there rung, the hosts among, their feats of
valour done,
And ever bright in thickest fight their plumèd
helmets shone.
The infidel his vaunts would quell at Roland's
dreaded name,
But no relief for his bosom's grief found he in strife
or fame.

A year he bore it, but no more could he his pangs
withstand,
In field or prayer, her form was there ;—he leaves
his gallant band.
A stout ship lay at Joppa's shore, her sails swing in
the breeze,
And away to the land of his ladye love he has sailed
across the seas.

At her castle gate, with hope elate, he stood, and
pale his brow,
Half-fearing knocked—it was unlocked. Oh, Heaven
support him now !

“She whom you seek now wears the veil, is
Heaven’s affianced bride,
For yesternight with holy rite was she to God
allied !”

He has turned him from the stately halls of his bold
ancestry,
His shield, and glaive, and destrier brave he never
more shall see.
He wanders on to all unknown, so altered is his
mien,
For his noble limbs are closely wrapped in a hairy
gaberdine.

And he built a hut hard by the spot where the old
convent stood,
From sight half hid, dark elms amid, within a frown-
ing wood ;
And there alway, from break of day till its last streak
was gone,
He sat with calm expectant look unweariedly alone.

He looked o’er to the convent old, looked hour on
hour in hope

To the casement of his love, until he saw the case-
ment ope,
Till she, his ladye bright, appeared, till the form he
loved so well
Bent o'er with face of angel grace to gaze into the
dell.

Then cheerfully he laid him down, his peaceful rest
to take,
Contemplating the hour with joy, when morn again
should break.
And so for days on days he sat, for years on years in
hope,
Expecting, still unmurmuring, till he saw the case-
ment ope.

Till she, his ladye bright, appeared, till the form he
loved so well
Bent o'er with face of angel grace to gaze into the
dell :
And so one morning found him set, a corpse all stiff
and cold.
His eyeballs glazed still calmly gazed upon that
casement old.

HERO AND LEANDER.

SEE yonder castles old and hoar,
 Each fronting each from either shore,
 Bathed in the sunshine's gold,
 Where, storming through the Dardanelles'
 High rocky gates, the tide that swells
 The Hellespont is rolled.
 Hark ! how against the rocks they roar,
 The waves that seethe and eddy there ;
 Though Asia they from Europe tore,
 Yet love they could not scare.

Through Hero's and Leander's hearts
 God Eros winged his fiery darts
 With love's sweet anguish tipped :
 Hero, as Hebe fair was she,
 And o'er the mountains ranging he
 His hunting mates outstripped.

But out, alas ! their parents' feud
 Forbade this plighted pair to meet,
And only at life's peril could
 They win love's fruitage sweet.

On Sestos' rock-tower, round whose base
The billows rush in endless chase,
 And fling on high their foam,
The maiden sat, a-dread, alone,
Her gaze toward Abydos thrown,
 Which was her lover's home.
Alas ! no bridge to yon far strand
 Is there the wanderer to convey ;
No pinnace there puts out from land,
 Yet love found out a way.

Out of the labyrinth love led
Great Theseus with unerring thread,
 Can fools with wit inspire,
Bends savage cattle to the yoke,
To cleave with diamond ploughshare broke
 The steers that snorted fire.
Not Styx's stream, ninefold and black,
 The dauntless Heracles appals,

That bore the bride triumphant back
From Pluto's gloomy halls.

Leander thus, with heart on fire,
And goaded by love's sweet desire,
The weltering waters braves ;
When day's bright sheen begins to wane,
The daring swimmer leaps amain
Into the darkling waves.
With stalwart arms he daffs them by,
Intent to gain the strand so dear,
When from the turret flashing high
The beacon-torch shines clear.

Anon, within his mistress' arms,
She with her close caresses warms
The limbs the waves have chilled.
For danger past meet guerdon this,
That steeps him, soul and sense, in bliss,
All through with rapture thrilled ;
Lingering, till dawn steals on apace,
Awakes him from his blissful dream,
And scares him from his love's embrace
To Pontus' icy stream.

Thus thirty suns flew by, and still
Of stolen delights they snatched their fill,
 Delights that never cloyed,—
Each night to them a bridal night—
The gods might envy such delight,
 So fresh, so unalloyed.
A perfect rapture no one knows,
 Who ne'er has plucked, while none might tell,
With stealthy hand the fruit that grows
 On the dread river marge of hell.

So days and nights went swiftly by
Alternate o'er the arching sky ;
 The happy lovers, they
Mark not the leaves that thickly fall,
And from its ice-bound northern hall
 Grim winter making way.
They saw with joy, these happy wights,
 The days, how shorter still they grew,
And blindly thanked great Jove for nights
 Of lengthened joys in view.

Now came the time, when night and day
O'er all the heavens hold equal sway,

And from her rocky keep
Fair Hero watched with wistful eye
The sun's steeds sweeping down the sky,
 To plunge into the deep.
And mirror-smooth beneath her swayed
 The ocean, lulled in calm serene,
While not a breeze across it played,
 To mar its crystal sheen.

And dolphins there, a jocund throng,
The sparkling silvery waves along
 Wheel round and round in sport ;
And upward from the nether deeps
Rose the gay band, which Thetis keeps
 To guard her ocean-court.
To them alone has been revealed
 The tie which these two lovers knit,
But Hecate to silence sealed
 The lips might blab of it.

'Twas joy that ocean fair to see,
And thus in flattering tones did she
 Invoke its lord divine :

“Sweet god! Thou false and faithless? No!
As such I brand the wretch, that so
Thy godhead should malign!
Mankind are faithless through and through,
And fathers’ hearts are hard as steel;
But thine is gentle, kind, and true,
And for love’s pangs can feel.

“Within these dreary walls of stone
Must I, uncheered, unwooded, alone,
Have withered in despair;
Bridge there was none, nor galley’s prow,
Still to my arms my lover thou
Didst on thy shoulders bear.
Thy nether deeps are grim and drear,
And fearful is thy angry wave,
But love’s beseechings win thine ear,
And thou befriend’st the brave.

“For Eros’ shafts touched even thy heart,
Great God of Ocean though thou art,
When Hellé, fair as morn,
Was, with her brother flying, by
The Ram, whose fleece was golden, high
Across thy waters borne.

Smit by her charms, up from the black
 Abysses swiftly didst thou leap,
And swept her from the creature's back
 Down to thy lowest deep.

“A goddess with a god, she now,
Immortal from that hour as thou,
 In her sea-grots abides ;
Shields lovers when their foes pursue,
Calms thy tempestuous moods, and to
 His port the sailor guides.
O beauteous Hellé, goddess bright,
 Blest in thine own love, bring, I pray,
My lover to my arms to-night
 Safe by the wonted way !”

Now o'er the sea did darkness lour,
And Hero kindled on her tower
 The torch that, flashing bright,
Bade her belovèd pilgrim haste
Across the waters' weltering waste,
 Led by its trusty light.
Far off a moaning sound is heard,
 The stars are blotted from the sky,

The darkling waves are inly stirred,
The tempest-shock draws nigh.

Night settles on the watery plain,
And from the thund'rous clouds the rain
In drenching torrents pours,
Forked lightnings flash along the air,
And, bursting from their rocky lair,
Blast thick on storm-blast roars.
Huge gulfs in the wide ocean-swell
Are rent as with convulsive spasm,
And, yawning like the jaws of hell,
Gape widely, chasm on chasm.

“Woe, woe is me !” she shrieked. “O thou
Great Jove, have mercy on me now !
Mad were my words ! Woe’s me !
Oh, if the gods have heard my prayer,
And he, despite the tempest there,
Has braved the treacherous sea !
Birds trained to ocean’s angry mood
Fly homewards swiftly as they may,
And ships, that many a storm have stood,
Make for the sheltering bay.

“Oh, he that never quailed, once more
Has dared what oft he dared before ;

 This morn he pledged his troth,
By love’s great god, to-night he would
Return, and death, death only should
 Release him from his oath !

And now, ay, even now, is he

 At grips with this fell storm, I know ;
’Tis dragging him, that raging sea,
 Down to the depths below.

“False Pontus, thy repose erewhile
Was but a mask to veil thy guile !

 As mirror smooth wert thou ;
Thy waves were cunning-calm, till they
To venture forth had lured their prey,
 Whom they are whelming now.

Midway in thy wild eddies caught,
 Return, go-o’er, both hopeless made,
Thy every horror dire is wrought
 On him thou hast betrayed !”

Louder and louder grew the blast,
The billows mountain-high upcast

Break foaming on the rocks.
Even galleys ribbed with stoutest oak,
Driven shoreward where these billows broke,
 Had shattered with the shocks.
The torch that was to light his way
 Dies in the gale ; and everywhere,
On sea, on shore, turn where he may,
 Are horror and despair.

She prays that Aphrodite will
Command the hurricane to still
 The angry waves till morn,
And vows rich sacrifice to burn,
To all the ruthless winds in turn
 A steer with golden horn.
All goddesses that ocean sway,
 All gods in the high heavens that be,
She supplicates, the storms to stay
 That vex the raging sea.

“ O blest Leucothoe, arise
From thy green halls, and hear my cries !
 Thou saviour goddess, whom

Full oft the sinking marinere
Hath seen on ocean's waste appear,
 To rescue him from doom.
Stretch forth to him thy sacred veil,
 That, woven and blest by mystic charms,
If he but clutch, safe through the gale
 Will bear him to my arms."

Now the wild winds to rest are hushed,
And the horizon, faintly flushed,
 Tells Eos' steeds are nigh ;
Serene and glassy-smooth the deep
Seems in its ancient bed to sleep,
 And bright smile sea and sky.
Around the rocks the wavelets sway,
 In silence rippling each on each,
And float up, as they calmly play,
 A body on the beach.

'Tis he, who even in death forlorn
Has kept the oath that he had sworn.
 One glance, and all is known !

No wailing cry her anguish speaks,
No tears stream down her bloodless cheeks,
 Despair has made her stone.
With hopeless stare she seems to scan
 The bright sky, the blank ocean-flow,
And to her face so marble-wan
 There mounts a noble glow.

“ Dread Powers, I see your workings here.
With force implacable, austere,
 You urge your rights divine.
Swift close to my life’s course is this,
Yet I have drunk rich draughts of bliss,
 A glorious lot was mine.
Living, within thy shrine have I
 Thy consecrated priestess been ;
A joyful sacrifice I die,
 Venus, to thee, great Queen !”

Her white robe far behind her swept,
As from the turret’s edge she leapt
 Down, down into the wave ;

Her hallowed corpse the god receives,
Where slow his watery kingdom heaves,
And is himself her grave.

Well pleased he eyes his prey, then turns
To bear it to his realm below ;
And pours from his exhaustless urns
The streams that ever flow.

THE CRANES OF IBYCUS.

ON to the strife of Car and Song
 On Corinth's isthmus, whither throng
 The sons of Greece, all mirth, did wend
 Young Ibycus, of gods the friend.
 The gift of song was his, the gay
 Sweet notes, that from Apollo come ;
 So, light of foot, he makes his way,
 Full of the god, from Rhegium.

Now on its mountain-ridges high
 Fair Corinth meets the wanderer's eye ;
 And now Poseidon's piny wood
 He enters, awed to pious mood.
 Nought stirs around, save that a swarm
 Of Cranes keeps wheeling o'er his head,
 As on to southern regions warm
 In weird and mystic wise they sped.

“ Hail, friendly birds ! that on the sea
Companions constant were to me ;
Of good I take you for a sign,—
Even as your lot is so is mine !
From far we both have come, and here
For genial shelter ask ; and may
We find kind hearts to help and cheer,
And keep all harm from us away ! ”

Then, quickening his pace, he made
His way into the forest shade,
When, where the thicket closest grew,
Two ruffians barred his passage through.
He closed with them, the strife was dire,
But soon his hand exhausted hung ;
It tuned the soft strings of the lyre,
But ne'er the sturdy bow had strung.

He calls on gods and men, but all
His cries for help unheeded fall ;
There was no living creature near
His shouts, howe'er they rang, to hear.
“ And must I here forsaken, then,
Unwept in a strange country die,

Done to foul death by wicked men,
And no one to avenge me nigh ? ”

And as he sinks, lo, in the air
A rush of wings ! The Cranes are there !
He hears them—see he can no more—
Croak dirge-like, as they hover o’er.
“ Ye Cranes, if other tongues shall fail
The story of my death to tell,
Do you my murderous end bewail ! ”
He said, and back death-stricken fell.

They found the body stripped, and though
’Twas scarred and bruised by gash and blow,
Soon did his host in Corinth trace
The lines of that belovèd face.
“ Woe, woe ! and is it thus I find
My poet—I, who on his head
The pine-woven wreath had hoped to bind,
A brighter lustre there to shed ? ”

Grief fell on all were gathered there
Poseidon’s festival to share ;

All Hellas bitterly made moan,
And each heart felt the loss its own.
On to the Prytaneum throng
The people shouting, wild with rage,
“Avenge his Manes! Right their wrong,
And with the murderer’s blood assuage!”

But where might any trace be sought
Of who the caitiff deed had wrought
In that vast throng, lured thither by
The Games in story famed so high?
“Was it by robbers’ hands he fell,
Or struck by envious secret foe?
This Helios alone may tell,
Whose light illumines all below.

“Perchance he walks, with shameless brow,
Where Greeks meet thickest even now,
Of his foul crime enjoys the fruit,
And mocks revenge’s vain pursuit.
Perchance within their very fane
He braves the gods without a blush,
Or thrusts, the theatre to gain,
The crowd aside that thither rush.”

There, bench on bench, close wedged they sit,
So close, the beams wellnigh are split,
For Greece had sent from far and near
The crowd that waited there, all ear.
Hoarse murmuring, like the sea-waves' roar
 The human pile still grew and grew
Up, tier on tier, still more and more,
 Even to the sky's o'erarching blue.

Who's he shall number, who shall name
The guests who to that muster came?
From Theseus' city, Aulis' strand,
From Phocis, from the Spartan's land,
From Asia's far-off coasts they throng,
 From isles on seas Egean throned,
And list the wild and wondrous song,
 The chorus from the stage intoned :

Who, grave and stern, with measured, slow
And solemn stride, that boded woe,
From the far scene advancing, wound
The theatre's wide circuit round.
So never this earth's women strode,
 No mortal home such beings bred ;

Their limbs in bulk gigantic showed
High over every human head.

A black robe round their loins was flung ;
Aloft in fleshless hands they swung
Torches that flashed with lurid glare ;
Their cheeks, no blood was circling there ;
And where round mortal temples curl
The locks that wind with winning charm,
There snakes are seen to writhe and twirl,
And adders, puffed with venom, swarm.

And now in circles wheeling, they
Begin the awful Hymnal lay,
That racks the guilty heart with pain,
And binds it hard as with a chain.
Bewildering brain, and madding heart,
The Furies' song rings out ; it shook
The hearers, till aghast they start,
Nor will it the lyre's descant brook.

“ Oh, well for him, who keeps his soul
As childhood's pure from sin's control !

Not him need we with vengeance goad ;
He travels free along life's road.
But woe to him whose hand is red
 With murder, wrought by secret sleight !
We dog his steps, we haunt his bed,
 We, the dread progeny of Night.

“And, if he thinks our clutch to fly,
On swooping wings we still are nigh,
To cast our clinging meshes round
His feet, and bear him to the ground.
And so we hunt him, resting ne'er,—
 Remorse, repentance, what care we?—
On, on to Hades' self, nor there
 Shall from our presence set him free !”

So singing, they their measures tread,
And a great hush, as of the dead,
On all there like a weight did lie,
As though some deity were nigh.
With solemn air, in circuit wide,
 Pacing the theatre, they wind,
And then with slow and measured stride
 They vanish in the space behind.

'Twixt fear and fancy tossed, each breast
With awe is shaken and unrest,
And bows to the dread Power serene,
That marks and judges all, unseen ;
The Inscrutable, Unknown, that deals
 The lots by fate in darkness spun,
That to deep souls itself reveals,
 Yet doth the open daylight shun.

Then all at once rings loud and clear
A voice upon the topmost tier—
“ Look, look ! Look there, Timotheus !
The Cranes, the Cranes of Ibycus ! ”
And suddenly dark grew the sky,
 And o'er the theatre a deep
Black cloud of beating wings goes by,
 The Cranes, as onward south they sweep.

“ Of Ibycus ! ” At that dear name
To every breast fresh anguish came ;
And, as wave chases wave, so ran
The cry as swift from man to man.
“ Of Ibycus ! Whom we lament,
 That was by vile assassin slain.

Who's he that called? What was't he meant?
The Cranes, too, what portends their train?"

And louder still the questions grew,
And then surmise, like lightning, through
All hearts went flashing: "Yes, 'tis clear!
The Eumenides, their hand is here!
Our bard's avenged! Praise we the birds!
The assassin yonder stands confessed!
Seize him, the man that spoke the words,
And him to whom they were addressed!"

Scarce had the words been spoken, when
He wished them in his breast again.
In vain! The lips, with terror pale,
Of conscious guilt reveal the tale.
They drag him to the judge; and now
The scene turns to the judgment-hall;
The felons there their crime avow,
So did the god their hearts appal!

THE RING OF POLYCRATES.

UPON his palace roof he stood,
 And gazed in glad complacent mood,
 Where round lay Samos isle, the fair.
 "All this is subject to my throne,"
 He said to Egypt's monarch. "Own,
 That I am blest beyond compare!"

"The gods on thee have favours showered,
 Thy equals once now bend o'erpowered
 Beneath thy sceptre's conquering force ;
 But still revenge inspires one breast,
 Nor may my lips pronounce thee blest,
 While that foe's vengeance dogs thy course."

And ere he well the words had said,
 An envoy, from Miletus sped,
 Rushed in before the Tyrant there.

“ Let sacrificial odours steam,
And vivid wreaths of laurel gleam,
My lord, in triumph on thy hair !

“ Pierced by the spear, thy foeman fell,
And I the glad news come to tell
From thy leal captain Polydore.”
And from a huge black bowl he took—
Both shrink in horror as they look—
A well-known head, still dripping gore.

Back drew the monarch, all a-dread :
“ Be warned ! ” with shaken voice he said ;
“ Your fortune, trust it not ! Reflect,
On faithless seas your fleet is tossed ;
If by some sudden tempest crossed,
How easily may it be wrecked ! ”

And even before the words were out,
Broke on the ear a joyous shout,
That swelled to a triumphant roar.
Ships laden deep with spoils from far—
Their masts a very forest are—
Have reached again their native shore.

Astounded was the royal guest ;
“To-day thou art by fortune blest,
 But hold her fickle mood in fear !
The Cretan hosts are up in arms,
To crush thee with their whelming swarms,
 And even now thy coasts they near !”

And ere the words have left his lips,
A crowd streams upward from the ships,
 A thousand tongues shout “Victory !”
“The war, the war is overpast,
The Cretans scattered by the blast,
 And from the invader we are free !”

The sounds the guest with terror struck.
“Wondrous, in sooth, I own thy luck,
 Yet for thy safety, friend, I quake.
I dread the envious gods’ despite ;
A life of all unmixed delight
 Is not for mortals to partake.

“I, too, with wary steps have walked,
Nor ever have my plans been balked,
 Heaven’s grace has so my path beset.

But one beloved son had I :
God took him. Woe ! I saw him die ;
 So unto fortune paid my debt.

“Then wouldst thou shield thyself from ill,
Pray of the Great Unseen, they will
 Temper the bliss they send with bane.
Ne'er have I known his ending glad,
On whom the gods their bounties had
 With teeming hands been wont to rain.

“And if this boon they will not send,
Take home the counsel of a friend,
 Thyself thine own harm-bringer be !
Of all thy treasures choose what might
Give to thy heart the most delight,
 And cast it into yonder sea !”

Then spoke the king, and thrilled with fear,—
“Of all within my island here
 This ring by me is prized the most.
I to the Furies it consign,
So may I win their grace benign !”
 And in the sea the jewel tossed.

Next morning, by the break of day,
A fisherman, with aspect gay,
 Into the royal presence stept :
“This fish I caught ; sure, never yet
Came such a fine one to my net ;
 This gift, my lord, I pray, accept !”

To dress it when the cook began,
Off to the king in haste he ran,
 With eyes that stared all wonder-struck.
“Look, look, the ring you wore ? Inside
The fish I found it, sire !” he cried :
 “ Oh, measureless is thy good luck !”

The guest in horror turns away :
“No ! I can here no longer stay,
 And thou my friend no more must be !
The gods for doom have marked thee ; I
Will not remain, with thee to die !”
 He said, and straight put off to sea.

[Among that remarkable class of men, the Greek Tyrants, Polycrates was distinguished. But able and fortunate as he was, he illustrated in his person the force of the old saw, “Call no man happy till his death !” He was decoyed into the power of Orcetes, Governor of Sardis, and was put to an ignominious death upon the cross.]

THE GLOVE.

INTENT on bloody sport,
 King Francis sat before his lion court ;
 His grandees near were set,
 And, ranged around them, ladies fair
 On a high balcony were there,
 A lovely carcanet.

He waves his hand, and straight
 Wide open flies a gate :
 With pace deliberate
 Forth stalks a lion, looks all round,
 Uttering no sound,
 And yawning wide, as he to sleep were fain,
 He shakes his mane,
 Stretches his limbs, and then
 Lies down again.

The king, he waves his hand once more ;
Back flies a second door !
With furious bound a tiger dashes
Forth from his lair.
Seeing the lion couching there,
He rends the air
With roarings deep,
And lashes
His tail around with frantic sweep,
Out his red tongue he flashes,
Snarling, in wary prowl
Doth round and round the lion stride,
Then with a muttered growl
Lays him along by his side.

The king he waves his hand again.
Two other doors fly open wide,
And straightway from the den
Two leopards leap, and, all
Aflame for fight, upon the tiger fall.
Clutched in his terrible claws, at last
He pins them fast ;
Whereon the lion, with a roar,

Gets up, and all is hushed :
And the wild cats, crushed,
But mad athirst for gore,
Draw off, and settle round
Upon the ground.
Then from the balcony above
A dainty hand lets fall a glove,
Which, as it fell, midway
Between the lion and the tiger lay.

To the knight Delorge turned the fair Cunegonde,
And bespoke him thus in a mocking way :
“If your love be as deep, and as ardent, and fond,
As you tell me it is, every hour of the day,
Belike you will bring me back my glove !”
And the knight, at the word of his lady-love,
Uprose, and, fast as a man might go,
Made his way to the dread arena below,
And picked, where 'twixt tiger and lion it lay,
The glove calmly up, and bore it away.

The knights and the noble ladies fair
Look on, with wonder and fear aghast ;

He brings back the glove with a careless air,
And his praises from lip to lip are passed.
Her face aglow with love's tender light,—
Sure promise this of her crowning grace,—
The fair Cunegonde receives her knight.
He flings the glove in the lady's face ;
“Madam, no thanks ! I desire them not !”
And he left her there, from that hour unsought.

[The story of this ballad has been treated by many romancers and poets ; among the latter, by Leigh Hunt in “The Glove and the Lions,” and by Browning in “The Glove.” It is pointed out by Mr Ormsby in his translation of ‘Don Quixote’ (vol. iii. p. 188), that, while the hero's name in these poems, as it is in Schiller's, is De Lorge, the story is originally of Spanish origin, and is first heard of in the sixteenth century. Bandello gives a version of the story in the 24th novel of Part III. of his ‘Novelle.’ He calls the hero Giovanni Emanuel, apparently, says Mr Ormsby in a letter to myself, confounding him with Don Juan Manuel of the preceding century, but agreeing with the Spanish account in making him one of the knights of Ferdinand and Isabella, who distinguished himself at the siege of Grenada. The Glove affair, however, Bandello says, occurred at Seville, when the Court was there. He gives the lady's name as Leonora. According to the Spanish version, she was Doña Ana de Mendoza. He

says, too, that she made a previous trial of the knight by sending him out to attack seven Moors, which he did, bringing back their heads; whereat Queen Isabella was angry with both of them,—with her for risking the life of a good knight wantonly, with him for being such a fool. The ballad, Mr Ormsby adds, is delightfully Spanish. According to it there was no love attraction at all between the pair. The glove was dropped simply as a test of the knighthood then and there present; and as Don Manuel was famous for deeds of derring-do, he considered that it was for him specially to accept it. The deliberation with which he goes about the trial is deliciously Spanish. There is nothing sudden or undignified about his action—no leaping or jumping, or anything of that sort. Like a grave, stately Spaniard, he draws his sword from his belt, wraps his mantle round his left arm, and enters the den as if he were walking a minuet. His speech to the lady is equally characteristic of Spain. “Take it,” he says, “and another time, for the sake of a wretched glove, do not put so many good gentlemen *in risk of honour*; and if any one thinks I have not done well, let him step out upon the sward, and try the question like a good knight.” To this Doña Ana says she does not wish any one to stir; suffice it, that she has proved Don Manuel’s superiority; adding in pretty clear language, that he may have her for the asking, as the sort of husband she wants is one who is valiant, and dares to punish evil. This Don Manuel thinks is not a bad way of putting the point, and the upshot is, that

their hands are joined then and there. Mr Ormsby believes the story to be a pure fiction, for which the "de Leon" in the name of Don Manuel Ponce de Leon is responsible, "None of the old chroniclers who love such stories tell it," he says; but it was just such an incident as was likely to find its way into romance "at the tail of the middle ages and the death of chivalry."]

THE HOSTAGE.

CLOSE up to the tyrant Damon went,
 His hand on the dagger was hid in his vest :
 He was seized by the guards that around him
 pressed,

“Speak, slave ! For what was the dagger meant ?”

Dionysius cried, and with wrath was rent.

“From the tyrant we loathe to free the state !”

“Ha ! this on the cross thou shalt expiate !”

“To die I am ready !” Damon said.

“I ask not for life ; but one boon there is

Of your grace I crave, and that boon is this,

My freedom until three days are sped,

That my sister I may to her lover wed.

My friend will here as my hostage stay ;

Him, if I fail, you are free to slay !”

The king mused awhile, and then, as o'er
His face played a crafty smile, he spake :
“ Three days, just three, I will let you take,
But know, if this respite run out, before
You give yourself up to my guards once more,
Your friend full surely your doom must dree,
But you shall go from my vengeance free.”

Damon comes to his friend—“ The king,” he said,
“ For the deed that I purposed decrees that I
A felon's death on the cross shall die ;
But he sets me free till three days are sped,
That my sister I may to her lover wed :
Will you stay, then, as hostage for me to the king,
Till I come, and release from his dungeons
bring ?”

His true friend embraced him ; no word he said ;
And so from the tyrant is Damon freed.
Away then he hastens with breathless speed,
And, ere the third morning broke rosy-red,
His sister he sees to her lover wed,
And home he hurries, in soul afraid,
Lest he fail in the pledge to his friend was made.

Torrents of rain from the welkin pour,
Rivulets rise, and rush from the hills,
Swell into rivers the brooks and rills.
As, stepping out stoutly, he came to the shore,
Down on the bridge the fierce torrent bore,
The arches give way with a thunderous crash,
And over the ruins the waters splash.

He paces the bank in wild despair,
Far every way his eye he casts,
And his shouts ring loud on the driving blasts,
But no boat puts out from the strand to bear
Him across to the wished-for shore, and there
Is ferryman none to be bribed by fee,
And the river expands to a raging sea.

He sinks on the ground, with sore grief foredone,
And, uplifting his hands to Zeus, he cries—
“Oh stem the waters that madly rise !
The hours fly fast, at noon the sun
Is standing, and should its day's course be run,
Or ever I reach the city, my friend
Must come for me to a woful end !”

But higher and fiercer the torrent grows,
The wild waves on, ever onwards, sweep,
On, ever onwards, the lost hours creep ;
Then, mad with the terrors that round him close,
Into the torrent himself he throws,—
He cleaves the waters with lusty arm,
And a god had pity and saved him from harm.

He reaches the bank, he speeds on his way,
And he thanks the god that has saved him so.
He is threading the gloom of a forest, when, lo !
Out rush from the thicket, where close they lay,
Some robber knaves, and his passage stay,
And they brandish their bludgeons, as if they
meant
To kill him, if onward his steps he bent.

“What would ye?” he cried, all pale with fear.
“Nothing have I but the life I live,
And that I perforce to the king must give !”
He snatches a bludgeon from one stood near,—
“For my friend’s sake have mercy !” They will
not hear ;

Then, laying around him fiercely, half dead
Fell three of the robbers,—the others fled.

The sun flamed in the sky like a scorching brand,
And wearied and spent with alarm, and all
The toils he had braved, he was like to fall.
“Hast thou rescued me from yon robber band,
Hast thou borne me safe through the waves to land,
And now must I perish for thirst, and he,
The friend, who so loved me, be slain for me?”

Hark! What tinkles there with a silvery sound,
What is this that goes gurgling by?
He stops, and he listens: 'tis nigh! 'tis nigh!
And lo! a spring that with sudden bound
Shoots from the rock, and goes prattling round!
He stoops and drinks with delight from the pool,
And the fever that raged in his blood grows cool.

The sun through the green of the branches peers,
And paints the trees' giant shadows deep
On the meadows that there in their beauty sleep;
And two wayfarers anon he nears,
And, as he goes hurrying past them, hears

These words by one to the other spoken,
“ Even now will the man on the cross be broken.”

Anguish lends wings to his feet—affright
Spurs him still swiftness on, and lo !
Where, tipped with the sunset’s ruddy glow,
The Syracuse roofs are shimmering bright !
Now his steward Philostratus meets his sight,
Come forth to meet him along the way,
And he sees his master with wild dismay.

“ Back, back ! and save your own life ! Too late,
To save the life of your friend, for he
Even now is stretched on the fatal tree !
Hourly did he your return await,
And nought or in heart or in hope did bate ;
He recked not the tyrant’s scoffs, but clung
To his faith in your word with a heart unwrung.”

“ If it be too late,—if I may not delight
His eyes, coming back to his rescue there,
Then death shall unite me to him, for ne’er
Shall the tyrant boast in his savage spite,
Friend kept not to friend what his word did plight ;

To slake his wrath, let him slay us both,
Then believe in love and in loyal troth !”

Now sinks the sun. From the gate he spied
The cross already uplifted high,
And a mighty throng that stood gaping by.
They hoist up his friend with cordage tied ;
He dashes the close-packed crowd aside :
“’Tis for me !” he shouted, “for me to die !
It is I, for whom he was hostage, I !”

Amazement fell on the crowd. They cling,
Locked in each other’s arms, these twain,
Weeping for mingled delight and pain ;
Not an eye but is filled with tears. They bring
The marvellous tale to the moody king,
And so on his feeling the story wrought,
He has them straight to his presence brought.

He looks at them long in mute amaze,
Then says, “The victory rests with you.
My heart you have mastered. I see, that true

Devotion is not a mere empty phrase.

Fain would I share in your thoughts and ways ;

Then let me, for deeply my soul is stirred,

Be in this league of yours the Third !”

RUDOLPH OF HAPSBURG.

AT Aachen, throned in imperial state,
 On the day that had seen him crowned,
 Holding high festal King Rudolph sate,
 In the hall from old times renowned.
 Rhine's Palgrave with viands crowned the board,
 The wine by Bohemia's king was poured,
 And, like stars around the Sun,
 Stood the seven Electors intent to share
 In paying *dévoir* to the monarch there,
 Who the world for his fief had won.

The high-piled galleries round were filled
 With the people, a joyous crowd,
 And through their cheers and their shoutings shrilled
 The trumpets clear and loud ;
 For the time, it was over, the woful time
 Of war and disaster and havoc and crime,

And law ruled again in the land :
No longer the spear lords it blindly, no more
Crouch the feeble and peacefully minded before
Brute force and its ruthless hand.

The Kaiser takes hold of the goblet of gold,
And thus, well content, spoke he :
“The feast is bright, and my heart is light,
This noble banquet to see ;
But I miss the bard, who brings joys the best,
Who with song and sweet melody thrills my breast,
And with thoughts that are all divine :
From my youth I have loved his art, and here
What I evermore held, when a knight, most dear,
Shall it not, when I'm Kaiser, be mine ?”

Then lo ! forth steps with a lordly mien
The bard from these princely peers,
His locks were white, of a silver sheen,
Bleached so by the teeming years.
“Sweet music sleeps in the golden strings,
Of love's dear guerdon the minstrel sings,
Lauds the highest, the best, the most sweet,
Of all the heart yearns for, the sense desires ;

But say, what my liege of the bard requires,
As for his great festival meet?"

"I will lay no command on a minstrel true,"
Said the king with a smile. "To a power
Far higher is his allegiance due,
He obeys the behest of the hour ;
As the roar of the blast when the wild winds blow,—
Whence it cometh and how may no mortal know,—
As the spring from some far-hidden deep,
So the bard's song wells from his inmost soul,
And feelings awake 'neath its mystic control,
In our hearts that so strangely sleep!"

The minstrel caught up his harp straightway,
And with power its chords he smote :
"A high-born hero rode forth one day
To hunt the swift mountain goat.
His squire, with the weapons to serve his need,
Rode after, and when on his stately steed
He was pricking the meadows o'er,
Far off he hears a bell tinkling low,
'Twas a priest, that with the Lord's Body did go,
His sacristan striding before.

“ And the Count leapt down, and he bared his head,
And bowed with a Christian mind
In reverence lowly to what had bred
Salvation for all mankind.
But a brook that brawled through the meadow, by
The mountain torrents swollen wild and high,
The priest’s going on delayed ;
So he lays the Host near him upon the ground,
And the sandals straight from his feet unwound,
In purpose across to wade.

“ ‘ What wouldest thou ? ’ marvelling much to scan
His doings, the good Count said.
‘ On my way, sir, am I to a dying man,
Who pines for the heavenly bread.
I had come to the bridge that spans the brook,
When the torrent came eddying down,—it shook,
Then was whirled away ; and so,
To bring that poor soul its heavenly cheer,
As fast as I may through the water here
Barefooted I mean to go.’

“ The Count sets the priest on his knightly steed,
And hands him the glittering reins,

So speeds him to solace the sick man's need
 With the balm of his heavenly pains ;
Himself strode the beast that had borne his squire,
And hunted that day to his heart's desire :
 The priest to the sick man sped,
And by the next morning's dawning light
He brought the brave barb back to the knight,
 By the bridle modestly led.

“ ‘Nay, Heaven forbend !’ then devoutly cried
 The Count, ‘that in chase or strife
I should ever again the steed bestride,
 That has borne the Lord of Life !
If it may not be for thine own allowed,
To the service of God let it still be vowed !
 ’Tis a tribute to Him I’d give,
Of whom I take as in trust my whole
World’s wealth, my honour, my body, my soul,
 And the breath whereby I live !’

“ ‘So may God, who from heaven to the plaint and
 prayer
Of the helpless his ear doth bow,

To honour bring you here—ay, and there—
As Him you are honouring now !
Your name and fame men's praise command
For prowess done in the Switzers' land :
Six daughters fair have you ;
May each of them bring to your House a crown,
And hand to the latest ages down
Its glories ever new !”

There sat the Kaiser, with head down bent,
As he thought of the days gone by ;
But now he divines what the minstrel meant,
As he looks at his flashing eye.
In him the priest he again beholds,
And he hides in his mantle's purple folds
The rush of the tell-tale tears.
All looked at the Kaiser, and every one
Knew *he* was the Count, who that deed had done,
And it hallowed his name for years.

CASSANDRA.

JOY through Ilion's halls was ringing,
 Ere they sank in ruin's fires ;
 There are youths and maidens singing
 To the touch of golden wires.
 Hushed the din of strife and slaughter,
 Tears on every cheek are dried,
 For old Priam's lovely daughter
 Shall be great Pelides' bride.

And with garlands and with dances,
 Troop on troop, a festive throng,
 To the holy fanes advances,
 To the Thymbrian's shrine, with song.
 Through the streets, in murmurs sweeping,
 Revel's echoing tide is borne ;
 One sad heart alone is weeping,
 In its agony forlorn.

'Mong the joyful joyless only
Did the pale Cassandra rove,
Sad, companionless, and lonely,
In Apollo's laurel grove,
Deep amid the wood's recesses,
She, where shades fell darkly round,
Tore the fillets from her tresses,
Tore, and dashed them to the ground.

“All around of joy is telling,
Every heart leaps with delight,
Hope my parents' breasts is swelling,
And my sister's robes are bright.
I alone must weep. Deluding
Bliss hath fled from me, and flies,
For I see winged ruin brooding
O'er our walls with baleful eyes.

“See! a torch! I see it gleaming!
Ah, but not in Hymen's hand;
Heavenward high its light is streaming,
Like no sacrificial brand!
Feasts I see in mirth providing,
But on my prophetic ear

Comes the rush of footsteps striding
On to crush the festal cheer.

“ And they chide my lamentation,
Scorn my anguish. Far apart
Must I bear the desolation
Of a lone and wildered heart.
Happy faces turn and fly me,
Scoffed and spurned, I move abroad ;
Heavily hast thou dealt by me,
Pythian, thou cruel god !

“ Why with sense prophetic blast me ?
’Mid a blind, unthinking race,
Wherefore, wherefore didst thou cast me,
To reveal thy darkened face ?
Oh, to see, yet feel we may not
The impending stroke recall !
What is fated will delay not,
What is dreaded must befall.

“ Wherefore from a coming terror
Should we seek the veil to lift ?

Human life is nought but error,
 Knowledge is a fatal gift.
Take, oh, take the vision gory
 From my purgèd eyes ! To be
The mortal vessel of thy glory
 Is a dreadful agony.

“ Let my sense be darkened ever,
 Make, oh, make me blind again !
Since thy voice inspired me, never
 Have I sung a joyful strain.
Thou hast given the future to me,
 But the present thou hast ta'en,
Ta'en the hours thrilled rapture through me ;—
 Take thy treacherous gift again !

“ Wreaths and bridal flowerets on my
 Fragrant hair might never shine,
Since I took thy vows upon me
 At thy melancholy shrine :
Youth was one long sigh of anguish ;
 I have never known but woe ;
Did a heart I loved but languish,
 My heart quivered to the blow.

“ My companions all—they grieve not,
Youth and love have made them glad,
Fired with hopes, they dream, deceive not—
One heart, mine ! alone is sad.
Not for me Spring spreads her treasure,
Robes the smiling earth with flowers ;
Never soul in life had pleasure,
That could scan its deeper powers.

“ Ah ! Polixena is so blest,
Heedless she whate'er betide,
For she hopes, of Greeks the noblest
Home will bear her as his bride.
Proud her heart swells to the vision,
All the world but him forgot ;
You, ye gods, your joys Elysian
In her trance she envies not !

“ And I, too, have viewed adoring,
Him my heart had made its choice,
Seen his bright eyes' rapt imploring,
Heard his love-inspiring voice.
Oh, with him I'd go, how lightly !
In his home a wife to be !

But a Stygian shadow nightly
Steps betwixt my love and me.

“ Proserpine, to mock and spurn me,
Sends her phantoms of affright,
Wheresoe'er I go or turn me,
Shadows, shadows throng my sight ;
Where the young in measures sprightly
Sport the sunny hours away,
There they be—a crew unsightly—
Oh, I never can be gay !

“ And I see the red knife streaming,
And the assassin's fiery eye ;
Right and left I see it gleaming ;
I can not the horror fly !
No ! I dare not blench. Unbending
I must look it in the face,
Meet the fate I see descending,
Perish 'mong a stranger race.”

Pouring thus her griefs unfailing,
Hark ! a cry from yonder fane

Fills the air—a cry of wailing—
 Thetis' mighty son is slain.
Eris shakes her snaky tresses,
 Shrieking forth the gods are gone,
And the louring thunder presses
 Darkly over Ilion.

THE VEILED STATUE AT SAIS.

A YOUTH, who had to Sais in the land
 Of Egypt come, by thirst of knowledge driven,
 To learn the secret wisdom of the priests,
 Had quickly passed through many a stage of lore,
 But still his curious spirit urged him on
 To fresh inquiry, not to be appeased
 By all the sage hierophant might urge.
 "What have I, if I have not all?" he'd say;
 "Is it a question here of Less or More?
 This truth of yours, is it, like sensuous joys,
 Only a sum of items, one may hold,
 This man of greater, that of less amount,
 And keep, curtail, or add to, till he dies?
 Is truth not one and indivisible?
 Take from some harmony a single tone,
 Take from the rainbow one of all its tints,
 And all that's left of the fair whole is nought,

If lacks its perfect tale of tints and tones !”

Whilst thus conversing, 'neath a dome they stood,
That o'er the Temple's hushed recesses rose ;
Where, as he looked around, the young man's eyes
On a veiled Statue rested, giant-high.

Turning in wonder to his guide, he said,

“What is it, that behind yon veil is hid ?”

“Truth,” came the answer. “How !” exclaims the
youth ;

“Truth, only Truth, is all for which I strive,
And is it this, you shroud up from my ken ?”

“That you must settle with the Power Divine !”

The hierophant replied : “No mortal hand,
She hath declared, shall draw my veil aside,

Till I myself shall lift it up, and he,

Who with unhallowed fingers ere that time

Shall raise this holy interdicted veil,

He, says the voice divine”—“Well ! What ?”—

“Shall see

THE TRUTH.” “A strange oracular saw ! And
thou,

Hast thou, then, never lifted it thyself ?”

“No, of a truth, nor ever felt the wish.”

“How ! Never felt the wish ? If this thin veil

The only barrier be 'twixt me and Truth"—
 "This, and a law!"—the holy man strikes in.
 "Of mightier force, my son, than thou surmisest,
 Is this slight web,—light to thy hand, 'tis true,
 But to thy conscience weighted as with lead."

Home went the young man brooding, deep in
 thought,
 No sleep for him, so burns he with desire
 To know, but tosses on his bed, with brain
 On fire; then about midnight up he springs.
 Borne on by steps he can no more control,
 He gains the Temple, scales the boundary wall,
 One venturous leap—how easy seemed it now!—
 And he is in the inmost holiest shrine.

Here now he halts, and, standing there alone,
 The lifeless hush clings round him like a pall,
 A hush unbroke, save that his tread awakes
 A hollow echo in the mystic vaults.
 Down through an opening in the arching dome
 The moonlight streams, a pale and silvery blue,
 And, awe-inspiring, like some present God,
 Through the dark shadows of the vaulted shrine
 In its long drooping veil the Statue gleams.

With tottering steps he makes his way to it;

Now is his impious hand about to touch
The Holy Thing, when, hot and cold by turns,
Through all his limbs a something runs, that seems
As with invisible arms to thrust him back.

“Unhappy man! What wouldst thou do?” He
hears

An inward voice that whispers—“Wilt thou tempt
The dread All Holy One? No mortal hand,
So spake the voice oracular, must draw
My veil aside, till I myself shall raise it.”

“Yet said it not, that same oracular voice,
That whoso lifts this veil shall see the Truth?
Be what there may behind, raise it I will!”
Loud rang his voice, “See it I will!” “Then see!”
A long derisive echo shrilled again.

Even as he speaks he tears the veil aside,
And now, you ask, what there he saw revealed?
I know not. Senseless, cold, and deathly pale,
The priests next morning found him stretched along
Beside the base of Isis’ statue. What
He had beheld, or what befell him there,
His lips would ne’er divulge. But from his life
All cheerfulness was gone for evermore,
And deep grief brought him to an early grave.

“Woe to the man!” These were his warning
words,

When pressed by those who would not be denied,

“Woe to the man, who makes his way to truth
Through guilt! It ne'er will gladden him again.”

[Schiller was probably not a great Egyptologist. He makes the divinity worshipped at Sais masculine. But the oracles there were delivered in the Temple of Neith, the Egyptian Minerva, and on the base of her statue were inscribed the words, “No man has uplifted my skirts.” Then, again, how comes the statue of Isis in this temple? She had a separate temple of her own.]

THE IDEALS.

AND wilt thou thus inconstant leave me,
 With the loved visions of my heart,
 Thy hopes to glad, thy fears to grieve me,
 With all relentlessly depart?
 Can nought avail to stay thy flight,
 Life's golden time, so glad, so free?
 Ah no! Thy waves sweep on with might
 Into eternity's dark sea.

Quenched are those suns, whose radiance flashed
 Joy on the path in youth I trode;
 Rudely the fair ideals dashed,
 With which my swelling bosom glowed;
 Fled the sweet faith my fancy nursed
 In those it fondly shaped—undone
 By rude reality, what erst
 With such celestial beauty shone.

As to the sculptured stone of old
Pygmalion with rapture clung,
Till, mantling o'er its features cold,
A glowing blush sensation flung ;
Even so fair nature I enwreathed
With arms of love and young desire,
Till she with vital spirit breathed
Upon my poet's breast of fire ;

And, by my passion's flame possessed,
Her silence broke in accents sweet,
Returned the kiss my love impressed,
And with my heart's vibrations beat.
Then lived for me the trees, the flowers,
The fountain's silvery fall, the brook,
They sang to me, and of my powers
Of life e'en soulless things partook.

My breast with irrepresive love
For all created things did yearn,
In busy throngs I longed to move,
Love, reverence, renown, to earn.
How great, how fair this world, methought,
While but in fancy's vision seen !

How little ! after years have taught,
That little, ah ! how poor and mean !

Winged by a daring wild unrest,
Unclogged as yet by care or fear,
And in his own illusions blest,
How sprang the youth on life's career !
Up to the blue sky's palest star
Its flight his winged ambition bore ;—
Nought was too high, and nought too far
For its proud pinion then to soar.

What could oppress or daunt, while he
Swept on, untouched by grief or wrong,
Before life's car how jocundly
Sported that fair attendant throng ?
Love, sweet enchantress, smiled on him,
Fortune, with golden chaplet crowned,
Fame, with her starry diadem,
Truth, pouring sunshine splendours round.

Yet, ah ! ere half his course was run,
He lost them all, that train untrue ;

For coldly turning, one by one,
 They from their votary's side withdrew.
Fortune with fickle footsteps fled,
 The soul for knowledge panted still ;
Doubt round Truth's sun-bright image spread
 Her clouds and shadows dark and chill.

I saw Fame's sacred chaplet doomed
 To be by vulgar brows profaned,
Awhile Love's springtime sweetly bloomed,
 But, ah ! too soon its beauties waned.
And still life's rugged pathway grew
 More lone, more desolate, more drear,
And hope scarce one wan glimmer threw,
 My gloom-o'ershadowed path to cheer.

Who still, of all that glorious band,
 Clung to my side, to guide—befriend me,—
Will there at death my comfort stand,
 And to the darksome grave attend me ?
Thou, Friendship, who dost cheer the heart,
 When storms are gathering darkly round,
Who bear'st in all life's burdens part,
 Thou, whom I early sought and found !

And thou, so fain her mate to be,
Who soothes, like her, the soul's annoys,
Thou still unwearied Industry,
Who slowly forms, and ne'er destroys !
Who to the world's eternal pile
Adds but some grains of dust, and yet
Wipes minutes, days, and years the while
From Time's all-overwhelming debt.

THE MEETING.

I SEE her as, while round her dames attend
her,

Peerless she shone amid the lovely throng,
Her graces dazzling as the sunbeam's splendour.

I stood afar, nor durst my gaze prolong ;
The beauties, that such radiant brightness lend
her,

Shot ecstasies of pain my frame along,
Yet swiftly, as though borne on mounting wings,
I snatched the lyre, and wildly swept the strings.

'Twere vain to tell that moment's raptur'd feeling,

Or to run o'er my passion-warbled lay ;
I felt in me a new-born power revealing,
That spoke my bosom's blest emotions' play.
It was my soul, its flame no more concealing,
That now flung proudly all its chains away,

And from its lowest depths woke strains un-
numbered,
That shrouded there in heavenly sweetness
slumbered.

And when the chords to vibrate long had ended,
I marked, as consciousness came back to me,
Where on her cheeks in changeful strife contended
The flush of love with virgin modesty;
And in my breast all joys of heaven seemed blended,
When thus she spoke in sweetest melody—
Oh, ne'er, save 'mid the choirs of yon blest spheres,
Shall sounds so rare again delight mine ears!

“The faithful heart that pines, its grief unshown,
Its wasting passion mutely still suppressing,
I know its worth, that's to itself unknown,
And will requite it, fortune's wrongs redressing;
What recks how mean its lot? Love's hand alone
Should pluck love's gentle flowers with touch
caressing,
And on the heart confer its guerdon sweet,
That to its pulses vibrates, beat with beat!”

EXPECTATION.

HARK, did not the wicket there quiver,
 Creaked not the latch in its bed?
 No! 'twas these aspens old, that shiver
 In the light breeze o'er my head.

Oh! deck thyself, thou green and leafy bower,
 For soon shall beauty's light thy shades illumine;
 Ye boughs, entwine your dusky arms, and pour
 Around my love in thickly mantling gloom,
 And on her cheek, ye gales, your fragrance shower,
 And wanton softly with their rosy bloom,
 What time her lovely form on bounding feet
 Trips lightly o'er the sward to Love's expecting seat.

Hist! there is some one brushing
 The copse-wood with hurrying tread!
 No! 'twas but the throstle rushing
 Startled from its leafy shed.

Oh, quench thy torch, bright day! Ethereal
night,

Enwrap the world in silent folds of thine,
Diffuse around us thy empurpling light,
And o'er our seat mysterious branches twine!
Love brooks no listener's ear to her delight,
Nor the rude glance of day's unwelcome eyne!
From all save silent Hesperus' serene
Mild-beaming gaze must she her raptures screen.

Hark! there are voices lowly
Whispering in yonder brake!
No! 'tis the swan, is trailing slowly
O'er the mere her lengthening wake.

Now floating harmonies mine ear possess;
The bubbling spring with pleasing murmur
gushes—
The flowerets bend 'neath Zephyr's warm caress,
And with a common joy all nature flushes:
The grape the peach's downy cheek would press,
That hides behind its leaves its wanton blushes—
The breeze, in fragrance steeped of opening flowers,
Upon my fevered cheek its balmy coolness showers.

Now a light foot hither is wending
Yon leaf-strown alley along !
No, 'tis the mellow fruit descending
From its stalk the leaves among !

The landscape fades, bedimmed day's fiery eye,
In gentle death its golden splendour losing,
The chaliced flowers, that his hot glances fly,
Are boldly now their scented cups unclosing ;
The rising moon sheds from her path on high
Soft radiance on the world in calm reposing ;
Nature the zone that bound her charms has doffed ;
Her mien of tranquil grace, how beautiful, how soft !

What light is yonder streaming,
Like garments of snowy hue ?
Ah ! 'tis the pillars coldly gleaming,
'Gainst the wall of darkling yew.

Oh pining heart, why thus sport fondly, why
Chase the sweet forms that fancy's dreams
suggest ?
Still from my grasp the unreal phantoms fly,
No shadowy joy can cool this burning breast.

Oh, bring my love in living beauty nigh,
Let her soft tender hand in mine be pressed,
Or but her mantle's shadow round me throw,
And with the hues of life the hollow dream shall
glow !

Then soft as a vision of Eden
Comes the hour that shall give him to
bliss ;
He slumbered, while close stole the maiden,
And awoke her beloved with a kiss.

ODE TO JOY.

JOY, thou brightest of heaven's treasures,
 Daughter of Elysian birth,
 Chant we now in high strong measures
 At thy shrine our hymn of mirth !
 Souls by base convention parted
 Reunite beneath thy spell,
 Man in brotherhood true-hearted
 Dwells with man where thou dost dwell.

Millions, let my arms enfold ye !
 One and all, take, take this kiss !
 In the heavens a father is,
 In His love doth ever hold ye.

Crowned with best of life's best graces,
 Thou that art, and hast a friend,

Thou that hast to thy embraces
 Won a fond wife, with us blend !
Ay, if there be one heart only
 Thou canst call thine own and keep,
Come ; but, if not, hence, thou lonely
 Man of sorrows, hence and weep !

 Let each heart, with life that swelleth,
 Bow to sympathy and love ;
 They transport the heavens above,
 Where the unseen Father dwelleth.

Joy all living earthly creatures
 Drink from Nature's genial breast,
Saints and souls of baser features
 Welcome all the rosy guest.
She 'twas gave us wine and kisses,
 Friendship firm in death to love,
Creeping things all taste her blisses,
 Cherubs of the skies above.

 Bow in adoration purely !
 World, dost know thy Maker near ?
 There above yon starry sphere
 Dwells the great Creator surely.

In each vital instinct lurketh
 Joy, of every soul the soul ;
Joy the wheels untiring worketh
 Of the mighty moving whole.
Flowers spring up, in bloom appearing,
 Suns come forth at her command,
Countless orbs, through space careering,
 All are guided by her hand.

Cheerly tread the path before ye !
 Brothers, onward, like the sun,
 Joying in his course begun !
On, like hero to his glory !

To the sage she smiles assurance,
 Wildered 'mid researches deep,
Guides him that with calm assurance
 'Toils up virtue's rugged steep.
Where on high in light reposes
 Meek-eyed Truth, her banners wave,
She a home of bliss discloses
 'Mid seraph choirs beyond the grave.

Millions, let no fears affright you !
Upwards, upwards persevere !
There, above yon starry sphere,
Is a great God, will requite you !

Gods what we can give require not ;
To be like them is our joy.
Cheer the drooping heart and tire not,
Wipe from every breast annoy.
Wrath and wrathful passions spurning,
Each forgive his deadliest foe,
So Remorse's lava burning
Ne'er shall scorch his heart with woe !

Blot all record of offences !
Discord, hence, and hostile jars !
Brethren, God above the stars
The judgment each hath judged dispenses.

Joy gleams in each sparkling chalice,
Wine, bright wine, from every bowl
Drowns in rude hearts hate and malice,
Gives despair a hero's soul.

Up, my brothers, up, and, showing
In free worship perfect love,
Drain this cup with hearts o'erflowing
To the God that rules above !

Whom the circling stars are praising,
Whom the hymns of seraphs laud,
To the good and bounteous God,
Drink, your hearts in concords raising !

Firmness in the hour of trial,
Help to innocence and woe,
To a promise no denial,
Truth to friend and truth to foe !
Even to kings a front unswerving,
Manly, modest, unsubdued,
Honour's crown to the deserving,
Death to falsehood's traitor brood !

Knit the bond by ties supernal !
Still this faith be yours, be mine !
Swear it by this golden wine,
Swear it by the Judge Eternal !

THE PARTITION OF THE EARTH.

“**T**HERE! Take the world!” Jove from his
 skyey throne
 To mortals cried; “For you and for your heirs
 A heritage for ever—all your own:
 But see that each with each like brothers shares!”

Then straight to work all that had fingers went,
 All busy, all alert, both young and old;
 The farmer was on fruitful harvests bent,
 A-hunting sped the squire through wood and wold.

The merchant fills his stores from near and far,
 The abbot culls the choicest oldest wine,
 The king on bridge and highway sets his bar,
 And says, “The tenth of everything is mine!”

Long after all and each had ta'en his share,
 The poet comes—he had been far away;

He looks, and looks in vain, for everywhere
Nought could he see, but owned a master's sway.

“Woe's me! Shall I, of all thy sons the best,
Shall I, then, be forgotten, I alone?”

Thus his complaint he to great Jove addressed,
And flung him down before the Thunderer's
throne.

“Not mine the blame,” the god replied, “I trow,
If in the Land of Dreams thy life was led!
When earth was being parcelled, where wert thou?”

“I was with thee, with thee,” the poet said.

“Mine eye upon thy face in rapture gazed,
Thy heaven's full harmonies enchained mine ear;
Forgive the soul that, by thy radiance dazed,
Let go its hold upon the earthly sphere.”

“What now?” said Jove; “On earth I've nought
to give,
Field, forest, market, they no more are mine;
But in my heaven if thou with me wouldst live,
Come when thou wilt, a welcome shall be thine!”

TRANSLATIONS
FROM LUDWIG UHLAND

COUNT EBERSTEIN.

IN Spire there was revel and mirth by night,
 The torch and the taper shone,
 And maidens and youths were bounding light,
 When with the Kaiser's daughter bright
 Count Eberstein, that peerless knight,
 The festive dance led on.

And, whilst in the mazy rounds they twine,
 She may not be silent, not she,
 If she would, but she whispers him, soft and fine,
 "Look to thyself, Count Eberstein,
 This night, good sir, I can well divine,
 Thy fortress will perilled be."

"Ho!"—thinks the Count—"for this I stay
 To dance in your royal halls?
 But I'll match thee, my liege, by my holy fay!"

And he has called for his gallant grey,
And has stirred her flanks, and is far away
 To his beleaguered walls.

There stealthily under the midnight's cloud
 Advances the wily foe,
The ladders are fixed, and aloft they crowd,
But little they of the welcome trowed,
That hurled them down, with triumph loud,
 In the castle moat below.

With the morn, in purple and regal pall,
 Did the crafty Kaiser come,
Assured in heart of the castle's fall :
“Ho ! are these the Count and his merry men all,
Are dancing so blithe on the castle wall,
 To the sound of the fife and drum ?”

“My liege, when next you would forts ensnare,
 Let your eye on the roundels be ;
There is one that foots it so rarely there,
None other is she than your daughter fair,
That for her, and for her alone, I swear,
 Shall my castle gate go free.”

In Eberstein's halls there was mirth by night,
The torch and the taper shone,
And maidens and youths were bounding light,
When with the Kaiser's daughter bright
Count Eberstein, that peerless knight,
The festive dance led on.

And, whilst in the bridal dance they twine,
He may not be silent, not he,
If he would, but he whispers her, soft and fine,
"Look to thyself now, ladye mine,
This night, by my fay, I can well divine,
Of a fortress will perilled be."

THE DREAM.

I N a garden fair were roaming
Two lovers, hand in hand—
Pale were their cheeks, and frail their forms,
As they sat in that flowery land.

On the cheek they kissed each other,
Lip close to lip was pressed,
They were locked in close embracings,
They were young and they were blest.

A bell was tolling sadly,
The dream had passed away—
She in the narrow cloister,
He in a dungeon lay.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

AND didst thou see that castle,
 That castle by the sea?
 The rosy-tinted cloudlets
 Float o'er it bright and free.

'Twould be bending down its shadows,
 Into the crystal deep—
 In the sunset's rays all glowing
 'Twould tower with haughty sweep.

“Ay, wot ye well, I saw it,
 That castle by the sea,
 And the pale moon standing o'er it,
 And mists hung on its lee.”

The winds and ocean's rolling,
 Was their voice fresh and strong?

Came from its halls the echoes
Of lute and festal song?

“The winds and waves around it
In sullen stillness slept,
Forth came a voice of wailing,
I heard it, and I wept.”

The King, and his proud ladye,
Were they pacing that high hall,
With crowns of gold, and girded
In purple and in pall?

And led they not exulting
A maid of rarest mould,
Bright as the sun, and beaming
In tresses all of gold?

“I saw that King and ladye,
The crown decked not their hair;
Dark mourning weeds were on them,
The maid I saw not there.”

THE POOR MAN'S SONG.

A POOR man, poorer none, am I,
And walk the world alone,
Yet do I call a spirit free,
And cheerful heart my own.

A gleesome child I played about
My dear, dear parents' hearth,
But grief has fallen upon my path,
Since they are laid in earth.

I see rich gardens round me bloom,
I see the golden grain,
My path is bare and barren all,
And trod with toil and pain.

And yet, though sick at heart, I'll stand
Where happy faces throng,

And wish good morrow heartily
To all that pass along.

Ah, bounteous God ! Thou leav'st me not
To comfortless despair ;
There comes a gentle balm from heaven
For every child of care.

The organ and the choral song
Arrest each passer-by ;
Still in each dell thy sacred house
Points mutely to the sky.

Still shine the sun, the moon, the stars,
With blessing even on me,
And, when the evening bell rings out,
Then, Lord, I speak with thee.

One day shall to the good disclose
Thy halls of joy and rest,
When in my wedding-robcs even I
Shall seat me as thy guest.

THE WREATH.

A MAID a posy plucked of flowers,
 That grew upon the sunny lea ;
 When from the wood a ladye came,
 Most beautiful to see.

She met the maiden with a smile,
 She twined a wreath into her hair,—
 “It blooms not yet, but it will bloom ;
 Oh, wear it ever there !”

And as the maiden grew, and roamed
 Beneath the moon so pale and wan,
 And tears fell from her, sad and sweet,
 The wreath to bud began.

And when a joyous bride she lay
 Clasped close upon her bridegroom’s breast,

Then smiling blossoms burst the folds
Of their encircling vest.

Soon, softly cradled in her lap,
The mother held a blooming child :
Then many a golden fruit from out
The leafy chaplet smiled.

And when, alas ! her love had sunk
Into the dark and dusty grave,
In her dishevelled hair a sere
Dry leaf was seen to wave.

Soon she, too, there beside him lay,
But still her dear-loved wreath she wore ;
And it, oh ! wondrous sight to see,
Both fruit and blossom bore.

THE DYING HEROES.

INTO the sea, chased by the Danesmen's swords,
 Fly Sweden's hordes ;
 The distant chariots ring, in the moonbeam
 The falchions gleam.
 There, on the corse-strewn field, and dying, lay
 Sweno the fair, and Ulf the warrior grey.

SWENO.

Oh, 'sire! To be cut down in youth's full
 height
 By Norna's might !
 My mother now no more shall deck my hair
 With garlands fair ;—
 My girl, that sang to me, shall hour on hour
 Look forth for me in vain from her far-seeing
 tower.

ULF.

They will lament ! In the grim dead of night
 We'll haunt their sight :
Yet grieve not ! soon their sorrow, deeply nursed,
 Their hearts shall burst :
At Odin's banquet then thy maiden, she
Of the bright golden locks, shall hand the cup to
 thee.

SWENO.

I had begun, and swept my harp along,
 A festal song,
Of kings and heroes, love and battle's rage
 In the old age.
Now hangs my harp neglected ; and the gale
Steals through its loosened chords with mournful
 wail.

ULF.

Full in the sun there shines a nobler home,
 Valhalla's dome :
The stars roll under it, beneath it deep
 The tempests sweep.

There with our sires we'll feast, secure from care ;
Lift then thy song on high, and end it there !

SWENO.

Oh, sire ! to be cut down in youth's full height
By Norna's might !
No lofty deeds in the embattled field
Blaze on my shield.
Twelve judges there are throned with aspect stern,
What have I done a hero's seat to earn ?

ULF.

One deed there is a thousand deeds outvies,
And it they prize—
A hero's death, who, for his country's right,
Has braved the fight.
Look, boy ! They fly, they fly, the foe gives back !
The welkin opens, through it lies our track.

THE POPPY.

SEE where, soft cradled by the western winds,
 'Mong its bright mates the blooming poppy
 gleams !

The slumb'rous flower, whose garland fitly binds
 The drowsy temples of the God of Dreams ;—
 Now vermeil-tinctured, as it had been dipped
 Amid the glow of day's departing red ;
 Now wan and pallid, as it had been tipped
 With colours from the sickly moonbeams shed.

They told me with the voice of warning care,
 Whoe'er beneath the poppy sank to sleep
 Was borne away to a dim region, where
 Was nought save dreams, dull, passionless, and
 deep.

Nor did its spell with waking hours depart,
 Its chain still hung upon my soul, and all

That had been nearest, dearest to my heart,
Seemed shrouded in a visionary pall.

In my life's morn, unheeding of the hours,
Once lay I, musing many an idle tale,
Nestling unseen, amid fair clustering flowers,
Far down within a solitary vale.

Oh! 'twas a time with joy and sweetness rife,
And, while I scarcely of the change did deem
A picture seemed the moving world of life,
All real things were only as a dream.

E'er since that hour, within my bosom furled,
Has lain the golden vision then I knew,
My picture—it has been my living world,
My dream alone been firmly based and true.
The shapes, that rise and float around me now,
Bright as the stars, the eternal stars are they.
Oh! poppy-flower of poesy, do thou
Amid my locks entwine and bloom for aye!

THE SERENADE.

WHAT soft low sounds are these I hear,
That come my dreams between?
Oh mother ! look, who may it be,
That plays so late at e'en ?

“ I hear no voice, I see no form,
Oh, rest in slumber mild !
They'll bring no music to thee now,
My poor, my ailing child.”

It is not music of the earth,
That makes my heart so light.
The angels call me with their songs—
Oh, mother dear, good-night !

THE FAREWELL.

WHO'S he, that steals through the castle-garden
 Under the gleam of the pale star-light?

Say, do the arms of love await him,

Shall he be lapped in its joys to-night?

Ah! 'tis the minstrel—see, he throws him

Down at the base of yon high tower,

That beetles darkly and grimly o'er him,

And thus his descant begins to pour.

“Lady, list from thy lofty lattice!

I'll weave for thee a star-bright rhyme,

To call up a dream of delight around thee,

A dream from thy childhood's rosy time.

I came, when the vesper bell was ringing,

E'er day shall have broken, far hence I'll be,

And the towers, where my boyhood's years were
 cradled,

No more shall I in the sunshine see.

“ I came not near, when thou sat’st enthronèd
Amidst the blaze of the banquet hall,
When about thee lordly knights were smiling,
And thou wert the radiant star of all.
No ! when thy heart was filled with gladness,
Thou wouldst not have recked but of mirthful
lays,
Thou wouldst not have recked of love’s com-
plainings,
Or of ties that were twined in our childhood’s days.

“ Hence, hence, thou darkness so chill and dreary,
Bloom out once more, thou shadowy glade !
And bring me that world of soft enchantment,
Where in my golden prime I strayed.
There will I couch in the dewy grass,
Till I see that child again before me
Come tripping along, like a fairy bright,
And scattering flowers in frolic o’er me.

“ Ah ! that time has been long departed,
Yet its memory dies not, will never die ;
It stands like a luminous rainbow, lighting
The gloom of a dark and weltering sky.

I'll hie me hence, lest the weary present
Should that sweet gleam of the past destroy ;
But say, has thy heart not all forgotten
Our childhood's friendship, our childhood's joy ?”

And there, as he lay beneath the turret,
Was hushed the song of the minstrel bard,
And he heard a sound at the lady's lattice,
And a bright gem fell on the dusky sward.
“Take this ring, and think of me often,
Think of the old times that shall still be dear—
Take it, thou friend of my childhood !—a jewel
Glistens upon it, and a tear.”

DURAND.

TO old Balbi's lordly castle
 With his lute Durand is going ;
 Blithe his step, for all his bosom
 With sweet songs is overflowing.

There a gentle maid, whenever
 He his minstrel power essays,
 Breathless, flushed with sweet emotion,
 Shall look down with trembling gaze.

Underneath the dusky lindens
 Now he sweeps the strings, and featly
 Sings with clear-toned voice the measure,
 Told his passion's tale most sweetly.

From the lattice sees he flowerets
 Bend and wave in friendly greeting,

But his song's bright mistress comes not,
Nowhere she his glance is meeting.

And a man comes forth to seek him,
Sad his look and heavy-hearted :
“Break not on death's hallowed slumbers,
Lady Bianca's soul hath parted.”

But Durand, the gallant minstrel,
Hath no word in answer spoken ;
Ah ! his eyes are closed in darkness—
Ah ! his heart, his heart is broken.

Yonder in the castle chapel
Many a torch is gleaming brightly ;
There the lady rests all starkly,
Garlands o'er her scattered lightly.

Now dismay hath seized the mourners,
Fear and joy, and glad surprises,
For, behold, the lady Bianca
From the bier that bound her rises.

From her trance she hath arisen,
 Burst that long and dreary dreaming ;
Like a tender maiden blushing
 In her bridal robes her seeming.

Still of what had happed unweeting,
 Still as to some vision clinging,
Asks she with a fond inquiring,
 “ Was Durand not here and singing ? ”

Yes, Durand was here and singing,
 But his songs are hushed for ever ;
He has waked the dead from sleeping,
 None will e'er his slumber sever.

Now, where saints abide in glory
 Waking, his old love comes o'er him,
There he seeks his own, his dear one,
 Who, he deems, is gone before him.

Through the starry seats of bliss he
 Roams, by restless longings driven,
“ Bianca ! Bianca ! ” calling wildly
 Through the empty halls of Heaven.

THE STUDENT.

ONE morn, as hard by Salamanca
I sat within a garden's bound,
And read with beating heart in Homer,
While sang the nightingales around ;

How Helen, robed in shining vestments,
Went forth upon the battlement,
And how the Trojan elders marvelled,
To see her beauty as she went :

Till each greybeard, with his finger
On his lip, his wonder told,
" Was never woman seen so lovely !
In sooth, she is of heavenly mould ! "

As thus I lay entranced and spell-bound,
Read and read with eager eyes,

'Mong the leaves I heard a rustling,
And looked round me in surprise.

On a balcony beside me,
What bright wonder met me there !
All enrobed in shining vestments
Stood a maid, as Helen fair.

And a greybeard was beside her—
So grave, so kindly was his mien,
A senator of Troy's high council
I might swear that I had seen.

But myself was an Achaian ;
And a new Troy from that day
Was that fortified garden mansion,
Where in leaguer close I lay !

And, in simple sooth to say it,
Eve on eve, the summer long,
Came I thither without failing,
Came with lute, and came with song.

Told my love in plaintive measures,
All its passion, all its pain,
Till, oh joy ! from that high lattice
Came sweet answer back again.

Thus in word and song conversing,
Half the fleeting year was told ;
And e'en this had been denied us,
But her sire was deaf and old.

Though he oft forsook his pillow,
Restless, sleepless, full of fears,
He no more might hear our voices,
Than the music of the spheres.

But one night—the night was gusty,
Starless was the sky and black,
Came not to my wonted signal
The expected answer back.

Only one old toothless lady
Listened to my murmurs faint,

Only Echo, ancient lady,
Flung me back my bootless plaint.

She, my fair, my love, had vanished,
Blank were chamber, bower, and hall,
Hill, and dale, and bloomy garden,
All deserted—silent all.

Ah! and I had never gathered
What her name, or her degree ;
For to hide them she was plighted,
Nor might tell the tale to me.

Then I vowed, that I should seek her,
Wandering ever, far and nigh ;
Homer now was left unheeded,
For Ulysses' self was I.

I took my lute for my companion,
And at every trellised bower,
And before each high balcony,
Sang my carol hour on hour.

Sang in town and field the ditty,
Which in Salamanca's vale
To my darling I had chanted
Ever in the evening pale.

But the answer that I pine for
Never, never more comes back ;
Echo only, ancient lady,
To torment me haunts my track.

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

THERE stood a castle long ago, that lordly was
to view,
Full far across the wold it gleamed unto the ocean
blue,
Around it like a garland gay fair fragrant gardens
run,
Where cooling fountains, leaping high, make rain-
bows in the sun.

There rich in land, in conquest rich, a haughty king
did dwell,
Death-pale upon his throne he sat, his look was
fierce and fell ;
For angry fire was in his eye, grim terror in his
mood,
His every word like lashes stings, and what he
writes is blood.

Unto this castle once drew nigh a noble minstrel
pair,
With flowing locks of gold was one, and one with
grizzled hair ;
The old man with his harp upon a dainty jennet
rode,
And by his side in blooming youth his comrade
blithely strode.

The old man to the springald said, " Be ready now,
my boy,
Call up our lays that deepest thrill, your fullest tones
employ ;
Sing of life's joys, its sorrows too, and with your
rarest art—
To-day our aim must be to touch the king's dead
stony heart ! "

Anon in the high-pillared hall these minstrels twain
were seen,
There sat the king upon the throne, and by his side
the queen :

The king, in splendour awful, like the northern
lights blood-red,
The queen, sweet, gentle, there as though the
moon's soft light were shed.

The old man swept the strings, he swept them
wondrously and well,
Till richer on the ear their tones and ever richer
swell ;
Then heavenly clear the young man's voice gushed
in a stream of song,
The old man's faintly heard between, like the hum
of an angel throng.

They sing of spring and happy love, of the blessed
golden time,
Of freedom, manly worth, of truth, and a holy faith
sublime ;
They sing of all sweet things, that thrill man's
breast with pure delight,
They sing of all high things, that raise man's heart
to noblest height.

The throng of courtiers standing round forget to
scoff and jeer,
The king's bluff burly warriors bend a reverential
ear,
The queen, dissolved in sadness blent with sweet-
ness, plucks a rose
From off her breast, and down the flower unto the
minstrels throws.

“ My people you've debauched, my queen your fool,
too, would you make ? ”
The king cries out with anger mad—and his every
limb did shake ;
He hurled his sword, that flashing through the young
man's bosom sped,
Where now not golden lays sprang up, but jets of
gore instead.

As though by tempest scattered, the throng fled all
aghast,
Enfolded in his master's arms the young man
breathed his last ;

He swathes his mantle round him, he sets him on
his steed,
Fast binds him there, and turns away from those
grim halls with speed.

But at the outer gate awhile he halts, that minstrel
grey,
And there he grasps his harp, the harp no other
rival may,
Against a marble pillar then he shatters it, and
wide
Through castle and through garden rang his voice,
as thus he cried :

“Woe, woe to you, proud halls! May ne'er again
sweet music ring
Throughout your chambers vast and high of song
nor yet of string!
No! only sighs and groans, the tread of slaves that
crawl in fear,
Till vengeful heaven shall hurl you down in dust
and ruin drear!

“Woe, woe to you, sweet gardens, bright with sunny
 May, woe, woe !
To you the face, so altered now, of this dead youth
 I show,
That you may wither at the sight, your fountains all
 run dry,
So in the days to come that you a stony desert
 lie !

“Woe, murderer vile, to thee ! Thou curse of
 minstrel-craft, thou shame !
Vain, vain be all thy toils henceforth for wreaths of
 bloody fame !
Thy name, be it forgotten, whelmed in everlasting
 night,
And fade into the empty air, like breath of dying
 wight !”

Up went the cry of the old man, Heaven heard the
 cry, I ween :
The walls are levelled to the dust, the halls no more
 are seen ;

Still doth one lofty pillar tell of splendours passed
away,
But even this, rent through its length, is crumbling
to decay.

All round is only barren heath, where fragrant
gardens strayed,
No fountain pierces now the sand, no tree diffuses
shade ;
Of that king's name tells neither lay, nor storied
legend old,
Forgot as though he ne'er had been ! The Min-
strel's Curse has told !

THE KING UPON THE TOWER.

THERE lie they all,—the mountains grey,
 The dusky valleys, all tranquil lie ;
 Sleep reigns afar, and the winds that play
 Bring not a wail as they pass me by.

I have cared for all, and for all have striven,
 There was care in my goblets of sparkling wine ;
 Now the night it is come, and the living heaven,
 To gladden this weary soul of mine.

Oh thou golden scroll, I look to thee
 Through the starry waste with a soul of love ;
 How I list to the wondrous harmony,
 Scarce heard, of thy spheres as they roll above !

My hair is grizzled, and dimmed my sight,
 In hall hangs the brand that hath quelled my foes,

My life long I've spoken, and done the right,—
When, oh when, shall I taste repose?

Oh blest repose ! Oh, what delays
Thy coming, thou glorious night, so long,
When I'll see the stars in their fullest blaze,
And list to the swell of their loudest song?

THE HOSTESS' DAUGHTER.

BY the Rhine were roaming gallants three,
 And they turned them into an hostelrie.

“ Dame hostess, have you good beer and wine,
 And how is your daughter, so bonny and fine ? ”

“ My beer and wine are both fresh and bright—
 My daughter is laid in her shroud to-night.”

And when they stept into the chamber dark,
 There in her shroud she lay pale and stark.

The first from her face the pall up took,
 And gazed at it long with sorrowful look.

“ Well away ! Wert thou living, thou lovely May,
 I should love thee evermore from this day ! ”

The second put back the pall again,
And turned him away, and to weep was fain.

“Woe’s me ! to see thee laid on thy bier !
I have loved thee so many a weary year !”

The third took it up again anon,
And kissed her upon the lips so wan :

“I have loved thee ever, I love thee to-day,
And will love thee, my winsome bride, alway !”

DANTE.

WAS it from a gate of Florence,
 Or from Heaven's own portal fair,
 Yon blithe throng at morning issued,
 In the sparkling springtide air?

Children fair as meek-eyed angels,
 Garlands in their locks entwined,
 Down into the flowery valley,
 Singing, dancing, gaily wind.

'Neath a laurel stood young Dante,
 Thrilling to the heart to see,
 In the fairest of those damsels,
 Her who should his angel be.

Rustling in the spring's light breezes,
 Stirred not every leaf above?

Dante's young soul, did it thrill not
To the mastering touch of love ?

Yes ! the stream of song for ever
Filled his bosom from that day :
Love, sweet love, inspired each measure,
Love and his resistless sway.

When again he saw that maiden
Blooming in her beauty's spring,
His poetic might had ripened
Into stately blossoming.

Comes from forth the gate of Florence
Once again a thronging train,
Slowly now and full of sadness,
To a dull funereal strain.

'Neath yon inky pall, inwoven
With a snow-white cross they bear,
In her prime too early gathered,
Beatrice, the young, the fair.

In his chamber lone sat Dante,
 Shades of evening fill the place—
Heard afar the death-bell booming,
 Heard, and covered up his face.

To the forest gloom he wandered,
 Where its shadows thickest fell ;
From that hour his measures sounded
 Like the solemn passing-bell.

But in his worst desolation,
 When in moody grief he strayed,
Came to him a blessèd spirit
 From his own departed maid :

One that by the hand did guide him
 Through the fiercest fires of bale,
Where his earthly pangs grew silent,
 Seeing damnèd spirits quail.

On his murky path advancing,
 Soon the glad light met his eyes ;

And his love was there to greet him
At the gate of Paradise.

High and higher still they mounted—
Through the glories of the sky,
She the sun of suns intently
Viewing with undazzled eye.

He his gaze still sideways turning,
To his loved companion's face,
Which reflected back the radiance
Of that ever-glorious place.

All that story he hath woven
In a lay of heavenly pride,
Lasting as the scars by lightning
Graven upon the mountain's side.

Yes! Full worthy to be honoured
'Mongst all bards as THE DIVINE,
Dante, who his earthly passion
Did to heavenly love refine.

MISCELLANEOUS TRANSLATIONS

ST PETER AND THE CHERRIES.

A L E G E N D.

BY GOETHE.

WHILE yet, despised and very low,
 Our Lord upon the earth did go,
 And many disciples came to him,
 To whom the most of his words were dim,
 He loved in the streets to keep his court,
 And wherever the multitudes most resort ;
 For under the heaven's broad arch of blue,
 We always speak better—more freely too.
 There from his holy lips they all
 Might hear the highest instruction fall,
 And he by example and life's pure grace
 A temple made of each market-place.

As once to a village, calm of mind,
He was sauntering on, with his flock behind,
A gleam on the road his attention drew,
And this was a broken horse's shoe.
Thereupon he to St Peter said,
"Pick up that iron!" St Peter's head
With stuff of another sort did teem :
Just then he was lost in a splendid dream.
The world, he imagined, by him was swayed,
And all mankind his behests obeyed,
For by no bounds was his brain controlled :
So, nursing his fancies, on he strolled.
The waif for him was much too small,
It should have been crown, and sceptre, and ball ;
He had something else, thought he, to do,
Than to stoop for the half of a horse's shoe ;
And, turning his head, he no more stirred,
Than if there had reached him never a word.

Our Lord, who at no time anger knew,
Himself picks up the horse's shoe,
And, making no comment, walks gently on.
When they at the village arrived anon,
They pass by a blacksmith's door, where he
Receives for the iron three oboli.

Thence, crossing the market, our Lord espies
Some cherries for sale of a goodly size,
And buys of them as many or few
As for three-halfpence a man may do,
Which he in his usual quiet way
In his sleeve puts by, as best he may.

Now forth at the opposite gate they fare
O'er field and meadow. No house was there,
Nor yet so much as a tree in sight ;
The heat was great, and the sun at height.
A place it was, where a draught of cold
Spring water were worth its weight in gold.
Our Lord, as ever, went first of all,
And he lets, unnoticed, a cherry fall.
Then in a moment St Peter stopped,
As though 'twas an apple of gold had dropped.
Rarely he relished the fruit, and when
Our Lord had advanced some space, again
He drops another close by his heel,
For which right soon did St Peter kneel ;
And over and over he stopped for all
The cherries our Lord by the way let fall.

So on for a little while they sped,
When thus with a smile our Master said :

“ Had you but stooped, when first you should,
Much had you found it for your good.
Whoever looks lightly on little things,
Much trouble for less on his shoulders brings ! ”

FROM THE ROMAN ELEGIES.

BY GOETHE.

I.

BLUSH not, my love, at the thought, thou
yieldedst so soon to my passion,

Trust me, I think it no shame, think it no vileness
in thee!

Shafts from the quiver of Amor have manifold
consequence. Some scratch,

And the heart sickens for years with the insidious
bane.

Others drawn home to the head, full plumed, and
cruelly pointed,

Pierce to the marrow, and straight kindle the
blood into flame.

In the heroical age, when goddess and god were
the lovers,

Scarce did they look but they longed, longing
they rushed to enjoy.

Think'st thou, Love's goddess hung back, when
deep in the forests of Ida

She with a thrill of delight first her Anchises
beheld.

Coyly had Luna delayed to fondle the beautiful
sleeper,

Soon had Aurora in spite wakened the boy from
his dream.

In the thronged festival Hero's eyes met Leander's,
and straightway

Burning with passion he plunged into the ocean
by night.

Rhea Silvia, the royal maid, going down to the
Tiber,

Bearing her pitcher, is there ravished and won by
the god.

Thus unto Mars were begotten sons ; thereafter the
she-wolf

Suckles the twin boys, and Rome empress is
styled of the world.

II.

J OY! Now on classical soil I feel the poetic
afflatus,

Clearer and sweeter to me speaketh the long-ago
world.

Here the wisdom I con, turn over the works, of
the ancients

With never-wearying hand, daily with deeper
delight.

Night long, however, for me finds Amor quite other
employment,

But what in learning I lose, two-fold in rapture I
gain.

Do I not learn, oh yes, as I scan the beautiful
bosom's

Curves, as I lead my hand down o'er the ivory
limbs ?

Dawns on me then all the marble importeth ; I
think, I compare, I

See with an eye that feels, feel with a hand that
sees.



So, some hours of the day though she that I love
 from me steals, she
 Gives to me hours of the night, makes me the
 richest amends.
Not all in kisses 'tis spent, with rational talk it is
 seasoned ;
 When into slumber she sinks, there much musing
 I lie,
Oft in her circling arms enclasped my verse has
 been moulded,
 And the hexameter's beat lightly have I on her
 back
Counted with fingering hand : she breathes in
 daintiest slumber,
 And a glow from her breath warms my very
 heart's core :
Amor the while trims the lamp, and thinks of the
 far-away time, when
 Similar services he for his Triumvirs performed.

III.

O H, how lightsome I feel in Rome, as the drear
time I think on,
Back in the north when the days over me hung
like a pall !
Gloomy the sky, on my brain it pressed like lead,
and the world lay
Dark without colour or form, round souls weary
and sad :
And I, groping to find for my unsatisfied spirit
Some way out of the gloom, into mute reverie
sank.
Now my forehead around is the sheen of an ether
pellucid,
Phœbus, God Phœbus evokes colours and forms
all divine.
Gemmed with stars is the night, it rings with mirth
and with music,
Brighter too shineth the night, brighter than day
in the north.

Unto me mortal what rapture! Dream I? Oh
Jupiter Father,

Does thy ambrosial house welcome me in as a
guest?

Kneeling I stretch out my hands to thy knees in
devout supplication,

Crying, Take me, oh take, Jupiter Xenius,
home!

How I found my way hither, tell can I not. It was
Hebe

Stayed the wanderer's steps, brought him here to
thy halls.

Was thy behest, that she should bring thee a hero
up hither?

Made the fair child a mistake? Pardon! Let
mine be the gain!

'Twas thy daughter Fortuna, too. She, as be-
seemeth a maiden,

Scatters the costliest gifts, swayed by the veriest
whim.

Art thou the god that gives welcome? From thy
Olympus, then, thrust not

Back to his native earth him that hath hither-
ward strayed!

“Poet, where wouldest mount to?” Pardon! A
second Olympus

Is the Capitoline Mount, towering skyward to
thee.

Here, Jove, let me remain, and Hermes, let him
lead me later,

On by Cestius' Tomb, gently to Oreus adown!

THE ATHENIAN GIRL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WILHELM MÜLLER.

I HAVE planted beds of roses 'neath my window,
 and they bloom
 Fresh and bright, and send their fragrance sweetly
 up into my room ;
 And the nightingales they warble love and joy from
 out the spray—
 Hush, ye warblers, yet a little ! know ye not he is
 away—
 That my true love hath departed for the field with
 sword and spear,
 For the Holy Cross to battle, and for freedom,
 home, and hearth ?
 Saw ye not how I unloosened from my neck my
 pearl-in' band ?—
 To the man of God I gave it for my darling father-
 land.

Saw ye not that months have vanished since I last
adorned my hair ?

Have ye seen me pluck one rosebud here through
all these months of care ?

Hush, ye warblers, yet a little, till my love comes
from the plain,

Comes to teach us freedom's praises in a new and
nobler strain !

Bloom, ye roses, yet a little, and I'll twine ye in my
hair,

When, to greet our conquering heroes, forth with
song and dance we fare !

Oh ! and if thou shouldst return not with the rest,
my darling boy,

Where, oh where am I to hide me from the revel
and the joy ?

By my rosebeds couching lowly, chaplets there of
thorns I'll twine,

And one bird with me shall tarry, mingling its
lament with mine !

THE MAINOTE'S WIDOW.

FROM THE SAME.

GASHES seven upon his forehead, on his bosom
 gashes three,
 In his hand his red glaive, in his eye the pride of
 victory,
 There he lay upon the field, and, scattered round
 him thickly near,
 Lay the weapons of his foemen—pike and rifle,
 sword and spear.
 But so near to him they lay not, who had borne
 them in the fray ;
 From the hero, backward reeling, rolled in dust and
 gore they lay.
 —“ Daughter, fetch me forth the garland, hangs
 above my couch, but see,
 That you grasp it lightly—fragile, sere, and withered
 it must be.

As upon my bridal morning, shall it wreath my
brows anew,
And upon this field of slaughter I our bridal bed
will strew.
Bring with you fresh flowers the fairest, lay them on
my bridegroom's bed—
Soft and pleasant be their greeting to my noble
sleeper's head !
Roses I will plant around him, that in after days
shall wave
In the vale of the Eurotas, fresh and fragrant from
his grave ;
And I'll twine for thee a chaplet of their flowers, my
daughter dear,
When some youth of noble mettle wins thee for his
plighted fere—
One who for his bridal present bears with him a
Turkish head
For each blood-red rose that blossoms o'er thy
father's bloody bed.
But to-morrow morning early, ere my bridegroom is
awake,
I will doff my festive garments, from my brow the
garland take,

And, arrayed in weeds of mourning, to the lonely
greenwood creep,
Not to hear the nightingale that warbles from the
thicket deep—
No ! to seek me out a tree that bud has none nor
leafy spray,
Where the widowed turtle-dovelet sits and plains the
livelong day,
By the spring whose crystal waters still she dabbles
with her wing,
Ere she drinks or bathes within it, since she lost
her bosom's king.
There I'll lay me down to wither, fade, and droop
beneath the sun,
Where the rain shall wash the tear-drops as adown
my cheeks they run,
And we'll wage a woful conflict there, my turtle-
dove and I,
Who shall mourn her love the truest—who for him
shall soonest die !”

MARK BOZZARI.

FROM THE SAME.

O P E N wide, proud Missolonghi, open wide thy
 portals high,
 Where repose the bones of heroes, teach us cheer-
 fully to die !
 Open wide thy lofty portals, open wide thy vaults
 profound ;
 Up, and scatter laurel garlands to the breeze and on
 the ground !
 Mark Bozzari's noble body is the freight to thee we
 bear,
 Mark Bozzari's ! Who for hero great as he to weep
 will dare ?
 Tell his wounds, his victories over ! Which in
 number greatest be ?
 Every victory hath its wound, and every wound its
 victory !

See, a turbaned head is grimly set on all our lances
here !

See, how the Osmanli's banner swathes in purple
folds his bier !

See, oh, see the latest trophies, which our hero's
glory sealed,

When his glaive with gore was drunken on great
Karpinissi's field !

In the murkiest hour of midnight did we at his call
arise,

Through the gloom like lightning-flashes flashed the
fury from our eyes ;

With a shout, across our knees we snapped the scab-
bards of our swords,

Better down to mow the harvest of the mellow
Turkish hordes ;

And we clasped our hands together, and each
warrior stroked his beard,

And one stamped the sward, another rubbed his
blade, and vowed its weird.

Then Bozzari's voice resounded : " On, to the bar-
barian's lair !

On, and follow me, my brothers, see you keep to-
gether there !

Should you miss me, you will find me surely in the
Pasha's tent !
On, with God ! Through Him our foemen, death
itself through Him is sent !
On !” And swift he snatched the bugle from the
hands of him that blew,
And himself awoke a summons that o'er dale and
mountain flew,
Till each rock and cliff made answer clear and
clearer to the call,
But a clearer echo sounded in the bosom of us
all !
As from midnight's battlemented keep the lightnings
of the Lord
Sweep, so swept our swords, and smote the tyrants
and their slavish horde ;
As the trump of doom shall waken sinners in their
graves that lie,
So through all the Turkish leaguer thundered his
appalling cry :
“ Mark Bozzari ! Mark Bozzari ! Suliotes, smite
them in their lair !”
Such the goodly morning greeting that we gave the
sleepers there

And they staggered from their slumber, and they
ran from street to street.

Ran like sheep without a shepherd, striking wild at
all they meet ;

Ran, and frenzied by Death's angels, who amidst
their myriads strayed,

Brother, in bewildered fury, dashed and fell on
brother's blade.

Ask the night of our achievements ! It beheld us
in the fight,

But the day will never credit what we did in yonder
night.

Greeks by hundreds, Turks by thousands, there like
scattered seed they lay,

On the field of Karpinissi, when the morning broke
in grey.

Mark Bozzari, Mark Bozzari, and we found thee
gashed and mown ;

By thy sword alone we knew thee, knew thee by thy
wounds alone ;

By the wounds thy hand had cloven, by the wounds
that seamed thy breast,

Lying, as thou hadst foretold us, in the Pasha's tent
at rest !

Open wide, proud Missolonghi, open wide thy
portals high,
Where repose the bones of heroes, teach us cheer-
fully to die !
Open wide thy vaults ! Within their holy bounds a
couch we'd make,
Where our hero, laid with heroes, may his long last
slumber take !
Rest beside that Rock of Honour, brave Count
Normann, rest thy head,
Till, at the archangel's trumpet, all the graves give
up their dead !

SONG BEFORE BATTLE.

FROM THE SAME.

WHOE'ER for freedom fights and falls, his fame
 no blight shall know,
 As long as through heaven's free expanse the breezes
 freely blow,
 As long as in the forest wild the green leaves flutter
 free,
 As long as rivers, mountain-born, roll freely to the sea,
 As long as free the eagle's wing exulting cleaves the
 skies,
 As long as from a freeman's heart a freeman's breath
 doth rise.

Whoe'er for freedom fights and falls, his fame no
 blight shall know,
 As long as spirits of the free through earth and air
 shall go ;

Through earth and air a spirit-band of heroes moves
always,
'Tis near us at the dead of night, and in the noon-
tide's blaze,
In the storm that levels towering pines, and in the
breeze that waves
With low and gentle breath the grass upon our
fathers' graves.
There's not a cradle in the bounds of Hellas broad
and fair,
But the spirit of our free-born sires is surely hover-
ing there.
It breathes in dreams of fairyland upon the infant's
brain,
And in his first sleep dedicates the child to man-
hood's pain ;
Its summons lures the youth to stand, with new-
born joy possessed,
Where once a freeman fell, and there it fires his
thrilling breast,
And a shudder runs through all his frame ; he
knows not if it be
A throb of rapture, or the first sharp pang of
agony.

Come, swell our banners on the breeze, thou sacred
spirit-band,

Give wings to every warrior's foot, and nerve to
every hand.

We go to strike for freedom, to break the oppres-
sor's rod,

We go to battle and to death for our country and
our God.

Ye are with us, we hear your wings, we hear in
magic tone

Your spirit-voice the Pæan swell, and mingle with
our own.

Ye are with us, ye throng around,—you from Ther-
mopylæ,

You from the verdant Marathon, you from the azure
sea,

By the cloud-capped rocks of Mykale, at Salamis,—
all you

From field and forest, mount and glen, the land of
Hellas through !

Whoe'er for freedom fights and falls, his fame no
blight shall know,

As long as through heaven's free expanse the breezes
freely blow,

As long as in the forest wild the green leaves flutter
free,

As long as rivers, mountain-born, roll freely to the
sea,

As long as free the eagle's wing exulting cleaves the
skies,

As long as from a freeman's heart a freeman's breath
doth rise.

CHIDHER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FREDERICK RÜCKERT.

SPOKE Chidher the immortal, the ever young :

“I passed by a city, a man stood near,
Plucking fruit that in a fair garden hung ;

I asked : ‘ How long has the city been here ? ’
He said, as the clustering fruit he caught,
‘ There was always a city on this spot,
And so there will be, till time is not.’

Five hundred years rolled by, before
I was standing upon that spot once more.

“ Not a trace of the city could be seen ;
A shepherd lay piping his song alone,
His flock were browsing the herbage green ;
I asked : ‘ How long has the city been gone ? ’

He said, while still on his pipe he played ;—
' Fresh flowers spring up, as the others fade,
Here I and my flocks have ever strayed.'

Five hundred years rolled by, as before :
I was standing upon that spot once more.

" I found there a sea, with billows crested ;
A man was shooting his fishing-gear,
And, as from the heavy draught he rested,
I asked : ' How long has the sea been here ?'
He smiled at my question, and thus he spoke ;
' As long as these waves in foam have broke,
It has been the haunt of us fisher-folk.'

Five hundred years rolled by, as before :
I was standing upon that spot once more.

" A tall spreading forest there I found,
And a woodman old in its shadows drear ;
The strokes of his axe broke the silence round :
I asked : ' How old is the forest here ?'
He said : ' All the days of my life I have known
This forest a forest, and dwelt alone
'Mong trees that ever were growing or grown.'

Five hundred years rolled by, as before :
I was standing upon that spot once more.

“’Twas a city now, where the hum resounded
Of crowds on a festive holiday :
I asked : ‘What time was the city founded ?
The forest, the sea, and pipe—where are they ?’
They cried, of my question taking no thought,
’Twas ever the same as now—this spot,
And so it will be till time is not.’
And when five hundred years have rolled by,
as before,
I’ll be standing upon that spot once more.”

THE GRAVE OF DIMOS.

FROM THE ROMAIC.

THE sun is setting 'mong the hills: "Bring water," Dimos said—

"Bring water, oh my children! your evening meal is spread ;

And thou, Lampraki, nephew mine, here sit thee down by me—

There!—take these weapons I have borne, and henceforth captain be.

"But you, my children, take my blade—my widowed blade—and go,

Cut down the branches for a bed, where I may lay me low,

And bring me quick a holy man—confession I
would make,
And number all my sins to him, while yet I am
awake.

“Full thirty years an Armatole—full twenty sum-
mers I
A Klepht have been, but now I feel my time has
come to die.
Oh! make my tomb, and make it both broad and
high, that so
I may have space to battle, if need be, with the
foe!

“And in the wall upon the right an open window
make,
That when beneath the melting snows the Spring
begins to wake,
The swallows fluttering by to me the joyful news
may bring,
And I may hear the nightingales in May’s fair
morning sing!”

CHARON AND THE SOULS.

FROM THE ROMAIC.

THERE is darkness on the mountains, a dark
and louring veil—

Is it the rain is falling there? or beats the driving
hail?

'Tis not the hail is driving there, 'tis not the falling
rain,

But Charon passing o'er them with his melancholy
train.

He drives the young before him, and behind the
old men go,

And he leads the tender little ones linked to his
saddle-bow ;

The old men lift their hands to him, imploring him
to stay,
And with a voice of wail the young cry out, and thus
they say :

“ Oh, Charon, stay ! dear Charon ! by yonder little
town,
By the fountain cool that near the gate is wimpling
sweetly down,
Fain would the old its waters drink, the young the
disc would fling,
And the tender little children pluck bright flowerets
by the spring.”

“ Push on, push on ! I will not stay by yonder little
town,
By the fountain cool that near the gate is wimpling
sweetly down ;
The mothers coming to the spring would know the
babes they bore,
And wives and husbands meeting there would ne'er
be parted more.”

IOTIS DYING. A FRAGMENT.

FROM THE ROMAIC.

I ROSE up in the morning, two hours ere break
 of day,
 And o'er the rocks to wash me in the fountain took
 my way ;
 I heard a moaning 'mong the pines, a sound of heavy
 grief :
 Within the tents the robbers were weeping for their
 chief.

Rise up, rise up, Iotis mine, shake off this heavy
 sleep,
 The soldiers are upon us,—they hew us down like
 sheep.

“What shall I say, brave comrades? Here is but
sorry cheer,
This wound of mine is mortal,—these balls are
burning here!

“Here! Lift me up, my children, and place me on
a seat,
And bring to me a cup of wine, old mountain wine,
and sweet,
That I may drink and warm away this deadly chill,
and sing
A song, before I leave you, of dirge and sorrowing.

“Oh, were I on the mountains, beneath the forest’s
shade,
And heard the bleating of the sheep from every
grassy glade!”

NAPOLEON'S MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ZEDLITZ.

AT midnight, from the sullen sleep of death the
 drummer rose,
 The night-winds wail, the moonbeams pale are hid
 as forth he goes ;
 With solemn air and measured step he paces on his
 rounds,
 And ever and anon with might the doubling drum
 he sounds.

His fleshless arms alternately the rattling sticks let
 fall,
 By turns they beat in rattlings meet *réveillé* and roll-
 call ;

Oh, strangely drear fell on the ear the echoes of that
drum,
Old soldiers from their graves start up, and to its
summons come.

They who repose 'mong northern snows, in icy cere-
ments lapped,
Or in the mould of Italy all sweltering are
wrapped,
Who sleep beneath the oosy Nile, or desert's whirl-
ing sand,
Break from their graves, and armèd all spring up at
the command.

And at midnight from death's sullen sleep the trum-
peter arose,
He mounts his steed, and loud and long his pealing
trumpet blows.
Each horseman heard it, as he lay, deep in his gory
shroud,
And to the call these heroes all on airy coursers
crowd.

Deep gash and scar their bodies mar—they were a
ghastly file—
And underneath the glittering casques their blenched
sculls grimly smile.
With haughty mien they grasp their swords within
their bony hands ;
'Twould fright the brave to see them wave their long
and gleaming brands.

And at midnight from the sullen sleep of death the
chief arose,
Behind him move his officers as slowly forth he
goes.
His hat is small,—upon his coat no star or crest is
strung,
And by his side a little sword—his only arms—is
hung.

The wan moon threw a livid hue across the mighty
plain,
As he that wore the little hat stepped proudly forth
again,—

And well these grizzly warriors their little chieftain
knew,
For whom they left their graves that night to muster
in review.

“Present—recover arms!” the cry runs round in
eager hum ;—
Before him all that host defiles, while rolls the
doubling drum.
“Halt!”—then he calls,—his generals and captains
cluster near,—
He turns to one that stands beside, and whispers in
his ear.

From rank to rank, from rear to flank it rings along
the Seine,
The word that chieftain gives is “FRANCE!”—the
answer, “SAINTE-HÉLÈNE!”
And thus departed Cæsar holds at midnight hour
always
The grand review of his old bands in the Champs
Elysées.

THE ANGEL AND THE INFANT.

FROM THE FRENCH OF JEAN REBOUL.

AN angel over a cradle stood,
His face was bright with an inward gleam,
And he seemed on his own fair form to brood
In the mirror pure of a glassy stream.

“Oh, come to my home, sweet babe so fair,”
He murmured, “Come! come with me now!
Oh, we shall be happy together there,
The earth is unworthy of such as thou.

“Its gladness is never without alloy,
Some pang from its best delights will rise,
There moans a wail through its shouts of joy,
And all its pleasures are clogged with sighs.

“O'er every feast is the fear of doom,
No sky so clear and serene, but may
Be blackened and riven with storm and gloom
Before the dawn of another day.

“On that pure brow shall the trouble pass
Of hopes deceived, and of haunting fears?
Shall those blue eyes be dimmed, alas!
By the bitter baptismal rain of tears?

“No, no! dear babe, through the fields of space
Thou wilt fly with me to a brighter sphere;
God will not exact in His boundless grace
The days that else thou hadst lingered here.

“No soil of sorrow, no taint of sin,
From thy sojourn here on thy heart shall rest;
The smiles, that ushered thy young life in,
Shall follow thee home to yon region blest.

“No cloud on thy brow shall its shadow fling,
Nor the darkness there of the grave forecast,
Of so unspotted and pure a thing
The loveliest morning is still the last.”

And, slowly unfurling his wings snow-white,
The angel ceased, and aloft he sped
To the blest abodes of eternal light :
Ah, poor mother ! Thy child is dead !

FROM CÆHLENSCHLÄGER'S
SOCRATES.

WHY should the thought of death disturb thee
so?

One of two things it must be, that is certain ;
Something or nothing, Cebes. If it but took
Our consciousness away, our power to feel,
Were it a sleep, wherein the sleeper's brain
Is racked not even by the filmiest dream,
It were a boon beyond all mortal price.
For surely I do think, breathes not the man,
Who, weighing such a night of peace with those
Long nights and days of sorrow and of pain,
This earthly life is doomed to undergo,
That would not rather choose this blissful peace.
But if death leaves our consciousness untouched,
If it be but a change, a going forth,
A journey of the soul to happier realms,

Where we again shall meet all those we love,
Think, what delight, what transport it will be,
There to abide, and to converse with Gods,
With Hesiod, Orpheus, Homer, and with all
The mighty, who on earth have dwelt of yore !

SONG.

BY HERMANN LINGG.

SHOULD something whisper to my heart,
That mine is vowed to thee,
Oh, doubt not, lady, that thou art
A light and joy to me.

Yet never do I wish thee mine ;
I'll worship thee afar
In darkness, happy so there shine
On thee some brighter star.

Like music murmured in a dream,
Or like a rose, I love
And brood on thee ;—thou art a gleam
To me of heaven above.

Be happy in thy thoughts of me,
For to be cherished there
Will round my path a glory be,
And bless me everywhere.

Oh yes, my bliss were all complete,
Were nothing left me more,
But this,—a heart to love thee, sweet,
And silently adore !

TO MY MOTHER.

BY THE SAME.

'T WAS Maytime, yet a time of cloud,
By famine sore the land was bowed,
And all looked sadly to the morrow,
When thou didst close, true mother mine,
Those sorrow-wearied eyes of thine
In that long sleep that knows no sorrow.

Unto thy face, so grave and white,
The watchers' torches' paly light
A glory like a seraph's smile lent ;
How beautiful thou wert ! The day
How sad, when spring's first blossoms lay
Upon thy heart, grown still and silent !

Thou cold, still heart, that yearned to me
With mother's love so tenderly,
In grief for me oft wellnigh broken,
Oh, must I think, thy life is o'er ?
No look, no smile ! For evermore
Thy last fond, parting words were spoken !

My every sorrow, folly, shame,
Thou saw'st afar before it came,
Thy loving eyes were cheated never ;
'Twas wealth to thee my joy to view,
Gentle near thee I ever grew,
And this shall be no more for ever !

Now thou art gone, the earth appears
No more the earth of other years,
Its light and life are dead to me, too ;
Sleep on, my comfort here I place,
That, come what may, a little space,
And where thou art, there I shall be too.

THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

BY THE SAME.

WE gazed on the ship from the beach, ah me !
Till her sails swelled in the wind,
Till darkness dropped down over the sea,
And our eyes with tears were blind ;
Then home we turned, and we never spoke,
We daughters and wives of the sailor-folk.

A year and better has since gone by,
And still thou art on the deep,
Tossing in danger far off, and I
A widow am left to weep.
At home I sit, and I rock thy child,
But thou art rocked by the tempest wild.

All the names oft rise before my sight
Of drowned men old and young,
Of whom we two by the fire at night
Have many a sad lay sung ;
Forgotten men, most wild to see,
In the dreams of the dark oft come to me.

They shake their long, long sea-soaked hair,
And, like messengers strange and dread,
A ring of gold unto me they bear,
And a greeting from the dead—
From thee, from thee !—I wake and weep,
And never again that night can sleep.

Thy lips, perhaps, are parched and dry,
And I can bring no cheer ;
Fathoms deep thou perhaps dost lie,
With never a shroud or bier.
Woe's me, that even the hope must cease,
One day by thy side to rest in peace !

THE BLACK DEATH.

BY THE SAME.

I AM the plague—Earth, be aghast
 I come to every land ;
 And I make for myself a brave repast ;
 My glance is fever, like furnace-blast
 Is the sweep of my sable hand.

I come from Egypt, many a mile,
 In a mist of the ruddy gloom ;
 Poison I've sucked on the shores of Nile,
 From the sweltering eggs of the crocodile,
 And the breath of the fierce Simoom.

Up hill, down dale, from shore to shore,
 On sultry vapours sailing,

I make a desert my track before,
I plant a grave at every door,
 And scatter cries of wailing.

The mighty people's death, the great
 Mortality am I.
Drought heralds my advancing state,
I bring dear bread, and, lingering late,
 Leave War for my legacy.

Vain, vain, how far so ever you flee,
 My snorting steed flies wider ;
The Swift Black Death men christen me,
I distance the swiftest argosy,
 And eke the swiftest rider.

I'm borne into the merchant's house
 With the merchandise he plies there ;
His heart is merry, he takes his 'rouse,
When out from his treasure I creep like a mouse,
 And on his bier he lies there.

No castle on its rock-peak hung
 Too high for me to scale it ;

No young blood is for me too young,
No sinews for me too stoutly strung,
No heart but I assail it.

On the eye that has felt the glare of mine
The sunshine no more bursteth ;
The man, whose bread I have blessed and wine,
For dust alone doth hunger and pine,
And to be gone home thirsteth.

Died in the East the mighty Khan ;
By India's spice-isles prowling,
Died Negro prince and Mussulman ;
And at midnight are heard in Ispahan,
The dogs o'er the dead men howling.

Byzantium was a city fair,
And Venice fair outvied it ;
Now their men like leaves lie withered there,
And he that would gather that leafage rare
Lies cold and stark beside it.

To Norway's farthest cliffs I passed,
And into a little bay there

A ship, with her crew all dead, I cast,
And wherever the breath of my nostrils passed,
Sleep, leaden sleep did weigh there.

They lay, around the city spread,
Though days and moons were flying ;
And there, when years on years have sped,
Will be found the City of the Dead
In desolation lying.

HURRAH, GERMANIA!

BY FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

[This song is memorable, as expressing with great power what was in the mind and heart of the German people at the outset of the Franco-German War in 1870.]

HURRAH! thou lady proud and fair,
 Hurrah! Germania mine!
 What fire is in thine eye as there
 Thou bendest o'er the Rhine!
 How in July's full blaze dost thou
 Flash forth thy sword, and go,
 With heart elate and knitted brow,
 To strike the invader low!
 Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
 Hurrah! Germania!

No thought hadst thou, so calm and light,
 Of war or battle plain,

But on thy broad fields, waving bright,
 Didst mow the golden grain,
With clashing sickles, wreaths of corn,
 Thy sheaves didst garner in,
When, hark ! across the Rhine War's horn
 Breaks through the merry din !

Down sickle then and wreath of wheat
 Amidst the corn were cast,
And, starting fiercely to thy feet,
 Thy heart beat loud and fast ;
Then with a shout I heard thee call,
 “ Good ! since you will, you may !
Up, up, my children, one and all,
 On to the Rhine ! Away ! ”

From port to port the summons flew,
 Rang o'er our German wave,
The Oder on her harness drew,
 The Elbe girt on her glaive ;
Neckar and Weser swell the tide,
 Main flashes to the sun,
Old feuds, old hates are dashed aside,
 All German men are one !

Swabian and Prussian, hand in hand,
North, South, one host, one vow !
What is the German's Fatherland ?
Who asks that question now ?
One soul, one arm, one close-knit frame,
One will are we to-day ;
Hurrah, Germania, thou proud dame,
Oh, glorious time, hurrah !

Germania now, let come what may,
Will stand unshook through all ;
This is our country's festal day ;
Now woe betide thee, Gaul !
Woe worth the hour a robber thrust
Thy sword into thy hand !
A curse upon him that we must
Unbare our German brand !

For home and hearth, for wife and child,
For all loved things that we
Are bound to keep all undefiled
From foreign ruffianry !
For German right, for German speech,
For German household ways,

For German homesteads, all and each,
Strike home through battle's blaze!

Up, Germans, up, with God! The die
Clicks loud,—we wait the throw.

Oh, who may think without a sigh,
What blood is doomed to flow?

Yet, look thou up, with fearless heart!
Thou must, thou shalt prevail!

Great, glorious, free as ne'er thou wert,
All hail, Germania, hail!

Hurrah! Victoria!

Hurrah! Germania!

LOVE, LOVE EVER!

BY THE SAME.

OH love, as long as love you can !
Oh love, as long as love you may !
The time is coming when you will stand
By graves, and weep the hours away.

Be careful within your heart to nurse
Warm love that fears not to be shown,
As long as one other heart shall beat
Warmly in answer to your own !

And if one bareth his breast to you,
Repay the trust with love's kindly power ;
Make sunny his days as they pass and glad,
And cloud not with sorrow one single hour.

Ah, cruel words are quickly said,
So keep close guard upon your tongue.
“They never were meant to wound!” you say,
But he goes on his way, and his heart is wrung.

Oh love, as long as love you can!
Oh love, as long as love you may!
The time is coming when you will stand
By graves, and weep the hours away.

Then you will kneel down beside his grave,
And bury your streaming eyes—alas,
They never will look on his face again!—
Deep in the long damp churchyard grass.

And you’ll cry, “Oh look, look down on me,
Weeping here by thy grave in vain!
Forgive my words, if they hurt! Oh God,
They never were meant to give thee pain!”

But he sees and he hears you not, nor comes
Again to be clasped to your breast. Ah, no!
The lips that kissed you so oft will ne’er
Say, “I forgave thee long ago!”

'Twas so ! Long since he forgave you, but still
Many and many a hot tear fell
For you, and the bitter words you spoke ;
But hush ! He resteth,—with him 'tis well !

Oh love, as long as love you can !
Oh love, as long as love you may !
The time is coming when you will stand
By graves, and weep the hours away.

THE LAST STRING.

BY GUSTAV HARTWIG.

“OFF with it, old fellow, before you start !
A glass of good wine will cheer your heart.
The night is cold, you have far to go,
And deep on the track lies the drifted snow !”

“Good night !” Out from the revel-swarm,
His trusty fiddle tucked under his arm,
Out from the room, hot, steaming, low,
Stepped the fiddler,—round him all ice and snow.

Just as his bow he had stoutly plied,
So down the street does he briskly stride.
His home is distant some seven miles good,
But a shorter cut lies through the wood.

“Great God, what cold! It chills me so!
Body and bone! Through the wood I’ll go!
Many’s the time that I at dead
Of night that self-same road have sped.”

Lit by the moon, the pine-trees throw
Their shadows dark o’er the sheeted snow:
All round is hushed as death, save where
A falling branch crashes through the air.

The fiddler, a merry man is he,
For he hears in his pocket clink the fee,
His fiddle for him has so dearly bought;
And already he is at his home in thought.

Like countless arms the trees they throw
Their branches out, all swathed in snow,
Into the night, a ghostly clan,
Weird-like and blanched in the moonlight wan.

“Hark! What stirs there in the thicket deep?
A hare, belike, I have scared from sleep?”
The fiddler thinks, and on he hies:
Lo! glaring before him two flashing eyes!

“ A dog ! and starving too—that he
Dares show his teeth that way at me ?
Be off ! What’s this ? One, two, three,—how !
Fierce eyes all round ! God help me now !

“ A pack of wolves, and far and nigh
No help ! All, all alone am I ! ”
Through the forest his cries of horror ring,
“ Is there no one, no one, that help will bring ? ”

His hair stands on end, his eyes they swim,
He quakes, he totters in every limb,
He is like to fall. From jaws flung wide
He sees death threaten on every side.

A lofty oak’s majestic trunk
Supports him, else he must have sunk ;
And now a tune, a wild mad thing,
Through the eerie forest is heard to ring.

He pulls himself up ; in his trembling hand
The bow across the strings is spanned,
And they moan, and they groan, and they wail and
sing,—

“ Is there no one, no one, that help will bring ? ”

The wolves with eyes half-blinking gaze
At the strange, strange man in a blank amaze ;
They have hedged their helpless victim in :
Huzzah ! Let the merry Csardas¹ begin !

What an eldritch din, what a hell-like strain !
He plays, his face writhing with fear and pain,—
Fiddling to wolves ! One moment's pause,
And he would have been in their ruthless jaws !

Never beggar poor drew such bow as he ;
'Twas now a roistering melody,
Then a grating, groaning, agonised thing,
Then a piercing note. Crack went a string !

A stream as of fire runs through every limb ;
He shudders ; still there is that circle grim.
One string broken—but three remain—
“Woe is me !” A second string snaps in twain !

¹ The Csardas is a Hungarian national dance. It is danced at every opportunity, and what adds to its fascination is, that the text of some popular *Volkslied* is associated with every favourite Csardas-tune.

Like a beast that down to death hunted lies,
With frantic bounds, and with hungry eyes,
The wolves around the fiddler close,
And fainter and fainter the music grows.

And died with its dying tones away
The spell that had kept the wolves at bay ;
Round their helpless victim more near they drew ;
One stroke ! and a third string snapped in two !

“There is but one left ! All’s up !” Like the cry
Of a soul in its death-throe agony
Is the sound from the one poor string he wrung :
His arm shook, dropped, and there nerveless hung.

With the sounds that away into silence went
The howl of the hungry wolves is blent.
Over his eyes falls darkness ; and dumb
Grow his quivering lips. The end has come !

“Great God, in Thy hands my soul I lay !”
On this the poor fellow swooned away.
The victim lay senseless on the snow,—
A demoniac howl ! a flash ! a blow !

A shot! a second! The hand that drew
On that bevy of howling wolves was true.
Laden with death, both charges told,
And down in their blood two wolves were rolled.

The rest fly off. Like a spheric-song
Rings a sound of voices and bells! Along
A sledge brings the hunters twain, that sped
With such true aim the death-dealing lead.

At the fiddler's door hangs an image fair
Of the Blessed Virgin; God's mother there
Is set in a dainty shrine, and you
Will see his good fiddle enshrined there too.

THE EVE OF ST JOHN.

BY THE SAME.

[“Watching in the church porch for death-omens on the Eves of St Mark and St John is a practice that in days gone by was much in use, especially amongst young people. The time observed was from eleven o’clock at night until one in the morning. In the same year it was supposed that the ghosts of all those who were to die the next year would pass into the church.”
—T. F. THISELTON DYER’S ‘English Folk-Lore,’ p. 216.]

HUSHED as the grave is the village, and now
 from the belfry tower,
 Booming along through the night with sullen and
 heavy sound,
 The church-clock’s strokes proclaim the approach of
 the midnight hour ;
 They cease, and a hush as of death again settles
 all around.

On through the silent street goes a man to the old
church door,
That gleams in the moon's wan rays with a shimmering
ghostly light,
And behind him he casts, as he goes, a fearful
glance evermore,
Then striding swift through the porch he vanishes
out of the night.

Round him he looks to see where he may be hidden
secure,
Seeming as one who has come to pillage and not
to pray,
And he crouches down in a corner out of the way
and obscure,
Where never a beam from the moon to light up
the gloom might stray.

Every Eve of St John, so runneth the legend old,
Down the long church aisle glideth a ghostly train,
And whoso will linger there till the last stroke of
twelve has tolled,
To him will the future dark be manifest made and
plain.

Spectral figures he sees through hazes phantasmal
peer,
Before him the phantoms pass of those whom
already the doom
Of death has o'ershadowed, and now, even now,
their graves they are near,
Whose forms he sees and he knows, as onward
they move through the gloom.

Here on this errand has he come in sore anguish
and grief,
And if before him shall pass that troop phan-
tasmal and dim,
Then Heaven, he hopes, will be gracious to him,
and his own relief
In death—relief, oh, how welcome!—be thus
foretokened to him.

For death, death only, can lift the curse that has
weighed on his life
For years, since the day when heartburnings, and
discord, and wranglings loud,

Set hopeless division up 'twixt himself and the once-
loved wife,
To whom all his life could give had been at the
altar vowed.

Anon the dread midnight hour from the belfry
begins to boom,
Bending breathlessly forward, he stares, with fear
stricken white,
To pierce, if so pierce he may, through the veil of
his hidden doom,
Then backward recoils, for lo! his wife there full
in his sight!

She too has waited there, the midnight procession
to see,
With the self-same pain in her heart, the self-
same longing to steal
Tidings of what for herself stored up in the future
may be,
To see with her weary eyes what the Eve of St
John might reveal.

Her glance on her husband falls, before her as in
a scroll

The mystery is unrolled of a future impending
and drear ;

In terror she sees, although still there was bitterness
hard in her soul,

The doom of death overhang the man she once
held so dear.

Backward she totters—the features, rigid and pallid
and drawn,

Of her spouse seem to hover before the eyes of
her startled soul,

And, as the dark shadows of night disappear in the
light of the dawn,

So rancour and wrath died away, and gentleness
over her stole.

And dayspring began to arise in the heart of her
husband as well,

He thinks of the wife of his bosom, so soon in
her grave to rest ;

He feels his heart with the throb of quicker pulsations swell,
And the fires of a love long quenched are enkindled anew in his breast.

Thus once more as of old the ties of affection were twined,
Love at their lorn hearthfire a sheltering welcome found,
Coming back as the exile comes, who in banishment long has pined,
To the home in the land of his sires, that to him is as hallowed ground.

Brightly the days went by, all sunshine, undimmed by a tear,
When the love came to life again, that late had been dead to the core ;
The weeks lengthened out into months, the months ran out to a year,
And then came the summer, and with it the Eve of St John once more.

Silent is all around, the church glimmers white in
the sheen

Of the moonbeams, that play around, like an
aureole glory fair,

A woman and man that may in the arch of the
porch be seen,

Bending with souls devout low on their knees in
prayer.

“Grant, O God,” was their thought, “that we for
yet many a day

May enjoy and be grateful for all the blessings
we owe to Thy grace,

Till that shall in time be fulfilled, which to us in
such mystical way

At midnight when spirits walked was revealed in
this holy place !”

o FROM PETRARCH.¹

HERE be the tearful strains of callow youth,
 The wound bewailing, which the quivered
 boy
 Struck deep in one as boyish as himself.
 All that is ours, Time's ever-busy hand
 Wears grain by grain away,—our very life
 To Death is ministrant, and while our bark
 Seems as it rode in some safe anchoring bay,
 'Tis sweeping down a tide that bears still on.
 My very self contrasted with myself
 Shall seem no more the same. The brow is
 strange,
 The manners strange — the mind of different
 stamp,
 The very voice sounds with another tone.

¹ See Petrarch's Works, vol. iii. p. 76, edit. 1581.

Pitying with ice-cold heart a lover's fires,
We blush to think, how we have glowed of yore.
The tranquil soul abhors its old unrest,
And, musing o'er its lays of former years,
Deems them the follies of another's lyre.

SONNETS BY ARIOSTO.

THE net was made of yonder golden twine,
 Which in its folds my fancy's pinions took ;
 Yon eyebrow was the bow, the shaft yon look,
 And the fell archer yonder eyes divine.
 Oh, I am struck, imprisoned closely round,
 My heart sinks down, death-stricken to the core,—
 Strong are my gyves, yet still do I adore
 Both that which struck me, and which took me
 bound.

For the sweet cause that makes me languid so
 Even unto death, if death such pains might bring,
 I triumph in my pains, and long to die,
 That she, unweeting of the joys that flow
 To me from all this heavenly sorrowing,¹
 May deign me one kind glance, one single sigh.

¹ "This sorrow's heavenly! It strikes
 Where it doth love."

—"Othello," act v., sc. 2.

What man is he shall worthily declare
Thy charms, angelic and divine that be,
Since that all words seem weak and poor to
me,
To tell the beauty of thy tresses fair.
The lofty phrase, the sweet and gentle air,
Which in the bards of Greece and Rome we
treasure,
Would not suffice to reach unto the measure
Of all their praise, — these waves of golden
hair ;
Their glittering sheen, as down thy throat they
stray
In long smooth threads of gold luxuriantly,
Might give the theme for an unending lay.
Oh, had I, like the Ascrean, ate the bay,
I'd sing of them so long, that swan-like I
Should die, nor die as now without a word away.

When first those golden tresses met my view,
Those sweetest eyes, the roses fragrant-warm
Of thy red lips, and every other charm,
That me hath made idolatrous of you,

Lady, oh then, methought, the loveliness
Thou took'st from heaven was such, that never
more
Might rarer beauty come these eyes before,
For surely none could more supremely bless.
But, since, thy mind hath poured on mine its light
Serene and clear, and in my breast it well
Might hold o'er all charms else triumphant place.
Which is most dear, I may not judge aright :
But this I know, that never yet did dwell
A soul so fair in form of so much grace.

TO PYRRHA.

"Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa," &c.—HORACE, Odes, I. 5.

BEDEWED with odorous balms, what pretty boy,
 On heaps of roses in some pleasant grot,
 Pyrrha, with thee doth hotly toy?
 For whom dost backward knot

Thy yellow hair, bewitching simple? Oh,
 How will he mourn changed gods and broken troth,
 And stare amazed, when bleak winds blow,
 And roughened seas are wroth,

Who now, fond fool, enjoys thee, deems thee gold,
 Who, never having known a treacherous breeze,
 Hopes thee still his, all his to hold,
 Still loving! Woe for these,

On whom thy wiles are newly flung !
A votive tablet in his temple shows,
I've to the sea's great god uphung
My brine-bedabbled clothes.

THE SAME, MODERNISED.

TO CORALIE.

WH^O may the favoured youngster be,
 Fair Coralie,
 Who in thy velvet-cushioned bower
 Doth now devour
 With hungry eyes those charms of thine,
 That once were mine?
 For whom, with all-consummate grace,
 Back from thy face
 Dost thou thine amber tresses plait,
 Trimly sedate?
 How oft, when thou hast played him out,
 Will he, poor lout,
 Bewail his cruel destiny, and rail
 At woman frail,

THE JOVIAL PRIEST'S CONFESSION.¹

MY spirit is perplexèd sore with sentiments
 funereal,
 And I must give its musings vent, so bitter and so
 dreary all ;
 Alas, alas ! I doubt I'm made of very light material,
 And like the leaf that every wind blows off on dance
 aerial.

For though 'tis clear a man of sense, a man that's
 cute and knowing,
 Would fix his dwelling on a rock that there was no
 o'erthrowing,

¹ For the original of this poem see the Camden Society's volume of Latin Poems commonly attributed to Walter de Mapes, p. 71.

I'm such an ass, that like a stream I'm ever onwards
 flowing,
And over me fresh skies are bent and fresh winds
 ever blowing.

I'm like a ship without a guide, I'm sadly deaf when
 mass calls,
I keep no Lenten holidays, no macerating Pas-
 cals ;
No bolts nor bars can hold me back, whene'er a
 chum or glass calls,
And sooth they are, these chums of mine, a precious
 set of rascals.

Like most young men, steeped to the lips in vices
 foul and shameless,
I tread the broad way that leads down to a place
 that shall be nameless ;
And eager more for pleasure, than to be in morals
 blameless,
I cultivate my outward man, and mind my inward's
 claim less.

A love affair appears to me of grave and weighty
moment,
A labyrinth of pleasant fears, and cheerfully I roam
in't ;
The toil that Venus doth enjoin is pleasant toil, and
so meant
For men of *nous* alone ; your fools were never yet
at home in't ;

Oh, saintly father, pardon me, forgive my agitation,
I faint, I die, I'm going off in pleasant trepidation !
The beauty of these girls, it tears my heart to laceration,
I'm kissing the whole lot of them, the dears, in contemplation !

'Tis no such very easy thing to keep one's nature's
down, sir,
And not to feel a little queer in looking on a gown,
sir,
Especially when in it is a maid of nutty brown, sir ;
Young flesh and blood must needs break out, though
saints may fret and frown, sir.

Set a man within a fire, will the flames not singe
him?

Who can live in this vile world, nor let its vileness
tinge him,

When Venus plants on every side her traps and
snares to twinge him,

And rosy lips and sparkling eyes and sunny locks
unhinge him?

The second charge against me is, that I am given to
dicing,

But most unfortunate am I that very pleasant vice in ;
And, when cleaned out, I find my wits so very sharp
and slicing,

That floods of song roll in on me in measure most
enticing.

The tavern's pleasures are the next that do my
spirit lumber,

They always have stuck fast to it and always will
encumber,

Until I see the cherubim approach in goodly
number,

To sing my poor departing soul into eternal slumber.

In a tavern I shall die, unless my purpose misses,
With old wine upon my lips to cheer me with its
 kisses ;
And, when the angels come to take my soul away to
 blisses,
They'll say, "The Lord be merciful to a toper such
 as this is !"

Wine in brimming bumpers bears the spirit's richest
 ores up,
And, on nectar-moistened wings to the stars it soars
 up ;
Greatly I prefer the can, mine host against me scores
 up,
To the cup our cellarer with cold water pours up.

There be some small poets who, shunning public
 places,
Woo in shady solitudes the Muse's pensive graces ;
There they toil, and sweat, and moil, and make
 most dire grimaces ;
Yet, after all, what they produce in very piteous
 case is.

There be bards that put themselves on thinnest
water gruel,
Fly the world's loud bickerings, its strife, and jarr-
ings cruel ;
Toil for immortality, and, as they grasp the
jewel,
Die off from inanition, like your fire from lack of
fuel.

With one's own peculiar whims Nature still doth
mould one ;
When my genius is starved, 'tis a very cold one :
Any boy might beat me then, nor need be a bold
one,—
Oh, I hate your fasting-days, as I do the Old
One !

Every man by nature hath his own gifts and
mission ;
I'm one of those that need good wine to aid my
composition,
Then my genius doth attain unto its full fruition,
And my language overflows, even unto repletion.

As my liquor floweth good, goodly verses flow so,
But unless I eat as well they will never go so.
With a bottle in my belt, then my measures glow
so,
That Ovidius Naso's are, compared with them, but
so so.

Never is there given to me poetic inspiration,
Till I've ate and drunk my fill, even to saturation !
Bacchus then within my brain hath the domination,
And Phœbus rusheth into me, to general admiration.

Lo ! I have told how ill I've lived, how wickedly
and vainly ;
For had I not, your servants would, and that's my
reason mainly.
They, sneaking rogues, will never speak their evil
thoughts out plainly,
Nor e'er confess the sins they love and revel in profanely.

But now I meekly stand before my blessed lord the
 bishop,
And all my sins and naughtiness canonically dish
 up :
Let him cast a stone at me who ne'er had wicked
 wish up-
On his heart, nor now can find a single fault to fish
 up.

I have mentioned every sin that I know about me,
And the venom, cherished long, cast away from out
 me.
The ancient Adam I abjure : infidels may flout me.
Man sees the face but Jove the heart, what matter
 though they doubt me ?

Vice I hate : the virtues all, how pleasant surely they
 be !
My inward man regenerate, this shall a glorious day
 be.
On the tender milk of grace I'm fed like new-born
 baby,
That my heart of vanity the seat no longer may
 be.

Lord Bishop, pray, be merciful to me, and from the
treasure

Of thy abundant goodness yield thy suppliant good
measure ;

Forgive my sins, and I'll perform, at my very
earliest leisure,

Whatever penance you enjoin, with a very great
deal of pleasure.

✱

THE MONK'S DREAM.

[Among the poems preserved in the Auchinleck MS. in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, is one called "The Desputisoun bituen the Bodi and the Soule," supposed to have been written about the commencement of the fourteenth century. The following poem is founded upon this singular and very powerful conception of the Ancient Muse. The subject was a favourite one among the monkish writers; and poems, more or less resembling that in question, exist both in Latin and in the vernacular language of various parts of Europe. See the poem "Dialogus inter Corpus et Animam," printed in 'The Latin Poems commonly attributed to Walter de Mapes,' published by the Camden Society, 1841, p. 95; and Note E in the same volume, pp. 34 *et seq.*]

"Si secundum carnem vixeritis, moriemini: si autem spiritu facta carnis mortificaveritis vivetis."—*Beati Pauli Epist. ad Romanos.*

ONCE as I lay upon a winter night,
 And chid the laggard coming of the day,
 Before my eyes there came a dismal sight,
 That settled there, and would not pass away:

All on a bier a clay-cold Body lay ;
A Knight's it was, who, in the o'erblown pride
Of youth and lustihed, not cared to pay
God's service, but his gracious hests defied ;
And now the parting Ghost stood by the Body's
side.

But, ere it parted on its flight, it turned
Back to the Body, as 'twere loath to leave
The home wherein it whilom had sojourned,
But to its haunt familiar fain would cleave ;
And, looking sadly on it, seemed to grieve,
And thus it said—" Alas, and well-a-wo !
What could thee now of all thy sense bereave,
Thou fickle flesh—why liest thou rotting so,
That erst so high of heart and bearing went to go ?

" Thou, that wert ever wont on prancing steed
To ride abroad, by country or by town ;
Thou, that wert known for many a shining deed
Of high emprise, a knight of fair renown :
How are thy swelling honours stricken down,
Thy heart of lion-daring lowly bowed !
Where now is thy imperious voice, thy frown

Of withering hate? Thou, that wert once so proud,
What dost thou lying here, wrapt in a vulgar shroud?

“Where is thy arras stiffening with gold,
Thy couches all with gorgeous hangings strewed,
Thy ambling jennets, and thy destrier bold,
Thy hawks and hounds, that came to thee for
food?

Where now the troops of friends that round thee
stood?

Where thy swollen treasure-heaps, the jewels worn
About the proud brows of thine altitude?
Ah! thou, whose banner once, in field upborne,
Shook terror, now liest low, of all thy lustre shorn!

“Where are thy cooks, whose curious skill did whet
Thy glutton lust, made thy lewd flesh to swell,
That now with worms in rottenness must fret,
While I must bide the bitter pangs of hell?
Thy towers that look so fair o'er wood and dell,
Thy chambers with sweet flowers all garlanded,
Thy vestments rare of pall and purple—tell,
What shall they all thy wretched corse bestead,
That in the dull dark grave to-morrow shall be laid?

“ Where be thy gleemen, that did crown thy cheer
 With minstrel song and merry jargoning
Of viol, tabor, and the trumpet clear,
 Whilst to them aye rich largess thou wouldst fling
 Of robes or the red gold, and bid them sing
Thy praises wide by cottage, bower, or hall?
 Thou, who brought'st ever wail and sorrowing
On poor man's hearths, that cursed thy tyrant thrall,
Who is there at this hour to sorrow o'er thy fall?

“ The morsel won by the o'ertoilèd brow
 Of poverty thou took'st to feed the state
Of revellers, that fattened were enow.
 The rich were ever welcome at thy gate,
 But blows and spurns did still the poor await.
Wretch, who now thanks or blesses thee? Ere morn
 From the high palace where thou ruledst late,
From wealth, and rank, and kin, thou shalt be borne,
To make thy bed with worms, in loathsome pit for-
 lorn.

“ Thou, for whose wild ambition's sateless grasp
 The world's dominion seemèd scarce too wide,
A few poor feet of earth shall soon enclasp

Thy wretched limbs, and to thee nought beside
Of all thou'st won so dearly shall abide.

There others now shall play the ruler's part.

All's lost to thee, that erewhile was thy pride ;
Gone is all vaunting joyaunce from thy heart :
Oh ! I could weep to see how fallen and poor thou art !

“ A joyful day to thy false heir is this,

This day to us so woful-sad and drear ;

He would not yield one rood of thine, I wis,

To bring us out of bale to blissful cheer.

No more shall weep for thee thy wedded fere,—

Her eye courts a new mate ; nor may she sleep

This night for thinking him her side anear.

Soon shall that new lord to her bosom creep,

To revel there, when thou in clay art buried deep.

“ Now may thy neighbours live secure from ill,

And all the wrongs thy vengeful malice wrought :

Hunted were those that stooped not to thy will,

Till they to meagre penury were brought.

The thousand curses on thy head besought

By day and night shall cling thee now !” With this

Down fell the Soul, and cried, as sore distraught,

“Woe’s me ! that I, who ne’er did aught amiss,
Should be for thy foul deeds for aye thrust out from
bliss !”

When thus the Soul had spoke with rueful cheer,
The Body, ghastly thing ! lift up anon
Its head, there as it lay upon the bier,
And heaving, as ’twere sick, a piteous groan,
“Art thou my ancient mate, that mak’st this
moan ?”

It cried. “Oh, why upbraid me thus, my Soul,
With this my sore mishap ? Am I alone,
Of all men, doomed to dree death’s bitter dole ?
No ! e’en the haughtiest brows must bend to its
control.

“Full well I know that I must rot, for thus
Did Alexander and great Cæsar fare,
Ne was there left of wights so glorious
One jot to tell of that which once they were.
The very mother, too, which did them bear,
Worms fed upon her throat so marble white ;
So shall they feed on mine, I know, for ne’er,

Where once the biting shaft of death did smite,
Came cheer or pleasance more to heart of mortal
wight.

“ My youth was hot within me, and I sped
With mirth and revelry the flying hours,
Nor deemed life’s summer-time would e’er have fled,
And torn me from my halls and pleasant bowers.
Woods, waters, lands I bought, and stately towers,
And lived as life were all a holiday,
When death, that lays in dust the bravest powers,
Stole on my joys, and hurried me away
From all my fair domains, which others now shall
sway.

“ Soul, chide me not, that thou art brought to shame,
And that in torments drear we both must bide !
Thou, and thou only, art for this to blame :
Wisdom and wit did God to thee confide,
And set thee up my keeper and my guide ;
I was no more but bond-slave to thy will,
Working its bidding morn and eventide ;
In all I did thou wert my tutor still,
Then blame thyself alone that thou art brought to ill.”

“Peace, Body!” cried the Soul; “who hath thee
taught
To heap on me reproaches most unfit?
What! think'st thou, wretch, though thou art come
to naught,
And thy foul flesh must rot in noisome pit,
That therefore thou so lightly shalt go quit
Of thy misdeeds? No! Though aneath men's feet
Thy dust be trod, and wild winds scatter it,
Yet we again, as once we were, shall meet
To abide our woful doom, before God's judgment-
seat.

“For I was given thee, but to do thy hest:
Thou shook'st my counsel from thee with disdain,
Spurning the curb that would have tamed thy
crest,
And in thy wicked track dashed on amain
To shame and sorrow. When I've been full fain
To bid thee think of thy Soul's needs, at mass,
Matin, or even-song—‘Let fools go sain
Their souls, so go not I!’ thine answer was,
And forth with shout to field or greenwood thou
wouldst pass.

“The winding horn, that rang the struck stag’s
knell,

More pleased thine ear than chaunt of holy
men ;

More dear the dance, and music’s gladsome swell,
And smiles to bright eyes that smiled back again.
Well dost thou know, my rede thou reck’dst not
when

I told thee, ’twould not evermore be so :

I gave up all to do thee pleasure then,
Yet now thou’dst purchase thine own ease, although
I should be doomed to pine in everlasting woe.

“No more or beast or bird shall fly thy mark,
No more thy horn through merry greenwood
ring :

Thy heart is cleft in twain, thine eyes are dark,
And thou liest there, mute, moveless, festering.

What lady bright, of those that used to cling
To thee, would lay her by thy side to-night,
Or press her sweet lips to so foul a thing?

Go out into the street, and in affright

Thy friends will fly from thee, thou’rt so abhorred a
sight.”

“Soul! Soul! thou wrong'st me,” cried the Body,

“so

To charge thy fall from heaven's delights on me!

Whate'er I did or said, for weal or woe,

Thou know'st full well was ever seen by thee.

Where'er I went, I bore thee with me; we

Were loving co-mates then, blythe was my cheer,

I lacked for nought, and time went merrily.

O woful time! since thou hast left me here,

A dull unmoving clod, upon my joyless bier.”

“'Tis true, that thou didst bear me,” said the Soul,

“With thee at all times, as thou wert my steed.

So was I helpless bound in thy control,—

I could not else but stoop to thee, as need

Must he whose fate is to his hand decreed.

I loved thee! We had grown from infancy

Together, and I durst not cross thy rede,

Afraid of losing thee, for where by me

Might a new home be found, if once thrown off by

thee?

“I saw thee fair and goodly to the view,

And on thee all my love I cast. Methought

Thou couldst not err ; and so thy passions grew
Headstrong and fierce, nor would not e'er be
taught.

It had been vain, that with thee I had fought.
Greed, envy, hatred, pride, that did defy
E'en God, possessed thy heart ; thou didst besot
Thyself in lust and gluttony : and I
Must fast in fires for this. Well may I wail and cry !

“ Oft were we threatened with the coming doom,
Yet little heed took'st thou of that, when thou
Saw'st dead men laid to moulder in the tomb.
The world and its temptations held thee now,
And to thy lusts I servilely must bow.
Thou say'st I made thee bond-slave to my will,—
Thee, the untamed, the imperious ! Well I trow,
Of all thy wasteful crimes the thought was still
Thine own. Betide what may, I ne'er did aught of ill.

“ Oh ! hadst thou, Jesu, on me timely thrown
The griping fangs of hunger, frost, and cold,
Purged me, and brought my vaulting spirit down !
But what I learned when young I did when old,
Chained to a will impure and overbold.

Thou knew'st me prone to sin, as men are all,
And shouldst my erring wishes have controlled—
Have bound me fast, nor left me to their thrall ;
But when blind lead the blind, both in the ditch
must fall.”

Then 'gan the Soul to weep, and cried, “ Alas !
Alas ! that ever, Body, I did see
Thee, who hast brought me to this woful pass,
That wrought in love thy pleasure cheerfully.
But thou wert ever a false churl to me :
When I bade shrive thee, and in dust and tears
Turn from thy sins, the foul Fiend whispered
thee,
'So young, to quit thy joys for gloom and fears !
Be merry, take thine ease—thou'rt sure of many
years.’

“ And when I bade thee with the dawn arise,
And care for thy Soul's health, then thou wouldst
say,
Leave me to dream, with half-unclosèd eyes,
Of joys to be upon the morrow-day.
And when I bade thee fling thy pride away,

'Bear,' said the Fiend, 'a fierce and haughty
mien,

Robe thee in purple and all rich array,
Not, beggar-like, in russet gaberdine,
And on fair-harnessed steed of fire abroad be seen.'

"Oh! had I been a beast, that ranged at will,
Ate, drank, and utterly was slain at last,
Then had I never known or good or ill,
Or for the sins which thou, thou only, hast
Wrought in thy body, into hell been cast.
And though all men beneath the moon should try
To ease the pains that on us shall be passed,
Nor power nor wile our least release shall buy;—
Hell's hounds will soon be here, nor may I from
them fly."

And when it saw the Soul thus wail its doom,
The Body cried, "Oh that my heart had burst,
When I was taken from my mother's womb,
And I been cast to snakes in pit accursed!
Then had I ne'er in worldly sins been nursed,
Nor now been borne away to torments dire.
Is there no saint, to call on Him who erst

Did for our sakes on bloody cross expire,
To free us by His grace from hell's consuming
fire?"

"Nay, Body, nay, to pray is now too late,
Thy tongue is mute, reft utterly of speech ;
And even now the wain is at the gate.
Our pains are past remede of mortal leech ;
That woful pit of doom we both must reach.
Oh ! hadst thou, whilst life yet remained, but lent
Thine ear to Heaven, and turned thee to beseech
Kind Jesu's grace, and so the Fiend yshent,
Though thou wert dyed in guilt, he would us help
have sent.

"But though all living men were priests to sing
Masses for thee, and wives and widows all
Their hands for thee in agony should wring,
They could not our lost happiness recall.
But I must leave thee in thy dusky pall :
I hear the hell-hounds bark, and through the gloom
Come countless fiends, prepared on me to fall,
And bear me off to hell. But thou shalt come
To speak again with me upon the day of doom."

Scarce had it spoken, and in wild dismay
Turned as 'twould flee, but knew not where
to go,
When on it sprang a thousand fiends, and they
Grasped it with hooks and tugged it to and fro.
O Heaven! their eyes shot out a fiery glow.
Rough were their limbs, plague-spotted, and long-
nailed
Their talons were; and, till it howled with woe,
Their quivering prey they limb by limb assailed.
“Oh mercy, God!” it cried, but nought its cry
availed.

Some thrust its jaws apart, and cried, “Drink,
drink!”
While molten lead was poured adown its throat.
Then came there one, the master-fiend, I think,
And with a burning spear its heart he smote.
Then through sides, back, and breast, they plunged
red-hot
Faulchions of steel, till all their points did meet
In the heart's core; and they did cry, and gloat
Upon its pangs—“This heart, that once did beat
So hot with pride, ho! feels it now another heat?”

“ Oh, thou wert fain in robes of costly woof
To vaunt thyself,” they said, and straightway flung
A shirt of mail upon it, massy proof,
And all aglow, with clasps that firmly clung
To back and breast. Then forth a charger sprung,
Breathing out flames from throat and nostrils wide,
And loud and fearfully its neighings rung.
Its back a saddle bore, for him to ride,
With spikes of burning steel stuck o'er on every side.

Into it he was flung, the fiendish rout
Pursuing close behind with blow and yell ;
As from a blazing brand the sparks flew out,
Whilst on him blow on blow redoubling fell.
Then they let slip the baying hounds of hell ;
On, on they hunted him, nor did not slack,
And, as they flew, they tore him flesh and fell.
Behind them ran a long blood-stainèd track,
Till to hell's throat they came, grim, sulphurous, and
black.

The earth did split, and there came roaring out
Fierce sulphurous flames in many a whirling
wreath

That blasted all the air for miles about.

Oh ! woe is them, that toss in fires beneath !

And when the Soul saw the wild flashes seethe,

“ O Jesu Lord ! ” it cried, “ look from on high,

And mercy on Thy wretched creature breathe ;

Thine own hand's work, like other men, am I,

Whom thou hast ta'en to bliss, and set Thyself anigh.

“ Thou God, that knewest all things from the first,

Why mad'st Thou me for wrath, and to be torn

By bloody fiends, a creature all accursed ?

Well may I wail that ever I was born,

For I am here unfriended and forlorn,

Left without hope in sore distressful case ! ”

Then cried the fiends, and laughed loud laughs of
scorn,

“ It boots not thee to call on Jesu's grace,

Thou art for ever shut out from before His face.

“ For thou our servant wert in times of yore,

And of thy labour thou shalt reap the fruit,

As others do that love our master's lore ! ”

Ended was now the demons' mad pursuit,

And catching up their victim head and foot

They hurled him headlong down that murky pit,
Where never sun its blessed rays can shoot.
And downwards straight they all sank after it ;
The earth closed up again, as though it ne'er had
split.

And now drew on apace the welcome day—
Cold drops of sweat stood on each several hair,
And nigh distraught with agony I lay.
Then did I call on Jesu blest in prayer,
And thanked His grace that our afflictions bare,
And saved me from the fiend and fires of bale.
Now sinners quit your sins, and shrive you ere
Too late, and your past guilt with tears bewail !
No sin so great, but Christ's dear love shall more
prevail.

THE END.

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