

POEMS



LONGFELLOW



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HOMeward SERENELY SHE WALKED WITH GOD'S BENEDICTION UPON HER.
WHEN SHE HAD PASSED, IT SEEMED LIKE THE CEASING OF EXQUISITE MUSIC."

—*Evangeline*, page 5.

Poems

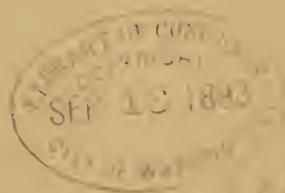
BY

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

*VIGNETTE EDITION. WITH ONE HUNDRED
NEW ILLUSTRATIONS*

BY

Charles Howard Johnson



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A TALE OF ACADIE.

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlock,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval ; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman ?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers,—
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,

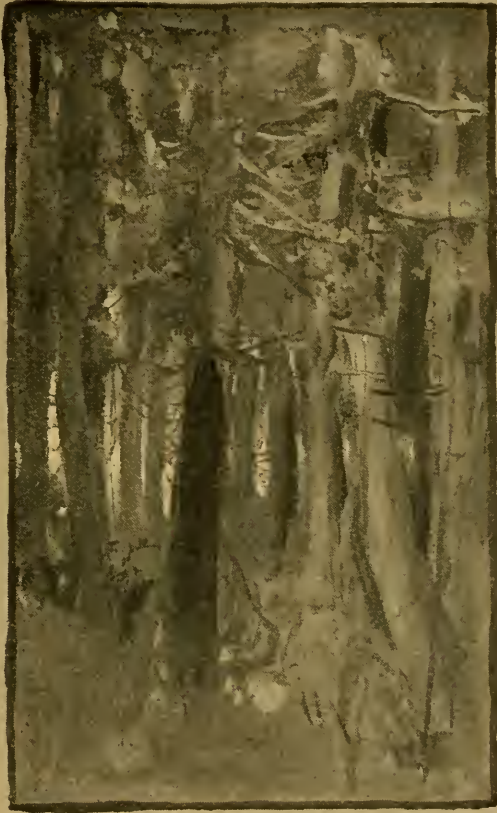
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of
 heaven?
 Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever de-
 parted!
 Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of Oc-
 tober
 Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the
 ocean,
 Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-
 Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is
 patient,
 Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devo-
 tion,
 List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the for-
 est;
 List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

PART THE FIRST.

I.

IN the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
 Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
 Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the east-
 ward,
 Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without num-
 ber.
 Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor in-
 cessant,
 Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-
 gates
 Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the
 meadows.
 West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and corn-
 fields
 Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the
 northward
 Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
 Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic



"This is the forest primeval"

Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.

There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut,

Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.

Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows ; and gables projecting

Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.

There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset

Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,

Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whirl of the wheels and the songs
of the maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children

Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.

Reverend walked he among them ; and up rose matrons and maidens,

Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.

Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank

Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.

Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,—

Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free
from

Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows ;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the
owners ;

There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of
Minas,

Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,

Dwelt on his goodly acres ; and with him, directing his household,

Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters ;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-
flakes ; -

White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as
the oak-leaves.

Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.

Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the
wayside,

Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath
the brown shade of her tresses !

Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine
that feed in the meadows.

When in the harvest heat she bore to the
reapers at noontide

Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah ! fair in sooth
was the maiden,

Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while
the bell from its turret

Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the
priest with his byssop

Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters bless-
ings upon them,

Down the long street she passed, with her
chaplet of beads and her missal,

Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of
blue, and the earrings,

Brought in the olden time from France, and
since, as an heirloom,

Handed down from mother to child, through
long generations.

But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal
beauty—

Shone on her face and encircled her form,
when, after confession,

Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon
her.

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite
music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea ; and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath ; and a foot-
path

Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,



“ REVEREND WALKED HE
AMONG THEM.”

Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the road-side,
 Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.
 Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its
 moss-grown
 Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.
 Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns
 and the farm-yard,
 There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs
 and the harrows ;
 There were the folds for the sheep ; and there, in his feathered
 seraglio,
 Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the self-
 same
 Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.
 Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each
 one
 Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch ; and a staircase,
 Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.
 There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent in-
 mates
 Murmuring ever of love ; while above in the variant breezes
 Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand
 Pré
 Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his house-
 hold.
 Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,
 Fixed his eyes upon her, as the saint of his deepest devotion ;
 Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her gar-
 ment !
 Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,
 And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her foot-
 steps,
 Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of
 iron ;
 Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,
 Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered
 Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.
 But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome ;
 Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,
 Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men ;
 For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,
 Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
 Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest child-
 hood
 Grew up together as brother and sister ; and Father Felician,

Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters

Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-song.

But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed, Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith. There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything, Nailing the shoe in its place ; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel

Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders. Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice,

Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring bellows, And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes, Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel. Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle, Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow. Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters, Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings ;

Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow ! Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children. He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning,

Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.

She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman. "Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she called ; for that was the sunshine

Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples.

She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,

Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

II.

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and longer,

And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.

Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the ice-bound,

Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.

Harvests were gathered in ; and wild with the winds of September

Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the Angel.
All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.

Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey



BASIL THE BLACKSMITH.

Till the hives overflowed ; and the Indian hunters asserted
Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.
Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful
season,

Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints !
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light ; and the
landscape

Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.
 Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the
 ocean
 Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony
 blended.
 Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-
 yards,
 Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,
 All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great
 sun
 Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around
 him ;
 While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
 Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the
 forest
 Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and
 jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.
 Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight de-
 scending
 Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the
 homestead.
 Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each
 other,
 And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of even-
 ing.
 Foremost, hearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,
 Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from
 her collar,
 Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.
 Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the
 seaside,
 Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed the
 watch-dog,
 Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his in-
 stinct,
 Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly
 Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers ;
 Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept ; their pro-
 tector,
 When from the forest at night, through the starry silence, the
 wolves howled.
 Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,
 Laden with briny hay that filled the air with its odor.
 Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their
 fetlocks,

While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,
 Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson,
 Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.
 Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders
 Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular cadence
 Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.
 Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farm-
 yard,
 Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness;
 Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-
 doors,
 Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer
 Sat in his elbow chair, and watched how the flames and the
 smoke-wreaths
 Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,
 Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic,
 Dated his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.
 Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair
 Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the
 dresser
 Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sun-
 shine.
 Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,
 Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him
 Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.
 Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,
 Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner behind her.
 Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,
 While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a
 bagpipe,
 Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together.
 As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,
 Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the al-
 tar,
 So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock
 clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly
 lifted,
 Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its
 hinges.
 Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the black-
 smith,
 And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.

“Welcome !” the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps paused on the threshold,

“Welcome, Basil, my friend ! Come, take thy place on the settle
Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee ;
Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco ;
Never so much thyself art thou as when through the curling
Smoke of the pipe or the forge thy friendly and jovial face
gleams



“THUS AS THEY SAT, THERE WERE FOOTSTEPS HEARD.”

Round and red as the harvest moon through the midst of the marshes.”

Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the blacksmith,

Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside :—

“Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad !
Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others are filled with
Gloomy forbodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.

Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horse-shoe.”

Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him,

And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued :—

“ Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors

Ride in the Gaspereau’s mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.

What their design may be is unknown ; but all are commanded On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty’s mandate

Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas ! in the mean time Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people.”

Then made answer the farmer :— “ Perhaps some friendlier purpose

Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England

By the untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted, And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children.”

“ Not so thinketh the folk in the village,” said, warmly, the blacksmith,

Shaking his head, as in doubt ; then, heaving a sigh he continued :—

“ Louisburg is not forgotten, not Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal.

Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts, Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow.

Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapon of all kinds ; Nothing is left but the blacksmith’s sledge and the scythe of the mower.”

Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer :—

“ Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our corn-fields,

Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the ocean, Than were our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy’s cannon.

Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of sorrow Fall on this house and hearth ; for this is the night of the contract.

Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the village

Strongly have built them and well ; and, breaking the glebe round about them,

Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelve-month.

René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and ink-horn.

Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children ? ”

As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover’s, Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had spoken,

And as they died on his lips, the worthy notary entered.

III.

BENT like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,
 Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public ;
 Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung
 Over his shoulders ; his forehead was high ; and glasses with
 horn bows

Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.

Father of twenty children was he, and more
 than a hundred

Children's children rode on his knee, and
 heard his great watch tick.

Four long years in the times of the war had
 he languished a captive,

Suffering much in an old French fort as the
 friend of the English.

Now, though warier grown, without all
 guile or suspicion,

Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and
 simple, and childlike.

He was beloved by all, and most of all by
 the children ;

For he told them tales of the Loup-garou
 in the forest,

And of the goblin that came in the night to
 water the horses,

And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a
 child who unchristened

Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the
 chambers of children ;

And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked
 in the stable,

And how the fever was cured by a spider
 shut up in a nutshell,

And of the marvellous powers of four-
 leaved clover and horseshoes,

With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.

Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,
 Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right
 hand,

“ Father Leblanc,” he exclaimed, “ thou hast heard the talk in the
 village,

And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their
 errand.”

Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary public,—

“ Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser ;



“ THE WORTHY NOTARY EN-
 TERED.”

And what their errand may be I know not better than others.
 Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention
 Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why then molest us?"
 "God's name!" shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible black-
 smith;
 "Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the
 wherefore?
 Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest!"
 But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public—
 "Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice
 Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often consoled
 me,
 When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal."
 This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved to repeat it
 Whenever neighbors complained that any injustice was done
 them.
 "Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,
 Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
 Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left
 hand,
 And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided
 Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the
 people.
 Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,
 Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above
 them.
 But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted;
 Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and
 the mighty
 Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's pal-
 ace
 That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion
 Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.
 She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,
 Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.
 As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,
 Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder
 Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left
 hand
 Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the bal-
 ance,
 And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,
 Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven."
 Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the
 blacksmith
 Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no lan-
 guage;

And all his thoughts congealed into lines on his face, as the
vapors
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of
Grand-Pré ;



" WROTE WITH A STEADY HAND."

While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and ink-horn,
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table
Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver ;
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the bride-
groom,

Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.
 Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,
 While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,
 Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.
 Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men
 Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuvre,
 Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in
 the king-row.

Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's em-
 brace,
 Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding the moon rise
 Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.
 Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
 Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus passed the evening away. Anon the bell from the bel-
 fry

Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway
 Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the house-
 hold.

Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the door-step
 Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.
 Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the
 hearth-stone,

And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.
 Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.
 Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,
 Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.
 Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the door of her
 chamber.

Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its
 clothes-press

Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully
 folded

Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.
 This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in
 marriage,

Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a
 housewife.

Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant
 moonlight

Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the
 heart of the maiden

Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the
 ocean.

Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with
 Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber!

Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,
 Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and
 her shadow.

Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness
 Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moon-
 light

Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.
 And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the moon
 pass

Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her foot-
 steps,

As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Ha-
 gar!

IV.

PLEASANTLY rose next morn | the sun on the village of
 Grand-Pré.

Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,
 Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at
 anchor.

Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor
 Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the
 morning.

Now from the country around, from the farms and the neigh-
 boring hamlets,

Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.
 Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young
 folk

Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,
 Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the
 greensward,

Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the high-
 way.

Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were silenced.
 Thronged were the streets with people ; and noisy groups at the
 house-doors

Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together.
 Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted ;
 For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,
 All things were held in common, and what one had was
 another's.

Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant :
 For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father ;
 Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and
 gladness

Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
 Bending with golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
 There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary
 seated ;
 There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
 Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the bee-
 hives,
 Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and
 of waistcoats.
 Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his
 snow-white
 Hair, as it waved in the wind ; and the jolly face of the fiddler
 Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the em-
 bers.
 Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque*,
 And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.
 Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
 Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows ;
 Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.
 Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter !
 Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith !

So passed the morning away. And lo ! with a summons so-
 norous
 Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum
 beat.
 Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the
 churchyard,
 Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the
 headstones
 Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.
 Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly
 among them
 Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor
 Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and case-
 ment,—
 Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
 Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.
 Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the
 altar,
 Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.
 “ You are convened this day,” he said, “ by his Majesty's orders.
 Clement and kind has he been ; but how you have answered his
 kindness,
 Let your own hearts reply ! To my natural make and my temper
 Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.



“HOLDING ALOFT IN HIS HANDS, WITH ITS SEALS, THE ROYAL COMMISSION.”

Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch ;
 Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all
 kinds

Forfeited be to the crown ; and that you yourselves from this
 province

Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there
 Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people !

Prisoners now I declare you ; for such is his Majesty's pleasure !”

As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,
 Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones
 Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his win-
 dows,

Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the
 house-roofs,

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures ;

So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.

Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
 Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,

And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the door-way.

Vain was the hope of escape ; and cries and fierce imprecations
 Rang through the house of prayer ; and high o'er the heads of
 the others

Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,

As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.

Flushed was his face and distorted with passion ; and wildly he
 shouted,—

“ Down with the tyrants of England ! we never have sworn them
 allegiance !

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our
 harvests !”

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a sol-
 dier

Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pave-
 ment.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention

Lo ! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician

Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.

Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence

All that clamorous throng ; and thus he spake to his people ;

Deep were his tones and solemn ; in accents measured and
 mournful

Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes.

“ What is this that ye do, my children ? what madness has seized
 you ?

Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,
 Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another !

Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?

Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it

Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?

Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you!

See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!

Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'

Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!'"

Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people

Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded that passionate outbreak,

And they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar.

Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,

Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion translated,

Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides

Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children. Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending,

Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor, and roofed each

Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows.

Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table; There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wildflowers;

There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from the dairy;

And, at the head of the board, the great arm-chair of the farmer. Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset

Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial meadows.

Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended,—
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience!
Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,
Cheering with looks and words the disconsolate hearts of the women,

As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,
Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children.

Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapors
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.

Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.

All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the windows
Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome by emotion,
"Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no answer
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the living.

Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father.

Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board stood the supper untasted,

Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror.

Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.
In the dead of the night she heard the whispering rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the scycamore-tree by the window.
Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing thunder

Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world he created!

Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of Heaven;

Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till morning.

V.

FOUR times the sun had risen and set; and now on the fifth day

Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farmhouse.

Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
 Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian
 women,
 Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the sea-
 shore,
 Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,
 Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the wood-
 land.
 Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen,
 While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of play-
 things.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there on
 the sea-beach
 Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.
 All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply;
 All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.
 Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
 Echoing far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the
 church-yard.
 Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the
 church-doors
 Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy
 procession
 Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.
 Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their
 country,
 Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and way-
 worn,
 So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended
 Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their
 daughters.
 Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their
 voices,
 Sang they with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Mis-
 sions:—
 "Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!
 Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and pa-
 tience!"
 Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood
 by the way-side
 Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above
 them
 Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
 Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction,—



“JOINED IN THE SACRED PSALM.”

Calmly and sadly waited, until the procession approached her,
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and
whispered,—



“SHE CLASPED HIS NECK AND EMBRACED HIM.”

“ Gabriel ! be of good cheer ! for if we love one another,
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may hap-
pen ! ”
Smiling she spake these words ; then suddenly paused, for her
father

Saw she slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his aspect!
 Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye,
 and his footstep
 Heavier seemed with the weight of the weary heart in his
 bosom.
 But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and embraced
 him,
 Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed
 not.
 Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful pro-
 cession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embark-
 ing.
 Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
 Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late,
 saw their children
 Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.
 So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
 While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.
 Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the
 twilight
 Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the refluent
 ocean
 Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach
 Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery sea-
 weed.
 Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the
 wagons,
 Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
 All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,
 Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.
 Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
 Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving
 Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.
 Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pas-
 tures;
 Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from their
 udders;
 Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the
 farm-yard,—
 Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the
 milkmaid.
 Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus
 sounded,
 Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the
 windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled,
 Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the tempest,
 Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered.
 Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children.
 Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish,
 Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering,
 Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate sea-shore.



“SILENCE REIGNED IN THE STREETS.”

Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father,
 And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,
 Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emotion,
 E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken.
 Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,
 Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake not,
 But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering fire-light.
 “*Benedicite!*” murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.
 More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents

Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a thresh-
old,
Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sor-
row.
Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,
Raising his eyes full of tears, to the silent stars that above
them
Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of
mortals.
Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in si-
lence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-
red
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon
Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and
meadow,
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows to-
gether.
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the
roadstead.
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering
hands of a martyr.
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and,
uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred
house-tops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on
shipboard.
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,
"We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-
Pré!"
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farm-yards,
Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of cattle
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.
Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping en-
campments
Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska,
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the
whirlwind,
Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.
Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and
the horses

Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the maiden
Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them ;

And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion
Lo ! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the sea-shore

Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed.
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber ;
And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her.

Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her,

Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,

And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.
Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people,—
“ Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,

Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard.”
Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the sea-side,

Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,
Lo ! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congregation,

Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges.
’Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward.

Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking ;
And with the ebb of that tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.



PART THE SECOND.

I.

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré,

When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example in story.
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed ;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from
the northeast

Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of Newfoundland.

Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas,—
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father
of Waters

Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.

Friends they sought and homes ; and many, despairing, heart-broken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fire-side.

Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the church-yards.

Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,

Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.
Fair was she and young ; but, alas ! before her extended,
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered
before her,

Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,

As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine.

Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished ;

As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.

Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within
her,

Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,
She would commence again her endless search and endeavor ;
Sometimes in church-yards strayed, and gazed on the crosses
and tombstones,

Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its
bosom

He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.

Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.

Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and
known him,

But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.

"Gabriel Lajeunesse !" said they ; "O yes ! we have seen him.
He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the
prairies ;

Coueurs-des-Bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers."

"Gabriel Lajeunesse !" said others ; "O yes ! we have seen
him.

He is a *Voyageur* in the lowlands of Louisiana."

Then would they say, "Dear child ! why dream and wait for
him longer ?

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel ? others
Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal ?

Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee
Many a tedious year ; come, give him thy hand and be happy !

Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses."

Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly, "I cannot !
Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not
elsewhere.

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the
pathway,

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness."

And thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,

Said, with a smile, "O daughter ! thy God thus speaketh
within thee !

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted ;

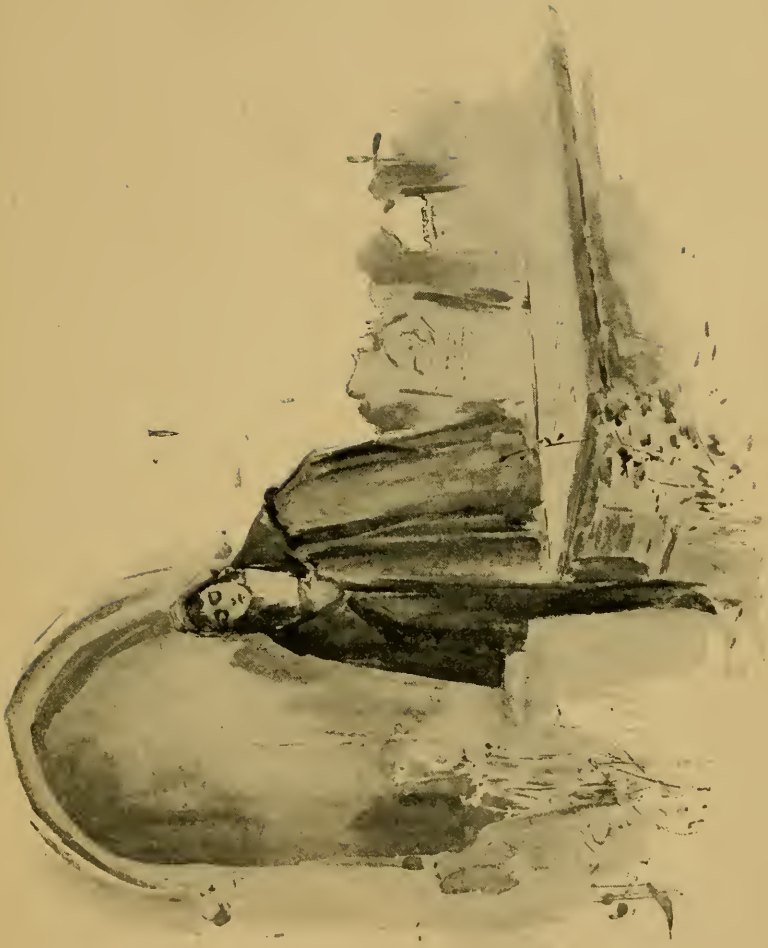
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning

Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refresh-
ment ;

That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the foun-
tain.

Patience ; accomplish thy labor ; accomplish thy work of affec-
tion !

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is god-
like.



“SOMETIMES IN CHURCHYARDS STRAYED.”

Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made
 godlike,
 Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of
 heaven !”
 Cheered by the good man’s words, Evangeline labored and
 waited.
 Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,
 But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered,
 “ Despair not !”
 Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discom-
 fort,
 Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence.
 Let me essay, O Muse ! to follow the wanderer’s footsteps ;—
 Not through each devious path, each changeful year of exist-
 ence ;
 But as a traveller follows a streamlet’s course through the valley :
 Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water
 Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only ;
 Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that con-
 ceal it,
 Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur ;
 Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it reaches an outlet.

II.

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,
 Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,
 Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,
 Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.
 It was a band of exiles : a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked
 Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,
 Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfor-
 tune ;
 Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hear-
 say,
 Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers
 On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.
 With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.
 Onward o’er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with
 forests,
 Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river ;
 Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.
 Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plume-
 like
 Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the
 current,

Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,

Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and dove-cots.
They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,

Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,

Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.
They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the Bayou
of Plaquemine,

Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the
cypress

Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.

Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the
water,

Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the
arches,

Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a
ruin.

Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around
them;

And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness,—

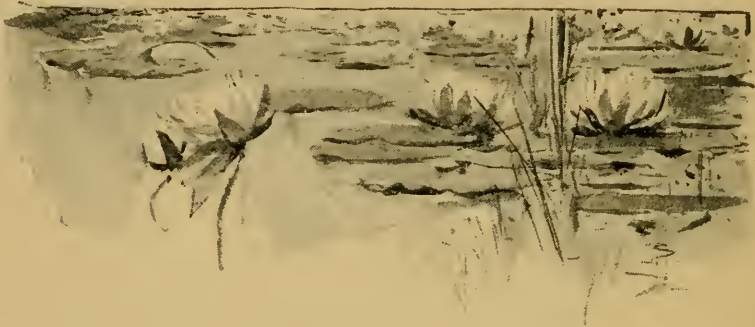
Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed.
As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.

But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly
Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight.

It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a
phantom.

Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her,
And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the oarsmen,
 And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure
 Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on
 his bugle.
 Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast
 rang,
 Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the forest.
 Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the
 music.
 Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
 Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches ;
 But not a voice replied ; no answer came from the darkness ;
 And, when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the
 silence.



“ WATER-LILIES IN MYRIADS.”

Then Evangeline slept ; but the boatmen rowed through the
 midnight,
 Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,
 Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers,
 And through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the
 desert,
 Far off, indistinct, as of wave or wind in the forest,
 Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from those shades ; and
 before them
 Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.
 Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations
 Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus
 Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.
 Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,

And with the heat of noon ; and numberless sylvan islands,
 Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of
 roses,
 Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.
 Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.
 Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,
 Safely their boat was moored ; and scattered about on the green-
 sward,
 Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.
 Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.
 Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grape-
 vine
 Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,
 On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,
 Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to
 blossom.
 Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.
 Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening
 heaven
 Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer, and ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
 Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,
 Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.
 Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and
 beaver.
 At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and care-
 worn.
 Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sad-
 ness
 Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.
 Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,
 Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.
 Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,
 But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos,
 So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the wil-
 lows,
 And undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the
 sleepers,
 Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering
 maiden.
 Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the
 prairie.
 After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the dis-
 tance,
 As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden
 Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, " O Father Felician !

Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.
 Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition?
 Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit?"
 Then, with a blush, she added, "Alas for my credulous fancy!
 Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning."
 But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled, as he answered,—

"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me without meaning.

Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface

Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.
 Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.

Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the southward,
 On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin.

There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom,

There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.

Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees;

Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens
 Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.
 They who dwell there have named it the "Eden of Louisiana."

And with these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey.

Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
 Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;
 Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest
 Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.

Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,
 Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.

Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.
 Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling
 Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around her.

Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,

Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
 Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,
 That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.

Plaintive at first were the tones and sad ; then soaring to madness

Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation ;
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,

As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.

With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion,

Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through the green Opelousas,

And through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring dwelling ;—

Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

III.

NEAR to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks, from whose branches

Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yuletide,

Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden

Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers

Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.

Large and low was the roof ; and on slender columns supported,

Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.

At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,

Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.

Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine

Ran near the tops of the trees ; but the house itself was in shadow,

And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.

In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway

Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless
 prairie,
 Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.
 Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas
 Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the
 tropics,
 Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grapevines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,
 Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,
 Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.
 Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish
 sombrero
 Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master.
 Round about him were numberless herds of kine, that were
 grazing
 Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory freshness
 That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the land-
 scape.
 Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding
 Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded
 Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the
 evening.
 Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle
 Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.
 Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the
 prairie,
 And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance.
 Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate of
 the garden
 Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to
 meet him.
 Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and
 forward
 Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder ;
 When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the black-
 smith.
 Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.
 There in an arbor of roses with endless question and answer
 Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly em-
 braces,
 Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thought-
 ful.
 Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not ; and now dark doubts and
 misgivings
 Stole o'er the maiden's heart ; and Basil, somewhat embar-
 rassed,

Broke the silence and said, " If you came by the Atchafalaya,
How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the
bayous?"

Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.
Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent:
" Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his
shoulder,

All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and la-
mented.

Then the good Basil said,—and his voice grew blithe as he said
it,—

" Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed.
Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my
horses.

Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit
Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,
He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,
Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent
him

Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards.
Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,
Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.
Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive lover;
He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are
against him.

Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morn-
ing
We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the
river,

Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler.
Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on Olympus,
Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.
Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.
" Long live Michael," they cried, " our brave Acadian min-
strel!"

As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and straight-
way

Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man
Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured,
Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,
Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters.
Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci-devant black-
smith,

All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanor ;
 Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the
 climate,
 And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who
 would take them ;
 Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go and do
 likewise.
 Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the airy veranda,



“ HUNTING FOR FURS IN THE FORESTS.”

Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil
 Waited his late return ; and they rested and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.
 All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape with silver,
 Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars ; but within
 doors,
 Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmer-
 ing lamplight.
 Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herds-
 man

Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion.

Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco,

Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened :—

“ Welcome once more, my friends, who so long have been friendless and homeless,

Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the old one !

Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers ;

Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer.

Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil, as a keel through the water.

All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom ; and grass grows

More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.

Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies ;

Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses.

After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,

No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads,

Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle.”

Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils,

And his huge, brawny hand came thundering down on the table,

So that the guests all started ; and Father Felician, astounded,

Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to his nostrils.

But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and gayer :—

“ Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever !

For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,

Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a nutshell !”

Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps approaching

Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy veranda.

It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian planters,

Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the Herdsman.

Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbors :

Friend clasped friend in his arms ; and they who before were as strangers,

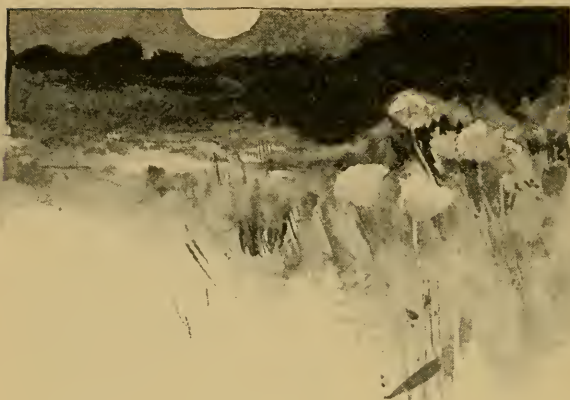
Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,
 Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.
 But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, proceeding
 From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle,



“FROM THE ACCORDANT STRINGS OF MICHAEL'S MELODIOUS FIDDLE.”

Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,
 All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the mad-
 dening
 Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music,
 Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering gar-
 ments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and the
 herdsman
 Sat, conversing together of past and present and future ;
 While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her
 Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music
 Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness
 Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the garden.
 Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,
 Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river
 Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of
 the moonlight,
 Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious
 spirit.
 Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden
 Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and con-
 fessions
 Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.
 Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and
 night-dews,
 Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical
 moonlight
 Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
 As, through the garden gate, beneath the brown shade of the
 oak-trees,
 Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless
 prairie.
 Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies
 Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.
 Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,
 Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and wor-
 ship,
 Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that
 temple,
 As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, " Upharsin."
 And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-
 flies,
 Wandered alone, and she cried, " O Gabriel : O my beloved !
 Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee ?
 Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me ?
 Ah ! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie !
 Ah ! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around
 me !
 Ah ! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,
 Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slum-
 bers !
 When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee ?"
 Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded



“AND, FROM THE MOONLIT MEADOW, A SIGH RESPONDED, ‘TO-MORROW!’”

Like a flute in the woods ; and anon, through the neighboring thickets,
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.
“Patience!” whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness :
And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, “To-morrow !”

Bright rose the sun next day ; and all the flowers of the garden
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses
With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.
“Farewell !” said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold ;
“See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famine,
And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bridegroom was coming.”
“Farewell !” answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil descended
Down to the river’s brink, where the boatmen already were waiting.
Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine, and gladness,
Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before them,
Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.

Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded,
 Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or river,
 Nor, after many days had they found him ; but vague and uncertain
 Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and desolate
 country ;
 Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,
 Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the garrulous
 landlord,
 That on the day before, with horses and guides and companions,
 Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

IV.

FAR in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains
 Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.
 Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a
 gateway,
 Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon,
 Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and Owyhee.
 Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river Moun-
 tains,
 Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska ;
 And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish sierras,
 Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the
 desert,
 Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the
 ocean,
 Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.
 Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful
 prairies,
 Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,
 Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.
 Over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roe-
 buck ;
 Over them wander the wolves, and herds of riderless horses ;
 Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel ;
 Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,
 Staining the desert with blood ; and above their terrible war-trails
 Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,
 Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,
 By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.
 Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage ma-
 rauders ;
 Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running
 rivers ;

And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brook-
side,

And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God
inverted above them.



Into this wonderful land, at
the base of the Ozark
Mountains,
Gabriel far had entered, with
hunters and trappers be-
hind him.

Day after day, with their Indian
guides, the maiden and
Basil

Followed his flying steps, and
thought each day to o'er-
take him.

Sometimes they saw, or thought
they saw, the smoke of
his camp-fire

Rise in the morning air from
the distant plain; but at
nightfall,

When they had reached the
place, they found only em-
bers and ashes.

And, though their hearts were
sad at times and their
bodies were weary,

Hope still guided them on, as
the magic Fata Morgana

Showed them her lakes of light,
that retreated and vanished
before them.

Once, as they sat by their
evening fire, there silently
entered

Into the little camp an Indian
woman, whose features

Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her sorrow.
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people,
From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Camanches,
Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-Bois, had been
murdered.

“OVER THEM WANDER THE SCATTERED TRIBES OF
ISHMAEL’S CHILDREN.”



“ THERE SILENTLY ENTERED INTO THE LITTLE CAMP AN INDIAN WOMAN.”

Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and friend-
liest welcome

Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted among
them

On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the embers.

But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his companions,
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and
the bison,

Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quiver-
ing fire-light

Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped up in
their blankets

Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated

Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent,
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and re-
verses.

Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed.
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compas-
sion,

Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near
her,

She in turn related her love and all its disasters.

Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended

Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror

Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the
Mowis;

Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden,
But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wig-
wam,

Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,

Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the
forest.

Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird incan-
tation,

Told she the tale of the fair Lilineau, who was wooed by a phan-
tom,

That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush of
the twilight,

Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden,

Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest,

And never more returned, nor was seen again by her people.

Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened

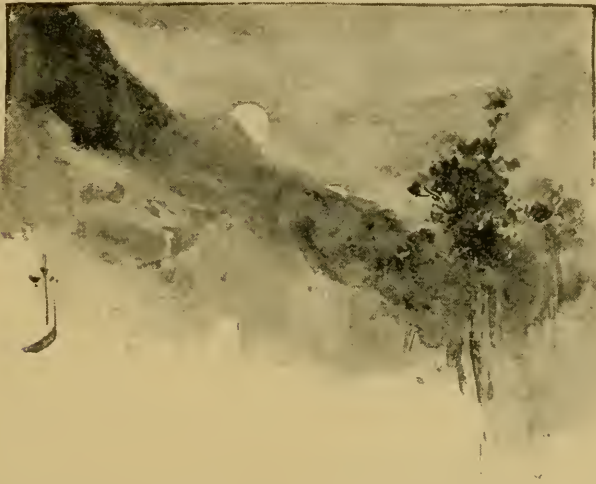
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the en-
chantress.

Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose,

Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling the wood-
land.

With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.
Filled with the thoughts of love was *Évangeline's* heart, but a
secret,

Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow.
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a mo-
ment



“ SLOWLY OVER THE TOPS OF THE OZARK MOUNTAINS THE MOON ROSE.”

That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phan-
tom.

And with this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom
had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed; and the
Shawnee

Said, as they journeyed along, “ On the western slope of these
mountains

Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mis-
sion.

Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus;
Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they
hear him.”

Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered,
 " Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us ! "
 Thither they turned their steeds ; and behind a spur of the
 mountains,

Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,
 And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,
 Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mis-
 sion.

Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,
 Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fast-
 ened
 High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grape-
 vines,
 Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling be-
 neath it.

This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches
 Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,
 Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the
 branches.

Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer approach-
 ing,
 Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devo-
 tions.

But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen
 Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of
 the sower,

Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade
 them

Welcome ; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant ex-
 pression,

Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the for-
 est,

And, with words of kindness, conducted them into his wigwam.
 There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the
 maize-ear

Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the
 teacher.

Soon was their story told ; and the priest with solemnity an-
 swered :—

" Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated
 On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes,
 Told me this same sad tale ; then arose and continued his jour-
 ney ! "

Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of
 kindness ;

But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in winter the snow-
 flakes



“PATIENCE!” THE PRIEST WOULD SAY.”

Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.
 “Far to the north he has gone,” continued the priest; “but in
 autumn,
 When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission.”
 Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submis-
 sive,
 “Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted.”
 So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the mor-
 row,
 Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and com-
 panions,
 Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mis-
 sion.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other,—
 Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize that were
 springing
 Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving
 above her,
 Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and forming
 Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by squir-
 rels.

Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens

Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the corn-field.

Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover.

“Patience!” the priest would say; “have faith, and thy prayer will be answered!

Look at this delicate plant that lifts its head from the meadow,
See how its leaves all point to the north, as true as the magnet;



“THE HUNTER’S LODGE DESERTED AND FALLEN TO RUIN!”

It is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has suspended
Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the traveller’s journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance,
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odor is deadly.
Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter
Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews of
repenthe.”

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter,—yet Gabriel
came not;

Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin and
bluebird
Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel came not.
But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was wafted
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom.
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River.
And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence,
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission.
When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin !

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and
places
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden ;—
Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian Missions,
Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey ;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

V.

IN that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's
waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of
beauty,
And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they
molested.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.
There old René Leblanc had died ; and when he departed,

Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.
 Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the
 city,
 Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a
 stranger ;
 And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the
 Quakers,
 For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,
 Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters.
 So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavor,
 Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,
 Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her
 footsteps.
 As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning
 Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,
 Sun-illuminated, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,
 So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far be-
 low her,
 Dark no longer, but all illumined with love ; and the pathway
 Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the dis-
 tance.
 Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,
 Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,
 Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and absence.
 Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.
 Over him years had no power ; he was not changed, but trans-
 figured ;
 He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent ;
 Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,
 This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.
 So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,
 Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.
 Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow
 Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.
 Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy ; frequenting
 Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,
 Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sun-
 light,
 Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.
 Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the watchman
 repeated
 Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,
 High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.
 Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the sub-
 urbs
 Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the
 market,

Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from his watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,
 Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild
 pigeons,
 Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws but
 an acorn.
 And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of Sep-
 tember,



“AS THE WATCHMAN REPEATED, LOUD THROUGH THE GUSTY STREETS, THAT
 ALL WAS WELL IN THE CITY.”

Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the
 meadow,

So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,
 Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of existence.

Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the op-
 pressor ;

But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger ;—

Only, alas ! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,
 Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.

Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and
 woodlands ;—

Now the city surrounds it ; but still, with its gateway and wicket

Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to echo
Softly the words of the Lord :—" The poor ye always have with
you."

Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The
dying

Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there
Glams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,
Into whose shining gates erelong their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and
silent,

Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden ;
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and
beauty.

Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the
east-wind,

Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of
Christ Church,

While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their church
at Wicaco.

Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit ;
Something within her said, " At length thy trials are ended " ;
And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sick-
ness.

Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their
faces,

Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the road-
side.

Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her
presence

Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.
And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night time ;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

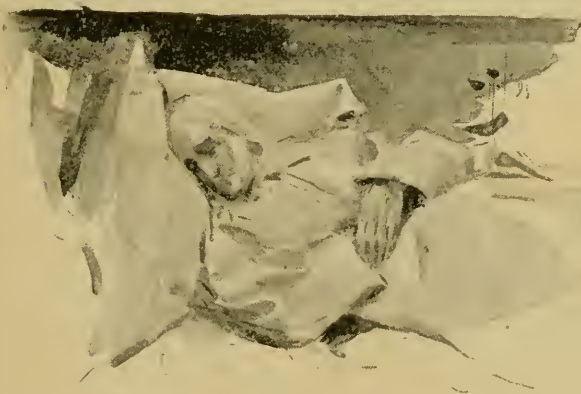
Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder

Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped
from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morn-
ing.

Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his
temples ;

But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood ;
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its
portals,

That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted



“ WAS STRETCHED THE FORM OF AN OLD MAN.”

Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the dark-
ness,

Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking.
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverbera-
tions,

Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,
“ Gabriel ! O my beloved ! ” and died away into silence.

Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his child-
hood ;

Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,

Village, and mountain, and woodlands ; and, walking under
 their shadow,
 As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
 Tears came into his eyes ; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
 Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.



“ ALL WAS ENDED NOW, THE HOPE, AND THE FEAR, AND THE SORROW.”

Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
 Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue
 would have spoken.

Vainly he strove to rise ; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,
 Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
 Sweet was the light of his eyes ; but it suddenly sank into dark-
 ness,
 As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
 All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
 All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience !
 And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
 Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, “ Father, I thank
 thee.”

Still stands the forest primeval ; but far away from its shadow,
 Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.
 Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,
 In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.
 Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,

Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest forever,
 Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,
 Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their
 labors,
 Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their
 journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its
 branches
 Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
 Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
 Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
 Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.
 In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy;
 Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of home-
 spun,
 And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
 While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighboring ocean
 Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the
 forest.





DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VICTORIAN, }	
HYPOLITO, }	Students of Alcalá.
THE COUNT OF LARA, }	
DON CARLOS, }	Gentlemen of Madrid.
THE ARCHBISHOP OF TOLEDO.	
A CARDINAL.	
BELTRAN CRUZADO,	Count of the Gypsies.
BARTOLOMÉ ROMAN,	A Young Gypsy.
THE PADRE CURA OF GUADARRAMA.	
PEDRO CRESPO,	Alcalde.
PANCHO,	Alguacil.
FRANCISCO,	Lara's Servant.
CHISPA,	Victorian's Servant.
BALTASAR,	Innkeeper.
PRECIOSA,	A Gypsy Girl.
ANGELINA,	A Poor Girl.
MARTINA,	The Padre Cura's Niece.
DOLORES,	Preciosa's Maid.
	Gypsies, Musicians, etc.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—THE COUNT OF LARA'S *chambers. Night. The COUNT, in his dressing-gown, smoking and conversing with DON CARLOS.*

Lara. You were not at the play to-night, Don Carlos ;
How happened it ?

Don C. I had engagements elsewhere.
Pray who was there ?

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

Don C. What was the play ?

Lara. It was a dull affair ;
One of those comedies in which you see,
As Lope says, the history of the world
Brought down from Genesis to the Day of Judgment.
There were three duels fought in the first act,
Three gentlemen receiving deadly wounds,
Laying their hands upon their hearts, and saying,
“ O, I am dead ! ” a lover in a closet,
An old hidalgo, and a gay Don Juan,
A Doña Inez with a black mantilla,
Followed at twilight by an unknown lover,
Who looks intently where he knows she is not !

Don C. Of course, the Preciosa danced to-night ?

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

Don C. Almost beyond the privilege of woman !
I saw her in the Prado yesterday.
Her step was royal,—queen-like,—and her face
As beautiful as a saint's in Paradise.

Lara. May not a saint fall from her Paradise,
And be no more a saint ?

Don C. Why do you ask ?

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

Don C. You do her wrong ; indeed, you do her wrong !
She is as virtuous as she is fair.

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

Don C. You forget
She is a Gypsy girl.

Lara. And therefore won
The easier.

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

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

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

Lara. Yet Preciosa would have taken the gold.

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

Lara. I am sure of it.
But why this haste ? Stay yet a little longer,
And fight the battles of your Dulcinea.

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

Lara. Yes; persuade me.

Don C. No one so deaf as he who will not hear!



"SHE IS A GYPSY GIRL."

Lara. No one so blind as he who will not see!

Don C. And so good-night. I wish you pleasant dreams,
And greater faith in woman. [Exit.

Lara. Greater faith!

I have the greatest faith ; for I believe
Victorian is her lover. I believe
That I shall be to-morrow ; and thereafter
Another, and another, and another,
Chasing each other through her zodiac,
As Taurus chases Aries.

(Enter FRANCISCO with a casket.)

Well, Francisco,

What speed with Preciosa ?

Fran. None, my lord.

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

Lara. Then I will try some other way to win her.
Pray, dost thou know Victorian ?

Fran. Yes, my lord ;

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

Lara. What was he doing there ?

Fran. I saw him buy

A golden ring, that had a ruby in it.

Lara. Was there another like it ?

Fran. One so like it

I could not choose between them.

Lara. It is well.

To-morrow morning bring that ring to me.

Do not forget. Now light me to my bed.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A street in Madrid. Enter CHISPA, followed by musicians, with a bagpipe, guitars, and other instruments.*

Chispa. Abernuncio Satanas ! and a plague on all lovers who ramble about at night, drinking the elements, instead of sleeping quietly in their beds. Every dead man to his cemetery, say I ; and every friar to his monastery. Now, here's my master, Victorian, yesterday a cowkeeper, and to-day a gentleman ; yesterday a student, and to-day a lover ; and I must be up later than the nightingale, for as the abbot sings so must the sacristan respond. God grant he may soon be married, for then shall all this serenading cease. Ay, marry ! marry ! marry ! Mother, what does marry mean ? It means to spin, to bear children, and to weep, my daughter ! And, of a truth, there is something more in matrimony than the wedding-ring. (*To the musicians.*) And now, gentlemen, Pax vobiscum ! as the ass said to the cabages. Pray, walk this way ; and don't hang down your heads.



“ WHAT SPEED WITH PRECIOSA ? ”

It is no disgrace to have an old father and a ragged shirt. Now, look you, you are gentlemen who lead the life of crickets; you enjoy hunger by day and noise by night. Yet, I beseech you, for this once be not loud, but pathetic; for it is a serenade to a damsel in bed, and not to the Man in the Moon. Your object is not to arouse and terrify, but to soothe and bring lulling dreams. Therefore, each shall not play upon his instrument as if it were the only one in the universe, but gently, and with a certain modesty, according with the others. Pray, how may I call thy name, friend?

First Mus. Gerónimo Gil, at your service.

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

First Mus. Why so?

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

First Mus. An Aragonese bagpipe.

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

First Mus. No, your honor.

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

Second and Third Musicians. We play the bandurria.

Chispa. A pleasing instrument. And thou?

Fourth Mus. The fife.

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

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

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

SCENE III. — PRECIOSA'S chamber. *She stands at the open window.*

Prec. How slowly through the lilac-scented air
Descends the tranquil moon! Like thistle-down
The vapory clouds float in the peaceful sky;
And sweetly from yon hollow vaults of shade

The nightingales breathe out their souls in song.
And hark! what songs of love, what soul-like sounds,
Answer them from below!

SERENADE.

Stars of the summer night!
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!
Far down yon western steeps,
Sink, sink in silver light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!
Where yonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

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

(Enter VICTORIAN by the balcony.)

Vict. Poor little dove! Thou tremblest like a leaf!

Prec. I am so frightened! 'T is for thee I tremble!
I hate to have thee climb that wall by night!
Did no one see thee?

Vict. None, my love, but thou.

Prec. 'T is very dangerous; and when thou art gone
I chide myself for letting thee come here
Thus stealthily by night. Where hast thou been?
Since yesterday I have no news from thee.

Vict. Since yesterday I have been in Alcalá.
Erelong the time will come, sweet Preciosa,



• SERENADE •

When that dull distance shall no more divide us ;
 And I no more shall scale thy wall by night
 To steal a kiss from thee, as I do now.

Prec. An honest thief, to steal but what thou givest.

Vict. And we shall sit together unmolested,
 And words of true love pass from tongue to tongue,
 As singing birds from one bough to another.

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

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

Prec. Am I not always fair ?

Vict. Ay, and so fair
 That I am jealous of all eyes that see thee,
 And wish that they were blind.

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

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

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

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

Prec. In good sooth,
 I dance with learned doctors of the schools
 To-morrow morning.

Vict. And with whom, I pray ?

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

Vict. What mad jest
 Is this ?

Prec. It is no jest ; indeed it is not.

Vict. Prithee, explain thyself.

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

Vict. I have heard it whispered.

Prec. Now the Cardinal,
 Who for this purpose comes, would fain behold
 With his own eyes these dances ; and the Archbishop
 Has sent for me——

Vict. That thou mayest dance before them !
 Now viva la cachucha ! It will breathe
 The fire of youth into these gray old men !
 'T will be thy proudest conquest !

Prec. Saving one.
 And yet I fear these dances will be stopped,
 And Preciosa be once more a beggar.



“ BESIDE A FOUNTAIN.”

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

Prec. Dost thou remember
 When first we met ?

Vict. It was at Córdoba,
 In the cathedral garden. Thou wast sitting
 Under the orange-trees, beside a fountain.

Prec. 'T was Easter-Sunday. The full-blossomed trees

Filled all the air with fragrance and with joy.
The priests were singing, and the organ sounded,
And then anon the great cathedral bell.
It was the elevation of the Host.

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

Vict. Thou blessed angel!

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

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

Prec. I thought I ne'er should see thy face again.
Thy farewell had a sound of sorrow in it.

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

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

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

Prec. I have felt it so, but found no words to say it!
I cannot reason; I can only feel!
But thou hast language for all thoughts and feelings.
Thou art a scholar; and sometimes I think
We cannot walk together in this world!
The distance that divides us is too great!
Henceforth thy pathway lies among the stars;
I must not hold thee back.

Vict. Thou little skeptic!
Dost thou still doubt? What I most prize in woman
Is her affections, not her intellect!
The intellect is finite; but the affections
Are infinite, and cannot be exhausted.
Compare me with the great men of the earth;
What am I? Why, a pygmy among giants!
But if thou lovest,—mark me! I say lovest,
The greatest of thy sex excels thee not!

The world of the affections is thy world,
 Not that of man's ambition. In that stillness
 Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy,
 Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,
 Feeding its flame. The element of fire
 Is pure. It cannot change nor hide its nature,
 But burns as brightly in a Gypsy camp
 As in a palace hall. Art thou convinced?

Prec. Yes, that I love thee, as the good love heaven;
 But not that I am worthy of that heaven.
 How shall I more deserve it?

Vict. Loving more.

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

Vict. Then let it overflow, and I will drink it,
 As in the summer-time the thirsty sands
 Drink the swift waters of a mountain torrent,
 And still do thirst for more.

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

Vict. Hear'st thou that cry?

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

Vict. As the hunter's horn
 Doth scare the timid stag, or bark of hounds
 The moor-fowl from his mate.

Prec. Pray, do not go!

Vict. I must away to Alcalá to-night.
 Think of me when I am away,

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

Vict. (giving her a ring). And to remind thee of my love,
 take this;

A serpent, emblem of Eternity;
 A ruby,—say, a drop of my heart's blood.

Prec. It is an ancient saying, that the ruby
 Brings gladness to the wearer, and preserves
 The heart pure, and, if laid beneath the pillow,
 Drives away evil dreams. But then, alas!

It was a serpent tempted Eve to sin.

Vict. What convent of barefooted Carmelites
 Taught thee so much theology?

Prec. (laying her hand upon his mouth). Hush! hush!
 Good night! and may all holy angels guard thee!

Vict. Good night! good night! Thou art my guardian angel!
 I have no other saint than thou to pray to!

(He descends by the balcony.)

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

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

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

Prec. (*throwing down her handkerchief*). Thou silly child!
Take this to blind thine eyes.

It is my benison!

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

Prec. Make not thy voyage long.

Vict. To-morrow night
Shall see me safe returned. Thou art the star
To guide me to an anchorage. Good night!
My beauteous star! My star of love, good night!

Prec. Good night!

Watchman (*at a distance*). Ave Maria Purissima!

SCENE IV.—*An inn on the road to Alcalá.* BALTASAR *asleep*
on a bench. Enter CHISPA.

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

Bal. (*waking*). Here I am.

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

Bal. Where is your master?

Chispa. Do not trouble yourself about him. We have
stopped a moment to breathe our horses; and, if he chooses to
walk up and down in the open air, looking into the sky as one
who hears it rain, that does not satisfy my hunger, you know.
But be quick, for I am in a hurry, and every man stretches his
legs according to the length of his coverlet. What have we
here?

Bal. (*setting a light on the table*). Stewed rabbit.

Chispa. (*eating*). Conscience of Portalegre! Stewed kit-
ten, you mean!

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

Chispa (*drinking*). Ancient Baltasar, amigo! You know

how to cry wine and sell vinegar. I tell you this is nothing but *Vino Tinto* of *La Mancha*, with a tang of the swine-skin.

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

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

Bal. Ha! ha! ha!

Chispa. And more noise than nuts.

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

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

Bal. Why does he go so often to Madrid?

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

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

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

Vict. (without). *Chispa!*

Chispa. Go to bed, *Pero Grullo*, for the cocks are crowing.

Vict. Ea! *Chispa!* *Chispa!*

Chispa. Ea! *Señor*. Come with me, ancient *Baltasar*, and bring water for the horses. I will pay for the supper to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*]

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

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

(*He plays and sings.*)



“OPEN THY SILENT LIPS, SWEET INSTRUMENT!”

Padre Francisco!
 Padre Francisco!
 What do you want of Padre Francisco?
 Here is a pretty young maiden
 Who wants to confess her sins!
 Open the door and let her come in,
 I will shrive her from every sin.

(Enter VICTORIAN.)

Vict. Padre Hypolito! Padre Hypolito!

Hyp. What do you want of Padre Hypolito?

Vict. Come, shrive me straight; for, if love be a sin,
 I am the greatest sinner that doth live.
 I will confess the sweetest of all crimes,
 A maiden wooed and won.

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

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

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

Vict. Nay, like the Sibyl's volumes, thou shouldst say;
 Those that remained, after the six were burned,
 Being held more precious than the nine together.
 But listen to my tale. Dost thou remember
 The Gypsy girl we saw at Córdoba
 Dance the Romalis in the market-place?

Hyp. Thou meanest Preciosa.

Vict. Ay, the same.
 Thou knowest how her image haunted me
 Long after we returned to Alcalá.
 She's in Madrid.

Hyp. I know it.

Vict. And I'm in love.

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

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

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

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

*Ave! cujus calcem clare
 Nec centenni commendare
 Sciret Seraph studio!*

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

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

Vict. I mean it honestly.

Hyp. Surely thou wilt not marry her!

Vict.

Why not?

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

Vict. They quarrelled,
 And so the matter ended.

Hyp. But in truth
 Thou wilt not marry her.

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

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

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

Hyp. Not much.
 What, think'st thou, is she doing at this moment;
 Now, while we speak of her?

Vict. She lies asleep,
 And from her parted lips her gentle breath
 Comes like the fragrance from the lips of flowers.
 Her tender limbs are still, and, on her breast,

The cross she prayed to, ere she fell asleep,
Rises and falls with the soft tide of dreams,
Like a light barge safe moored.

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

Vict. O, would I had the old magician's glass
To see her as she lies in childlike sleep!

Hyp. And wouldst thou venture?

Vict. Ay, indeed I would!

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

Vict. Yes; all the awful mystery of Life!

I oft have thought, my dear Hypolito,
That could we, by some spell of magic, change
The world and its inhabitants to stone,
In the same attitudes they now are in,
What fearful glances downward might we cast
Into the hollow chasms of human life!

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

What joyful welcomes, and what sad farewells!

What stony tears in those congealed eyes!

What visible joy or anguish in those cheeks!

What bridal pomps, and what funereal shows!

What foes, like gladiators, fierce and struggling!

What lovers with their marble lips together!

Hyp. Ay, there it is! and, if I were in love,
That is the very point I most should dread.
This magic glass, these magic spells of thine,
Might tell a tale were better left untold.
For instance, they might show us thy fair cousin,
The Lady Violante, bathed in tears
Of love and anger, like the maid of Colchis,
Whom thou, another faithless Argonaut,
Having won that golden fleece, a woman's love,
Desertest for this Glauçè.

Vict. Hold thy peace!

She cares not for me. She may wed another,

Or go into a convent, and, thus dying,

Marry Achilles in the Elysian Fields.

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

(*Clock strikes three.*)

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

Of Preciosa when we meet again.
 Get thee to bed, and the magician, Sleep,
 Shall show her to thee, in his magic glass,
 In all her loveliness. Good night!

[Exit.

Vict.

Good night!

But not to bed; for I must read awhile.

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

Must read, or sit in revery and watch
 The changing color of the waves that break
 Upon the idle sea-shore of the mind!
 Visions of Fame! that once did visit me,
 Making night glorious with your smile, where are ye?
 O, who shall give me, now that ye are gone,
 Juices of those immortal plants that bloom
 Upon Olympus, making us immortal?
 Or teach me where that wondrous mandrake grows
 Whose magic root, torn from the earth with groans,
 At midnight hour, can scare the fiends away,
 And make the mind prolific in its fancies?
 I have the wish, but want the will, to act!
 Souls of great men departed! Ye whose words
 Have come to light from the swift river of Time,
 Like Roman swords found in the Tagus' bed,
 Where is the strength to wield the arms ye bore?
 From the barred visor of Antiquity
 Reflected shines the eternal light of Truth,
 As from a mirror! All the means of action—
 The shapeless masses, the materials—
 Lie everywhere about us. What we need
 Is the celestial fire to change the flint
 Into transparent crystal, bright and clear.
 That fire is genius! The rude peasant sits
 At evening in his smoky cot, and draws
 With charcoal uncouth figures on the wall.
 The son of genius comes, foot-sore with travel,
 And begs a shelter from the inclement night.
 He takes the charcoal from the peasant's hand,
 And, by the magic of his touch at once
 Transfigured, all its hidden virtues shine,
 And, in the eyes of the astonished clown,
 It gleams a diamond! Even thus transformed,
 Rude popular traditions and old tales
 Shine as immortal poems, at the touch
 Of some poor, houseless, homeless, wandering bard,

Who had but a night's lodging for his pains,
 But there are brighter dreams than those of Fame,
 Which are the dreams of Love ! Out of the heart
 Rises the bright ideal of these dreams,
 As from some woodland fount a spirit rises
 And sinks again into its silent deeps,
 Ere the enamored knight can touch her robe !
 'T is this ideal that the soul of man,
 Like the enamored knight beside the fountain,
 Waits for upon the margin of Life's stream ;
 Waits to behold her rise from the dark waters,
 Clad in a mortal shape ! Alas ! how many
 Must wait in vain ! The stream flows evermore,
 But from its silent deeps no spirit rises !
 Yet I, born under a propitious star,
 Have found the bright ideal of my dreams.
 Yes ! she is ever with me. I can feel,
 Here, as I sit at midnight and alone,
 Her gentle breathing ! on my breast can feel
 The pressure of her head ! God's benison
 Rest ever on it ! Close those beauteous eyes,
 Sweet Sleep ! and all the flowers that bloom at night
 With balmy lips breathe in her ears my name !

(Gradually sinks asleep.)



ACT II.

SCENE I.—PRECIOSA'S *chamber. Morning.* PRECIOSA and ANGELICA.

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

Ang. The Count of Lara.

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

Ang. You know him, then!

Prec. As much

As any woman may, and yet be pure.
As you would keep your name without a blemish,
Beware of him!

Ang. Alas! what can I do?

I cannot choose my friends. Each word of kindness,
Come whence it may, is welcome to the poor.

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

Ang. Angelica.

Prec. That name

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

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

Prec. Thank me by following it.

Ang. Indeed I will.

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

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

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

(*Gives her a purse.*)

Take this. Would it were more.

Ang. I thank you, lady.

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

I dance to-night,—perhaps for the last time.

But what I gain, I promise shall be yours,

If that can save you from the Count of Lara.

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

Prec. I deserve no thanks.

Thank Heaven, not me.

Ang. Both Heaven and you.

Prec. Farewell.

Remember that you come again to-morrow.

Ang. I will. And may the Blessed Virgin guard you,
And all good angels. [*Exit.*]

Prec. May they guard thee too,

And all the poor; for they have need of angels.

Now bring me, dear Dolores, my basquiña,

My richest maja dress,—my dancing dress,

And my most precious jewels! Make me look

Fairer than night e'er saw me! I've a prize

To win this day, worthy of Preciosa!

(*Enter BELTRAN CRUZADO.*)

Cruz. Ave Maria!

Prec. O God! my evil genius!

What seekest thou here to-day?

Cruz. Thyself,—my child.

Prec. What is thy will with me?

Cruz. Gold! gold!

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

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

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

Cruz. That is a foolish lie.

Prec. It is the truth.

Cruz. Curses upon thee! Thou art not my child!

Hast thou given gold away, and not to me?

Not to thy father? To whom, then?



BELTRAN CRUZADO.

Prec. To one
Who needs it more.

Cruz. No one can need it more.

Prec. Thou art not poor.

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

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

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

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

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

Prec. What ! march again ?

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

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

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

Prec. (*with emotion*). O, I beseech thee !
If my obedience and blameless life,
If my humility and meek submission
In all things hitherto, can move in thee
One feeling of compassion ; if thou art
Indeed my father, and canst trace in me
One look of her who bore me, or one tone

That doth remind thee of her, let it plead
 In my behalf, who am a feeble girl,
 Too feeble to resist, and do not force me
 To wed that man! I am afraid of him!
 I do not love him! On my knees I beg thee
 To use no violence, nor do in haste
 What cannot be undone!

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

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

SCENE II. — *A room in the ARCHBISHOP'S Palace. The ARCHBISHOP and a CARDINAL seated.*

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

Card. Know and approve.

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

Card. I trust forever.

It was a cruel sport.

Arch. A barbarous pastime,
 Disgraceful to the land that calls itself
 Most Catholic and Christian.

Card. Yet the people
 Murmur at this; and, if the public dances
 Should be condemned upon too slight occasion,
 Worse ills might follow than the ills we cure.
 As *Panem et Circenses* was the cry
 Among the Roman populace of old,
 So *Pan y Toros* is the cry in Spain.

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

(Enter a Servant.)

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



“ ALL THIS YOU KNOW.” “ KNOW AND APPROVE.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Is thy name Preciosa?

Prec. Thus I am called.

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

Prec. Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calés.

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

Card. Dost thou remember
Thy earlier days?

Prec. Yes; by the Darro's side
My childhood passed. I can remember still

The river, and the mountains capped
with snow;

The villages, where, yet a little child,
I told the traveller's fortune in the street;

The smuggler's horse, the brigand and
the shepherd;

The march across the moor; the halt
at noon;

The red fire of the evening camp, that
lighted

The forest where we slept; and, farther
back,

As in a dream or in some former life,
Gardens and palace walls.

Arch. 'T is the Alhambra,
Under whose towers the Gypsy camp was pitched.
But the time wears; and we would see thee dance.

Prec. Your Grace shall be obeyed.



"THE RIVER, AND THE MOUNTAINS
CAPPED WITH SNOW."

(*She lays aside her mantilla. The music of the cachucha is played, and the dance begins. The ARCHBISHOP and the*



“AND HERE BESEECH YOUR HOLY BENEDICTION.”

CARDINAL *look on with gravity and an occasional frown ; then make signs to each other ; and, as the dance continues, become more and more pleased and excited ; and at length rise from their seats, throw their caps in the air, and applaud vehemently as the scene closes.*)



SCENE III.—*The Prado. A long avenue of trees leading to the gate of Atocha. On the right the dome and spires of a convent. A fountain. Evening, DON CARLOS and HYPOLITO meeting.*

Don C. Holá! good evening, Don Hypolito.

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

Don C. Command me always.

Hyp. Do you remember, in Quevedo's Dreams, The miser, who, upon the Day of Judgment, Asks if his money-bags would rise?

Don C. I do;
But what of that?

Hyp. I am that wretched man.

Don C. You mean to tell me yours have risen empty ?

Hyph. And amen ! said the Cid Campeador.

Don C. Pray, how much need you ?

Hyph. Some half-dozen ounces,

Which, with due interest—

Don C. (*giving his purse*). What, am I a Jew
To put my moneys out at usury ?

Here is my purse.

Hyph. Thank you. A pretty purse.

Made by the hand of some fair Madrileña ;

Perhaps a keepsake.

Don C. No, 't is at your service.

Hyph. Thank you again. Lie there, good Chrysostom,
And with thy golden mouth remind me often,
I am the debtor of my friend.

Don C. But tell me,

Come you to-day from Alcalá ?

Hyph. This moment.

Don C. And pray, how fares the brave Victorian ?

Hyph. Indifferent well ; that is to say, not well.

A damsel has ensnared him with the glances

Of her dark, roving eyes, as herdsmen catch

A steer of Andalusia with a lazo.

He is in love.

Don C. And is it faring ill

To be in love ?

Hyph. In his case very ill.

Don C. Why so ?

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

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

Hyph. Well, it is a woman !

But, look you, from the coffer of his heart
He brings forth precious jewels to adorn her,
As pious priests adorn some favorite saint
With gems and gold, until at length she gleams
One blaze of glory. Without these, you know,
And the priest's benediction, 't is a doll.

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

Hyf. Why, who do you think ?

Don C. His cousin Violante.

Hyf. Guess again.

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

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

Hyf. Not I.

Don C. Why not ?

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

Don C. Jestng aside, who is it ?

Hyf. Preciosa.

Don C. Impossible ! The Count of Lara tells me
She is not virtuous.

Hyf. Did I say she was ?

The Roman Emperor Claudius had a wife
Whose name was Messalina, as I think ;
Valeria Messalina was her name.

But hist ! I see him yonder through the trees,
Walking as in a dream.

Don C. He comes this way.

Hyf. It has been truly said by some wise man,
That money, grief, and love cannot be hidden.

(*Enter VICTORIAN in front.*)

Vict. Where'er thy step has passed is holy ground !
These groves are sacred ! I behold thee walking
Under these shadowy trees, where we have walked
At evening, and I feel thy presence now ;
Feel that the place has taken a charm from thee,
And is forever hallowed.

Hyf. Mark him well !

See how he strides away with lordly air,
Like that odd guest of stone, that grim Commander
Who comes to sup with Juan in the play.

Don C. What ho ! Victorian !

Hyf. Wilt thou sup with us ?

Vict. *Holá ! amigos !* Faith, I did not see you.
How fares Don Carlos ?

Don C. At your service ever

Vict. How is that young and green-eyed Gaditana
That you both wot of ?

Don C. Ay, soft, emerald eyes !

She has gone back to Cadiz.

Hyf. *Ay de mí !*

Vict. You are much to blame for letting her go back.

A pretty girl ; and in her tender eyes
Just that soft shade of green we sometimes see
In evening skies.

Hyp. But, speaking of green eyes,
Are thine green ?

Vict. Not a whit. Why so ?

Hyp. I think
The slightest shade of green would be becoming,
For thou art jealous.

Vict. No, I am not jealous.

Hyp. Thou shouldst be.

Vict. Why ?

Hyp. Because thou art in love.
And they who are in love are always jealous.
Therefore thou shouldst be.

Vict. Marry, is that all ?

Farewell ; I am in haste. Farewell, Don Carlos.
Thou sayest I should be jealous.

Hyp. Ay, in truth
I fear there is reason. Be upon thy guard.
I hear it whispered that the Count of Lara
Lays siege to the same citadel.

Vict. Indeed !

Then he will have his labor for his pains.

Hyp. He does not think so, and Don Carlos tells me
He boasts of his success.

Vict. How 's this, Don Carlos ?

Don C. Some hints of it I heard from his own lips.
He spoke but lightly of the lady's virtue,
As a gay man might speak.

Vict. Death and damnation !

I'll cut his lying tongue out of his mouth,
And throw it to my dog ! But no, no, no !
This cannot be. You jest, indeed you jest.

Trifle with me no more. For otherwise
We are no longer friends. And so, farewell !

[*Exit.*

Hyp. Now what a coil is here ! The Avenging Child
Hunting the traitor Quadros to his death,
And the great Moor Calaynos, when he rode
To Paris for the ears of Oliver,
Were nothing to him ! O hot-headed youth !
But come ; we will not follow. Let us join
The crowd that pours into the Prado. There
We shall find merrier company ; I see
The Marialonzos and the Almavivas,
And fifty fans, that beckon me already.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—PRECIOSA'S chamber. *She is sitting, with a book in her hand, near a table, on which are flowers. A bird singing in its cage. The COUNT OF LARA enters behind unperceived.*

Prec. (reads).

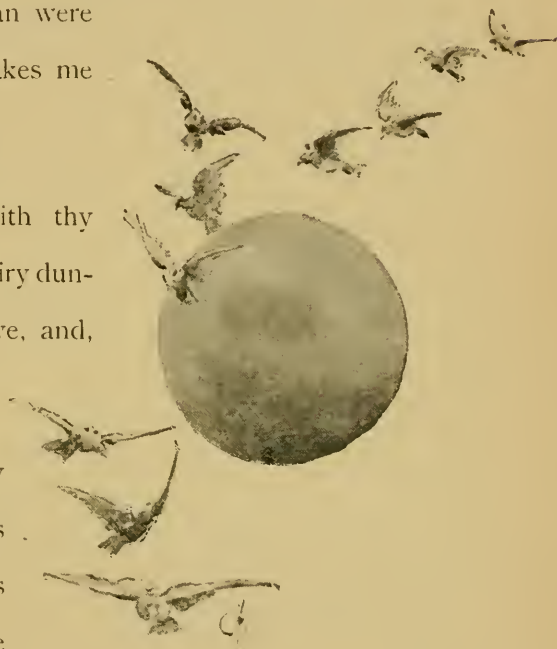
All are sleeping, weary heart !
Thou, thou only sleepless art !

Heigho ! I wish Victorian were
here.
I know not what it is makes me
so restless !

(The bird sings.)

Thou little prisoner with thy
motley coat,
That from thy vaulted, wiry dun-
geon singest,
Like thee I am a captive, and,
like thee,
I have a gentle gaoler.
Lack-a-day !

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



“ BIRDS OF PASSAGE.”

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

Heigho! I wish Victorian would come.
Dolores!

(*Turns to lay down her book, and perceives the COUNT.*)

Ha!

Lara. Señora, pardon me.

Prec. How 's this? Dolores!

Lara. Pardon me—

Prec. Dolores!

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

If I have been too bold—

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

Lara. My dear lady,
First hear me! I beseech you, let me speak!
'T is for your good I come.

Prec. (*turning toward him with indignation*). Begone!
begone!

You are the Count of Lara, but your deeds
Would make the statues of your ancestors
Blush on their tombs! Is it Castilian honor,
Is it Castilian pride, to steal in here
Upon a friendless girl, to do her wrong?
O shame! shame! shame! that you, a nobleman,
Should be so little noble in your thoughts
As to send jewels here to win my love,
And think to buy my honor with your gold!
I have no words to tell you how I scorn you!
Begone! The sight of you is hateful to me!
Begone, I say!

Lara. Be calm; I will not harm you.

Prec. Because you dare not.

Lara. I dare anything!

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

Prec. If to this

I owe the honor of the present visit,
You might have spared the coming. Having spoken,
Once more I beg you, leave me to myself.

Lara. I thought it but a friendly part to tell you
What strange reports are current here in town.
For my own self, I do not credit them;

But there are many who, not knowing you,
Will lend a readier ear.

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

Lara. Malicious tongues
Are ever busy with your name.

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

Lara. By none?
O, then, indeed, you are much wronged!

Prec. How mean you?

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

Prec. Speak out!
What are these idle tales? You need not spare me.

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

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

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

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

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

Lara. Listen to me.
I come here as your friend,—I am your friend,—
And by a single word can put a stop
To all those idle tales, and make your name
Spotless as lilies are. Here on my knees,
Fair Preciosa! on my knees I swear,

I love you even to madness, and that love
Has driven me to break the rules of custom,
And force myself unasked into your presence.

(VICTORIAN *enters behind.*)

Prec. Rise, Count of Lara! That is not the place
For such as you are. It becomes you not
To kneel before me. I am strangely moved
To see one of your rank thus low and humbled;



“SPOTLESS AS LILIES.”

For your sake I will put aside all anger.
All unkind feeling, all dislike, and speak
In gentleness, as most becomes a woman,
And as my heart now prompts me. I no more
Will hate you, for all hate is painful to me.
But if, without offending modesty
And that reserve which is a woman's glory,
I may speak freely, I will teach my heart
To love you.

Lara. O sweet angel!

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

Lara. Give me some sign of this,—the slightest token.
Let me but kiss your hand!

Prec. Nay, come no nearer.
 The words I utter are its sign and token.
 Misunderstand me not! Be not deceived!
 The love wherewith I love you is not such
 As you would offer me. For you come here
 To take from me the only thing I have,
 My honor. You are wealthy, you have friends
 And kindred, and a thousand pleasant hopes
 That fill your heart with happiness; but I
 Am poor, and friendless, having but one treasure,
 And you would take that from me, and for what?
 To flatter your own vanity, and make me
 What you would most despise. O sir, such love,
 That seeks to harm me, cannot be true love.
 Indeed it cannot. But my love for you
 Is of a different kind. It seeks your good.
 It is a holier feeling. It rebukes
 Your earthly passion, your unchaste desires,
 And bids you look into your heart, and see
 How you do wrong that better nature in you,
 And grieve your soul with sin.

Lara. I swear to you,
 I would not harm you; I would only love you.
 I would not take your honor, but restore it,
 And in return I ask but some slight mark
 Of your affection. If indeed you love me,
 As you confess you do, O let me thus
 With this embrace—

Vict. (rushing forward). Hold! hold! This is too much.
 What means this outrage?

Lara. First, what right have you
 To question thus a nobleman of Spain?

Vict. I too am noble, and you are no more!
 Out of my sight!

Lara. Are you the master here?

Vict. Ay, here and elsewhere, when the wrong of others
 Gives me the right!

Prec. (to LARA). Go! I beseech you, go!

Vict. I shall have business with you, Count, anon!

Lara. You cannot come too soon!

[*Exit.*

Prec. Victorian!

O, we have been betrayed!

Vict. Ha! ha! betrayed!

'T is I have been betrayed, not we!—not we!

Prec. Dost thou imagine—

Vict. I imagine nothing;

I see how 't is thou whilest the time away
When I am gone!

Prec. O speak not in that tone!

It wounds me deeply.

Vict. 'T was not meant to flatter.

Prec. Too well thou knowest the presence of that man
Is hateful to me!

Vict. Yet I saw thee stand
And listen to him, when he told his love.

Prec. I did not heed his words.

Vict. Indeed thou didst,
And answeredst them with love.

Prec. Hadst thou heard all—

Vict. I heard enough.

Prec. Be not so angry with me.

Vict. I am not angry; I am very calm.

Prec. If thou wilt let me speak—

Vict. Nay, say no more.

I know too much already. Thou art false!

I do not like these Gypsy marriages!

Where is the ring I gave thee?

Prec. In my casket.

Vict. There let it rest! I would not have thee wear it:
I thought thee spotless, and thou art polluted!

Prec. I call the Heavens to witness—

Vict. Nay, nay, nay!

Take not the name of Heaven upon thy lips!

They are forsworn!

Prec. Victorian! dear Victorian!

Vict. I gave up all for thee; myself, my fame,
My hopes of fortune, ay, my very soul!
And thou hast been my ruin! Now, go on!
Laugh at my folly with thy paramour,
And, sitting on the Count of Lara's knee,
Say what a poor, fond fool Victorian was!

(He casts her from him and rushes out.)

Prec. And this from thee!

(Scene closes.)

SCENE V.—*The COUNT OF LARA'S rooms. Enter the COUNT.*

Lara. There's nothing in this world so sweet as love,
And next to love the sweetest thing is hate!
I've learned to hate, and therefore am revenged.

A silly girl to play the prude with me !
The fire that I have kindled—

(Enter FRANCISCO.)

Well, Francisco,
What tidings from Don Juan ?
Fran. Good, my lord ;
He will be present.
Lara. And the Duke of Lermos ?
Fran. Was not at home.
Lara. How with the rest ?
Fran. I've found
The men you wanted. They will all be there,
And at the given signal raise a whirlwind
Of such discordant noises, that the dance
Must cease for lack of music.
Lara. Bravely done.
Ah ! little dost thou dream, sweet Preciosa,
What lies in wait for thee. Sleep shall not close
Thine eyes this night ! Give me my cloak and sword. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.— *A retired spot beyond the city gates. Enter*
VICTORIAN *and* HYPOLITO.

Vict. O shame ! O shame ! Why do I walk abroad
By daylight, when the very sunshine mocks me,
And voices, and familiar sights and sounds
Cry, " Hide thyself ! " O what a thin partition
Doth shut out from the curious world the knowledge
Of evil deeds that have been done in darkness !
Disgrace has many tongues. My fears are windows,
Through which all eyes seem gazing. Every face
Expresses some suspicion of my shame,
And in derision seems to smile at me !

Hyp. Did I not caution thee ? Did I not tell thee
I was but half persuaded of her virtue ?

Vict. And yet, Hypolito, we may be wrong,
We may be over-hasty in condemning !
The Count of Lara is a cursed villain.

Hyp. And therefore is she cursed, loving him.

Vict. She does not love him ! 'T is for gold ! for gold !

Hyp. Ay, but remember, in the public streets
He shows a golden ring the Gypsy gave him,
A serpent with a ruby in its mouth.

Vict. She had that ring from me ! God ! she is false !

But I will be revenged ! The hour is passed.
Where stays the coward ?

Hyp. Nay, he is no coward ;
A villain, if thou wilt, but not a coward.
I've seen him play with swords ; it is his pastime.
And therefore be not over-confident,
He'll task thy skill anon. Look, here he comes.

(*Enter LARA followed by FRANCISCO.*)

Lara. Good evening, gentlemen.

Hyp. Good evening, Count.

Lara. I trust I have not kept you long in waiting.

Vict. Not long, and yet too long. Are you prepared ?

Lara. I am.

Hyp. It grieves me much to see this quarrel
Between you, gentlemen. Is there no way
Left open to accord this difference,
But you must make one with your swords ?

Vict. No ! none !

I do entreat thee, dear Hypolito,
Stand not between me and my foe. Too long
Our tongues have spoken. Let these tongues of steel
End our debate. Upon your guard, Sir Count.

(*They fight. VICTORIAN disarms the COUNT.*)

Your life is mine ; and what shall now withhold me
From sending your vile soul to its account ?

Lara. Strike ! strike !

Vict. You are disarmed. I will not kill you.
I will not murder you. Take up your sword.

(*FRANCISCO hands the COUNT his sword, and HYPOLITO interposes.*)

Hyp. Enough ! Let it end here ! The Count of Lara
Has shown himself a brave man, and Victorian
A generous one, as ever. Now be friends.
Put up your swords ; for, to speak frankly to you,
Your cause of quarrel is too slight a thing
To move you to extremes.

Lara. I am content.
I sought no quarrel. A few hasty words,
Spoken in the heat of blood, have led to this.

Vict. Nay, something more than that.

Lara. I understand you.



“YOUR LIFE IS MINE; AND WHAT SHALL NOW WITHHOLD ME
FROM SENDING YOUR VILE SOUL TO ITS ACCOUNT?”

Therein I did not mean to cross your path.
 To me the door stood open, as to others.
 But, had I known the girl belonged to you,
 Never would I have sought to win her from you.
 The truth stands now revealed; she has been false
 To both of us.

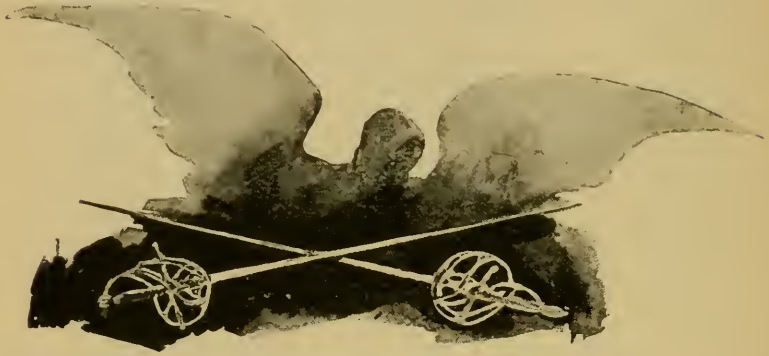
Vict. Ay, false as hell itself!

Lara. In truth, I did not seek her; she sought me;
 And told me how to win her, telling me
 The hours when she was oftenest left alone.

Vict. Say, can you prove this to me? O, pluck out
 These awful doubts, that goad me into madness!

Let me know all! all! all!

Lara. You shall know all,



Here is my page, who was the messenger
 Between us. Question him. Was it not so,
 Francisco?

Fran. Ay, my lord.

Lara. If farther proof
 Is needful, I have here a ring she gave me.

Vict. Pray let me see that ring! It is the same!

(Throws it upon the ground, and tramples upon it.)

Thus may she perish who once wore that ring!
 Thus do I spurn her from me; do thus trample
 Her memory in the dust! O Count of Lara,
 We both have been abused, been much abused!
 I thank you for your courtesy and frankness.
 Though, like the surgeon's hand, yours gave me pain,
 Yet it has cured my blindness, and I thank you.
 I now can see the folly I have done,

Though 't is, alas ! too late. So fare you well !
 To-night I leave this hateful town forever.
 Regard me as your friend. Once more farewell !
Hyp. Farewell, Sir Count.

[*Exeunt* VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO.

Lara. Farewell ! farewell !
 Thus have I cleared the field of my worst foe !
 I have none else to fear ; the fight is done,
 The citadel is stormed, the victory won !

[*Exit* with FRANCISCO.

SCENE VII.—*A lane in the suburbs. Night. Enter* CRUZADO
and BARTOLOMÉ.

Cruz. And so, Bartolomé, the expedition failed. But where
 wast thou for the most part ?

Bart. In the Guadarrama mountains, near San Ildefonso.

Cruz. And thou bringest nothing back with thee ? Didst
 thou rob no one ?

Bart. There was no one to rob, save a party of students
 from Segovia, who looked as if they would rob us ; and a jolly
 little friar, who had nothing in his pockets but a missal and a
 loaf of bread.

Cruz. Pray, then, what brings thee back to Madrid ?

Bart. First tell me what keeps thee here ?

Cruz. Preciosa.

Bart. And she brings me back. Hast thou forgotten thy
 promise ?

Cruz. The two years are not passed yet. Wait patiently.
 The girl shall be thine.

Bart. I hear she has a Busné lover.

Cruz. That is nothing.

Bart. I do not like it. I hate him,—the son of a Busné har-
 lot. He goes in and out, and speaks with her alone, and I must
 stand aside, and wait his pleasure.

Cruz. Be patient, I say. Thou shalt have thy revenge.
 When the time comes, thou shalt waylay him.

Bart. Meanwhile, show me her house.

Cruz. Come this way. But thou wilt not find her. She
 dances at the play to-night.

Bart. No matter. Show me the house.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*The Theatre. The orchestra plays the cachucha. Sound of castanets behind the scenes. The curtain rises, and discovers PRECIOSA in the attitude of commencing the dance. The cachucha. Tumult ; hisses ; cries of " Brava ! " and " Afuera ! " She falters and pauses. The music stops. General confusion. PRECIOSA faints.*

SCENE IX.—*The COUNT OF LARA'S chambers. LARA and his friends at supper.*

Lara. So, Caballeros, once more many thanks !
You have stood by me bravely in this matter.
Pray fill your glasses.

Don J. Did you mark, Don Luis,
How pale she looked, when first the noise began,
And then stood still, with her large eyes dilated !
Her nostrils spread ! her lips apart ! her bosom
Tumultuous as the sea !

Don L. I pitied her.

Lara. Her pride is humbled ; and this very night
I mean to visit her.

Don J. Will you serenade her ?

Lara. No music ! no more music !

Don L. Why not music ?

It softens many hearts.

Lara. Not in the humor
She now is in. Music would madden her.

Don J. Try golden cymbals.

Don L. Yes, try Don Dinero ;

A mighty wooer is your Don Dinero.

Lara. To tell the truth, then, I have bribed her maid.

But, Caballeros, you dislike this wine.

A bumper and away ; for the night wears.

A health to Preciosa.

(*They rise and drink.*)

All.

Preciosa.

Lara (holding up his glass). Thou bright and flaming minister of Love !

Thou wonderful magician ! who hast stolen
My secret from me, and mid sighs of passion
Caught from my lips, with red and fiery tongue,
Her precious name ! O nevermore henceforth
Shall mortal lips press thine ; and nevermore

A mortal name be whispered in thine ear.
Go ! keep my secret !

(*Dashes the goblet down.*)

Don J. *Ite ! missa est !*

(*Scene closes.*)

SCENE X.—*Street and garden wall. Night. Enter CRUZADO and BARTOLOMÉ.*

Cruz. This is the garden wall, and above it, yonder, is her house. The window in which thou seest the light is her window. But we will not go in now.

Bart. Why not ?

Cruz. Because she is not at home.

Bart. No matter ; we can wait. But how is this ? The gate is bolted. (*Sound of guitars and voices in a neighboring street.*) Hark ! There comes her lover with his infernal serenade ! Hark !

SONG.

Good night ! Good night, beloved !
I come to watch o'er thee !
To be near thee,—to be near thee,
Alone is peace for me.

Thine eyes are stars of morning,
Thy lips are crimson flowers !
Good night ! Good night, beloved,
While I count the weary hours.

Cruz. They are not coming this way.

Bart. Wait, they begin again.

SONG (*coming nearer*).

Ah ! thou moon that shinest
Argent-clear above !
All night long enlighten
My sweet lady-love !
Moon that shinest,
All night long enlighten !

Bart. Woe be to him, if he comes this way !

Cruz. Be quiet, they are passing down the street.

SONG (*dying away*).

The nuns in the cloister
Sang to each other ;
For so many sisters
Is there not one brother !
Ay, for the partridge, mother !
The cat has run away with the partridge !
Puss ! puss ! puss !

Bart. Follow that ! follow that !
Come with me. Puss ! puss !

(*Exeunt. On the opposite side enter the COUNT OF LARA and gentlemen, with FRANCISCO.*)

Lara. The gate is fast. Over the wall, Francisco,
And draw the bolt. There, so, and so, and over.
Now, gentlemen, come in, and help me scale
Yon balcony. How now ? Her light still burns.
Move warily. Make fast the gate, Francisco.

(*Exeunt. Re-enter CRUZADO and BARTOLOMÉ.*)

Bart. They went in at the gate. Hark ! I hear them in the
garden. (*Tries the gate.*) Bolted again ! Vive Cristo ! Fol-
low me over the wall.

(*They climb the wall.*)

SCENE XI.—*PRECIOSA'S bedchamber. Midnight. She is sleep-
ing in an arm-chair, in an undress. DOLORES watch-
ing her.*

Dol. She sleeps at last !

(*Opens the window, and listens.*)

All silent in the street,
And in the garden. Hark !

Prec. (in her sleep). I must go hence !
Give me my cloak !

Dol. He comes ! I hear his footsteps.

Prec. Go tell them that I cannot dance to-night ;
I am too ill ! Look at me ! See the fever
That burns upon my cheek ! I must go hence.
I am too weak to dance.

(*Signal from the garden.*)



"MAKE FAST THE GATE, FRANCISCO."

Dol. (from the window). Who's there?

Voice (from below). A friend.

Dol. I will undo the door. Wait till I come.

Prec. I must go hence. I pray you do not harm me!
Shame! shame! to treat a feeble woman thus!

Be you but kind, I will do all things for you.

I'm ready now,—give me my castanets.

Where is Victorian? Oh, those hateful lamps!

They glare upon me like an evil eye.

I cannot stay. Hark! how they mock at me!

They hiss at me like serpents! Save me! save me!

(*She wakes.*)

How late is it, Dolores?

Dol. It is midnight.

Prec. We must be patient. Smooth this pillow for me.

(*She sleeps again.—Noise from the garden, and voices.*)

Voice. Muera!

Another Voice. O villains! villains!

Lara. So! have at you!

Voice. Take that!

Lara. O, I am wounded!

Dol. (*shutting the window*). Jesu Maria!



ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A cross-road through a wood. In the background a distant village spire. VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO, as travelling students, with guitars, sitting under the trees. HYPOLITO plays and sings.*

SONG.

Ah, Love!
 Perjured, false, treacherous Love!
 Enemy
 Of all that mankind may not rue!
 Most untrue
 To him who keeps most faith with thee.
 Woe is me!
 The falcon has the eyes of the dove.
 Ah, Love!
 Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

Vict. Yes. Love is ever busy with his shuttle,
 Is ever weaving into life's dull warp
 Bright, gorgeous flowers and scenes Arcadian;
 Hanging our gloomy prison-house about
 With tapestries, that make its walls dilate
 In never-ending vistas of delight.

Hyp. Thinking to walk in those Arcadian pastures,
 Thou hast run thy noble head against the wall.

SONG (*continued*).

Thy deceits
 Give us clearly to comprehend,
 Whither tend
 All thy pleasures, all thy sweets!
 They are cheats,
 Thorns below and flowers above.
 Ah, Love!
 Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

Vict. A very pretty song. I thank thee for it.

Hyp. It suits thy case.



"LOVE IS EVER BUSY WITH HIS SHUTTLE."

Vict. Indeed, I think it does.
 What wise man wrote it?
Hyp. Lopez Maldonado.
Vict. In truth, a pretty song.
Hyp. With much truth in it.

I hope thou wilt profit by it; and in earnest
 Try to forget this lady of thy love.
Vict. I will forget her! All dear recollections
 Pressed in my heart, like flowers within a book,
 Shall be torn out, and scattered to the winds!
 I will forget her! But perhaps hereafter,
 When she shall learn how heartless is the world,
 A voice within her will repeat my name,
 And she will say, "He was indeed my friend!"
 O, would I were a soldier, not a scholar,
 That the loud march, the deafening beat of drums,
 The shattering blast of the brass-throated trumpet,
 The din of arms, the onslaught and the storm,
 And a swift death, might make me deaf forever
 To the upbraidings of this foolish heart!

Hyp. Then let that foolish heart upbraid no more!
 To conquer love, one need but will to conquer.

Vict. Yet, good Hypolito, it is in vain
 I throw into Oblivion's sea the sword
 That pierces me; for, like Excalibar,
 With gemmed and flashing hilt, it will not sink.
 There rises from below a hand that grasps it,
 And waves it in the air; and wailing voices
 Are heard along the shore.

Hyp. And yet at last
 Down sank Excalibar to rise no more.
 This is not well. In truth, it vexes me.
 Instead of whistling to the steeds of Time,
 To make them jog on merrily with life's burden,
 Like a dead weight thou hangest on the wheels.
 Thou art too young, too full of lusty health
 To talk of dying.

Vict. Yet I fain would die!
 To go through life, unloving and unloved;
 To feel that thirst and hunger of the soul
 We cannot still; that longing, that wild impulse,
 And struggle after something we have not
 And cannot have; the effort to be strong;
 And, like the Spartan boy, to smile, and smile,
 While secret wounds do bleed beneath our cloaks;
 All this the dead feel not,—the dead alone!
 Would I were with them!

Hyp.

We shall all be soon.

Vict. It cannot be too soon ; for I am weary

Of the bewildering masquerade of Life,
 Where strangers walk as friends, and friends as strangers ;
 Where whispers overheard betray false hearts ;
 And through the mazes of the crowd we chase
 Some form of loveliness, that smiles, and beckons,
 And cheats us with fair words, only to leave us
 A mockery and a jest ; maddened,—confused,—
 Not knowing friend from foe.

Hyp.

Why seek to know ?

Enjoy the merry shrove-tide of thy youth !
 Take each fair mask for what it gives itself,
 Nor strive to look beneath it.

Vict.

I confess,

That were the wiser part. But Hope no longer
 Comforts my soul. I am a wretched man,
 Much like a poor and shipwrecked mariner,
 Who, struggling to climb up into the boat,
 Has both his bruised and bleeding hands cut off.
 And sinks again into the weltering sea,
 Helpless and hopeless !

Hyp.

Yet thou shalt not perish.

The strength of thine own arm is thy salvation.
 Above thy head, through rifted clouds, there shines
 A glorious star. Be patient. Trust thy star !

(Sound of a village bell in the distance.)

Vict. Ave Maria ! I hear the sacristan

Ring the chimes from yonder village belfry !
 A solemn sound, that echoes far and wide
 Over the red roofs of the cottages,
 And bids the laboring hind a-field, the shepherd,
 Guarding his flock, the lonely muleteer,
 And all the crowd in village streets, stand still,
 And breathe a prayer unto the blessed Virgin !

Hyp.

Amen ! amen ! Not half a league from hence
 The village lies.

Vict.

This path will lead us to it,
 Over the wheat-fields, where the shadows sail
 Across the running sea, now green, now blue,
 And, like an idle mariner on the main,
 Whistles the quail. Come, let us hasten on.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Public square in the village of Guadarrama. The Ave Maria still tolling. A crowd of villagers, with their hats in their hands, as if in prayer. In front, a group of Gypsies. The bell rings a merrier peal. A Gypsy dance. Enter PANCHO, followed by PEDRO CRESPO.*

Pancho. Make room, ye vagabonds and Gypsy thieves!
Make room for the Alcalde and for me!

Pedro C. Keep silence all! I have
an edict here

From our most gracious lord, the
King of Spain,
Jerusalem, and the Canary Islands,
Which I shall publish in the market-
place.

Open your ears and listen!

*(Enter the PADRE CURA at the door
of his cottage.)*

Padre Cura,
Good day! and, pray you, hear this
edict read.

Padre C. Good day, and God be
with you! Pray, what is it?

Pedro C. An act of banishment
against the Gypsies!

*(Agitation and murmurs in the
crowd.)*

Pancho. Silence!

Pedro C. (reads). "I hereby order
and command,

That the Egyptian and Chaldean
strangers,

Known by the name of Gypsies, shall
henceforth

Be banished from the realm, as vagabonds
And beggars; and if, after seventy days,
Any be found within our kingdom's bounds,

They shall receive a hundred lashes each;

The second time, shall have their ears cut off;

The third, be slaves for life to him who takes them,

Or burnt as heretics. Signed, I, the King."

Vile miscreants and creatures unbaptized!

You hear the law! Obey and disappear!



"KEEP SILENCE ALL!"

Pancho. And if in seventy days you are not gone,
Dead or alive I make you all my slaves.

(The Gypsies go out in confusion, showing signs of fear and discontent. PANCHO follows.)

Padre C. A righteous law! A very righteous law!
Pray you, sit down.

Pedro C. I thank you heartily.



“ HOW CAME THESE GYPSIES INTO SPAIN ? ”

*(They seat themselves on a bench at the PADRE CURA'S door.
Sound of guitars heard at a distance, approaching during
the dialogue which follows.)*

A very righteous judgment, as you say.
Now tell me, Padre Cura,—you know all things,—
How came these Gypsies into Spain?

Padre C.

Why, look you;

They came with Hercules from Palestine,
And hence are thieves and vagrants, Sir Alcalde,
As the Simoniacs from Simon Magus.

And, look you, as Fray Jayme Bleda says,
 There are a hundred marks to prove a Moor
 Is not a Christian, so 't is with the Gypsies.
 They never marry, never go to mass,
 Never baptize their children, nor keep Lent,
 Nor see the inside of a church,—nor—nor—

Pedro C. Good reasons, good, substantial reasons all!
 No matter for the other ninety-five.
 They should be burnt, I see it plain enough,
 They should be burnt.

(*Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO playing.*)

Padre C. And pray, whom have we here?

Pedro C. More vagrants! By Saint Lazarus, more vagrants!

Hyp. Good evening, gentlemen! Is this Guadarrama?

Padre C. Yes, Guadarrama, and good evening to you.

Hyp. We seek the Padre Cura of the village;
 And, judging from your dress and reverend mien,
 You must be he.

Padre C. I am. Pray, what's your pleasure?

Hyp. We are poor students, travelling in vacation.
 You know this mark?

(*Touching the wooden spoon in his hat-band.*)

Padre C. (joyfully). Ay, know it, and have worn it.

Pedro C. (aside). Soup-eaters! by the mass! The worst
 of vagrants!

And there's no law against them. Sir, your servant. [*Exit.*]

Padre C. Your servant, Pedro Crespo.

Hyp. Padre Cura,

From the first moment I beheld your face,
 I said within myself, "This is the man!"
 There is a certain something in your looks,
 A certain scholar-like and studious something,—
 You understand,—which cannot be mistaken;
 Which marks you as a very learned man,
 In fine, as one of us.

Vict. (aside). What impudence!

Hyp. As we approached, I said to my companion,
 "That is the Padre Cura; mark my words!"
 Meaning your Grace. "The other man," said I,
 "Who sits so awkwardly upon the bench,
 Must be the sacristan."

Padre C. Ah! said you so?

Why, that was Pedro Crespo, the alcalde!

Hyp. Indeed! you much astonish me! His air

Was not so full of dignity and grace
As an alcalde's should be.

Padre C. That is true.

He is out of humor with some vagrant Gypsies,
Who have their camp here in the neighborhood.
There is nothing so undignified as anger.

Hyp. The Padre Cura will excuse our boldness,
If, from his well-known hospitality,
We crave a lodging for the night.

Padre C. I pray you!

You do me honor! I am but too happy
To have such guests beneath my humble roof.
It is not often that I have occasion
To speak with scholars; and *Emollit mores,*
Nec sinit esse feros, Cicero says.

Hyp. 'T is Ovid, is it not?

Padre C. No, Cicero.

Hyp. Your Grace is right. You are the better scholar.
Now what a dunce was I to think it Ovid!

But hang me if it is not! (*Aside.*)

Padre C. Pass this way.

He was a very great man, was Cicero!

Pray you, go in, go in! no ceremony.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A room in the PADRE CURA'S house. Enter the
PADRE and HYPOLITO.*

Padre C. So then, Señor, you come from Alcalá.
I am glad to hear it. It was there I studied.

Hyp. And left behind an honored name, no doubt.
How may I call your Grace?

Padre C. Gerónimo

De Santillana, at your Honor's service.

Hyp. Descended from the Marquis Santillana?
From the distinguished poet?

Padre C. From the Marquis,

Not from the poet.

Hyp. Why, they were the same.

Let me embrace you! O some lucky star
Has brought me hither! Yet once more!—once more!
Your name is ever green in Alcalá,
And our professor, when we are unruly,
Will shake his hoary head, and say, "Alas!
It was not so in Santillana's time!"

Padre C. I did not think my name remembered there.

Hyp. More than remembered; it is idolized.

Padre C. Of what professor speak you ?

Hyp. Timoneda.

Padre C. I don't remember any Timoneda.

Hyp. A grave and sombre man, whose beetling brow
O'erhangs the rushing current of his speech
As rocks o'er rivers hang. Have you forgotten ?

Padre C. Indeed, I have. O, those were pleasant days,
Those college days ! I ne'er shall see the like !
I had not buried then so many hopes !
I had not buried then so many friends !
I've turned my back on what was then before me ;
And the bright faces of my young companions
Are wrinkled like my own, or are no more.
Do you remember Cueva ?

Hyp. Cueva ? Cueva ?

Padre C. Fool that I am ! He was before your time.
You're a mere boy, and I am an old man.

Hyp. I should not like to try my strength with you.

Padre C. Well, well. But I forget ; you must be hungry.
Martina ! ho ! Martina ! 'T is my niece.

(Enter MARTINA.)

Hyp. You may be proud of such a niece as that.
I wish I had a niece. *Emollit mors.* (Aside.)
He was a very great man, was Cicero !
Your servant, fair Martina.

Mart. Servant, sir.

Padre C. This gentleman is hungry. See thou to it.
Let us have supper.

Mart. 'T will be ready soon.

Padre C. And bring a bottle of my Val-de-Peñas
Out of the cellar. Stay ; I'll go myself.
Pray you, Señor, excuse me.

[Exit.

Hyp. Hist ! Martina !

One word with you. Bless me ! what handsome eyes !
To-day there have been Gypsies in the village.
Is it not so ?

Mart. There have been Gypsies here.

Hyp. Yes, and they told your fortune.

Mart. (embarrassed). Told my fortune ?

Hyp. Yes, yes ; I know they did. Give me your hand.
I'll tell you what they said. They said,—they said,
The shepherd boy that loved you was a clown,
And him you should not marry, Was it not ?

Mart. (surprised.) How know you that ?

Hyp. O, I know more than that.

What a soft, little hand! And then they said,
 A cavalier from court, handsome, and tall
 And rich, should come one day to marry you,
 And you should be a lady. Was it not?
 He has arrived, the handsome cavalier.

(*Tries to kiss her. She runs off. Enter VICTORIAN, with a letter.*)

Vict. The muleteer has come.

Hyp.

So soon?

Vict.

I found him

Sitting at supper by the tavern door,
 And, from a pitcher that he held aloft
 His whole arm's length, drinking the blood-red wine.

Hyp. What news from Court?

Vict.

He brought this letter only.

(*Reads.*)

O cursed perfidy! Why did I let
 That lying tongue deceive me! Preciosa,
 Sweet Preciosa! how art thou avenged!

Hyp. What news is this, that makes thy cheek turn pale,
 And thy hand tremble?

Vict.

O, most infamous!

The Count of Lara is a damnéd villain!

Hyp. That is no news, forsooth.

Vict.

He strove in vain

To steal from me the jewel of my soul,
 The Love of Preciosa. Not succeeding,
 He swore to be revenged; and set on foot
 A plot to ruin her, which has succeeded.
 She has been hissed and hooted from the stage,
 Her reputation stained by slanderous lies
 Too foul to speak of; and, once more a beggar,
 She roams a wanderer over God's green earth,
 Housing with Gypsies!

Hyp.

To renew again

The Age of Gold, and make the shepherd swains
 Desperate with love, like Gasper Gil's Diana.

Redit et Virgo!

Vict.

Dear Hypolito,

How have I wronged that meek, confiding heart!
 I will go seek for her; and with my tears
 Wash out the wrong I've done her!

Hyp.

O beware!

Act not that folly o'er again.

Vict.

Ay, folly,

Delusion, madness, call it what thou wilt,
I will confess my weakness,—I still love her!
Still fondly love her!

(Enter the PADRE CURA.)



“O CURSED PERFDY! WHY DID I LET
THAT LYING TONGUE DECEIVE ME.”

Hyp. Tell us, Padre Cura,
Who are these Gypsies in the neighborhood?

Padre C. Beltran Cruzado and his crew.

Vict.

Kind Heaven,

I thank thee ! She is found ! is found again !

Hyb. And have they with them a pale, beautiful girl,
Called Preciosa ?

Padre C. Ay, a pretty girl.
The gentleman seems moved.

Hyb. Yes, moved with hunger,
He is half famished with this long day's journey.

Padre C. Then, pray you, come this way. The supper waits.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A post-house on the road to Segovia, not far from the village of Guadarrama. Enter CHISPA, cracking a whip, and singing the cachucha.*

Chispa. Hallo ! Don Fulano ! Let us have horses, and quickly. Alas, poor Chispa ! what a dog's life dost thou lead ! I thought, when I left my old master Victorian, the student, to serve my new master Don Carlos, the gentleman, that I, too, should lead the life of a gentleman ; should go to bed early, and get up late. For when the abbot plays cards, what can you expect of the friars ? But, in running away from the thunder, I have run into the lightning. Here I am in hot chase after my master and his Gypsy girl. And a good beginning of the week it is, as he said who was hanged on Monday morning.

(*Enter DON CARLOS.*)

Don C. Are not the horses ready yet ?

Chispa. I should think not, for the hostler seems to be asleep. Ho ! within there ! Horses ! horses ! horses ! (*He knocks at the gate with his whip, and enter MOSQUITO, putting on his jacket.*)

Mosq. Pray, have a little patience. I'm not a musket.

Chispa. Health and pistareens ! I'm glad to see you come on dancing, padre ! Pray, what's the news ?

Mosq. You cannot have fresh horses ; because there are none.

Chispa. Cachiporra ! Throw that bone to another dog. Do I look like your aunt ?

Mosq. No ; she has a beard.

Chispa. Go to ! go to !

Mosq. Are you from Madrid ?

Chispa. Yes ; and going to Estramadura. Get us horses.

Mosq. What's the news at Court ?

Chispa. Why, the latest news is, that I am going to set up a coach, and I have already bought the whip.

(*Strikes him round the legs.*)

Mosq. Oh! oh! you hurt me!

Don C. Enough of this folly. Let us have horses. (*Gives money to MOSQUITO.*) It is almost dark; and we are in haste. But tell me, has a band of Gypsies passed this way of late?

Mosq. Yes; and they are still in the neighborhood.

Don C. And where?

Mosq. Across the fields yonder, in the woods near Guadarama. [*Exit.*

Don C. Now this is lucky. We will visit the Gypsy camp.

Chispa. Are you not afraid of the evil eye? Have you a stag's horn with you?

Don C. Fear not. We will pass the night at the village.

Chispa. And sleep like the Squires of Hernan Daza, nine under one blanket.

Don C. I hope we may find the Preciosa among them.

Chispa. Among the Squires?

Don C. No; among the Gypsies, blockhead!

Chispa. I hope we may; for we are giving ourselves trouble enough on her account. Don't you think so? However, there is no catching trout without wetting one's trousers. Yonder come the horses. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Gypsy camp in the forest. Night. Gypsies working at a forge. Others playing cards by the firelight.*

Gypsies (at the forge sing).

On the top of a mountain I stand,
With a crown of red gold in my hand,
Wild Moors come trooping over the lea,
O how from their fury shall I flee, flee, flee?
O how from their fury shall I flee?

First Gypsy (playing). Down with your John-Dorados, my pigeon. Down with your John-Dorados, and let us make an end.

Gypsies (at the forge sing).

Loud sang the Spanish cavalier,
And thus his ditty ran;
God send the Gypsy lassie here,
And not the Gypsy man.

First Gypsy (playing). There you are in your morocco!

Second Gypsy. One more game. The Alcalde's doves against the Padre Cura's new moon.

First Gypsy. Have at you, Chirelin.

The Spanish Student.

Gypsies (at the forge sing).

At midnight, when the moon began
To show her silver flame,
There came to him no Gypsy man,
The Gypsy lassie came.

(*Enter* BELTRAN CRUZADO.)

Cruz. Come hither, Murcigalleros and Rastilleros ; leave work, leave play ; listen to your orders for the night. (*Speaking to the right.*) You will get you to the village, mark you, by the stone cross.

Gypsies. Ay!

Cruz. (to the left). And you, by the pole with the hermit's head upon it.

Gypsies. Ay!

Cruz. As soon as you see the planets are out, in with you, and be busy with the ten commandments, under the sly, and Saint Martin asleep. D'ye hear?

Gypsies. Ay!

Cruz. Keep your lanterns open, and, if you see a goblin or a papagayo, take to your trampers. "Vineyards and Dancing John" is the word. Am I comprehended?

Gypsies. Ay! ay!

Cruz. Away, then!

(*Exeunt severally.* CRUZADO walks up the stage, and disappears among the trees. *Enter* PRECIOSA.)

Prec. How strangely gleams through the gigantic trees
The red light of the forge! Wild, beckoning shadows
Stalk through the forest, ever and anon
Rising and bending with the flickering flame,
Then flitting into darkness! So within me
Strange hopes and fears do beckon to each other,
My brightest hopes giving dark fears a being
As the light does the shadow. Woe is me!
How still it is about me, and how lonely!

(BARTOLOMÉ rushes in.)

Bart. Ho! Preciosa!

Prec. O Bartolomé! Thou here?

Bart. Lo! I am here.

Prec. Whence comest thou?

Bart. From the rough ridges of the wild Sierra,

From caverns in the rocks, from hunger, thirst,
And fever! Like a wild wolf to the sheepfold
Come I for thee, my lamb.

Prec. O touch me not!
The Count of Lara's blood is on thy hands!
The Count of Lara's curse is on thy soul!
Do not come near me! Pray, begone from here!
Thou art in danger! They have set a price
Upon thy head!

Bart. Ay, and I've wandered long
Among the mountains; and for many days
Have seen no human face, save the rough swineherd's.
The wind and rain have been my sole companions.
I shouted to them from the rocks thy name,
And the loud echo sent it back to me,
Till I grew mad. I could not stay from thee,
And I am here! Betray me, if thou wilt.

Prec. Betray thee? I betray thee?

Bart. Preciosa!
I come for thee! for thee I thus brave death!
Fly with me o'er the borders of this realm!
Fly with me!

Prec. Speak of that no more. I cannot.
I'm thine no longer.

Bart. O, recall the time
When we were children! how we played together,
How we grew up together; how we plighted
Our hearts unto each other, even in childhood!
Fulfil thy promise, for the hour has come.
I'm hunted from the kingdom, like a wolf!
Fulfil thy promise.

Prec. 'T was my father's promise,
Not mine. I never gave my heart to thee,
Nor promised thee my hand!

Bart. False tongue of woman!
And heart more false!

Prec. Nay, listen unto me.
I will speak frankly. I have never loved thee;
I cannot love thee. This is not my fault,
It is my destiny. Thou art a man
Restless and violent. What wouldst thou with me,
A feeble girl, who have not long to live,
Whose heart is broken? Seek another wife,
Better than I, and fairer; and let not
Thy rash and headlong moods estrange her from thee.
Thou art unhappy in this hopeless passion.
I never sought thy love; never did aught



“ I SHOUTED TO THEM FROM THE ROCKS THY NAME.”

To make thee love me. Yet I pity thee,
And most of all I pity thy wild heart,
That hurries thee to crimes and deeds of blood.
Beware, beware of that.

Bart. For thy dear sake
I will be gentle. Thou shalt teach me patience.

Prec. Then take this farewell, and depart in peace.
Thou must not linger here.

Bart. Come, come with me.

Prec. Hark! I hear footsteps.

Bart. I entreat thee, come!

Prec. Away! It is in vain.

Bart. Wilt thou not come?

Prec. Never!

Bart. Then woe, eternal woe, upon thee!
Thou shalt not be another's. Thou shalt die. [Exit.

Prec. All holy angels keep me in this hour!
Spirit of her who bore me, look upon me!
Mother of God, the glorified, protect me!
Christ and the saints, be merciful unto me!
Yet why should I fear death? What is it to die?
To leave all disappointment, care, and sorrow,
To leave all falsehood, treachery, and unkindness,
All ignominy, suffering, and despair,
And be at rest forever! O dull heart,
Be of good cheer! When thou shalt cease to beat,
Then shalt thou cease to suffer and complain!

(Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO behind.)

Vict. 'T is she! Behold, how beautiful she stands
Under the tent-like trees!

Hyp. A woodland nymph!

Vict. I pray thee, stand aside. Leave me.

Hyp. Be wary.

Do not betray thyself too soon.

Vict. (*disguising his voice*). Hist! Gypsy!

Prec. (*aside, with emotion*). That voice! that voice from
heaven! O speak again!

Who is it calls?

Vict. A friend.

Prec. (*aside*). 'T is he! 'T is he!

I thank thee, Heaven, that thou hast heard my prayer,
And sent me this protector! Now be strong,
Be strong, my heart! I must dissemble here.
False friend or true?

Vict. A true friend to the true;

Fear not; come hither. So; can you tell fortunes?

Prec. Not in the dark. Come nearer to the fire.

Give me your hand. It is not crossed, I see.

Vict. (*putting a piece of gold into her hand*). There is the cross.

Prec. Is 't silver?

Vict. No, 't is gold.

Prec. There's a fair lady at the Court, who loves you, And for yourself alone.

Vict. Fie! the old story!

Tell me a better fortune for my money;

Not this old woman's tale!

Prec. You are passionate;

And this same passionate humor in your blood

Has marred your fortune. Yes; I see it now;

The line of life is crossed by many marks.

Shame! shâme! O you have wronged the maid who loved you!

How could you do it?

Vict. I never loved a maid;

For she I loved was then a maid no more.

Prec. How know you that?

Vict. A little bird in the air

Whispered the secret.

Prec. There, take back your gold!

Your hand is cold, like a deceiver's hand!

There is no blessing in its charity!

Make her your wife, for you have been abused;

And you shall mend your fortunes, mending hers.

Vict. (*aside*). How like an angel's speaks the tongue of woman,

When pleading in another's cause her own!

That is a pretty ring upon your finger.

Pray give it me. (*Tries to take the ring.*)

Prec. No; never from my hand

Shall that be taken!

Vict. Why, 't is but a ring.

I'll give it back to you; or, if I keep it,

Will give you gold to buy you twenty such.

Prec. Why would you have this ring?

Vict. A traveller's fancy,

A whim, and nothing more. I would fain keep it

As a memento of the Gypsy camp

In Guadarrama, and the fortune-teller

Who sent me back to wed a widowed maid.

Pray, let me have the ring.

Prec. No, never! never!

I will not part with it, even when I die;

But bid my nurse fold my pale fingers thus,
That it may not fall from them. 'T is a token
Of a beloved friend, who is no more.

Vict. How? dead?

Prec. Yes; dead to me; and worse than dead.
He is estranged! And yet I keep this ring.
I will rise with it from my grave hereafter,
To prove to him that I was never false.

Vict. (aside). Be still, my swelling heart! one moment, still!
Why, 't is the folly of a love-sick girl.
Come, give it me, or I will say 't is mine,
And that you stole it.

Prec. O, you will not dare
To utter such a fiendish lie!

Vict. Not dare?
Look in my face, and say if there is aught
I have not dared, I would not dare for thee!

(She rushes into his arms.)

Prec. 'T is thou! 't is thou! Yes; yes; my heart's elected!
My dearest-dear Victorian! my soul's heaven!
Where hast thou been so long? Why didst thou leave me?

Vict. Ask me not now, my dearest Preciosa.
Let me forget we ever have been parted!

Prec. Hadst thou not come—

Vict. I pray thee, do not chide me!

Prec. I should have perished here among these Gypsies.

Vict. Forgive me, sweet! for what I made thee suffer.
Think'st thou this heart could feel a moment's joy,
Thou being absent? O, believe it not!
Indeed, since that sad hour I have not slept,
For thinking of the wrong I did to thee!
Dost thou forgive me? Say, wilt thou forgive me?

Prec. I have forgiven thee. Ere those words of anger
Were in the book of Heaven writ down against thee,
I had forgiven thee.

Vict. I'm the veriest fool
That walks the earth, to have believed thee false.
It was the Count of Lara—

Prec. That bad man
Has worked me harm enough. Hast thou not heard—

Vict. I have heard all. And yet speak on, speak on!
Let me but hear thy voice, and I am happy;
For every tone, like some sweet incantation,
Calls up the buried past to plead for me.

Speak, my beloved, speak into my heart,
Whatever fills and agitates thine own.

(*They walk aside.*)

Hyp. All gentle quarrels in the pastoral poets,
All passionate love scenes in the best romances,
All chaste embraces on the public stage,
All soft adventures, which the liberal stars
Have winked at, as the natural course of things,
Have been surpassed here by my friend, the student,
And this sweet Gypsy lass, fair Preciosa!

Prec. Señor Hypolito! I kiss your hand.
Pray, shall I tell your fortune?

Hyp. Not to-night;
For, should you treat me as you did Victorian,
And send me back to marry maids forlorn,
My wedding day would last from now till Christmas.

Chispa (*within*). What ho! the Gypsies, ho! Beltran
Cruzado!
Halloo! halloo! halloo! halloo!

(*Enters booted, with a whip and lantern.*)

Vict. What now?
Why such a fearful din? Hast thou been robbed?

Chispa. Ay, robbed and murdered; and good evening to you,
my worthy masters.

Vict. Speak; what brings thee here?

Chispa (*to PRECIOSA*). Good news from Court; good news!
Beltran Cruzado,
The Count of the Calés, is not your father,
But your true father has returned to Spain
Laden with wealth. You are no more a Gypsy.

Vict. Strange as a Moorish tale!

Chispa. And we have all
Been drinking at the tavern to your health,
As wells drink in November, when it rains.

Vict. Where is the gentleman?

Chispa. As the old song says,
His body is in Segovia,
His soul is in Madrid.

Prec. Is this a dream? O, if it be a dream,
Let me sleep on, and do not wake me yet!
Repeat thy story! Say I'm not deceived!
Say that I do not dream! I am awake;
This is the Gypsy camp; this is Victorian,

And this his friend, Hypolito! Speak! speak!
Let me not wake and find it all a dream!

Vict. It is a dream, sweet child! a waking dream,
A blissful certainty, a vision bright
Of that rare happiness, which even on earth
Heaven gives to those it loves. Now art thou rich,
As thou wast ever beautiful and good;
And I am now the beggar.

Prec. (*giving him her hand*). I have still
A hand to give.

Chispa (*aside*). And I have two to take.
I've heard my grandmother say, that Heaven gives almonds
To those who have no teeth. That's nuts to crack.
I've teeth to spare, but where shall I find almonds?

Vict. What more of this strange story?

Chispa. Nothing more.

Your friend, Don Carlos, is now at the village
Showing to Pedro Crespo, the Alcalde,
The proofs of what I tell you. The old hag,
Who stole you in your childhood, has confessed;
And probably they'll hang her for the crime,
To make the celebration more complete.

Vict. No; let it be a day of general joy;
Fortune comes well to all, that comes not late.
Now let us join Don Carlos.

Hyp. So farewell,
The student's wandering life! Sweet serenades,
Sung under ladies' windows in the night,
And all that makes vacation beautiful!
To you, ye cloistered shades of Alcalá,
To you, ye radiant visions of romance,
Written in books, but here surpassed by truth,
The Bachelor Hypolito returns,
And leaves the Gypsy with the Spanish Student.

SCENE VI.—*A pass in the Guadarrama Mountains. Early morning. A mulcteer crosses the stage, sitting sideways on his mule, and lighting a paper cigar with flint and steel.*

SONG.

If thou art sleeping, maiden,
Awake and open thy door,
'T is the break of day, and we must away,
O'er meadow, and mount, and moor.

The Spanish Student.

Wait not to find thy slippers,
 But come with thy naked feet ;
 We shall have to pass through the dewy grass,
 And waters wide and fleet.

(Disappears down the pass. Enter a Monk. A shepherd appears on the rocks above.)

Monk. Ave Maria, gratia plena. Olá ! good man !

Shep. Olá !



“ARE THERE ROBBERS IN THESE MOUNTAINS?”

Monk. Is this the road to Segovia ?

Shep. It is, your reverence.

Monk. How far is it ?

Shep. I do not know.

Monk. What is that yonder in the valley ?

Shep. San Ildefonso.

Monk. A long way to breakfast.

Shep. Ay, marry.

Monk. Are there robbers in these mountains ?

Shep. Yes, and worse than that.

Monk. What ?

Shep. Wolves.

Monk. Santa Maria! Come with me to San Ildefonso, and thou shalt be well rewarded.

Shep. What wilt thou give me?

Monk. An Agnus Dei and my benediction.

(They disappear. A mounted Contrabandista passes, wrapped in his cloak, and a gun at his saddle-bow. He goes down the pass singing.)

SONG.

Worn with speed is my caballo,
And I march me hurried, worried ;
Onward, caballito mio,
With the white star in thy forehead !
Onward, for here comes the Ronda,
And I hear their rifles crack !
Ay, jaléo ! Ay, ay, jaléo !
Ay, jaléo ! They cross our track.

(Song dies away. Enter PRECIOSA, on horseback, attended by VICTORIAN, HYPOLITO, DON CARLOS, and CHISPA, on foot, and armed.)

Vict. This is the highest point. Here let us rest.
See, Preciosa, see how all about us
Kneeling, like hooded friars, the misty mountains
Receive the benediction of the sun !
O glorious sight !

Prec. Most beautiful indeed !

Hyp. Most wonderful !

Vict. And in the vale below,
Where yonder steeples flash like lifted halberds,
San Ildefonso, from its noisy belfries,
Sends up a salutation to the morn,
As if an army smote their brazen shields,
And shouted victory !

Prec. And which way lies Segovia ?

Vict. At a great distance yonder.

Dost thou not see it ?

Prec. No. I do not see it.

Vict. The merest flaw that dents the horizon's edge.
There, yonder !

Hyp. 'T is a notable old town,
Boasting an ancient Roman aqueduct,
And an Alcázar, builded by the Moors,
Wherein, you may remember, poor Gil Blas
Was fed on *Pan del Rey*. O, many a time

The Spanish Student.

Out of its grated windows have I looked
 Hundreds of feet plumb down to the Eresma,
 That, like a serpent through the valley creeping
 Glides at its foot.



“THIS SERENADE SHALL BE THE GYPSY’S LAST.”

Prec. O yes! I see it now,
 Yet rather with my heart, than with mine eyes,
 So faint it is. And all my thoughts sail thither,
 Freighted with prayers and hopes, and forward urged
 Against all stress of accident, as in
 The Eastern Tale, against the wind and tide

Great ships were drawn to the Magnetic Mountains,
And there were wrecked, and perished in the sea! (*She weeps.*)

Vict. O gentle spirit! Thou didst bear unmoved
Blasts of adversity and frosts of fate!
But the first ray of sunshine that falls on thee
Melts thee to tears! O, let thy weary heart
Lean upon mine! and it shall faint no more,
Nor thirst, nor hunger; but be comforted
And filled with my affection.

Prec. Stay no longer!
My father waits. Methinks I see him there,
Now looking from the window, and now watching
Each sound of wheels or footfall in the street,
And saying, "Hark! she comes!" O father! father!

(*They descend the pass. CHISPA remains behind.*)

Chispa. I have a father, too, but he is a dead one. Alas and
alack-a-day! Poor was I born, and poor do I remain. I neither
win nor lose. Thus I wag through the world, half the time on
foot, and the other half walking; and always as merry as a
thunder-storm in the night. And so we plough along, as the fly
said to the ox. Who knows what may happen? Patience, and
shuffle the cards! I am not yet so bald that you can see my
brains; and perhaps, after all, I shall some day go to Rome, and
come back Saint Peter. Benedicite! [*Exit.*]

(*A pause. Then enter BARTOLOMÉ wildly, as if in pursuit,
with a carbine in his hand.*)

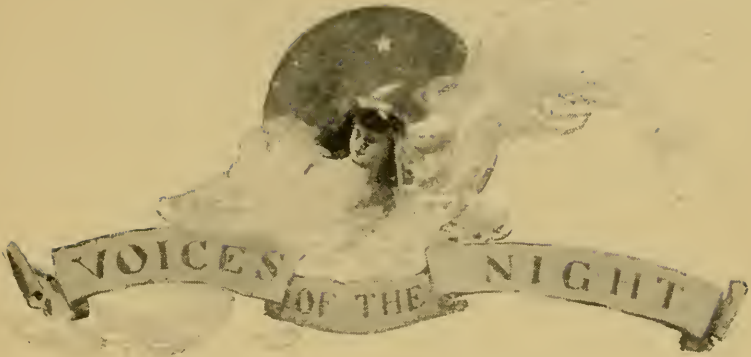
Bart. They passed this way! I hear their horses' hoofs!
Yonder I see them! Come, sweet caramillo,
This serenade shall be the Gypsy's last!

(*Fires down the pass.*)

Ha! ha! Well whistled, my sweet caramillo!
Well whistled!—I have missed her!—O my God!

(*The shot is returned. BARTOLOMÉ falls.*)





Πόντια, πόντια νύξ,
ὑπνοδότειρα τῶν πολυπόνων βροτῶν,
Ἐρεβόθεν ἴθι • μόλε μόλε κατάπτερος
Ἄγαμεμόνιον ἐπὶ δόμον •
ὑπὸ γὰρ ἀλγέων, ὑπὸ τε συμφορᾶς
διοιχόμεθ', οἰχόμεθα.

EURIPIDES.

PRELUDE.

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

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

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

A slumberous sound, a sound that brings
 The feelings of a dream,
 As of innumerable wings,
 As, when a bell no longer swings,
 Faint the hollow murmur rings
 O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“ Athwart the swinging branches cast,
 Soft rays of sunshine pour ;
 Then comes the fearful wintry blast ;
 Our hopes, like withered leaves, fall fast ;
 Pallid lips say, ‘ It is past !
 We can return no more ! ’

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



HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

Ἕσπασίη, ριλλιστος.

I HEARD the trailing garments of the Night
 Sweep through her marble halls !
 I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
 From the celestial walls !
 I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
 Stoop o'er me from above ;

The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

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

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

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

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

A PSALM OF LIFE.

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

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

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

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

Voices of the Night.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of Life,
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
 Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
 Let the dead Past bury its dead!
 Act,—act in the living Present!
 Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time;—

Footprints, that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Voices of the Night.

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

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

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

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

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

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

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

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

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

And with them the Being Beauteous,
 Who unto my youth was given,
 More than all things else to love me,
 And is now a saint in heaven.



“ THE BELOVED, THE TRUE-HEARTED,
COME TO VISIT ME ONCE MORE.”

Voices of the Night.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
 Comes that messenger divine,
 Takes the vacant chair beside me,
 Lays her gentle hand in mine.

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

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

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

FLOWERS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
 On the mountain-top, and by the brink
 Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
 Where the slaves of nature stoop to drink ;

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

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

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

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



“A MIDNIGHT HOST OF SPECTRES PALE.”

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

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

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
 With the wan moon overhead,

There stood, as in an awful dream,
The army of the dead.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Voices of the Night.

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

MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,
 And the forests utter a moan,



“‘PRAY DO NOT MOCK ME SO!’”

Like the voice of one who crieth
 In the wilderness alone,
 “Vex not his ghost !”

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

Earlier Poems.

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

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

 EARLIER POEMS.

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

AN APRIL DAY.

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

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

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

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

When the bright sunset fills
 The silver woods with light, the green slope throws
 Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,
 And wide the upland glows.

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

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

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

AUTUMN.

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

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
 Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
 And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
 Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
 And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.
 Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,
 Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales
 The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
 Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life

Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,
 And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,
 Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
 By the wayside a-weary. Through the trees
 The golden robin moves. The purple finch,
 That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,
 A winter bird, comes with its plaintive whistle,
 And pecks by the witch-hazel, whilst aloud
 From cottage roofs the warbling blue bird sings,
 And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,
 Sounds from the threshing-floor the busy flail.

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

WOODS IN WINTER.

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

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

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

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



“WITH SOLEMN FEET I TREAD THE HILL.”

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

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

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

HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS OF BETHLEHEM,

AT THE CONSECRATION OF PULASKI'S BANNER.

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

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

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

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

“ Take thy banner ! and if e'er
 Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier,
 And the muffled drum should beat
 To the tread of mournful feet,
 Then this crimson flag shall be
 Martial cloak and shroud for thee.”

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

SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.

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

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

The music of the village bell
 Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills ;
 And the wild horn, whose voice the woodland fills,
 Was ringing to the merry shout,
 That faint and far the glen sent out,
 Where, answering to the sudden shot, thin smoke,
 Through thick-leaved branches, from the dingle broke.

If thou art worn and hard beset
 With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,
 If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
 Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
 Go to the woods and hills ! No tears
 Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

THERE is a quiet spirit in these woods,
 That dwells where'er the gentle south wind blows ;
 Where, underneath the white-thorn, in the glade,
 The wild flowers bloom, or, kissing the soft air,
 The leaves above their sunny palms outspread.
 With what a tender and impassioned voice
 It fills the nice and delicate ear of thought,
 When the fast-ushering star of morning comes.
 O'er-riding the gray hills with golden scarf ;
 Or when the cowed and dusky-sandaled Eve,
 In mourning weeds, from out the western gate,
 Departs with silent pace ! That spirit moves
 In the green valley, where the silver brook,
 From its full laver, pours the white cascade ;
 And, babbling low amid the tangled woods,
 Slips down through moss-grown stones with endless laughter.
 And frequent, on the everlasting hills,
 Its feet go forth, when it doth wrap itself
 In all the dark embroidery of the storm,
 And shouts the stern, strong wind. And here, amid
 The silent majesty of these deep woods,
 Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts from earth,
 As to the sunshine and the pure, bright air
 Their tops the green trees lift. Hence gifted bards
 Have ever loved the calm and quiet shades.
 For them there was an eloquent voice in all
 The sylvan pomp of woods, the golden sun,
 The flowers, the leaves, the river on its way,
 Blue skies, and silver clouds, and gentle winds,

The swelling upland, where the sidelong sun
 Aslant the wooded slope, at evening, goes,
 Groves, through whose broken roof the sky looks in,
 Mountain, and shattered cliff, and sunny vale,
 The distant lake, fountains, and mighty trees,
 In many a lazy syllable, repeating
 Their old poetic legends to the wind.

And this is the sweet spirit, that doth fill
 The world; and, in these wayward days of youth,
 My busy fancy oft embodies it,
 As a bright image of the light and beauty
 That dwell in nature; of the heavenly forms
 We worship in our dreams, and the soft hues
 That stain the wild bird's wing and flush the clouds
 When the sun sets. Within her eye
 The heaven of April, with its changing light,
 And when it wears the blue of May, is hung,
 And on her lip the rich, red rose. Her hair
 Is like the summer tresses of the trees,
 When twilight makes them brown, and on her cheek
 Blushes the richness of an autumn sky,
 With ever-shifting beauty. Then her breath,
 It is so like the gentle air of Spring,
 As, from the morning's dewy flowers, it comes
 Full of their fragrance, that it is a joy
 To have it round us, and her silver voice
 Is the rich music of a summer bird,
 Heard in the still night, with its passionate cadence.

BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK.

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

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



“ THE SWEET SPIRIT THAT DOTHS FILL THE WORLD.”

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

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



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

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

Stripped of his proud and martial dress,
 Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,

With darting eye, and nostril spread,
And heavy and impatient tread,
He came ; and oft that eye so proud
Asked for his rider in the crowd.

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

TRANSLATIONS.

[Don Jorge Manrique, the author of the following poem, flourished in the last half of the fifteenth century. He followed the profession of arms, and died on the field of battle. Mariana, in his history of Spain, makes honorable mention of him, as being present at the siege of Uclés; and speaks of him as "a youth of estimable qualities, who in this war gave brilliant proofs of his valor. He died young; and was thus cut off from long exercising his great virtues, and exhibiting to the world the light of his genius, which was already known to fame." He was mortally wounded in a skirmish near Cañavete in the year 1479.

The name of Rodrigo Manrique, the father of the poet, Conde de Paredes and Maestre de Santiago, is well known in Spanish history and song. He died in 1476; according to Mariana, in the town of Uclés; but, according to the poem of his son, in Ocaña. It was his death that called forth the poem upon which rests the literary reputation of the younger Manrique. In the language of his historian, "Don Jorge Manrique in an elegant Ode, full of poetic beauties, rich embellishments of genius, and high moral reflections, mourned the death of his father as with a funeral hymn." This praise is not exaggerated. The poem is a model in its kind. Its conception is solemn and beautiful; and, in accordance with it, the style moves on,—calm, dignified, and majestic.]

COPLAS DE MANRIQUE.

FROM THE SPANISH.

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

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

Onward its course the present keeps,
 Onward the constant current sweeps,
 Till life is done;

And, did we judge of time aright,
The past and future in their flight
Would be as one.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Our cradle is the starting-place,
In life we run the onward race,
And reach the goal ;



“THE SAVIOUR CAME.”

When, in the mansions of the blest,
Death leaves to its eternal rest
The weary soul.

Did we but use it as we ought,
This world would school each wandering thought
To its high state.

Translations.

Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,
Up to that better world on high,
For which we wait.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



“WHERE IS THE SONG OF TROUBADOUR?”

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

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

Spain's haughty Constable, the great
And gallant Master,—cruel fate
Stripped him of all ;
Breathe not a whisper of his pride,
He on the gloomy scaffold died,
Ignoble fall !

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

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

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

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

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



“SPAIN'S CHAMPION,”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And if, of old, his halls displayed
The honored and exalted grade
His worth had gained,
So, in the dark, disastrous hour,
Brothers and bondsmen of his power
His hand sustained.

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

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

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

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

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

And when so oft, for weal or woe,
 His life upon the fatal throw
 Had been cast down ;
 When he had served, with patriot zeal,
 Beneath the banner of Castile,
 His sovereign's crown ;

And done such deeds of valor strong,
 That neither history nor song
 Can count them all ;
 Then, on Ocaña's castled rock,
 Death at his portal came to knock,
 With sudden call,

Saying, " Good Cavalier, prepare
 To leave this world of toil and care
 With joyful mien ;
 Let thy strong heart of steel this day
 Put on its armor for the fray,
 The closing scene.

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

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

" A life of honor and of worth
 Has no eternity on earth,
 'T is but a name ;
 And yet its glory far exceeds
 That base and sensual life, which leads
 To want and shame.

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

“ But the good monk, in cloistered cell,
Shall gain it by his book and bell,
His prayers and tears ;
And the brave knight, whose arm endures
Fierce battle, and against the Moors
His standard rears.

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

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

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

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

“ O thou, that for our sins didst take
A human form, and humbly make
Thy home on earth ;
Thou, that to thy divinity
A human nature didst ally
By mortal birth,

“ And in that form didst suffer here
Torment, and agony, and fear,
So patiently ;
By thy redeeming grace alone,
And not for merits of my own,
O, pardon me !”

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

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



THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE VEGA.

SHEPHERD ! that with thine amorous, sylvan song
 Hast broken the slumber which encompassed me,
 That mad'st thy crook from the accursed tree,
 On which thy powerful arms were stretched so long !
 Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains ;
 For thou my shepherd, guard, and guide shalt be ;
 I will obey thy voice, and wait to see
 Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains.
 Hear, Shepherd ! thou who for thy flock art dying,
 O, wash away these scarlet sins, for thou
 Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.
 O, wait ! to thee my weary soul is crying,
 Wait for me ! Yet why ask it, when I see,
 With feet nailed to the cross, thou'rt waiting still for me !

TO-MORROW.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE VEGA.

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

THE NATIVE LAND.

FROM THE SPANISH OF FRANCISCO DE ALDANA.

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

THE IMAGE OF GOD.

FROM THE SPANISH OF FRANCISCO DE ALDANA.

O LORD ! that seest, from yon starry height,
 Centred in one the future and the past,
 Fashioned in thine own image, see how fast
 The world obscures in me what once was bright !

Eternal Sun! the warmth which thou hast given,
 To cheer life's flowery April, fast decays;
 Yet, in the hoary winter of my days,
 Forever green shall be my trust in Heaven.
 Celestial King! O let thy presence pass
 Before my spirit, and an image fair
 Shall meet that look of mercy from on high,
 As the reflected image in a glass
 Doth meet the look of him who seeks it there,
 And owes its being to the gazer's eye.

THE BROOK.

FROM THE SPANISH.

LAUGH of the mountain!—lyre of bird and tree!
 Pomp of the meadow! mirror of the morn!
 The soul of April, unto whom are born
 The rose and jessamine, leaps wild in thee!
 Although, where'er thy devious current strays,
 The lap of earth with gold and silver teems,
 To me thy clear proceeding brighter seems
 Than golden sands, that charm each shepherd's gaze.
 How without guile thy bosom, all transparent
 As the pure crystal, lets the curious eye
 Thy secrets scan, thy smooth, round pebbles count!
 How, without malice murmuring, glides thy current!
 O sweet simplicity of days gone by!
 Thou shun'st the haunts of man, to dwell in limpid fount!

THE CELESTIAL PILOT.

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO, II.

AND now, behold! as at the approach of morning,
 Through the gross vapors, Mars grows fiery red
 Down in the west upon the ocean floor,
 Appeared to me,—may I again behold it!
 A light along the sea, so swiftly coming,
 Its motion by no flight of wing is equalled.
 And when therefrom I had withdrawn a little
 Mine eyes, that I might question my conductor,
 Again I saw it brighter grown and larger.
 Thereafter, on all sides of it, appeared
 I knew not what of white, and underneath,
 Little by little, there came forth another.

My master yet had uttered not a word,
 While the first brightness into wings unfolded ;
 But, when he clearly recognized the pilot,
 He cried aloud : " Quick, quick, and bow the knee !
 Behold the Angel of God ! fold up thy hands !
 Henceforward shalt thou see such officers !
 See, how he scorns all human arguments,
 So that no oar he wants, nor other sail
 Than his own wings, between so distant shores !
 See, how he holds them, pointed straight to heaven,
 Fanning the air with the eternal pinions,
 That do not moult themselves like mortal hair !"
 And then, as nearer and more near us came
 The Bird of Heaven, more glorious he appeared,
 So that the eye could not sustain his presence,
 But down I cast it ; and he came to shore
 With a small vessel, gliding swift and light,
 So that the water swallowed naught thereof.
 Upon the stern stood the Celestial Pilot !
 Beatitude seemed written in his face !
 And more than a hundred spirits sat within.
 " *In exitu Israel* out of Egypt !"
 Thus sang they all together in one voice,
 With whatso in that Psalm is after written.
 Then made he sign of holy rood upon them,
 Whereat all cast themselves upon the shore,
 And he departed swiftly as he came.

THE TERRESTRIAL PARADISE.

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO, XXVIII.

LONGING already to search in and round
 The heavenly forest, dense and living-green,
 Which to the eyes tempered the new-born day,
 Withouten more delay I left the bank,
 Crossing the level country slowly, slowly,
 Over the soil, that everywhere breathed fragrance.
 A gently-breathing air, that no mutation
 Had in itself, smote me upon the forehead,
 No heavier blow, than of a pleasant breeze.
 Whereat the tremulous branches readily
 Did all of them bow downward towards that side
 Where its first shadow casts the Holy Mountain ;

Yet not from their upright direction bent
 So that the little birds upon their tops
 Should cease the practice of their tuneful art ;
 But, with full-throated joy, the hours of prime
 Singing received they in the midst of foliage
 That made monotonous burden to their rhymes,



“ALREADY MY SLOW STEPS HAD LED ME ON
 INTO THE ANCIENT WOOD.”

Even as from branch to branch it gathering swells,
 Through the pine forests on the shore of Chiassi,
 When Æolus unlooses the Sirocco.
 Already my slow steps had led me on
 Into the ancient wood, so far, that I
 Could see no more the place where I had entered.
 And lo ! my farther course cut off a river,
 Which, tow'rs the left hand, with its little waves,
 Bent down the grass, that on its margin sprang.

All waters that on earth most limpid are,
 Would seem to have within themselves some mixture,
 Compared with that, which nothing doth conceal,
 Although it moves on with a brown, brown current,
 Under the shade perpetual, that never
 Ray of the sun lets in, nor of the moon.

BEATRICE.

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO, XXX., XXXI.

EVEN as the Blessed, in the new covenant,
 Shall rise up quickened, each one from his grave,
 Wearing again the garments of the flesh,
 So, upon that celestial chariot,
 A hundred rose *ad vocem tanti senis*,
 Ministers and messengers of life eternal.
 They all were saying, "*Benedictus qui venis,*"
 And scattering flowers above and round about,
 "*Manibus o date lilia plenis.*"
 I once beheld, at the approach of day,
 The orient sky all stained with roseate hues,
 And the other heaven with light serene adorned,
 And the sun's face uprising, over-shadowed,
 So that, by temperate influence of vapors,
 The eye sustained his aspect for long while ;
 Thus in the bosom of a cloud of flowers,
 Which from those hands angelic were thrown up,
 And down descended inside and without,
 With crown of olive o'er a snow-white veil,
 Appeared a lady under a green mantle,
 Vested in colors of the living flame.

Even as the snow, among the living rafters
 Upon the back of Italy, congeals,
 Blown on and beaten by Slavonian winds,
 And then, dissolving, filters through itself,
 Whene'er the land, that loses shadow, breathes,
 Like as a taper melts before a fire,
 Even such I was, without a sigh or tear,
 Before the song of those who chime for ever
 After the chiming of the eternal spheres ;
 But, when I heard in those sweet melodies
 Compassion for me, more than had they said,
 " O wherefore, lady, dost thou thus consume him ? "

The ice, that was about my heart congealed,
 To air and water changed, and, in my anguish,
 Through lips and eyes came gushing from my breast.

Confusion and dismay, together mingled,
 Forced such a feeble "Yes!" out of my mouth,
 To understand it one had need of sight.
 Even as a cross-bow breaks, when 't is discharged,
 Too tensely drawn the bow-string and the bow,
 And with less force the arrow hits the mark ;
 So I gave way beneath this heavy burden,
 Gushing forth into bitter tears and sighs,
 And the voice, fainting, flagged upon its passage.



"GENTLE SPRING! IN SUNSHINE CLAD."

SPRING.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES D'ORLEANS.

XV. CENTURY.

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

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

Winter giveth the fields and the trees, so old,
Their beards of icicles and snow ;
And the rain, it raineth so fast and cold,
We must cover over the embers low ;
And, snugly housed from the wind and weather,
Mope like birds that are changing feather.
But the storm retires, and the sky grows clear,
When thy merry step draws near.

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

THE CHILD ASLEEP.

FROM THE FRENCH.

SWEET babe ! true portrait of thy father's face,
Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have pressed !
Sleep, little one ; and closely, gently place
Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's breast.

Upon that tender eye, my little friend,
Soft sleep shall come, that cometh not to me !
I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend ;
'T is sweet to watch for thee, alone for thee !

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

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

Translations.

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

THE GRAVE.

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON.

FOR thee was a house built
 Ere thou wert born,
 For thee was a mould meant
 Ere thou of mother camest.
 But it is not made ready,
 Nor its depth measured,
 Nor is it seen
 How long it shall be.
 Now I bring thee
 Where thou shalt be;
 Now I shall measure thee,
 And the mould afterwards.

Thy house is not
 Highly timbered,
 It is unhigh and low;
 When thou art therein,
 The heel-ways are low,
 The side-ways unhigh.
 The roof is built
 Thy breast full nigh,
 So thou shalt in mould
 Dwell full cold,
 Dimly and dark.

Doorless is that house,
 And dark it is within;
 There thou art fast detained
 And Death hath the key.
 Loathsome is that earth-house,
 And grim within to dwell.
 There thou shalt dwell,
 And worms shall divide thee.

Thus thou art laid,
 And leavest thy friends;
 Thou hast no friend,

Who will come to thee,
 Who will ever see
 How that house pleaseth thee ;
 Who will ever open
 The door for thee,
 And descend after thee ;
 For soon thou art loathsome
 And hateful to see.

KING CHRISTIAN.

A NATIONAL SONG OF DENMARK.

FROM THE DANISH OF JOHANNES EVALD.

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

Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest's roar,
 Now is the hour !
 He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,
 And smote upon the foe full sore,
 And shouted loud, through the tempest's roar,
 " Now is the hour ! "
 " Fly ! " shouted they, " for shelter fly !
 Of Denmark's Juel who can defy
 The power ? "

North Sea ! a glimpse of Wessel rent
 Thy murky sky !
 Then champions to thine arms were sent ;
 Terror and Death glared where he went ;
 From the waves was heard a wail, that rent
 Thy murky sky !
 From Denmark, thunders Tordenskiol',
 Let each to Heaven commend his soul,
 And fly !

Path of the Dane to fame and might !
 Dark-rolling wave !
 Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,
 Goes to meet danger with despite,
 Proudly as thou the tempest's might,
 Dark-rolling wave !
 And amid pleasures and alarms,
 And war and victory, be thine arms
 My grave !

THE HAPPIEST LAND.

Fragment of a modern Ballad.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THERE sat one day in quiet,
 By an alehouse on the Rhine,
 Four hale and hearty fellows,
 And drank the precious wine.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE WAVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF TIEDGE.

“ WHITHER, thou turbid wave ?
 Whither, with so much haste,
 As if a thief wert thou ? ”

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

THE DEAD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KLOPSTOCK.

How they so softly rest,
 All, all the holy dead,
 Unto whose dwelling-place
 Now doth my soul draw near !
 How they so softly rest,
 All in their silent graves,
 Deep to corruption
 Slowly down-sinking !

And they no longer weep,
 Here, where complaint is still !
 And they no longer feel,
 Here, where all gladness flies !
 And, by the cypresses
 Softly o'ershadowed,
 Until the Angel
 Calls them, they slumber !

THE BIRD AND THE SHIP.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MÜLLER.

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

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

“ I greet thee, bonny boat ! Whither, or whence,
 With thy fluttering golden band ? ”—
 “ I greet thee, little bird ! To the wide sea
 I haste from the narrow land.

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

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

“ I need not and seek not company,
 Bonny boat, I can sing all alone ;
 For the mainmast tall too heavy am I,
 Bonny boat, I have wings of my own.

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

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

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

WHITHER ?

FROM THE GERMAN OF MÜLLER.

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

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

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

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

What do I say of a murmur ?
 That can no murmur be ;
 'T is the water-nymphs, that are singing
 Their roundelays under me.

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

BEWARE !

FROM THE GERMAN.

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

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

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

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

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

SONG OF THE BELL.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BELL ! thou soundest merrily,
 When the bridal party
 To the church doth hie !



"I KNOW A MAIDEN FAIR TO SEE."

Translations.

Bell! thou soundest solemnly,
 When, on Sabbath morning,
 Fields deserted lie!

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

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

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

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

“HAST thou seen that lordly castle,
 That Castle by the Sea?
 Golden and red above it
 The clouds float gorgeously.

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

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

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

“The winds and the waves
of ocean,
They rested quietly,
But I heard on the gale a
sound of wail,
And tears came to mine
eye.”

“And sawest thou on the
turrets
The King and his royal
bride?
And the wave of their
crimson mantles?
And the golden crown
of pride?”

“Led they not forth, in
rapture,
A beauteous maiden
there?
Resplendent as the morn-
ing sun,
Beaming with golden
hair?”

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



“‘HAST THOU SEEN THAT LORDLY CASTLE,
THAT CASTLE BY THE SEA?’”

THE BLACK KNIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

’T was Pentecost, the Feast of Gladness,
When woods and fields put off all sadness.

Thus began the King and spake :
 " So from the halls
 Of ancient Hofburg's walls,
 A luxuriant Spring shall break."

Drums and trumpets echo loudly,
 Wave the crimson banners proudly,
 From balcony the King looked on ;



" ' I'M A PRINCE OF MIGHTY SWAY.' "

In the play of spears,
 Fell all the cavaliers,
 Before the monarch's stalwart son.

To the barrier of the fight
 Rode at last a sable Knight.

" Sir Knight ! your name and scutcheon, say !"
 " Should I speak it here,
 Ye would stand aghast with fear ;
 I'm a prince of mighty sway !"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SALIS.

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

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

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

L'ENVOI.

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

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

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

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

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

Glimmer, as funeral lamps,
Amid the chills and damps
Of the vast plain where Death encamps!

BALLADS

AND OTHER POEMS.



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

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;

Ballads and Other Poems.

And, like the water's flow
 Under December's snow,
 Came a dull voice of woe
 From the heart's chamber.

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

“ Far in the Northern Land,
 By the wild Baltic's strand,
 I, with my childish hand,
 Tamed the ger-falcon ;
 And, with my skates fast-bound,
 Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
 That the poor whimpering hound
 Trembled to walk on.

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

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

“ Many a wassail-bout
 Wore the long Winter out ;
 Often our midnight shout
 Set the cocks crowing,

As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing.

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

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

“ Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory ;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

“ While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

“ She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded !

Should not the dove so white
 Follow the sea-mew's flight,
 Why did they leave that night
 Her nest unguarded ?

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

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

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

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

“ Three weeks we westward bore,
 And when the storm was o'er,
 Cloud-like we saw the shore
 Stretching to leeward ;

There for my lady's bower
 Built I the lofty tower,
 Which, to this very hour,
 Stands looking seaward.

“ There lived we many years ;
 Time dried the maiden's tears ;
 She had forgot her fears,
 She was a mother ;
 Death closed her mild blue eyes,
 Under that tower she lies ;
 Ne'er shall the sun arise
 On such another !

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

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

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

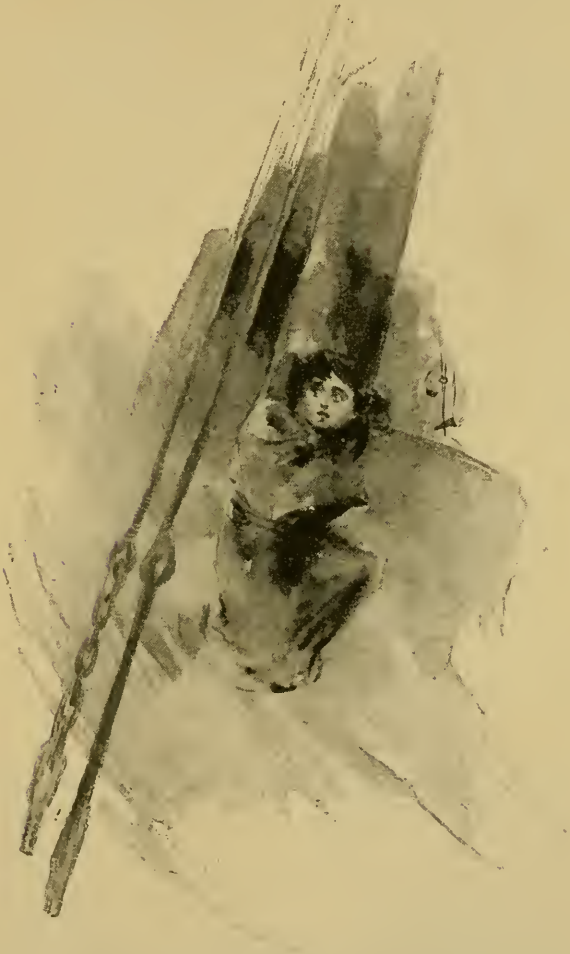
" O father ! I hear the church-bells ring,
 O say, what may it be ?"
 "'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast !"—
 And he steered for the open sea.

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

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

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

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



“O FATHER! I SEE A GLEAMING LIGHT,
O SAY, WHAT MAY IT BE?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

OF Edenhall, the youthful Lord
 Bids sound the festal trumpet's call ;
 He rises at the banquet board,
 And cries, 'mid the drunken revellers all,
 " Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall ! "

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

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

Then speaks the Lord, and waves it light :
 " This glass of flashing crystal tall
 Gave to my sires the Fountain-Sprite ;
 She wrote in it, *If this glass doth fall,*
Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall !

" 'T was right a goblet the Fate should be
 Of the joyous race of Edenhall !
 Deep draughts drink we right willingly ;
 And willingly ring, with merry call,
 Kling ! klang ! to the Luck of Edenhall ! "

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE ELECTED KNIGHT.

FROM THE DANISH.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

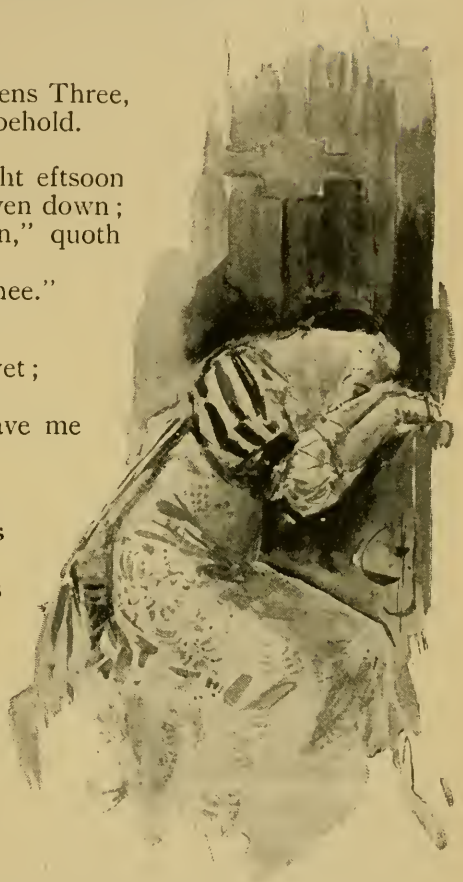
"I am not Christ the Great,
 Thou shalt not yield thee yet ;
 I am an Unknown Knight,
 Three modest Maidens have me
 bedight."

"Art thou a Knight elected,
 And have three Maidens
 thee bedight ;
 So shalt thou ride a tilt this
 day,
 For all the Maidens' hon-
 or!"

The first tilt they together
 rode
 They put their steeds to
 the test ;
 The second tilt they togeth-
 er rode,
 They proved their man-
 hood best.

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

Now lie the lords upon the plain,
 And their blood runs unto death ;
 Now sit the Maidens in the high tower,
 The youngest sorrows till death.



"THE YOUNGEST SORROWS TILL DEATH."

THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

FROM THE SWEDISH OF BISHOP TEGNÉR.

PENTECOST, day of rejoicing, had come. The church of the
 village
 Stood gleaming white in the morning's sheen. On the spire of
 the belfry,
 Tipped with a vane of metal, the friendly flames of the Spring-
 sun
 Glanced like the tongues of fire, beheld by Apostles aforetime.
 Clear was the heaven and blue, and May, with her cap crowned
 with roses,
 Stood in her holiday dress in the fields, and the wind and the
 brooklet
 Murmured gladness and peace, God's-peace! with lips rosy-
 tinted
 Whispered the race of the flowers, and merry on balancing
 branches
 Birds were singing their carol, a jubilant hymn to the Highest.
 Swept and clean was the churchyard. Adorned like a leaf-woven
 arbor
 Stood its old-fashioned gate; and within upon each cross of
 iron
 Hung was a sweet-scented garland, new twined by the hands of
 affection
 Even the dial, that stood on a fountain among the departed,
 (There full a hundred years had it stood,) was embellished
 with blossoms
 Like to the patriarch hoary, the sage of his kith and the hamlet,
 Who on his birthday is crowned by children and children's
 children,
 So stood the ancient prophet, and mute with his pencil of iron
 Marked on the tablet of stone, and measured the swift changing
 moment,
 While all around at his feet, an eternity slumbered in quiet.
 Also the church within was adorned, for this was the season
 In which the young, their parents' hope, and the loved-ones of
 heaven,
 Should at the foot of the altar renew the vows of their baptism.
 Therefore each nook and corner was swept and cleaned, and the
 dust was
 Blown from the walls and ceiling, and from the oil-painted
 benches.

There stood the church like a garden; the Feast of the Leafy
 Pavilions
 Saw we in living presentment. From noble arms on the church
 wall
 Grew forth a cluster of leaves, and the preacher's pulpit of oak-
 wood
 Budded once more anew, as aforetime the rod before Aaron.
 Wreathed thereon was the Bible with leaves, and the dove,
 washed with silver,
 Under its canopy fastened, a necklace had on of wild flowers.
 But in front of the choir, round the altar-piece painted by
 Hörberg,
 Crept a garland gigantic; and bright-curling tresses of angels
 Peeped, like the sun from a cloud, out of the shadowy leaf-
 work.
 Likewise the lustre of brass, new-polished, blinked from the
 ceiling,
 And for lights there were lilies of Pentecost set in the sockets.

Loud rang the bells already; the thronging crowd was
 assembled
 Far from valleys and hills, to list to the holy preaching.
 Hark! then roll forth at once the mighty tones from the organ,
 Hover like voices from God, aloft like invisible spirits.
 Like as Elias in heaven, when he cast off from him his mantle,
 Even so cast off the soul its garments of earth; and with one
 voice
 Chimed in the congregation, and sang an anthem immortal
 Of the sublime Wallin, of David's harp in the North-land
 Tuned to the choral of Luther; the song on its powerful pinions
 Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to heaven,
 And every face did shine like the Holy One's face upon Tabor.
 Lo! there entered then into the church the Reverend Teacher.
 Father he hight and he was in the parish; a Christianly plainness
 Clothed from his head to his feet the old man of seventy winters.
 Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the heralding angel
 Walked he among the crowds, but still a contemplative grandeur
 Lay on his forehead as clear as on moss-covered gravestone a
 sunbeam.
 As in his inspiration (an evening twilight that faintly
 Gleams in the human soul, even now, from the day of creation)
 Th' Artist, the friend of heaven, imagines Saint John when in
 Patmos,
 Gray, with his eyes uplifted to heaven, so seemed then the old
 man;
 Such was the glance of his eye, and such were his tresses of
 silver.

All the congregation arose in the pews that were numbered.
 But with a cordial look, to the right and the left hand, the old
 man
 Nodding all hail and peace, disappeared in the innermost chancel.

Simply and solemnly now proceeded the Christian service,
 Singing and prayer, and at last an ardent discourse from the old
 man.

Many a moving word and warning, that out of the heart came,
 Fell like the dew of the morning, like manna on those in the
 desert.

Afterwards, when all was finished, the Teacher re-entered the
 chancel,

Followed therein by the young. On the right hand the boys
 had their places,

Delicate figures, with close-curling hair and cheeks rosy-
 blooming,

But on the left of these there stood the tremulous lilies,
 Tinged with the blushing light of the morning, the diffident
 maidens,—

Folding their hands in prayer, and their eyes cast down on the
 pavement.

Now came, with question and answer, the catechism. In the
 beginning

Answered the children with troubled and faltering voice, but the
 old man's

Glances of kindness encouraged them soon, and the doctrines
 eternal

Flowed, like the waters of fountains, so clear from lips unpol-
 luted.

Whene'er the answer was closed, and as oft as they named the
 Redeemer,

Lowly louted the boys, and lowly the maidens all courtesied.

Friendly the Teacher stood, like an angel of light there among
 them,

And to the children explained he the holy, the highest, in few
 words,

Thorough, yet simple and clear, for sublimity always is simple,

Both in sermon and song, a child can seize on its meaning.

Even as the green-growing bud is unfolded when Springtide
 approaches,

Leaf by leaf is developed, and warmed, by the radiant sunshine,

Blushes with purple and gold, till at last the perfected blossom

Opens its odorous chalice, and rocks with its crown in the breezes,

So was unfolded here the Christian lore of salvation,

Line by line from the soul of childhood. The fathers and
 mothers

Stood behind them in tears, and were glad at each well-worded answer.

Now went the old man up to the altar;—and straightway transfigured



“NOW WENT THE OLD MAN UP TO THE ALTAR.”

(So did it seem unto me) was then the affectionate Teacher.
Like the Lord's Prophet sublime, and awful as Death and as
Judgment
Stood he, the God-commissioned, the soul-searcher, earthward
descending.
Glances, sharp as a sword, into hearts that to him were trans-
parent

Shot he ; his voice was deep, was low like the thunder afar off.
So on a sudden transfigured he stood there, he spake and he
questioned.

“ This is the faith of the Fathers, the faith the Apostles
delivered,
This is moreover the faith whereunto I baptized you, while
still ye
Lay on your mothers’ breasts, and nearer the portals of heaven.
Slumbering received you then the Holy Church in its bosom ;
Wakened from sleep are ye now, and the light in its radiant
splendor
Rains from the heaven downward ;— to-day on the threshold of
childhood
Kindly she frees you again, to examine and make your election,
For she knows naught of compulsion, and only conviction
desireth.
This is the hour of your trial, the turning-point of existence,
Seed for the coming days ; without revocation departeth
Now from your lips the confession ; Bethink ye, before ye make
answer !
Think not, O think not with guile to deceive the questioning
Teacher.
Sharp is his eye to-day, and a curse ever rests upon falsehood.
Enter not with a lie on Life’s journey ; the multitude hears you,
Brothers and sisters and parents, what dear upon earth is and
holy
Standeth before your sight as a witness ; the Judge everlasting
Looks from the sun down upon you, and angels in waiting
beside him
Grave your confession in letters of fire upon tablets eternal.
Thus, then,—believe ye in God, in the Father who this world
created ?
Him who redeemed it, the Son, and the Spirit where both are
united ?
Will ye promise me here, (a holy promise !) to cherish
God more than all things earthly, and every man as a brother ?
Will ye promise me here, to confirm your faith by your living,
Th’ heavenly faith of affection ! to hope, to forgive, and to suffer,
Be what it may your condition, and walk before God in up-
rightness ?
Will ye promise me this before God and man ? ” — With a clear
voice
Answered the young men Yes ! and Yes ! with lips softly-
breathing
Answered the maidens eke. Then dissolved from the brow of
the Teacher

Clouds with the thunders therein, and he spake on in accents
 more gentle,
 Soft as the evening's breath, as harps by Babylon's rivers.

“ Hail, then, hail to you all ! To the heirdom of heaven be ye
 welcome !
 Children no more from this day, but by covenant brothers and
 sisters !
 Yet,—for what reason not children ? Of such is the kingdom of
 heaven.
 Here upon earth an assemblage of children, in heaven one
 Father,
 Ruling them all as his own household, — forgiving in turn and
 chastising,
 That is of human life a picture, as Scripture has taught us.
 Blessed are the pure before God ! Upon purity and upon virtue
 Resteth the Christian Faith ; she herself from on high is de-
 scended.
 Strong as a man and pure as a child, is the sum of the doctrine,
 Which the Godlike delivered and on the cross suffered and died
 for.
 O ! as ye wander this day from childhood's sacred asylum
 Downward and ever downward, and deeper in Age's chill valley,
 O, how soon will ye come, — too soon ! — and long to turn back-
 ward
 Up to its hill-tops again, to the sun-illuminated, where Judgment
 Stood like a father before you, and Pardon, clad like a mother,
 Gave you her hand to kiss, and the loving heart was forgiven,
 Life was a play and your hands grasped after the roses of heaven !
 Seventy years have I lived already ; the Father eternal
 Gave me gladness and care ; but the loveliest hours of existence,
 When I have steadfastly gazed in their eyes, I have instantly
 known them,
 Known them all, all again ;—they were my childhood's acquaint-
 ance.
 Therefore take from henceforth, as guides in the paths of ex-
 istence,
 Prayer, with her eyes raised to heaven, and Innocence, bride of
 man's childhood,
 Innocence, child beloved, is a guest from the world of the blessed,
 Beautiful, and in her hand a lily ; on life's roaring billows
 Swings she in safety, she heedeth them not, in the ship she is
 sleeping.
 Calmly she gazes around in the turmoil of men ; in the desert
 Angels descend and minister unto her ; she herself knoweth
 Naught of her glorious attendance ; but follows faithful and
 humble,

Follows so long as she may her friend ; O do not reject her,
For she cometh from God and she holdeth the keys of the
heavens.—

Prayer is Innocence' friend ; and willingly flyeth incessant
'Twixt the earth and the sky, the carrier-pigeon of heaven.
Son of Eternity, fettered in Time, and an exile, the Spirit
Tugs at his chains evermore, and struggles like flames ever up-
ward.

Still he recalls with emotion his Father's manifold mansions,
Thinks of the land of his fathers, where blossomed more freshly
the flowers,

Shone a more beautiful sun, and he played with the wingèd
angels.

Then grows the earth too narrow, too close ; and homesick for
heaven

Longs the wanderer again ; and the Spirit's longings are wor-
ship ;

Worship is called his most beautiful hour, and its tongue is en-
treaty.

Ah ! when the infinite burden of life descendeth upon us,
Crushes to earth our hope, and, under the earth, in the grave-
yard,

Then it is good to pray unto God ; for his sorrowing children
Turns he ne'er from his door, but he heals and helps and con-
soles them.

Yet is it better to pray when all things are prosperous with us,
Pray in fortunate days, for life's most beautiful Fortune
Kneels before the Eternal's throne ; and with hands interfolded,
Praises thankful and moved the only giver of blessings.

Or do ye know, ye children, one blessing that comes not from
Heaven ?

What has mankind forsooth, the poor ! that it has not received ?
Therefore, fall in the dust and pray ! The seraphs adoring
Cover with pinions six their face in the glory of him who
Hung his masonry pendant on naught, when the world he
created.

Earth declareth his might, and the firmament uttereth his glory.
Races blossom and die, and stars fall downward from heaven,
Downward like withered leaves ; at the last stroke of midnight,
millenniums

Lay themselves down at his feet, and he sees them, but counts
them as nothing.

Who shall stand in his presence ? The wrath of the judge is
terrific,

Casting the insolent down at a glance. When he speaks in his
anger

Hillocks skip like the kid, and mountains leap like the roebuck.

Yet,—why are ye afraid, ye children? This awful avenger,
Ah! is a merciful God! God's voice was not in the earthquake,
Not in the fire, nor the storm, but it was in the whispering
breezes.

Love is the root of creation; God's essence; worlds without
number

Lie in his bosom like children; he made them for this purpose
only.

Only to love and to be loved again, he breathed forth his spirit
Into the slumbering dust, and upright standing, it laid its
Hand on his heart, and felt it was warm with a flame out of
heaven.

Quench, O quench not that flame! It is the breath of your
being.

Love is life, but hatred is death. Not father, nor mother
Loved you, as God has loved you; for 't was that you may be
happy

Gave he his only Son. When he bowed down his head in the
death-hour

Solemnized Love its triumph; the sacrifice then was completed.
Lo! then was rent on a sudden the vail of the temple, dividing
Earth and heaven apart, and the dead from their sepulchres ris-
ing

Whispered with pallid lips and low in the ears of each other
Th' answer, but dreamed of before, to creation's enigma,—Atonement!

Depths of Love are Atonement's depths, for Love is Atonement.
Therefore, child of mortality, love thou the merciful Father;
Wish what the Holy One wishes, and not from fear, but affec-
tion;

Fear is the virtue of slaves; but the heart that loveth is willing;
Perfect was before God, and perfect is Love, and Love only.
Lovest thou God as thou oughtest, then lovest thou likewise thy
brethren;

One is the sun in heaven, and one, only one, is Love also.
Bears not each human figure the godlike stamp on his forehead?
Readest thou not in his face thine origin? Is he not sailing
Lost like thyself on an ocean unknown, and is he not guided
By the same stars that guide thee? Why shouldst thou hate
then thy brother?

Hateth he thee, forgive! For 't is sweet to stammer one letter
Of the Eternal's language;—on earth it is callèd Forgiveness!
Knowest thou Him, who forgave, with the crown of thorns round
his temples?

Earnestly prayed for his foes, for his murderers? Say, dost
thou know him?

Ah! thou confessest his name, so follow likewise his example,

Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a veil over his failings,
 Guide the erring aright ; for the good, the heavenly shepherd
 Took the lost lamb in his arms, and bore it back to its mother.
 This is the fruit of Love, and it is by its fruits that we know it.
 Love is the creature's welfare, with God ; but Love among mor-
 tals

Is but an endless sigh ! He longs, and endures, and stands
 waiting,

Suffers and yet rejoices, and smiles with tears on his eyelids.
 Hope,—so is called upon earth, his recompense,—Hope, the be-
 friending,

Does what she can, for she points evermore up to heaven, and
 faithful

Plunges her anchor's peak in the depths of the grave, and be-
 neath it

Paints a more beautiful world, a dim, but a sweet play of shad-
 ows !

Races, better than we, have leaned on her wavering promise,
 Having naught else beside Hope. Then praise we our Father
 in heaven,

Him, who has given us more ; for to us has Hope been illumined,
 Groping no longer in night ; she is Faith, she is living assur-
 ance.

Faith is enlightened Hope ; she is light, is the eye of affection,
 Dreams of the longing interprets, and carves their visions in
 marble.

Faith is the sun of life ; and her countenance shines like the
 Prophet's,

For she has looked upon God ; the heaven on its stable founda-
 tion

Draws she with chains down to earth, and the New Jerusalem
 sinketh

Splendid with portals twelve in golden vapors descending.

There enraptured she wanders, and looks at the figures majestic,
 Fears not the wingèd crowd, in the midst of them all is her
 homestead.

Therefore love and believe ; for works will follow spontaneous
 Even as day does the sun ; the Right from the Good is an off-
 spring,

Love in a bodily shape ; and Christian works are no more than
 Animate Love and faith, as flowers are the animate Springtide.
 Works do follow us all unto God ; there stand and bear wit-
 ness

Not what they seemed,—but what they were only. Blessed is
 he who

Hears their confession secure ; they are mute upon earth until
 death's hand

Opens the mouth of the silent. Ye children, does Death e'er
alarm you ?

Death is the brother of Love, twin-brother is he, and is only
More austere to behold. With a kiss upon lips that are fading
Takes he the soul and departs, and, rocked in the arms of affec-
tion,

Places the ransomed child, new born, 'fore the face of its father.
Sounds of his coming already I hear,—see dimly his pinions,
Swart as the night, but with stars strewn upon them! I fear
not before him.

Death is only release, and in mercy is mute. On his bosom
Freer breathes, in its coolness, my breast; and face to face
standing

Look I on God as he is, a sun unpolluted by vapors ;
Look on the light of the ages I loved, the spirits majestic,
Nobler, better than I ; they stand by the throne all transfigured,
Vested in white, and with harps of gold, and are singing an an-
them,

Writ in the climate of heaven, in the language spoken by angels.
You, in like manner, ye children beloved, he one day shall gather,
Never forgets he the weary ;—then welcome, ye loved ones, here-
after !

Meanwhile forget not the keeping of vows, forget not the promise,
Wander from holiness onward to holiness ; earth shall ye heed
not ;

Earth is but dust and heaven is light ; I have pledged you to
heaven.

God of the universe, hear me ! thou fountain of Love everlast-
ing,

Hark to the voice of thy servant ! I send up my prayer to thy
heaven !

Let me hereafter not miss at thy throne one spirit of all these,
Whom thou hast given me here ! I have loved them all like a
father.

May they bear witness for me, that I taught them the way of
salvation,

Faithful, so far as I knew, of thy word ; again may they know
me,

Fall on their Teacher's breast, and before thy face may I place
them,

Pure as they now are, but only more tried, and exclaiming with
gladness,

Father, lo ! I am here, and the children, whom thou hast given
me !”

Weeping he spake in these words ; and now at the beck of the
old man

Knee against knee they knitted a wreath round the altar's enclosure.
 Kneeling he read then the prayers of the consecration, and softly
 With him the children read ; at the close, with tremulous accents,
 Asked he the peace of Heaven, a benediction upon them.
 Now should have ended his task for the day ; the following Sunday
 Was for the young appointed to eat of the Lord's holy Supper.
 Sudden, as struck from the clouds, stood the Teacher silent and laid his
 Hand on his forehead, and cast his looks upward ; while thoughts
 high and holy
 Flew through the midst of his soul, and his eyes glanced with
 wonderful brightness.
 " On the next Sunday, who knows ! perhaps I shall rest in the
 graveyard !
 Some one perhaps of yourselves, a lily broken untimely,
 Bow down his head to the earth ; why delay I ? the hour is accomplished.
 Warm is the heart ;—I will ! for to-day grows the harvest of
 heaven.
 What I began accomplish I now ; for what failing therein is
 I, the old man, will answer to God and the reverend father.
 Say to me only, ye children, ye denizens new-come in heaven,
 Are ye ready this day to eat of the bread of Atonement ?
 What it denoteth, that know ye full well, I have told it you often.
 Of the new covenant a symbol it is, of Atonement a token,
 Stablished between earth and heaven. Man by his sins and
 transgressions
 Far has wandered from God, from his essence. 'T was in the
 beginning
 Fast by the Tree of Knowledge he fell, and it hangs its crown
 o'er the
 Fall to this day ; in the Thought is the Fall ; in the Heart the
 Atonement.
 Infinite is the fall,—the Atonement infinite likewise.
 See ! behind me, as far as the old man remembers, and forward,
 Far as Hope in her flight can reach with her wearied pinions,
 Sin and Atonement incessant go through the lifetime of mortals.
 Brought forth is sin full-grown ; but Atonement sleeps in our
 bosoms
 Still as the cradled babe ; and dreams of heaven and of angels,
 Cannot awake to sensation ; is like the tones in the harp's
 strings,
 Spirits imprisoned, that wait evermore the deliverer's finger.

Therefore, ye children beloved, descended the Prince of Atonement,

Woke the slumberer from sleep, and she stands now with eyes all resplendent.

Bright as the vault of the sky, and battles with Sin and o'ercomes her.

Downward to earth he came and, transfigured, thence reascended,

Not from the heart in like wise, for there he still lives in the Spirit,

Loves and atones evermore. So long as Time is, is Atonement. Therefore with reverence receive this day her visible token.

Tokens are dead if the things do not live. The light everlasting Unto the blind man is not, but is born of the eye that has vision.

Neither in bread nor in wine, but in the heart that is hallowed Lieth forgiveness enshrined; the intention alone of amendment Fruits of the earth ennobles to heavenly things, and removes all Sin and the guerdon of sin. Only Love with his arms wide extended,

Penitence weeping and praying; the Will that is tried, and whose gold flows

Purified forth from the flames; in a word, mankind by Atonement

Breaketh Atonement's bread, and drinketh Atonement's wine-cup.

But he who cometh up hither, unworthy, with hate in his bosom, Scoffing at men and at God, is guilty of Christ's blessed body,

And the Redeemer's blood! To himself he eateth and drinketh Death and doom! And from this, preserve us, thou heavenly Father!

Are ye ready, ye children, to eat of the bread of Atonement?"

Thus with emotion he asked, and together answered the children,

"Yes!" with deep sobs interrupted. Then read he the due supplications,

Read the Form of Communion, and in chimed the organ and anthem:

"O Holy Lamb of God, who takest away our transgressions, Hear us! give us thy peace! have mercy, have mercy, upon us!"

Th' old man, with trembling hand, and heavenly pearls on his eyelids,

Filled now the chalice and paten, and dealt round the mystical symbols.

O, then seemed it to me as if God, with the broad eye of midday Clearer looked in at the windows, and all the trees in the church-yard .

Bowed down their summits of green, and the grass on the
 graves 'gan to shiver.

But in the children (I noted it well; I knew it) there ran a
 Tremor of holy rapture along through their icy-cold members.
 Decked like an altar before them, there stood the green earth,
 and above it

Heaven opened itself, as of old before Stephen; there saw they
 Radiant in glory the Father, and on his right hand the Re-
 deemer.

Under them hear they the clang of harpstrings, and angels from
 gold clouds

Beckon to them like brothers, and fan with their pinions of
 purple.

Closed was the Teacher's task, and with heaven in their
 hearts and their faces,

Up rose the children all, and each bowed him, weeping full
 sorely,

Downward to kiss that reverend hand, but all of them pressed
 he

Moved to his bosom, and laid, with a prayer, his hands full of
 blessings,

Now on the holy breast, and now on the innocent tresses.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

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

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



"THE SMITH, A MIGHTY MAN IS HE."

Miscellaneous.

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

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

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

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

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

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

ENDYMION.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PFIZER.

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

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

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

The end lies ever in my thought;
 To a grave so cold and deep
 The mother beautiful was brought;
 Then dropt the child asleep.

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

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

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

IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

No hay pájaros en los nidos de antaño.

Spanish Proverb.

THE sun is bright,—the air is clear,
 The darting swallows soar and sing,
 And from the stately elms I hear
 The bluebird prophesying Spring.

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

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

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

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

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

THE RAINY DAY.

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

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

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

GOD'S-ACRE.

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

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



"The day is dark and dreary"

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

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

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

TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Where yon shadowy woodlands hide thee,
 And thy waters disappear,

Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,
And have made thy margin dear.

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

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

'T is for this, thou Silent River !
That my spirit leans to thee ;
Thou hast been a generous giver,
Take this idle song from me.

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

BLIND Bartimeus at the gates
Of Jerichō in darkness waits ;
He hears the crowd ;—he hears a breath
Say, “ It is Christ of Nazareth ! ”
And calls, in tones of agony,
Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με !

The thronging multitudes increase ;
Blind Bartimeus, hold thy peace !
But still, above the noisy crowd,
The beggar's cry is shrill and loud ;
Until they say, “ He calleth thee ! ”
Θάρσει, ἔγειραι, φωσέει σε !

Then saith the Christ, as silent stands
The crowd, “ What wilt thou at my hands ? ”
And he replies, “ O give me light !
Rabbi, restore the blind man's sight ! ”
And Jesu answers, “ *Ὑπαγε* ”
Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε !

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see,
In darkness and in misery,
Recall those mighty Voices Three,
Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με !
Θάρσει, ἔγειραι, ὕπαγε !
Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε !



“BLIND BARTIMEUS AT THE GATES
OF JERICH O IN DARKNESS WAITS.”



THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MAIDENHOOD.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

EXCELSIOR.

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

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

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

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

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

“ Beware the pine-tree’s withered branch !
Beware the awful avalanche ! ”
This was the peasant’s last Good-night,
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior !

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

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

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



POEMS ON SLAVERY.

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

TO WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

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

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

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

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

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

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

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

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

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

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

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

At night he heard the lion roar,
 And the hyena scream,
 And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds
 Beside some hidden stream ;
 And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
 Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
 Shouted of liberty ;
 And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,
 With a voice so wild and free,
 That he started in his sleep and smiled
 At their tempestuous glee.

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

THE GOOD PART,

THAT SHALL NOT BE TAKEN AWAY.

SHE dwells by Great Kenhawa's side,
 In valleys green and cool ;
 And all her hope and all her pride
 Are in the village school.

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

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

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

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

Poems on Slavery.

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

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

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

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

THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

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

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

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

A poor old slave, infirm and lame ;
 Great scars deformed his face ;
 On his forehead he bore the brand of shame,
 And the rags, that hid his mangled frame,
 Were the livery of disgrace.



“HE CROUCHED IN THE RANK AND TANGLED GRASS,
LIKE A WILD BEAST IN HIS LAIR.”

Poems on Slavery.

All things above were bright and fair,
 All things were glad and free ;
 Lithe squirrels darted here and there,
 And wild birds filled the echoing air
 With songs of Liberty !

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

THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE WITNESSES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE QUADROON GIRL.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Her eyes were like a falcon's, gray,
 Her arms and neck were bare ;
 No garment she wore save a kirtle gay,
 And her own long, raven hair.

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

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

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

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

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

THE WARNING.

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

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

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

 THE BELFRY OF BRUGES AND
 OTHER POEMS.

CARILLON.

IN the ancient town of Bruges,
 In the quaint old Flemish city,
 As the evening shades descended,
 Low and loud and sweetly blended,
 Low at times and loud at times,
 And changing like a poet's rhymes,
 Rang the beautiful wild chimes
 From the Belfry in the market
 Of the ancient town of Bruges.

The Belfry of Bruges.

Then, with deep sonorous clangor
 Calmly answering their sweet anger,
 When the wrangling bells had ended,
 Slowly struck the clock eleven,
 And, from out the silent heaven,
 Silence on the town descended.
 Silence, silence everywhere,
 On the earth and in the air,
 Save that footsteps here and there
 Of some burgher home returning,
 By the street lamps faintly burning,
 For a moment woke the echoes
 Of the ancient town of Bruges.

But amid my broken slumbers
 Still I heard those magic numbers,
 As they loud proclaimed the flight
 And stolen marches of the night ;
 Till their chimes in sweet collision
 Mingled with each wandering vision,
 Mingled with the fortune-telling
 Gypsy-bands of dreams and fancies,
 Which amid the waste expanses
 Of the silent land of trances
 Have their solitary dwelling ;
 All else seemed asleep in Bruges,
 In the quaint old Flemish city.

And I thought how like these chimes
 Are the poet's airy rhymes,
 All his rhymes and roundelays,
 His conceits, and songs, and ditties,
 From the belfry of his brain,
 Scattered downward, though in vain,
 On the roofs and stones of cities ;
 For by night the drowsy ear
 Under its curtains cannot hear,
 And by day men go their ways,
 Hearing the music as they pass,
 But deeming it no more, alas !
 Than the hollow sound of brass.

Yet perchance a sleepless wight,
 Lodging at some humble inn
 In the narrow lanes of life,
 When the dusk and hush of night
 Shut out the incessant din

Of daylight and its toil and strife,
 May listen with a calm delight
 To the poet's melodies,
 Till he hears, or dreams he hears,
 Intermingled with the song,
 Thoughts that he has cherished long ;
 Hears amid the chime and singing
 The bells of his own village ringing,
 And wakes, and finds his slumberous eyes
 Wet with most delicious tears.

Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay
 In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Blé,
 Listening with a wild delight
 To the chimes that, through the night,
 Rang their changes from the Belfry
 Of that quaint old Flemish city.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

IN the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown ;
 Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt, still it watches o'er the
 town.

As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty tower I stood,
 And the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds of widow-
 hood.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams and
 vapors gray,
 Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the land-
 scape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys, here and
 there,
 Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending, vanished, ghost-like,
 into air.

Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,
 But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower.

From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows wild and
 high ;
 And the world, beneath me sleeping, seemed more distant than
 the sky.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times,
 With their strange, unearthly changes rang the melancholy
 chimes,

Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing in
the choir ;
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting of a
friar.

Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled my
brain ;
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth again ;

All the Foresters of Flanders,—mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer,
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy, Philip, Guy de Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid that adorned those days of old ;
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore the Fleece
of Gold ;

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies ;
Ministers from twenty nations ; more than royal pomp and
ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the ground ;
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and hound ;

And her lighted bridal-chamber, where a duke slept with the
queen,
And the armed guard around them, and the sword unsheathed
between.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and Juliers bold,
Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the Spurs of
Gold ;

Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods moving
west,
Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden Dragon's nest.

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror
smote ;
And again the wild alarum sounded from the tocsin's throat ;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dike of sand,
" I am Roland ! I am Roland ! there is victory in the land ! "

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awakened city's
roar
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into their graves
once more.

Hours had passed away like minutes ; and, before I was aware,
Lo ! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-illumined square.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

THIS is the place. Stand still, my steed,
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy Past
The forms that once have been.

The Past and Present here unite
Beneath Time's flowing tide,
Like footprints hidden by a brook,
But seen on either side.

Here runs the highway to the town ;
There the green lane descends,
Through which I walked to church with thee,
O gentlest of my friends !

The shadow of the linden-trees
Lay moving on the grass ;
Between them and the moving boughs,
A shadow, thou didst pass.

Thy dress was like the lilies,
And thy heart as pure as they :
One of God's holy messengers
Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees
Bend down thy touch to meet,
The clover-blossoms in the grass
Rise up to kiss thy feet.

" Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born !"
Solemnly sang the village choir
On that sweet Sabbath morn.

Through the closed blinds the golden sun
Poured in a dusty beam,
Like the celestial ladder seen
By Jacob in his dream.

And ever and anon, the wind,
 Sweet-scented with the hay,
 Turned o'er the hymn-book's fluttering leaves
 That on the window lay.

Long was the good man's sermon,
 Yet it seemed not so to me ;
 For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,
 And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he uttered,
 Yet it seemed not so to me ;
 For in my heart I prayed with him,
 And still I thought of thee.

But now, alas ! the place seems changed
 Thou art no longer here :
 Part of the sunshine of the scene
 With thee did disappear.

Though thoughts, deep-rooted in my heart,
 Like pine-trees dark and high,
 Subdue the light of noon, and breathe
 A low and ceaseless sigh ;

This memory brightens o'er the past,
 As when the sun, concealed
 Behind some cloud that near us hangs
 Shines on a distant field.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
 Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms ;
 But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
 Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah ! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
 When the death-angel touches those swift keys !
 What loud lament and dismal Miserere
 Will mingle with their awful symphonies !

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
 The cries of agony, the endless groan,
 Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
 In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
 Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
 And loud, amid the universal clamor,
 O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
 Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
 And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
 Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin ;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village ;
 The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns ;
 The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage ;
 The wail of famine in beleaguered towns ;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
 The rattling musketry, the clashing blade ;
 And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
 The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
 With such accursed instruments as these,
 Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
 And jarrest the celestial harmonies ?

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,
 Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,
 Given to redeem the human mind from error,
 There were no need of arsenals or forts :

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred !
 And every nation, that should lift again
 Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
 Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain !

Down the dark future, through long generations,
 The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease ;
 And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
 I hear once more the voice of Christ say, " Peace ! "

Peace ! and no longer from its brazen portals
 The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies !
 But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
 The holy melodies of love arise.

NUREMBERG.

IN the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient,
stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and
song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round
them throng :

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and
bold,
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old ;

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth
rhyme,
That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every
clime.

In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many an iron band,
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand ;

On the square the oriel window, where in old heroic days
Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art :
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the com-
mon mart :

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in
stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their
trust ;

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare,
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted
air.

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,
Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art ;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies ;
Dead he is not,—but departed,—for the artist never dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more
fair,
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed
its air !

Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and
dismal lanes,
Walked of yore the Mastersingers, chanting rude poetic strains.

From remote and sunless suburbs came they to the friendly
guild,
Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows
build.

As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme,
And the smith his iron measures,—hammered to the anvil's chime ;

Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers of
poesy bloom
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft,
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and
laughed.

But his house is now an ale-house, with a nicely sanded floor,
And a garland in the window, and his face above the door ;

Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's song,
As the old man gray and dove-like, with his great beard white
and long.

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his cark and
care,
Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's antique
chair.

Vanished is the ancient splendor, and before my dreamy eye
Wave these mingling shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's re-
gard ;
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs thy cobbler-
bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away,
As he paced thy streets and court-yards, sang in thought his
careless lay :

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the soil,
The nobility of labor,—the long pedigree of toil.

THE NORMAN BARON.

Dans les moments de la vie où la réflexion devient plus calme et plus profonde, où l'intérêt et l'avarice parlent moins haut que la raison, dans les instants de chagrin domestique, de maladie, et de péril de mort, les nobles se repentirent de posséder des serfs, comme d'une chose peu agréable à Dieu, qui avait créé tous les hommes à son image.

THIERRY, *Conquête de l'Angleterre.*

IN his chamber, weak and dying,
Was the Norman baron lying ;
Loud, without, the tempest thundered,
And the castle-turret shook.



“ WEAK AND DYING,
WAS THE NORMAN BARON LYING.”

In this fight was Death the gainer,
Spite of vassal and retainer,
And the lands his sires had plundered,
Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated,
Who in humble voice repeated
Many a prayer and pater-noster,
From the missal on his knee ;

And, amid the tempest pealing,
Sounds of bells came faintly stealing,
Bells, that from the neighboring kloster
Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal
 Held, that night, their Christmas wassail;
 Many a carol, old and saintly,
 Sang the minstrels and the waits;

And so loud these Saxon gleemen
 Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,
 That the storm was heard but faintly,
 Knocking at the castle-gates.

Till at length the lays they chanted
 Reached the chamber terror-haunted,
 Where the monk, with accents holy,
 Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,
 As he paused awhile and listened,
 And the dying baron slowly
 Turned his weary head to hear.

“ Wassail for the kingly stranger
 Born and cradled in a manger!
 King, like David, priest, like Aaron,
 Christ is born to set us free!”

And the lightning showed the sainted
 Figures on the casement painted,
 And exclaimed the shuddering baron,
 “ Miserere, Domine!”

In that hour of deep contrition
 He beheld, with clearer vision,
 Through all outward show and fashion,
 Justice, the Avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had vanished,
 Falsehood and deceit were banished,
 Reason spake more loud than passion,
 And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,
 Every serf born to his manor,
 All those wronged and wretched creatures,
 By his hand were freed again.

And, as on the sacred missal
 He recorded their dismissal,
 Death relaxed his iron features,
 And the monk replied, “ Amen!”

Many centuries have been numbered
 Since in death the baron slumbered
 By the convent's sculptured portal,
 Mingling with the common dust :

But the good deed, through the ages
 Living in historic pages,
 Brighter grows and gleams immortal,
 Unconsumed by moth or rust.

RAIN IN SUMMER.

How beautiful is the rain !
 After the dust and heat,
 In the broad and fiery street,
 In the narrow lane,
 How beautiful is the rain !

How it clatters along the roofs,
 Like the tramp of hoofs !
 How it gushes and struggles out
 From the throat of the overflowing spout !

Across the window-pane
 It pours and pours ;
 And swift and wide,
 With a muddy tide,
 Like a river down the gutter roars
 The rain, the welcome rain !

The sick man from his chamber looks
 At the twisted brooks ;
 He can feel the cool
 Breath of each little pool ;
 His fevered brain
 Grows calm again,
 And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighboring school
 Come the boys,
 With more than their wonted noise
 And commotion ;
 And down the wet streets
 Sail their mimic fleets,
 Till the treacherous pool
 Engulfs them in its whirling
 And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,
 Where far and wide,
 Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
 Stretches the plain,
 To the dry grass and the drier grain
 How welcome is the rain !

In the furrowed land
 The toilsome and patient oxen stand ;
 Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
 With their dilated nostrils spread,
 They silently inhale
 The clover-scented gale,
 And the vapors that arise
 From the well-watered and smoking soil.
 For this rest in the furrow after toil
 Their large and lustrous eyes
 Seem to thank the Lord,
 More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,
 From under the sheltering trees,
 The farmer sees
 His pastures, and his fields of grain,
 As they bend their tops
 To the numberless beating drops
 Of the incessant rain.
 He counts it as no sin
 That he sees therein
 Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these,
 The Poet sees !
 He can behold
 Aquarius old
 Walking the fenceless fields of air ;
 And from each ample fold
 Of the clouds about him rolled
 Scattering everywhere
 The showery rain,
 As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold
 Things manifold
 That have not yet been wholly told,
 Have not been wholly sung nor said.
 For his thought, that never stops,
 Follows the water-drops

Down to the graves of the dead,
 Down through chasms and gulfs profound,
 To the dreary fountain-head
 Of lakes and rivers under ground ;
 And sees them, when the rain is done,
 On the bridge of colors seven
 Climbing up once more to heaven,
 Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,
 With vision clear,
 Sees forms appear and disappear,
 In the perpetual round of strange,
 Mysterious change
 From birth to death, from death to birth,
 From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth ;
 Till glimpses more sublime
 Of things, unseen before,
 Unto his wondering eyes reveal
 The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel
 Turning forevermore
 In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

TO A CHILD.

DEAR child ! how radiant on thy mother's knee,
 With merry-making eyes and jocund smiles,
 Thou gazest at the painted tiles,
 Whose figures grace,
 With many a grotesque form and face,
 The ancient chimney of thy nursery !
 The lady with the gay macaw,
 The dancing girl, the grave bashaw
 With bearded lip and chin ;
 And, leaning idly o'er his gate,
 Beneath the imperial fan of state,
 The Chinese mandarin.

With what a look of proud command
 Thou shakest in thy little hand
 The coral rattle with its silver bells,
 Making a merry tune !
 Thousands of years in Indian seas
 That coral grew, by slow degrees,
 Until some deadly and wild monsoon
 Dashed it on Coromandel's sand !

Those silver bells
Reposed of yore,
As shapeless ore,
Far down in the deep-sunken wells
Of darksome mines,
In some obscure and sunless place,
Beneath huge Chimborazo's base,
Or steep Potosi's mountain pines!
And thus for thee, O little child,
Through many a danger and escape,
The tall ships passed the stormy cape;
For thee in foreign lands remote,
Beneath a burning, tropic clime,
The Indian peasant, chasing the wild goat,
Himself as swift and wild,
In falling, clutched the frail arbute,
The fibres of whose shallow root,
Uplifted from the soil, betrayed
The silver veins beneath it laid,
The buried treasures of the miser, Time.

But, lo! thy door is left ajar!
Thou hearest footsteps from afar!
And, at the sound,
Thou turnest round
With quick and questioning eyes,
Like one, who, in a foreign land,
Beholds on every hand
Some source of wonder and surprise!
And, restlessly, impatiently,
Thou strivest, strugglest, to be free.
The four walls of thy nursery
Are now like prison walls to thee.
No more thy mother's smiles,
No more the painted tiles,
Delight thee, nor the playthings on the floor,
That won thy little, beating heart before;
Thou strugglest for the open door.

Through these once solitary halls
Thy pattering footstep falls.
The sound of thy merry voice
Makes the old walls
Jubilant, and they rejoice
With the joy of thy young heart,
O'er the light of whose gladness
No shadows of sadness
From the sombre background of memory start.

Once, ah, once, within these walls,
 One whom memory oft recalls,
 The Father of his Country, dwelt.
 And yonder meadows broad and damp
 The fires of the besieging camp
 Encircled with a burning belt.
 Up and down these echoing stairs,
 Heavy with the weight of cares,
 Sounded his majestic tread ;
 Yes, within this very room
 Sat he in those hours of gloom,
 Weary both in heart and head.

But what are these grave thoughts to thee ?
 Out, out ! into the open air !
 Thy only dream is liberty,
 Thou carest little how or where.
 I see thee eager at thy play,
 Now shouting to the apples on the tree,
 With cheeks as round and red as they ;
 And now among the yellow stalks,
 Among the flowering shrubs and plants,
 As restless as the bee.
 Along the garden walks,
 The tracks of thy small carriage-wheels I trace ;
 And see at every turn how they efface
 Whole villages of sand-roofed tents,
 That rise like golden domes
 Above the cavernous and secret homes
 Of wandering and nomadic tribes of ants.
 Ah, cruel little Tamerlane,
 Who, with thy dreadful reign,
 Dost persecute and overwhelm
 These hapless Troglodytes of thy realm !

What ! tired already ! with those suppliant looks,
 And voice more beautiful than a poet's books,
 Or murmuring sound of water as it flows,
 Thou comest back to parley with repose !
 This rustic seat in the old apple-tree,
 With its o'erhanging golden canopy
 Of leaves illuminate with autumnal hues,
 And shining with the argent light of dews,
 Shall for a season be our place of rest.
 Beneath us, like an oriole's pendent nest,
 From which the laughing birds have taken wing,
 By thee abandoned, hangs thy vacant swing.

Dream-like the waters of the river gleam ;
 A sailless vessel drops adown the stream,
 And like it, to a sea as wide and deep,
 Thou driftest gently down the tides of sleep.

O child ! O new-born denizen
 Of life's great city ! on thy head
 The glory of the morn is shed,
 Like a celestial benison !
 Here at the portal thou dost stand,
 And with thy little hand
 Thou openest the mysterious gate
 Into the future's undiscovered land.
 I see its valves expand,
 As at the touch of Fate !
 Into those realms of love and hate,
 Into that darkness blank and drear,
 By some prophetic feeling taught,
 I launch the bold, adventurous thought,
 Freighted with hope and fear ;
 As upon subterranean streams,
 In caverns unexplored and dark,
 Men sometimes launch a fragile bark,
 Laden with flickering fire,
 And watch its swift-receding beams,
 Until at length they disappear,
 And in the distant dark expire.

By what astrology of fear or hope
 Dare I to cast thy horoscope !
 Like the new moon thy life appears ;
 A little strip of silver light,
 And widening outward into night
 The shadowy disk of future years ;
 And yet upon its outer rim,
 A luminous circle, faint and dim,
 And scarcely visible to us here,
 Rounds and completes the perfect sphere ;
 A prophecy and intimation,
 A pale and feeble adumbration,
 Of the great world of light, that lies
 Behind all human destinies.

Ah ! if thy fate, with anguish fraught,
 Should be to wet the dusty soil
 With the hot tears and sweat of toil,—
 To struggle with imperious thought,

Until the overburdened brain,
 Weary with labor, faint with pain,
 Like a jarred pendulum, retain
 Only its motion, not its power,—
 Remember, in that perilous hour,
 When most afflicted and oppressed,
 From labor there shall come forth rest.

And if a more auspicious fate
 On thy advancing steps await,
 Still let it ever be thy pride
 To linger by the laborer's side;
 With words of sympathy or song
 To cheer the dreary march along
 Of the great army of the poor,
 O'er desert sand, o'er dangerous moor.
 Nor to thyself the task shall be
 Without reward; for thou shalt learn
 The wisdom early to discern
 True beauty in utility;
 As great Pythagoras of yore,
 Standing beside the blacksmith's door,
 And hearing the hammers, as they smote
 The anvils with a different note,
 Stole from the varying tones, that hung
 Vibrant on every iron tongue,
 The secret of the sounding wire,
 And formed the seven-chorded lyre.

Enough! I will not play the Seer;
 I will no longer strive to ope
 The mystic volume, where appear
 The herald Hope, forerunning Fear,
 And Fear, the pursuivant of Hope.
 Thy destiny remains untold;
 For, like Acestes' shaft of old,
 The swift thought kindles as it flies,
 And burns to ashes in the skies.

THE OCCULTATION OF ORION.

I SAW, as in a dream sublime,
 The balance in the hand of Time.
 O'er East and West its beam impended;
 And day, with all its hours of light,
 Was slowly sinking out of sight,

While, opposite, the scale of night
Silently with the stars ascended.

Like the astrologers of eld,
In that bright vision I beheld
Greater and deeper mysteries.
I saw, with its celestial keys,
Its chords of air, its frets of fire,
The Samian's great Æolian lyre,
Rising through all its sevenfold bars,
From earth unto the fixed stars.
And through the dewy atmosphere,
Not only could I see, but hear,
Its wondrous and harmonious strings,
In sweet vibration, sphere by sphere,
From Dian's circle light and near,
Onward to vaster and wider rings,
Where, chanting through his beard of snows,
Majestic, mournful, Saturn goes,
And down the sunless realms of space
Reverberates the thunder of his bass.

Beneath the sky's triumphal arch
This music sounded like a march,
And with its chorus seemed to be
Preluding some great tragedy.
Sirius was rising in the east ;
And, slow ascending one by one,
The kindling constellations shone.
Begirt with many a blazing star,
Stood the great giant Algebar,
Orion, hunter of the beast !
His sword hung gleaming by his side,
And, on his arm, the lion's hide
Scattered across the midnight air
The golden radiance of its hair.

The moon was pallid, but not faint ;
And beautiful as some fair saint,
Serenely moving on her way
In hours of trial and dismay.
As if she heard the voice of God,
Unharm'd with naked feet she trod
Upon the hot and burning stars,
As on the glowing coals and bars,
That were to prove her strength, and try
Her holiness and her purity.

Thus moving on, with silent pace,
 And triumph in her sweet, pale face,
 She reached the station of Orion.
 Aghast he stood in strange alarm !
 And suddenly from his outstretched arm
 Down fell the red skin of the lion
 Into the river at his feet.
 His mighty club no longer beat
 The forehead of the bull ; but he
 Reeled as of yore beside the sea,
 When, blinded by CEnopion,
 He sought the blacksmith at his forge,
 And, climbing up the mountain gorge,
 Fixed his blank eyes upon the sun.

Then, through the silence overhead,
 An angel with a trumpet said,
 " Forevermore, forevermore,
 The reign of violence is o'er !"
 And, like an instrument that flings
 Its music on another's strings,
 The trumpet of the angel cast
 Upon the heavenly lyre its blast,
 And on from sphere to sphere the words
 Re-echoed down the burning chords,—
 " Forevermore, forevermore,
 The reign of violence is o'er !"

THE BRIDGE.

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight,
 As the clocks were striking the hour,
 And the moon rose o'er the city,
 Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection
 In the waters under me,
 Like a golden goblet falling
 And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
 Of that lovely night in June,
 The blaze of the flaming furnace
 Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters
 The wavering shadows lay.

And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away ;

As, sweeping and eddying through them,
Rose the belated tide,
And, streaming into the moonlight,
The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears,

How often, O how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight
And gazed on that wave and sky !

How often, O how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide !

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea ;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old subdued and slow !

And forever and forever,
 As long as the river flows,
 As long as the heart has passions,
 As long as life has woes ;

The moon and its broken reflection
 And its shadows shall appear,
 As the symbol of love in heaven,
 And its wavering image here.

TO THE DRIVING CLOUD.



“O CHIEF OF THE MIGHTY
 OMAWHAWS.”

GLOOMY and dark art thou, O chief of
 the mighty Omawhaws,
 Gloomy and dark as the driving cloud,
 whose name thou hast taken !
 Wrapt in thy scarlet blanket, I see thee
 stalk through the city's
 Narrow and populous streets, as once
 by the margin of rivers
 Stalked those birds unknown, that have
 left us only their footprints.
 What, in a few short years, will remain
 of thy race but the footprints ?
 How canst thou walk in these streets,
 who hast trod the green turf of
 the prairies ?
 How canst thou breathe in this air,
 who hast breathed the sweet air of
 the mountains ?
 Ah! 't is in vain that with lordly looks
 of disdain thou dost challenge
 Looks of disdain in return, and ques-
 tion these walls and these pave-
 ments,
 Claiming the soil for thy hunting-
 grounds, while down-trodden mill-
 ions

Starve in the garrets of Europe, and cry from its caverns that
 they, too,
 Have been created heirs of the earth, and claim its division !

Back, then, back to thy woods in the regions west of the Wa-
 bash !

There as a monarch thou reignest. In autumn the leaves of the
maple

Pave the floors of thy palace-halls with gold, and in summer
Pine-trees waft through its chambers the odorous breath of their
branches.

There thou art strong and great, a hero, a tamer of horses!

There thou chasest the stately stag on the banks of the Elk-
horn,

Or by the roar of the Running-Water, or where the Omawhaw
Calls thee, and leaps through the wild ravine like a brave of the
Blackfeet!

Hark! what murmurs arise from the heart of those mountainous
deserts?

Is it the cry of the Foxes and Crows, or the mighty Behemoth,
Who, unharmed, on his tusks once caught the bolts of the thun-
der,

And now lurks in his lair to destroy the race of the red man?

Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the Crows and the
Foxes,

Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the tread of Behemoth,
Lo! the big thunder-canoe, that steadily breasts the Missouri's
Merciless current! and yonder, afar on the prairies, the camp-
fires

Gleam through the night; and the cloud of dust in the gray of
the daybreak

Marks not the buffalo's track, nor the Mandan's dexterous horse-
race;

It is a caravan, whitening the desert where dwell the Camanches!

Ha! how the breath of these Saxons and Celts, like the blast of
the east-wind,

Drifts evermore to the west the scanty smokes of thy wigwams!

SONGS AND SONNETS.

SEAWEED.

WHEN descends on the Atlantic

The gigantic

Storm-wind of the equinox,

Landward in his wrath he scourges

The toiling surges,

Laden with seaweed from the rocks;

Songs and Sonnets.

From Bermuda's reefs ; from edges
 Of sunken ledges,
 In some far-off, bright Azore ;
 From Bahama, and the dashing,
 Silver-flashing
 Surges of San Salvador ;

From the tumbling surf, that buries
 The Orkneyan skerries,
 Answering the hoarse Hebrides ;
 And from wrecks of ships, and drifting
 Spars, uplifting
 On the desolate, rainy seas ;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
 On the shifting
 Currents of the restless main ;
 Till in sheltered coves, and reaches
 Of sandy beaches,
 All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion
 Strike the ocean
 Of the poet's soul, ere long
 From each cave and rocky fastness,
 In its vastness,
 Floats some fragment of a song :

From the far-off isles enchanted,
 Heaven has planted
 With the golden fruit of Truth ;
 From the flashing surf, whose vision
 Gleams Elysian
 In the tropic clime of Youth ;

From the strong Will, and the Endeavor
 That forever
 Wrestle with the tides of Fate ;
 From the wreck of Hopes far-scattered,
 Tempest-shattered,
 Floating waste and desolate ;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
 On the shifting
 Currents of the restless heart ;
 Till at length in books recorded,
 They, like hoarded
 Household words, no more depart.

THE DAY IS DONE.

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist :

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor ;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start ;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Songs and Sonnets.

Then read from the treasured volume
 The poem of thy choice,
 And lend to the rhyme of the poet
 The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music
 And the cares, that infest the day,
 Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
 And as silently steal away.

AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY.

THE day is ending,
 The night is descending ;
 The marsh is frozen,
 The river dead.

Through clouds like ashes
 The red sun flashes
 On village windows
 That glimmer red.

The snow recommences ;
 The buried fences
 Mark no longer
 The road o'er the plain ;

While through the meadows,
 Like fearful shadows,
 Slowly passes
 A funeral train.

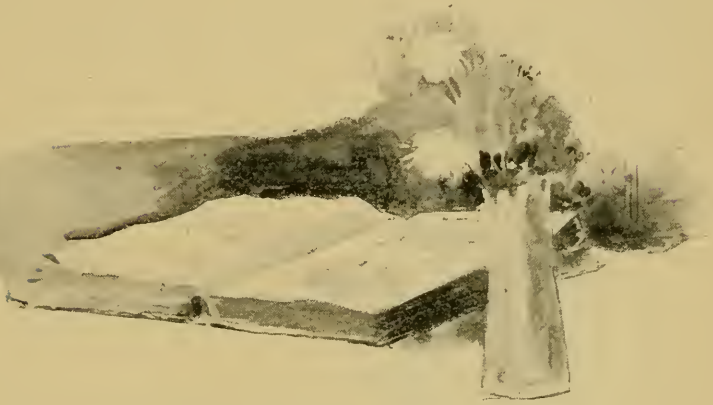
The bell is pealing,
 And every feeling
 Within me responds
 To the dismal knell ;

Shadows are trailing,
 My heart is bewailing
 And tolling within
 Like a funeral bell.

TO AN OLD DANISH SONG-BOOK.

WELCOME, my old friend,
 Welcome to a foreign fireside,
 While the sullen gales of autumn
 Shake the windows.

The ungrateful world
 Has, it seems, dealt harshly with thee,
 Since, beneath the skies of Denmark,
 First I met thee.



“SOILED AND DULL THOU ART.”

There are marks of age,
 There are thumb-marks on thy margin,
 Made by hands that clasped thee rudely,
 At the ale house.

Soiled and dull thou art ;
 Yellow are thy time-worn pages,
 As the russet, rain-molested
 Leaves of autumn.

Thou art stained with wine
 Scattered from hilarious goblets,
 As these leaves with the libations
 Of Olympus.

Yet dost thou recall
 Days departed, half-forgotten,
 When in dreamy youth I wandered
 By the Baltic,—

When I paused to hear
 The old ballad of King Christian
 Shouted from suburban taverns
 In the twilight.

Thou recallest bards,
 Who, in solitary chambers,
 And with hearts by passion wasted,
 Wrote thy pages.

Thou recallest homes
 Where thy songs of love and friendship
 Made the gloomy Northern winter
 Bright as summer.

Once some ancient Scald,
 In his bleak, ancestral Iceland,
 Chanted staves of these old ballads
 To the Vikings.

Once in Elsinore,
 At the court of old King Hamlet,
 Yorick and his boon companions
 Sang these ditties.

Once Prince Frederick's Guard
 Sang them in their smoky barracks ;—
 Suddenly the English cannon
 Joined the chorus !

Peasants in the field,
 Sailors on the roaring ocean,
 Students, tradesmen, pale mechanics,
 All have sung them.

Thou hast been their friend ;
 They, alas ! have left thee friendless !
 Yet at least by one warm fireside
 Art thou welcome.

And, as swallows build
 In these wide, old-fashioned chimneys,
 So thy twittering songs shall nestle
 In my bosom,—

Quiet, close, and warm,
 Sheltered from all molestation,
 And recalling by their voices
 Youth and travel.

WALTER VON DER VOGELWEIDE.

VOGELWEID the Minnesinger,
 When he left this world of ours,
 Laid his body in the cloister,
 Under Würzburg's minster towers.

And he gave the monks his treasures,
 Gave them all with this behest :
 They should feed the birds at noontide
 Daily on his place of rest ;

Saying, " From these wandering
 minstrels
 I have learned the art of song ;
 Let me now repay the lessons
 They have taught so well and
 long."

Thus the bard of love departed ;
 And, fulfilling his desire,
 On his tomb the birds were
 feasted
 By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret,
 In foul weather and in fair,
 Day by day, in vaster numbers,
 Flocked the poets of the air.

On the tree whose heavy branches
 Overshadowed all the place,
 On the pavement, on the tomb-
 stone,
 On the poet's sculptured face.



" O'ER TOWER AND TURRET
 FLOCKED THE POETS OF THE AIR."

On the cross-bars of each window,
 On the lintel of each door,
 They renewed the War of Wartburg,
 Which the bard had fought before.

Songs and Sonnets.

There they sang their merry carols,
 Sang their lauds on every side ;
 And the name their voices uttered
 Was the name of Vogelweid.

Till at length the portly abbot
 Murmured, " Why this waste of food ?
 Be it changed to loaves henceforward
 For our fasting brotherhood."

Then in vain o'er tower and turret,
 From the walls and woodland nests,
 When the minister bells rang noontide,
 Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain, with cries discordant,
 Clamorous round the Gothic spire,
 Screamed the feathered Minnesingers
 For the children of the choir.

Time has long effaced the inscriptions
 On the cloister's funeral stones,
 And tradition only tells us
 Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral,
 By sweet echoes multiplied,
 Still the birds repeat the legend,
 And the name of Vogelweid.

DRINKING SONG.

INSCRIPTION FOR AN ANTIQUE PITCHER.

COME, old friend ! sit down and listen !
 From the pitcher, placed between us,
 How the waters laugh and glisten
 In the head of old Silenus !

Old Silenus, bloated, drunken,
 Led by his inebriate Satyrs ;
 On his breast his head is sunken,
 Vacantly he leers and chatters.

Fauns with youthful Bacchus follow ;
 Ivy crowns that brow supernal
 As the forehead of Apollo,
 And possessing youth eternal.

Round about him, fair Bacchantes,
 Bearing cymbals, flutes, and thyrses,
 Wild from Naxian groves, or Zante's
 Vineyards, sing delirious verses.

Thus he won, through all the nations,
 Bloodless victories, and the farmer
 Bore, as trophies and oblations,
 Vines for banners, ploughs for armor.

Judged by no o'erzealous rigor,
 Much this mystic throng expresses :
 Bacchus was the type of vigor,
 And Silenus of excesses.

These are ancient ethnic revels,
 Of a faith long since forsaken ;
 Now the Satyrs, changed to devils,
 Frighten mortals wine-o'ertaken.

Now to rivulets from the mountains
 Point the rods of fortune-tellers ;
 Youth perpetual dwells in fountains,—
 Not in flasks, and casks, and cellars.

Claudius, though he sang of flagons
 And huge tankards filled with Rhenish,
 From that fiery blood of dragons
 Never would his own replenish.

Even Redi, though he chaunted
 Bacchus in the Tuscan valleys,
 Never drank the wine he vaunted
 In his dithyrambic sallies.

Then with water fill the pitcher
 Wreathed about with classic fables ;
 Ne'er Falernian threw a richer
 Light upon Lucullus' tables.

Come, old friend, sit down and listen !
 As it passes thus between us,
 How its wavelets laugh and glisten
 In the head of old Silenus !

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

L'éternité est une pendule, dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement, dans le silence des tombeaux : "Toujours ! jamais ! Jamais ! toujours !"

JACQUES BRIDAINÉ.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
 Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.
 Across its antique portico
 Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw ;
 And from its station in the hall
 An ancient timepiece says to all,—
 " Forever—never !
 Never—forever !"

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
 And points and beckons with its hands
 From its case of massive oak,
 Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
 Crosses himself, and sighs, alas !
 With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—
 " Forever—never !
 Never—forever !"

By day its voice is low and light ;
 But in the silent dead of night,
 Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
 It echoes along the vacant hall,
 Along the ceiling, along the floor,
 And seems to say, at each chamber-door,—
 " Forever—never !
 Never—forever !"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
 Through days of death and days of birth,
 Through every swift vicissitude
 Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
 And as if, like God, it all things saw,
 It calmly repeats those words of awe,—
 " Forever—never !
 Never—forever !"

In that mansion used to be
 Free-hearted Hospitality ;
 His great fires up the chimney roared ;
 The stranger feasted at his board ;

But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased,—
“ Forever—never !
Never—forever ! ”

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed ;
O precious hours ! O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time !
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—
“ Forever—never !
Never—forever ! ”

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night ;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow ;
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—
“ Forever—never !
Never—forever ! ”

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead ;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
“ Ah ! when shall they all meet again ? ”
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply,—
“ Forever—never !
Never—forever ! ”

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time shall disappear,—
Forever there, but never here !
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,—
“ Forever—never !
Never—forever ! ”

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
 It fell to earth, I knew not where ;
 For who has sight so keen and strong,
 That it can follow the flight of song ?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
 I found the arrow, still unbroke ;
 And the song, from beginning to end,
 I found again in the heart of a friend.

SONNETS.



AUTUMN.

THOU comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,
 With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,
 Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,
 And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain !
 Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,
 Upon thy bridge of gold ; thy royal hand
 Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,
 Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain !
 Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended
 So long beneath the heaven's o'er-hanging eaves ;
 Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended ;
 Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves ;
 And, following thee, in thy ovation splendid,
 Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden leaves !

THE EVENING STAR.

LO! in the painted oriel of the West,
 Whose panes the sunken sun incarnadines,
 Like a fair lady at her casement, shines
 The evening star, the star of love and rest!
 And then anon she doth herself divest
 Of all her radiant garments, and reclines
 Behind the sombre screen of yonder pines,
 With slumber and soft dreams of love oppressed.
 O my beloved, my sweet Hesperus!
 My morning and my evening star of love!
 My best and gentlest lady! even thus,
 As that fair planet in the sky above,
 Dost thou retire unto thy rest at night,
 And from thy darkened window fades the light.

DANTE.

TUSCAN, that wanderest through the realms of gloom,
 With thoughtful pace, and sad, majestic eyes,
 Stern thoughts and awful from thy soul arise,
 Like Farinata from his fiery tomb.
 Thy sacred song is like the trump of doom;
 Yet in thy heart what human sympathies,
 What soft compassion glows, as in the skies
 The tender stars their clouded lamps relume!
 Methinks I see thee stand, with pallid cheeks,
 By Fra Hilario in his diocese,
 As up the convent-walls, in golden streaks,
 The ascending sunbeams mark the day's decrease;
 And, as he asks what there the stranger seeks,
 Thy voice along the cloister whispers, "Peace!"

TRANSLATIONS.

THE HEMLOCK TREE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

O HEMLOCK tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful are thy
branches!

Green not alone in summer time,
But in the winter's frost and rime!

O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful are thy branches!

O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how faithless is thy bosom!
To love me in prosperity,
And leave me in adversity!

O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how faithless is thy bosom!

The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine example!
So long as summer laughs she sings,
But in the autumn spreads her wings.

The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine example!

The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy false-
hood!

It flows so long as falls the rain,
In drought its springs soon dry again.

The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy false-
hood!

ANNIE OF THARAW.

FROM THE LOW GERMAN OF SIMON DACH.

ANNIE of Tharaw, my true love of old,
She is my life, and my goods, and my gold.

Annie of Tharaw, her heart once again
To me has surrendered in joy and in pain.

Annie of Tharaw, my riches, my good,
Thou, O my soul, my flesh, and my blood!

Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come snow,
We will stand by each other, however it blow.

Oppression, and sickness, and sorrow, and pain
 Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.

As the palm-tree standeth so straight and so tall,
 The more the hail beats, and the more the rains fall,—

So love in our hearts shall grow mighty and strong,
 Through crosses, through sorrows, through manifold wrong.

Shouldst thou be torn from me to wander alone
 In a desolate land where the sun is scarce known,—

Through forests I 'll follow, and where the sea flows,
 Through ice, and through iron, through armies of foes.

Annie of Tharaw, my light and my sun,
 The threads of our two lives are woven in one.

Whate'er I have bidden thee thou hast obeyed,
 Whatever forbidden thou hast not gainsaid.

How in the turmoil of life can love stand,
 Where there is not one heart, and one mouth, and one hand?

Some seek for dissension, and trouble, and strife ;
 Like a dog and a cat live such man and wife.

Annie of Tharaw, such is not our love ;
 Thou art my lambkin, my chick, and my dove.

Whate'er my desire is, in thine may be seen ;
 I am king of the household, and thou art its queen.

It is this, O my Annie, my heart's sweetest rest,
 That makes of us twain but one soul in one breast.

This turns to a heaven the hut where we dwell ;
 While wrangling soon changes a home to a hell.

THE STATUE OVER THE CATHEDRAL DOOR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS MOSEN.

FORMS of saints and kings are standing
 The cathedral door above ;
 Yet I saw but one among them
 Who hath soothed my soul with love.

In his mantle,—wound about him,
 As their robes the sowers wind,—
 Bore he swallows and their fledglings,
 Flowers and weeds of every kind.

And so stands he calm and childlike,
 High in wind and tempest wild;
 O, were I like him exalted,
 I would be like him, a child!

And my songs,—green leaves and blossoms,—
 To the doors of heaven would bear,
 Calling even in storm and tempest,
 Round me still these birds of air.

THE LEGEND OF THE CROSSBILL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS MOSEN.

ON the cross the dying Saviour
 Heavenward lifts his eyelids calm,
 Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling
 In his pierced and bleeding palm.

And by all the world forsaken,
 Sees he how with zealous care
 At the ruthless nail of iron
 A little bird is striving there.

Stained with blood and never tiring,
 With its beak it doth not cease,
 From the cross 't would free the Saviour,
 Its Creator's Son release.

And the Saviour speaks in mildness:
 "Blest be thou of all the good!
 Bear, as token of this moment,
 Marks of blood and holy rood!"

And that bird is called the crossbill;
 Covered all with blood so clear,
 In the groves of pine it singeth
 Songs, like legends, strange to hear.

THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH HEINE.

THE sea hath its pearls,
 The heaven hath its stars ;
 But my heart, my heart,
 My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea and the heaven ;
 Yet greater is my heart,
 And fairer than pearls and stars
 Flashes and beams my love.

Thou little, youthful maiden,
 Come unto my great heart ;
 My heart, and the sea, and the heaven
 Are melting away with love !

POETIC APHORISMS.

FROM THE SINNGEDICHTE OF FRIEDRICH VON LOGAU.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

MONEY.

WHEREUNTO is money good ?
 Who has it not wants hardihood,
 Who has it has much trouble and care,
 Who once has had it has despair.

THE BEST MEDICINES.

JOY and Temperance and Repose
 Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

SIN.

MAN-LIKE is it to fall into sin,
 Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,
 Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
 God-like is it all sin to leave.

POVERTY AND BLINDNESS.

A BLIND man is a poor man, and blind a poor man is ;
 For the former seeth no man, and the latter no man sees.

LAW OF LIFE.

LIVE I, so live I,
 To my Lord heartily,
 To my Prince faithfully,
 To my Neighbor honestly.
 Die I, so die I.

CREEDS.

LUTHERAN, Popish, Calvinistic, all these creeds and doctrines
 three
 Are extant; but still the doubt is, where Christianity may be.

THE RESTLESS HEART.

A MILLSTONE and the human heart are driven ever round;
 If they have nothing else to grind, they must themselves be
 ground.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

WHILOM Love was like a fire, and warmth and comfort it be-
 spoke;
 But, alas! it now is quenched, and only bites us, like the
 smoke.

ART AND TACT.

INTELLIGENCE and courtesy not always are combined;
 Often in a wooden house a golden room we find.

RETRIBUTION.

THOUGH the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceed-
 ing small;
 Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds
 he all.

TRUTH.

WHEN by night the frogs are croaking, kindle but a torch's fire,
 Ha! how soon they all are silent! Thus Truth silences the liar!

RHYMES.

IF perhaps these rhymes of mine should sound not well in stran-
 gers' ears,
 They have only to bethink them that it happens so with theirs;
 For so long as words, like mortals, call a fatherland their own,
 They will be most highly valued where they are best and long-
 est known.

CURFEW.

I.

SOLEMNLY, mournfully,
Dealing its dole,
The Curfew Bell
Is beginning to toll.



“SLEEP AND OBLIVION
REIGN OVER ALL!”

Cover the embers,
And put out the light ;
Toil comes with the morning,
And rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows,
And quenched is the fire ;
Sound fades into silence,—
All footsteps retire.

Translations.

No voice in the chambers,
 No sound in the hall!
 Sleep and oblivion
 Reign over all!

II.

THE book is completed,
 And closed, like the day;
 And the hand that has written it
 Lays it away.

Dim grow its fancies;
 Forgotten they lie;
 Like coals in the ashes,
 They darken and die.

Song sinks into silence,
 The story is told,
 The windows are darkened,
 The hearth-stone is cold.

Darker and darker
 The black shadows fall;
 Sleep and oblivion
 Reign over all.



THE SEASIDE AND THE FIRESIDE.

DEDICATION.

As one who, walking in the twilight gloom,
 Hears round about him voices as it darkens,
 And seeing not the forms from which they come,
 Pauses from time to time, and turns and hearkens ;

So walking here in twilight, O my friends !
 I hear your voices, softened by the distance,
 And pause, and turn to listen, as each sends
 His words of friendship, comfort, and assistance.

If any thought of mine, or sung or told,
 Has ever given delight or consolation,
 Ye have repaid me back a thousand-fold,
 By every friendly sign and salutation.

Thanks for the sympathies that ye have shown !
 Thanks for each kindly word, each silent token,
 That teaches me, when seeming most alone,
 Friends are around us, though no word be spoken.

Kind messages, that pass from land to land ;
 Kind letters, that betray the heart's deep history,
 In which we feel the pressure of a hand,—
 One touch of fire,—and all the rest is mystery !

The pleasant books, that silently among
 Our household treasures take familiar places,
 And are to us as if a living tongue
 Spake from the printed leaves or pictured faces !

Perhaps on earth I never shall behold,
 With eye of sense, your outward form and semblance ;
 Therefore to me ye never will grow old,
 But live forever young in my remembrance.

By the Seaside.

Never grow old, nor change, nor pass away!
 Your gentle voices will flow on forever,
 When life grows bare and tarnished with decay,
 As through a leafless landscape flows a river.

Not chance of birth or place has made us friends,
 Being oftentimes of different tongues and nations,
 But the endeavor for the selfsame ends,
 With the same hopes, and fears, and aspirations.

Therefore I hope to join your seaside walk,
 Saddened, and mostly silent, with emotion;
 Not interrupting with intrusive talk
 The grand, majestic symphonies of ocean.

Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome guest,
 At your warm fireside, when the lamps are lighted,
 To have my place reserved among the rest,
 Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited!

BY THE SEASIDE.

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

“ BUILD me straight, O worthy Master !
 Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
 That shall laugh at all disaster,
 And with wave and whirlwind wrestle !”

The merchant's word
 Delighted the Master heard ;
 For his heart was in his work, and the heart
 Giveth grace unto every Art,
 A quiet smile played round his lips,
 As the eddies and dimples of the tide
 Play round the bows of ships,
 That steadily at anchor ride.
 And with a voice that was full of glee,
 He answered, “ Erelong we will launch
 A vessel as goodly, and strong, and stanch,
 As ever weathered a wintry sea !”

And first with nicest skill and art,
 Perfect and finished in every part,

A little model the Master wrought,
 Which should be to the larger plan
 What the child is to the man,
 Its counterpart in miniature ;
 That with a hand more swift and sure
 The greater labor might be brought
 To answer to his inward thought.
 And as he labored, his mind ran o'er
 The various ships that were built of yore,
 And above them all, and strangest of all
 Towered the Great Harry, crank and tall,
 Whose picture was hanging on the wall,
 With bows and stern raised high in air,
 And balconies hanging here and there,
 And signal lanterns and flags afloat,
 And eight round towers, like those that frown
 From some old castle, looking down
 Upon the drawbridge and the moat.
 And he said with a smile, " Our ship, I wis,
 Shall be of another form than this ! "

It was of another form, indeed ;
 Built for freight, and yet for speed,
 A beautiful and gallant craft ;
 Broad in the beam, that the stress of the blast,
 Pressing down upon sail and mast,
 Might not the sharp bows overwhelm ;
 Broad in the beam, but sloping aft
 With graceful curve and slow degrees,
 That she might be docile to the helm,
 And that the currents of parted seas,
 Closing behind, with mighty force,
 Might aid and not impede her course.

In the ship-yard stood the Master,
 With the model of the vessel,
 That should laugh at all disaster,
 And with wave and whirlwind wrestle !

Covering many a rood of ground,
 Lay the timber piled around ;
 Timber of chestnut, and elm, and oak,
 And scattered here and there, with these,
 The knarred and crooked cedar knees ;
 Brought from regions far away,
 From Pascagoula's sunny bay,
 And the banks of the roaring Roanoke !

By the Seaside.

Ah! what a wondrous thing it is
 To note how many wheels of toil
 One thought, one word, can set in motion!
 There's not a ship that sails the ocean,
 But every climate, every soil,
 Must bring its tribute, great or small,
 And help to build the wooden wall!

The sun was rising o'er the sea,
 And long the level shadows lay,
 As if they, too, the beams would be
 Of some great, airy argosy,
 Framed and launched in a single day.
 That silent architect, the sun,
 Had hewn and laid them every one,
 Ere the work of man was yet begun.
 Beside the Master, when he spoke,
 A youth, against an anchor leaning,
 Listened, to catch his slightest meaning.
 Only the long waves, as they broke
 In ripples on the pebbly beach,
 Interrupted the old man's speech.

Beautiful they were, in sooth,
 The old man and the fiery youth!
 The old man, in whose busy brain
 Many a ship that sailed the main
 Was modelled o'er and o'er again;—
 The fiery youth, who was to be
 The heir of his dexterity,
 The heir of his house, and his daughter's hand,
 When he had built and launched from land
 What the elder head had planned.

“Thus,” said he, “will we build this ship!
 Lay square the blocks upon the slip,
 And follow well this plan of mine.
 Choose the timbers with greatest care;
 Of all that is unsound beware;
 For only what is sound and strong
 To this vessel shall belong.
 Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine
 Here together shall combine.
 A goodly frame, and a goodly fame,
 And the UNION be her name!
 For the day that gives her to the sea
 Shall give my daughter unto thee!”

The Master's word
Enraptured the young man heard ;
And as he turned his face aside,
With a look of joy and a thrill of pride,
Standing before
Her father's door,
He saw the form of his promised bride.
The sun shone on her golden hair,
And her cheek was glowing fresh and fair,
With the breath of morn and the soft sea air.
Like a beauteous barge was she,
Still at rest on the sandy beach,
Just beyond the billow's reach ;
But he
Was the restless, seething, stormy sea !

Ah, how skilful grows the hand
That obeyeth Love's command !
It is the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain,
And he who followeth Love's behest
Far exceedeth all the rest !

Thus with the rising of the sun
Was the noble task begun,
And soon throughout the ship-yard's bounds
Were heard the intermingled sounds
Of axes and of mallets, plied
With vigorous arms on every side ;
Plied so deftly and so well,
That, ere the shadows of evening fell,
The keel of oak for a noble ship,
Scarfed and bolted, straight and strong,
Was lying ready, and stretched along
The blocks, well placed upon the slip.
Happy, thrice happy, every one
Who sees his labor well begun,
And not perplexed and multiplied,
By idly waiting for time and tide !

And when the hot, long day was o'er,
The young man at the Master's door
Sat with the maiden calm and still.
And within the porch, a little more
Removed beyond the evening chill,
The father sat, and told them tales
Of wrecks in the great September gales,

By the Seaside.

Of pirates upon the Spanish Main,
 And ships that never came back again,
 The chance and change of a sailor's life,
 Want and plenty, rest and strife,
 His roving fancy, like the wind,
 That nothing can stay and nothing can bind,
 And the magic charm of foreign lands,
 With shadows of palms, and shining sands,
 Where the tumbling surf,
 O'er the coral reefs of Madagascar,
 Washes the feet of the swarthy Lascar,
 As he lies alone and asleep on the turf.
 And the trembling maiden held her breath
 At the tales of that awful, pitiless sea,
 With all its terror and mystery,
 The dim, dark sea, so like unto Death,
 That divides and yet unites mankind!
 And whenever the old man paused, a gleam
 From the bowl of his pipe would awhile illumine
 The silent group in the twilight gloom,
 And thoughtful faces, as in a dream;
 And for a moment one might mark
 What had been hidden by the dark,
 That the head of the maiden lay at rest,
 Tenderly, on the young man's breast!

Day by day the vessel grew,
 With timbers fashioned strong and true,
 Stemson and keelson and sternson-knee,
 Till, framed with perfect symmetry,
 A skeleton ship rose up to view!
 And around the bows and along the side
 The heavy hammers and mallets plied,
 Till after many a week, at length,
 Wonderful for form and strength,
 Sublime in its enormous bulk,
 Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk!
 And around it columns of smoke, upwreathing,
 Rose from the boiling, bubbling, seething
 Caldron, that glowed,
 And overflowed
 With the black tar, heated for the sheathing.
 And amid the clamors
 Of clattering hammers,
 He who listened heard now and then
 The song of the Master and his men:—

“ Build me straight, O worthy Master,
 Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
 That shall laugh at all disaster,
 And with wave and whirlwind wrestle ! ”

With oaken brace and copper band,
 Lay the rudder on the sand,
 That, like a thought, should have control
 Over the movement of the whole ;
 And near it the anchor, whose giant hand
 Would reach down and grapple with the land,
 And immovable and fast
 Hold the great ship against the bellowing blast !
 And at the bows an image stood,
 By a cunning artist carved in wood,
 With robes of white, that far behind
 Seemed to be fluttering in the wind.
 It was not shaped in a classic mould,
 Not like a Nymph or Goddess of old,
 Or Naiad rising from the water,
 But modelled from the Master's daughter !
 On many a dreary and misty night,
 'T will be seen by the rays of the signal light,
 Speeding along through the rain and the dark,
 Like a ghost in its snow-white sark,
 The pilot of some phantom bark,
 Guiding the vessel, in its flight,
 By a path none other knows aright !
 Behold, at last,
 Each tall and tapering mast
 Is swung into its place ;
 Shrouds and stays
 Holding it firm and fast !

Long ago,
 In the deer-haunted forests of Maine,
 When upon mountain and plain
 Lay the snow,
 They fell,—those lordly pines !
 Those grand, majestic pines !
 'Mid shouts and cheers
 The jaded steers,
 Panting beneath the goad,
 Dragged down the weary, winding road
 Those captive kings so straight and tall,
 To be shorn of their streaming hair,
 And, naked and bare,

By the Seaside.

To feel the stress and the strain
 Of the wind and the reeling main,
 Whose roar
 Would remind them forevermore
 Of their native forests they should not see again.

And everywhere
 The slender, graceful spars
 Poise aloft in the air,
 And at the mast-head,
 White, blue, and red,
 A flag unrolls the stripes and stars.
 Ah! when the wanderer, lonely, friendless,
 In foreign harbors shall behold
 That flag unrolled,
 'T will be as a friendly hand
 Stretched out from his native land,
 Filling his heart with memories sweet and endless!

All is finished! and at length
 Has come the bridal day
 Of beauty and of strength.
 To-day the vessel shall be launched!
 With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
 And o'er the bay,
 Slowly, in all his splendors dight,
 The great sun rises to behold the sight.

The ocean old,
 Centuries old,
 Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
 Paces restless to and fro,
 Up and down the sands of gold.
 His beating heart is not at rest;
 And far and wide,
 With ceaseless flow,
 His beard of snow
 Heaves with the heaving of his breast.
 He waits impatient for his bride.
 There she stands,
 With her foot upon the sands,
 Decked with flags and streamers gay,
 In honor of her marriage day.
 Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,
 Round her like a veil descending,
 Ready to be
 The bride of the gray, old sea.

On the deck another bride
Is standing by her lover's side.
Shadows from the flags and shrouds,
Like the shadows cast by clouds,
Broken by many a sunny fleck,
Fall around them on the deck.

The prayer is said,
The service read,
The joyous bridegroom bows his head ;
And in tears the good old Master
Shakes the brown hand of his son,
Kisses his daughter's glowing cheek
In silence, for he cannot speak,
And ever faster
Down his own the tears begin to run.
The worthy pastor —
The shepherd of that wandering flock,
That has the ocean for its wold,
That has the vessel for its fold,
Leaping ever from rock to rock —
Spake, with accents mild and clear,
Words of warning, words of cheer,
But tedious to the bridegroom's ear.
He knew the chart
Of the sailor's heart,
All its pleasures and its griefs,
All its shallows and rocky reefs,
All those secret currents, that flow
With such resistless undertow,
And lift and drift, with terrible force,
The will from its moorings and its course.
Therefore he spake, and thus said he :—
“ Like unto ships far off at sea,
Outward or homeward bound, are we,
Before, behind, and all around,
Floats and swings the horizon's bound,
Seems at its outer rim to rise
And climb the crystal wall of the skies,
And then again to turn and sink,
As if we could slide from its outer brink.
Ah ! it is not the sea,
It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,
But ourselves
That rock and rise
With endless and uneasy motion,
Now touching the very skies,

By the Seaside.

Now sinking into the depths of ocean.
 Ah! if our souls but poise and swing
 Like the compass in its brazen ring,
 Ever level and ever true
 To the toil and the task we have to do,
 We shall sail securely, and safely reach
 The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach
 The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,
 Will be those of joy and not of fear!"

Then the Master,
 With a gesture of command,
 Waved his hand;
 And at the word,
 Loud and sudden there was heard,
 All around them and below,
 The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
 Knocking away the shores and spurs.
 And see! she stirs!
 She starts,—she moves,—she seems to feel
 The thrill of life along her keel,
 And, spurning with her foot the ground,
 With one exulting, joyous bound,
 She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd
 There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
 That to the ocean seemed to say,
 "Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray,
 Take her to thy protecting arms,
 With all her youth and all her charms!"

How beautiful she is! How fair
 She lies within those arms, that press
 Her form with many a soft caress
 Of tenderness and watchful care!
 Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
 Through wind and wave, right onward steer!
 The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
 Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
 O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
 And safe from all adversity
 Upon the bosom of that sea
 Thy comings and thy goings be!

For gentleness and love and trust
 Prevail o'er angry wave and gust ;
 And in the wreck of noble lives
 Something immortal still survives !

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State !
 Sail on, O UNION, strong and great !
 Humanity with all its fears,
 With all the hopes of future years,
 Is hanging breathless on thy fate !
 We know what Master laid thy keel,
 What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
 Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
 What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
 In what a forge and what a heat
 Were shaped the anchors of thy hope !
 Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
 'T is of the wave and not the rock ;
 'T is but the flapping of the sail,
 And not a rent made by the gale !
 In spite of rock and tempest roar,
 In spite of false lights on the shore,
 Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea !
 Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
 Are all with thee,—are all with thee !

THE EVENING STAR.

JUST above yon sandy bar,
 As the day grows fainter and dimmer,
 Lonely and lovely, a single star
 Lights the air with a dusky glimmer.

Into the ocean faint and far
 Falls the trail of its golden splendor,
 And the gleam of that single star
 Is ever refulgent, soft, and tender.

Chrysaor, rising out of the sea,
 Showed thus glorious and thus emulous,
 Leaving the arms of Callirrhoe,
 For ever tender, soft, and tremulous.

Thus o'er the ocean faint and far
 Trailed the gleam of his falchion brightly ;
 Is it a God, or is it a star
 That, entranced, I gaze on nightly !

THE SECRET OF THE SEA.

AH ! what pleasant visions haunt me
 As I gaze upon the sea !
 All the old romantic legends,
 All my dreams, come back to me.

Sails of silk and ropes of sendal,
 Such as gleam in ancient lore ;
 And the singing of the sailors,
 And the answer from the shore !

Most of all, the Spanish ballad
 Haunts me oft, and tarries long,
 Of the noble Count Arnaldos
 And the sailor's mystic song.

Like the long waves on a sea-beach,
 Where the sand as silver shines,
 With a soft, monotonous cadence,
 Flow its unrhymed lyric lines ;—

Telling how the Count Arnaldos,
 With his hawk upon his hand,
 Saw a fair and stately galley,
 Steering onward to the land ;—

How he heard the ancient helmsman
 Chant a song so wild and clear,
 That the sailing sea-bird slowly
 Poised upon the mast to hear,

Till his soul was full of longing,
 And he cried, with impulse strong,—
 “ Helmsman ! for the love of heaven,
 Teach me, too, that wondrous song ! ”

“ Wouldst thou, ”—so the helmsman answered,
 “ Learn the secret of the sea ?
 Only those who brave its dangers
 Comprehend its mystery ! ”

In each sail that skims the horizon,
 In each landward-blowing breeze,
 I behold that stately galley,
 Hear those mournful melodies ;

Till my soul is full of longing
 For the secret of the sea,
 And the heart of the great ocean
 Sends a thrilling pulse through me.



“ THE TWILIGHT IS SAD AND CLOUDY.”

TWILIGHT.

THE twilight is sad and cloudy,
 The wind blows wild and free,
 And like the wings of sea-birds
 Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage
 There shines a ruddier light,
 And a little face at the window
 Peers out into the night.

By the Seaside.

Close, close it is pressed to the window.
 As if those childish eyes
 Were looking into the darkness,
 To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow
 Is passing to and fro,
 Now rising to the ceiling,
 Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,
 And the night-wind, bleak and wild,
 As they beat at the crazy casement,
 Tell to that little child?

And why do the roaring ocean,
 And the night-wind, wild and bleak,
 As they beat at the heart of the mother
 Drive the color from her cheek?

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

SOUTHWARD with fleet of ice
 Sailed the corsair Death ;
 Wild and fast blew the blast,
 And the east-wind was his breath.

His lordly ships of ice
 Glistened in the sun ;
 On each side, like pennons wide,
 Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist
 Dripped with silver rain ;
 But where he passed there were cast
 Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello
 Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed ;
 Three days or more seaward he bore,
 Then, alas ! the land-wind failed.

Alas ! the land-wind failed,
 And ice-cold grew the night ;
 And nevermore, on sea or shore,
 Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,
The Book was in his hand ;
" Do not fear ! Heaven is as near,"
He said, " by water as by land !"

In the first watch of the night,
Without a signal's sound,
Out of the sea, mysteriously,
The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star
Were hanging in the shrouds ;
Every mast, as it passed,
Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize,
At midnight black and cold !
As of a rock was the shock ;
Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward through day and dark,
They drift in close embrace,
With mist and rain, to the Spanish Main ;
Yet there seems no change of place.

Southward, for ever southward,
They drift through dark and day ;
And like a dream, in the Gulf-Stream
Sinking, vanish all away.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

THE rocky ledge runs far into the sea,
And on its outer point, some miles away,
The Lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.

Even at this distance I can see the tides,
Upheaving, break unheard along its base,
A speechless wrath, that rises and subsides
In the white lip and tremor of the face.

And as the evening darkens, lo ! how bright,
Through the deep purple of the twilight air,
Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light
With strange, unearthly splendor in its glare !

By the Seaside.

Not one alone ; from each projecting cape
 And perilous reef along the ocean's verge,
 Starts into life a dim, gigantic shape,
 Holding its lantern o'er the restless surge.

Like the great giant Christopher it stands
 Upon the brink of the tempestuous wave,
 Wading far out among the rocks and sands,
 The night-o'ertaken mariner to save.

And the great ships sail outward and return,
 Bending and bowing o'er the billowy swells,
 And ever joyful, as they see it burn,
 They wave their silent welcomes and farewells.

They come forth from the darkness, and their sails
 Gleam for a moment only in the blaze,
 And eager faces, as the light unveils,
 Gaze at the tower, and vanish while they gaze.

The mariner remembers when a child,
 On his first voyage, he saw it fade and sink ;
 And when, returning from adventures wild,
 He saw it rise again o'er ocean's brink.

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same
 Year after year, through all the silent night
 Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame,
 Shines on that inextinguishable light !

It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp
 The rocks and sea-sand with the kiss of peace ;
 It sees the wild winds lift it in their grasp,
 And hold it up, and shake it like a fleece.

The startled waves leap over it ; the storm
 Smites it with all the scourges of the rain,
 And steadily against its solid form
 Press the great shoulders of the hurricane.

The sea-bird wheeling round it, with the din
 Of wings and winds and solitary cries,
 Blinded and maddened by the light within,
 Dashes himself against the glare, and dies.

A new Prometheus, chained upon the rock,
 Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove,
 It does not hear the cry, nor heed the shock,
 But hails the mariner with words of love.

“Sail on!” it says, “sail on, ye stately ships!
 And with your floating bridge the ocean span;
 Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,
 Be yours to bring man nearer unto man!”

THE 'FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

WE sat within the farm-house old,
 Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,
 Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,
 An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,
 The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,
 The lighthouse,—the dismantled fort,—
 The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,
 Descending, filled the little room;
 Our faces faded from the sight,
 Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,
 Of what we once had thought and said,
 Of what had been, and might have been,
 And who was changed, and who was dead;

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
 When first they feel, with secret pain,
 Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,
 And never can be one again;

The first slight swerving of the heart,
 That words are powerless to express,
 And leave it still unsaid in part,
 Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
 Had something strange, I could but mark;
 The leaves of memory seemed to make
 A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,
 As suddenly, from out the fire
 Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
 The flames would leap and then expire.

By the Fireside.

And, as their splendor flashed and failed,
 We thought of wrecks upon the main,
 Of ships dismasted, that were hailed
 And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames,
 The ocean, roaring up the beach,
 The gusty blast,—the bickering flames,—
 All mingled vaguely in our speech ;

Until they made themselves a part
 Of fancies floating through the brain,
 The long-lost ventures of the heart,
 That send no answers back again.

O flames that glowed ! O hearts that yearned !
 They were indeed too much akin,
 The drift-wood fire without that burned,
 The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

BY THE FIRESIDE.

RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
 But one dead lamb is there !
 There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
 But has one vacant chair !

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
 And mournings for the dead ;
 The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
 Will not be comforted !

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions
 Not from the ground arise,
 But oftentimes celestial benedictions
 Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors ;
 Amid these earthly damps
 What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
 May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! What seems so is transition ;
 This life of mortal breath

Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air ;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace ;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay ;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

THE BUILDERS.

ALL are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time ;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

By the Fireside.

Nothing useless is, or low ;
 Each thing in its place is best ;
 And what seems but idle show
 Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
 Time is with materials filled ;
 Our to-days and yesterdays
 Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these ;
 Leave no yawning gaps between ;
 Think not, because no man sees,
 Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
 Builders wrought with greatest care
 Each minute and unseen part ;
 For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
 Both the unseen and the seen ;
 Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
 Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
 Standing in these walls of Time,
 Broken stairways, where the feet
 Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
 With a firm and ample base ;
 And ascending and secure
 Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
 To those turrets, where the eye
 Sees the world as one vast plain,
 And one boundless reach of sky.

SAND OF THE DESERT IN AN HOUR-GLASS.

A HANDFUL of red sand, from the hot clime
 Of Arab deserts brought,
 Within this glass becomes the spy of Time,
 The minister of Thought.

How many weary centuries has it been
 About those deserts blown !
 How many strange vicissitudes has seen,
 How many histories known !

Perhaps the camels of the Ishmaelite
 Trampled and passed it o'er,
 When into Egypt from the patriarch's sight
 His favorite son they bore.

Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt and bare,
 Crushed it beneath their tread ;
 Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into the air
 Scattered it as they sped ;



“ A HANDFUL OF RED SAND, FROM THE HOT CLIME
 OF ARAB DESERTS BROUGHT.”

Or Mary, with the Christ of Nazareth
 Held close in her caress,
 Whose pilgrimage of hope and love and faith
 Illumed the wilderness ;

Or anchorites beneath Engaddi's palms
 Pacing the Dead Sea beach,
 And singing slow their old Armenian psalms
 In half-articulate speech ;

Or caravans, that from Bassora's gate
 With westward steps depart ;
 Or Mecca's pilgrims, confident of Fate,
 And resolute in heart !

These have passed over it, or may have passed !
 Now in this crystal tower

By the Fireside.

Imprisoned by some curious hand at last,
It counts the passing hour.

And as I gaze, these narrow walls expand ;—
Before my dreamy eye
Stretches the desert with its shifting sand,
Its unimpeded sky.

And borne aloft by the sustaining blast,
This little golden thread
Dilates into a column high and vast,
A form of fear and dread.

And onward, and across the setting sun,
Across the boundless plain,
The column and its broader shadow run,
Till thought pursues in vain.

The vision vanishes ! These walls again
Shut out the lurid sun,
Shut out the hot, immeasurable plain ;
The half-hour's sand is run !

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

BLACK shadows fall
From the lindens tall,
That lift aloft their massive wall
Against the southern sky ;

And from the realms
Of the shadowy elms
A tide-like darkness overwhelms
The fields that round us lie.

But the night is fair,
And everywhere
A warm, soft vapor fills the air,
And distant sounds seem near ;

And above, in the light
Of the star-lit night,
Swift birds of passage wing their flight
Through the dewy atmosphere.

I hear the beat
 Of their pinions fleet,
 As from the land of snow and sleet
 They seek a southern lea.

I hear the cry
 Of their voices high
 Falling dreamily through the sky,
 But their forms I cannot see.

O, say not so!
 Those sounds that flow
 In murmurs of delight and woe
 Come not from wings of birds.

They are the throngs
 Of the poet's songs,
 Murmurs of pleasures, and pains, and wrongs,
 The sound of winged words.

This is the cry
 Of souls, that high
 On toiling, beating pinions, fly,
 Seeking a warmer clime.

From their distant flight
 Through realms of light
 It falls into our world of night,
 With the murmuring sound of rhyme.

THE OPEN WINDOW.

THE old house by the lindens
 Stood silent in the shade,
 And on the gravelled pathway
 The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows
 Wide open to the air;
 But the faces of the children,
 They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house-dog
 Was standing by the door;
 He looked for his little playmates,
 Who would return no more,

By the Fireside.

They walked not under the lindens,
 They played not in the hall;
 But shadow, and silence, and sadness
 Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches,
 With sweet, familiar tone;
 But the voices of the children
 Will be heard in dreams alone!

And the boy that walked beside me,
 He could not understand
 Why closer in mine, ah! closer,
 I pressed his warm, soft hand!

KING WITLAF'S DRINKING-HORN.

WITLAF, a king of the Saxons,
 Ere yet his last he breathed,
 To the merry monks of Croyland
 His drinking-horn bequeathed,—

That, whenever they sat at their revels,
 And drank from the golden bowl,
 They might remember the donor,
 And breathe a prayer for his soul.

So sat they once at Christmas,
 And bade the goblet pass;
 In their beards the red wine glistened
 Like dew-drops in the grass.

They drank to the soul of Witlaf,
 They drank to Christ the Lord,
 And to each of the Twelve Apostles,
 Who had preached his holy word.

They drank to the Saints and Martyrs
 Of the dismal days of yore,
 And as soon as the horn was empty
 They remembered one Saint more.

And the reader droned from the pulpit,
 Like the murmur of many bees,
 The legend of good Saint Guthlac,
 And Saint Basil's homilies;

Till the great bells of the convent,
 From their prison in the tower,
 Guthlac and Bartholomæus,
 Proclaimed the midnight hour.

And the Yule-log cracked in the chimney
 And the Abbot bowed his head,
 And the flamelets flapped and flickered,
 But the Abbot was stark and dead.

Yet still in his pallid fingers
 He clutched the golden bowl,
 In which, like a pearl dissolving,
 Had sunk and dissolved his soul.

But not for this their revels
 The jovial monks forbore,
 For they cried, " Fill high the goblet !
 We must drink to one Saint more ! "

GASPAR BECERRA.

By his evening fire the artist
 Pondered o'er his secret shame ;
 Baffled, weary, and disheartened,
 Still he mused, and dreamed of fame.

'T was an image of the Virgin
 That had tasked his utmost skill ;
 But, alas ! his fair ideal
 Vanished and escaped him still.

From a distant Eastern island
 Had the precious wood been brought,
 Day and night the anxious master
 At his toil untiring wrought ;

Till, discouraged and desponding,
 Sat he now in shadows deep,
 And the day's humiliation
 Found oblivion in sleep.

Then a voice cried, " Rise, O Master !
 From the burning brand of oak
 Shape the thought that stirs within thee ! "
 And the startled artist woke,—

By the Fireside.

Woke, and from the smoking embers
 Seized and quenched the glowing wood ;
 And therefrom he carved an image,
 And he saw that it was good.

O thou sculptor, painter, poet !
 Take this lesson to thy heart :
 That is best which lieth nearest ;
 Shape from that thy work of art.

PEGASUS IN POUND.

ONCE into a quiet village,
 Without haste and without heed,
 In the golden prime of morning,
 Strayed the poet's winged steed.

It was Autumn, and incessant
 Piped the quails from shocks and sheaves
 And, like living coals, the apples
 Burned among the withering leaves.

Loud the clamorous bell was ringing
 From its belfry gaunt and grim ;
 'T was the daily call to labor,
 Not a triumph meant for him.

Not the less he saw the landscape,
 In its gleaming vapor veiled ;
 Not the less he breathed the odors
 That the dying leaves exhaled.

Thus, upon the village common,
 By the school-boys he was found ;
 And the wise men, in their wisdom,
 Put him straightway into pound.

Then the sombre village crier,
 Ringing loud his brazen bell,
 Wandered down the street proclaiming
 There was an estray to sell.

And the curious country people,
 Rich and poor, and young and old,
 Came in haste to see this wondrous
 Winged steed, with mane of gold.

Thus the day passed, and the evening
Fell, with vapors cold and dim ;
But it brought no food nor shelter,
Brought no straw nor stall, for him.

Patiently, and still expectant,
Looked he through the wooden bars,
Saw the moon rise o'er the landscape,
Saw the tranquil, patient stars ;

Till at length the bell at midnight
Sounded from its dark abode,
And, from out a neighboring farm-yard
Loud the cock Alectryon crowed.

Then, with nostrils wide distended,
Breaking from his iron chain,
And unfolding far his pinions,
To those stars he soared again.

On the morrow, when the village
Woke to all its toil and care,
Lo ! the strange steed had departed,
And they knew not when nor where.

But they found, upon the greensward
Where his struggling hoofs had trod,
Pure and bright, a fountain flowing
From the hoof-marks in the sod.

From that hour, the fount unailing
Gladdens the whole region round,
Strengthening all who drink its waters,
While it soothes them with its sound.

TEGNÉR'S DEATH.

I HEARD a voice, that cried,
" Balder the Beautiful
Is dead, is dead !"
And through the misty air
Passed like the mournful cry
Of sunward sailing cranes.

By the Fireside.

I saw the pallid corpse
 Of the dead sun
 Borne through the Northern sky,
 Blasts from Niffelheim
 Lifted the sheeted mists
 Around him as he passed.

And the voice forever cried,
 " Balder the Beautiful
 Is dead, is dead ! "
 And died away
 Through the dreary night,
 In accents of despair.

Balder the Beautiful,
 God of the summer sun,
 Fairest of all the Gods !
 Light from his forehead beamed,
 Runes were upon his tongue,
 As on the warrior's sword.

All things in earth and air
 Bound were by magic spell
 Never to do him harm ;
 Even the plants and stones ;
 All save the mistletoe,
 The sacred mistletoe !

Hœder, the blind old God,
 Whose feet are shod with silence,
 Pierced through that gentle breast
 With his sharp spear, by fraud
 Made of the mistletoe,
 The accursed mistletoe !

They laid him in his ship,
 With horse and harness.
 As on a funeral pyre.
 Odin placed
 A ring upon his finger,
 And whispered in his ear.

They launched the burning ship !
 It floated far away
 Over the misty sea,
 Till like the moon it seemed.
 Sinking beneath the waves.
 Balder returned no more !

So perish the old Gods !
 But out of the sea of Time
 Rises a new land of song,
 Fairer than the old.
 Over its meadows green
 Walk the young bards and sing.

Build it again,
 O ye bards,
 Fairer than before !
 Ye fathers of the new race,
 Feed upon morning dew,
 Sing the new Song of Love !

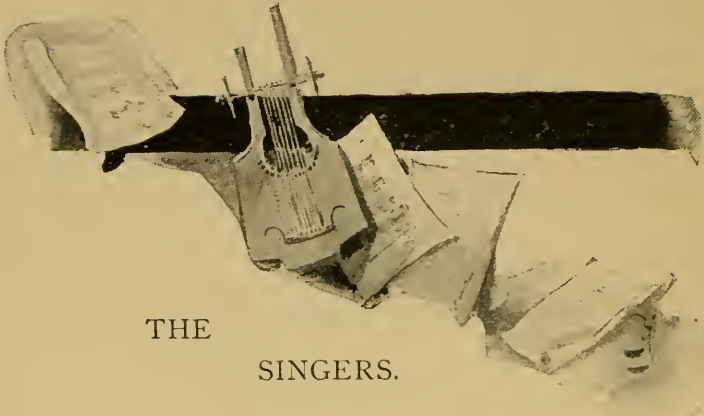
The law of force is dead !
 The law of love prevails !
 Thor, the thunderer,
 Shall rule the earth no more,
 No more, with threats,
 Challenge the meek Christ.

Sing no more,
 O ye bards of the North,
 Of Vikings and of Jarls !
 Of the days of Eld
 Preserve the freedom only,
 Not the deeds of blood !

SONNET

ON MRS. KEMBLE'S READINGS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

O PRECIOUS evenings ! all too swiftly sped !
 Leaving us heirs to amplest heritages
 Of all the best thoughts of the greatest sages,
 And giving tongues unto the silent dead !
 How our hearts glowed and trembled as she read,
 Interpreting by tones the wondrous pages
 Of the great poet who foreruns the ages,
 Anticipating all that shall be said !
 O happy Reader ! having for thy text
 The magic book, whose Sibylline leaves have caught
 The rarest essence of all human thought !
 O happy Poet ! by no critic vex't !
 How must thy listening spirit now rejoice
 To be interpreted by such a voice !



THE
SINGERS.

GOD sent his Singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

The first, a youth, with soul of fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre ;
Through groves he wandered, and by streams,
Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face,
Stood singing in the market-place,
And stirred with accents deep and loud
The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A gray old man, the third and last,
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,
While the majestic organ rolled
Contrition from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the Singers three
Disputed which the best might be ;
For still their music seemed to start
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said, " I see
No best in kind, but in degree ;
I gave a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.

“ These are the three great chords of might,
 And he whose ear is tuned aright
 Will hear no discord in the three,
 But the most perfect harmony.”

SUSPIRIA.

TAKE them, O Death ! and bear away
 Whatever thou canst call thine own !
 Thine image, stamped upon this clay,
 Doth give thee that, but that alone !

Take them, O Grave ! and let them lie
 Folded upon thy narrow shelves,
 As garments by the soul laid by,
 And precious only to ourselves !

Take them, O great Eternity !
 Our little life is but a gust
 That bends the branches of thy tree,
 And trails its blossoms in the dust !

HYMN

FOR MY BROTHER'S ORDINATION.

CHRIST to the young man said : “ Yet one
 thing more ;
 If thou wouldst perfect be,
 Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor,
 And come and follow me !”

Within this temple Christ again, unseen,
 Those sacred words hath said,
 And his invisible hands to-day have been
 Laid on a young man's head.

And evermore beside him on his way
 The unseen Christ shall move,
 That he may lean upon his arm and say,
 “ Dost thou, dear Lord, approve ?”

Beside him at the marriage feast shall be,
 To make the scene more fair ;
 Beside him in the dark Gethsemane
 Of pain and midnight prayer.

O holy trust ! O endless sense of rest !
 Like the beloved John
 To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast,
 And thus to journey on !

THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTÈL-CUILLÈ.

FROM THE GASCON OF JASMIN.

Only the Lowland tongue of Scotland might
 Rehearse this little tragedy aright ;
 Let me attempt it with an English quill ;
 And take, O Reader, for the deed the will.

I.

AT the foot of the mountain height
 Where is perched Castèl-Cuillè,
 When the apple, the plum, and the almond tree
 In the plain below were growing white,
 This is the song one might perceive
 On a Wednesday morn of Saint Joseph's Eve :

“ The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
 So fair a bride shall leave her home !
 Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
 So fair a bride shall pass to-day ! ”

This old Te Deum, rustic rites attending,
 Seemed from the clouds descending ;
 When lo ! a merry company
 Of rosy village girls, clean as the eye,
 Each one with her attendant swain,
 Came to the cliff, all singing the same strain ;
 Resembling there, so near unto the sky,
 Rejoicing angels, that kind Heaven has sent
 For their delight and our encouragement.

Together blending,
 And soon descending
 The narrow sweep
 Of the hillside steep,
 They wind aslant
 Towards Saint Amant,
 Through leafy alleys
 Of verdurous valleys
 With merry sallies
 Singing their chant :

“ The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
 So fair a bride shall leave her home !
 Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
 So fair a bride shall pass to-day ! ”

It is Baptiste, and his affianced maiden,
 With garlands for the bridal laden !

The sky was blue ; without one cloud of gloom,
 The sun of March was shining brightly,
 And to the air the freshening wind gave lightly
 Its breathings of perfume.

When one beholds the dusky hedges blossom,
 A rustic bridal, ah ! how sweet it is !
 To sounds of joyous melodies,
 That touch with tenderness the trembling bosom,
 A band of maidens
 Gayly frolicking,
 A band of youngsters
 Wildly rollicking !
 Kissing,
 Caressing,
 With fingers pressing,
 Till in the veriest
 Madness of mirth, as they dance,
 They retreat and advance,
 Trying whose laugh shall be loudest and merriest ;
 While the bride, with roguish eyes,
 Sporting with them, now escapes and cries :
 “ Those who catch me
 Married verily
 This year shall be ! ”

And all pursue with eager haste,
 And all attain what they pursue,

By the Fireside.

And touch her pretty apron fresh and new,
And the linen kirtle round her waist.

Meanwhile, whence comes it that among
These youthful maidens fresh and fair,
So joyous, with such laughing air,
Baptiste stands sighing, with silent tongue?
And yet the bride is fair and young!

Is it Saint Joseph would say to us all,
That love, o'er-hasty, precedeth a fall?

O no! for a maiden frail, I trow,
Never bore so lofty a brow!

What lovers! they give not a single caress!
To see them so careless and cold to-day,

These are grand people, one would say.

What ails Baptiste? what grief doth him oppress?

It is, that, half-way up the hill,
In yon cottage, by whose walls
Stand the cart-house and the stalls,
Dwelleth the blind orphan still,
Daughter of a veteran old;
And you must know, one year ago,
That Margaret, the young and tender,
Was the village pride and splendor,
And Baptiste her lover bold.
Love, the deceiver, them ensnared;
For them the altar was prepared;
But alas! the summer's blight,
The dread disease that none can stay,
The pestilence that walks by night,
Took the young bride's sight away.

All at the father's stern command was changed;
Their peace was gone, but not their love estranged.

Wearied at home, ere long the lover fled;
Returned but three short days ago,
The golden chain they round him throw,
He is enticed, and onward led
To marry Angela, and yet
Is thinking ever of Margaret.

Then suddenly a maiden cried,
"Anna, Theresa, Mary, Kate!
Here comes the cripple Jane!" And by a fountain's side
A woman, bent and gray with years,
Under the mulberry-trees appears,

And all towards her run, as fleet
As had they wings upon their feet.

It is that Jane, the cripple Jane,
Is a soothsayer, wary and kind.
She telleth fortunes, and none complain.
She promises one a village swain,
Another a happy wedding-day,
And the bride a lovely boy straightway.
All comes to pass as she avers ;
She never deceives, she never errs.

But for this once the village seer
Wears a countenance severe,
And from beneath her eyebrows thin and white
Her two eyes flash like cannons bright
Aimed at the bridegroom in waistcoat blue,
Who, like a statue, stands in view ;
Changing color, as well he might,
When the beldame wrinkled and gray
Takes the young bride by the hand,
And, with the tip of her reedy wand
Making the sign of the cross, doth say :—
“ Thoughtless Angela, beware !
Lest, when thou weddest this false bridegroom,
Thou diggest for thyself a tomb ! ”
And she was silent ; and the maidens fair
Saw from each eye escape a swollen tear ;
But on a little streamlet silver-clear,
What are two drops of turbid rain ?
Saddened a moment, the bridal train
Resumed the dance and song again ;
The bridegroom only was pale with fear ;—
And down green alleys
Of verdurous valleys,
With merry sallies,
They sang the refrain :—

“ The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home !
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day ! ”

II.

AND by suffering worn and weary,
But beautiful as some fair angel yet,
Thus lamented Margaret,
In her cottage lone and dreary :—

By the Fireside.

" He has arrived ! arrived at last !
 Yet Jane has named him not these three days past ;
 Arrived ! yet keeps aloof so far !
 And knows that of my night he is the star !
 Knows that long months I wait alone, benighted,
 And count the moments since he went away !
 Come ! keep the promise of that happier day,
 That I may keep the faith to thee I plighted !
 What joy have I without thee ? what delight ?
 Grief wastes my life, and makes it misery ;
 Day for the others ever, but for me
 For ever night ! for ever night !
 When he is gone 'tis dark ! my soul is sad !
 I suffer ! O my God ! come, make me glad.
 When he is near, no thoughts of day intrude ;
 Day has blue heavens, but Baptiste has blue eyes !
 Within them shines for me a heaven of love,
 A heaven all happiness, like that above,
 No more of grief ! no more of lassitude !
 Earth I forget,—and heaven, and all distresses,
 When seated by my side my hand he presses ;
 But when alone, remember all !
 Where is Baptiste ? he hears not when I call !
 A branch of ivy, dying on the ground,
 I need some bough to twine around !
 In pity come ! be to my suffering kind !
 True love, they say, in grief doth more abound !
 What then—when one is blind ?

" Who knows ? perhaps I am forsaken !
 Ah ! woe is me ! then bear me to my grave !
 O God ! what thoughts within me waken !
 Away ! he will return ! I do but rave !
 He will return ! I need not fear !
 He swore it by our Saviour dear ;
 He could not come at his own will ;
 Is weary, or perhaps is ill !
 Perhaps his heart, in this disguise,
 Prepares for me some sweet surprise !
 But some one comes ! Though blind, my heart can see !
 And that deceives me not ! 't is he ! 't is he ! "

And the door ajar is set,
 And poor, confiding Margaret
 Rises, with outstretched arms, but sightless eyes ;
 'T is only Paul, her brother, who thus cries :—

“ Angela the bride has passed !
 I saw the wedding guests go by ;
 Tell me, my sister, why were we not asked ?
 For all are there but you and I ! ”

“ Angela married ! and not send
 To tell her secret unto me !
 O, speak ! who may the bridegroom be ? ”
 “ My sister, ’t is Baptiste, thy friend ! ”

A cry the blind girl gave, but nothing said ;
 A milky whiteness spreads upon her cheeks ;
 An icy hand, as heavy as lead,
 Descending, as her brother speaks,
 Upon her heart, that has ceased to beat,
 Suspends awhile its life and heat.
 She stands beside the boy, now sore distressed,
 A wax Madonna as a peasant dressed.

At length, the bridal song again
 Brings her back to her sorrow and pain.

“ Hark ! the joyous airs are ringing !
 Sister, dost thou hear them singing ?
 How merrily they laugh and jest !
 Would we were bidden with the rest !
 I would don my hose of homespun gray,
 And my doublet of linen striped and gay ;
 Perhaps they will come ; for they do not wed
 Till to-morrow at seven o’clock, it is said ! ”

“ I know it ! ” answered Margaret ;
 Whom the vision, with aspect black as jet,
 Mastered again ; and its hand of ice
 Held her heart crushed, as in a vice !
 “ Paul, be not sad ! ’T is a holiday ;
 To-morrow put on thy doublet gay !
 But leave me now for a while alone.”
 Away, with a hop and a jump, went Paul,
 And, as he whistled along the hall,
 Entered Jane, the crippled crone.

“ Holy Virgin ! what dreadful heat !
 I am faint, and weary, and out of breath !
 But thou art cold,—art chill as death ;
 My little friend ! what ails thee, sweet ? ”
 “ Nothing ! I heard them singing home the bride ;

And, as I listened to the song,
 I thought my turn would come erelong,
 Thou knowest it is at Whitsuntide.
 Thy cards forsooth can never lie,
 To me such joy they prophesy,
 Thy skill shall be vaunted far and wide
 When they behold him at my side.
 And poor Baptiste, what sayest thou ?
 It must seem long to him ;—methinks I see him now !”
 Jane, shuddering, her hand doth press :
 “ Thy love I cannot all approve ;
 We must not trust too much to happiness ;—
 Go, pray to God, that thou mayst love him less !”
 “ The more I pray, the more I love !
 It is no sin, for God is on my side !”
 It was enough ; and Jane no more replied.

Now to all hope her heart is barred and cold ;
 But to deceive the beldame old
 She takes a sweet, contented air ;
 Speaks of foul weather or of fair,
 At every word the maiden smiles !
 Thus the beguiler she beguiles ;
 So that, departing at the evening's close,
 She says, “ She may be saved ! she nothing knows !”

Poor Jane, the cunning sorceress !
 Now that thou wouldst, thou art no prophetess !
 This morning, in the fulness of thy heart,
 Thou wast so, far beyond thine art !

III.

Now rings the bell, nine times reverberating,
 And the white daybreak, stealing up the sky,
 Sees in two cottages two maidens waiting,
 How differently !

Queen of a day, by flatterers caressed,
 The one puts on her cross and crown,
 Decks with a huge bouquet her breast,
 And flaunting, fluttering up and down,
 Looks at herself, and cannot rest.
 The other, blind, within her little room,
 Has neither crown nor flower's perfume ;

But in their stead for something gropes apart,
That in a drawer's recess doth lie,
And, 'neath her bodice of bright scarlet dye,
Convulsive clasps it to her heart.

The one, fantastic, light as air,
 'Mid kisses ringing,
 And joyous singing,
Forgets to say her morning prayer!

The other, with cold drops upon her brow,
Joins her two hands, and kneels upon the floor,
And whispers, as her brother opes the door,
 "O God! forgive me now!"

And then the orphan, young and blind,
Conducted by her brother's hand,
Towards the church, through paths unscanned,
With tranquil air, her way doth wind.
Odors of laurel, making her faint and pale,
Round her at times exhale,
And in the sky as yet no sunny ray,
But brumal vapors gray.

Near that castle, fair to see,
Crowded with sculptures old, in every part,
Marvels of nature and of art,
 And proud of its name of high degree,
A little chapel, almost bare
At the base of the rock, is builded there;
All glorious that it lifts aloof,
Above each jealous cottage roof,
Its sacred summit, swept by autumn gales,
And its blackened steeple high in air,
Round which the osprey screams and sails.

"Paul, lay thy noisy rattle by!"
Thus Margaret said. "Where are we? we ascend!"
 "Yes; seest thou not our journey's end?
Hearest not the osprey from the belfry cry?
The hideous bird, that brings ill luck, we know!
Dost thou remember when our father said,
 The night we watched beside his bed,
 'O daughter, I am weak and low;
Take care of Paul; I feel that I am dying!'
And thou, and he, and I, all fell to crying?"

Then on the roof the osprey screamed aloud ;
 And here they brought our father in his shroud.
 There is his grave ; there stands the cross we set ;
 Why dost thou clasp me so, dear Margaret ?
 Come in ! The bride will be here soon :
 Thou tremblest ! O my God ! thou art going to swoon !”

She could no more,—the blind girl, weak and weary !
 A voice seemed crying from that grave so dreary,
 “ What wouldst thou do, my daughter ? ”— and she started,
 And quick recoiled, aghast, faint-hearted ;
 But Paul, impatient, urges evermore
 Her steps towards the open door ;
 And when, beneath her feet, the unhappy maid
 Crushes the laurel near the house immortal,
 And with her head, as Paul talks on again,
 Touches the crown of filigrane
 Suspended from the low-arched portal,
 No more restrained, no more afraid,
 She walks, as for a feast arrayed,
 And in the ancient chapel’s sombre night
 They both are lost to sight.

At length the bell,
 With booming sound,
 Sends forth, resounding round,
 Its hymeneal peal o’er rock and down the dell.
 It is broad day, with sunshine and with rain ;
 And yet the guests delay not long,
 For soon arrives the bridal train,
 And with it brings the village throng.

In sooth, deceit maketh no mortal gay,
 For lo ! Baptiste on this triumphant day,
 Mute as an idiot, sad as yester-morning,
 Thinks only of the beldame’s words of warning.

And Angela thinks of her cross, I wis ;
 To be a bride is all ! The pretty lisper
 Feels her heart swell to hear all round her whisper,
 “ How beautiful ! how beautiful she is ! ”

But she must calm that giddy head,
 For already the Mass is said ;
 At the holy table stands the priest ;

The wedding ring is blessed ; Baptiste receives it ;
 Ere on the finger of the bride he leaves it,
 He must pronounce one word at least !
 'T is spoken ; and sudden at the groomsman's side
 " 'T is he ! " a well-known voice has cried.
 And while the wedding guests all hold their breath,
 Opes the confessional, and the blind girl, see !
 " Baptiste," she said, " since thou hast wished my death,
 As holy water be my blood for thee ! "
 And calmly in the air a knife suspended !
 Doubtless her guardian angel near attended,
 For anguish did its work so well,
 That, ere the fatal stroke descended,
 Lifeless she fell !



" LIFELESS SHE FELL ! "

At eve, instead of bridal verse,
 The De Profundis filled the air ;
 Decked with flowers a simple hearse
 To the churchyard forth they bear ;
 Village girls in robes of snow
 Follow, weeping as they go ;
 Nowhere was a smile that day,
 No, ah no ! for each one seemed to say : —

" The road should mourn and be veiled in gloom,
 So fair a corpse shall leave its home !
 Should mourn and should weep, ah, well-away !
 So fair a corpse shall pass to-day ! "

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

FROM THE NOËL BOURGUIGNON DE GUI BARÔZAI.

I HEAR along our street
 Pass the minstrel throngs ;
 Hark ! they play so sweet,
 On their hautboys, Christmas songs !
 Let us by the fire
 Ever higher
 Sing them till the night expire !

In December ring
 Every day the chimes ;
 Loud the gleemen sing
 In the streets their merry rhymes.
 Let us by the fire
 Ever higher
 Sing them till the night expire.

Shepherds at the grange,
 Where the Babe was born,
 Sang, with many a change,
 Christmas carols until morn.
 Let us by the fire
 Ever higher
 Sing them till the night expire !

These good people sang
 Songs devout and sweet ;
 While the rafters rang,
 There they stood with freezing feet.
 Let us by the fire
 Ever higher
 Sing them till the night expire.

Nuns in frigid cells
 At this holy tide,
 For want of something else,
 Christmas songs at times have tried.
 Let us by the fire
 Ever higher
 Sing them till the night expire !

Washerwomen old,
 To the sound they beat,
 Sing by rivers cold,
 With uncovered heads and feet.
 Let us by the fire
 Ever higher
 Sing them till the night expire.

Who by the fireside stands
 Stamps his feet and sings ;
 But he who blows his hands
 Not so gay a carol brings.
 Let us by the fire,
 Ever higher
 Sing them till the night expire !

EARLY TRANSLATIONS.

PASSAGES FROM FRITHIOF'S SAGA.

I.

FRITHIOF'S HOMESTEAD.

THREE miles extended around the fields of the homestead, on three sides
 Valleys and mountains and hills, but on the fourth side was the ocean.
 Birch woods crowned the tops of the hills, but over the sloping hillsides
 Sprang up the golden corn, and man-high was waving the rye-field.
 Lakes, full many in number, their mirror held up for the mountains,
 Held for the forests up, in whose depths the high-antlered reindeers
 Had their kingly walk, and drank of a hundred brooklets.
 But in the valleys full widely around, there fed on the greensward
 Herds with sleek shining hides and udders that longed for the milk-pail.

'Mid these were scattered, now here and now there, a vast,
countless number
Of white wooled sheep, as thou seest the white-looking stray
clouds,

Flock-wise spread o'er the heavenly vault, when it bloweth in
spring-time.

Twice twelve swift-footed coursers, mettlesome, fast fettered
storm-winds,

Stamping stood in the line of stalls, all champing their fodder,
Their manes all knotted with red, their hoofs all white with steel
shoes.

The banquet-hall, a house by itself, was timbered of hard fir.

Not five hundred men (at ten times twelve to the hundred)

Filled up the roomy hall, when assembled for drinking, at Yule-
tide.

Through the hall, as long as it was, went a table of holm-oak,
Polished and white, as of steel; the columns twain of the High-
seat

Stood at the end thereof, two gods carved out of an elm-tree;

Odin with lordly look, and Freya with the sun on his frontlet.

Lately between the two, on a bear-skin (the skin it was coal-
black,

Scarlet-red was the throat, but the paws were shodden with
silver),

Thorston sat with his friends, Hospitality sitting with Gladness.

Oft, when the moon among night clouds flew, related the old
man

Wonders from far-distant lands he had seen, and cruises of
Vikings

Far on the Baltic, and Sea of the West, and the North Sea.

Hushed sat the listening bench, and their glances hung on the
graybeard's

Lips, as a bee on the rose; but the Scald was thinking of Braga,

Where, with silver beard, and runes on his tongue, he is seated

Under the leafy beach, and tells a tradition by Mimer's

Ever-murmuring wave, himself a living tradition.

Midway the floor (with thatch was it strewn) burned the fire-
flame forever,

Glad on its stone-built hearth; and through the wide-mouthed
smoke-flue

Looked the stars, those heavenly friends, down into the great
hall.

But round the walls, upon nails of steel, were hanging in order

Breastplate and helm with each other, and here and there among
them

Downward lightened a sword, as in winter evening a star shoots.

More than helmets and swords the shields in the hall did glisten,

White as the orb of the sun, or white as the moon's disk of silver.
 Ever and anon went a maid round the board, and filled up the drink-horns,
 Ever cast she her eyes down and blushed; in the shield too her image
 Blushed, likewise, even as she; this gladdened the drinking champions.

II.

A SLEDGE-RIDE ON THE ICE.

KING RING with his queen to the banquet did fare,
 On the lake stood the ice so mirror-clear.

"Fare not o'er the ice," the stranger cries;
 "It will burst, and full deep the cold bath lies."

"The king drowns not easily," Ring out-spake;
 "He who's afraid may go round the lake."

Threatening and dark look'd the stranger round,
 His steel shoes with haste on his feet he bound.

The sleigh-horse starts forth strong and free;
 He snorteth flames, so glad is he.

"Strike out," screamed the king, "my trotter good,
 Let us see if thou art of Sleipner's blood."

They go as a storm goes over the lake,
 No heed to his queen doth the old man take.

But the steel-shod champion standeth not still,
 He passeth them by as swift as he will.

He carves many a rune in the frozen tide.
 Fair Ingeborg o'er her own name doth glide.

III.

FRITHIOF'S TEMPTATION.

SPRING is coming, birds are twittering, forests leaf, and smiles
 the sun,
 And the loosened torrents downward singing to the ocean run;
 Glowing like the cheek of Freya, peeping rosebuds 'gin to ope,
 And in human hearts awaken love of life, and joy, and hope.

Now will hunt the ancient monarch, and the queen shall join
the sport :

Swarming in its gorgeous splendor, is assembled all the court ;
Bows ring loud, and quivers rattle, stallions paw the ground
always,

And, with hoods upon their eyelids, falcons scream for prey.

See, the Queen of the chase advances ! Frithiof, gaze not on
the sight !

Like a star upon a spring-cloud sits she on her palfrey white.
Half of Freya, half of Rota, yet more beauteous than these two,
And from her light hat of purple wave aloft the feathers blue.

Now the huntsman's band is ready. Hurrah ! over hill and
dale !

Horns ring, and the hawks right upward to the hall of Odin
sail.

All the dwellers in the forest seek in fear their cavern homes,
But, with spear outstretched before her, after them Valkyrian
comes.

Then threw Frithiof down his mantle, and upon the greensward
spread,

And the ancient king so trustful laid on Frithiof's knee his head,
Slept, as calmly as the hero sleepeth, after war's alarms
On his shield, calm as an infant sleepeth in its mother's arms.

As he slumbers, hark ! there sings a coal-black bird upon the
bough :

“Hasten, Frithiof, slay the old man, close your quarrel at a blow ;
Take his queen, for she is thine, and once the bridal kiss she
gave,

Now no human eye beholds thee, deep and silent is the grave.”

Frithiof listens ; hark ! there sings a snow-white bird upon the
bough :

“Though no human eye beholds thee, Odin's eye beholds thee
now.

Coward ! wilt thou murder sleep ! and a defenceless old man
slay !

Whatsoe'er thou winn'st, thou canst not win a hero's fame this
way.”

Thus the two wood-birds did warble : Frithiof took his war-
sword good,

With a shudder hurled it from him, far into the gloomy wood.

Coal-black bird flies down to Nastrand, but on light, unfolded wings.

Like the tone of harps, the other, sounding towards the sun, upsprings.

Straight the ancient king awakens. "Sweet has been my sleep," he said;

"Pleasantly sleeps one in the shadow, guarded by a brave man's blade.

But where is thy sword, O stranger? Lightning's brother, where is he?

Who thus parts you, who should never from each other parted be!"

"It avails not," Frithiof answered; "in the North are other swords:

Sharp, O monarch! is the sword's tongue, and it speaks not peaceful words;

Murky spirits dwell in steel-blades, spirits from the Niffelhelm, Slumber is not safe before them, silver locks but anger them."

IV.

FRITHIOF'S FAREWELL.

No more shall I see
 In its upward motion
 The smoke of the Northland. Man is a slave:
 The fates decree.
 On the waste of the ocean
 There is my fatherland, there is my grave.

Go not to the strand,
 Ring, with thy bride,
 After the stars spread their light through the sky.
 Perhaps in the sand,
 Washed up by the tide,
 The bones of the outlawed Viking may lie.

Then, quoth the king,
 "'T is mournful to hear
 A man like a whimpering maiden cry.
 The death-song they sing
 Even now in mine ear.
 What avails it? He who is born must die."

ANCIENT SPANISH BALLADS.

I.

RIO VERDE, Rio Verde !

Many a corpse is bathed in thee,
Both of Moors and eke of Christians,
Slain with swords most cruelly.

And thy pure and crystal waters
Dappled are with crimson gore ;
For between the Moors and Christians
Long has been the fight and sore.

Dukes and counts fell bleeding near thee,
Lords of high renown were slain,
Perished many a brave hidalgo
Of the noblemen of Spain.

II.

DON NUNO, Count of Lara,
In anger and in pride,
Forgot all reverence for the king,
And thus in wrath replied :

“ Our noble ancestors,” quoth he,
“ Ne'er such a tribute paid ;
Nor shall the king receive of us
What they have once gainsaid.

“ The base-born soul who deems it just
May here with thee remain ;
But follow me, ye cavaliers,
Ye noblemen of Spain.”

Forth followed they the noble Count,
They marched to Glera's plain ;
Out of three thousand gallant knights
Did only three remain.

They tied the tribute to their spears,
They raised it in the air,
And they sent to tell their lord the King
That his tax was ready there.

“ He may send and take by force,” said they,
“ This paltry sum of gold ;
But the goodly gift of liberty
Cannot be bought and sold.”

III.

THE peasant leaves his plough afield,
The reaper leaves his hook,
And from his hand the shepherd-boy
Lets fall the pastoral crook.

The young set up a shout of joy,
The old forget their years,
The feeble man grows stout of heart,
No more the craven fears.

All rush to Bernard's standard,
And on liberty they call ;
They cannot brook to wear the yoke,
When threatened by the Gaul.

Free were we born, 't is thus they cry,
And willingly pay we
The duty that we owe our King,
By the divine decree.

But God forbid that we obey
The laws of foreign knaves,
Tarnish the glory of our sires,
And make our children slaves.

Our hearts have not so craven grown,
So bloodless all our veins,
So vigorless our brawny arms,
As to submit to chains.

Has the audacious Frank, forsooth,
Subdued these seas and lands ?
Shall he a bloodless victory have ?
No, not while we have hands.

He shall learn that the gallant Leonese
Can bravely fight and fall,
But that they know not how to yield ;
They are Castilians all.

Was it for this the Roman power
 Of old was made to yield
 Unto Numantia's valiant hosts
 On many a bloody field ?

Shall the bold lions that have bathed
 Their paws in Libyan gore,
 Crouch basely to a feebler foe,
 And dare the strife no more ?

Let the false king sell town and tower,
 But not his vassals free ;
 For to subdue the free-born soul
 No royal power hath he !

PRAISE OF LITTLE WOMEN.

I WISH to make my sermon brief,—to shorten my oration,—
 For a never-ending sermon is my utter detestation :
 I like short women,—suits at law without procrastination,—
 And am always most delighted with things of short duration.

A babbler is a laughing-stock ; he's a fool who's always grin-
 ning ;
 But little women love so much, one falls in love with sinning.
 There are women who are very tall, and yet not worth the win-
 ning.
 And in the change of short for long repentance finds beginning.

To praise the little women, Love besought me in my musing ;
 To tell their noble qualities is quite beyond refusing :
 So I'll praise the little women, and you'll find the thing amus-
 ing :
 They are, I know, as cold as snow, whilst flames around diffus-
 ing.

They're cold without, whilst warm within the flame of Love is
 raging ;
 They're gay and pleasant in the street,—soft, cheerful, and en-
 gaging ;
 They're thrifty and discreet at home,—the cares of life assuaging :
 All this and more ;—try, and you'll find how true is my presag-
 ing.

In a little precious stone what splendor meets the eyes!
 In a little lump of sugar how much of sweetness lies,
 So in a little woman love grows and multiplies:
 You recollect the proverb says,—A word unto the wise.

A pepper corn is very small, but seasons every dinner
 More than all other condiments, although 't is sprinkled thinner:
 Just so a little woman is, if Love will let you win her,—
 There's not a joy in all the world you will not find within her.

And as within the little rose you find the richest dyes,
 And in a little grain of gold much price and value lies,
 As from a little balsam much odor doth arise,
 So in a little woman there's a taste of paradise.

Even as the little ruby its secret worth betrays,
 Color, and price, and virtue, in the clearness of its rays,—
 Just so a little woman much excellence displays,
 Beauty, and grace, and love, and fidelity always.

The skylark and the nightingale, though small and light of wing,
 Yet warble sweeter in the grove than all the birds that sing:
 And so a little woman, though a very little thing,
 Is sweeter far than sugar, and flowers that bloom in spring.

The magpie and the golden thrush have many a thrilling note,
 Each as a gay musician doth strain his little throat,—
 A merry little songster in his green and yellow coat:
 And such a little woman is, when Love doth make her dote.

There's naught can be compared to her, throughout the wide
 creation;
 She is a paradise on earth,—our greatest consolation,—
 So cheerful, gay, and happy, so free from all vexation:
 In fine, she's better in the proof than in anticipation.

If as her size increases are woman's charms decreased.
 Then surely it is good to be from all the great released.
 Now of two evils choose the less,—said a wise man of the East:
 By consequence, of woman-kind be sure to choose the least.

LET ME GO WARM.

LET me go warm and merry still;
 And let the world laugh, an' it will.

Let others muse on earthly things,—
 The fall of thrones,—the fate of kings,—
 And those whose fame the world doth fill;

Early Translations.

Whilst muffins sit enthroned in trays,
 And orange-punch in winter sways
 The merry sceptre of my days ;—
 And let the world laugh, an' it will.

He that the royal purple wears
 From golden plate a thousand cares
 Doth swallow as a gilded pill :



“AND JANUARY’S SLEETS AND SNOWS
 ARE SPREAD O’ER EVERY VALE AND HILL.”

On feasts like these I turn my back,
 Whilst puddings in my roasting-jack
 Beside the chimney hiss and crack ;—
 And let the world laugh, an' it will.

And when the wintry tempest blows,
 And January’s sleets and snows
 Are spread o’er every vale and hill,
 With one to tell a merry tale
 O’er roasted nuts and humming ale,
 I sit, and care not for the gale ;—
 And let the world laugh, an' it will.

Let merchants traverse seas and lands,
 For silver mines and golden sands ;
 Whilst I beside some shadowy rill,
 Just where its bubbling fountain swells,
 Do sit and gather stones and shells,
 And hear the tale the blackbird tells ;—
 And let the world laugh, an' it will.

For Hero's sake the Grecian lover
 The stormy Hellespont swam over :
 I cross, without the fear of ill,
 The wooden bridge that slow bestrides
 The Madrigal's enchanting sides,
 Or barefoot wade through Yeves tides ;—
 And let the world laugh, an' it will.

But since the Fates so cruel prove,
 That Pyramus should die of love,
 And love should gentle Thisbe kill ;
 My Thisbe be an apple-tart,
 The sword I plunge into her heart
 The tooth that bites the crust apart,—
 And let the world laugh, an' it will.

SAINT MIGUEL, THE CONVENT.

SAINT MIGUEL of the Tumba is a convent vast and wide ;
 The sea encircles it around, and groans on every side :
 It is a wild and dangerous place, and many woes betide
 The monks who in that burial-place in penitence abide.

Within those dark monastic walls, amid the ocean flood,
 Of pious, fasting monks there dwelt a holy brotherhood ;
 To the Madonna's glory there an altar high was placed,
 And a rich and costly image the sacred altar graced.

Exalted high upon a throne, the Virgin Mother smiled,
 And, as the custom is, she held within her arms the Child ;
 The kings and wise men of the East were kneeling by her
 side ;
 Attended was she like a queen whom God had sanctified.

.

Descending low before her face a screen of feathers hung,—
 A *moscader*, or fan for flies, 't is called in vulgar tongue ;

From the feathers of the peacock's wing 't was fashioned bright
and fair,
And glistened like the heaven above when all its stars are
there.

It chanced that, for the people's sins, fell the lightning's blast-
ing stroke :
Forth from all four the sacred walls the flames consuming
broke ;
The sacred robes were all consumed, missal and holy book ;
And hardly with their lives the monks their crumbling walls
forsook.

.

But though the desolating flame raged fearfully and wild,
It did not reach the Virgin Queen, it did not reach the Child ;
It did not reach the feathery screen before her face that shone,
Nor injure in a farthing's worth the image or the throne.

The image it did not consume, it did not burn the screen ;
Even in the value of a hair they were not hurt, I ween ;
Not even the smoke did reach them, nor injure more the shrine
Than the Bishop hight Don Tello has been hurt by hand of
mine.

.

VIDA DE SAN MILLAN.

AND when the kings were in the field,—their squadrons in
array,—
With lance in rest they onward pressed to mingle in the fray ;
But soon upon the Christians fell a terror of their foes,—
These were a numerous army,—a little handful those.

And while the Christian people stood in this uncertainty,
Upward toward heaven they turned their eyes, and fixed their
thoughts on high ;
And there two persons they beheld, all beautiful and bright,
Even than the pure new-fallen snow, their garments were more
white.

They rode upon two horses more white than crystal sheen,
And arms they bore such as before no mortal man had seen ;
The one, he held a crosier,—a pontiff's mitre wore ;
The other held a crucifix,—such man ne'er saw before.

Their faces were angelical, celestial forms had they,—
 And downward through the fields of air they urged their rapid
 way ;
 They looked upon the Moorish host with fierce and angry look,
 And in their hands, with dire portent, their naked sabres shook.

The Christian host, beholding this, straightway take heart
 again ;
 They fall upon their bended knees, all resting on the plain,
 And each one with his clenched fist to smite his breast begins,
 And promises to God on high he will forsake his sins.

And when the heavenly knights drew near unto the battle-
 ground
 They dashed among the Moors and dealt unerring blows around ;
 Such deadly havoc there they made the foremost ranks along,
 A panic terror spread unto the hindmost of the throng.

Together with these two good knights, the champions of the
 sky,
 The Christians rallied and began to smite full sore and high ;
 The Moors raised up their voices and by the Koran swore
 That in their lives such deadly fray they ne'er had seen before.

Down went the misbelievers,—fast sped the bloody fight,—
 Some ghastly and dismembered lay, and some half dead with
 fright :
 Full sorely they repented that to the field they came,
 For they saw that from the battle they should retreat with
 shame.

Another thing befell them,—they dreamed not of such woes,—
 The very arrows that the Moors shot from their twanging bows
 Turned back against them in their flight and wounded them full
 sore,
 And every blow they dealt the foe was paid in drops of gore.

.

Now he that bore the crosier, and the papal crown had on,
 Was the glorified Apostle, the brother of St. John ;
 And he that held the crucifix, and wore the monkish hood,
 Was the holy San Millan of Cogolla's neighborhood.

MILAGROS DE NEUSTRA SEÑORA.

I, GONZALO DE BERCÉO, in the gentle summer-tide,
 Wending upon a pilgrimage, came to a meadow's side :
 All green was it and beautiful, with flowers far and wide,—
 A pleasant spot, I ween, wherein the traveller might abide.

Flowers with the sweetest odors filled all the sunny air,
 And not alone refreshed the sense, but stole the mind from care ;
 On every side a fountain gushed, whose waters pure and fair,
 Ice-cold beneath the summer sun, but warm in winter were.

There on the thick and shadowy trees, amid the foliage green,
 Were the fig and the pomegranate, the pear and apple, seen ;
 And other fruits of various kinds, the tufted leaves between,
 None were unpleasant to the taste, and none decayed, I ween.

The verdure of the meadow green, the odor of the flowers,
 The grateful shadows of the trees, tempered with fragrant
 showers,
 Refreshed me in the burning heat of the sultry noon-tide
 hours :
 Oh, one might live upon the balm and fragrance of those
 bowers !

Ne'er had I found on earth a spot that had such power
 to please,
 Such shadows from the summer sun, such odors on the breeze :
 I threw my mantle on the ground, that I might rest at ease.
 And stretched upon the greensward lay in the shadow of the
 trees.

There soft reclining in the shade, all cares beside me flung,
 I heard the soft and mellow notes, that through the woodland
 rung :
 Ear never listened to a strain, from instrument or tongue,
 So mellow and harmonious as the songs above me sung.

SONG OF THE RHINE.

FORTH rolled the Rhine-stream strong and deep
 Beneath Helvetia's Alpine steep,
 And joined in youthful company
 Its fellow-travellers to the sea.

In Germany embraced the Rhine,
 The Neckar, the Mosel, the Lahn, and the Main,
 And strengthened by each rushing tide,
 Onward he marched in kingly pride.

But soon from his enfeebled grasp
 The satraps of his power,
 The current's flowing veins unclasp—
 He moves in pride no more.

Forth the confederate waters broke
 On that rebellious day,
 And, bursting from their monarch's yoke,
 Each chose a separate way.

Wahl, Issel, Leek, and Wecht, all, all
 Flowed sideways o'er the land,
 And a nameless brook, by Leyden's wall,
 The Rhine sank in the sand.

HARK! HARK! PRETTY LARK!

HARK! Hark!
 Pretty lark!
 Little heedest thou my pain!
 But if to these longing arms
 Pitying Love would yield the charms
 Of the fair
 With smiling air,
 Blithe would beat my heart again.

Hark! Hark!
 Pretty lark!
 Little heedest thou my pain!
 Love may force me still to bear,
 While he lists, consuming care;
 But in anguish
 Though I languish,
 Faithful shall my heart remain,

Hark! Hark!
 Pretty lark!
 Little heedest thou my pain!

Early Translations.

Then cease, Love, to torment me so ;
 But rather than all thoughts forego
 Of the fair
 With flaxen hair,
 Give me back her frowns again.



“ HARK ! HARK !
 PRETTY LARK ! ”

Hark ! Hark !
 Pretty lark !
 Little heedest thou my pain !

THE NATURE OF LOVE.

To noble heart Love doth for shelter fly,
 As seeks the bird the forest's leafy shade ;
 Love was not felt till noble heart beat high,
 Nor before love the noble heart was made.
 Soon as the sun's broad flame
 Was formed, so soon the clear light filled the air ;

Yet was not till he came :
 So love springs up in noble breasts, and there
 Has its appointed space,
 As heat in the bright flame finds its allotted place.

Kindles in noble heart the fire of love,
 As hidden virtue in the precious stone :
 This virtue comes not from the stars above,
 Till round it the ennobling sun has shone ;
 But when his powerful blaze
 Has drawn forth what was vile, the stars impart
 Strange virtue in their rays :
 And thus when Nature doth create the heart
 Noble and pure and high,
 Like virtue from the star, love comes from woman's eye.



If I am fair, 't is for myself alone,
 I do not wish to have a sweetheart near me,
 Nor would I call another's heart my own,
 Nor have a gallant lover to revere me.
 For surely I will plight my faith to none.
 Though many an amorous cit would jump to hear me ;
 For I have heard that lovers prove deceivers,
 When once they find that maidens are believers.

Yet should I find one that in truth could please me,
 One whom I thought my charms had power to move,
 Why then, I do confess the whim might seize me,
 To taste for once the porringer of love.
 Alas! there is one pair of eyes that tease me ;
 And then that mouth!—he seems a star above,
 He is so good, so gentle, and so kind,
 And so unlike the sullen, clownish hind.

What love may be, indeed I cannot tell,
 Nor if I e'er have known his cunning arts ;
 But true it is, there's one I *like* so well,
 That when he looks at me my bosom starts,
 And, if we meet, my heart begins to swell ;
 And the green fields around, when he departs,
 Seem like a nest, from which the bird has flown ;
 Can this be love?—say—ye who love have known !

THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN.

LADY! thine upward flight
 The opening heavens receive with joyful song :
 Blest, who thy garments bright
 May seize, amid the throng,
 And to the sacred mount float peacefully along.

Bright angels are around thee,
 They that have served thee from thy birth are there :
 Their hands with stars have crowned thee ;
 Thou,—peerless Queen of air,
 As sandals to thy feet the silver moon dost wear.

Celestial dove! so meek
 And mild and fair!—oh, let thy peaceful eye
 This thorny valley seek,
 Where such sweet blossoms lie,
 But where the sons of Eve in pain and sorrow sigh.

For if the imprisoned soul
 Could catch the brightness of that heavenly way,
 'T would own its sweet control
 And gently pass away,
 Drawn by its magnet power to an eternal day.

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

TO-DAY from the Aurora's bosom
 A pink has fallen,—a crimson blossom :
 And oh, how glorious rests the hay
 On which the fallen blossom lay.

When silence gently had unfurled
 Her mantle over all below,
 And, crowned with winter's frost and snow,
 Night swayed the sceptre of the world,
 Amid the gloom descending slow,
 Upon the monarch's frozen bosom
 A pink has fallen,—a crimson blossom.

The only flower the Virgin bore
 (Aurora fair,) within her breast,
 She gave to earth, yet still possessed
 Her virgin blossom as before :
 The hay that colored drop caressed,—
 Received upon its faithful bosom
 That single flower,—a crimson blossom.

The manger, unto which 't was given,
 Even amid wintry snows and cold,
 Within its fostering arms to fold
 The blushing flower that fell from Heaven,
 Was as a canopy of gold,—
 A downy couch,—whereon its bosom
 That flower had fallen,—that crimson blossom.

THE DISEMBODIED SPIRIT.

PURE Spirit ! that within a form of clay
 Once veiled the brightness of thy native sky ;
 In dreamless slumber sealed thy burning eye,
 Nor heavenward sought to wing thy flight away !
 He, that chastised thee, did at length unclose
 Thy prison doors, and give thee sweet release ; —
 Unloosed the mortal coil, eternal peace
 Received thee to its stillness and repose.



THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

Look down once more from thy celestial dwelling,
 Help me to rise and be immortal there,—
 An earthly vapor melting into air ;—
 For my whole soul, with secret ardor swelling,
 From earth's dark mansion struggles to be free,
 And longs to soar away and be at rest with thee.

IDEAL BEAUTY.

O LIGHT serene ! present in him who breathes
 That love divine, which kindles yet restrains
 The high-born soul—that in its mortal chains
 Heavenward aspires for love's immortal wreaths !
 Rich golden locks, within whose clustered curls
 Celestial and eternal treasures lie !
 A voice that breathes angelic harmony
 Among bright coral and unspotted pearls !
 What marvellous beauty ! Of the high estate
 Of immortality, within this light
 Transparent veil of flesh, a glimpse is given ;
 And in the glorious form, I contemplate,
 (Although its brightness blinds my feeble sight,)
 The immortal still I seek and follow on to Heaven !

THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

BRIGHT Sun ! that, flaming through the mid-day sky,
 Fillest with light heaven's blue, deep-vaulted arch,
 Say, hast thou seen in thy celestial march
 One hue to rival this blue, tranquil eye ?
 Thou Summer Wind, of soft and delicate touch,
 Fanning me gently with thy cool, fresh pinion,
 Say, hast thou found, in all thy wide dominion,
 Tresses of gold, that can delight so much ?
 Moon, honor of the night ! Thou glorious choir
 Of wandering Planets and eternal Stars !
 Say, have ye seen two peerless orbs like these ?
 Answer me, Sun, Air, Moon, and Stars of fire—
 Hear ye my woes, that know no bounds nor bars ?
 See ye these cruel stars, that brighten and yet freeze ?



³⁵ AN EARTHLY VAPOR MELTING INTO AIR."

SONG.

SHE is a maid of artless grace,
Gentle in form, and fair of face.

Tell me, thou ancient mariner,
That sailest on the sea,
If ship, or sail, or evening star
Be half so fair as she !



“TELL ME, THOU ANCIENT MARINER.”

Tell me, thou gallant cavalier,
Whose shining arms I see,
If steel, or sword, or battle-field
Be half so fair as she !

Tell me, thou swain, that guard'st thy flock
Beneath the shadowy tree,
If flock, or vale, or mountain-ridge
Be half so fair as she !

THE GENTLE SIGH.

AND whither goest thou, gentle sigh,
 Breathed so softly in my ear?
 Say, dost thou bear his fate severe
 To Love's poor martyr doomed to die?
 Come, tell me quickly,—do not lie;
 What secret message bring'st thou here?
 And whither goest thou, gentle sigh,
 Breathed so softly in my ear?

May Heaven conduct thee to thy will,
 And safely speed thee on thy way;
 This only I would humbly pray,—
 Pierce deep,—but oh! forbear to kill.
 And whither goest thou, gentle sigh,
 Breathed so softly in my ear?

SICILIAN CANZONET.

WHAT shall I do, sweet Nici, tell me,
 I burn,—I burn,—I can no more!
 I know not how the thing befell me,
 But I'm in love, and all is o'er.
 One look,—alas! one glance of thine,
 One single glance my death shall be;
 Even this poor heart no more is mine,
 For, Nici, it belongs to thee.

How shall I then my grief repress,
 How shall this soul in anguish live?
 I fear a *no*,—desire a *yes*,—
 But which the answer thou wilt give?
 No,—Love,—not so deceived am I;
 Soft pity dwells in those bright eyes,
 And no tyrannic cruelty
 Within that gentle bosom lies.

Then, fairest Nici, speak and say
 If I must know thy love or hate;
 Oh, do not leave me thus, I pray,
 But speak,—be quick,—I cannot wait.
 Quick,—I entreat thee;—if not so,
 This weary soul no more shall sigh;—
 So tell me quickly,—*yes* or *no*,
 Which,—which shall be my destiny.

TELL ME, TELL ME, THOU PRETTY BEE.

TELL me, tell me, thou pretty bee,
 Whither so early thy flight may be?
 Not a neighboring mountain height
 Yet blushes with the morning
 light ;
 Still the dew on spray and blossom
 Trembling shines in the meadow's
 bosom ;
 Why do I see thee, then, unfold
 Thy soft and dainty wings of
 gold ;—
 Those little wings are weary quite,
 Still thou holdest thine onward
 flight,—
 Then tell me, tell me, thou pretty
 bee,
 Whither so early thy flight may be.



Thou seekest honey?—if it be so,
 Fold up thy wings,—no farther go ;
 I'll show thee a safe and sacred spot,
 Where all the year round 't will fail thee
 not.
 Knowest thou the maid for whom I sigh,—
 Her of the bright and beaming eye?
 Endless sweetness shalt thou sip,
 Honeyed stores upon her lip.
 On those lips of brightest red,
 Lips of the beloved maid,
 Sweetest honey lies for thee ;—
 Sip it, sip it ;—this is she.

“ TELL ME, TELL ME, THOU
 PRETTY BEE.”

FRIAR LUBIN.

To gallop off to town post-haste,
 So oft, the times I cannot tell ;
 To do vile deed, nor feel disgraced,—
 Friar Lubin will do it well.
 But a sober life to lead,
 To honor virtue, and pursue it,
 That 's a pious, Christian deed,—
 Friar Lubin cannot do it.

Early Translations.

To mingle, with a knowing smile,
 The goods of others with his own,
 And leave you without cross or pile,
 Friar Lubin stands alone.
 To say 't is yours is all in vain,
 If once he lays his finger to it ;
 For as to giving back again,
 Friar Lubin cannot do it.

With flattering words and gentle tone,
 To seduce the guileless maid,
 Cunning pander need you none,—
 Friar Lubin knows the trade.
 Loud preacheth he sobriety,
 But as for water, doth eschew it ;
 Your dog may drink it,—but not he ;
 Friar Lubin cannot do it.

ENVOY.

When an evil deed 's to do,
 Friar Lubin is stout and true ;
 Glimmers a ray of goodness throught it,
 Friar Lubin cannot do it.

CARE AND MELANCHOLY.

HENCE away, begone, begone,
 Carking care and melancholie !
 Think ye thus to govern me
 All my life long, as ye have done ?
 That shall ye not, I promise ye,
 Reason shall have the masterie.
 So hence away, begone, begone,
 Carking care and melancholie !

If ever ye return this way,
 With your mournful company,
 A curse be on ye, and the day
 That brings ye moping back to me !
 Hence away, begone, I say,
 Carking care and melancholie !

RONDEL.

LOVE, love, what wilt thou with this heart of mine ?
 Nought see I fixed or sure in thee !
 I do not know thee,—nor what deeds are thine :
 Love, love, what wilt thou with this heart of mine ?
 Nought see I fixed or sure in thee !

Shall I be mute, or vows with prayers combine ?
 Ye who are blessed in loving, tell it me :
 Love, love, what wilt thou with this heart of mine ?
 Nought see I permanent or sure in thee !

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

WHEN Christ was born in Bethlehem,
 'T was night, but seemed the noon of day ;
 The stars, whose light
 Was pure and bright,
 Shone with unwavering ray ;
 But one, one glorious star
 Guided the Eastern Magi from afar.

Then peace was spread throughout the land ;
 The lion fed beside the tender lamb ;
 And with the kid,
 To pastime led,
 The spotted leopard fed ;
 In peace, the calf and bear,
 The wolf and lamb reposed together there.

As shepherds watched their flocks by night,
 An Angel, brighter than the sun's own light,
 Appeared in air,
 And gently said,
 Fear not,—be not afraid,
 For lo ! beneath your eyes,
 Earth has become a smiling paradise.

A SOLDIER'S SONG.

“ WHO knocks,—who knocks at my door,
 Who knocks, and who can it be ? ”
 “ Thy own true lover, betrothed forever,
 So open the door to me.”

Early Translations.

“ My mother is not at home,
 So I cannot open to thee.”
 “ Why make me wait so long at the gate,
 For mercy's sake open to me.”

“ Thou canst not come in so late,
 From the window I'll listen to thee.”
 “ My cloak is old, and the wind blows cold,
 So open the door to me.”

CLEAR HONOR OF THE LIQUID ELEMENT.

CLEAR honor of the liquid element,
 Sweet rivulet of shining silver sheen !
 Whose waters steal along the meadows green,
 With gentle step, and murmur of content !
 When she, for whom I bear each fierce extreme,
 Beholds herself in thee,—then Love doth trace
 The snow and crimson of that lovely face
 In the soft gentle movement of thy stream.
 Then, smoothly flow as now ; and set not free
 The crystal curb and undulating rein
 Which now thy current's headlong speed restrain
 Lest broken and confused the image rest
 Of such rare charms on the deep-heaving breast
 Of him who holds and sways the trident of the sea.

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

NOW Time throws off his cloak again
 Of ermined frost, and wind, and rain,
 And clothes him in the embroidery
 Of glittering sun and clear blue sky.
 With beast and bird the forest rings,
 Each in his jargon cries or sings ;
 And Time throws off his cloak again
 Of ermined frost, and wind, and rain.

River, and fount, and tinkling brook
 Wear in their dainty livery
 Drops of silver jewelry ;
 In new-made suit they merry look ;
 And Time throws off his cloak again
 Of ermined frost, and wind, and rain.

A NEAPOLITAN CANZONET.

ONE morning, on the sea-shore as I strayed,
 My heart dropped in the sand beside the sea ;
 I asked of yonder mariners, who said
 They saw it in thy bosom,—worn by thee.
 And I am come to seek that heart of mine,
 For I have none, and thou, alas ! hast two ;
 If this be so, dost know what thou shalt do?—
 Still keep my heart, and give me, give me thine.

ART AND NATURE.

THE works of human artifice soon tire
 The curious eye ; the fountain's sparkling rill,
 And gardens, when adorned with human skill,
 Reproach the feeble hand, the vain desire.
 But oh ! the free and wild magnificence
 Of Nature, in her lavish hours, doth steal,
 In admiration silent and intense,
 The soul of him who hath a soul to feel.
 The river moving on its ceaseless way,
 The verdant reach of meadows fair and green,
 And the blue hills, that bound the sylvan scene,
 These speak of grandeur, which shall not decay,—
 Proclaim the Eternal Architect on high,
 Who stamps on all his works his own eternity.

THE TWO HARVESTS.

BUT yesterday these few and hoary sheaves
 Waved in the golden harvest ; from the plain
 I saw the blade shoot upward, and the grain
 Put forth the unripe ear and tender leaves.
 Then the glad upland smiled upon the view,
 And to the air the broad green leaves unrolled,
 A peerless emerald in each silken fold,
 And on each palm a pearl of morning dew.
 And thus sprang up and ripened in brief space
 All that beneath the reaper's sickle died,
 All that smiled beauteous in the summer-tide.
 And what are we ? a copy of that race,
 The later harvest of a longer year !
 And oh ! how many fall before the ripened ear !



NOTES.

Page 86. *The gold of the Busné.*

Busné is the name given by the Gypsies to all who are not of their race.

Page 86. *Count of the Calés.*

The Gypsies call themselves Calés. See Borrow's valuable and extremely interesting work, *The Zincali; or an Account of the Gypsies in Spain.* London, 1841.

Page 92. *And amen! said the Cid Campeador.*

A line from the ancient *Poema del Cid.*

Page 92. *The river of his thoughts.*

This expression is from Dante.

Byron has likewise used the expression; though I do not recollect in which of his poems.

Page 93. *Mari Franca.*

A common Spanish proverb, used to turn aside a question one does not wish to answer.

Page 93. *Ay, soft, emerald eyes.*

The Spaniards, with good reason, consider this color of the eye as beautiful, and celebrate it in song.

Page 94. *The Avenging Child.*

See the ancient Ballads of *El Infante Vengador*, and *Calaynos*.

Page 95. *All are sleeping.*

From the Spanish. *Böhl's Floresta*, No. 282.

Page 107. *Good night.*

From the Spanish; as are likewise the songs immediately following, and that which commences the first scene of Act III.

Page 123. *The evil eye.*

"In the Gitano language, casting the evil eye is called *Querclar nasula*, which simply means making sick, and which, according to the common superstition, is accomplished by casting an evil look at people, especially children, who, from the tenderness of their constitution, are supposed to be more easily blighted than those of a more mature age. After receiving the evil glance, they fall sick, and die in a few hours.

"The Spaniards have very little to say respecting the evil eye, though the belief in it is very prevalent, especially in Andalusia, amongst the lower orders. A stag's horn is considered a good safeguard, and on that account a small horn, tipped with silver, is frequently attached to the children's necks by means of a cord braided from the hair of a black mare's tail. Should the evil glance be cast, it is imagined that the horn receives it, and instantly snaps asunder. Such horns may be purchased in some of the silversmiths' shops at Seville."—BORROW'S *Zincali*, Vol. I. ch. ix.

Page 123. *On the top of a mountain I stand.*

This and the following scraps of song are from Borrow's *Zincali; or an Account of the Gypsies in Spain.*

The Gypsy words in the same scene may be thus interpreted :—

John-Dorados, pieces of gold.

Pigeon, a simpleton.

In your morocco, stripped.

Doves, sheets.

Moon, a shirt.

Chirelin, a thief.

Murcigalleros, those who steal at nightfall.

Rastilleros, footpads.

Hermit, highway-robber.

Planets, candles.

Commandments, the fingers.

Saint Martin asleep, to rob a person asleep.

Lanterns, eyes.

Goblin, police officer.

Papagayo, a spy.

Vineyards and Dancing John, to take flight.

Page 131. *If thou art sleeping, maiden.*

From the Spanish; as is likewise the song of the Contrabandista on page 133.

Page 163. *Coplas de Manrique.*

This poem of Manrique is a great favorite in Spain. No less than four poetic Glosses, or running commentaries, upon it have been published, no one of which, however, possesses great poetic merit. That of the Carthusian monk, Rodrigo de Valdepeñas, is the best. It is known as the *Closa del Cartujo*. There is also a prose Commentary by Luis de Aranda.

Page 187. *King Christian.*

Nils Juel was a celebrated Danish Admiral, and Peder Wessel, a Vice-Admiral, who for his great prowess received the popular title of Tordenskiold, or Thundershield. In childhood he was a tailor's apprentice, and rose to his high rank before the age of twenty-eight, when he was killed in a duel.

Page 199. *The Skeleton in Armor.*

This Ballad was suggested to me while riding on the sea-shore at Newport. A year or two previous a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armor; and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, generally known hitherto as the Old Windmill, though now claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors.

Page 203. *Skoal!*

In Scandinavia, this is the customary salutation when drinking a health. I have slightly changed the orthography of the word, in order to preserve the correct pronunciation.

Page 207. *The Luck of Edenhall.*

The tradition upon which this ballad is founded, and the "shards of the Luck of Edenhall," still exist in England. The goblet is in the possession of Sir Christopher Musgrave, Bart., of Eden Hall, Cumberland; and is not so entirely shattered as the ballad leaves it.

Page 208. *The Elected Knight.*

This strange and somewhat mystical ballad is from Nyerup and Rahbek's *Danske Viser* of the Middle Ages. It seems to refer to the first preaching of Christianity in the North, and to the institution of Knight-Errantry. The three maidens I suppose to be Faith, Hope, and Charity.

The irregularities of the original have been carefully preserved in the translation.

Page 210. *The Children of the Lord's Supper.*

There is something patriarchal still lingering about rural life in Sweden, which renders it a fit theme for song. Almost primeval simplicity reigns over that Northern land,—almost primeval solitude and stillness. You pass out from the gate of the city, and, as if by magic, the scene changes to a wild, woodland landscape. Around you are forests of fir. Overhead hang the long, fan-like branches, trailing with moss, and heavy with red and blue cones. Under foot is a carpet of yellow leaves; and the air is warm and balmy. On a wooden bridge you cross a little silver stream; and anon come forth into a pleasant and sunny land of farms. Wooden fences divide the adjoining fields. Across the road are gates, which are opened by troops of children. The peasants take off their hats as you pass; you sneeze, and they cry, "God bless you!" The houses in the villages and smaller towns are all built of hewn timber, and for the most part painted red. The floors of the taverns are strewn with the fragrant tips of fir boughs. In many villages there are no taverns, and the peasants take turns in receiving travellers. The thrifty housewife shows you into the best chamber, the walls of which are hung round with rude pictures from the Bible; and brings you her heavy silver spoons,—an heirloom,—to dip the curdled milk from the pan. You have oaten cakes baked some months before, or bread with anise-seed and coriander in it, or perhaps a little pine bark.

Meanwhile the sturdy husband has brought his horses from the plough, and harnessed them to your carriage. Solitary travellers come and go in uncouth one-horse chaises. Most of them have pipes in their mouths, and, hanging around their necks in front, a leather wallet, in which they carry tobacco, and the great bank-notes of the country, as large as your two hands. You meet, also, groups of Dalekarlian peasant-women, travelling homeward or townward in pursuit of work. They walk bare-foot, carrying in their hands their shoes, which have high heels under the hollow of the foot, and soles of birch bark.

Frequent, too, are the village churches, standing by the roadside, each in its own little Garden of Gethsemane. In the parish register great events are doubtless recorded. Some old king was christened or buried in that church; and a little sexton, with a rusty key, shows you the baptismal font, or the coffin. In the churchyard are a few flowers, and much green grass; and daily the shadow of the church spire, with its long, tapering finger, counts the tombs, representing a dial-plate of human life, on which the hours and minutes are the graves of men. The stones are flat, and large, and low, and perhaps sunken, like the roofs of old houses. On some are armorial bearings; on others only the initials of the poor tenants, with a date, as on the roofs of Dutch cottages. They all sleep with their heads to the westward. Each held a lighted taper in his hand when he died; and in his coffin were placed his little heart-treasures, and a piece of money for his last journey. Babies that came lifeless into the world were carried in the arms of gray-haired old men to the only cradle they ever slept in; and in the shroud of the dead mother were laid the little garments of the child that lived and died in her bosom. And over this scene the village pastor looks from his window in the stillness of midnight, and says in his heart, "How quietly they rest, all the departed!"

Near the churchyard gate stands a poor-box, fastened to a post by iron bands, and secured by a padlock, with a sloping wooden roof to keep off the rain. If it be Sunday, the peasants sit on the church steps and con their psalm-books. Others are coming down the road with their beloved pastor, who talks to them of holy things from beneath his

broad-brimmed hat. He speaks of fields and harvests, and of the parable of the sower, that went forth to sow. He leads them to the Good Shepherd, and to the pleasant pastures of the spirit-land. He is their patriarch, and, like Melchizedek, both priest and king, though he has no other throne than the church pulpit. The women carry psalm-books in their hands, wrapped in silk handkerchiefs, and listen devoutly to the good man's words. But the young men, like Gallio, care for none of these things. They are busy counting the plaits in the kirtles of the peasant-girls, their number being an indication of the wearer's wealth. It may end in a wedding.

I will endeavor to describe a village wedding in Sweden. It shall be in summer-time, that there may be flowers, and in a southern province, that the bride may be fair. The early song of the lark and of chanticleer are mingling in the clear morning air, and the sun, the heavenly bridegroom with golden locks, arises in the east, just as our earthly bridegroom with yellow hair arises in the south. In the yard there is a sound of voices and trampling of hoofs, and horses are led forth and saddled. The steed that is to bear the bridegroom has a bunch of flowers upon his forehead, and a garland of corn-flowers around his neck. Friends from the neighboring farms come riding in, their blue cloaks streaming to the wind; and finally the happy bridegroom, with a whip in his hand, and a monstrous nosegay in the breast of his black jacket, comes forth from his chamber; and then to horse and away, towards the village where the bride already sits and waits.

Foremost rides the Spokesman, followed by some half-dozen village musicians. Next comes the bridegroom between his two groomsmen, and then forty or fifty friends and wedding guests, half of them perhaps with pistols and guns in their hands. A kind of baggage-wagon brings up the rear, laden with food and drink for these merry pilgrims. At the entrance of every village stands a triumphal arch, adorned with flowers and ribbons and evergreens; and as they pass beneath it the wedding guests fire a salute, and the whole procession stops. And straight from every pocket flies a black-jack, filled with punch or brandy. It is passed from hand to hand among the crowd; provisions are brought from the wagon, and after eating and drinking and hurraing the procession moves forward again, and at length draws near the house of the bride. Four heralds ride forward to announce that a knight and his attendants are in the neighboring forest, and pray for hospitality. "How many are you?" asks the bride's father. "At least three hundred," is the answer; and to this the host replies, "Yes; were you seven times as many, you should all be welcome: and in token thereof receive this cup." Whereupon each herald receives a can of ale; and soon after the whole jovial company comes storming into the farmer's yard, and, riding round the May-pole, which stands in the centre, alights amid a grand salute and flourish of music.

In the hall sits the bride, with a crown upon her head and a tear in her eye, like the Virgin Mary in old church paintings. She is dressed in a red bodice and kirtle with loose linen sleeves. There is a gilded belt around her waist; and around her neck strings of golden beads, and a golden chain. On the crown rests a wreath of wild roses, and below it another of cypress. Loose over her shoulders falls her flaxen hair; and her blue innocent eyes are fixed upon the ground. O thou good soul! thou hast hard hands, but a soft heart! Thou art poor. The very ornaments thou wearest are not thine. They have been hired for this great day. Yet art thou rich; rich in health, rich in hope, rich in thy first, young, fervent love. The blessing of Heaven be upon thee! So thinks the parish priest, as he joins together the hands of bride and

bridegroom, saying in deep, solemn tones,—“ I give thee in marriage this damsel, to be thy wedded wife in all honor, and to share the half of thy bed, thy lock and key, and every third penny which you two may possess, or may inherit, and all the rights which Upland's laws provide, and the holy King Erik gave.”

The dinner is now served, and the bride sits between the bridegroom and the priest. The Spokesman delivers an oration after the ancient custom of his fathers. He interlards it well with quotations from the Bible ; and invites the Saviour to be present at this marriage feast, as he was at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee. The table is not sparingly set forth. Each makes a long arm and the feast goes cheerly on. Punch and brandy pass round between the courses, and here and there a pipe is smoked while waiting for the next dish. They sit long at table ; but, as all things must have an end, so must a Swedish dinner. Then the dance begins. It is led off by the bride and the priest, who perform a solemn minuet together. Not till after midnight comes the Last Dance. The girls form a ring around the bride, to keep her from the hands of the married women, who endeavor to break through the magic circle, and seize their new sister. After long struggling they succeed ; and the crown is taken from her head and the jewels from her neck, and her bodice is unlaced and her kirtle taken off ; and like a vestal virgin clad all in white she goes, but it is to her marriage chamber, not to her grave ; and the wedding guests follow her with lighted candles in their hands. And this is a village bridal.

Nor must I forget the suddenly changing seasons of the Northern clime. There is no long and lingering spring, unfolding leaf and blossom one by one ; no long and lingering autumn, pompous with many-colored leaves and the glow of Indian summers. But winter and summer are wonderful, and pass into each other. The quail has hardly ceased piping in the corn, when winter from the folds of trailing clouds sows broadcast over the land snow, icicles, and rattling hail. The days wane apace. Ere long the sun hardly rises above the horizon, or does not rise at all. The moon and the stars shine through the day ; only, at noon, they are pale and wan, and in the southern sky a red, fiery glow, as of sunset, burns along the horizon, and then goes out. And pleasantly under the silver moon, and under the silent, solemn stars, ring the steel-shoes of the skaters on the frozen sea, and voices, and the sound of bells.

And now the Northern Lights begin to burn, faintly at first, like sunbeams playing in the waters of the blue sea. Then a soft crimson glow tinges the heavens. There is a blush on the cheek of night. The colors come and go, and change from crimson to gold, from gold to crimson. The snow is stained with rosy light. Two-fold from the zenith, east and west, flames a fiery sword ; and a broad band passes athwart the heavens like a summer sunset. Soft purple clouds come sailing over the sky, and through their vapory folds the winking stars shine white as silver. With such pomp as this is Merry Christmas ushered in, though only a single star heralded the first Christmas. And in memory of that day the Swedish peasants dance on straw ; and the peasant-girls throw straws at the timbered roof of the hall, and for every one that sticks in a crack shall a groomsman come to their wedding. Merry Christmas indeed ! For pious souls there shall be church songs and sermons, but for Swedish peasants, brandy and nut-brown ale in wooden bowls ; and the great Yule-cake crowned with a cheese, and garlanded with apples, and upholding a three-armed candlestick over the Christmas feast. They may tell tales, too, of Jöns Lundsbräcka, and Lunkenfus, and the great Riddar Finke of Pingsdaga.*

* Titles of Swedish popular tales.

And now the glad, leafy midsummer full of blossoms and the song of nightingales, is come! Saint John has taken the flowers and festival of heathen Balder; and in every village there is a May-pole fifty feet high, with wreaths and roses and ribands streaming in the wind, and a noisy weather-cock on top, to tell the village whence the wind cometh and whither it goeth. The sun does not set till ten o'clock at night; and the children are at play in the streets an hour later. The windows and doors are all open, and you may sit and read till midnight without a candle. O, how beautiful is the summer night, which is not night, but a sunless yet unclouded day, descending upon earth with dews and shadows and refreshing coolness! How beautiful the long, mild twilight, which like a silver clasp unites to-day with yesterday! How beautiful the silent hour, when Morning and Evening thus sit together, hand in hand, beneath the starless sky of midnight! From the church-tower in the public square the bell tolls the hour, with a soft, musical chime; and the watchman, whose watch-tower is the belfry, blows a blast in his horn, for each stroke of the hammer, and four times, to the four corners of the heavens, in a sonorous voice he chaunts,—

“ Ho! watchman, ho!
Twelve is the clock!
God keep our town
From fire and brand
And hostile hand!
Twelve is the clock!”

From his swallow's nest in the belfry he can see the sun all night long; and farther north the priest stands at his door in the warm midnight, and lights his pipe with a common burning-glass.

Page 211. *The Feast of the Leafy Pavilions.*

The Feast of the Tabernacles.

In Swedish, *Löfhyddohögtiden*, the Leaf-huts'-high-tide.

Page 211. *Hörberg.*

The peasant-painter of Sweden. He is known chiefly by his altar-pieces in the village churches.

Page 211. *Wallin.*

A distinguished pulpit-orator and poet. He is particularly remarkable for the beauty and sublimity of his psalms.

Page 248. *All the Foresters of Flanders.*

The title of Foresters was given to the early governors of Flanders, appointed by the kings of France. Lyderick du Bucq, in the days of Clotaire the Second, was the first of them; and Beudoin Bras-de-Fer, who stole away the fair Judith, daughter of Charles the Bald, from the French court, and married her in Bruges, was the last. After him the title of Forester was changed to that of Count. Philippe d'Alsace, Guy de Dampierre, and Louis de Crécy, coming later in the order of time, were therefore rather Counts than Foresters. Philippe went twice to the Holy Land as a Crusader, and died of the plague at St. Jean-d'Acre, shortly after the capture of the city by the Christians. Guy de Dampierre died in the prison of Compiègne. Louis de Crécy was son and successor of Robert de Béthune, who strangled his wife, Yolande de Bourgogne, with the bridle of his horse, for having poisoned, at the age of eleven years, Charles, his son by his first wife, Blanche d'Anjou.

Page 248. *Stately dames, like queens attended.*

When Philippe-le-Bel, king of France, visited Flanders with his queen, she was so astonished at the magnificence of the dames of Bruges, that

she exclaimed: " Je croyais être seule reine ici, mais il paraît que ceux de Flandre qui se trouvent dans nos prisons sont tous des princes, car leurs femmes sont habillées comme des princesses et des reines."

When the burgomasters of Ghent, Bruges, and Ypres went to Paris to pay homage to King John, in 1351, they were received with great pomp and distinction; but, being invited to a festival, they observed that their seats at table were not furnished with cushions; whereupon, to make known their displeasure at this want of regard to their dignity, they folded their richly embroidered cloaks and seated themselves upon them. On rising from table, they left their cloaks behind them, and being informed of their apparent forgetfulness, Simon van Eertrycke, burgomaster of Bruges, replied, " We Flemings are not in the habit of carrying away our cushions after dinner."

Page 248. *Knights who bore the Fleece of Gold.*

Philippe de Burgogne, surnamed Le Bon, espoused Isabella of Portugal on the 10th of January, 1430; and on the same day instituted the famous order of the Fleece of Gold.

Page 248. *I beheld the gentle Mary.*

Marie de Valois, Duchess of Burgundy, was left by the death of her father, Charles-le-Téméraire, at the age of twenty, the richest heiress of Europe. She came to Bruges, as Countess of Flanders, in 1477, and in the same year was married by proxy to the Archduke Maximilian. According to the custom of the time, the Duke of Bavaria, Maximilian's substitute, slept with the princess. They were both in complete dress, separated by a naked sword, and attended by four armed guards. Marie was adored by her subjects for her gentleness and her many other virtues.

Maximilian was son of the Emperor Frederick the Third, and is the same person mentioned afterwards in the poem of *Nuremberg* as the Kaiser Maximilian, and the hero of Pfinzing's poem of *Teuerdank*. Having been imprisoned by the revolted burghers of Bruges, they refused to release him, till he consented to kneel in the public square, and to swear on the Holy Evangelists and the body of Saint Donatus, that he would not take vengeance upon them for their rebellion.

Page 248. *The bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold.*

This battle, the most memorable in Flemish history, was fought under the walls of Courtray, on the 11th of July, 1302, between the French and the Flemings, the former commanded by Robert, Comte d'Artois, and the latter by Guillaume de Juliers, and Jean, Comte de Namur. The French army was completely routed, with a loss of twenty thousand infantry and seven thousand cavalry; among whom were sixty-three princes, dukes, and counts, seven hundred lords-banneret, and eleven hundred noblemen. The flower of the French nobility perished on that day; to which history has given the name of the *Journée des Eperons d'Or*, from the great number of golden spurs found on the field of battle. Seven hundred of them were hung up as a trophy in the church of Notre Dame de Courtray; and, as the cavaliers of that day wore but a single spur each, these vouched to God for the violent and bloody death of seven hundred of his creatures.

Page 248. *Saw the fight at Minnewater.*

When the inhabitants of Bruges were digging a canal at Minnewater, to bring the waters of the Lys from Deynze to their city, they were attacked and routed by the citizens of Ghent, whose commerce would have been much injured by the canal. They were led by Jean Lyons, captain of a military company at Ghent, called the *Chaperons Blancs*. He had great sway over the turbulent populace, who, in those prosper-

ous times of the city, gained an easy livelihood by laboring two or three days in the week, and had the remaining four or five to devote to public affairs. The fight at Minnewater was followed by open rebellion against Louis de Maele, the Count of Flanders and Protector of Bruges. His superb château of Wondelghem was pillaged and burnt; and the insurgents forced the gates of Bruges, and entered in triumph, with Lyons mounted at their head. A few days afterward he died suddenly, perhaps by poison.

Meanwhile the insurgents received a check at the village of Nevèle; and two hundred of them perished in the church, which was burned by the Count's orders. One of the chiefs, Jean de Lannoy, took refuge in the belfry. From the summit of the tower he held forth his purse filled with gold, and begged for deliverance. It was in vain. His enemies cried to him from below to save himself as best he might; and, half suffocated with smoke and flame, he threw himself from the tower and perished at their feet. Peace was soon afterwards established, and the Count retired to faithful Bruges.

Page 248. *The Golden Dragon's nest.*

The Golden Dragon, taken from the Church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, in one of the Crusades, and placed on the belfry of Bruges, was afterwards transported to Ghent by Philip van Artevelde, and still adorns the belfry of that city.

The inscription on the alarm-bell at Ghent is, "*Mynen naem is Roland; als ik klep is er brand, and als ik luy is er victorie in het land.*" My name is Roland; when I toll there is fire, and when I ring there is victory in the land.

Page 252. *That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.*

An old popular proverb of the tower runs thus:—

*"Nürnberg's Hand
Geht durch alle Land."*

Nuremberg's hand
Goes through every land.

Page 252. *Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.*

Melchior Pfinzing was one of the most celebrated German poets of the sixteenth century. The hero of his *Teuerdank* was the reigning emperor, Maximilian; and the poem was to the Germans of that day what the *Orlando Furioso* was to the Italians. Maximilian is mentioned before, in the *Belfry of Bruges*. See page 248.

Page 252. *In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust.*

The tomb of Saint Sebald, in the church which bears his name, is one of the richest works of art in Nuremberg. It is of bronze, and was cast by Peter Vischer and his sons, who labored upon it thirteen years. It is adorned with nearly one hundred figures, among which those of the Twelve Apostles are conspicuous for size and beauty.

Page 252. *In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare.*

This pix, or tabernacle for the vessels of the sacrament, is by the hand of Adam Kraft. It is an exquisite piece of sculpture in white stone, and rises to the height of sixty-four feet. It stands in the choir, whose richly painted windows cover it with varied colors.

Page 253. *Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters.*

The Twelve Wise Masters was the title of the original corporation of the Mastersingers. Hans Sachs, the cobbler of Nuremberg, though

not one of the original Twelve, was the most renowned of the Mastersingers, as well as the most voluminous. He flourished in the sixteenth century; and left behind him thirty-four folio volumes of manuscript, containing two hundred and eight plays, one thousand and seven hundred comic tales, and between four and five thousand lyric poems.

Page 253. *As in Adam Puschman's song.*

Adam Puschman, in his poem on the death of Hans Sachs, describes him as he appeared in a vision:—

“ An old man,
Gray and white, and dove-like,
Who had, in sooth, a great beard,
And read in a fair, great book,
Beautiful with golden clasps.”

Page 273. *Walter von der Vogelweide.*

Walter von der Vogelweide, or Bird-Meadow, was one of the principal Minnesingers of the thirteenth century. He triumphed over Heinrich von Ofterdingen in that poetic contest at Wartburg Castle, known in literary history as the War of Wartburg.

Page 278. *Like Imperial Charlemagne.*

Charlemagne may be called by pre-eminence the monarch of farmers. According to the German tradition, in seasons of great abundance, his spirit crosses the Rhine on a golden bridge at Bingen, and blesses the cornfields and the vineyards. During his lifetime, he did not disdain, says Montesquieu, “ to sell the eggs from the farmyards of his domains, and the superfluous vegetables of his gardens; while he distributed among his people the wealth of the Lombards and the immense treasures of the Huns.”

Page 293.

*Behold, at last,
Each tall and tapering mast
Is swung into its place.*

I wish to anticipate a criticism on this passage, by stating, that sometimes, though not usually, vessels are launched fully rigged and sparred. I have availed myself of the exception as better suited to my purposes than the general rule; but the reader will see that it is neither a blunder nor a poetic license. On this subject a friend in Portland, Maine, writes me thus:—

“ In this State, and also, I am told, in New York, ships are sometimes rigged upon the stocks, in order to save time, or to make a show. There was a fine, large ship launched last summer at Ellsworth, fully rigged and sparred. Some years ago a ship was launched here, with her rigging, spars, sails, and cargo aboard. She sailed the next day and—was never heard of again! I hope this will not be the fate of your poem!”

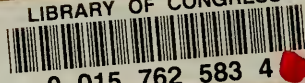
Page 300. *Sir Humphrey Gilbert.*

“ When the wind abated and the vessels were near enough, the Admiral was seen constantly sitting in the stern, with a book in his hand. On the 9th of September he was seen for the last time, and was heard by the people of the Hind to say, ‘ We are as near heaven by sea as by land.’ In the following night, the lights of the ship suddenly disappeared. The people in the other vessel kept a good lookout for him during the remainder of the voyage. On the 22d of September they arrived, through much tempest and peril, at Falmouth. But nothing more was seen or heard of the Admiral.”—BELKNAP'S *American Biography*, I. 203.

Page 318. *The Blind Girl of Castèl-Cuillè.*

Jasmin, the author of this beautiful poem, is to the South of France what Burns is to the South of Scotland,—the representative of the heart of the people,—one of those happy bards who are born with their mouths full of birds (*la bouco pleno d'auzelous*). He has written his own biography in a poetic form, and the simple narrative of his poverty, his struggles, and his triumphs, is very touching.

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